THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, Rev. W. M. HAY AITKEN, DR. DEEMS, or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

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MISS GRACE V. BUSSELL, THE AUSTRALIAN GRACE DARLING.

MISS GRACE BUSSELL,

The Australian "Grace Darling."

A Heroine in Australia—Wreck of the Georgette—Grace Bussell in the Bush—Riding to the Rescue—Amid the Breakers—A Moment of Peril—Women and Children in the Water—Fifty Rescued—Honors and Rewards—The Bitter Cup—Rebekahs and Rachels—The Cow "Sally"—Other Fields for Heroism—Great Deeds Done—Great Rewards Coming—Haste to the Rescue.

IN a recent number of this journal, on November 25, 1880, there appeared a memoir and portrait of Grace Darling, whose piety and courage have excited widespread admiration in every part of the world and among all classes of society, so that her name will never go out of mind. Four years ago, on December 1, 1876, a somewhat similar deed of noble courage was enacted by a young lady on the coast of West Australia, Miss Grace Vernon Bussell; and although the intrepid exploit was not attended with so much peril to the life of the heroine, it nevertheless justly earned for her the title of the Australian "Grace Darling."

The circumstances were these:

THE SCREW STEAMER

Georgette, when on a voyage from Fremantle to Adelaide, had sprung a leak, and was with difficulty steered on to the coast, where she grounded at a spot 180 miles south of Fremantle. Before reaching the coast the vessel's life-boat was lowered, but it leaked so much, and was so difficult to manage, that *eight persons* who ventured into it were drowned, and it was abandoned as useless.

The coast in that direction is *wild and desolate*, with no shelter for vessels, and heavy surf almost always dashing on the shore. More than a score of miles may be traversed by one who ventures over the rough country near the coast without a human habitation coming into view.

The Georgette had been chartered to convey a cargo of *jarrah* timber from West to South Australia, and she had eight-and-forty passengers on board, many of whom were women and children. These, together with the crew, were in imminent danger of their lives. Persons who have ever been exposed to a peril of this kind will have ineffaceable memories of the consternation of the moment when the conviction became general that the good ship might go to pieces at any minute, and not a soul be left to tell the mournful tale. So it was with the people on board the Georgette. They could see the shore, but death seemed to yawn between them and solid ground.

About eight miles north of the place where the vessel struck the rocks and got stranded, stands Wallcliffe, the residence of *Alfred P. Bussell, Esq., J.P.*, and providentially it happened that one of his daughters, Miss Grace V. Bussell, then riding on horseback through the bush in that vicinity, accompanied by a colored servant, Sam Isaacs, saw the wreck and turned her horse's head in the direction of the shore. *A boat had been launched*, but had capsized in the heavy surf, and the crew were an hour in righting it and returning to the ship. They then took a line from the ship, and, putting some women and children into the boat, paid out the line to try once more to get to the shore.

But the boat swamped again, and the women and children were all in the water when Grace Bussell rode out of the bush and down the steep cliff to the water's edge.

The Australian breed of horses is one of the largest in the world. The animals are high and big-boned, of great strength and courageous spirit. Cruel treatment in breaking them in frequently gives them the dangerous habit of "bucking"—that is, placing their four feet together, arching their backs, and springing up with a force that sometimes throws off the best riders. But when they have not contracted this vice, they are safe and docile. It was on such a horse that Miss Bussell, followed by her servant,

RODE INTO THE WATER

and beyond the *second line of roaring breakers*, which completely submerged the animal and soaked her through from head to foot, almost knocking her from her seat every half-minute. But though her horse stumbled over the rope, and her peril was great, she forced her way on to the boat, and, with as many women and children clinging to her and the horse as was possible, she made her way back to the shore and safely landed them.

So fierce was the surf that it took *four hours* to land fifty people, and every boat engaged was capsized. The brave girl's presence of mind did not forsake her amid the wild scene of tumult and despair. She had to go and return several times before the whole were rescued; but, with a purpose that never faltered, she was enabled at last to bring all safe to land.

Most of the wrecked people were taken to Mr. Bussell's house, and there tended with such kindness and hospitality that at the next meeting of the Legislative Council a sum of £100 was voted for presentation to this gentleman, who (if he be, as we hope he is, still living) is one of the oldest and most respected settlers in West Australia.

We regret, however, to have to add that the excitement and bustle, and the deprivation of needful quiet produced by the sudden influx of so many guests into Mr. Bussell's house, had so injurious an effect upon *his wife's health*, which was in a very delicate state, that her death, which took place a few weeks after the shipwreck, was generally attributed to the agitation connected with all the circumstances. A feeling of public regret and of sympathy with Mr. Bussell in his bereavement was expressed in all the Australian newspapers at the time, and they agreed in speaking of Mrs. Bussell as one of the most highly-esteemed ladies in West Australia.

Wherever the story of Miss Bussell's intrepid heroism was read or told it excited but one feeling—that of genuine admiration for the kindliness and courage which the Australian Grace Darling exhibited. And it is pleasant to think that the bravery of her faithful servant did not go without recognition. For the Royal Humane Society, on the 8th of January, 1878, not only voted their *silver medal* to Miss Bussell, but their bronze medal to her brave man-servant, who, on the wild morning when the wreck was seen, also went off from the shore on horseback to rescue the perishing.

Mr. Bussell's residence at Wallcliffe is near the town of *Busselton* (which apparently derives its name from the *Bussell* family), and which is a post-town with a telegraph and post-office, and is the capital of the agricultural district of the Vaasse. It is 30 miles south of Bunbury, and 140 miles from Perth, the capital of West Australia.

A SINGULAR INCIDENT

is recorded in the reports of the Law Court in Busselton, given in the West Australian *Times* for February 16, 1877, which shows how the active pursuits of wealthy Australian settlers' daughters, like Miss Bussell, resemble those of the women of patriarchal times, when Rebekah, the heiress of Nahor, drew water for Eliezer's camels, and Rachel acted as shepherd to her father Laban's flocks of sheep (Gen. 24 and 29).

This legal case in the Busselton court was as to the disputed ownership of a cow called *Sally*, which one George Cross claimed as his own, and accused a Mr. Brockman, J.P., of having wrongfully disposed of. Both Miss Bussell and her sister gave evidence as to the animal belonging to Mr. Brockman and his friend Clarkson so conclusively that the magistrates at once decided the case in Mr. Brockman's favor.

Miss M. C. Bussell, in her evidence, said, "I am often out on my father's run. I know all my father's cattle. I always take notice of stray cattle, so as to know them. I am sure this cow Sally had Clarkson's brand on it."

Miss Grace V. Bussell, the heroine of the present story, deposed: "I remember Mr. Clarkson purchasing a lot of cattle from George Cross. The cow Sally was among them. Mrs. Brockman and I assisted to drive them in, and I saw it driven in with the rest, and branded with Clarkson's mark. I afterward saw it worn out with the journey to Boadgerup; and Clarkson left it in possession of John Brockman."

The foregoing incident indicates that the Misses Bussell are not languid, lackadaisical young ladies, reclining on a sofa and reading novels all day, and ready to faint at the sight of a drove of harmless cattle advancing toward them, but are energetic and spirited young ladies, who probably think nothing of riding twenty miles in a day on horseback over their father's extensive cattle run, and can identify all his numerous cattle.

Nor are such healthy outdoor pursuits incompatible with literary culture and mental acquirements. On the contrary, they stimulate intellectual and domestic activity by giving the mind a vigorous body to live in and agreeable variety of occupation. Perhaps these two Australian sisters can write a composition, and teach in the Sunday-school, and sing hymns as well as town-bred young ladies, to whom riding on horseback into foaming breakers and boiling surf would be an impossibility.

Although few young ladies have opportunities of saving the lives of shipwrecked persons, as Miss G. V. Bussell did, yet many of them can engage in

THE NOBLE WORK

of *rescuing the perishing* by helping in enterprises of benevolence and charity, by ministering to the necessities of the destitute feeding the hungry, clothing the ragged, visiting among the poor, comforting the mourners, instructing the ignorant, lifting up the fallen, and seeking out and endeavoring to save those that are lost.

In every large town of the United States there are angels of mercy who brave the dangers of small-pox and typhoid fever and diphtheria at the bedsides of the dying with *a bravery equal to Grace Darling's* or Grace Bussell's; and in this city of New York there are ladies who diligently go through the wards of the hospitals or visit the squalid homes of the destitute with a patience and self-sacrifice equal to Florence Nightingale's. But while the world only hears of Grace Darling or Florence Nightingale, God knows *every one of them*. And there is a day fast coming on when He will "make up His jewels." Then "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever" (Dan. 12: 3).

By speaking about Jesus and carrying the Gospel promises to the surrounding world, which for the most part is lying in an unconverted, Christless state, we may save the souls as well as the bodies of our fellow-creatures; and "he that winneth souls is wise" (Prov. 11: 30). And not only at home but in *foreign lands* "the fields are white to the harvest." China, which has one fourth of the world's population, has only one missionary to

EACH MILLION

of its inhabitants; "and what are they among so many?"

The mass of mankind are in danger of a spiritual and eternal shipwreck, worse even than that which threatened the people on board the Georgette, and in response to the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us," valiant soldiers of the blood-stained banner of Christ are needed to haste to the rescue, and to carry to them the glad tidings of salvation through a crucified Saviour and the blood of the Lamb. "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few: pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth laborers into His harvest" (Luke 10: 2).

A Swearer's End.—In the year 1836, before the days of steam-power, the sailing ship *Constitution* left New York bound for Charleston, Savannah, and Liverpool, England. A violent storm overtook the ship on its passage to Charleston, and the waves carried away a mast, stove in the deck-houses, and washed several horses and cattle overboard. When the storm had abated, the captain, a skilful seaman, but a Godless man and a scoffer at sacred things, not the least awed by the danger he had escaped, remarked lightly to some of the passengers, "*We have seen hell to-day.*" The profanity seemed to pass, but "He that is higher than the highest regarded it" (Eccles. 5: 8), and that captain's days were numbered. The Constitution was thoroughly repaired in Charleston, and then sailed for Liverpool; but again encountering a storm off the Irish coast, it became a total wreck, and the captain, who had made so light of hell, was taken to his account.

TALES OF THE GROG-SHOPS.

By a London Clergyman.

JOHN SNOW'S WIFE.

(A Tale in Two Chapters.)

CHAPTER I.

"MILK O! Milk O!"

Very musically did John Snow ring out this cry in a certain small street in our great city. He was clearly proud of it. And, to judge by the ineffectual attempts of small boys to imitate it, others thought well of it too. My own opinion I have already expressed.

Now it is a fact well known to all public speakers, be they statesmen, lawyers, preachers, or milkmen, that much speaking affects the throat. And nowhere is the throat more exposed to what is popularly called "dryness" than in the public street, with its blazing sun or piercing winds. Add to these inconveniencies the weight of two huge milk-pans, and what wonder that, of all men, milkmen should be often thirsty? And as John Snow was no exceptional milkman, you will not be surprised to hear that such was his frequent malady.

Now you will probably say, "Easy enough to satisfy a milkman's thirst. There's the milk—and here's the cup. What more is wanted?"

You and I would doubtless agree in replying "nothing." But, somehow, John himself held aloof from such a response. And, had you watched him, you would perceive this very singular fact, that he *never* had recourse to his milk-cans. Why, I could never gather. I have sometimes thought that it spoke badly for the quality of his milk; or, rejecting this as a base suspicion, that he was reared somewhat too liberally on that article. Be the cause, however, what it may, the fact was beyond all dispute that John's thirst never drew him to a milk-pan. Where it drew him I one day discovered as I was crossing a portion of his rounds.

Before me, in my very path, there stood two milk-cans—ownerless milk-cans to all appearance. They rested very suspiciously outside a public house. I hushed my suspicions for a time; but when I reached the spot I could do so no longer, for with my own eyes I saw John Snow draining with great relish a pint jug. I passed on. Before I had got on very far there came forth such a stream of "Milk O" from John's refreshed throat as gave me quite a start. It seemed to say "Nothing like beer for clearing the throat."

Now I had never spoken to John Snow in my life. But considering, whether rightly or wrongly I know not, a milkman to be a public man, I had always taken an interest in him. And never more so than when, day after day, those deserted milk-cans stared me in the face. I took the trouble to inquire about him from those who would be likely to know. And these were two of the answers I received.

"John Snow! Oh, yes, sir, I know him well; a very good-natured fellow. A splendid wife he's got; puts his hand to his mouth too often though; getting worse too, they say—four little children—a good trade."

"John Snow! Have known him ever since he was a boy; brings my milk; getting very irregular though. Sometimes an hour late; very obliging man; taken to the drink, I'm afraid. Sorry for his good little wife; but must get my milk elsewhere."

Not very long after, the worst reports were confirmed by my own observation. Walking up the street one day, whom should I see before me but John Snow duly yoked, and apparently carrying a heavy burden, for he stooped under the weight, and moved from side to side rather unsteadily, I thought. Quickening my pace, I overtook him, and found, to my surprise, that his buckets were only half full, and that he was drunk.

I passed on. I had gone but a few steps when there came a crash. Looking back, I saw John on the ground in the midst of a great pool of milk, and his cans upset beside him. I went back, and after setting him upon his feet sadly left him, fully resolved to call upon him at the first opportunity.

A fortnight after I found myself at his house—as pleasant and cosey a home as one could wish, with a neat little garden in front.

Mrs. Snow herself came to the door. A neat, clean, homely little woman she looked, with a good common-sense face, which it pleased one to look upon. I told her my errand. "Would I come in?"

"My husband cannot see you, I am sorry to say, sir," she said sadly when I had sat down.

And then, after a little sympathetic questioning, she told me all.

"We're ruined, sir, quite ruined. During the last fortnight there has been a stream of mishaps. Everything has been going wrong. Customers have been leaving us. And, to crown all, we have lost two of our best cows."

I asked her how it had happened.

"Well, you see, sir, my husband, when not quite himself, gave them wrong medicine. They had colds." And then she showed me a bill which was to be posted up that very day. There was to be a sale of their effects. Even the best of the household furniture was to go to pay their debts. "Oh! sir," she continued, "John is such a good kind husband too. He gets almost mad when he comes round and thinks what he's done. And now he drinks to drown his thoughts."

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"I don't know yet. I'm waiting. There's One who will not forsake us, I know. I've been praying to Him night and day. I don't fear the future, sir."

I shall never forget the grand simplicity of this stricken woman's faith in her God. In all my own troubles I love to recall it. It rebuked my own faithlessness as it was never rebuked before. She asked me if I would kneel down and pray for her husband. And we did pray. We placed the poor erring one at the feet of Him who, when He was on earth, never turned from those who sought His healing touch.

As I passed out I caught a glimpse of the poor drunkard, asleep in the bright clean kitchen. Tender, loving hands had been busy there, for over his unconscious form that patient wife had drawn a warm covering, and under the flushed and heavy head she had placed a soft pillow. Drunkard though he was, he was her husband still.

I have said that John Snow was a good-tempered, obliging man. And it was strictly true. But that was before the drink had mastered him. All was reversed now. And the more he drank the more sour and ill-tempered he became. He grew rougher and more unbearable every day.

There was a time when his four little ones ran to the door to greet him on his return home. One after the other they would claim their kiss—and nowhere were they more delighted to be than on their father's knee. Now they looked askance at him, and shrank away. Even the youngest, though only just able to toddle about, looked grave when her father entered, and clung to her mother's skirts as though for protection.

John Snow's was a sad home now. A nightmare seemed to sit upon it when the master was there. The very kitten would stop its gambols when John Snow's unsteady step was heard. At such times the fitness of things seemed almost to demand that all the doorways, windows, and furniture should be painted black, and the inmates robe themselves in that same gloomy hue.

Oh, John Snow! John Snow! wilt thou still caress the serpent which has poisoned thee? Wilt thou continue to curse the home which shelters thee? Shall thy children grow in dislike, until they learn to loathe thee? Let thy manhood speak. Up, man! and shake off the fetters which have bound thee.

And yet there was light in that sad home, and a bright light too—a light which the children loved to gather around and warm themselves by, a light which shone brightly even on the poor drunkard who bore the name of husband. John Snow's wife was that light.

It has been a question often raised, why good husbands are so often encumbered with bad wives, and why so many good wives have their lot bound up with such pitiful unmanly husbands. It is not a question which can be easily answered. But this much we can say, that a good wife never shines so brightly as when set off by the shadows of her worse half. And truly was this the case with John Snow's wife. The deeper her husband sank, the higher she seemed to rise. And the only eyes which seemed incapable of estimating her worth were those of him who possessed her as his very own.

It was a terribly sad sight, and yet a very grand one, which was presented to the eye by this pure noble woman and her degraded husband. Whatever he earned was almost immediately dropped into the rum-seller's till. He moved day by day in one little narrow circle, of which the centre was himself and his thirst. He seemed utterly indifferent as to whether his wife and children lived or died, so far as *his* maintaining them went. Well might the neighbors cry out "Shame! shame!" upon him.

It may, however, seem very strange, but the only voice which spoke well of John Snow was his wife's. She was never heard to murmur or complain. She would have bitten out her tongue rather than have spoken a single word against him. Amid the strife of tongues, and the torrents of abuse, and the "shame! shame!" which enveloped John Snow's name, there was one quiet little voice heard striving, though vainly, to hush it all.

"He's got a good heart, has my husband," she would say. "It's the drink that's quarrelsome and sour and selfish; not my John. He's the same still underneath. And, by and by, when he drinks no more, I know he'll shine out as good and kind as ever." And so she treated him as she would have treated a jewel incrusted with the mud and slime of the streets; she accounted him still a treasure, handled him lovingly and carefully, and strove to make him better.

But hers was a hard life for all that. On her shoulders rested the support of the whole family, including John himself. They had no bread but what she and her sewing machine earned. I have often passed her house late at night, but never without seeing a light in her little work-room. When she slept no one knew. She seemed always to be at work. And yet her four children were as clean and neat, and her house as tidy and bright, as though she had nothing else to concern herself about.

And then there was John to look after; to keep out of mischief if possible; to guide to his home when too drunk to guide himself. One of the most common sights was this gentle woman supporting her staggering husband homeward. Hearts bled for her as they watched her slowly and silently moving on, her lips ever and anon moving dumbly as though in prayer to Him who knows well the weight of earth's burdens, because He has borne them Himself.

And when he has fallen down, and has laid weltering in the mud, and her feeble strength was unequal to the task of raising him to his feet, many were the hands willingly put forth for her sake. These hands were sometimes rough and harsh, as might be expected. And very touching was it to hear her pleading for more gentleness, and for softer dealing with him. "Please do not hurt him," she would say. And she would look so gratefully upon these kind helpers, and thank them so sweetly, that drunken John Snow was handled as gently as a tender baby.

Once when they had raised him to his feet, and she was stooping to brush away the dirt from his coat, he raised his hand and struck her. It was a cruel blow. It fell upon her cheek. She grew ghastly pale, and would have fallen had not the by-standers caught her.

He had never struck her before. And it seemed for a moment as though a change had come over her, for her eyes flashed, and her lips half opened to say some indignant thing; but in a moment she remembered that he was her husband still, and covering her face, she breathed a prayer to the strong One, and then grew strong again to do and to suffer for him whose wife she was.

And thus the weeks and months passed away, he drinking, and she praying, and not ceasing to pray, because no answer had come as yet, but gathering fervency and earnestness as the time wore on, because there was greater need for her prayers.

ANTE-MORTEM RELIGION.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached on Sunday Morning, January 2, 1881.

"Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."—I. TIMOTHY, 4 : 8.

The way to meet a New Year—An Effective Partner in the Firm—Godliness good for a Man in this Life—I. For his Physical Health—It gives Buoyancy—Induces Industry—II. For his Intellect—Christianity the Great Central Fire—It Inspired Poetry, Art and Music—III. For the Disposition—The change Religion Works—Two New York Merchants—IV. For Worldly Business—A Mighty Auxiliary to Lawful Business—A Merchant who would not Compromise—A Bank Cashier's Rescue through Prayer—The Divine Tonic—Religion gotten fifty years too late.

THERE is a gloomy and passive way of waiting for the events of the opening year to come upon us, and there is a heroic way of going out to meet them, strong in God and fearing nothing. When the body of Catiline was found on the battlefield it was found far in advance of all his troops and among the enemy ; and the best way is not for us to lie down and let the events of life trample over us, but to go forth in a Christian spirit determined to conquer.

The papers are already made out, and to-morrow some of you will enter into business partnerships, and others of you will take higher position in the commercial establishment where you are now engaged, and others will enter upon new enterprises, and there will be in these cities ten thousand business changes. You are expecting prosperity, and I am determned, so far as I have anything to do with it, that you shall not be disappointed, and therefore I propose, as God may help me this morning, to project upon your attention a new element of success. You will have in the business firm, frugality, patience, industry, perseverance, economy—

A VERY STRONG BUSINESS FIRM,

but there needs to be one member added, mightier than them all, and not a silent partner either—the one introduced by my text : "Godliness which is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is as well as of that which is to come."

I suppose you are all willing to admit that godliness is important in its eternal relations ; but perhaps some of you say, "all I want is an opportunity to say a prayer before I die and all will be well." There are a great many people who suppose that if they can finally get safely out of this world into a better world, they will have exhausted the entire advantage of our holy religion. They talk as though religion were a mere nod of recognition which we are to give to the Lord Jesus on our way up to a Heavenly mansion ; as though it were *an admission ticket* of no use except to give in at the door of Heaven. And there are thousands of people who have great admiration for a religion of the shroud, and a religion of the coffin, and a religion of the hearse, and a religion of the cemetery, who have no appreciation of a religion for the bank, for the factory, for the warehouse, for the jeweler's shop, for the broker's office.

Now, while I would not throw any slur on a *post mortem* religion, I want this morning, and in the first Sabbath of the new year, to eulogize an *ante mortem* religion. A religion that is of no use to you while you live, will be of no use to you when you die. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is as well as of that which is to come." And I have always noticed that when the grace is very low in a man's heart he talks a great deal in prayer meetings about deaths, and about coffins, and about graves, and about churchyards. I have noticed that the healthy Christian, the man who is living near to God, and is on the straight road to Heaven, is full of jubilant satisfaction, and talks about the duties of this life, understanding well that if God helps him to live right He will help him to die right.

I. Now, in the first place, I remark that

GODLINESS IS GOOD FOR A MAN'S PHYSICAL HEALTH.

I do not mean to say it will restore a broken-down constitution, or drive rheumatism from the limbs, or neuralgia from the temples, or pleurisy from the side ; but I do mean to say that it gives one such habits and puts one in such condition as is most favorable for physical health. That I believe, and that I avow.

Everybody knows that buoyancy of spirit is good physical advantage. Gloom, unrest, dejection are at war with every pulsation of the heart, and with every respiration of the lungs. It lowers the vitality, it slackens the circulation, while exhilaration of spirit pours the very balm of Heaven through all the currents of life. The sense of insecurity which sometimes hovers over an unregenerate man, or pounces upon him with the blast of ten thousand trumpets of terror, is most depleting and most exhausting, while the feeling that all things are working together for my good now and for my everlasting welfare, is productive of physical health.

You will observe that Godliness induces industry, which is *the foundation of good health*. There is no law of hygiene that will keep a lazy man well. Pleurisy will stab him, erysipelas will burn him, jaundice will discolor him, gout will cripple him, and the intelligent physician will not prescribe antiseptic, or febrifuge, or anodyne, but saws and hammers and yardsticks and crowbars and pick-axes. There is no such thing as good physical condition without positive work of some kind, although you should sleep upon down of swan, or ride in carriage of softest upholstery, or have on your table all the luxuries that were poured from the wine vats of Ispahan and Shirzah.

Our religion says, "Away to the bank ! away to the shop ! away to the factory ! do something that will enlist all the energies of your body, mind and soul." Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, while upon the bare back of the idler and the drone comes down the sharp lash of the apostle as he says : "If any man will not work, neither shall he eat."

O ! how important in this day, when so much is said about anatomy and physiology and therapeutics, and some new style of medicine is ever and anon springing upon the world, that you should understand that the highest school of medicine is the school of Christ, which declares that "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is as well as of that which is to come." So if you start out two men in the world with equal physical health, and then one of them shall get the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ in his heart and the other shall not get it, the one who becomes a son of the Lord Almighty will live the longer. "With long life will I satisfy thee, and show thee My salvation."

II. Again I remark that Godliness is

GOOD FOR THE INTELLECT.

I know some have supposed that just as soon as a man enters into the Christian life, his intellect goes into a bedwarfing process. So far from that, religion will give new brilliancy to the intellect, new strength to the imagination, new force to the will and wider swing to all the intellectual faculties.

Christianity is the great central fire at which Philosophy has lighted its brightest torch. The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is the fountain out of which learning has dipped its clearest draught. The Helicon poured forth no such inspiring waters as those which flow from under the throne of God clear as crystal. Religion has given new energy *to Poesy*, weeping in Doctor Young's Night Thoughts, teaching in Cowper's Task, flaming in Charles Wesley's hymns, and rushing with archangelic splendor through Milton's Paradise Lost. The religion of Jesus Christ has hung *in studio and in gallery of art* and in Vatican, the best pictures—Titian's "Assumption," Raphael's "Transfiguration," Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," Claude's "Burning Bush" and Angelo's "Last Judgment." Religion has made the best music of the world. Haydn's "Creation," Handel's "Messiah," Mozart's "Requiem."

Is it possible that a religion which builds such indestructible monuments, and which lifts its ensign on the highest promontories of worldly power, can have any effect upon a man's intellect but elevation and enlargement? Now, I commend Godliness as the best mental discipline—better than *belles lettres* to purify the taste, better than mathematics to harness the mind to all intricacy and elaboration, better than logic to marshal the intellectual forces for onset and victory.

It will go with Hugh Miller and show him the footprints of the Creator in the red sandstone. It will go with the botanist and show him celestial glories encamped under the curtain of a water-lily. It will go with the astronomer on the great heights where God shepherds the great flock of worlds, that wander on the hills of heaven answering His voice as He calls them all by their names.

GOOD FOR THE DISPOSITION.

III. Again I remark, that godliness is profitable for one's despotism. Lord Ashley before he went into a great battle, was heard to offer this prayer : "O ! Lord, I shall be very busy to day ; if I forget Thee, forget me not." With such a Christian disposition as that, a man is independent of all circumstances. Our piety will have a tinge of our natural temperament.

If a man be cross and sour and fretful naturally, after he becomes a Christan he will always have to be armed against the rebellion of those evil inclinations ; but religion has tamed the wildest nature ; it has turned fretfulness into gratitude, despondency into good cheer, and those who were hard and ungovernable and uncompromising have been made pliable and conciliatory.

Good resolution, reformatory effort, will not effect the change. It takes a mightier arm and a mightier hand to bend evil habits than the hand that bent the bow of Ulysses, and it takes a stronger lasso than ever held the buffalo on the prairie. A man cannot go forth with any human weapons and contend successfully against these Titans armed with uptorn mountain. But you have known men into whose spirit the influence of the Gospel of Christ came, until their disposition was entirely changed. So it was with

TWO MERCHANTS IN NEW YORK.

They were very antagonistic. They had done all they could to injure each other. They were in the same line of business. One of the merchants was converted to God. Having been converted, he asked the Lord to teach him how to bear himself toward that business antagonist, and he was impressed with the fact that it was his duty when a customer asked for certain kind of goods which he had not, but which he knew his opponent had, to recommend him to go to that store. I suppose that is about the hardest thing the man could do ; but being thoroughly converted to God, he resolved to do that very thing, and being asked for a certain kind of goods which he had not, he said : "You go to such and such a store and you will get it." After a while, merchant number two found these customers coming, so sent, and he found also that merchant number one had been brought to God, and he sought the same religion. Now they are good friends and good neighbors, the grace of God entirely changing their disposition.

"O !" says some one, "I have *a rough, jagged, impetuous nature*, and religion can't do anything for me." Do you know that Martin Luther and Robert Newton and Richard Baxter were impetuous, all-consuming natures, yet the grace of God turned them into the mightiest usefulness? A manufacturer cares but very little for a stream that slowly runs through the meadow, but a long torrent that leaps from rock to rock, and rushes with mad energy through the valley and out toward the sea. Along that river you will find fluttering shuttles and grinding mill and flashing water-wheel. And a nature, the swiftest, the most rugged and the most tremendous, that is the nature God turns into greatest usefulness.

O ! how many who have been pugnacious, and hard to please, and irascible, and more bothered about the mote in their neighbor's eye than about the beam like ship-timber in their own eye, who have been entirely changed by the grace of God, and have found out that godliness is profitable for the life that now is as well as for the life which is to come."

IV. Again I remark that religion is good for a man's

WORDLY BUSINESS.

I know the general theory is the more business the less religion, the more religion the less business. Not so thought Doctor Hans in his "Biography of a Christian merchant," when he says: "he grew in grace the last six years of his life more than at any time in his life; during those six years he had more business crowding him than at any other time." In other words, the more worldly business a man has, the more opportunity to serve God. Does religion exhilarate or retard worldly business? is the practical question for you to discuss. Does it hang like a mortgage over the farm? Is it a bad debt on the ledger? Is it a lien against the estate? Does it crowd the door through which customers come for broad-cloths and silks?

Now, religion will hinder your business if it be a bad business or if it be a good business wrongly conducted. If you tell lies behind the counter, if you use false weights and measures, if you put sand in sugar, and beet juice in vinegar, and lard in butter, and sell for one thing that which is another thing, then religion will interfere with that business; but a lawful business, lawfully conducted, will find the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ its mightiest auxiliary.

Religion will give an equipoise of spirit, it will keep you from ebullitions of temper—and you know a great many fine businesses have been blown to atoms by bad temper—it will keep you from worriment about frequent loss, it will keep you industrious and prompt, it will keep you back from squandering and from dissipation, it will give you a kindness of spirit which will be easily distinguished from that mere store courtesy which shakes hands violently with you, asking about the health of your family when there is no anxiety to know whether your child is well or sick! but the anxiety is to know how many dozen cambric pocket-handkerchiefs you will take and pay cash down.

It will prepare you for the practical duties of everyday life. I do not mean to say that religion will make us financially rich, but I do say it will give us, it will assure us of, a comfortable sustenance at the start, a comfortable subsistence all the way through, and it will help us to direct the bank, to manage the traffic, to conduct all our business matters, and to make the most insignificant affair of our life a matter of vast importance glorified by Christian principle.

In New York City, there was

A MERCHANT HARD IN HIS DEALINGS

with his fellows, who had written over his banking house, or his counting-house room "no compromise." Then when some merchant got in a crisis and went down—no fault of his, but a conjunction of evil circumstances—and all the other merchants were willing to compromise—they would take seventy-five cents on the dollar, or fifty cents, or twenty cents. Coming to this man last of all, he said: "No compromise; I'll take one hundred cents on the dollar, and I can afford to wait." Well, the wheel turned, and after a while that man was in a crisis of business, and he sent out his agents to compromise, and the agents said to the merchants: "Will you take fifty cents on the dollar?" "No." "Will you take anything?" "We'll take one hundred cents on the dollar. No compromise." And the man who wrote that inscription over his counting-house door, died in destitution.

O! we want more of the kindness of the Gospel and the spirit of love in our business enterprises. How many young men have found the religion of Jesus Christ a practical help? How many there are in this house to-day who could testify out of their own experience that Godliness is profitable for the life that now is. There were times in their business career when they went here for help, and there for help, and yonder for help and got no help until they knelt before the Lord crying for His deliverance, and the Lord rescued them.

In a bank not far from our great metropolis—

A VILLAGE BANK

—an officer could not balance his accounts. He had worked at them day after day, night after night, and he was sick nigh unto death as a result. He knew he had not taken one farthing from that bank, but somehow, for some reason inscrutable then, the accounts wouldn't balance. The time rolled on and the morning of the day when the books should pass under the inspection of the other officers arrived, and he felt himself in awful peril, conscious of his own integrity but unable to prove that integrity.

That morning he went to the bank, early and he knelt down before God and told the whole story of his mental anguish, and he said, "Oh, Lord, I have done right; I have preserved my integrity, but here I am about to be overthrown unless Thou should come to my rescue. Lord, deliver me." And for one hour he continued the prayer before God, and then he rose and he went to an old blotter that he had forgotten all about. He opened it, and there lay a sheet of figures which he only needed to add to another line of figures—some line of figures he had forgotten, and knew not where he had laid them, and the accounts were balanced, and *the Lord delivered him.* You are an infidel if you do not believe it. The Lord delivered him. God answered his prayer as He will answer your prayer, Oh! man of business, in every crisis when you come to Him.

Now, if this be so, then I am persuaded, as you are, of the fact the vast majority of Christians do not fully test the value of their religion. They are like a farmer in California, with fifteen thousand acres of good wheat land and culturing only a quarter of an acre. Why do you not go forth and make the religion of Jesus Christ a practical affair every day of your business life and all this year, beginning now, and to-morrow morning putting into practical effect this holy religion and demonstrating in your life that godliness is profitable here as well as hereafter?

HOW CAN YOU GET ALONG WITHOUT THIS RELIGION?

Is your physical health so good you do not want *this divine tonic?* Is your mind so clear, so vast, so comprehensive that you do not want this divine inspiration? Is your worldly business so thoroughly established that you have no use for that religion which has been the help and deliverance of tens of thousands of men in crises of worldly trouble? And if what I have said this morning is true, then you see what a fatal blunder it is when a man adjourns to life's expiration the uses of religion.

A man who postpones religion to fifty years of age gets religion fifty years too late. He may get into the kingdom of God by final repentance, but what can compensate him for a whole lifetime unalleviated and uncomforted? You want religion to-day in the training of that child. You will want religion to-morrow in dealing with that western customer. You wanted religion yesterday to curb your temper. Is your arm strong enough to beat your way through the floods? Can you without being encased in the mail of God's eternal help go forth amid the assault of all hell's sharpshooters? Can you walk alone across these crumbling graves, and amid these gaping earthquakes? Can you, waterlogged and mast-shivered, outlive the gale?

Oh, how many there have been who, postponing the religion of Jesus Christ, have plunged into mistakes they never could correct although they lived eighty years after, and, like serpents crushed under cart-wheels, dragging their mauled bodies under the rocks to die; so these men have fallen under the wheel of awful calamity, crushed here, destroyed forever, while a vast multitude of others have taken the religion of Jesus Christ into everyday life, and first, in practical business affairs, and secondly, on the throne of heavenly triumph, have illustrated, while angels looked on and a universe approved, the glorious truth that "godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life which now is as well as of that which is to come."

Messrs. Moody and Sankey have Postponed their visit to New Orleans on account of the success with which God has blessed their labors in San Francisco. As the Evangelists have definitely arranged to visit Great Britain next summer their stay at New Orleans, will be very short.

AFFINITY BETWEEN COMMUNISM AND INFIDELITY.

A FRENCH Communistic leader has just closed in death a melancholy and strangely dramatic career. Among the Communists of 1871 was a "Commissaire Central" named Parmentier. After the revolt he was supposed to have fled, and he was condemned to death by one of the Versailles court-martial. But he had not even left Paris. His wife, a workwoman in a match factory, sheltered her husband in a garret, on the sixth floor of a house, and this garret, during a period of nearly ten years, the prescribed Communist never left. The neighbors were wholly ignorant that Madame Parmentier had any one living with her.

About a month ago it was feared that there was something wrong with the woman, as for a long time she had not been seen. The police, accompanied by a medical man and a locksmith, speedily made their appearance on the scene. The door of the room was broken open, and at first those who sought to enter were driven back by a fearfully noisome odor. When they did enter a shocking spectacle presented itself. On the bed lay the corpse of Madame Parmentier, and by her side was the dead body of an unknown man. He was, however, speedily recognized as the Communist Commissaire Central Parmentier, condemned to death in 1871.

The unfortunate couple, who had been many days dead, had committed suicide by suffocation with the fumes of charcoal. This an illustration of the fact that Communism and Infidelity are closely allied in their daring defiance of all laws, human and divine, and tempt their unfortunate votaries first to an atheistic despair and then to eternal death. The prophecies of Revelation inform us that during the closing years of this dispensation Communism and Infidelity will prevail universally, and be potent factors in causing the final Great Tribulation. In Ireland we already see in the *Land League agitation* a wonderful manifestation of Communism.

A CHINESE FESTIVAL.

THE Ten Kings of Hades is the name of an annual farmers' festival which is held at Shing-hien, China, many thousands of people attending. One such has been held recently, and Mr. Meadows, the missionary, says: "For miles around the roads were lined with pedestrians, chair-bearers, and coolies. The streets from morning to night were thronged with both young and old, all bent on paying homage to the frightful-looking gods carried along. It was a fruitful season for gamblers and idlers of every description; fighting and bloodshed were common. One man stabbed his uncle in a quarrel over ancestral property at the very time of the worship of the dead.

At this festival the people pay visits to their deceased ancestors' graves, and perform worship on a large scale, and vie with each other in the display of their worship. One Sunday morning we were startled by horrible yelling and such fighting as is seldom seen. The Shing-hien people fight with bludgeons, knives, or murderous field implements. We dare not open our chapel doors at such times, and our worship has to be carried on very quietly. The native Christians instinctively feel this, and perform their devotions in subdued tones, though at other times they are rather demonstrative in their worship and preaching.

At times, during this very festival, they made me fear for them, as they addressed their friends and neighbors in no measured terms. They never make any apology for speaking the truth about Jesus dying, rising again, and living for sinners, nor for telling them that they will *all perish* except they repent and believe the Gospel. Heaven, hell, death, and judgment are *realities* to the Shing-hien converts, not shadows, nor fine-spun theories. Oh, how painful it is to see farmers and hillmen, and young women, together with gray-headed old dames, all wending their way to the different temples and shrines to worship senseless idols!"

PROPHETIC PROSPECT FOR 1881.

A Humbling View—Certainty of God's Prophecies—Fulfilled Prophecies — Unfulfilled Prophecies—The Present Prospect—1. The Eastern Question—2. The Next Great War—3. The Campaign in Afghanistan—4. The State of Ireland—Apprehension for America—Polar Expeditions—Meteorological Phenomena.

THE beginning of 1881 shows us the world in a more alarming condition than it has appeared in even in years when a war has been imminent between two great nations. Were it not for the unfailing word of Scripture prophecy, we might be at a loss to account for the growing rampancy of wickedness and the hopelessness of the struggle of right against wrong.

It requires no small measure of *humiliation* to take a true view of human nature as it has been since the Fall. Consequently, worldly philosophers prefer to see in the spread of civilization and in the increasing justice of legislation signs that the love of truth is becoming universal, and that individual selfishness will not always dominate human affairs, while far too many Christian believers persist in putting a figurative interpretation upon every declaration of God's word which does not seem to encourage the hope that the Church is now on the way to victory. But the teaching of the Bible is that *deliverance, not victory*, is to be the hope of the Church.

There is

SOMETHING AWFULLY CERTAIN

in whatever God once declares will come to pass. At a time when the Israelites were flushed with conquest, and their name was a terror to the mightiest nations upon the earth, Moses recorded the decree that they would become "a proverb and a by-word among all nations" (Deut. 28 : 37). That has been *literally* fulfilled in the reproachful term "a Jew." Moses also wrote, "The Lord shall scatter thee among all people from the one end of the earth even unto the other" (ver. 64). And that has *literally* come to pass. He said, further, "Ye shall be sold unto your enemies for bondmen and bondwomen, *and no man shall buy you*" (ver. 68). And profane history tells us that even that extraordinary prediction was *literally* fulfilled in the Alexandrian slave-market after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus.

Once more, when Tyre was one of the magnificent capitals of the world, the Lord God declared, "I will make her like the top of a rock ; it shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea" (Ezek. 26 : 4, 5). And these words, in no figurative or spiritual sense, but *exactly and literally*, describe the site of that great city to-day. Again, when Babylon was "the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldee's excellency," its doom was announced with *minute particularity*, viz., that it would be overthrown and never be inhabited again, that the wandering tribes of the desert and the shepherds on the plains would avoid it, and that it would become a habitation of wild beasts (Isa. 13 : 19-22). All that has come to pass, as any eastern traveller can see to-day, not in a spiritual or general sense, but *literally and particularly*.

Regarding the Lord Jesus Christ, it was foretold that He would come in the tribe of Judah and in the line of David, and that He would be born of a virgin. Events proved that "Judah" meant Judah, and not the Jewish race ; and that "David" meant David, and not any royal line ; while "a virgin" typified no social or spiritual condition, but simply meant Mary, the wife of Joseph, in her virginity. The numerous prophecies regarding the life and death of our Lord were equally explicit, and their fulfilment was equally literal.

These are a few examples of *fulfilled prophecy ;* and they afford us an indication of the way to interpret

UNFULFILLED PROPHECY.

The principal *predicted but unaccomplished* events are :

1. The restoration of the Jews to their own land, with an extension of territory ; and their establishment there with pre-eminence among other nations.

See Isa. 2 : 1-4 ; 11 : 10-12 ; Jer. 3 : 17, 18 ; 31 : 8, 36, 38 ; Ezek. 20 : 34, 42 ; 34 : 13, 14 ; 47 : 13-23 ; 48 : 29 ; Dan. 12 : 13 ; Zech. 12 : 6 ; 14 : 4, 8-11 ; etc. Some of these passages describe Jerusalem and the Holy Land after Christ comes, and when the Jews will have accepted Him as their King and so placed themselves at the head of the Christian Church.

2. The growth of anarchy and irreligion till the foundations of authority are undermined and the very existence of the Church is threatened. The rise of a man, the Antichrist, who will do with the anarchy in Europe what Napoleon I. did with the revolution in France, and will then carry his assumption of authority to a greater length than any previous tyrant in the world has done.

See Isa. 26 : 20, 21 ; Jer. 30 : 7 ; Dan. 7 : 8 ; 8 : 8-12, 23-25 ; 11 : 36-45 ; 12 : 1 ; Matt. 24 : 12, 13, 21 ; Luke 18 : 8 ; 21 : 26 ; 2 Thess. 2 : 3, 4, 8, 9 ; 2 Tim. 3 : 13 ; Rev. 13 : 11-17 ; etc.

3. This tyrant's war upon the people of God and the new-built Jerusalem. *The appearance of the Son of God* at the crisis of the siege, and His deliverance of His people.

See Jer. 30 : 7-10 ; Ezek. 39 : 9-16 ; Dan. 7 : 11 ; Zech. 12 : 2-10 ; 14 : 2-5, 12-21 ; Matt. 24 : 30 ; Acts 1 : 11 ; 2 Thess. 2 : 8 ; etc.

We have only selected passages for reference in which the events spoken of are described with remarkable distinctness and uniformity ; and it is a reasonable presumption that they are subject to the same rules of interpretation with the other prophecies which have been already so exactly fulfilled. Readers who have the patience to look up the verses we have cited may be surprised to find several particular and even trifling incidents foretold in almost the same words by different writers.

Now let us take a glance at

THE PRESENT STATE

of the world, and see, on the one hand, how far it agrees with what the prophecies just quoted tell us is coming, and, on the other, with what we might expect if there were any power in education or civilization to overcome sin.

1. What is known in Europe as *the Eastern question* has not advanced one step toward a solution since the beginning of 1880. The succession of the Liberal Government in England, to which many people looked for a speedy settlement of Turkish difficulties, has been followed by no measure of consequence in that direction. Matters seem to be standing still until the development of God's further purposes. There is no prospect whatever of an improvement in the financial condition of Turkey, and without such an improvement there can be no change for the better in its administration. Meanwhile the insurrectionary spirit excited in the subject populations by the late wars gives safe promise of another outbreak at no distant day ; and that will call for or lead to the armed intervention of some of the great powers of Europe, with the usual danger of *a war between those powers themselves*.

2. The imagination palls at the thought of *the next European war*, for which twelve millions of armed men are kept waiting in silent mockery of the hope that the reign of peace is in a fair way to begin upon the earth. A few days ago one of the daily papers, not over-well versed in the Bible, but with a shrewd practical view of the condition of public affairs, wrote as it follows :

"The world has never yet seen war on a national scale. There have been, as in 1812-13-14, many armies, and those numerically as well as otherwise formidable, engaged simultaneously on one theatre. In 1870 the Germans employed several large armies, and the French, too, made considerable levies. But all the conditions of war are different from what they were in the Napoleonic era, and since 1870 several nations have turned or are turning almost their entire population into soldiers. When war occurs again among the great Continental powers there will be such *a sight presented as never was seen before*. There will be in the first line a chain of armies furnished with superb *matériel ;* in the rear will be the reserves of trained troops exceeding in number the biggest armies of former times ; and these reserves will rest on a succession of strong fortresses and intrenched camps held by enormous garrisons."

If we remember with this that every year adds to the improvements in the torpedoes, mitrailleuses, Gatling guns, and other engines for *wholesale destruction* of human life, it will appear that God knew more about the nineteenth century before the Christian era than we know about it now.

3. *The Afghan war* is standing still like the Eastern question. In this swiftly-moving age twelve months more have gone past without a settlement of the relations between Afghanistan and the Indian Government. At the time we write this article it is uncertain what security the new Ameer, Abdurrahman Khan, has for his throne, and in what sense the British frontier is to be protected ; while the rebel leader, Ayoob Khan, is at large, able to boast of having destroyed a British force near Candahar, and to laugh over the slaughter in cold blood of a British officer whom he had captured as a prisoner of war.

4. Lastly, the condition of things in *Ireland* seems enough to open the eyes of the blindest to the gloomy prospect before the world and to the corruption which lies beneath the veneer of its civilization. It is for the first time in history that a Government has tolerated total insecurity of life, liberty, and property without the excuse of war or revolution. A large part of Ireland has been for months past in a state corresponding with the state of Paris during the Commune or of North India during the Mutiny of 1857, with this difference—that in the last two cases the murder and violence were stopped as fast as guns and soldiers could stop them, whereas to-day in Ireland the authorities seem to have neither the ability nor the disposition to interfere to any effectual purpose. A lethargy born of an increasingly blunted national moral sense has apparently taken possession of the Government. Even a few years ago such a condition of things would not have been possible ; but the principle of the supremacy of the people above the law is gaining ground, and the world is hastening to the state in which it was before the Flood—"corrupt before God and filled with violence" (Gen. 6 : 11).

It is doubtful if any nostrum of legislation can now restore civil order in the country. The leading London papers are agreed in expressions of opinion like the following : "Coercive acts a few months ago would have been effective, but now they will be useless. The people have learned their power too well to be cowed. This revolution cannot end without bloodshed unless capitulation be made to the Land League, which is out of the question. The rising may be small and ineffective, but it is considered inevitable by many who are familiar with the state of the country. It is beyond question that no land bill, however extreme, will satisfy the Land League, and the movement should be considered in all its significance. According to the clear and repeated utterances of members of the League Executive, the Land League movement is not a movement for the purpose of bringing rent down, but a movement for the purpose of *making the tenants the owners of the land*."

Thus it seems not unlikely that the priest-ridden and turbulent population of Ireland will be separated from the authority of the British Government, which reduced to peace and prosperity the cognate race of Scottish Highlanders ; and this will be brought about, not by any peaceful method in conformity with the pretensions of civilization, but by outrage and bloodshed and other characteristic exhibitions of unrestrained lawlessness.

If this should take place, it will be a remarkable step in the fulfilment of the old prophecy in Dan. chap. 7, and Rev., chap. 13, which says that a king of practically unlimited power will rise out of the ten kingdoms that constituted the Roman Empire, and will rule over the same territory. Now *Ireland was not included* in the Roman Empire, whereas England was ; so we should be justified in considering the severance of the former from the latter at the present juncture as a significant occurrence.

Before concluding these observations on the civil and political indications of the New Year, we will remind our readers that the past year has been signalized on

OUR OWN CONTINENT

by an official protest of the United States Secretary of War against the defenceless condition of our sea-coast, and against the shortsightedness of letting our fortifications and munitions of war fall far behind the standard required to meet the armaments of European nations who may one day be our enemies. Is not this *the beginning of an apprehension* that America may not be able to keep out of the national convulsions that are to precede the coming of our Lord?

It also seems proper to note the continued rapid spread of the spirit of invention and discovery, and the increasing enterprise to explore every unknown limit of the globe. One Arctic expedition has recently returned from its eminently successful search (see THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of November 11th); another has been for some months locked out from the world in polar ice; a third is to set out from England in the present year; while *the greatest problem of modern geography*, viz., the exploration of the Antarctic Circle, is also to be attempted this year by an Italian and an English expedition, both employing the latest resources of science and the highest available talent to increase the chance of success.

We are entering the most remarkable period of this century for the display of

SIGNS IN HEAVEN.

Four comets are now, or will soon be, visible through telescopes, and one at least of them is expected to show its strange torch in the sky. Four eclipses will occur in 1881, the dates and particulars of which will be found in the ALMANAC at the end of this number. A small black speck made its appearance near the edge of the sun in August last, and developed into a cluster of spots which was easily visible through a small telescope, and moved in fantastic shapes toward the centre of the sun's disk. The appearance was caused by *a tremendous storm* of some kind in the atmosphere of the sun, and it was attended with violent magnetic disturbances in the earth, interfering with the operation of telegraphs and submarine cables. Former experiences lead astronomers to expect that these magnetic storms will continue for a considerable time, and that there will be a magnificent spectacle of auroral streamers in the northern sky.

The intelligence of our readers will guard them against *astrological or superstitious ideas* in connection with these phenomena. The fact is sufficient that God, who foresaw the political history of the nineteenth century, foresaw also its meteorological phenomena; and He has declared that a combination of events and signs (Luke 21 : 10, 11, 25–27.) will precede the coming of the Son of Man. Notwithstanding, these things will take place so naturally, and will be explained so plausibly by the wise men of the world, that the last day will come *as a snare* "on all them that dwell on the face of the whole earth" (ver. 35). Therefore the warning is seven times repeated in the Gospels, *Watch*.

The Complications which Beset the Irish problem are many-sided, and it is difficult to form a fair estimate of their relative weight. The actions of the Land League are indefensible, but it is impossible to withhold pity from the Irish poor who are its instruments. They have drifted into poverty so abject that their lives are passed in continual dread of starvation, and they are ready in their ignorance to join in any scheme that promises relief. Under the harsh land laws that prevailed many years ago, many of which are now repealed, the estates of poor landowners passed into the possession of wealthy lords and capitalists, and men are now found everywhere throughout Ireland toiling for a miserable daily wage on the land their forefathers once possessed.

But the success of the Land League would arouse a similar agitation among the agricultural laborers of England, whose condition is only one remove better than their Irish brethren. Thus the situation is surrounded with difficulty, and communists throughout the world are watching its developments with keen interest. If the agitation is successful in extorting concessions, we may expect the movement against lawto rear its head in other lands.

MRS. BAGHDASARIAN AND HER ORPHANAGE IN ASIA MINOR.

The Famine and Case of Rescue.

THE Christian work which Mrs. Baghdasarian is conducting among the destitue children of Broussa, is one of considerable interest. Broussa is the capital of Bithynia, the country in Asia Minor of which the Apostle Peter speaks (1 Pet. 1 : 1). The city is situated on the slope of Mount Olympus. It was for a long period the metropolis of the kings of Bithynia, and derives its name from Prusias, the protector of Hannibal, one of the early monarchs, who reigned two hundred years before Christ.

The present population of Broussa is seventy-three thousand of whom eleven thousand are Armenians, six thousand Greeks, two thousand Jews, and the remaining portion Turks. The houses are built of wood. The streets are narrow, but clean. When seen at a distance, with its domes and minarets, contrasting with the snowy summits of Mount Olympus rising behind, it is in the highest degree picturesque. It has, at various times, been destroyed by fire, and partially by earthquake. Its staple trade is the manufacture of silk, which is of so peculiarly fine a character that it is highly esteemed and in great demand among the countries of Europe. The number of persons employed in raising the silkworm and weaving the silk amounts to about thirty thousand. The city has two hundred Mohammedan mosques, a Greek church, a Gregorian Armenian Church, and a large institution conducted and superintended by Roman Catholics. The Protestant Armenians have a church, infants chools, boys' and girls' schools, and a fine seminary, but, owing to lack of funds, progress has been but slow.

ENGLISH AND AMERICANS.

During the terrible famine which raged in Asia Minor during the years 1874–75 the people became so destitute that they were obliged to eat the grass of the field like cattle, and many were the victims to the cruel ravages of famine. The sympathies of the English and Americans were roused, and liberal help was dispensed through the agency of the missionaries. Despite the heroic efforts and aid which came from every quarter, the famine spread like a terrible fire, consuming man and beast alike. It was computed that the famine extended over forty thousand square miles, and that one hundred and fifty thousand persons perished. Hundreds fled to the capital and other large cities, and many orphans were left destitute. Broussa was one of the cities of refuge for poor, famine-stricken people.

At the end of the year 1874, when the famine was at its height, and Broussa was filled with refugees, the Rev. Mr. Baghdasarian accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Evangelical Church in the city, a professorship in the New Evangelical Seminary, and to take charge of the day-school. Seeing the terribly neglected condition of the female children who come to Broussa in search of God, his heart yearned to do something for them, especially on one occasion, when a number of these wretched little starvelings ran after him, crying, "Bread! bread!"

After long consideration and prayer he resolved upon opening a Home in Broussa, where some, at least, of the little destitute wanderers might be gathered in and taught to know and love the God and Father of the orphan. On the 31st of July, 1875, the work was commenced, and the Home was opened with one little Armenian orphan girl four and a half years of age; but though the work was evidently of God, many difficulties, disappointments, and trials of faith were experienced before the home was fairly established.

In a very short time there were six Armenian girls and one Greek girl under the roof of the New Orphan Home, with twelve day pupils, so that a little mission work was going on, as all the girls belonged to the Old Oriental Church. Christians as well as others sympathized with the work when they saw the once dirty, neglected ones, neatly clothed and looking very happy, walking to the Protestant Church on the Sunday. But the Greek and Armenian bishops became much excited, and anathematized the Home from their altars and pulpits. At length, by great tact, and in answer to prayer, this kind of opposition ceased, and the work gradually increased.

There are now more that fifty children in the Home, and the following is its organization: Regular school hours are kept from 8.30 to 12 A.M., and from 1 to 5 P.M. The school is opened with Bible lesson, singing, and prayer. The lessons are Bible and secular history, catechism, Armeian, Turkish, English, arithmetic, geography, and writing; and music to those who are to become teachers. Needlework and knitting are taught in all their branches. The girls take the household work by turns, and are thoroughly instructed in washing, cleaning, cooking, etc., the object of the Home being to train the girls to become useful members of society, and to make them the bearers of evangelization among their own people, as Christian mothers, servants, teachers, and Bible-women. Children from five to twelve years old are received, and can remain till they are fifteen. The whole is under the kind and skilful management of Mrs. Baghdasarian.

Here are specimens of what some of the girls once were, and portraits of what they now are:

Little Anna, seven years old, was found by a man on a heap of rubbish, eating whatever she could find. The poor little thing looked scarcely human; she was sewn up in rags. When the rags were cut from her it was discovered that her attenuated body was eaten into holes by vermin, and her head was covered with sores, which caused her hair to fall off. By patient nursing, after eight months' residence in the Home she had become a pretty, clear-complexioned, lovable girl, and her head is now covered with brown, curling hair.

Marian, another orphan, was found in the streets of Broussa begging. She had run away from one to whom she had been sold, and who had been in the habit of binding her to a pillar and whipping her most cruelly. She is a most clever girl, sews beautifully, and is gentle and obedient.

Another child, *Yevpymia*, came with a bad disease of the ears and fingers, and it was feared that the former would drop off. She has now grown a most fair and pretty child. *Synhie*, another destitute little girl, was at first rather obstinate. She went repeatedly to the matron and told her that if she did not open the door and let her out she would dig up the pavement and throw the stones at her head. These vicious habits have been overcome, and Synhie is now a warm-hearted, energetic child, and is very clever in her studies and in her work.

These are but samples of many cases which could be adduced; but enough has been said to commend the "Asia Minor Home for Orphan and Destitute Girls" to the sympathy and prayers of our readers.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

A Happy New Year to the Thousands of our readers! Our acquaintance with most of them continues this year, and may we, in the good providence of God, mutually be spared to see the end of it. Others of our readers, for reasons of choice, interest, or circumstances, go another way; and on them too may there come abundantly the blessing of God; "it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it."

The Attention of Congress is to be Claimed by two measures of importance at an early date. The first relates to the Interoceanic Canal Project, which is expected to take precedence of other subjects, owing to the alarm excited by the financial success already attained by M. Lesseps for his Panama scheme. In connection with this question the House Committee on Foreign Affairs has a report under consideration calling for the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty with Great Britain. The report says the treaty "has been shown to have led only to great misunderstandings and controversies with the Power with which we were unwisely led to make it. It has always been equally inoperative, either to guarantee the independence of the Central American States or to advance the general interests of commerce."

The second measure relates to Inter-state Commerce, and on this subject the Committee on Commerce has three bills under consideration. That of Mr. Reagan, the Chairman of the Committee, is directed against discriminations and unfair preferences by the railroad companies, and also the pooling of freights which deprives the shipper of the protection he would otherwise have in the competition of the companies. The bill of Mr. McLane differs from Mr. Reagan's in that it proposes to establish a Board of Commissioners of Inter-State Commerce. The third bill, advocated by Mr. Henderson, differs in points of detail from both bills but adopts the main principles of Mr. Reagan's measure.

The Representatives of the Poncas who Appeared before the Senate Special Committee last week signed a paper that they had requested to be drawn up, in which they declared their desire to remain on the lands now occupied by the Poncas in the Indian Territory and to establish permanent homes there, and also express their willingness to relinquish all their right and interest in all the lands formerly owned and occupied by the Ponca tribe in the State of Nebraska and the Territory of Dakota. In compensation for the land given up and the injuries they sustained by removal in 1877 they ask Congress to appropriate the sum of $148,000.

It is feared that the step the Poncas have taken has been prompted by desperation. They have for three years ceaselessly striven to return and being now hopeless, have decided to take what is offered lest they lose even that. Bright Eyes, who is in Washington, when asked her opinion of the real sentiment of the Indians said:

"I know they want to go back to Dakota. Not one of them is satisfied to live anywhere else; but, since the unprovoked murder of Big Snake, they are afraid *they will be killed unless they acquiesce in the wishes of the Interior Department.* I object to the present arrangement, because the lands promised our people in the Indian Territory are the property of the Cherokees, and are not for the United States Government to bestow."

The Death of District-Attorney Benjamin K. Phelps occurred on December 30th. He had been ill for more than four months but no apprehension of a fatal result was felt until December 21st, when his wife, who had been an invalid during the past two years, died suddenly. The shock overcame Mr. Phelps, and though he insisted on being present at the funeral ceremony in the house he fainted before it concluded and was carried to his bed, from which he never rose again. Mr. Phelps was the son of Rev. Dudley Phelps, a Congregational minister at Haverhill, Mass., and was born in 1832. He graduated at Yale College and subsequently practised law in New York, being a partner of the firm of which General Arthur was a member. He was elected District-Attorney in 1872 and re-elected in 1875 and 1878. He was generally respected in Court for his fair and considerate conduct, and though engaged in many celebrated criminal trials never exhibited undue animus against the prisoners it was his duty to prosecute. He was a member of the Church at the Broadway Tabernacle.

A Grave Cause for Alarm Exists in the Power wielded by the heads of the Mormon Church. The views of a gentleman residing near Cedar City, Utah, who served in the Southern army during the war, as published in a contemporary, reveal a condition of affairs which menaces society throughout the land. He has seen the evil as it really exists, and he says, "I consider that the strides of the Mormon Church toward political power is a subject for the gravest alarm. The evil is scarcely understood in the States. Stealthily and quietly the church is laying sure foundations for immense future power. Some day when the Democrats and Republicans are struggling fiercely for the control of the government Utah will certainly be admitted, and the first polygamous State admitted will not be the last one, by any means. *Something must be done immediately*—something strong, radical and sweeping. There is danger ahead—danger to the whole country, danger to its morals, its institutions and its future."

The Trial of Mr. Parnell and his Friends was commenced in Dublin on December 28. The Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench announced at the opening of the proceedings that he should take no part in the trials, owing to the misconception of his remarks on a previous occasion when Mr. Parnell applied for a postponement of his trial. The case is being tried before Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, a judge noted for the fearlessness of his character and for his learning and judicial abilities; he has received many threatening letters. He is assisted by Mr. Justice Barry, a judge who is also generally respected in Ireland. The jury is composed of eight Roman Catholics and four Protestants, one of whom is a member of the Society of Friends. The opening speech of the prosecuting counsel was marked by the absence of denunication; it was a calm and dispassionate examination of the public speeches of the parties prosecuted, in which he showed that outrage, murder and conspiracy were the direct result of their policy and preaching. Less excitement has been caused by the trials than was expected, owing to the prevalent belief that the jury will disagree, if they do not acquit the accused.

The Silence and Secrecy of the British Government on the subject of the policy it is proposed to adopt toward Ireland are made a ground of complaint by the English press. It is hoped that some indications of that policy may be disclosed in the Queen's speech to be delivered to-day. It is argued that if the government proposes to disarm Irish hostility by concessions, those concessions ought to be made known as early as possible so that their beneficial effect may be enjoyed without loss of time.

The state of Ireland has, however, become too serious to be pacified by concessions. The agitation started with the grievances of the farmers, but it has been suffered to grow until its demands include total separation from England. *The Dublin Express* said recently in an editorial article:

"If rent were to be abolished to-morrow, and the estates of every Irish landlord confiscated in the interest of the occupying tenantry, it would make no difference so far as the development of this agitation is concerned, it would not check the forces which are rushing onward towards the ideal of an independent Irish Republic hostile to England and friendly to America." Under these conditions it is obvious that Ireland will only remain under British rule by force and even force may fail if it be not promptly applied. Thus the idea of a separation between Great Britain and Ireland, which appeared so improbable when, some years ago, students of prophecy first expressed their conviction that it would occur, is now discussed as possible, if not certain.

A Sudden and Urgent Request for Troops has been sent to the British Government by the governor of the Cape Colony in South Africa. The request was accompanied by the information that a small British force had been attacked and routed with a loss of one hundred and twenty men by the Boers. A consultation was immediately held in London between Mr. Gladstone and the Duke of Cambridge, who commands the army, and it is supposed that assistance will be sent to the Cape. It is, however, a matter of difficulty, as the available forces in Great Britain have been reduced in order to increase the garrisons in Ireland.

The Boers, who are now attacking the British at the Cape, are old enemies of the English colonists. As long ago as 1833 they threw off British rule, and after a battle in which they were beaten, they moved northward and founded the Transvaal Republic. As the Transvaal became settled and prosperous, and strong in a military point of view, an official recognition of the Republic was forced from England, and Pretorious, who was the leader of the Dutch, died in the belief that he had founded a nation. When the Transvaal was annexed by England recently, the inhabitants protested, and while stating their desire to live in peace with the British, they announced their intention of defending their independence with force of arms if necessary.

Foreign Topics. Negotiations between Russia and China have made such progress as to induce the hope that further hostilities may be averted.—The prospect of war between Turkey and Greece is considered ominous. Newspaper correspondents in Greece say that the public is so excited that unless Turkey yields, a conflict is inevitable.—Telegrams from Holland state that several dykes burst on Wednesday, December 29, and a large tract of country is submerged. No less than eighteen villages are under water and those of the inhabitants who escaped have been rendered homeless. Relief committees have been formed.—Twelve persons, four of them women, have been tried by the Belgian authorities for the offence of decoying girls from England for immoral purposes. They have been convicted and sentenced to a punishment so light as to suggest a doubt whether the crime was not connived at by the officials.

A Portrait of Signor Gavazzi, the Distinguished Italian Patriot and evangelist who has done so much to spread a knowledge of the Gospel throughout his native land, and who is now on a visit to this country, will appear in the next number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, with a sketch of his eventful life.

The Bible and Prayer Union. Any Request for prayer sent to us under this head in future will be sent on to the "Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting, New York." But our readers are reminded that it will be more convenient to send their communications to that address direct.

A Boy's Testimony for Christ.—A Christian father in Brooklyn not long ago obtained employment for his son, twelve years of age, in a stockbroker's office in New York, and the boy was sometimes sent by his master on errands to the office of another stockbroker who was in the habit of using the name of God in profanity. One day the boy said to the profane broker, "Sir, I wish to say something to you, but I think you will be offended." "No, I won't," said the other, "say it right out." So the boy said: "My father is a Christian, and he never swears; and if you don't swear, perhaps you will become a Christian too, and Jesus will love you." The broker was far too much astonished to make any reply, but he afterward requested the boy's employer always to send him when he had a message to his office. So an acquaintance ripened between the boy and the broker, who had quietly but quickly dropped his wicked practice, and not long after the broker asked the boy's father to let him take him into his own office, where the boy has now an excellent prospect before him in Wall Street.

A Bitter and Unwomanly Attack has been made on the clergy of America by the French Actress, Sarah Bernhardt, whose visit has caused so great a sensation in theatrical circles here. In conversation with a reporter recently she uttered grave aspersions on the ministers of religion in the United States and in Canada, and announced her intention of commencing suits against them under the law of libel if they persisted in condemning her moral character. As Miss Bernhardt's visit has been successful from a popular as well as from a pecuniary point of view, it must be inferred that her anger has been excited by the fact that she has not been received into society in America as she was in London. This is the only grievance she can have, and she may be right in attributing it to the influence of the ministers. Whatever may have caused the lack of social recognition, the fact is creditable to American society. Dr. Talmage announces that as his name has been used in an unprovoked and unwarrantable manner by Miss Bernhardt, he will next Sunday deliver *a sermon on theatres* and their influence.

An Impressive Phenomenon was Witnessed at Pittsburg, Pa., on December 23d. Until after noon on that day darkness settled over the city so dense that it was necessary to burn lights in the houses and stores and even to light the lamps in the streets. Snow several inches in depth lay on the thoroughfares and deadened the noise of vehicles and the footsteps of pedestrians. The *darkness and silence* together had a strangely solemn effect, and many citizens were seriously alarmed by the thought that the day of judgment had arrived. Later in the day the darkness lifted, but a day is fast approaching when for the impenitent there will be real cause for alarm. Of this day we are fully warned (Matt. 24 : 29), but how many there are who live in carelessness and disregard the warnings, and neglect the refuge offered them.

A Mother and Son were Present at the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting lately under peculiar circumstances. Some years ago the mother was there alone. Her son was in the penitentiary and she had sent a request that prayers might be offered for his converson, and she went to unite in those prayers. The prayers were answered; before his term of imprisonment expired, the young man had given his heart to God. He now came with his mother to join with her in offering thanks to God for His pardoning and sustaining mercy.

The Work of the Rev. E. Payson Hammond, and his wife in Manitoba and Northern Dakota has been signally blessed by God, and it is estimated that over a thousand conversions have taken place. The Rev. John Scott of Emerson, Manitoba, writing of the movement says, "Evangelistic services began on the last of October, and are still going on with blessed and glorious results in Winnipeg, Kildonan, Portage, La Prairie, Emerson and Pembina in Northern Dakota. Night after night for six weeks the largest buildings in Winnipeg were crowded to the door. Saints have been quickened and edified, and many notorious sinners have been turned to the Lord. The fire kindled in Winnipeg is spreading like a prairie fire over this region.

"At Emerson, as in Winnipeg, the people come to evangelistic meetings from every quarter—Protestants, Roman Catholics, Infidels, saloon keepers and whiskey sellers all come. As rain seldom falls from November to April, many enjoy the bright dry winters of the West. In December Mr. Hammond, with the ministers of Winnipeg, preached in the open air when the thermometer was between 10 *and* 25 *degrees below zero* without suffering any bodily harm."

A New Jersey Doctor Perished in the Snowstorm which, accompanied by a blizzard of exceptional severity, visited the Atlantic States last week, causing the mercury even in New York to sink seven degrees below zero. On Thursday December 30th, a workman on his way to the marble works at Plainfield, N. J., noticed something black half-covered with snow in an avenue. On inspection it was found to be the body of Dr. George Smilie of Plainfield. He had been out late the previous evening on a professional visit, and in returning, had lost his way in the blinding snowstorm, and had apparently wandered a considerable distance. He was near-sighted, and when he sank exhausted in the snow was *within three minutes' walk of his home.* To be so near his destination and yet to miss it makes the calamity inexpressibly sad, but in spiritual matters there are every day worse calamities. There are multitudes of people who attend the preaching of the Gospel to whom it might be said, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God" yet who do not enter in, but perish in their sins.

A Bed of Death was that Selected by a tramp on Sunday, December 26, at Paterson, N. J. It was a bitterly cold night and being almost frozen to death the man threw himself down to rest on a heap of cinders which had been carted from the Passaic Rolling Mill and cast on a vacant lot. The gas from the smouldering heap soon rendered him insensible and during the night the fierce wind blowing across the lot fanned the cinders to a glow and the stupefied man was completely *roasted to death.* Hs fate typifies that of many who seek comfort and pleasure in dangerous places and becoming enamored by vicious delights, lose consciousness of their peril, and finally sink into eternal death.

A Railroad Around the Great Desert of Sahara is projected. Three French engineers have surveyed the route of the proposed line, which it is intended shall run from Algiers to the Niger and thence to Senegal, girdling the desert by the way. Such a scheme a few years ago would have been received with ridicule, but since the discoveries of Livingstone and Stanley have opened up the dark continent it can no longer be regarded as Utopian. The project may be regarded as another evidence of the spirit of enterprise and discovery which we are taught by prophecy to recognise as a sign that the close of this dispensation is at hand.

A Wife's Dilemma About the Theatre was solved for her, in answer to prayer, recently. She had been converted, but her husband had not given his heart to God. He invited her to accompany him to the theatre but she refused, whereupon he commanded her to go out with him. She felt compelled to obey, but pleaded with the Lord to help her. The man went to one theatre, and found the house full; in an obstinate fit he proceeded to go to another, his wife *walking prayerfully by his side.* Suddenly he said, "It is too late, I am tired; I will not go at all," and has never attempted to go since. Thus the victory was gained in gentleness and by prayer.

The Ninth Anniversary of Jerry Mc Auley's Mission in Water Street, New York, was held December 26th. Many remarkable testimonies were given by men now in respectable stations in life and who are resting on Jesus for salvation, who were rescued from lives of sin and dissipation by the blessing of God on the mission in Water Street. The expenses of the past year slightly exceeded $3000, which have been covered by voluntary subscriptions.

ALIVE.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"The righteousness of thy testimonies is everlasting: give me understanding, and I shall live."—PSALM 119:144.

Rumor of the Preacher's Death—Anxious Inquiries—Mrs. Spurgeon's Joy—A Practical Lesson—The Text a Humble Prayer for Life—I. In its Simplicity—Adapted for General Use—By an Awakened Sinner—By a Christian Struggling Against Temptation—By a Suffering Christian—By Workers—By Aspiring Minds—By Expiring Saints—II. As more Fully Opened up—A Want Confessed—Desired as a Free Gift—For General Use—A Special Understanding of the Word—The Essentials of Life, Light, Liberty, Love—III. The Argument of the Prayer—A Pledge of Life—The Seed of Life—The Food of Life—The Glory of Life—This Enlightened Age.

YESTERDAY afternoon I was the subject of *a somewhat singular circumstance.* An esteemed friend and relative came over to my house, evidently laboring under great disturbance of mind, and having inquiries to make of a very important order. I was at the time walking in the garden, so that I did not see him, and he appeared to have great difficulty in mentioning the subject of his concern to my wife. At last it came out that he had seen a gentleman who had informed him that it was generally rumored that I had been taken ill with heart disease and had died in a very short time.

My friend came to the point by cautious degrees, and asked at length if I was seriously ill. "No," was the joyful reply of my beloved, "he is much the same as usual." Then it was clear I was not dead, and the great fear was removed. The question was put, "Would you like to see him?" But my kind friend was perfectly satisfied, and was too full of joy to wish to linger; he would go back and answer with certainty the many inquiries which continued to be made at the Tabernacle. How the report originated I am quite at a loss to tell. It has evoked much kindness, but it is rather odd to feel called upon to assure your friends that you are yet alive; I can but show myself and ask my friends to see for themselves *if I look like a dead man.*

When the peculiarity of the position had given place to other thoughts, it struck me in a solemn manner that the report might have been true, and my death will assuredly be a fact one day unless our Lord should come speedily. Only sparing mercy from God's right hand has prevented it being true at this moment. We do not realize our mortality unless we are startled into a recognition of it. We believe others to be mortal, and are not much surprised when they fall; but we have a secret notion that no axe will for the present be laid at our root. Yet reason would lead a man to say, "It happens to many suddenly to die, why should it not happen to me?" I regard the incident as a call to me to stand ready to depart at any time. Let it be a warning to you also to set your houses in order, for in a moment death may surprise you.

A practical lesson may be gathered from the very natural scene which followed my friend's departure. I came in from my walk and found myself suddenly seized by my wife with both hands; grasping the front of my coat, she turned me round and looked at me steadily with a most tender gaze, declaring that she must take a double look at me and hold me before her eyes, to be quite sure that

HER HUSBAND WAS YET ALIVE,

to her unutterable joy. This special outpouring of thankfulness might have been lost had it not been for the rumor, and so far it is well.

May all of you be moved to the same feeling toward your dear ones whenever they come home at night alive. What would you do without them? What desolation would it cause in the house if a messenger hurriedly rushed into your house with the news of their sudden death! How we ought to love those who are spared to us, and to praise God to think they are still alive! Suppose they were suddenly removed; have we valued them rightly? Try and act toward them as you would

act if you knew that they would die to-day. If husband or wife had died, what a sorrow it would be if an unkind word had been spoken, or a difference had arisen, just before the last look! What a painful cause for future regret!

Let your affections to those about you gush forth freely as you reflect that God has spared them to you. Bless God, good woman, that you are a wife and not a widow! Bless God, Christian man, that you sit side by side with your dear spouse, and have not to go weeping to her grave. What a blank! What a darkness! What a gloom would come over your household if either of the parents should be suddenly taken away! Therefore praise God and be thankful, and let us try to live toward one another, and toward our brethren and sisters in Christ Jesus, in such a way as we should wish to have done if they were suddenly to be taken up.

Pray for your pastor the more earnestly because you might this morning have missed him from your midst, and he will try and preach more earnestly to you because you may be gone before he will have another opportunity of addressing you. Let us continue knit together in love as long as we live; for the tie which now binds us together may soon be snapped. Out of a painful rumor may thus come a great blessing to families and congregations if it shall cause an increase of mutual love, and an outpouring of united gratitude for sparing mercies. So much for a lesson as to this mortal life.

By this incident I was further led to turn *a heart-glance upon myself*, and to say, "I wonder whether there is any question as to whether I am alive in the higher sense?" That I am alive as to my natural life is clear enough; but is my spiritual life equally evidenced? This is a very needful inquiry, for it is easy enough to make a fair show in the flesh and yet to be alienated from the life of God. Many abide in death, even as the apostle saith, "To be carnally-minded is death; but to be spiritually-minded is life and peace." The inquiry came home to my own heart, and therefore I suggest it to yours, for it may profit you.

My subject is life; may the Lord of life help me to speak of it after a lively manner. A consideration of the text will help in the inquiry as to whether we live unto God or no; and it may further help those who sigh after the divine life to discover the way of divine quickening. Let us again read the text, "The righteousness of thy testimonies is everlasting: give me understanding, and I shall live."

Here we have a touchingly humble prayer for life: "Give me understanding, and I shall live." We will first *consider this prayer in its simplicity;* secondly, I shall *try to open it up more fully;* and, thirdly, we will go deeper yet, and *search into the argument upon which the prayer is founded.* There is a something about God's testimonies which will impart and sustain life; hence the putting of the two sentences together: "The righteousness of thy testimonies is everlasting: give me understanding, and I shall live."

I. First, then, let us consider

THIS PRAYER IN ITS SIMPLICITY.

Without diving into its depths, let us see what lies upon its surface. This prayer is adapted for very general use. It would suit a child, and be equally becoming from a venerable father. It might fall from the lips of those in whom there is but the faintest sign of grace, and it might as fitly be used by those in whom grace is ripening into glory.

We ask you to notice, first, that this is a suitable prayer *for the awakened sinner.* He discovers himself to be guilty, and he perceives that there is a punishment for sin, and so far he understands his position. Alarmed by his conscience, he thinks he sees the Judge upon the great white throne about to pronounce the final sentence, and he knows what it must be, for it is written, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die;" so far he understands well enough. He hears also that there is life—life in Christ Jesus, life for guilty men; but his mind is much confused with many terrors, and with the horrible dread of the sure consequences of his sin. He has sufficient faith in the revelation of God to know that there is life in a look at the Crucified One; but he does not quite understand what that look means. He knows that there is salvation in one name and in no other; but he does not quite comprehend what that faith is which obtains for a sinner the virtue of that saving name.

Then is his time to pray, "Give me understanding, and I shall live." He wants illumination for his darkened mind, that he may see the way of salvation and run therein; that he may look to Christ, and by understanding the doctrine of his substitutionary sacrifice, may be enabled at once to trust in Jesus and live. Christ is our life; but we need understanding, or we shall miss it. It is a blessed understanding which enables a man to feel that though the sentence of death may be in his members, yet he must and shall live if he believes in the Lord Jesus.

Equally applicable, however, will this be in the case of one who is *a Christian, and who is struggling against temptation.* Perhaps, my brother, you are placed in a position where you are fiercely

TEMPTED FROM WITHOUT,

and you may fear that you will not survive it. It comes with such force that you are staggered by its power; you feel that you cannot bear up under such pressure; you despair of your spiritual life. Well, then, ask God to bring home His word to your hearts, that you may act wisely, and may meet the rebuke of the ungodly and the temptations of the wicked prudently, baffling the adversary by your sacred vigilance.

Possibly the temptation comes *from within you.* There are passions within you which at times violently rebel, and you are in anguish while you struggle to mortify them, though mortified they must be. Your soul abhors evil, and wrestles against the lustings of the flesh, agonizing that you may walk before God in integrity, pleasing Him in all things. At times you are hardly beset, and Satan himself draws near to aid the flesh with his fearful insinuations, or even by injecting blasphemous thoughts. Then is your hour of peril, for you are pressed out of measure, while the enemy howls at you, "The Lord hath forsaken you quite! Thy God will be gracious no more!"

Ah! then you need to know how to handle your weapons, the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, and that master weapon of all-prayer. Perhaps you feel yourself so confused that you do not know what Scripture to plead in prayer, nor do you know what you should pray for as you ought. Well, then, remember the blessed word of Scripture, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not." Let this be your prayer: "Give me understanding, and I shall live, despite the assaults of the enemies."

Do you not think that this prayer will often well up from the heart of the *suffering believer?* To some of our dear brothers and sisters life is one long pang, for bodily disease has fixed its fangs in their flesh. There are others whose life is always from hand to mouth, and sometimes bread is scant in the cupboard, so that grinding poverty breaks them to dust. These are sore ills, as those know who have to bear them. Some, too, are subject to domestic trials, watching daily the pining away of one they love; or bereavement has followed bereavement till they seem left alone in the land.

Beloved ones, who have been called to suffer in these ways, have you not cried out at times, "I shall never be able to bear it; I shall die of a broken heart under these great afflictions. Oh, that I might hide me in the grave!" You fear that you will perish if the pressure continues; but you will do no such thing. God will help you to bear your burden by sustaining your soul. If the load be not made lighter, the shoulders shall be made stronger, and this shall be done by your having a clearer understanding of the word of God, and a fuller experience of its supporting power. You do not so much need health, or wealth, or freedom from trouble, as more understanding of the Lord's mind and will in all the dispensations of His providence. Breathe, then, the prayer to your heavenly Father, "Give me understanding, and I shall live."

I thank God that a large number now present are not so much sufferers as *workers.* Now I know that you who are working for God and trying to win souls often feel as if you were not half alive. I am compelled to make such a confession personally. I want to get alive to the utmost; not only having life, but having it "more abundantly." I have some life in me, thank God; but I want it to quicken me more completely. Sometimes we get into a sleepy state, and then the Spirit chides us, and we cry, "This will never do."

"Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?"

We need quickening, brethren; do you not feel that it is so?

Is not this a very proper and blessed prayer for *aspiring minds* in the church of God, of whom I trust there are many present? Such men are not satisfied with themselves, but press forward to that which is yet beyond and above them. They have not reached *that imaginary climax which some prattle of, who dote upon their fancied perfectness;* but their motto is "Onward, Upward, Heavenward." These dwell on high, but their cry is "Higher, higher." They walk with God, and therefore say,

"Oh, for a closer walk with God."

They are calm and happy, but yet they sigh for a still serener frame; they have power in prayer, but they long for more of a wrestling spirit, and for greater prevalence with God.

If there be any here who are fired with such divine ambitions, what better prayer can they use than this, "Give me understanding, and I shall live?" For if God teach us rightly to use the divine Word, so as to mark, learn, and inwardly digest it by the understanding, then shall we be nourished into complete manhood, and shall go from strength to strength!

Do you long for this? The way to it is not to be found in dreams, and visions, and fanatical excitements, and delirious conceits, but in a calm, quiet, solid, and deep understanding of the revealed Word of God. Our Lord prayed, "Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth." No other means are needed for the fullest development of holiness; you only require the Word to be unveiled by the Spirit to your mind and understanding, and in the utmost sense of the term you shall "live."

Last of all, when we shall not be so much aspiring saints as *expiring saints*—when we come to lie upon our last bed, and to look into the unseen, then may we still pray after the same fashion. When the eye shall begin to open to the light of heaven, and things but darkly seen before grow clearer in the dawn of the eternal day; when the songs of angels begin to break upon the opening ears of the soul, and heaven is drawing near, for grace is ripening into glory, and glory is coming to welcome its heir—then may we pray to live through the understanding and experience of the divine Word. How blessed it will be to have such an understanding of divine realities that we shall stay ourselves upon the promises, shall rejoice in the everlasting covenant, and derive strong consolation from the oath of God.

Thus, I think I have shown you that this prayer sounds well on every note of the scale. You may sound it out of the depths of seeking penitence, and you may run up to the very highest note with the expectancy of glory, and the Word will sound well on any note you touch. From the wicket-gate of humble faith up to the gate of pearl which admits into the golden city you may go on praying, "Give me understanding, and I shall live."

II. The time is come when under our second division the prayer is to be more fully opened up. "Give me understanding, and I shall live." Here is

A WANT CONFESSED

because it is deeply felt; the suppliant owns his need of understanding. Has that want been felt by you, my brother? It certainly exists, "For vain man would be wise, though man be born like a wild ass's colt." The wittiest, wisest, best instructed man who has only human learning, if he knows not God, has reached no farther than that acme of all carnal wisdom spelled in four letters, "*fool.*" We are all fools till God gives us under-

standing. A sense of our own folly is the door-step of all wisdom.

The prayer is evidently put upon the footing of free grace. He prays, "*Give* me understanding;" it must be *a gift from God.* The prayer is directed to God, for God alone can give understanding. Teachers can enlighten an understanding which already exists, but they cannot give one. Masters and instructors can profit nothing till we have an understanding with which to receive knowledge aright. Any man who is taught in the Word can teach us the letter of Scripture; but no man can give us an inner understanding of its spirit; that must be a revelation, and it must be wrought in us by Him that made the light and the sun, or we shall never come to an understanding of the Word.

Let it always be known that all light is from the Lord Jesus Himself: "In Him was life; and the life was the light of men." "That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." All real understanding of the Word of God must come to us as it did to the disciples on the road to Emmaus, of whom it is written, "Then opened He their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures." The author of the sacred volume must himself expound it to the heart and understanding, or we shall be rather blinded by its light than made to see thereby.

Brethren, the Psalmist speaks of *understanding in a general way*—"Give me understanding"—as if he wanted the faculty for use in many directions. In every transaction of this life we need to be prudent, for we are surrounded by a thousand snares and pitfalls, and if we do not exercise discretion we shall be taken all unawares and become the prey of our enemies. We bear within our own natures so much to confuse and confound and entangle that if we are not taught prudence and understanding we shall certainly never escape from the mischief that is within us. We are frequently

LIKE MEN IN A FOG,

who cannot tell where they are.

It happened but *the other day near Milan* that so dense a fog covered the railway that a number of workmen who were employed upon the line heard the sound of an approaching luggage train and rushed to get away from it; but at that very same moment an express train, which they had not heard or seen, came rushing upon them, and cut them to pieces. Such is our condition at times; we try to get away from one temptation, and we fall, into another; we hope to escape one form of evil, and we rush into another. Haste breeds heedlessness, and warmth of zeal is apt to beget indiscretion, so that we daily need a good share of understanding as a ballast to our sail.

We must not be ignorant of the devices of the devil, nor childish in yielding credence to the falsehoods of men. We need in all the walks of life to exercise understanding; and, thank God, we may learn to do so, for the Scripture saith, "The Lord giveth wisdom; out of His mouth cometh knowledge and understanding. He layeth up sound wisdom for the righteous; He is a buckler to them that walk uprightly. He keepeth the paths of judgment and preserveth the way of his saints."

Still, while the understanding sought for in the prayer is evidently of a general character, the former portion of the verse links it with *a special understanding* of the Word of God; and, oh! beloved, we need above all things to understand what God has revealed. Take care first that you *know* it. Search the Scriptures; let them be the man of your right hand. Prevent the night-watches while you search them; prevent the dawn of the day by meditating upon them.

Next, *believe* the divine revelation. Be it your prayer that you may so understand the Lord's statutes as fully to accept them by faith. Believe the teachings of the Word as realities, not locking them up in the dark dungeon of a forgotten creed, but making them bright realities in the life and liberty of your Christian action, and full of influence upon every movement of your mind.

Knowing and believing, it will be time to advance to *meditation.* Consider the words of God; weigh them, test them, dive into them. The richest ore lies deepest. There may be sands of gold sparkling upon the surface of the Bible, but the great nuggets are reserved for those who dig deep both by day and by night. Consider well the words of eternal life, and then go on to *obey* their teaching. You will never have an understanding of the Word unless you practise it. He who doeth the will of God shall know of the doctrine.

To this must be added *experience*, for who understands the Word till he has experienced its truth and power? But what a blessed knowledge of a promise you receive when it is fulfilled to you! How you understand the reality of prayer when you have received an answer! How you know the meaning of communion with Christ when your face shines with having seen Him! How you understand the secret consolations of the Holy Ghost when in deep water you have felt their wondrously uplifting power!

Permit me now to say that no man who is at all awakened can really live unless he knows the Word of God and understands its inner meaning. For this reason: Do you call it life to live without *light?* You may have been in the sepulchral dungeons of Venice, where not a ray of light ever came to the unhappy prisoner. To linger there, do you call that life? To live without the light of God is just such an existence. We have heard of men who have been immured in dungeons for forty years, wearing constantly the manacles, never breathing the fresh air—do you call that life? Can there be "life" where there is no *liberty?* Alas, some men have never been free, but have remained captives to their lusts, never knowing the liberty wherewith Christ makes men free. Call you such bondage life?

Another essential of life is *love.* To have nobody to love, and nobody to love you—is that life? Yet many a soul feels that it cannot be contented with earthly love, and if it has not the love of God, the love of Christ, the love of the Spirit, it is loveless. Call you that life? Infinite love is a necessity of an immortal spirit. Without light, without liberty, without love there is no life. But more; many men exist without *peace*, driven to and fro like a sere leaf by the tempest. Never resting, they are as a rolling thing before the whirlwind. Call you that life? "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." Is that life?

And then to have no *grand object*, no object worthy of yourself—to be living in this world merely to get enough bread and cheese to eat, just keeping yourself breathing and your family breathing—is that life? No heavenly object, no ambition worthy of an immortal spirit, do you call that life? Death before you, which you dare not think of! No *hope*, unless it be the ghastly figment of annihilation! Dreadful hope! To me a thought most horrible! To live without hope is not life; far rather call it death. Lord, give me understanding of thy everlasting testimonies, then I shall live, but I shall never live till thou dost grant me this boon.

III. Now we will take the third step and go deeper, laying bare

THE ARGUMENT OF THIS PRAYER.

What does he mean by saying, "The righteousness of thy testimonies is everlasting: give me understanding, and I shall live?" I think he means this—that the Word of God when it is practically and experimentally understood by the mind is *a pledge of life.* Do you think that God would take one of us to be His child and teach us His word, and then after all permit us to be condemned to die? Is that His fashion? Did you ever hear of a judge who instructed a criminal in the arts and sciences laboriously for years with the view of executing him when the task was done? Nothing of the sort. If the Lord has taught you it is because the Lord has bought you, and He will not lose the purchase of His blood.

The next argument is this, an understanding of the Word of God is life, because we are told that the Word of God is the "living and incorruptible *seed* which liveth and abideth forever." Very well, then, if that seed is sown in my heart, my heart must live forever. There can be no death where the seed is incorruptible. If the Word of the Lord be living within us, then there is within us a life eternal. Be ye sure of this, then—if you have enjoyed a vital experience of God's Word, you have within you a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

Furthermore, the Word of God is not only the seed of life, but it is *the food of life.* "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God shall man live;" and if you live on the word that cometh out of God's mouth you cannot die. How can you? For in the Word you read of the "flesh," which is "meat indeed," and that "blood" which is "drink indeed;" and the Incarnate Word himself hath said, "Because I live, ye shall live also." There is forcible argument here.

Once more, the understanding of God's Word is *the very flower and crown and*

GLORY OF TRUE LIFE.

When a man so understands God's Word as to experience it, and to practise it, he has reached a high point of spiritual culture, and his life will be loaded, like Aaron's rod, with buds and blossoms and fruit unto God's glory. He will be such a man that he shall only need to take one step and be in heaven. He is a shock of corn fully ripe, each single stalk bowing its head toward the earth as if it asked to be ingathered. Let us pray God to give us an understanding of His blessed Word, for then we shall be ripe for glory, and in the highest sense it will be true that we shall "live."

I cannot make out the notion of certain professing Christians, that a change comes over Christianity as the ages move on; that there is a Christianity for the first century, and a revised Christianity for the present era. *We have become very enlightened of late!* You are aware that this is the marvellous nineteenth century. We have invented the electric light, and none can deny that we are the most enlightened people that ever lived on the face of the earth! It is not, of course, pride on our part to say so, for we are very modest. Among us there are men who are wonderfully brilliant—Paul was but a farthing candle compared with them. They understand by culture and thought so much that it is an honor to speak with them. The Gospel that was preached to the poor, which childlike persons understood by the enlightening influence of the Holy Spirit, is in their eyes a very poor business. They sneer and turn up their cultured noses at what they call "the simple gospel," as if a simple gospel was meant for simpletons.

Well, now, to my mind, this is the very bliss and blessedness of the Gospel, that the righteousness of God's testimonies is everlasting, that though it has been tried by criticism and tested by experience, it remains the same in its spotless purity and in its divine infallibility to this day. If God should be pleased to lengthen out the life of any one of you till you are as old as Methusaleh, you will not have to say, "I must die now, for the Gospel is worn out. I must perish now, for the righteousness of the Word of God has been disproved." Thus saith Jehovah, "I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." We may catch the echo of His proclamation, and say, "Because the Word which reveals our God never changes, therefore we shall live."

Do you want a better gospel, any of you? *Go and fish for it, if you do*, but not in the waters of truth. Do you want any nobler promise, any surer covenant? Wander through the deserts of salt till your skeleton lies bleaching there, for that will be your sole reward if you turn away from the feast of fat things, of wines on the lees well refined. As for me, I bless God that the righteousness of His testimonies is everlasting, and by them I mean to abide all my days, God helping me.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—ROMANS 8.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

CHRISTIAN WORK IN CHINA.

THE China Inland Mission, of which accounts have been published from time to time in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is still pushing forward vigorously in the work for Christ in that dark land. A letter recently received from Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, the chief of the mission, whose portrait and life appeared in this journal of May 22d, 1879, says:

I have lately been visiting our stations in the Cheh-kiang province, and the beautiful scenery has vividly reminded me of Switzerland. The hills here, of course, are not nearly so high, and there are no glacier views; but they are very fine, and the almost tropical beauty and fertility compensate for some drawbacks. But, alas! in this beautiful land no one heeds the Maker of it all. Except a few sheet tracts posted in front of some rest-sheds and temples by some of our own native helpers, I did not see or hear for days of any witness for the Lord.

All is of earth, earthy indeed. *When will even the passing evangelist reach the hundredth part of China's villages and towns with his message!* We found few of the country people who understood the Mandarin dialect, or the Ning-po. While one could just make one's wants known, that was all; any attempt to communicate spiritual truth was met with a blank look, or by "can't understand." In many places where now we have little churches this was formerly the case, so one must hope that erelong these dark places may be enlightened too.

At each station I have lately visited I have been introduced to Christians converted since my previous visit, and in many places there is promise of a coming harvest. Our great need is for more spiritual power in those now in the field—missionaries and native helpers—of more native Christians filled with the Spirit, living for Christ alone; and of more foreign missionaries to lead the way. There are plenty willing to hear, but few fitted for speaking of Christ as a "living, bright reality," from the overflow of a heart full of *unintermitting* joy in the Lord. Yet this surely is our portion, and our duty. There is no such thing in *nature* as an intermitting communication of life—as from the vine to the branch, from the body to the members. Should there be in grace? Does not Christ give us His peace, His joy—Himself—to be our *constant* life, and peace, and joy, and power? "In Thy name shall they rejoice all the day." "They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance."

The Rev. J. Dalziel, of the same mission, writing from Shanghai on October 14th, 1880, says:

During the short experience which my wife and myself have had in this port, incidents have occurred which, to us, have been of a deeply interesting character, and which should be cause of gratitude and praise to God on the part of the Lord's remembrancers. Gladly would we relate them did time allow, but work presses in a place like this. Our hearts have been cheered and our faith strengthened by *letters from America* and England, with the record of the converting power of God in the case of some whose names and faces we have forgotten. But the seed had life in it, and it bore fruit. And as with us, so with many others who "labor" on: they have the joy of *hearing*, if not of *seeing*, the blessed results of the glorious Gospel of the grace of God in Christ Jesus.

The other day a letter reached us from a missionary in one of the northern ports of China, telling of one sailor who was spoken with while lying here sick in his hammock; the interest aroused by the conversation resulted in his yielding to Christ.

It is most interesting and encouraging to note the links in the chain of circumstances which leads to the conversion of one soul. Often we find in the case of an awakened conscience that there is or has been a praying mother, or father, or relative, or teacher. We joyfully acknowledge our sincere conviction that the blessing resulting to our labors in the Gospel here is chiefly due to the abounding spirit of prayer by which we are continuously surrounded.

The sailor-lad in question was asked by my wife if he had not a praying mother. This is an avenue by which generally a ready access is had to the heart of our sailor friends. The question touched a chord which vibrated; he burst into tears, and acknowledged that he had. This was quickly taken advantage of, and converse upon the "one thing needful" was freely entered upon, which was not forgotten, as the sequel proved. On hearing an address some time after on "What think ye of Christ?" and having the question put by a comrade, "What think *you* of Christ?" he replied that he thought a great deal more than ever he did. He there and then accepted the Saviour, and joined the praying band on board his ship, now numbering twelve.

Amid the many and varied discouragements which we meet, the Lord continues to encourage us by such tokens, in the certain conviction that His work shall prosper.

Kindly permit me, while striking this note of praise, to seek a continued fellowship in prayer among the readers of your paper with us in this blessed work of rescue to which the Lord has called us in this port.

A MODERN PRODIGAL.

By George Brearley.

WE had been holding tent services for the militia, and while two evangelists were preaching in the tent, I stood in the highway to speak a word with the men as they strolled about after the duties of the day. One of these appeared to be *a desperate character*. He said, "Sir, I appreciate your good intentions, and no doubt you have done some of these fellows good; but I am past hope, I am everything that is bad; I am ready for anything this minute—I am desperate."

I replied, "When a sinner is ready, to perish, there is a Saviour ready to save; and if you are ready for anything, are you ready to accept salvation from God?"

"It's no use for me to be ready, because I am too bad for God, if there be such a Being."

"If there be such a Being?" I replied. "Is not the fact of your present state a proof that you fear that Being?"

"Listen to me," he said; "*I was born in a grog-shop*. My father kept an hotel in the city. I lived in that house till I had acquired the love of drink, and had learned to be wicked. My father put me to an academy, and I had a classical education. I was articled to a man who had the first business in the town. I had every prospect of going ahead, when my father died suddenly, and I was left with $10,000 at my disposal.

"I at once left the business, and took my money with me to London. I went to one of the 'hells' which abound in that great city, and I lived a fast life for a few days. Some of those who frequented that place soon got me to play cards with them, and I lost $4,000 in one night. I became desperate at my loss, and at once *sailed for New York*. I arrived there, glad enough to be away from such a place as I had left in London. But I fared no better in New York, for in less than a year I was penniless. Without food, employment, or a friend in the world, I sank lower and lower, and was a vagabond for years.

"At length I managed to get a sum of money to pay my passage back to London. But the curse of God seemed to follow me. I could get no employment, and I tramped the whole way from London to this spot on which I stand, and joined this set of roughs to eat a bit of bread. I am desperate—ready for anything."

I listened to this sad tale, and thus replied, "*I have your history recorded in a little book*. If you will stand still I will read it to you; it won't take long." I then read the incident of the Prodigal Son.

He said, as I finished reading, "It's very like mine."

"Yes," I replied, "but there is one thing he did which you have not yet done." "What is that, sir?"

"He arose and came to his father, and confessed his sin, and obtained forgiveness. He got a home in his father's house, was clothed with the best robe, and all the household was called on to rejoice over his return. The same blessing awaits you."

He wept, and said, "I am too vile."

I replied, "Christ came to seek and to save the lost. None can be worse than *lost*."

"But my sins are so many and dreadful."

"'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow,' saith God."

"There may be hope for some, but not for me."

I read, "'*Whosoever* will, let him take the water of life *freely*.' That embraces any one who will take God at his word."

His eyes filled with tears, while his bosom heaved with the inward struggle, and he gasped out, "Oh, God, may such a wretch as I come to Thee?"

I read, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

He said, "Lord, I do come to Thee! Save me, pardon me, keep me!"

My tears fell fast over that lost one, which I trust the Good Shepherd had found. I gave him a New Testament, marked with such texts as John 3 : 16, Acts 13 : 38.

THE PENITENT PIRATE.

SOME few years since an East Indian trader was attacked while cruising in the Indian Ocean by a piratical schooner, and the attack being sudden and unlooked-for, the merchantman fell an easy prey into the hands of the pirates. The captain and several of the crew were slain during the conflict, and the rest being gagged and heavily ironed were laid in the pirates' boats for removal to their own vessel, and then the murderous gang proceeded to the ship's cabin, intending there to complete the work of destruction, and see of what treasures they could possess themselves.

As they descended the companion-way, they heard a soft voice evidently engaged in supplication; and the chief, directing his followers to halt at the entrance, went noiselessly forward to ascertain whence the voice proceeded. Bending low to avoid observance, he peeped into a door that stood ajar, and there knelt a fair young woman, with a beautiful boy at her side, one arm clasped caressingly around the child, and the other raised in earnest supplication.

"Oh, God of all mercy!" said the beseeching voice, "as the face of tearful agony met the pirate's view, save the life of my child, if such be Thy holy will; but rather let him perish now by the assassin's knife, than fall a living prey into such hands to be trained up to a life of sin and infamy. Let him die now, if such be Thy decree; but oh let him not live to dishonor Thee and perish at last eternally!"

The voice ceased, choked with tears of agony, and there stood the pirate, transfixed to the spot by the tumult of his own emotions. In imagination he was again a child; his own pious mother's prayers and instructions, for long years forgotten, rose before him; and God's Spirit sent such an arrow of conviction to his heart that, instead of carrying out his murderous designs, he sank upon his knees, and cried out for mercy. After assuring the lady that no harm should be done her, he hastened to the deck, unbound the captive crew, and restoring them to their ship, returned with his men to their own.

Shortly afterward he surrendered himself to the British East India Government; but so great was the remorse he suffered for his past crimes that before his trial came on, he was attacked with fever that in a few days proved fatal. Before his death he made a full confession of the crimes of his past life, manifesting the deepest penitence in view of his guilt, and he expired humbly trusting in Jesus for mercy and acceptance with Him. Thus was his pious mother's prayers answered at last, and her erring child saved, as we may trust, even at the eleventh hour.

The Rapid Extension of Socialism and Communism among the masses in all lands is exciting serious alarm among European statesmen. Prince Bismarck, in the course of a conversation with a French minister is reported by the London *Standard* to have said, "We have to fight a common enemy which threatens us on all sides and which has the means of hiding itself and preparing its blows even behind ministers."

A CHOICE VINDICATED.

(*Continued from page 845.*)

SUMMARY OF THE STORY.

MAY LINDSAY, the heroine of the story, is the orphan daughter of a physician. After her father's death her half-sister, Maggie, went to reside with her aunts, but May resolved on earning her own living. She received an offer of marriage from Claude Ellis, an old friend to whom she was sincerely attached; but he had during his college life imbibed skeptical opinions upon religion, and after a struggle with herself she refused his offer on that account. She accepted an engagement as companion to Evelyn Trafford, the invalid daughter of Sir William Trafford, of Alliston Hall. There her duties were light, and she grew to love Evelyn, who treated her as an equal and a friend. Evelyn had a girlish love for her cousin Donald, but her father disliked him because he was idle and extravagant. He was a clerk in a bank, and after living a dissipated life for some months he absconded, having robbed the bank. Evelyn sank into despondency, and in order to arouse her Sir William Trafford took her and May Lindsay on a visit to Palestine. During the journey the two ladies entered a store to make a purchase, and the man who came to serve them turned abruptly and left the store, and they believed he was the runaway bank clerk, Donald Trafford. They were assisted at various points in their journey by an experienced Christian traveller, Mr. Stanley. Meanwhile Claude Ellis had married a friend of Evelyn's named Miss Alice Fitzgerald.

Was it a Mistake?

"DONALD," said Sir William, starting from his seat—"Donald in that shop! Surely not! Surely you must have been mistaken. I cannot think that he would dare to come to a place like Port Said, where so many English people are continually passing through. Oh no, Evelyn, child, you must be wrong."

"No, Sir William," I said, "we certainly saw Mr. Trafford; I am quite sure we were not mistaken."

At this moment Mr. Stanley returned, and we could not talk any more about it. But Sir William seemed lost in thought, and did not enter into the conversation, which Evelyn and I tried to keep up.

"Miss Lindsay," he said at last, "would you show me in which of those shops you made your purchases just now? Evelyn dear, you sit still here till we come back. Mr. Stanley, may I leave my daughter in your care for a few minutes?"

I thought Mr. Stanley was not sorry to be left in charge; but Evelyn had turned as pale as she was before, and was trembling from head to foot.

Sir William and I left them on the seat near the fountain, and walked toward the row of shops.

"I really think you must have been mistaken, Miss Lindsay," he repeated; but I told him that I was sure that Mr. Trafford had recognized us, for he had strangely and suddenly disappeared, and had left a Frenchwoman to wait upon us.

I waited outside, while Sir William went into the shop. He came out in a few minutes, looking very much relieved.

"It is quite a mistake, Miss Lindsay," he said; "Donald Trafford is not here; I have made full inquiries."

Then he told me that there was no one but the Frenchwoman in the shop when he went in, but that he had asked to see the young Englishman who was waiting in the shop about a quarter of an hour before. The Frenchwoman, however, had declared him that there was no Englishman there, nor was there any one who could speak English. It must have been her husband whom the ladies had seen; he was in the shop a few minutes ago, and he was an Italian—his name was Signor Rialti. Sir William had asked to speak to her husband, and she told him he had been suddenly called away on business; he was away now, and would not return till Monday.

"Then Signor Rialti is evidently the name Mr. Trafford has taken," I said.

"Oh, I think not, Miss Lindsay," said Sir William decidedly; "you and Evelyn have been mistaken. I have no doubt that the young Italian has a strong resemblance to Donald Trafford, and that that circumstance has led you both to imagine that it must be he."

But though I was silenced by Sir William's very decided manner, still I was far from being convinced; for I was firmly persuaded in my own mind that it was indeed Evelyn's cousin whom we had seen that morning.

Mr. Stanley seemed to notice, with the ready perception which he always showed, that something had happened to disturb us, and that we should like to be left alone, for in a few minutes he made an excuse about having to call on some one at the other end of Port Said, and took leave of us.

"Well, Evelyn," said Sir William, as soon as we were alone, "you were quite wrong. You need not have been so agitated, dear; it was quite a mistake;" and he told her what he had heard in the shop.

"It is all a tale, papa," she said, when he had finished; "Donald is afraid of being found out, and he has put her up to telling that story, in case any inquiries should be made about him. He would not be back till Monday, did she say? Of course not; he knows quite well that the steamer will not start until early on Monday morning."

But Sir William would not be convinced. His wish was, I think, father to the thought, for he would have been very much puzzled as to how he ought to act had he indeed found his nephew, and he was therefore only too glad to believe that he was still in ignorance of Mr. Trafford's hiding-place.

I saw Evelyn glancing several times at the French shop as we sat there talking of other things, and I was glad for her sake when Sir William proposed that we should return to the ship.

We spent a very comfortless Sunday on board the wretched little steamer. It was impossible to find any quiet place below, for the saloon was filled by the large party which we had seen at the hotel at Port Said, and most of them spent the day in playing cards and chess, and in talking over their journey in loud voices; and they made so much noise that we found it was utterly useless to attempt to read or to be quiet there. So we went on deck and found a shady corner, where we were at least in comparative quiet.

But the lower deck was the scene of great confusion and noise, for a number of pilgrims, who were on their way to Jerusalem, were coming on board. There were Greek pilgrims, Latin pilgrims, and Moslem pilgrims, all of them dressed in what seemed to us the most fantastic manner. They were regular Easterns and dreadfully filthy, and they were all jabbering their various languages at the top of their voices.

Mr. Stanley told us that as Easter draws near the steamers are crammed with these pilgrims, on their way to the different shrines and holy places. They come from great distances and go through wonderful fatigue, and spend large sums of money to obtain, as they vainly hope, forgiveness of sin.

"I often think," Mr. Stanley said, "that their earnestness puts us to shame."

"Yes," said Evelyn, as she watched a fresh detachment come on board, "and do you not long to tell them how sin can really be forgiven?"

"I do indeed," said Mr. Stanley; "but, Miss Trafford, have you any idea what a difficult matter that would be? How many different languages do you think I should have to learn before I could speak to all these pilgrims?"

We thought perhaps five or six would be necessary, but Mr. Stanley told us, to our astonishment, that he had just had a conversation with a gentleman who had taken the trouble to go round the vessel in order to find out what were the different nationalities of the people on board, and he had made the discovery that there were men from no fewer than thirty different nations in that one steamer.

We sailed from Port Said on Sunday evening, and came in sight of Jaffa at six o'clock the next morning. We were up very early, for we were longing to get our first view of Palestine. It was a lovely morning, the sea was as smooth as a mill-pond, and the view was exceedingly beautiful, as the sun rose behind the Judean hills.

Jaffa looked a very pretty place as we saw it from the deck of the steamer, with its white houses overlooking the blue Mediterranean, a green circle of orange trees round it, and the quiet hills beyond.

But we had little time to realize the fact that we were now gazing at the very spot from which Jonah took ship for Tarshish, and where Peter lodged and saw that wondrous vision, and where Dorcas lived and made garments for the poor, in those far-off Bible days. We had very little time for thought of any kind, for as soon as we came in sight of Joppa, numberless boats came out to meet us, as they had done at Alexandria, and after the usual tumult we secured one, and were rowed to the shore, which was a mile and a half away. This is not at all a safe undertaking in stormy weather, for the only entrance to the harbor is a very narrow opening between most dangerous rocks.

The harbor of Joppa is a natural one, and has never been improved since the time of Solomon, when the timber, which Hiram cut down in the Lebanon, must have been brought to land through this very passage between the rocks.

When we drew near the shore we saw crowds of Arabs waiting for us, screaming and fighting and wrestling in savage earnestness. They seemed ready to tear us in pieces rather than lose the chance of carrying our luggage to the hotel. It really was a terrible sight to those unaccustomed to Eastern vehemence. Evelyn was very much frightened, and clung to her father, and even Sir William seemed agitated and alarmed. But Mr. Stanley's quiet voice reassured us.

"Oh, it is nothing," he said; "you don't know what Arabs are yet; they always make a noise like this. It is nothing unusual, I assure you," he added, laughing, as he fought a passage for us through the howling crowd, and led the way to the little Custom House, which was already crowded with the travellers who had arrived before us. We had therefore to wait outside for some time; but Mr. Stanley kept the Arabs who had followed us at bay, and gave Evelyn a camp-stool to sit upon, for she was looking faint and tired, and the heat, even at that early hour, seemed to us to be very great.

At last the Turkish officer was at liberty to receive the "baksheesh" which Mr. Stanley had ready for him. He passed our boxes without opening them, and we were allowed to proceed to the hotel.

It was a tiring walk, for the streets of Jaffa are covered with hot, burning sand, in which your feet sink every step you take. They are very narrow, and every now and then we looked round to find ourselves nearly knocked down by a huge camel, with boxes on its back, which had come noiselessly behind us over the soft sand; or a mule, laden with luggage, and rushing frantically along, was determined to pass us, and pushed its way through our midst in the most resolute manner.

Mr. Stanley had advised us to go as far as Ramleh that day, as it is forty miles' ride from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and he thought we should be too tired if we went so far in one day. Accordingly that afternoon he hired horses for us, and we mounted for our first ride in Palestine.

It was no easy matter guiding our horses through the crowds of Arabs, the strings of camels and mules, and the heaps of filth, in the streets of Jaffa. We were glad to leave the town and get into the road, which took us through one of the orange groves by which Jaffa is surrounded. Everything looked so strange and Eastern, and the scent of the oranges was delicious. We passed through the Plain of Sharon, and at about five o'clock in the evening we reached Ramleh, after rather more than four hours' ride.

There are some moments in our lives which it is impossible for us to describe. We never forget them, and the impression which they leave behind never fades from our memories; but still when we try to speak of them to others, even to those whom we love best, words fail us, and seem too weak to express what we mean.

I will not therefore attempt to describe what was the rush of feeling which passed through my heart when, for the first time, I came in sight of Jerusalem. Others who have had a like privilege will understand what I felt, as Mr. Stanley made us pull up our horses on the top of a hill, about half a mile

from the city gate, and said to us, "Well, what do you think of Jerusalem?"

Neither Evelyn nor I could answer him. Sir William had many questions to ask about the houses and buildings on the road leading to the Jaffa Gate, but we scarcely heard what they were saying. At that moment it seemed to us a matter of very small importance which was the Austrian consul's house; which was the Pacha's country residence; which was the German deaconesses' school, and which were the Russian church and convent.

All these details interested us afterward, when we were more familiar with Jerusalem; but at that moment, when we were able, for the first time in our lives, to say, "This is Jerusalem!" we had neither time nor thought to spare for any interest in the modern buildings of the city.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PROPHECY OF ZACHARIAS.

S. S. Lesson for January 16th, Luke 1:57–80. Golden Text, ver. 78. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

WHEN the child was born which God had promised to Zacharias, the prophecy of the Angel Gabriel was fulfilled, "Thou shalt have joy and gladness, and many shall rejoice at His birth," for we read that his mother's "neighbors and her cousins heard how the Lord had shewed great mercy upon her; and they rejoiced with her." But, perhaps, there was not one among them all, with the exception of Mary, who could enter into the deep hidden joy which filled the hearts of Elizabeth and Zacharias. The personal favor which they had received at God's hands in being blessed with a child was indeed a source of joy, but God's purposes of mercy through this child were as yet a secret between Him and His two servants. Those things in which our God permits us to enter into His heart are understood by very few even of His children around us. There is a "secret of the Lord" which is with "them that fear Him." "He made known His ways unto Moses, His acts unto the children of Israel." (Ps. 103:7). Zacharias and Elizabeth understood His ways in the birth of their child; the neighbors saw only His acts.

When they came to circumcise the child, they called his name Zacharias, because it was his father's name. But his mother knew that God had a will about the matter, and said, "Not so; but he shall be called John." The officious friends thought only of the family honor, and attempted to turn Elizabeth from her purpose by reminding her that none of their kindred were called by this name; but she was not to be moved. They then applied by signs to his dumb father, who wrote in answer, "His name is John," for that was the name of God's choice. "And they marvelled all." But their wonder was doubled when Zacharias's tongue, which had been so long bound, was loosed immediately, "and he spake, and praised God."

Whenever the power of God is especially manifested, then there comes fear upon those who know not God. The little effect which our lives as Christians have upon the unconverted is a sad but sure sign how very little of God's power we have among us. "Fear came on all that dwelt round about them;" people talked about these things and laid them up in their hearts, saying, What manner of child shall this be? "What manner of child" could he be who was filled with the Holy Ghost? We are only told, "the hand of the Lord was with him." "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty" (2 Cor. 23:17). A man or a child full of the Holy Ghost must be unlike others, but in what way John the Baptist manifested the hand of the Lord and the power of the Spirit is not revealed to us; only it is said, "the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the deserts till the day of his showing unto Israel." Was it that his heart was full to overflowing with a burden which no other soul could understand, and which found no vent or utterance except in the complete loneliness of the desert where only God could hear him? Could God tell out His heart more to this child than He could to any of the priests, as was the case with the child Samuel in his time?

"And his father Zacharias was filled with the Holy Ghost," and now the whole of this little family was full of the Spirit of God. First the infant John (ver. 15), then his mother Elizabeth (ver. 41), and now his father. Oh, that it were so with every family among God's children! Zacharias "prophesied, saying, Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; for He hath visited and redeemed His people." The joy of this holy man was not personal; his joy as a father was no doubt included, but the burden of his song of praise was outside of himself. He did not say, "the Lord hath visited *me*, but His people." What is it then for the Lord to visit His people? When we visit any one we leave our own homes and enter into theirs, that we may come into near and personal contact with them. These are times of God's special visitation, sometimes in mercy, sometimes in judgment; there are times when God comes blessedly or fearfully near, to countries, cities, churches, and individuals. Those who love God rejoice at any token that He is near, and they can trace and welcome His hand even in judgment; those who know Him not, fear when God draws near.

Zacharias saw redemption in the visitation of God. "He hath visited *and redeemed* His people." The Redeemer was not yet born, but the man who was full of the Holy Ghost saw God's purposes as though they were already fulfilled, for he knew that what God would do was as though it were already accomplished; the Lamb of God to the eyes of faith was "slain from the foundation of the world" (Rev. 13:8). Therefore he would add, "And hath raised up an horn of salvation for us, in the house of His servant David; as He spake by the mouth of His holy prophets, which have been since the world began." What then were these promises? There was, in the first instance, the promise of God in Eden, regarding the seed of the woman that it should bruise the head of the serpent (Gen. 3:15), and later Jacob said in his blessing upon Judah, "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto them shall the gathering of the people be" (Gen. 49:10), then the star and the sceptre of which Balaam prophesied (Num. 24:17), all spoke of the coming Messiah. But in David's time, and after his death, the tide of prophecy rose higher, and the Lord stated more specifically how redemption would come by the Messiah who was to be of the House of David. Thus we read, "His seed shall endure for ever, and his throne as the sun before Me. It shall be established for ever as the moon, and as a faithful witness in heaven" (Ps. 89:36, 37). We read of the "rod out of the stem of Jesse," and "the branch out of his roots" (Isa. 11), of the righteous branch which God will "raise unto David. In His days Judah shall be saved, and Israel shall dwell safely; and this is the name whereby He shall be called THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS" (Jer. 23:5, 6; see also 33:14–16; Dan. 9:24–26; Mic. 5:1-4, etc.). The old priest built on the spoken and written Word of God, and saw it by faith as though already fulfilled.

But in the words which follow he praised God for the great purpose of Redemption. "That we should be saved from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us . . . that we, being delivered out of the land of our enemies, might serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before Him, all the days of our life." This man of God did not look upon salvation as a means of obtaining personal joy and satisfaction, but that "being delivered" we might *serve*. Are there not many who long for more of God's grace, the power of His Spirit, deliverance from temptations, and so forth, in order that they may be happier, not in order that God may be glorified, their end is in, and not out of themselves. But the true, just end of all redemption is that we may serve. The Thessalonians turned to God from idols "to serve the living and true God and to wait for His Son from heaven" (1 Thess. 1:9, 10). Christ gave Himself for us "that He might purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works" (Tit. 2:14).

But Zacharias, inspired by the Holy Ghost, looked upon the service of God as a true path of liberty, a service "without fear." Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, ... let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water (Heb. 10:19–22). This is no position of fear; sanctified by the renounced will of Jesus (Heb. 10:10), perfected by His offering (ver. 14), the freedom from conscience of sins, which the sacrifices under the law could not bring about, becomes ours; and thus with "a conscience void of offence" we can "serve Him without fear," with a heart which by His great grace does not condemn us.

But our service is "in holiness and righteousness before Him all the days of our life." The unspeakable grace of our God which delivers us from the condemnation, power, and even conscience of sins, through the redemption of Christ Jesus, leaves no loop-hole for the commission of further sin. There is no choice of paths; the only way opened by Christ is holiness and righteousness before God. We are, so to speak, shut up to God, and the instant we turn away to any self-reliance, self-pleasing, or self-consideration, we fall into self-condemnation and into a miserable sense of powerlessness, and if the temptations of the enemy meet with such a state of things in us, we fall, as Peter sank upon his miraculous pathway, when he looked at the winds and the waves, instead of remaining shut up to Jesus.

Righteousness and holiness before Him—that is according to God's standard, which is clearly se before us in the example of Christ and in th Word of God, and this is to be "all the days o our life." When any one seeks to be holy, b making the most strenuous efforts, without stand ing in the full grace of Christ's redemption work there are times in which he feels the strain to great, and relaxes for a while as though to tak breath for further efforts, or it may be there is natural reaction from the pressure he puts upo his will and inclinations. But it is far differer when, as crucified with Christ, we walk "in new ess of life" "by the faith of the Son of God," fo in this there is no effort, no strain; all is natur to the new nature, the life of Christ in us, and thr it becomes possible to serve God continuous "*all* the days of our life."

"And thou, child," said Zacharias to the new born infant, "shalt be called the Prophet of th Highest; for thou shalt go before the face of th Lord, to prepare His way; to give knowledge salvation unto His people, *in* the remission of the sins" (Gr.). John the Baptist was the first eva gelist of the Gospel dispensation, and the work an evangelist is to prepare the way of the Lor Before Christ can live His life in us, and be form in us (Gal. 4:19), we must first break with sin accepting the reconciliation which He has ma for us. Every evangelist, whether clerical or la whether man or woman, whether in office or out office, ought to possess the power to bring souls contact with Christ, in the measure in which G sends them on their mission, and every Christi ought to be an evangelist according to the measu of opportunity which God gives him.

But John the Baptist could only accept his offi every child of God can only undertake h "through the tender mercy of our God, where the dayspring from on high hath visited us, to g light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shad of death, to guide our feet into the way of peac If the dayspring from on high (or sun-rising, margin) has visited us, and we are in the sunli of God's countenance, it is the basest selfishn if we keep such blessed light to ourselves. If have been visited with God's light, it is that may "give light to them that are in darkness in the shadow of death," to the fallen, the dru ards, the worldly around us. Wherever we darkness, there God sends us to shine as His lig "Ye are the light of the world," He says (M 5:14). Oh, let us seek by His grace, and thro His tender mercy toward us, to be light-gi to others, that we may walk in and lead others "the way of peace."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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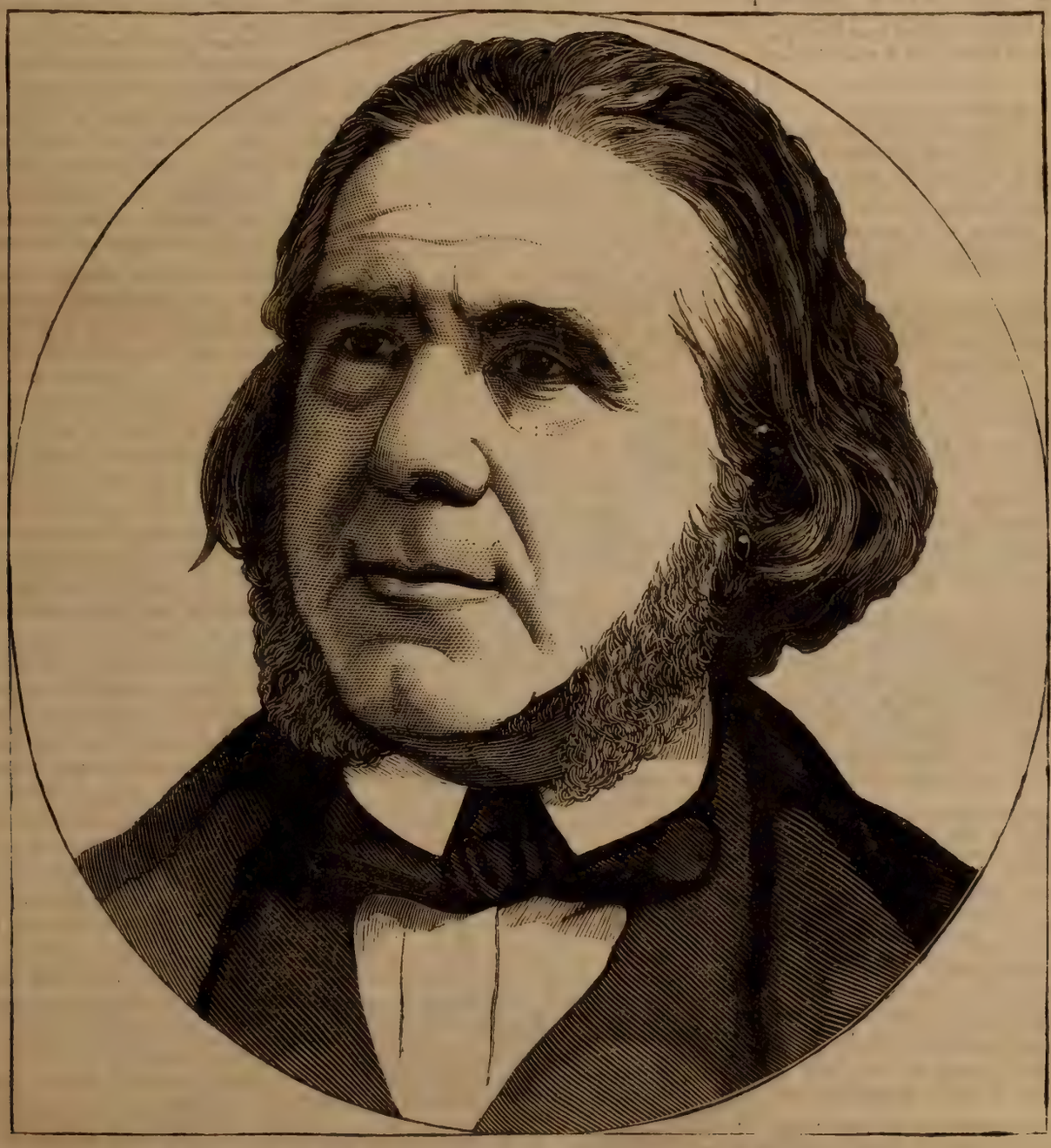

FATHER GAVAZZI, the Italian Patriot and Evangelist.

ALESSANDRO GAVAZZI.

The Past Greatness of Italy—Italy in the Fourteenth Century—The Reformation Rejected—Italy's Degradation—Anecdote by Justice Whiteside—Bayard Taylor's Description—Alessandro Gavazzi—His Life—His Earnestness as a Priest—His Patriotic Spirit—Resists the Austrian Invasion—"Pietro Eremita"—Vacillation of Pius IX.—Effect of Gavazzi's Eloquence—Loses his Cause—Visits Europe and America—Conversion—Return to Italy as an Evangelist—General Assembly at Milan—The Free Italian Church—Its Fundamental Principles—Its Statistics—Interesting Incidents—The Pavan Family—Gavazzi Again in America.

WHY are the Italian boot-blacks and organ-grinders of New York ranked with the negroes and the Chinese rather than with Americans? We know of no reason except that Italy is one of the countries of Europe that *rejected the Reformation*.

There is every other reason for Italy to hold its head high among the nations of the world. With the exception of Palestine, no other country can boast such illustrious traditions; and no country whatever contains so many cities with histories like Palermo, Genoa, Naples, Parma, Pavia, Bologna, Florence, Milan, Mantua, Ferrara, Padua, Savoy, Nice, and Turin. And ROME! What traditions cluster round that name! What a history envelopes it! What power has emanated from that city, and what glories have passed over it! The world has seen but one Rome, and it will never see another.

Such is

THE LAND OF THE ITALIAN

organ-grinder; and the poor man himself belongs to the race of Galileo, and Columbus, and Raphael, and Dante, and Lorenzo, and Canova, and Cavour. For we write of *Christian Italy*. Ancient Rome, greater far than Nineveh, Babylon, Tyre, Thebes, or Athens, went the way of all pagan cities. But having received the Gospel, the unfailing guarantee of endurance, why is *Christian Rome* now so low?

Take an account of Florence just before the Reformation, reduced from Macaulay's graphic picture:—The revenue of the Republic amounted to 300,000 florins, a sum which, allowing for the depreciation of the precious metals, was at least equivalent to £600,000 sterling ($3,000,000), a larger sum than England and Ireland two centuries ago yielded annually to Elizabeth. The manufacture of wool alone employed 200 factories and 30,000 workmen. The cloth annually produced sold, at an average, for 1,200,000 florins, a sum fully equal, inexchangeable value, to $12,500,000. Four hundred thousand dollars were annually coined. Eighty banks conducted the commercial operations, not of Florence only, but of all Europe.

The transactions of these establishments were sometimes of a magnitude which may surprise even the contemporaries of the *Barings* and the *Rothschilds*. Two houses advanced to Edward III. of England upward of 300,000 marks at a time when the mark contained more silver than fifty shillings of the present day, and when the value of silver was more than quadruple of what it now is. The city and its environs contained 170,000 inhabitants.

The progress of elegant literature and of the fine arts was proportioned to that of the public prosperity. No tongue ever furnished more gorgeous and vivid tints to poetry. The admiration of learning and genius became almost an idolatry among the people of Italy. The spirit of literary research allied itself to that of commercial enterprise. Every place to which the merchant princes of Florence extended their gigantic traffic was ransacked for medals and manuscripts. Architecture, painting, and sculpture were munificently encouraged. We can scarcely persuade ourselves that we are reading of times in which the annals of England and France present us only with a frightful spectacle of poverty, ignorance, and barbarity.

But when Martin Luther offered an open Bible to Christendom, and Italy elected to *keep the Bible shut*, the industry and commerce of the country declined fast, and till the rise of Victor Emmanuel Italy was one of the insignificant countries of Europe. The character of the religion which the country chose is well illustrated by

THE FOLLOWING ANECDOTE:

When Chief Justice Whiteside, of England, visited Italy, he was struck with the *multitude of priests*, and asked a Roman Catholic friend what they found to do. "Find to do!" answered his friend; "they have more to do than they can possibly get through." "How can that be?" he asked again. "They have to say masses for the dead. You see, sir," the friend went on to explain, "no man in good circumstances likes to die without leaving money, perhaps a hundred crowns, or even five hundred, for masses for his soul—masses to get him out of purgatory. Or, if he loses his wife or his child, he goes to the priest to order a hundred masses for the benefit of the soul of the departed.

"Now, sir, for all Italy this makes such an enormous demand that the priests are always some tens of thousands of masses in arrear—that is, they were paid last year, or the year before, for masses which they have not yet been able to say." "But what happens then?" asked Mr. Whiteside. "Oh!" replied his friend, "they have to send a petition to the Pope every two or three years, and His Holiness issues a decree that so many thousand masses, which have not been said, shall be entered in the chancery of heaven *as if they had been said*, and that sets the matter all straight."

In such a melancholy hope Roman Catholics are forced to die in all parts of the world, although the Word of God, *read according to the manuscripts in the Vatican*, declares that we are sanctified through the offering *once* of the body of Jesus Christ, and presents a full pardon to the chief of sinners "without money and without price." (See Isa. 55 and Heb. 10.)

The following is the dispassionate account, by the late Bayard Taylor, of the moral condition of the Italians as compared with that of other Christian nations at the present day: "Of the moral dignity of human nature they have little conception. Those classes who are engaged in active occupation seem even destitute of common honesty, practising all kinds of deceits in the most open manner, and apparently without the least shame. The state of morals is lower than in any other country of Europe; what little virtue exists is found among the peasants. Many of the most sacred obligations of society are universally violated, and, as a natural consequence, the people are almost entire strangers to that domestic happiness which constitutes the true enjoyment of life."

Our readers will ask, "What has all this to do with Father Gavazzi?" We reply that when we mention

ALESSANDRO GAVAZZI

as one of the principal agents in the redemption of Italy from such degradation, we have described the man. The leading points in his life can be briefly enumerated. He was *born* in 1809, at Bologna, where his father was an eminent barrister and judge, and he had *nineteen brothers and sisters*, who were all of tall and commanding figures like himself.

He was educated at the university of his native place, but at the age of only sixteen years he became a monk of the Barnabite order; and four years later he was appointed Professor of Rhetoric at Naples, where he laid the foundation of his reputation as an orator. The qualities at the base of Father Gavazzi's character are thoroughness and earnestness of purpose, and he displayed these characteristics at the outset of his public career by a style of preaching which could not have failed to excite attention. Setting light by church forms and ceremonies, he alarmed his fellow-priests by urging purity of life and practice, and boldly denounced the corrupt court of Gregory XVI., for which he was imprisoned and did not regain his liberty till the death of that Pope. This conduct raised him greatly in the estimation of the advanced party of the Italian clergy and statesmen.

On the accession of Pius IX., Gavazzi was one of the foremost supporters of the liberal policy with which that Pope began his pontificate. But when he went in person to Rome, and labored for the diffusion of political enlightenment and patriotic aspirations among the masses, the timid Pope drew back and even forbade him to preach. Then the *war with Austria* in 1848 broke out, and Gavazzi organized a crusade to drive the invaders out of the country, by which he earned the title of *Pietro Eremita*, or "Peter the Hermit."

The volunteers numbered 16,000, and Pius gave Gavazzi his blessing and appointed him almoner and grand chaplain of the force. The night before they started, the fiery leader preached to 30,000 people in the Coliseum. But the Pope soon changed his mind and recalled the legion, and then Gavazzi and the more determined of the soldiers refused to obey. In Florence, Genoa, and Bologna he preached his patriotic mission and made collections for his followers, and one oration, delivered to a vast assemblage in the city of Venice, produced twenty thousand dollars. Men emptied their purses on the platform; women took off their jewels, and even *cut off their hair* as contributions to the popular cause.

The cause prevailed, the Pope, who had withdrawn his sanction, fled from Rome on November 5th, and a republic was proclaimed, Gavazzi being appointed to the chief charge of the military hospitals. He called for nurses, and *six thousand women* responded and took care of the wounded. But in April of the following year a French expedition took possession of the city, after a siege of thirty days, and reinstated Pius in his place; and the patriot was glad to escape to England, where, as well as in the chief towns of Scotland, he delivered numerous addresses, in the English language, on the political aims of his country. He also visited the United States and Canada.

Italy having become quieter, Gavazzi returned to it several times, and he tried his last chance in a political capacity in 1860, by accompanying Garibaldi when he attacked and defeated the Neapolitans at Palermo.

But during his travels in Protestant lands Gavazzi, who had all his life preferred the spirit of Christianity to the letter of it, had come under the influence of the untrammelled Gospel, and had undergone that change of heart which Christ called

CONVERSION.

To quote the words of his secretary, Dr. Thompson, "he now saw clearly that no mere *patriotism* could give to Italy or any other country the future it needed. Henceforth, leaving political affairs to others, he devoted himself to the spiritual regeneration of his people. Born to be a leader among men, beloved and revered by all who knew him, swaying multitudes *like flames moved by the wind*, he cast behind him every dream of earthly ambition, and became simply and only a herald of the cross." Accordingly, when religious liberty was proclaimed in Italy, he appeared there as the foremost of its evangelists.

Various denominations of England and America, as well as several indigenous reformed churches, hastened to open missions in the field which had for centuries been under the sway of Rome; but it was not till 1870 that a successful effort was made to unite the different bodies. In that year Gavazzi induced the prosperous and influential congregation of Milan to invite delegates from the other congregations to meet them in General Assembly, and the result was the formation of

THE FREE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

of Italy with a Declaration of Principles and a Constitution, each particular church, in its *local affairs* standing independent of all the others. According to its constitution the Free Church is governed by its General Assembly, which is composed of deputies from the particular churches, and which has met every year since 1870. The *Declaration of Principles* unanimously adopted by the first General Assembly at Milan contains the following important doctrinal statements:

"Adam, disobeying the Word of God, sinned, and thus by one man sin has entered into the world, and death by sin. On this account human nature in Adam and by Adam has become corrupt and sinful; and we are all born in Adam with the inclination to do evil, and the inability of doing well what God has commanded; therefore natu-

rally we are all sinners under condemnation." "Salvation comes from the eternal and gratuitous love of the Father; it is obtained through the expiatory sacrifice, resurrection, and intercession of the Son." "In addition to the universal priesthood of believers, God Himself has established in the Church various special ministries, for the perfecting of the saints and the edifying of the body of Christ, which ministries ought to be recognized by the Church itself."

"The Lord Jesus Christ *will come from heaven* and transform our body of humiliation into a glorious body. In that day the dead in Christ shall rise first, and the living who are found faithful shall be transformed, and thus together shall we be caught up in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air, to be forever with the Lord; and after His kingdom all the rest shall rise to be judged in judgment."

At the same time every priestly and churchly assumption was thrown over by the following words in a short explanation which accompanied the Declaration:

"The Declaration of Principles does not pretend to infallibility; the Word of God is alone infallible and immutable. Nor is it to be considered as the cause or title to salvation; but simply as the outward bond of unity in the faith and the banner of the Church."

The *statistics* of the Church, which was started with only 23 small congregations and 400 communicants, are as follows: 15 ordained ministers, 15 evangelists, 49 elders, 67 deacons, 11 deaconesses, 1800 communicants, 265 catechumens, 724 Sabbath-school children, 1328 pupils in day and night schools, 21 teachers in the day-schools, 1593 regular hearers of the Gospel, 1261 additional occasional hearers at each service, 36 churches, and 35 out-stations more or less frequently visited. The contributions of these churches in 1879, for evangelization alone, amounted to 1855.01 francs ($343.18), and the total sum collected for all objects was 12,223 francs ($2261.25).

There is a theological school in Rome with 17 candidates for the ministry. Father Gavazzi is their instructor in "sacred oratory" (homiletics), and the Rev. Mr. Henderson, of the Free Church of Scotland, is Professor of Theology. Over the door is the inscription, in Italian, English, and German, "The Free Church in Italy."

The Rev. John R. McDougall, Treasurer and Foreign Secretary of the Church, says that a grand and

CHEERING FUTURE

is plainly dawning upon it. "The bitter prejudice of past years has given way. The people of Italy are largely enlightened as to the superiority of the evangelical faith and morals. They know by experience that Protestant foreigners are their best friends, and have done what their own priests and natural protectors have not done, in critical periods, in the way of feeding their starving families. And with this conviction strong on their hearts, they *crowd the largest theatres* and listen attentively and respectfully to the Gospel message. They send their children by preference to evangelical schools. Our Christian literature is spreading in their households."

An incident is mentioned by one of the evangelists of the Church which shows that ignorance and infidelity are obstacles to the reception of the truth, perhaps, rather more than an intelligent adherence to the principles of Romanism. A gentleman remarked in friendly conversation, "I cherish the greatest sympathy for the Evangelicals, and, to tell the truth, *were I not a Christian*, I should be so pleased to be an Evangelical." This gentleman did not believe in God, and considered man a mere development of the monkey. But he imagined himself a Christian, by which he understood a good Catholic, because he had been baptized.

Another man, who was neither one thing nor another in his principles, on being put into a corner in argument, said, "Well, I am most thoroughly convinced of the truth of your religion. There is no other so beautiful and so holy. But I was born a Catholic, and mean to die one. I have a horror of people who change their religion."

A PROMINENT CHRISTIAN FAMILY,

of the name of Pavan, in Udine, were bereft of the eldest son, a daughter, and the father, in 1879. The son died first. Then the daughter, Lucia, took his place as a teacher in the Sunday-school. She had a rich, sweet voice, and a rare intelligence, and was a constant reader of the Bible. When she became ill, "the Pavan house was transformed into a sanctuary of holy affections." In the midst of severe sufferings an angelic smile of peace suffused her countenance. Prayer was her greatest comfort, and she expressed an unfaltering certainty of soon being forever with the Lord.

The father, James Pavan, had been till 1867 a rigid and devout Roman Catholic, but in that year he had gone through curiosity to the Evangelical Church, and had been convinced of the truth and had subsequently embraced it. From that time he was a shining light in Udine, beloved and respected by the whole population. The love of Christ regulated all his actions to such an extent that *a whole city* could yield the splendid testimony that not only did he never do harm to any one, but that he was constantly doing great kindness to many through his ceaseless liberality. When he could not speak well of a person he was silent, thus rightly interpreting the precepts of Christ. As his trials increased his love to his Saviour was visibly enlarged, and *one of the last acts* of his life was to run to a stricken household and dry the tears of the mourners and inculcate confidence and resignation in the goodness of God.

A young man was admitted, after careful examination by the Presbytery of the Church, to the Lord's Supper just before he was to go away under the compulsion of military service. A month later he obtained a short holiday, and appeared again at the sacrament dressed in his grenadier uniform and *accompanied by his mother* and younger brother. When the service was over he said to his mother, "I always told you, dear mother, that the simple words spoken here touch the heart;" and she gave her promise to attend the church regularly.

Father Gavazzi has been *five times* excommunicated from the Church of Rome and given over to eternal damnation for political disloyalty and religious heresy. On one of the occasions he protested to his Cardinal that, having been once excommunicated, he could not be turned out again unless he were first received back into the Church; but the Cardinal went on consigning his soul and his body to the torments of hell.

In 1872 Father Gavazzi came to

AMERICA

to secure funds for the work of Italian evangelization, especially for his theological seminary, and he was successful in collecting $30,000. One of our leading magazines says: "Many will remember with what graphic utterance he told the story of evangelization; with what *torrents of eloquence* he hurried his audience along through his historical lectures, with what tender pathos he delivered his message. But only those who have heard him under his native sky and in his *native tongue* can adequately appreciate the power with which he moves the masses of his countrymen."

He is now again in this country on a similar errand. His arrival was mentioned in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of December 9th. After preaching two Sundays in New York and Brooklyn, he started on a tour in the Southern States. He hopes to be back in New York in March, but he will not return to Italy till it is time to meet his college classes in the autumn. Applications for addresses by him should be directed to the *Rev. John B. Thompson, D.D., Catskill, N. Y.* Gavazzi has already passed through Richmond, and one of the papers there has given the following account of his appearance and style of speaking:

"Gavazzi is now over seventy years of age, but he is a hale, hearty-looking old man, in the full possession of all his fine intellectual powers. He is a truly eloquent man; eloquence always follows when the cup is full. He possesses the eloquence which proceeds from being charged with one great and noble thought—*the evangelization of Italy*. He pronounces the English language with difficulty, but the eyes of his hearers are never taken off him for a moment while he is speaking. He has a powerful, deep voice, and is a close reasoner, with wonderful felicity of illustration, and yet this does not explain the whole effect produced by him as a speaker. His gesture, the play of his countenance—in a word, his dramatic power—constitutes a large source of his strength before an audience. While his matter is very strong, yet one merely reading it would have little idea of Gavazzi. No one who hears him can doubt the sincerity, the single-hearted Christian intensity, of the man."

THE TIME OF THE END.

AT no period in the history of the world have mankind ever stood on the threshold of more eventful changes and mightier revolutions than at present. Empires that have long stood unshaken are about to be dissolved; thrones that have been firmly consolidated for many years are on the point of being cast down; and institutions that have been regarded as of immovable stability are on the eve of their destruction.

Many persons suppose that the TIME of the End of this Dispensation and of the Second Coming of Christ is altogether hidden from human discovery, but "they err, not knowing the Scriptures," which distinctly intimate that the time of the end shall be revealed to watchful Christians by the prophecies (Amos 3 : 7; Matt. 24 : 32-43; John 15 : 15; 2 Pet. 1 : 19; 1 Thess. 5 : 4).

The text in Mark 13 : 32, "Of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father," was spoken in the present tense before the ascension and glorification of Christ, and before the Pentecostal descent of the Holy Spirit, and before the gift of the Book of Revelation sixty years afterward.

It is a text that cannot apply to the present time, because it cannot now be said that the Son does not know the day and hour of his own Advent. And in addition to the chronological dates and prophetic signs of the times which convergently indicate the End of this Age to be probably about 1890, or within three or four years afterward, there is to be a seven years' covenant made between the Jews and a latter-day Napoleon, exactly seven years and two and a half months before the End, so that the epoch of the consummation will then become very precisely foreshown.

And within this prophetic period of seven years and two and a half months the greater part of Daniel and Revelation will undergo its ultimate literal-day fulfilment, which has been hitherto foreshadowed by its typical year-day accomplishment.

The words "It is not for you to know the times or seasons" were spoken only to the people of those days (Acts 1 : 7). The prophetic dates of the 6000, 2520, 2500, 2300, 1335, 1260 years (Dan. 4 : 16; 8 : 14; 12 : 7, 12; Rev. 11 : 3; 12 : 6 in their year-day fulfilment) all convergently point to the epoch of 1890 as the close of this dispensation. Moreover, the future literal-day fulfilment of Daniel's Sixty-nine Week (9 : 25) will distinctly show the week, if not the day, of Christ's Second Advent, for "from the going forth of the commandment to restore and build Jerusalem unto Messiah the Prince (His Second Coming) shall be seven weeks and threescore and two weeks"—*i.e.*, 69 weeks of days, which is just about one year and four months. So that after that decree shall go forth it will be impossible to avoid knowing the *week* of Christ's Second Advent, which will be 69 weeks after the date of that decree.

The Leading Figure in the Events of the day still remembered in Wall Street as "Black Friday" was Albert Speyers, who acted as agent for the ring of speculators who were running up the price of gold. Speyers died on Tuesday, December 21st. He never recovered the excitement of the day when he made the enormous purchases for the ring. The failure of the scheme which carried ruin into so many homes, and the subsequent repudiation of his contracts by the speculators, has ever since preyed upon his mind. He instituted several suits to recover damages, but was unsuccessful in getting them brought to trial.

THE TIMES WE LIVE IN.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"—ESTHER 4: 14.

Esther's God-appointed Work—Two Armies in Conflict—What we Want Now—I. Aggressive Christians—The Prince of Wales—Cactus-like Christians—How Christians Thrive—Flower-pot Christians—Only one Year for Work—Work not Money—II. Two Extremes to Avoid—New Plans—Preposterous Undertakings—The Old Rut—The World Converting the Church—The Great Siege Guns Wanted Out—Preaching in the Bank—Hedley Vicars—Havelock in a Heathen Temple—Peter Croy—A License to Preach—III. Unbounded Confidence—The Besiegement will soon be Ended—The Final Triumph.

ESTHER the beautiful was the wife of Ahasuerus *the abominable.* The time had come for her to present a petition to her infamous husband in behalf of the Jewish nation, to which she had once belonged. She was afraid to undertake the work, lest she should lose her own life; but her uncle, Mordecai, who had brought her up, encouraged her with the suggestion that probably she had been raised up of God for that peculiar mission. "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

Esther had her *God-appointed work;* you and I have ours. It is my business to tell you what style of men and women you ought to be in order that you may meet the demand of the age in which God has cast your lot. If you have come expecting to hear abstractions discussed, or dry technicalities of religion glorified, you have come to the wrong church, but if you really would like to know what this age has a right to expect of you as Christian men and women, then I am ready, in the Lord's name, to look you in the face.

When *two armies* have rushed into battle, the officers of either army do not want a philosophical discussion about the chemical properties of human blood, or the nature of gunpowder; they want some one to man the batteries and swab out the guns. And now, when all the forces of light and darkness, of heaven and hell, have plunged into the fight, it is no time to give ourselves to the definitions and formulas and technicalities and conventionalities of religion. What we want is practical, earnest, concentrated, enthusiastic, and triumphant help.

I. In the first place, in order to meet the special demand of this age, you need to be unmistakable

AGGRESSIVE CHRISTIANS.

Of half-and-half Christians we do not want any more. The Church of Jesus Christ will be better without ten thousand of them. They are the *chief obstacles to the Church's advancement.* I am speaking of another kind of Christian. All the appliances for your becoming an earnest Christian are at your hand, and there is a straight path for you into the broad daylight of God's forgiveness. You may have come into the Church the bondmen of the world, and yet before you go out you may become princes of the Lord God Almighty.

You remember what excitement there was in this country some years ago when *the Prince of Wales* came here—how the people rushed out by hundreds of thousands to see him. Why? Because they expected that some day he would sit upon the throne of England. But what was all that honor compared with the honor to which God calls you—to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty—yea, to be queens and kings unto God? "They shall reign with Him for ever and for ever."

But, my friends, you need to be *aggressive* Christians, and not like persons who spend their lives in hugging their Christian graces, and wondering why they do not make any progress. How much robustness of health would a man have if he hid himself in a dark closet? A great deal of the piety of the day is too exclusive. It hides itself. It needs more of fresh air, more out-door exercise. There are many Christians who are giving their entire life to self-examination. They are feeling their pulses to see what is the condition of their spiritual health. How long would a man have robust physical health if he kept all the days, and weeks, and months, and years of his life feeling his pulse, instead of going out into earnest, active, every-day work?

CACTUS-LIKE CHRISTIANS.

I have been among the wonderful and bewitching *cactus* growths of North Carolina, where I never was more bewildered with the beauty of flowers. Yet, when I would take up one of these cactuses and pull the leaves apart, the beauty was all gone. You could hardly tell that it had been a flower. And there are a great many Christian people in this day just pulling apart their own Christian experiences to see what there is in them, and there is nothing left of them. This style of self-examination is *a damage* instead of an advantage to their Christian character.

I remember, when I was a boy, I used to have a small piece in the garden that I called my own, and I planted corn there, and every few days I would pull it up to see how fast it was growing. Now, there are a great many Christian people in this day whose self-examination merely amounts to the pulling up of that which they only yesterday or the day before planted. O my friends, if you want to have a stalwart Christian character, plant it right out of doors in the great field of Christian usefulness, and though storms may come upon it, and though the hot sun of trial may try to consume it, it will thrive until it becomes a great tree, in which the fowls of heaven may have a habitation. I have no patience with these

FLOWER-POT CHRISTIANS.

They keep themselves under shelter, and all their Christian experience in a small and exclusive circle, when they ought to plant it in the great garden of the Lord, so that the whole atmosphere would be aromatic with their Christian piety. The *century plant* is wonderfully suggestive and wonderfully beautiful; but I never look at it without thinking of its parsimony. It lets whole generations go by before it puts forth one blossom; so I have really more heartfelt admiration when I see the dewy tears in the blue eyes of the violets, for they come every spring. My Christian friends, time is going by so rapidly that we cannot afford to be idle.

A recent statistician says that *human life now has an average of thirty-two years.* From these thirty-two years you must subtract all the time you take for sleep and the taking of food and recreation; that will leave you about sixteen years. From these sixteen years you must subtract all the time that you are necessarily engaged in the earning of a livelihood; that will leave you about eight years. From these eight years you must take all the days and weeks and months—all the length of time that is passed in sickness—leaving you about

ONE YEAR

in which to work for God. O my soul, wake up! How darest thou sleep in harvest-time, and with so few hours in which to reap? So I state it as a simple fact that all the time that the vast majority of you will have for the exclusive service of God will be *less than one year.*

"But," says some man, "I liberally support the Gospel, and the Gospel is preached; all the spiritual advantages are spread before men, and if they want to be saved let them come to be saved; I have discharged all my responsibility." Ah! is *that* the Master's spirit? Is there not an old Book somewhere that commands us to "go out into the highways and hedges and compel the people to come in?" What would have become of you and me if Christ had not come down off the hills of heaven, and if he had not come through the door of the Bethlehem caravansary, and if he had not with *the crushed hand* of the Crucifixion knocked at the iron gate of the sepulchre of our spiritual death, crying, "Lazarus, come forth!"

O my Christian friends, this is *no time for inertia,* when all the forces of darkness seem to be in full blast, when steam printing-presses are publishing infidel tracts, when express railroad trains are carrying messengers of sin, when fast clippers are laden with opium and rum, when the night air of our cities is polluted with the laughter that breaks up from the ten thousand saloons of dissipation and abandonment.

THE FIRES OF THE SECOND DEATH

already are kindled in the cheeks of some who only a little while ago were incorrupt. Oh, never since the curse fell upon the earth has there been a time when it was such an unwise, such a cruel, such an awful thing for the Church to sleep! The great audiences are not gathered in the Christian temples; the great audiences are gathered in temples of sin—tears of unutterable woe, their baptism; the blood of crushed hearts, the awful wine of their sacrament; blasphemies, their litany; and the groans of the lost world, the organ-dirge of their worship.

II. Again, if you want to be qualified to meet the duties which this age demands of you, you must on the one hand avoid reckless iconoclasm, and on the other hand, not stick too much to things because they are old. The air is full of

NEW PLANS,

new projects, new theories of government, new theologies; and I am amazed to see how many Christians want only novelty in order to recommend a thing to their confidence, and so they vacillate, and swing to and fro, and are useless, and they are unhappy. New plans—secular, ethical, philosophical, religious, cisatlantic, transatlantic, long enough to make a line reaching from the German universities to the great Salt Lake City! Ah, my brother, do not take hold of a thing *merely because it is new.* Try it by the realities of a judgment day.

But, on the other hand, do not adhere to anything *merely because it is old.* There is not a single enterprise of the Church or the world but has sometimes been scoffed at. There was a time when men derided even Bible societies; and when a few young men met near a hay-stack in Massachusetts and organized the first missionary society ever organized in this country, there went laughter and ridicule all around the Christian Church. They said the undertaking was *preposterous.*

And so also the ministry of Jesus Christ was assailed. People cried out: "Who ever heard of such theories of ethics and of government? Who ever noticed such a style of preaching as Jesus has?" Ezekiel had talked of mysterious wings and wheels. Here came a man from Antioch and Capernaum, and Gennessaret, and He drew His illustrations from the lakes, from the sand, from the raven, from the lilies, from the corn-stacks. How the Pharisees scoffed! How Herod derided! And this Jesus they plucked by the beard, and they spat in His face, and they called Him "this fellow." All the great enterprises in and out of the Church have at times been scoffed at, and there have been a great multitude who have thought that the chariot of God's truth would fall to pieces if it once got out of

THE OLD RUT.

And so there are those who have no patience with anything like improvement in church architecture, or with anything like good, hearty, earnest church singing, and they deride every form of religious discussion which goes down walking with every-day men rather than that which makes an excursion on *rhetorical stilts.* Oh that the Church of God would wake up to an adaptability of work! We must admit the simple fact that the churches of Jesus Christ in this day do not reach the great masses of mankind.

There are *fifty thousand* people in Edinburgh who never hear the Gospel. There are *two hundred thousand* people in Glasgow who never hear the Gospel. There are *one million* people in London who never hear the Gospel. There are at least *three hundred thousand* souls in the city of Brooklyn who come not under the immediate ministration of Christ's truth, and the Church of God to this day, instead of being a place full of living epistles, and known of all men, is more like a "*dead letter*" *post-office.*

"But," say the people, "the world is going to be converted; you must be patient; the kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of Christ." Never, unless the Church of Jesus Christ puts on more speed and energy. Instead of the Church converting the world, *the world is converting the Church.* Here is a great fortress. How shall it be taken? An army comes and sits around about it, cuts off the supplies, and says, "Now we will just wait until, from exhaustion and

starvation, they will have to give up." Weeks and months, and perhaps a year, pass along, and finally the fortress surrenders through that starvation and exhaustion.

But, my friends, the fortresses of sin are never to be taken in that way. If they are taken for God, it will be by storm. You will have to bring up

THE GREAT SIEGE GUNS OF THE GOSPEL

to the very wall, and wheel the flying artillery into line, and when the armed infantry of heaven shall confront the battlements, you will have to give the quick command, "Forward, charge!"

Ah, my friends, there is work for you to do and for me to do, in order to do this grand accomplishment. Here is my pulpit and my preaching. Your pulpit is the bank. Your pulpit is the store. Your pulpit is the editorial chair. Your pulpit is the anvil. Your pulpit is the house scaffolding. Your pulpit is the mechanic's shop. I may stand in this place, and through cowardice or through self-seeking may keep back the word I ought to utter, while you, with sleeve rolled up and brow be sweated with toil, may utter the word that will stir the foundations of heaven with the shout of a great victory.

Oh that this whole audience might feel that the Lord Almighty was putting upon them the hands of ordination! I tell you, every one, go forth and preach this Gospel. You have as much right to preach as I have, or as any man has. Only find out the pulpit where God would have you preach, and there preach. *Hedley Vicars* was a wicked man in the English army. The grace of God came to him. He became an earnest and eminent Christian. They scoffed at him and said, "You are a hypocrite; you are as bad as ever you were." Still he kept his faith in Christ, and after a while, finding that they could not turn him aside by calling him a hypocrite, they said to him, "Oh, you are nothing but a Methodist." That did not disturb him. He went on performing his Christian duty until he had formed all his troop into a Bible-class, and the whole encampment was shaken with the presence of God.

So *Havelock* went into the heathen temple in India, while the English army was there, and *put a candle into the hands of each of the heathen gods* that stood around in the heathen temple, and by the light of those candles held up by the idols, General Havelock preached righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. And who will say, on earth or in heaven, that Havelock had not the right to preach?

In the minister's house where I prepared for college there was a man who worked by the name of *Peter Croy*. He could neither read nor write, but he was a man of God. Often theologians would stop in the house—grave theologians—and at family prayer Peter Croy would be called upon to lead; and all those wise men sat around, wonder-struck at his religious efficiency. When he prayed he reached up and seemed to take hold of the very throne of the Almighty, and he talked with God until the very heavens were bowed down into the sitting-room.

Oh, if I were dying, I would rather have plain Peter Croy kneel by my bedside and commend my immortal spirit to God than the greatest archbishop arrayed in costly canonicals! Go preach this Gospel. You say you are not licensed. In the name of the Lord Almighty, I license you. Go preach this Gospel—preach it in the Sabbath-schools, in the prayer-meetings, in the highways, in the hedges. Woe be unto you if you preach it not!

III. I remark again that in order to be qualified to meet your duty in this particular age, you want

UNBOUNDED FAITH

in the triumph of the truth and in the overthrow of wickedness. How dare the Christian Church ever get discouraged? Have we not the Lord on our side? How long did it take God to slay the hosts of Sennacherib, or burn Sodom, or shake down Jericho? How long will it take God, when He once arises in His strength, to overthrow all the forces of iniquity? Between this time and that there may be long seasons of darkness, the chariot wheels of God's Gospel may seem to drag heavily; but there is the promise, and yonder is the throne, and when omniscience has lost its eyesight, and omnipotence falls back impotent, and Jehovah is driven from His throne, then the Church of Jesus Christ can afford to be despondent, but never until then.

Despots may plan, and armies may march, and the congresses of the nations may seem to think they are adjusting all the affairs of the world, but the Bismarcks and the Popes of the earth are only the dust of the chariot-wheels of God's providence. And I think that *before the sun of this century shall have set* the last tyranny will fall, and with a splendor of demonstration that shall be the astonishment of the universe, God will set forth the brightness, and pomp, and glory, and perpetuity of His eternal government. Out of the starry flags and the emblazoned insignia of this world God will make a path for His own triumph, and returning from universal conquest, He will sit down, the grandest, strongest, highest throne of earth His footstool.

I preach this sermon because I want to encourage all Christian workers in every possible department. Hosts of the living God, march on! march on! His spirit will bless you. His shield will defend you. His sword will strike for you. March on! march on! The despotisms will fall, and paganism will burn its idols, and Mohammedanism will give up its false prophet, and Judaism will confess the true Messiah, and the great walls of superstition will come down in thunder and in wreck at the long, loud blast of the Gospel trumpet. March on! march on!

THE BESIEGEMENT WILL SOON BE ENDED.

Only a few more steps on the long way; only a few more sturdy blows; only a few more battle-cries—and then God will put the laurel upon your brow, and from the living fountains of heaven will bathe off the sweat and the heat and the dust of the conflict. March on! march on! For you the time for work will soon be passed, and amid the outflashings of the judgment throne, and the trumpeting of the resurrection angels, and the upheaving of a world of graves, and the hosanna and the groaning of the saved and the lost, we shall be rewarded for our faithfulness or punished for our stupidity. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, from everlasting to everlasting, and let the whole world be filled with His glory!

THE DEATH AND FUNERAL OF DR. TALMAGE'S ELDEST SON.

THE most crushing blow, next to the loss of his wife, that can overtake a man, has fallen upon Dr. Talmage. His eldest son, named after himself, Thomas De Witt Talmage, who had finished his education, and had just entered upon a professional career, died suddenly of pneumonia, on Thursday night, January 6th.

Mr. Talmage had been for some time in delicate health, but no serious apprehensions had been entertained of a fatal termination to his sickness. About two months ago he was suffering from a severe attack of muscular rheumatism, and at his father's suggestion he made a trip to the South. After a week's sojourn in Charleston, S. C., he returned greatly improved in health, and resumed his duties as a member of the legal profession, which had been temporarily interrupted by his illness. On Tuesday, January 4th, he argued a case in the law courts, but on his return home he complained of a severe cold, and soon afterward was compelled to take to his bed and summon medical assistance. His physician, who visited him on Thursday, said he was much better, and in all probability he would be about within a very few days. He failed rapidly, however, and at half-past ten o'clock that night he passed peacefully away. It was not until a few minutes before his death that his relatives became alarmed about his condition.

T. De Witt Talmage, Jr., was a native of Syracuse, N. Y., where he was born in 1858, while his father was pursuing a successful ministry in that city. He came to Brooklyn with Dr. Talmage, and studied here under Professor Davidson. He subsequently entered *the United States navy*, spending a year and a half in the service. After leaving the navy he studied in the Polytechnic Institute, and subsequently entered the Columbia Law School, from which institution he was graduated last June. He was admitted to the bar, and entered upon the practice of his profession in Brooklyn. He met with extraordinary success for a young man. He was enthusiastic in his work, and within a few months was intrusted with numerous cases. The members of the bar who knew him well and the judges regarded him as *a young man of great promise*, and predicted for him a brilliant future. Socially he was an agreeable companion and a warm and earnest friend. He had an extended circle of acquaintance, and all who knew him liked him.

A funeral service was held in the Tabernacle on Sunday afternoon, when the building was crowded to its utmost capacity, large numbers being unable to gain admission. In the centre of the open space before the platform, upon stands draped with black, stood a column of roses, camellias, lilies, tube-roses, and ferns, five feet high, surmounted by a dove with outstretched wings, and a lyre of similar flowers, bearing in immortelles across its face the legend: "Asleep."

The casket of black velvet, ornamented with silver bars and plate, was borne down the aisle and placed upon draped stools, and the family and intimate friends, followed, and filled seats reserved for them in the centre of the church, while Mr. George W. Morgan played the "Dead March from Saul" on the great organ. The casket lid was covered with flowers.

The Rev. Dr. Spear conducted the service. Seven ministers occupied chairs upon the platform.

Among the ministers on the platform was the Rev. Mr. Suydam, of Philadelphia, a classmate of Dr. Talmage's, who in the name of "a host of old friends" tendered heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved father and mother. He had known young Mr. Talmage as a boy, and spoke of the intelligence, the ready wit and the respectful demeanor that characterized him then. He had expected the boy's career would have been a very brilliant one. Looking at the casket before him he said, "To what purpose is this waste? No, it is not waste. From this casket comes a voice to us all, and even to this bereaved man of God, calling upon him to preach yet more earnestly and labor more energetically in the Master's service."

A tribute to the memory of the dead youth, written by United States District-Attorney Tenney, was read by the Rev. Mr. Easton. The writer had known Mr. Talmage from the time when he made choice of the legal profession, and testified not only to his brilliant abilities, but to the sweetness and excellency of his character. Mr. Tenney said that the young man had told him early in their acquaintance that he was animated by an intense desire to prove to his father that he could be not only an able lawyer but an upright man. In all the course of their daily interviews, Mr. Tenney said, he had never heard an unkind or uncharitable word, much less a profane or unclean word proceed from the young man's lips. "I mourn for him," wrote Mr. Tenney, "as for a beloved son."

After Dr. Spear had pronounced the benediction the lid of the casket was removed, and the congregation were allowed to walk past and take a last look at the face of the dead.

"We Cannot Spare you Yet," said Luther, when Melancthon lay upon what he believed to be his dying bed. And kneeling down, the great impetuous soul prayed: "O Lord our God, we beg, we implore, we cast all our burdens on thee; we will cry till thou hearest, pleading all the promises that can be found in the Holy Book. Thou must hear us, to preserve in us, for all occasions to come, our entire faith in thy word." "Oh, Luther," sighed Melancthon, "why can you not let me depart in peace?" "No, Philip, we cannot spare you yet," cried Luther; "cheer up; you shall not die," and proceeding to act as well as pray, the great Reformer gave directions to the nurse to go and make a certain kind of soup, and when this was brought to him, he fed the sick man with a spoon. Melancthon began to grow better as soon as he had swallowed the soup. He recovered, and outlived Luther many years.

TALES OF THE GROG-SHOPS.

By a London Clergyman.

JOHN SNOW'S WIFE.

(A Tale in Two Chapters.)

CHAPTER II.

LET no one, however, misunderstand me, and think that in John Snow's wife I am trying to set forth a perfect woman. She would have been the first to deny that. She had her dark and bitter moments, like most people in similar circumstances. At times, when quite alone, the children in bed, and in the midst of her weary waiting for John, a great rush of pain and misery would sweep over her, and for a season stun her.

At such times not a particle of light was visible; all dark, dark, dark. It was of no use trying to work then. No other course was open to her but to stay her hand and be still. And as in a thunderstorm the great black clouds first gather, and then the heavy drops fall, so was it with her at these periods in her history. Abandoning herself to her great grief, she could only stop through sheer physical exhaustion. More than once has she sobbed herself to sleep; and touching would the sight have been to any other eyes than those of her besotted husband, this weary woman in her restless, troubled sleep, her head upon the table, the mark of the tears still upon her flushed cheeks, and her work lying beside her as it was hastily dropped when the darkness first came.

These despairing moods were not frequent, however. Usually she mastered them before they fully formed. It was only when she neglected the first beginnings, and tried to beat them down in her own strength, that they so distressed her. Her usual course was to cast herself upon her Saviour's power, and to trust Him to ward off the coming storm; and according to the measure of her faith, so was it ever with her. But if ever, through any cause, she lost sight of Him, or her hold relaxed, immediately the storm rolled up and burst. Then it was that all seemed a desolation and a blank. Then the agony crept into her spirit, and robbed it of all its brightness. Then sinking lower and lower, she almost wished that she might die. But she never stayed long in the darkness, for as soon as she was able to think she called in all her energies, and cast herself afresh on Jesus.

And then the light came back again. How lightly she would move about then! How softly she would speak! You might almost trace, by the tones of her voice, the hush which was upon her spirit. Nobody, to see her then, would have thought her a drunkard's wife, and that John seemed as far off as ever from reformation.

Mrs. Snow's neighbors at such times would feel quite sure that she had won her John back again at last. And when one or two asked her how it was she could look so cheerful in spite of all her troubles, she would answer without any hesitation, "Because I'm looking straight at Jesus, and Jesus is looking straight at me."

Many a time has she brought tears into their eyes by her expressions of simple confidence in the love and power of her Saviour; and if ever their hearts ached with a sense of something wanting within, it was at such times as these; for trouble never sat so lightly on them as on John Snow's wife, though theirs was but a feather's weight in comparison.

It was a Friday morning. John Snow's wife remembered it well. That Friday morning was graven as with an iron tool upon her soul, for through the dark thunder-clouds which had rolled over her so long a gleam of sunshine shot.

John Snow had just completed his breakfast, and, with trembling hand, was about to place his hat upon his burning head, when, stepping up timidly to his wife, he said, "I'll try to be different, Jane, my dear;" and having said this, and kissed her, went out. It was not much, but it was something. And the patient wife, whose prayers had been going upward more busily than ever that morning, and especially when John was eating his breakfast, felt a great measure of comfort from it. And all that morning she went about with sunshine in her heart, and praises upon her lips; and the prayers she offered up for John were almost past counting.

At one o'clock John came home to dinner, and, to her great delight, she found that whatever he had been doing, he had not been drinking. Silently he eat his dinner, and silently she consumed hers. Again he went out, stepping up to his wife, and kissing her, with the very same words: "I'll try to be different, Jane, my dear."

And then the evening came. John Snow's wife was sitting at her sewing machine, making a dress for one of her customers. The machine made such a rattle that she did not hear her husband's footstep upon the stairs and in the room. Silently he stood there for some five minutes watching her, and busy with his thoughts. At length there came such a deep sigh from behind her chair that his presence could be concealed no longer.

Quickly turning round, she saw him, and gave him such a loving, wifely look, that he sighed more deeply than ever; almost sobbed, in fact. He sat down beside her. She pretended not to see his tears, and went on with her work until he should somewhat recover himself. If truth could be told, she needed recovering quite as much as he did; and the next morning's work plainly betrayed her feelings, for she had to undo, in a great measure, what she had done wrong then.

"Jane, my dear, I think I'm different now," were John's first words. And after her fervent "Thank God," half a dozen times repeated, he told his story: "I don't know how it is, but I've been feeling all over tender like lately. I feel as though I've been melting. I tried to throw it off for a time, But I couldn't do it anyhow. It only got worse. And so *I let myself melt.*

"And then the beer began to look different like, and I seemed to see faces in it—yours and the children's and sometimes they were weeping, and always sad. And my mind began to think for the first time for months. I couldn't help thinking of what you've been suffering through me, and how you've been working. And, Jane, I've been thinking how kind and good you've been to me, always saying loving things. I sometimes think if you'd scolded me, and treated me unkindly, I shouldn't have woke up like this. And Jane," he added, "I wish you'd make me like you."

Here he ended. And his wife, tender-hearted little woman that she was, quite broke down and cried; looking quite happy though, for all that, through her tears.

And then there came a little scene, which, if it were repeated over and over again throughout the whole world, would leave husbands and wives much the better for it—John Snow sitting at his wife's feet and learning to be better.

The first thing she insisted on, like a wise woman, was, that he should never again touch strong drink. To this John replied, "I have already made up my mind to that, my dear. I've signed the pledge." After this she took his hand in hers and drew him down on his knees beside her, and in a few quiet simple words thanked God for His great goodness.

"You know, John," she said, "you've been *prayed* into a sober man. It's all His doing, and nobody's else."

After this they had a long close talk about a matter which affected the future more than John Snow had thought.

"You see, John, if you try to be a sober man in your own strength, I'm afraid you'll break down."

"I'm afraid I shall," he replied.

"And then there's all the past drunkenness to be forgiven! What a lot of sins you must have run up by this time, John!"

"Yes, an awful lot, I'm sure."

And then that good little woman went on to tell him how he might be forgiven, and how he might be made strong in strength not his own.

And never did the name of Jesus flow from more reverent lips, or fall upon more thirsty ears, than in that humble little room, beside that silent sewing machine.

"You know," she said, "Jesus died for all your drunkenness, and your selfishness, and your anger, and your cruelty, and every other sin; and you have only just to trust in Him, and take Him for your Saviour; that's all."

"And will that make me like you, Jane?"

"More than like me, John; like the blessed Lord in time."

All that John Snow could say was an astonished "Oh!"

After a few minutes' silence said John, "I think I'll believe all that, Jane."

And then there came another quiet thanksgiving from the lips of John himself, and a rushing of angels' wings, as they mounted upward to tell in the courts of heaven the story of John Snow the milkman and his living repentance.

A few words in conclusion.

John Snow kept sober to the end of his days, and, before long, might be heard uttering his "Milk O's" as musically as ever. He was never known again to desert his milk-cans for the public house.

And John Snow's wife—God bless her!—became as proud of her husband as he was of her, and, as she walked past the old familiar spots, might have been heard whispering brightly to herself, "Didn't I say the real John was only covered over for a time? My John's himself again now, I thank God."

And many a drunkard's wife has called down blessings on her head for showing them how to deal with a drunken husband; and, as they too have won back their drunken husbands, have passed on their experience to others, and with one voice said, "You can't do better than copy John Snow's wife."

WHO WILL BE TAKEN UP WHEN THE LORD COMES?

By Dr. Henry Meynott.

Increased Interest in Prophecy—Satan's Wiles—Unwelcome Truths Received—Mistakes as to the Resurrection—How Unwatchfulness is Encouraged—Clinging to the Coast—Importance of Details—The Translation of the First-Fruits—Those who will be Left.

WHEN this question is taken beyond the range of speculation and curiosity, and duly estimated in all its bearings, it will be found to be of great practical importance and intense interest to the true-hearted child of God.

In the endeavor to obtain a clear view of it, many circumstances require to be taken into account. As the times of the Gentiles are closing, the Holy Ghost is manifestly awakening the Church from the slumbering condition into which it has been brought through its unhallowed alliances and compromises with the world. He is likewise endeavoring to place the members of the Church in that position of watchfulness for the return of the Lord with which so many privileged blessings are connected.

We thus find that of late years the "sure word of prophecy," that "burning and shining light," shining in a "dark place," has become increasingly attractive to many of the Lord's people, and during the prayerful investigation of the wonderful parabolic mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, from the knowledge of which the world is shut out (Matt. 13: 11), fresh light is being continually added. But in the study of this branch of the tree of knowledge, as in that of every other, Satan has been successful in mixing the tares of human wisdom with the wheat of Divine light.

All preconceived notions that are not in full accordance with Scripture, all natural tastes and inclinations how refined and importunate soever they may be, all æsthetic proclivities, all bowing down to the idols of human intellect, all cleaving to Church traditions, whether from choice or moral coercion, must be set aside without restriction, and a *tabula rasa* must be made and prepared by strict self-discipline, to receive upon it the impression of the only safe rule and infallible guide. "What saith the Scripture?", "To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them" (Isa. 8: 20).

Unless these rules be adhered to, we shall of ne-

cessity fall back upon "self" in some form or other, and, under the influence, it may be, of natural affection, resist any

UNWELCOME TRUTH

as somewhat too stringent and unnecessary, and then, perhaps, find ourselves in principle in the position of Peter, when he said, "Be it far from thee, Lord," and when he received the withering rebuke, "Get thee behind me, Satan," the quick eye of the Lord having at once detected the wiles of the wicked one acting on the natural affection of Peter.

Some say they do not *like* to believe that only watchful Christians will be taken up when the Lord comes, but it is not what we like that should influence us in gathering up the choice truths that are so profusely placed in our path; and in selecting them, and separating them from the equally profuse snares that the enemy has mixed up with them, we have Divine wisdom to assist us ready at hand (James 1 : 5). In searching after truth we shall be much hampered unless we can get out of the deep ruts of opinions long since formed and taken for granted, it may be from natural inclination, or from undue deference to human tradition and teaching.

If, as we hold, that interpretation of prophecy should prove to be correct which entertains the idea that when the Lord comes "one shall be taken and another left" (Luke 17 : 34), and that the one that is left is *an unwatchful, Lot-like Christian*, then any undue anxiety about any one dear to us being left to pass through "the great tribulation," while we ourselves are "counted worthy to escape," because of our obedient, prayerful watchfulness (Luke 21 : 36), would open us to another rebuke of the Lord to Peter, "What is that to thee, follow thou Me" (John 21 : 22).

Another reason why the idea of an eclectic rapture of the Church is distasteful is, that the opposite popular opinion requires

LESS SEPARATION FROM THE WORLD.

To suppose that the whole number of the Lord's children will be simultaneously gathered into the garner, especially in the present state of the Church, would greatly tend to keep the Lord's chosen people from the watch-tower, and retain their minds in a dim obscurity by the consequent neglect of the assistance offered in the "light shining in a dark place" (2 Peter 1 : 19).

Such a contracted view of unfulfilled prophecy, and consequent shutting out of the numerous details that are "written for our instruction" (2 Tim. 3 : 16), obtains in some degree with those who exclusively adopt what is called the year-day theory, which complacently leaves out of consideration the various incidents which are prophesied to take place during the running out of the great tribulation, and confounds in one dogma the ecclesiastical and infidel Antichrist.

Here, as in all other cases, it is useful, if not indispensable, to draw an outline, but in doing so we must not keep too close to the shores of truth, or we may rest satisfied with that simple, grand outline, "Christ the first-fruits, afterward they that are Christ's at His coming, then cometh the end," without heeding any of the details, which are equally "written for our instruction." It needs indeed a strong and fixed look to Jesus with the eye of faith to be able to press forward from the shelving shores and tread the *deep waters* of Divine truth, but His hand is ever ready to hold us up.

It is this too great generalization of God's purposes as revealed in His Word, and *neglect of*

PRACTICAL DETAILS,

that causes so much shutting up of the Word. Many valuable portions are regarded as inexplicable at the present time, and only to be revealed at some future period. It is an old and successful device of Satan. It was carried out in the days of Josiah the youthful king of Judah, when Hilkiah the high-priest found the book of the law which had been practically lost (2 Kings 22 : 8-13). It is a system that is a powerful help to priestcraft. It puts an extinguisher on the lights "shining in a dark place," and keeps the soul in obscurity and spiritual slothfulness, and causes it to rest satisfied with compromising with the world.

Multitudes are under the impression that the world is to be converted by the preaching of the Gospel during the "times of the Gentiles," and are willingly ignorant (the worst kind of ignorance) that the designed end of the Gospel is to gather out from the world a people for the Lord. There is a vague idea prevailing that when what is popularly called "the end of the world" comes there will be one simultaneous resurrection of the dead, and one general day of judgment.

In order to obviate such misleading views the mystical union of Christ and the Church should be steadily kept in sight. Before this union is ultimately completed a long and painful process of preparation is needed. As in the natural body, so in the mystical body, all the members are fashioned in continuance (Psalm 139 : 16). Even the head, though faultless throughout, was not perfected till the appointed amount of suffering was passed through (Luke 13 : 32; Heb. 2 : 10 and 5 : 9). The body, still in formation, is awaiting its union in glory with its already glorified head (John 12 : 28 and 17 : 5). Such is the present Scriptural position of the Church. The devout soul cries out, "What wait I for?" (Psalm 39 : 7). Waiting for the summons to the judgment-seat of Christ; there to receive its reward and to have its place assigned.

But this great work is now, and will be, till completed, a gradual progress. The completion of it is necessarily in connection with its resurrection. As one star differs from another star in glory, so also will the glorified members of Christ's mystical body. Scripture is full of comparisons to teach us every particular. The wave-offering (Lev. 23 : 10, 11) is replete with typical instruction. Not only is Christ declared to be the antitype of the wave-sheaf, but they likewise are who are referred to in James 1 : 18, and Rev. 14 : 4. In the harvest of corn

THE FIRST-FRUITS

were gathered in and waved before the rest of the grain. So we may learn that it will be when the Church is gathered into the garner. Mark, especially in Revelation 5 : 9 and 7 : 9, the difference between the two groups. They are both in resurrection, and are both culled from the same source —viz., "every kindred, and tongue, and people." The one group crowned and reigning (Rev. 4 : 10), and the other with palms of victory, having triumphed in the great tribulation through the blood of the Lamb, but uncrowned and serving (Rev. 7 : 14-15).

One of the reasons for believing that only *watchful* Christians will be caught up to meet Christ in the air at the first-fruits translation before the final three and a half years' tribulation is that in Rev. 14 : 1-5 those *first-fruits* are distinctly stated to be only 144,000, whereas the *harvest*, consisting of Christians caught up in the second translation, *after* the three and a half years, are stated to be "a great multitude which no man can number" (Rev. 14 : 15; 7 : 9-12). This coincides with the *man-child* caught up before the three and a half years and the *woman* left to go through those three and a half years, in Rev. 12.

Only *watchful* Christians are clearly implied to escape and be kept out of the final tribulation of three and a half years in Luke 21 : 36, "Watch and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape those things that shall come upon the earth, and to stand before the Son of Man," and in Rev. 3 : 10, "Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the season of temptation, that shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth." In the parable of the Ten Virgins the wise virgins are watchful Christians; the foolish virgins are unwatchful Christians.

Careful and prayerful attention should be given to the similitude of the Church in glory to the Bride of the Lamb, as depicted in Psalm 45. The comparison is full of variety. We have the queen in gold of ophir, the king's daughter, all glorious within, and the virgins, her companions and *followers*, all brought to the king. The same variety in unity is also shown in the figurative language of the Canticles 6 : 8. As "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy," so it may be said, with equal or greater truth, that there are more things hidden in the Bible, but open to our research, than are dreamed of in the philosophy of many Christians.

WHAT CAME OF A DINNER PARTY.

COULD anything be pleasanter? Everybody at the party knew everybody else. They were old neighbors and friends. The hospitable lawyer whose guests they were was a fine specimen of the genial and well-bred host. There was no excess. The feast of reason and the flow of soul were all that could be desired. Cheerful and good-natured talk melted down hours to minutes, and made the occupants of that elegant apartment as oblivious of the flight of time as of the storm that raved outside. Who could have said that there was anything fraught with peril in enjoyment so innocent and so delightful? Yet from that party there followed consequences which would have blanched every cheek and banished every smile, even on that festive evening, if the future could have been foreseen.

Perhaps the most brilliant of the guests was an artist who had just achieved distinction at the Royal Academy, the summit of an English artist's ambition, and whose conversational powers were as great as his artistic gifts. It was often said of him that no matter what the subject might be he could throw himself into it with a zest and intelligence which astonished even those most familiar with all its aspects. His was a mind keenly alive to every form and variety of beauty. The beautiful —whether in nature, in art, in thought, in manners, or in character—was the object of his idolatry. He held that the good and the beautiful are one.

With a sensitive and highly-wrought mental and spiritual constitution like his, it will be readily understood that brilliant society had uncommon attractions for him. He knew that he was a welcome and honored guest in such company, and it was not his nature to do anything by halves.

For some time before accepting the invitation to Mr. Morrison's party he had held himself in check, abstaining from everything in which he found himself unable to indulge with moderation. Without knowing anything of organized teetotalism, he had felt the necessity of giving up wine. He had observed how, little by little, the habit of increasing his daily quantum had gained upon him, and how, notwithstanding all his contempt for the slaves of appetite, he had himself on more than one occasion overstepped the bounds of prudence in that respect. Here, at the house of his friend, when every one took wine, he felt he must for once give up his resolution, and not "give himself the airs of asceticism." He observed the strictest moderation that evening, and found it so easy to leave off at the right time that he began to suspect that his fears had been the creation of a morbid brain.

Alas! alas! experience soon proved that according to his fear had been his danger. The very next evening he accepted another invitation, and after the ladies had withdrawn, remained with a few friends, and in their company once more gave way to excess. He had been talking only that very evening of the weakness and unmanliness of those who cannot control their appetites, little thinking in how short a time he himself would be acting the part of the Helot of Ancient Greece—exhibiting to all beholders an example of the deep degradation of drunkenness.

Nor did the evil stop here. He went from bad to worse, until at length he grovelled in the mire of vice, losing even the perception of nobler things, and caring for nothing beyond the round of sensual pleasures. He became one of those moral wrecks with which the coast of life is strewn, and all because it was part of the conventional respectability of the circle in which he moved *to drink wine*. The story needs no application. Its lesson he who runs may read. It is a lesson which is taught by daily and hourly experience in every walk of life, and which bids all who care for the moral and spiritual welfare of others beware how they encourage social customs which beyond all others tend to blast and destroy both body and soul.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Congress Reassembled after the Recess on Wednesday, January 5th. The House of Representatives promptly took up the Army Appropriation Bill, which, being free from the political riders so hotly contested in former sessions, was passed in three hours. The Inter-State Commerce Bill followed, and Mr. Reagan explained his scheme, the object of which we described last week. The subject of reapportionment also came up on a question as to the proper committee to consider it. A Reapportionment Bill, which will probably occasion considerable wrangling, was introduced by Mr. Springer. It proposes to increase the number of Representatives in the House, and also, among other important changes, to provide for minority representation by restricting the number of votes each voter may give at an election. In cases where three Representatives are to be elected, the voter may vote only for two, and where five are to be elected he may vote only for three. A similar plan is in operation in some English constituencies, but in many cases it has been found ineffectual.

The Refunding Question Formed the Subject of discussion in the House on Thursday and Saturday, and it was shown how wide is the divergence of views held by prominent members on this important question. Fernando Wood insists that a three per cent bond would be negotiable, while Mr. Frye, of Maine, has changed his opinion, and believes that such a bond would not be sold at full value unless of a longer date than the House would sanction. An amendment giving the Secretary of the Treasury a discretion in the matter up to four per cent, only found twelve supporters, 149 voting against it, It was elicited in the course of discussion that the rate the bonds now actually pay is about three and a quarter per cent. The nominal rate is higher, but as they cannot be purchased at their face value, the nominal rate is not realized.

The Attempt to Fix the Responsibility for the disastrous removal of the Poncas still occupies the attention of the friends of the Indians. A writer who has taken an active part in the dispute publishes an article in a contemporary, which distinctly charges Secretary Schurz with the crime. The Secretary in his reply admits that the removal took place with his consent and approval, but claims that the scheme originated with the previous administration, which also took the initiatory steps, and pleads that the removal occurred before he became familiar with the business details of his department, and before he became aware that the consent of the Poncas to the transfer had been fraudulently obtained. We may hope that as there is now a general admission that this Indian tribe was grievously wronged by the change, there may be no further blunders in dealing with them in the future, and that all the reparation possible may be made for the past.

The First Week of the New Year has been characterized by a series of tragedies and disasters such as rarely occur within so short a space of time. Murders, wrecks, and fatal fires, attended with serious loss of life, have made the week a memorable one, and have attracted renewed attention to the predictions which have been made as to the probable calamitous events of the year. At home and abroad a feeling of uneasiness and apprehension prevails, and in many homes sorrow for personal loss and sudden bereavement is added to the general depression.

The Irish Catholic Colony in Minnesota is reported to be undergoing extreme suffering. The colony consists of fifty families, who were brought from Connemara, Ireland, last summer, and established in Minnesota, where *houses had been built for them.* It was too late to plant seed on their land, but they had good opportunities to earn money in the harvest season, when their labor was needed. This they refused to do, claiming that the bishop who arranged for their immigration was obliged to support them till they could raise their own crops. They are now in great poverty, owing either to a misunderstanding of the arrangements or to an unwillingness on the part of their friends to encourage their lack of energy and thrift.

The Agitation Fostered by the Sand Lots party in California has acted prejudicially on the prosperity of the State. It is now almost the only State which is not sharing in the tide of commercial prosperity. The San Francisco *Alta* computes that the banking capital of the city has decreased $33,000,000, the improvement of property has been checked, and depositors in savings banks have decreased, the loans of the banks have been less than the repayment by borrowers, no new railroad is building, and home capitalists are transferring their business to other States, owing to the feeling of insecurity produced by Kearneyism.

The Vicious Haunts of New York, which flourish in spite of the municipal government, are frequently the subject of remark by visitors to the city, who are surprised at their existence in defiance of law. Some explanation of the circumstance is furnished in the fourth annual report of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, which has just been issued, and which contains a prefatory address to the citizens of New York. In this address it is stated that the chief obstacles in the way of the Society's work are the "*general apathy of the public*, the weakness of the law processes in regard to the sufficiency of evidence, the crowded condition of the District-Attorney's department, the light character of the sentences, and the abuse of the hotel license by the Board of Excise." Murders are committed in these resorts with alarming frequency, and their very existence is a reproach to the city, yet the Society is able to allege as one of the causes responsible for the iniquity, "the general apathy of the public."

A Whole Village Buried in Snow is Reported as existing in the Virginia mountains. On Thursday night a citizen of Berryville, Clarke Co., Va., discovered a man lying insensible in the snow on the outskirts of the village. He presented a very emaciated appearance, and when he had recovered consciousness under the care of his rescuers he told a deplorable narrative. It appeared that he was an emissary from Paris, a small town on the Blue Ridge Mountains, and had been sent to beg for help by the inhabitants. On Thursday, December 23d, he awoke to find his house enveloped up to the eaves in snow. He endeavored to tunnel through it, but after several hours' work gave up the attempt in despair. He then climbed up the chimney to the roof, and from there he saw a wide expanse of snow, with only the chimneys of the cottages visible. He succeeded in cutting a path through an upper window, and went to a house in a less exposed position and obtained assistance to rescue his wife and child.

The snow continued falling, and on the following Sunday a meeting was held to decide on some scheme to preserve life. All the food and fuel in the village was collected; the inhabitants were required to live together in eighteen houses in order to economize fuel, and the store of food was placed under the control of a committee, who were empowered to regulate its consumption. The man found at Berryville was then sent to request assistance. The citizens of Berryville organized an expedition of rescue, and a party, of which a clergyman and a physician were members, started in a sleigh the same day, carrying provisions and medicines to the entombed villagers. It is feared that many lives are already lost.

A Thief was Found Dying in the Midst of his plunder on January 4th, in an unfinished house in Brooklyn. He had effected an entrance into a dwelling, and had stolen a quantity of jewelry, fur-lined garments, and other valuables, and had then, to avoid capture, climbed to the roof. From there he walked along the roofs of other houses searching for an open scuttle. In crossing one of the roofs he fell through an opening left by the workmen to facilitate building operations, which is called the well. There was nothing to check the burglar's descent, and he fell to the ground floor, sustaining fatal injuries. The workmen found him the next morning in a death agony, the valuables for which he had endangered his life lying scattered around him. A striking illustration of the inspired warning (Ps. 94 : 23).

A Fire in which Thirteen Persons Lost their lives broke out in the Poor-House at Dover, N. H., on January 7th. It was discovered early in the morning, and an alarm was immediately sent out, but the engines were delayed by the deep snow, and owing to the drought sufficient water to extinguish the fire could not be obtained. There were one hundred and sixty-nine persons in the building, many of whom were locked in their rooms. The work of rescue was one of extreme difficulty, as the smoke had filled the house when the fire was discovered. The aged and sick had to be carried to places of shelter which were offered by neighbors, who also gave the poor people clothing and food. Thirteen of the inmates could not be found, and are believed to have perished in the flames.

Four Men were Killed in the Fermenting tub of a brewery in New York on January 6th. They had entered it to apply some varnish to the sides of the vat, and after working for about an hour, an explosion followed by shrieks was heard. The four men were dragged out of the vat and sent to Bellevue Hospital, but they were so seriously injured that all died in excruciating agony. It is supposed that the fumes of the alcohol were ignited by a lamp the workmen were using.

Another fatal accident occurred on the same day at the Refining and Smelting Works of Newark, N. J. Two large boilers exploded simultaneously, from some cause hitherto unexplained, killing four men instantly, and seriously injuring three others. The houses near the works were wrecked by the explosion, and a brick, shot through the window of one of them, struck a young lady as she lay in bed, inflicting alarming, if not fatal injuries.

The Device of an Undertaker Occasioned false hopes in a family in Baltimore recently. The rosy hue and life-like appearance of a dead child was remarked, and the parents refused to believe that life was extinct, and even when several physicians united in the most positive assertion that the child was dead, the remains were not removed from a vault, and the coffin was left open under the charge of watchers. The explanation has since been made that the undertaker had produced an artificial bloom by the use of sulphuric acid and other agents, and had thus excited hopes which rent the hearts of the mourners with a second pang. Such a device is a silly mockery. There is by the side of the bier only one solid comfort—that which Jesus gave to Martha (John 11 : 25).

The Lives Lost when the Alpena went down on Lake Michigan appear to have been sacrificed by culpable negligence. The coroner's jury which sat at Grand Haven to investigate the case, has found a verdict which says *the vessel was rotten* and unseaworthy, the life-preservers were in bad condition and unfit for use, and the life-boats, judging by the one that came to shore, were of no use in a storm. It harrows the heart to think of what those shipwrecked people may have suffered as they lost hope of the vessel and then found the life-boats a deceptive refuge, and finally their last resource of the life-preservers also vain. Many people who, in life's voyage, are relying on self-righteousness or deathbed repentance, or, at the worst, on ultimate pardon even after death, and who neglect the only sure way of salvation, will, the Bible assures us, go to a doom worse than that of the passengers of the Alpena (Acts 4 : 12).

A Young Man who Attempted Suicide in a New York hotel on January 4, wrote a letter before he fired the shot he expected would prove fatal. The letter contained expressions which show that where there is no knowledge of eternal truth the discovery of the emptiness of life may become intolerable. He wrote: "Life has been one awful deception to me, and I can stand it no longer. When I think of what I am capable of doing, I shudder at my mad career. I have a great many friends and relatives in this State, but I have deceived them all. My brain reels, and I can write no more." Happily the young man's career was not closed by his wicked act. He may yet live to find that there is a refuge for the weary and disappointed which never deceives, and may trust in Him of whom it is said, "He is faithful that promised" (Heb. 10 : 23).

A Petrified Woman is said to have been found at Cascade Lake in Nevada. The Carson (Nev.) *Appeal* narrates the circumstances. It appears that Alonzo Zaletto, an Italian fisherman, was going out to fish a few days ago, and when pushing off, his boat struck against something which attracted his attention. He investigated the matter, and found a petrified hand protruding from the sand and pebbles on the beach. In a short time he had unearthed a woman in a complete state of petrification. The body was in perfect condition, and appeared to have been that of an Indian squaw. A tradition exists that an Indian battle took place on the shores of the lake, and that the squaws joined in the affray, and the dead were buried on the sand. In certain conditions a dead body exposed to the action of sand and water becomes a mass of stone, but discoveries of such cases are rare. Earnest preachers who preach and agonize in prayer for the salvation of men have often occasion to grieve over the obduracy of those whom they seek to rescue, who appear to be so insensible to their appeals as to suggest the thought that *petrification of the soul* is not a rare process in this world. But even in such cases we are encouraged by a promise to hope and pray. (Ezekiel 36 : 26.)

A Fight Between a Bear and a Panther, Described by the Monticello, N. Y., correspondent of the *New York Times* shows how great a change will be worked on the natures of beasts before the prophecy (Isaiah 11 : 6–9) of millennial peace will be fulfilled. A man named Stewart, an aged hunter well known in the locality, in narrating his adventures said that one day in the fall as he was on his way to his cabin he saw a huge bear emerge from a cave with a panther's kitten in its paws. He concealed himself and watched the bear kill the young panther and then re-enter the cave and return with another panther which it also killed. The dying cry of the second aroused the mother and brought her promptly to the spot. Then ensued a fierce struggle in which the bear was torn to pieces by the panther, which apparently was aware that the bear was responsible for the death of its offspring.

The Grand Spectacle at Present Visible at Niagara Falls has attracted crowds of visitors from all parts of the State as well as from Canada. A newspaper correspondent, in the course of his description of the scene, says: "The Horseshoe fall is *frozen solid* two hundred feet from either shore. The formidable icicles suspended from the grizzly rocks are grand beyond description. *The ice mountains* keep working their way upward, and now reach a height of about 120 feet. The spray has made wonderful formations. The pretty cedars are so loaded with ice that they droop nearly to the ground. The grand old trees on Goat Island and Prospect Park are completely frosted over, and bend beneath their heavy coats of ice. The thermometer keeps below zero, while heavy ice continues running over the falls into the river below."

The scene must be one of beauty, far surpassing that of any building reared by man. The rapidity with which it has been produced is also a suggestive thought to the reflecting mind. "It is like a fairy palace," says one; but the Christian is reminded by its grandeur and purity of the glorious spectacle he will one day witness, as John saw it in his prophetic vision, and said, "I saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband" (Rev. 21 : 2).

A Girl Died in St. Louis from Homesickness two weeks ago. The physician in attendance could discover no physical disease in her constitution, and the friends with whom she was staying averred that her longing to return to her native land so preyed upon her as to arrest the vital functions. She was a native of Einsiedeln, in Switzerland, and was the only daughter of a peasant there. The father spoiled his child by indulgence, and the flatteries of friends helped to foster her vanity and pride. In a fit of disappointment, in which a foolish love affair culminated, she resolved to accompany some acquaintances who were emigrating to America. The populous cities here, with their ill-ventilated rooms, and the absence of the mountains she loved, made the girl miserable. She longed for home-scenes with passionate intensity, but had no funds to carry her thither, and she died of her homesickness. Her death is a warning both to parents and children.

A Boy Now in Kansas Penitentiary is Said to have sacrificed himself to save his father. According to a statement in the New York *Tribune* of December 29, it has been discovered that in a trial for the murder of a man named Farris, five years ago, the prisoner, who was only sixteen years of age, and who pleaded guilty to the charge, did so falsely. His father was the real perpetrator of the crime, and the son voluntarily accused himself to shield him from punishment. He has been in prison five years and has kept his secret until the death of his father removed the motive for self-sacrifice. Now, evidence is brought to light which proves the father's guilt beyond a doubt. The case is altogether a most extraordinary one in criminal annals and is one of those rare instances of which The Apostle speaks in Rom. 5 : 7.

A Lost Purse of Money was Recovered through a dream at Des Moines, Iowa, on December 27. The *Des Moines Register* relates that a resident of that place making a journey by coach, discovered on her return that she had left her purse, which contained a considerable sum of money, in the vehicle. A telegram was sent to the conductor, and he searched the coach without finding the purse. The lady pondered over her loss all the next day still she could not remember where she had laid the money. At night she could get little sleep, but at last falling into a light slumber dreamed that she saw her purse *in a particular spot* in the coach. In the morning she persuaded her husband to board the coach as it passed, and look in the place indicated for the missing article; he did so, and to his surprise found it in the identical spot where his wife had dreamed she saw it. The circumstance is remarkable and is another evidence that the mind, contrary to the atheistic theories of materialists, is sometimes more vigorous and active while the body is in unconscious repose than during the waking state.

The Portrait of Mrs. Hayes, which is to be painted and engraved as a temperance testimonial, is to be the work of Mr. Huntington. Mrs. Hayes gave her first sitting on Saturday, December 18th.

A New Serial Story will be Commenced in the next number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is written by Lady Hope of Carrideen, and is entitled "Touches of Real Life."

BAD LODGERS, AND HOW TO TREAT THEM.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"O Jerusalem, wash thine heart from wickedness, that thou mayest be saved. How long shall thy vain thoughts lodge within thee?"—JEREMIAH 4 : 14.

Why Ritualism is Popular—The Expulsion of Vain Thoughts—Man's Powerlessness—I. Certain Bad Lodgers—1. Proud, Conceited Thoughts—Self-Righteousness a Sham—2. Carnal Security—The Right Side of Seventy—3. Fruitless Thoughts—Resolutions to Seek the Lord—To Confess Him—To Work for Him—II. What Bad Lodgers They are—They are Deceitful—They Pay no Rent—Destroy Property—They Damage the Soul—Bring it under Condemnation—III. What to do with Bad Lodgers—Give Them Notice to Quit—Starve Them Out—Sell the House.

ONE notices in reading such a chapter as this fourth of Jeremiah that the change which God required in the Jewish people was a very deep and thorough one. It was not only the washing of their hands, nor the cleansing of their outward lives, but the washing of their hearts from wickedness; and the Lord did not alone require of them that they should cease from wicked actions, but even from vain thoughts. The like demand He makes of us, for He says by the mouth of His servant James, "Cleanse your hands, ye sinners; and purify your hearts, ye double-minded."

This makes our holy religion such a weighty and solemn business. If it were wholly a matter of outward ordinances, we might take the child and sprinkle it, or might bring the adult and plunge him; or we might admit all to a table where they should eat and drink such consecrated materials as should save them. This would be all easy enough, and hence men cling to a religion of ceremonies; for *heart religion is troublesome*, and the ungodly cannot endure it.

Ritualism is the

MOST POPULAR RELIGION IN THE WORLD,

because it is all "Hi! Presto!" Done in a minute—nothing to think of, nothing to care about, nothing to sorrow over. It is all a mere matter of form, which men leave to their priests, as they leave their deeds to be drawn up by their lawyers, and their physic to be prescribed by their doctors. The little that is wanted of them can be done without thought, and they can go on in their sins as pleasantly as ever.

Next to that in popularity is the religion of mere morality. "Yes, we know we do amiss; we will amend. Gross vices shall be lopped off as stray branches that run over a wall. We will at once purge ourselves from everything for which our fellow-men would blame us. Is not that enough?" Many hope it is, and live as if they felt sure it was. But the religion of the Word of God is not so. It is, "Rend your hearts, and not your garments;" hence ceremonies are not enough. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength;" hence outward actions are not enough. This is too hard a demand; and as for repentance and faith, the ungodly cannot enter upon such spiritual duties, for they have no mind to them. The carnal mind hates the mention of spiritual things.

This, I take it, while it makes the Christian religion so solemn, throws us back upon one of its great first principles—that salvation must be of grace; because if it be necessary that my heart must be changed, can I change it? I am bidden to do so. I am told in such a text as this to wash my heart from wickedness. But how can I do it? Shall a fountain purge itself? It has sent forth bitter waters—bitter as Marah; can it of itself do the reverse? No; this is the finger of God. If ever this is done, God must interfere.

Now to our text. "How long shall thy vain thoughts lodge within thee?" Bad lodgers. Some people have admitted bad lodgers into their chambers. I have known a good many people troubled with them; and there is no use in keeping them; they must be sent adrift. So the text says, "How long shall vain thoughts lodge within thee?" It means that we must not be slow to

give them notice to quit, for they ought not to be tolerated in the human breast.

First, let me *name some of these lodgers;* secondly, let me *show what bad lodgers they are;* and thirdly, let me give you *some advice as to how to get rid of them.* May the Holy Spirit also come and bless this word to their immediate ejectment, and may a stronger than they come and dwell forever in you, not as a lodger, but as Lord and owner of your whole being.

I. First, then, here are

CERTAIN BAD LODGERS;

and I should not wonder if some people here have found and furnished chambers in their hearts and heads for these mischievous tenants whose name is "vain thoughts."

1. Many thoughts may be called vain because they are *proud, conceited thoughts.* Thus, whenever a man thinks himself good by nature, we may say of his thoughts, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." If you are unrenewed, and dream that you are better than others because your parents were godly, it is a vain thought. If you have never been born again by the Spirit of God, and are trusting in your infant baptism, it is a vain thought. If you have never come to believe in Jesus, but think yourself very good because you are a respectable person and regularly attend a place of worship, it is a vain thought. If you have got it into your head that when we talk about sinners we do not mean *you*, and that when God's Word condemns men for their sins it leaves a loophole of escape for you, it is a vain thought. If you have an idea that you do not need to come to Christ as a poor, helpless sinner; that you do not want the same kind of change as others; that, indeed, there is a private way to heaven for you, and you have found the silver key of it, you have made a mistake—it is a vain thought.

You will have to be born again, or else *if you are not born twice you will die twice.* You will have to be washed in the blood of Jesus Christ, or you will die in your sins. You will have to come crying to Him for mercy, and to find everything in Him, or you will remain under condemnation and perish in your iniquity. If you think not so, it is a vain thought. Every thought of self-righteousness is a vain thought; every idea, moreover, of self power—that you can do this and do that toward your own salvation, and that at any time when it pleases you you can turn and become a Christian, and so there is no need to be in a hurry, or to seek the help of the Holy Spirit—that also is a vain thought. To reckon yourself to be anything more than a mass of sin and helplessness is a vain thought. You have misconceived your own true value and your condition before God.

Now, perhaps I speak to some here who really are very nice sort of people; at least they feel they are, for they go to a place of worship where they are not often spoken to very personally; and if the minister does speak pointedly, they say, "I do not think he has any right to talk in that way; people should be charitable." It is supposed to be charitable, you know, to allow people to go down to hell without warning them. My charity leads me to try as far as ever I can to break up all shams, and I am sure that self-righteousness is all a sham, a deadly delusion, a destructive error. It is ruining tens of thousands of people—good, quiet, harmless, inoffensive people—people, too, that are generous in their business, and kind, and all that, and who therefore conclude that they are safe for time and eternity.

2. Another sort of vain thoughts may be ranged under the head of *carnal security.* The poet says, "All men think all men mortal but themselves," and often as the saying is quoted never was a proverb more generally true. We are surprised to hear that So-and-so, who was well and hearty three days ago, is dead; we are quite taken aback for the moment, but we never dream that it will happen to ourselves. We are alarmed when we hear that a person who was sitting near to us in the pew on Sunday is now in his coffin; but we indulge the hope that we shall see old age.

We know all of us that life is very uncertain, yet multitudes are hazarding their souls upon the uncertainty of that life, under an inward belief, which they would not dare to express, that somehow or other they are sure not to die just yet. What is such security but a vain thought? Does it not strike you, dear friends, when a man is eighty, eighty-eight, ninety, that surely he cannot expect to get through another year? As a reasonable man he must reckon that he is soon to die. Not at all. He is often the man who thinks least about death, and if you introduce the topic he does not like the conversation, and starts you on another tack. Many who are younger than they do not like you to mention anything about advanced age or growing old.

You must talk of these old sheep as if they were still lambs, or they will not like it; speak plain truth about their years, and they are offended. If you want an old man to move quickly out of the road when you are driving, always cry, "Move on, *my lad*," and he feels complimented, and moves directly, because there is in him a joy in being thought young, and an aversion to the idea of his being old. This is ridiculous. You smile, and you may well smile, for it is a folly, but yet how common a folly!

Some one said to a Christian man, "What is your age?" and he replied, "I am on *the right side of seventy.*" They found out that he was *seventy-five*, and they said, "You told us you were on the right side of seventy." "So I am," he answered; "that is the right side, for it is the side which is nearest heaven—my blessed home." Why should not all Christians think so? They do think so when they judge rightly, for they joyfully sing,

> "Here in the body pent,
> Absent from him I roam,
> Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
> A day's march nearer home."

If a day's march is worth singing about, is not a year's journey nearer home a theme for still greater delight?

My hearers, drive out these vain thoughts about not dying? I will lead the way for you. I am as likely to die to-night as any other man upon the face of this earth. You too, my friend, may as likely never see another Sunday as any one else. You may die at any moment; and what, my dear hearer, if at this moment, while seated in that pew, your naked spirit were suddenly to find itself at the bar of God? What would become of you? I charge you by the living God, and by your care about your own soul, do let that thought pass through your mind—it is a vain thought for me to suppose that I shall have a ten minutes' longer life; it is a vain thought to grant myself a lease for another week, for I am a tenant-at-will, and I may be ejected in a moment, so let me get rid of the folly and vanity of carnal security. At this moment the Holy Spirit saith to any one of you who may be presuming upon long life, "How long shall thy vain thoughts lodge within thee?"

3. I know another set of thoughts; they are better-looking, but they are equally vain, for they promise much and come to nothing; they are vain because they are *fruitless.* These vain thoughts are like the better order of people in Jerusalem—

GOOD PEOPLE AFTER A SORT

—that is to say, they really thought that as God threatened them with judgments, they would turn to Him. Certainly they would. They had no intention of being hard-hearted. Far from it; they owned the power of the prophet's appeal; they felt a degree of awe in the presence of the just God as he threatened them, and of course they meant—they meant to wash their hearts, and they meant to put away all their forbidden practices; not just yet, but by and by.

They would not wait very long; of course not. A long delay would be very dangerous, but they might safely tarry a little longer. They had an engagement which would take them into worldly company, and so they must wait till that was over; and they had formed close connections which they could not very well break, and so religion must be regretfully postponed for a more convenient season.

Well, now, my friend, has not that been the style of your thought for a great many years? Did not you think like that when you were a child—when you were yet fresh to the ways of religion, and had not yet learned so much of other ways as you have now? Do you not remember those early impressions—those tears at night, those childlike cries to Jesus, your mother's Saviour? Yes, you do recollect them; and there were times not so very long ago when all came back to you, and you sat in the house of God trembling, and wishing you could get to your chamber and bow your knees in prayer. You were on the borders of Immanuel's land, and there was only a step between you and life. You wished that the step was taken, but, still—well, there was a reason why it should not be taken *just yet;* and so you dared to bid the Lord wait your leisure, as if He were a beggar at your door to whom you were under no obligation.

Now the Lord says, "How long shall thy vain thoughts lodge within thee?" for they are all vain—these delays, these false promises, these self-deceptions. How long shall it be that they shall throng the avenues of your soul and curse your spirit?

In some, who I hope are saved, their vain thoughts lie in a similar direction; they trust that they have believed, but they are slow to obey their Lord in publicly avowing their discipleship. They know that the Gospel has two precepts—"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," or, in other words, "He that with his heart believeth, and with his mouth maketh confession of Him, shall be saved." They resolve that they will one of these days make a confession of their faith; such is their fixed intention, but the time is not yet come, for at present they are filled with questionings as to their condition.

They once felt sure that they had faith. Had they confessed it then, that certainty might have continued. They have so long kept in abeyance their obedience to their Lord that they begin now to question, and perhaps rightly, whether they have really believed. The Lord Jesus has said, "He that confesseth me before men, him will I confess before my Father which is in heaven." But, then, somebody would laugh at them; they would have a cross to carry, and this hinders them, and they postpone obedience to an indefinite period. Jesus Christ says, "He that taketh not up his cross, and followeth not after me, is not worthy of me;" but they mean if they can to find a by-path, so as not to go along the King's highway and pay toll at the gates, or be met by the King's officers, or be seen by the King's enemies. They will, if they can, creep under a hedge when the battle begins, and so escape the perils of the fight.

Their religion gives them

THE COURAGE OF A RAT

behind the wainscot, and no more. They do not come out except it is at night, when nobody sees them. But this cowardice is not intended to last forever; they are going to be very brave one of these days; you shall see them performing great exploits. They intend before very long openly to say, "I am on the Lord's side." They will come forward and display their colors; they will be the bravest of the brave; only not just yet. Another time for seeing the church officers with reference to union with the church will pass away, and another, and another, and yet they will be no nearer the point of decision. Their resolutions are vain thoughts, and so I put the question, "How long?" Do fix some time or other. Do not forever remain a trifler with God, and His church, and His command. "How long shall thy vain thoughts"—thy ineffectual promises of obedience to Christ—"lodge within thee?"

Now I shall come closely home to some here whom I love in the Lord if I say that resolutions to be very useful, prayerful, and holy are often little better than vain thoughts, because they are incumbered with procrastination. There are many who love the Lord who have never done much for Him because the time of figs is not yet. Leaves, and leaves only, have they produced. They are live branches of the vine, although they have not brought forth many grapes; but they cheer themselves with the persuasion that one of these days—they do not know quite when—they will bring forth clusters as famous as those of Eschol, though hitherto they have been poor specimens of Christian professors; their mind is made up to rise to a

higher life; they will grow in grace; they will give more time to Bible-reading and prayer; they will live nearer to God; they will grow quite strong Christians; and when that happens then they are going to do some great thing—I do not know quite what form their resolution is to take; but they will do something extraordinary.

They will enter the Sunday-school and bring scores of little children to the Saviour's feet. They will commence a class for young men; the class is sure to grow, and out of it many will come to build up the church of God. They will become fathers or mothers in Israel, and their children will be many; or they are going to preach at the village stations, draw large congregations, and lead hundreds to the Saviour. They are going to serve the Lord by personal exertion, or to give to the cause of God very largely of their substance.

Some men brood so long over their future intentions that they all of them become addled eggs, and nothing whatever is hatched. Oh, man, "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it," do it, do it "with thy might." Do not leave it for somebody else to do when you are dead. Many make up their minds that a great thing shall be done—when they die. When they cannot hold their money any longer, then they will give it up—a wonderful sacrifice to God! but he that would serve God acceptably determines, "I will give Him of my substance while it is mine, and not when it is my heir's."

My dear friend, I would have you regret your idleness. It is infinitely better to get to work and perform the little which you are able to do; to give the Lord your service while you can serve Him than that you should have to lie up-stairs trying to amuse yourself or quiet the upbraidings of a guilty conscience by proposing to do great things, which you could not accomplish if you were to set about them, and which, indeed, you will never even so much as attempt.

II. Now, secondly, let me show

WHAT BAD LODGERS THEY ARE.

Vain thoughts get admittance into our heads and hearts, and there they make themselves at home, and do mischief without end. They run up-stairs and down-stairs, and all over the house, and they multiply every day; but they are dreadful pests—the worst lodgers the soul can harbor.

For, first, they are *deceitful*. The man that says "When I have a more convenient season I will send for thee" does not send for Paul any more; he never intended to do so. A man says "To-morrow;" but to-morrow never comes. When that comes which would have been "to-morrow" it is "to-day;" and then he cries, "To-morrow," and so multiplies lies before God. What deceptiveness it is on the part of any man, who knows to do good and does it not, that he should think to put off God with empty promises! Now listen to that: "To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." "Sin." That is God's word, not mine. But you ask me, "To him that knoweth to do good, and truly intends to do it, does not the intention remove the sin?" I answer, decidedly, No. "To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

So long as he refuses to do what he knows to be right he is sinning, and every minute that he delays heaps another sin, and so the sin multiplies like money that is borrowed at compound interest; the amount of guilt runs up, and you never know what it comes to. Delay in performing duty is the most mischievous evil, doing infinite damage to the heart in which it lodges, because it defiles it with falsehood upon falsehood, and thus provokes the Most High. *Oh, I would turn such a lodger as that out.* David said, "He that telleth lies shall not tarry in my house." Do not suffer these vain thoughts to lodge a day longer, for they disgrace you, and place you in jeopardy.

Vain thoughts are bad lodgers, for

THEY PAY NO RENT;

they bring in nothing good to those who entertain them. There is the lodger of self-righteousness, for instance; what good does self-righteousness ever do to the man who entertains it? It pretends to *pay in brass farthings*; it pretends to pay, but the money is counterfeit. What good does it do to any man to harbor in his mind the empty promise of future repentance? It often prevents repentance. I would rather hear a man say straight out, "Now, look here: I never mean to repent or believe; my mind is made up as to that matter." This, at least, is truthful; that man will, perhaps, change his mind, or God will change it. But that other man—the soft, putty-like being,

THE INDIA-RUBBER MAN,

you may squeeze him; pull him out; force him together again; do what you will with him; he gets back into his old shape. There is no solid stuff in him; you cannot make anything of him.

These irresolute men, "unstable as water," cannot excel; they are neither good for use nor for ornament; and we have plenty of this class. Are you one of them, my friend? If so, God help you to get rid of these bad lodgers of instability, self-sufficiency, and constantly promising, because they pay no rent. And so you Christian people who are *always on the verge of being splendid*, you members of churches who are always going to be generous, who are quite certain that you shall be useful, only you never are, what profit has ever come to God, or yourself from this continued hesitation? Let such a lodger as that depart at once, for the longer he lingers the more will you lose by him.

The next reason for the ejectment of these lodgers is this: that they are *wasting your goods and destroying your property*. For instance, every unacted resolution wastes time, and that is more precious than gold. It also wastes thought, for to think of a thing and to leave it undone is a waste of reflection. It is a waste of energy to be energetic about merely promising to be energetic; it is a great waste of strength to be forever resolving to be strong, and yet to remain weak.

Worse than their damaging your house, they are *damaging you*. Bad lodgers will break your windows, burn your shutters, pull down your wainscots, and do a thousand spiteful things. When they will neither pay nor go, they will do all the mischief they can; and thus do vain thoughts—foolish, ineffectual thoughts—work us grievous ill; for the man that resolves and does not carry out the resolve grows in irresolution. He that yesterday said he would, but to-day does not, may to-day say he will, but there will not be so much strength in his resolve as there was in that of yesterday; and he failed yesterday, and he is still more certain to fail now.

A man that has been ten years making up his mind to think about eternity is ten degrees less likely to do so. A man who has had ten years' sermons earnestly driven at him, and yet they have not penetrated him, is as one that has been ten years hammered on the anvil, and is just so much the harder. Oh! God, how are men hardened, besotted, befooled, and enslaved by vain thoughts? How long will you let these lodge within you? Shall they remain till they have plundered you of heart and hope, and left your mind a ruin?

Worst of all, these vain thoughts are bad lodgers because they *bring you under condemnation*. There have been times when to entertain certain persons was treason, and many individuals have been put to death for harboring traitors. Rebels condemned to die have been discovered in a man's house and he has been condemned for affording them a hiding-place. Now God declares that these vain thoughts of yours are condemned traitors. Are you going to harbor them any longer? If a lodger came to your house, and after a while a policeman called and said, "You let your front room I think?" "Yes." "What kind of a person is your lodger, and what is his business?" I think after one or two visits of that kind you would say to your lodger, "I shall be obliged if you will go somewhere else," for you would not enjoy the idea of having a suspected person within your doors. Nobody does.

Now these vain thoughts, these self-righteous thoughts, these boastings in self—they are something more than suspected; they have been judged, and condemned to die; and, oh! let not your heart become a haunt for things that God abhors.

III. That brings me to my closing head, which is, Let us see

WHAT TO DO WITH THESE BAD LODGERS.

The first thing is to *give them notice to quit at once*. Let there be no waiting. When a man is converted it is done at once. There may be a long process by which he comes up to it, and there may be a long succession of light-breakings before he gets clear about it; but there is a turning-point. There is a line thin as a razor's edge, which divides death from life, a point of decision which separates the saved from the lost. Did you ever notice in our Lord's parable of the prodigal son the decision of the repenting one? He said, "I will arise and go unto my father;" and he arose and came to his father, and, as I heard a quaint divine say, *he did not give his master a day's notice.*

The narrative tells us that he had joined himself to a citizen of that country who had sent him into the fields to feed swine. He ran off there and then just as he was. If he had gone to see his master, and had said, "Sir, I am obliged to go home and see my father," or if he had stopped to clean himself—if he had stopped to purchase better linen, and a fairer suit of clothes, before he went home, he would have died of hunger at the swine-trough. But instead of that he did the right thing; he ran for his life directly; and that is what you must do. "Well, I shall, I hope," says one. You never will, my friend, if you get no farther than that. It must be done at once. And, possibly, it is "now or never"—ere the clock tick again. Wilt thou have Christ and go to heaven, or thy sins and go to hell? Quick! Sharp! God help thee to answer aright, for on that answer may hang eternal things.

The first thing, then, is to give

NOTICE TO QUIT

to all self-righteousness. Away with it! Away with it! What a fool I was ever to have any! All self-confidence—away with it! I had better lean on a broken reed than lean on myself. To all delays—to all hopes that I shall live another week—away with them! Away with them! I have no ground for such hopes. Away with them. Quit, quit, vain thoughts. Oh, that they would go at the bidding!

Suppose that these vain thoughts will not go just when you bid them begone. I will tell you what to do to get rid of them; *starve them out.* Lock the door, and let nothing enter upon which they can feed. I would have you unconverted people say, "We confess that we have fed our vain thoughts, but now we will not go where they can get food. We will not go to ungodly amusements, nor into evil company, nor will we talk with idlers on our way home." Send into your heart what you know vain thoughts cannot be nourished upon, what will be poison to them. Give them God's Word. Read it, and study it, and cry to God to have mercy upon you. Do nothing which will help these vain thoughts to live.

I will tell you a secret, and then I have done. The best way in all the world that I know of to get rid of vain thoughts out of your house—these bad lodgers that have gone in and that you cannot get out—is to *sell the house over their heads.* Let the house change owners. When you have done that, you know, it will be the new owner that will have the trouble of turning them out; and he will do it. I recommend every sinner here that wants to find salvation to give himself up to Christ.

Come out, you vain thoughts. They will not come out. Notice to quit we give you; and they will not go. Now we will tell them something that will change the nature of the struggle. Lord Jesus, I trust thee to be my Saviour from every form of evil; and I am not my own now, for thou hast bought me with a price. Ah, now the stronger than they are has come, and He will bind the strong ones, and He will fling them out of window, and so break them to pieces with their fall that they shall never be able to crawl up the stairs again. He knows how to do it. He can expel them; you cannot.

God bless this simple word to many, for His name's sake. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Jeremiah 4.]

DESOLATED HOMES.

ONE of the most heart-rending scenes ever witnessed in New York occurred in the police station of the Fourth Precinct on Tuesday, January 4. A fire had broken out in a miserable tenement-house at the rear of Madison Street, and the bodies of ten victims, singed and charred so as to be almost unrecognizable, had been carried there to await the coroner's inquest. The burned house had been nothing less than a death-trap, its position having made it inaccessible to the firemen when they responded to the alarm. It was situated in the centre of a triangular block having houses in the front and rear, the only mode of ingress and egress being a long narrow alley-way 45 feet long and 30 inches wide.

Plumbers were at work there on Tuesday morning, and were using gasoline, which exploded and set the stairs on fire. The occupants of the upper stories were thus cut off from escape to the street, and though some of them jumped from the windows and were caught by the crowd below, ten lives, all women and children, were lost. The smoke which filled every room overpowered them, and before the fire could be got under, the floors fell, and they were burned to death. The husbands and fathers were at their work when the calamity occurred, and as they returned to their midday meal they were confronted with the desolation that had robbed them of all they loved on earth. Among these was one man whose grief will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The report says:

"Shortly after one o'clock a stern-faced man with a short gray mustache entered the station-house, and with strange calmness, though the twitching of the muscles of his face showed the violence of the inward struggle he so manfully fought with, inquired if any one knew aught of *his wife and children*. With a few words of preparation for the dread spectacle he was about to look upon, a kindly sergeant led him to the passage-way wherein lay the blistered and blackened forms of those whom but a few hours since he had left in health and safety. The scene which followed will long live in the memory of those who stood by and saw the strong man battle with grief such as happily falls to the lot of but a few among poor humanity. 'Where are they,

WHERE ARE MY CHILDREN,

my little ones?' he cried hoarsely as he gazed on the faces of the mute forms lying prone around him. Then his eye caught the features of his youngest boy. He fell on his knees beside the corpse and looked long and earnestly at the features of the little one that but a few hours before he had kissed good-by. The silence that ensued was painful, and the strong men turned away to hide the evidence of a feeling it were idle to attempt to suppress.

"At last the man spoke again, but the voice was strangely changed, hollow and weak, and as though awaking from a dream, he said, 'Ah, yes, that's Charley; our little Charley —*father's pet*,' and then he smoothed the disfigured face with his hard, toil-worn hand, and put back the tangled, grimy curls that clustered round the blackened forehead. Then in an instant a second change came over the man, and springing to his feet he fiercely queried of the bystanders, 'And where is Tommy? *Where is my little Tommy?*' But before the answer came the father's eye lit on the features of his boy, and again he crooned out words of endearment to the lifeless form as he crouched over the dead body of his child.

"Then, as he again rose and stood upright, kindly hands were outstretched to lead him away, but he shook them off hastily. '*Where is my wife?* Show her to me—won't you, somebody?' he said. They led him to where lay that which a few hours since had been a living, breathing woman, and the distraught man again upon his knees threw off the blanket hiding the charred, unrecognizable remains of the mother of his children.

"And now a scene occurred as difficult to convey appropriately in mere words as it was agonizingly painful to the beholders. As the man, momentarily dumb with grief, turned aside the wraps that concealed the remains of his wife—he seized upon *the blackened form of an infant* she held tightly clasped in her arms, which up to this moment had escaped the notice of the police. 'Yes, yes, it is my wife and my baby. Oh, I did think that one was at least saved to me.'

"Then he rose, and with his head bowed on his breast left the place and passed into the station-house, murmuring to himself, '*All gone, all lost!*—wife, boys, baby—all gone! O Charley! O Tommy! my poor boys! my poor boys!'"

The daily mercies of God's providence are about us continually, so that they are too often forgotten, and we go our way unthankful to Him who careth for us by night and day. It is only when such a calamity as this occurs that we realize how much we owe to "the Lord who daily loadeth us with benefits" (Ps. 68 : 19).

LATTER-DAY INIQUITY.

THERE are certain great principles underlying the prophecies that relate to the end of the world, which are of more importance than the inferences deduced by the best school of interpreters from the particular numbers and symbols of those Scriptures. One of these principles is that *sin cannot die out, but will have to be destroyed;* and that wickedness will triumph more and more in the face of godliness, and will have reached its culmination, to the dismay of the Church, when the Son of man comes "with power," as the expression is in Matt. 24 : 30 and Luke 21 : 27.

These principles are *very widely accepted* by persons who do not profess to be students of prophecy, and who therefore do not express their opinions in direct corroboration of it. As an illustration of this we quote the following remarks from the *New York Observer*, than which no journal of America has more won the public confidence by its solidity of judgment and its freedom from eccentric or sensational writing:

"The evil is down in *the frame-work of society*, in the people themselves, but it is all the more alarming on that account. As they are the fountain of power, the institutions of the country sooner or later become assimilated to them in character. It must be evident to all persons of the least observation that there has been growing up among us, of late years, a sentiment in regard to crime and a sentimentality in regard to criminals, which is very different from that of our fathers, and which is very different from that which has prevailed among the most enlightened nations. It is claimed to be an advance, but the advance is downward.

"A large part of the community are trying to shake off the consciousness that under the government of God there is a penalty, and that under every righteous human government there should be punishment, actual punishment, for wrong doing. The modern theory is that sin is not sin but disease; that crime is not crime but misfortune; that evil doers, including the most violent and dangerous of criminals, are not to be regarded as guilty, but simply as objects of commiseration.

"And it is not mere theory; it is rapidly becoming the basis of action with many who bear the name of philanthropists and with many more who act under their leadership. When some shocking crime is committed the public mind is instinctively shocked, but no sooner is the perpetrator of the crime arrested and in the way of being brought to punishment, than popular sympathy for the criminal manifests itself. The crime and the victim are speedily forgotten; the criminal is put into the position of an unfortunate hero battling against cruel and oppressive laws from the severity of which he must be rescued.

"When a criminal is convicted, no matter what his crime may be, the tide of popular sympathy rises higher, and if the offence be a capital one, the whole community is stirred by the efforts made to prevent the execution of his sentence, and when all other means fail, the Executive is persecuted with entreaties and threats to secure a pardon or commutation of his punishment, with the hope of ultimate release.

"As a part of the same system, the discipline of our prisons has been made to conform to the new theory of justice, and there are many who, if it were in their power, would convert these places of punishment into luxurious hotels for the comfortable accommodation of the unfortunates who are sent to them. The chief promoters of this change in popular sentiment are not believers in the Christian religion, though some profess to derive their views from the Gospel. The Word of God nowhere countenances such an obliteration of the distinction between right-doing and wrong-doing.

"*The whole Bible is founded upon this eternal distinction.* 'Justice and judgment' are declared to be 'the habitation of God's throne.' The greatest manifestation of God's mercy ever made, that which includes all others, the gift of His Son to be the Saviour of the world, only enforces the claims of justice. He pardons sinners by providing a substitute. 'The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed.' There is nothing in the precepts of the Gospel which requires us to treat those who have committed crimes against society as if they were innocent, or to shield them from deserved punishment. We may not cherish vindictive feelings toward any, but the New Testament, as well as the Old, teaches that rulers are ordained of God 'for the *punishment* of evil-doers and for the praise of them that do well'" (1 Pet. 2 : 14).

Here is not an allusion to prophecy. The writer has not in his mind a thought of what the Bible tells regarding the state of the world in the last days. He simply describes the moral sentiment of modern society, as it appears to every thoughtful man or woman who is sensitive about the honor of God. And other statements of a similar import are frequently to be found in the writings and sayings of public men, which establish the fact that while the Church and the civilized world congratulate themselves on the decrease of criminals, the purity of legislatures, and the multiplication of benevolent institutions and missions, there is a painful increase of drunkenness, prostitution, Sabbath desecration, immoral literature, and disrespect for authority.

No sensible person, whether a student of prophecy or not, doubts that society is becoming refined, and that it would now be shocked at vulgar sins which were regarded with complacency even fifty years ago. It is also true that the Church is growing in numbers and in an intelligent sense of its responsibility. But the *love of sin* is not lessening, while the conscience of society is becoming blunted in regard to what constitutes sin in the sight of God; and with reference to the alleged improvement of spirituality in the Church, the change is largely intellectual and sentimental. The Church does not *lift up its voice persistently*, as it used to do, against the corruptions of society; while the prevalent tone of toleration, even to the verge of tacit acquiescence, toward Unitarianism, Universalism, Roman Catholicism, and Rationalism, all four of which are the power of hell put forth against the kingdom of God, is a symptom almost peculiar to the present day.

Men have in all ages trafficked with the Word of God for gain; but never till now have ministers allowed it to be undermined through sheer indifference to the danger. No degree of personal piety nor of faithfulness in "dividing the word of truth" to regular congregations, can take the place of *trumpet-tongued antagonism* to "the enemies of the Lord." Let us not be misunderstood. We would detract nothing from the glory that invests the names of the venerable leaders of our various Protestant denominations; and we fully believe that the Church has never been blessed with more godly, faithful, and self-denying a body of ministers as it possesses now. But the whole world is increasing in wickedness, and the Church loses tone from the contagion. The Church and the world alike are becoming more regardful of the obligations of man to man; but *the commandments of God* are less thought about than they were when society was in a state that would be considered scandalous at the present time.

Our Saviour's words were: "Blessed are ye

when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake" (Matt. 5 : 11). Yet it is certain that the Church was never more successful in avoiding collision with the ungodly, and in securing the favor of society, than it is to-day. The "two witnesses" spoken of in Rev. chap. 11, who are to excite the bitter enmity of the world, will probably be the last apostles of the Paul, Luther, and Knox character; but there may be others before them, who will make it impossible for the wicked to rest in peace.

VISION-SEERS.

By Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., Pastor of The Church of The Strangers New York.

"Your young men shall see visions."—JOEL 2 : 28.

The Use of Visionaries—Compared with Practical Men—The Visionary Engineer—Blessed are the Seers—The Seers in Science—In Religion—John Bunyan—The Effect of Young Men Becoming Vision-Seers — The Faith that Precedes Righteousness—The Practical Work for Christians.

IT is not an uncommon thing to hear men of narrow intellects and great vital energy disparage those who are called "*visionaries*," while it is the fashion to laud the "practical."

A man who has a talent for working a treadmill is tickled by being told that he is "practical." He congratulates himself that he is attempting no impracticable thing. He is struggling up no heights of fancy; not he. He thinks that the silliest youth of whom he ever heard is that young person in Longfellow's poem who bore a flag with the strange device of "Excelsior," and went climbing up the snow and ice therewith, fool-hardily beginning his journey in the afternoon.

If that young visionary had been a practical person, he would have heeded the warnings of that old man and of the peasant; and, instead of going on with a tear standing in his bright blue eye, he would have turned in at the voice of the maiden, especially if the maiden's father had had a store of bread and cheese in the chalet. But that Alpine youth was *not* practical. The pious monks of St. Bernard *were*; and none of them ever perished in the snow. But they did find this unpractical youth half buried in the drift of the avalanche, "lifeless but beautiful."

"There," says our practical friend, "what's the use of being beautiful if you are lifeless?"

And, as to the meaning of the last three lines of the poem, about a voice falling from the sky "serene and far," our practical friend gives it all up; he does not even ask the solution of the conundrum which it involves.

Now, the real fact is that one "visionary" man, in the highest meaning of the phrase, is *worth a dozen "practical" men*, and for the simple reason that there would be no practical men if there were no visionaries, as there would be no profitable activity without high thought. The whole use of practical men—and they are never to be disparaged—is to make real in every-day life what the visionary men have first seen with their spiritual eyes.

The visionary is he who, before a foot of it is laid, sees a railway reaching from New York to San Francisco, over river and bay and lake and prairie and mountain and cañon. The practical men are the laborers who blast the rocks, and bring dirt in the carts and wheelbarrows to make the grade and construct the road.

The visionary is the engineer who searches up and down a river, and at last detects the precise spot where a bridge should span the stream, and who, at the same moment, sees every block of stone which is to go into the abutments, and every piece of timber or iron or steel which is to make the strings, the thwarts, the chesses, and the couplings. The practical man is the mason, or the carpenter, or the laborer, who makes that vision a real strong, safe passage-way for loaded wagons or thundering trains.

Without these necessary practical men there would be no bridge over the river; but without

THE INDISPENSABLE VISIONARY

there would be no bridge anywhere, and no kind of employment for practical men, who must stand holding in reserve their most valuable powers until the visionaries suddenly say, Put such a cottage there, and such a palace there, and such a church there, and such a warehouse there, and such a bridge there, and such a tunnel under yon mountain, and such a telegraphic cable under the ocean. At the command of the visionaries the practical men find something to do, and they do it. "Your young men shall see visions," said the prophet, in one of the grandest passages in literature.

BLESSED ARE THE SEERS!

We owe them everything. It was a seer of visions who beheld the people of Israel led out from the house of bondage into the land which Jehovah had promised unto Abraham. The seer of that vision, Moses, would never have been able to endure the prodigious strain which came upon him when he had to carry all that people forty years about in the Sinaitic desert and organize a nationality which should revolutionize the ancient world of thought and action.

It was a seer of visions who heard, near the gates of Damascus, that Jesus who vouchsafed him such a vision of glory as enabled the young pupil of Gamaliel to organize forces which should revolutionize the modern world of thought and action. It was a seer of visions who went forth from his cell in the Erfurth monastery to begin the Herculean task of cleansing the fouler then Augean stables of mediæval Rome.

It was a seer of visions who, standing on the eastern shore of Europe, gazed over the waters toward the west, and beheld a great land stretching where practical men saw only a waste of waters. America lay large and fair in the eyes of Columbus, alluring and attracting him long before his vessels beached themselves upon its unknown coast. The world had gone on without this addition of America but for that vision in some man's eyes, if not in the eyes of Columbus.

It was one seer of visions who beheld printed sheets before a type was made. It was another who saw boats and carriages propelled at rapid rates before any steam-engine had been constructed. It was another who saw telegrams outflying the winds before the click of an instrument had been heard in the land. It was a seer of visions whose eye ran up and down from end to end of an ocean telegraph, and whose ear heard *the nations whispering to each other*, and kissing each other through these thousand miles of ocean long before a strand of the cable had been formed. And in art as in science, literature, government, trade, and religion, it is the visionaries who pioneer the way for the practical men, and draw their heavier brothers forward by the songs they sing far up great heights and far away beyond great mountain ranges.

The Good Father knows, and only He, how much practical repentance, faith, self-denial, and grand, godly living have been created in hut and palace by

THE VISION WHICH JOHN BUNYAN SAW

in Bedford jail. Since Jesus ascended no history of actual personal or national transactions has had a hundredth part the influence which has been exerted on mankind by the simple narrative of the English tinker's vision of "Pilgrim's Progress."

Bunyan has done more for the world than Thucydides and Herodotus, than Tacitus and Livy, than Gibbon and Hume, than Rollin and Thiers, than Niebuhr and Dahlmann, than Prescott and Bancroft, and than all of them put together. For true religion that Dreamer has done more than any dozen "practical" preachers who have lived since his day. He enlarged the possibilities of practical preaching.

The general fact is that it is the men that see visions who make possible the existence of the work of the men who do deeds; and when "practical men" disparage "visionaries," and when our current speech compels our lexicographers to define a "visionary" as "one whose imagination is disturbed," and "one who forms *impracticable schemes*," it is simply another instance of the clay criticising the potter. In every such case, so much the worse for the clay.

It is because works of faith must precede works of righteousness that I would have the young men of America put themselves in such a posture toward the Holy Spirit of God that He may pour upon them the fulfilment of Joel's prophecy, "Your young men shall see visions."

Think what a state of affairs would follow if all the Christian young men of the land went about, day and night, with *their eyes full of visions* of the greatest and wisest possible activities. What would they see by day and dream by night? They would see strong young men growing up into the most radiant manhood on wharf, in counting-house and bank, in shop and store, in drawing-rooms and on railways, doing everything as unto the Lord; men not slothful in business; fervent in spirit, serving the Lord:

MEN VALIANT FOR THE TRUTH

in the earth; men whose sweetness did not impair their strength, and whose strength did not sour their sweetness; men who made all they could, and saved all they could, and gave all they could; men constantly trampling under foot the fanatical doctrine that they were not to do good unless their hearts felt free to it; men whose work was a constant worship, and whose prayers gave them power to work; men on fire of love toward God and man, and kindling into holy flame every soul they touched; men ready to live and fit to die.

They would see these men in couples, in quartettes, in companies, in associations, in multitudes, in masses, prophesying, that is, finding grander things in the Word of God and in the heart of man, and proclaiming those discoveries. They would see the breathlessness with which other men would hang upon the words of these simple-hearted speakers, taking knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus, until the visions of God drew the eyes of the listeners from the pictures of sin, and they began to see the glory of God shining in the face of Jesus.

The practical thing for Christians to do, is to engage in earnest prayer, that we may see fulfilled that which the Lord spake by the mouth of His prophet Joel: "I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy; your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions."

Mr. George Muller's Advice to Ministers, given at a recent meeting of the Baptist Ministers' Conference in New York, deserves careful attention not only on account of its intrinsic excellence, but because Mr. Müller, in the course of a long life of service in preaching and in conducting his orphanages at Bristol, England, has put his theories to practical test.

It is fifty-five years and one month, he told them, since he became a believer in Christ; he has been fifty-four years in the Gospel ministry and nearly fifty one years in pastoral work, including almost forty-eight years that he has been pastor of the same church in Bristol—a church of 1100 members, and the largest in that city. He has travelled, within the last six years, through *eleven countries*, preaching as an evangelist, and has been in America for several months laboring among the Germans.

His life has been a busy one, not only in looking after his large parish of 1100 communicants, but also after his orphanages and Bible colleges and missionary enterprises, and requires nine assistants to attend to his correspondence.

In the early years of his ministry he wrote out his finished sermons, and then committed them to memory so as to avoid reading them. But under these efforts the people would often *go to sleep*. He was forced by circumstances on one occasion into an exposition of a portion of Scripture, and, noticing its good effect upon the congregation, he has adopted that method ever since. When he wants a text *he prays for it*, and reads for it until it is impressed upon his mind. Then he meditates over it, and *on his knees* he has learned more of theology and biblical interpretation than he ever learned in the university.

He studies in the original Bible tongues, occasionally using a commentary or encyclopædia. He, however, finds the Bible its own best expositor. He urged his friends *to preach Christ*, not philosophy, history, politics, and science.

A CHOICE VINDICATED.

(*Continued from page 14.*)

In Jerusalem.

WE rode on in silence, seeing, as if in a dream, the crowds of people taking their evening walk on the Jaffa road—people of numerous nations, and from every quarter of the globe, dressed in costumes as varied as the colors of the rainbow.

Mr. Stanley rode up close beside me as we went through the Jaffa Gate, and said in a low voice, "I know just how you are feeling, Miss Lindsay; it is indeed a wonderful moment in one's life."

We had some difficulty in getting through the gate, for a number of camels and mules were coming out of the city at the time, heavily laden with baggage. Then we passed the Tower of David, and turned down a quiet street, where stood the hotel in which Mr. Stanley had secured rooms for us. He took leave of us here, as he was going to lodge at the Latin Convent, which was in another part of the city, and where he had stayed when he was last in Jerusalem.

The landlady of the hotel was a Scotch-woman, and was very kind and attentive. Our rooms were beautifully clean, with white stone floors, white walls, white curtains before the windows, and white coverings on the beds.

We did not sleep much that night. The fatigue and excitement which we had gone through the day before would have been sufficient to keep us awake; but even had we felt disposed to sleep, I do not think we should have been able to do so, for the noises in the city, during the night, were so many and so varied that it seemed to us that, under any circumstances, sleep would be very difficult to obtain. Our landlady had told us that she hoped we should not be alarmed at any sound we might hear in the night, for a wedding was going on in a house close by, and the festivities would be kept up until the morning.

Accordingly, for many hours we were kept awake by the noise of music and singing, by the beating of little drums, and by the shouts and laughter of the wedding party. But as morning dawned the wedding guests grew quieter, and we hoped to be able to sleep. Now, however, we were disturbed by the howling and barking of the street dogs, which at times was quite deafening.

These dogs have no owners, but act as the scavengers of the city, eating anything they can find among the refuse and dirt of the streets. Each dog has his appointed place in the city, and there seems to be a code of honor among them, that no dog is to go into any other quarter of the city except that in which he was born and bred, and in which he ordinarily gets his livelihood. Immediately a strange dog from another part of Jerusalem makes his appearance he is driven away by the united efforts of all the dogs in the street which he has invaded, with enough noise to awaken the whole city.

Poor Evelyn tossed about very wearily through the night, and I was really afraid that she would be ill again. But her merry spirits seemed to keep her up, for she found amusement in all our little discomforts, and made me laugh in spite of myself many times during that long, tiring night.

At length a lull came in the barking of the dogs; but now several bells began to ring in the Greek and Latin convents of the city, and then we heard the shouts of muleteers and camel-drivers, and the tinkling of the mule-bells, as different parties of people set off in the cool of the morning for Joppa, or some of the distant villages.

We got up at eight o'clock, tired and unrefreshed. Sir William had slept much better, and was in good spirits, and very anxious to go out and explore Jerusalem. We needed no dragoman to take us to the various places of interest, for Mr. Stanley, who knew his way about the city as well as any of the inhabitants did, was very kind, and anxious to help us.

I fancied that it was something more than ordinary kindness which made him always so willing to make one of our party. I could not help thinking that he was attracted by my dear Evelyn's sweet face and winning ways. Who could help loving her? I said to myself, as I thought the matter over a hundred times during our first day in Jerusalem. I noticed, I could not help noticing, how diligently he kept near us, and how pleased he seemed that Sir William thankfully accepted his offer to be our guide while we stayed in the Holy City.

I shall never forget my first walk through the streets of Jerusalem. We grew so familiar, in a few weeks' time, with all the Eastern sights and sounds that we scarcely noticed them; but that morning everything was strange and fresh and full of interest.

We went first across an open square in front of the Tower of David, where a vegetable market was being held; and chickens and eggs, oranges and lemons, were being exhibited for sale by the women from the villages round Jerusalem, and were being bargained for and bought by the townspeople.

There was so much noise and confusion in this market-place that it was difficult to keep up conversation. No business transaction is done in Jerusalem without a dispute, so fierce that, if it occurred in England, we should expect it to end in blows. The salesman asks three times as much for his goods as he expects to receive; and the buyer offers a third of what he knows he will eventually have to give; and then they begin to dispute, and wrangle, and scream, and shout, and swear, and stamp their feet, and shake their fists, as if the affairs of a whole nation depended upon it. We saw one such business transaction going on in a street through which we passed.

"What is the matter here?" said Sir William, as he tried to make his way through an angry, excited crowd, who were screaming and gesticulating in the most alarming manner, as they clustered round a camel and a camel-driver.

"Oh nothing at all!" said Mr. Stanley, laughing, as he listened to what they were saying. "That man in the centre of the crowd is buying a load of charcoal, and he and the owner of the charcoal are disputing about a piastre, more or less, which in English money is about equal to twopence."

"But who are all these other people?" said Sir William; "they cannot all have an interest in this one load of charcoal."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Stanley; "but they happened to be passing at the time, and they have stopped to give their opinion, some taking the part of the buyer and some of the seller, and all of them adding to the general confusion by shouting and swearing and yelling at the highest pitch of their voices."

We were glad to get out of the noisy crowd, and to descend a flight of steps in the narrow street.

"Do you mind coming in here, for a minute?" said Mr. Stanley, as he stopped before a clean-looking building, and opened a small door in the wall.

We followed him into a large room, and there we saw a very interesting sight. All round the room were Jewesses, in their picturesque dresses, sitting on mats on the floor. They were busily engaged with various kinds of needlework; and an English lady was going about among them superintending their work, and teaching them anything which they did not know.

We were much interested in all she told us of these poor women—they are learning by degrees to make their wretched homes bright and comfortable, and to make garments for their husbands and children. Above all, they are learning to love the Word of God, which is read aloud to them as they work, and which is quite a new book to them, for these poor Jerusalem Jewesses know as little of their Old Testament Scriptures as they do of the New Testament.

We gave them several orders for various kinds of lace, which they make most beautifully; and Sir William left a donation toward their savings-bank, which is doing much good among these poor mothers, encouraging them to lay by part of the money which they earn, as a fund from which they can draw in times of sickness or distress.

Then we passed from that room into another part of the building, which is used as a girls' school for Jewish children; and it was indeed pleasant to see their bright, happy faces, and to hear their intelligent answers to the questions put to them. Mr. Stanley told us afterward that there is a good work being done in this mission school, for the children are carefully and prayerfully taught; and as the mothers of the next generation will undoubtedly pave the way for missionary effort among their nation.

We left the school, hoping to visit it again another day, and were turning round a corner, when Mr. Stanley stopped us, and showed us some curious old stones in the wall of the street. These stones evidently formed part of an old archway; and Mr. Stanley told us that it was now thought to be the most ancient place in all Jerusalem, being supposed, by those who have studied the matter, to have been part of the old city of Jebus, where the Jebusites lived before David conquered them, and turned their old fortress of Jebus into Jerusalem, the City of David.

As we turned into the large bazaar in one of the principal streets in Jerusalem we had great difficulty in getting on, so narrow was the street, and so crowded with camels, donkeys, mules, and people standing before each of the curious little shops, bargaining with the shopman inside. We were making our way slowly down the street when I heard a well-known voice behind us saying:

"Miss Trafford! this is a surprise!"

Evelyn and I turned round, and I said involuntarily:

"Claude! where have you come from?"

He told us that he and Alice had been spending a month in Cairo, and had now come to see Palestine. "But there does not seem to be much to see here," he said; "it is a wretched place after Cairo!"

"How long have you been here, may I ask?" said Mr. Stanley.

"Just two days now," said Claude; "we think of moving on again to-morrow."

"Then you will excuse my saying that you have not begun to see Jerusalem yet," said Mr. Stanley, with the least possible touch of sarcasm in his voice.

"Oh, I don't know!" said Claude; "it seems a stupid place. I can't think why so many people come here. But won't you come and see Alice?" he said, turning to Evelyn; "she will be delighted to see you."

"By the by, I met a friend of yours in Cairo, Miss Trafford," said Claude, as we walked in the direction of the Damascus Gate, near which their tents were pitched.

"A friend of mine!" said Evelyn, coloring; "whom do you mean?"

She thought, and I thought too, that he must have met Donald Trafford; and Evelyn was considerably relieved by his answer.

"It was Lord Moreton; he was there with a party of his friends, staying in the same hotel that we were. They were going up the Nile. He told me that you were travelling in the East; but the East is a wide term, and I did not expect that we should meet."

"But why do you call Lord Moreton a friend of mine?" said Evelyn, laughing, though her father looked at her reprovingly.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Trafford," said Claude; "I thought he was a great friend of yours. I assure you he talked so much of you and Sir William in the short time that we were together, that I thought—"

But Claude did not tell us what he thought, for we had to separate at that moment to let a string of laden camels pass by, and the conversation took another turn when we were able to walk together again.

Claude and his wife were travelling with a small party under the escort of a dragoman, and their tents were pitched in the olive-grove just outside the northern gate of the city. Alice was very glad to see us, and she, Evelyn, and I had a long talk together as we sat in patriarchal fashion at our tent door, while the gentlemen paced about among the olive-trees, talking to the dragoman, and referring to their guide-books.

"Is it not strange to be in Jerusalem, Alice?" said Evelyn; "I feel as if I were dreaming."

"Oh, I don't know," said Alice, laughing. "I

have not been much impressed by it. You see, we have become quite accustomed now to Eastern manners and customs, we saw plenty of them in Cairo; and as for the old ruins and buildings here, they are not nearly so ancient as the Pyramids. And there is really very little to be seen, after all, except by those people who believe the lies that are told them about the holy sepulchre, and the tomb of the Virgin, and the manger at Bethlehem. Why actually, in one street, in quite a new wall, our dragoman pointed out to us a stone whis is believed to be the stone that '*would have cried out*' if the children had held their peace! Such nonsense! I have no patience with it!" said Alice, scornfully.

"Oh yes," said Evelyn, "I quite agree with you about all those absurd tales. I would not walk a hundred yards to see one of those wonderful shrines; but, after all, *this is Jerusalem*, and it was *here*," she added in a lower voice, "that our Lord walked, and preached, and died, and was buried and rose again!"

"Oh yes, of course," said Alice, carelessly, as if that fact was but of small importance to her.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BIRTH OF JESUS.

S.S. Lesson for January 23, Luke 2 : 8-20. Golden Text, verse 14. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

"HAVE this mind in you, which was also in Christ Jesus, who being in the form of God, deemed not His equality with God a thing to grasp at; but emptied Himself, taking upon Him the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men" (Phil. 2 : 5-7, Alford's translation). It is altogether beyond the conception of our finite minds how the Creator, the Infinite, so came down to our level that He made Himself the creature and the finite; how the immortal God made Himself mortal man that He might speak out His love in a language not of words but of deeds; how He who hath life in Himself subjected Himself to death that He might justly impart to us His own sinless and undying life. If we learn in any measure to understand it, just in that measure shall we have this mind in us "which was also in Christ Jesus;" just in such a measure shall we empty ourselves, and be able to come down to the level of every poor lost sinner who comes across our path.

When we think of the great God who made and who upholds heaven and earth submitting to be born, to take upon Him all the humiliating weakness and helplessness of infancy, that He might be in a position to restore and to win to Himself His lost and fallen creatures, we can well afford to empty ourselves if only we may be permitted to win in His name the lost and perishing to Him. He came down from heaven to earth, we have only to come down a few tiny steps on earth itself. From unlimited power He came down to be carried in the arms of a poor woman and tended like any other infant; however much we come down, we can never get below our real level. Christ's humiliation has made it divine to empty ourselves for the sake of others, as He emptied Himself for our sakes.

The Lord Jesus was born while Mary and Joseph, her espoused husband, were at Bethlehem, where they had gone from Nazareth to be taxed in the city of their ancestors, for they were "of the house and lineage of David." His first home was in a stable, for "there was no room for them in the inn." The world's great and rich were found accommodation, but here was One of whom it is written, "He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not;" there was no room for such an One. The claims of business must be attended to, health, comfort, conscience must bow before them, the world makes room for business. In the public papers, in the public buildings, in the railway, the first in everything the interests of business are considered. The hours in a family are arranged in order to serve the interests of business.

But Jesus, who created all the material out of which men manufacture all their business, where is the room for Him? In the public papers, which is the column reserved for the interests of the Lord Jesus? In the public rooms, where does Jesus preside? In politics who gives the King of kings a place? In family life, how often is Jesus not to be discovered in the circle, no room for Him. Again, in the spending of money—plenty is found for balls, operas, plenty for business speculations, plenty for foreign tours, plenty for sin, but when a church or chapel is to be built, or when a mission is to be set on foot, no money is found for Jesus, it is more the rule than the exception that these things fall into debt. One often sees advertisements that so much money is wanted to clear off the debt from a church, whereas if the silks, velvets and jewelry of those who worship there one Sunday were sold by auction perhaps the whole debt would be paid. Those who would not suffer a debt upon their furniture do not mind having a debt upon their church or chapel. "Oh! it is only Jesus, we've no room for Him."

There was excitement in heaven when Jesus was born, there the greatness of God's gift to men was understood, it was as though the very angels quivered with eager zeal to make known to man what God had done for them. But there was no general announcement made. God knew the hearts of men too well, He knew how few there were who sought after God, and instead of making a general proclamation by an angel with a great sound of a trumpet, such as He will make when Jesus comes to gather His elect, He sent word only to a few shepherds who were "abiding in the field keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid."

The first impulse of man when God draws nigh unto him is to fear. Before Adam fell it was otherwise: but when a guilty conscience drove him to hide himself among the trees of the garden, and to sew fig-leaves together, what a sad, bitter proof was this fear that he knew there was something in him which the holy eye of God could not rest upon.

But the angel's first word to the shepherds was one of comfort. "Fear not." "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge" (Pro. 1 : 7), and it is God alone who can assuage the fear which He creates. "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." And this is God's message to every man who has begun to fear Him, and to recognize His claim upon him. "Fear not," there is good news for you, "unto you" personally "a Saviour is born." "The soul that sinneth it shall die" (Eze. 18 : 4), is the just sentence of God's condemnation; and "what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Matt. 16 : 26). "Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?" (Mich. 6 : 7). "Fear not" says our God, and why? Because *He* has given *His First-born* for our transgressions. "Thou shalt make His soul an offering for sin." "He hath poured out His soul unto death" (Isa. 53 : 12). Therefore "Fear not; believe only" (Luke 8 : 50).

The angels, who understood, although they did not benefit by, the stupendous gift which God had given to man, sung a chorus of praise together, and the burden of their song was, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men." The angels saw in Christ's birth a revelation of God's glory, for in heaven God is ever first, man last. And O! what glory to our God! He does not lose His greatness by coming down so low, none but divine thoughts could have conceived such a Redemption for fallen man. The angels rejoiced that God had "thoughts of peace" (Jer. 29 : 11), that He who was born "Prince of peace" (Isa. 9 : 6) should reconcile the world unto God, and they sung on, "Goodwill toward men." But the Greek expresses more. It is as though the longings of God's heart to be well pleased with man whom He had created, found at last a satisfaction in Him who, "when He cometh into the world, He saith, Sacrifice and offering Thou wouldest not, but a body hast Thou prepared Me. . . . Lo, I come (in the volume of the book it is written of Me), to do Thy will, O God" (Heb. 10 : 5-7).

The angels had given the shepherds a sign that they should "find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." No doubt all their previous conceptions of the coming of the Messiah had been very different, and now they must exercise faith, if they would see in a babe born in such humble circumstances the Saviour of the world. But they had heard the angels' song, and by their communing with heaven they were prepared to see earthly things in another light. Thus as soon as the angels were gone away from them, without considering what would become of their sheep, without calculating whether they could spare the time, without waiting to see if the chief priests and scribes would recognize Jesus, "they said, Let us *now* go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger."

Whenever it pleases the Lord to reveal any truth to us, to which we have before been strangers, let us follow the example of the shepherds, and go and see for ourselves what the Lord hath made known to us. Every truth which we know is a precious trust to be kept for God, and we never can retain it by mere head knowledge, God means His truth to take possession of, and to be a power over us, the truth of God is not to be at our disposal but to bring us to be at His disposal. God's claims upon us should be our first care, and we need never think how our earthly concerns will prosper if we seem to neglect them for some special service to which God has assuredly called us. We cannot believe that while the shepherds were at Bethlehem, God allowed their sheep to stray or to be devoured by wolves. The same God who promised the children of Israel, "Neither shall any man desire thy land, when thou shalt go up to appear before the Lord thy God thrice in the year" (Ex. 34 : 24) was He who would certainly watch over the interests of the shepherds, and He will watch over ours.

"When they had seen it they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child." That which has taken possession of us we naturally make known to others, our hearts are full of it. The Lord Jesus had strange preachers. The first were a few shepherds, later on some Galilean fishermen; in Samaria, a woman only just rescued from a life of sin, for "base things of the world, and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are: that no flesh should glory in His presence" (1 Cor. 1 : 28, 29). The preaching of the shepherds was not in vain. For "all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds." We never learn whether any of those who heard these glad tidings were among such as hung on the solemn preaching of John the Baptist in the desert thirty years later, or whether any of them witnessed the ministry of Jesus or experienced His power in body or soul: "the day shall declare it."

There was one heart into which all these things sank and where they were all retained and pondered over. Mary, who was the first in her generation to know that "God so loved the world," she who had yielded herself a living sacrifice indeed, and who was honored as no other woman was or could be, Mary lost nothing of what was said, observed all which happened, and probably communed with God about it.

"The shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them." It is impossible to believe in the Lord Jesus without glorifying and praising God, "Then believed they His words; they sang His praise" (Psa. 106 : 12); "In whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory" (1 Pet. 1 : 8). It was real faith. What the shepherds saw was a helpless babe with the poorest surroundings, but they believed, because God told them that He was Christ the Lord. Reason might have rebelled, but God is above reason. Let us learn to believe, to praise and to adore.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Queen's Speech at the Opening of the British Parliament on Thursday, January 6th, was largely devoted to Irish affairs. It indicates that the Government appreciates the serious condition of that country, and intends applying a remedy including both coercion and concession. After detailing the evils now existing in Ireland, it states that the insufficiency of the ordinary powers of law having been demonstrated, Parliament will be asked to intrust the Executive with additional powers for "the vindication of law and order," and to secure to Irish citizens "protection of life, property, and liberty of personal action." The removal of grievances is also to be attempted, and the measure for effecting that object is to be on the lines of the existing Land Bill, which is stated in the speech to have been found beneficial to Ireland. It is proposed to develop its principles "with a view to effective efforts giving to a larger portion of the people by purchase a permanent proprietary interest in the soil." There are indications that both measures will be strenuously opposed. The Coercive Bill will be resisted by the Irish members and the English radicals, and the Land Bill by the Conservatives and the Whig landowners.

That Ireland is Preparing for an Armed Conflict with England is manifest from the letter of a newspaper correspondent who has mixed with the people there during the past few weeks. He says: "Since the extreme party began to have greater weight in the councils of the Land League, Fenian principles have had freer play. *The distribution of arms*, which was never entirely suspended, has latterly been prosecuted with vigor, and the number of Sniders now scattered over the country cannot well be calculated. Any man, I understand, who puts down five dollars *in the proper quarter* can be provided with a Snider rifle and 100 rounds of ball and cartridge, with waist belts, shoulder belts, and cartridge pouch, as well as sword bayonet for the rifle. It is unnecessary to state that the five dollars does not cover expenses, but the difference is made good from a fund contributed to by sympathizers with the proceedings." Large purchases of arms have been made in Birmingham, England.

The First Death from an Encounter Between the police and the peasantry in Ireland occurred near Claremorris January 4th. A process-server, escorted by the police, was on his way to serve writs of ejectment, when the party was attacked by a mob who threw stones. The police charged the rioters with the bayonet, and one man was killed.

The officers of the Land League at Tralee have been arrested for "Boycotting" and other offences, but the attitude of the inhabitants was so menacing that it was considered dangerous to convey the prisoners to the court-house for trial, and the examinations have therefore been conducted in the jail. Mr. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland, stated in the House of Commons last week that 153 persons were under police protection in Ireland, and there had been 2573 agrarian outrages up to the end of December.

A Famine in Russia is Reported by Cable. The German colonists on the Volga, usually the most thriving agriculturists in Russia, are represented to be in a half-starving condition. In one settlement of 7000 people there are only about six families whose members are not obliged to ask alms. The Saratoff Assembly reports that 750,000 peasants are starving in that province. It is stated that upward of a million peasants are in absolute want in Samara.

The Prisoners Captured by the Boers in their attack on the British in South Africa have been released, but two officers of the regiment were subsequently fired upon, and one of them was killed. An address has been prepared in Holland for presentation to the British Government, urging that the independence of the Transvaal may be recognized. A number of Dutch merchants resident in London have sent a deputation to wait upon the Ministers with the same object.

Notwithstanding the preparations being made by the British Government to retain the Transvaal, it is believed in England that Mr. Gladstone sympathizes with the Boers. The annexation was made while he was not in office, and when he arraigned the Conservative government for its blunders in a public speech delivered soon after the annexation, he said: "The Conservatives have annexed in Africa the Transvaal territory, inhabited by a European, Christian, and republican community, which they have thought proper to bring within the limits of a monarchy, although, out of 8000 persons in the republic qualified to vote on the subject, we are told that 6500 protested against it. Those are the circumstances under which we undertake to transform republicans into subjects of a monarchy."

The Difficulty Between Turkey and Greece on the question of the frontier remains unsettled. The French Government is endeavoring to mediate between the two Powers. The last reply of the Greek Premier to the proposals of France is not hopeful. He attributes the present situation of the Greek question to the action of the Powers at Berlin which *generated the hopes of Greece*, who is now only the executor of the decisions of the Powers. Trusting to the promises of the nations, Greece has abstained from hostilities, but now, although it is painful, an appeal to arms is inevitable.

The Death of Mr. Henry Morehouse, the well-known evangelist, is announced in a cable message from Major Whittle. His work on both sides the Atlantic received the blessing of God in a very remarkable manner. He was the young Englishman to whom Mr. Moody refers so often as the brother who preached in Chicago for seven consecutive evenings on the text, "God so loved the world," etc. He was converted in a circus in his native city, Manchester, during a gospel service, when about twenty years of age, and for nigh twenty more he toiled as a faithful witness for Christ. His last days were spent in planning to give the Bible to the masses in the crowded cities and towns of England. He kept two Bible carriages and their attendants employed in this work. The "Blessed Hope" was very precious to him, and for many years he preached *the personal and pre-millennial coming of our Lord.*

Earthquakes are Reported in Different Parts of Europe. Several additional shocks have been felt at Agram, South Austria, accompanied by subterranean thunder, which was heard at a great distance. Among the inhabitants a great panic again prevailed, which was increased by apprehensions of the occurrence of a still stronger shock, which Herr Falb, the professor of geology and a specialist in the theory of earthquakes, stated as likely to take place about that time. A smart earthquake shock has also been felt at Schaffhausen, being the eighteenth shock in Switzerland this year. A telegram from Mistretta, in Sicily, reports a slight shock of earthquake there. The eruption of Mount Vesuvius continues, with a fresh issue of lava descending to the base of the cone.

A Scotchman's Preservation in London.—Mr. James Nisbet, the founder of a large publishing house in London, was delivered from a great peril soon after his arrival in the great city. A young acquaintance whom he had known in his own country-side took him out to see some sights, and at last led him into a blind alley, and a strange-looking place. Some instinct told him that it was *the house of the destroyer*, and as, at a signal made by his companion, the door opened, he started back in horror. He entreated his companion to come away, but he laughed at him, and went in, leaving him to find his way home through the unknown streets. He felt desolate as he wandered back by himself that dreary night. It seemed to him as if the city to which he had come must be a sort of hell. Already it had transformed into a profligate the companion whom, on leaving his home, he had known as a virtuous youth. He felt as if he, too, might at last yield to the terrible temptations of city life. But on next Sabbath he found his way to a Scotch church in the city. The Scotch psalms were sung, prayer was offered, and a sermon was preached by a venerable and affectionate pastor. The little church soon brightened into a Bethel, and he was reassured and comforted to find that even London had spots of which it could be said, "Surely God is in this place." He succeeded in business, and became an eminent Christian publisher, while that dissipated acquaintance died prematurely, the victim of vice and violation of God's laws.

A Tradesman's Roguery and its Evil Consequences came out in a recent discourse by the Rev. W. Hay Aitken. At a recent inquiry meeting a young man remained behind in great distress, and said to him, "How can I become a real Christian when my employer, who is a grocer, expects me every day to engage in such business transactions as this? I take two papers, each of which contains *exactly the same article*. I am expected to say to a customer, 'This is a very good article, worth so much; but this other is a vastly superior article, and worth so much more.' *Can a man do that and be a Christian?*" These practices may be considered excusable in the temple of Mammon, but are contrary to Christianity and even morality. This young man found himself face to face with the alternative of offending God or losing his situation.

An Estate in Sligo, Ireland, now in the possession of Mr. Evelyn Ashley, who was the private secretary of Lord Palmerston, was acquired in a remarkable manner. When Lord Palmerston died, he left the whole of his property to his stepson, Mr. Cowper Temple, now Lord Mount-Temple, a gentleman well known as an eminent evangelical churchman, and an energetic philanthropist. After he had enjoyed the property for some time, he discovered in a secret drawer in the late Viscount's library, a paper containing instructions to a lawyer, which had been prepared by Lord Palmerston, but never sent. From this paper it was evident that Lord Palmerston intended giving the Sligo estate to his private secretary, and with that sense of honor and integrity for which Lord Mount-Temple is distinguished, he promptly acquainted Mr. Ashley with the discovery, and gave him the estate, although the document he had found was in no way legally binding upon him.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Youthful Days were described by him in a recent address on "Personal Recollections" as follows: "I became an usher in a school at Cambridge, and at the same time, when only sixteen years of age, accepted the pastorate at a Baptist chapel in the neighborhood. After a while I gave up my post at the school and was thrown on the generosity of the people, and they gave me a salary of $220 a year.

An old man in that place who was a great miser one afternoon gave me three half-crowns (two dollars), and as I was wanting *a new hat* at the time I got it with the money. The following Sunday the old man came to me again and asked me to pray for him that he might be saved from the sin of covetousness, and said, "The Lord told me to give you half a sovereign, and I kept half a crown back, and I can't rest of a night for thinking of it."

The Rev. Newman Hall's Divorced Wife has married the stable groom whose name occupied such unpleasant prominence in the divorce suit. This step is accepted in London society as a confirmation of the belief that Mr. Hall's charges against his wife were well founded.

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CURRENT EVENTS: Congress and Refunding—The Utah Election—A Marquise Dead in a New York Garret—The Last Man's Society—Crushed by Icicles—A Speedy Answer to Prayer, etc.

TALES OF THE GROG-SHOPS — Mrs. Crappit's Grievance—A Triumph in Israel.

I WAS BEFORE. A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

A CHOICE VINDICATED (Continued).

Simeon and the Child Jesus. S. S. Lesson by Mrs. M. Baxter—Arthur Hamilton and His Mother.

FOREIGN TOPICS: The British Deadlock — Disturbances in Afghanistan — German Interest in Turkey—An Explosion in a Barracks, etc.

RREY CHAPEL, LONDON, WITH PORTRAITS OF REVS. ROWLAND HILL AND B. SENIOR, its First and Present Pastors.

REV. ROWLAND HILL,

The First Minister of Surrey Chapel, London.

Distinguished Ancestry—Choice of a Profession—A King or a Beadle—The Value of the Aspirate—Early Religious Impressions—Cambridge University—Whitefield's Advice—Persecution for Preaching—Dirt and Rotten Eggs—A Capturer Captured—Only one Ecclesiastical Boot—Itinerant Labors—A Chapel Built—His Master Passion—Illness and Death.

THE name of Rowland Hill is known the world over. His quaint, pungent sayings and his ready wit, both in the pulpit and in Christian society, attracted attention and compelled men to listen to the truth who were callous to ordinary teaching and appeals. He was an earnest Gospel preacher, but the many curious anecdotes which are told of him, many of which are not true or are gross exaggerations, have won for him a higher reputation as a wit than as a preacher. He was undoubtedly a wit, but the Holy Spirit so filled his heart that his wit, with his other talents, was consecrated to the service of his Master.

Rowland Hill was born on the 23d of August, 1744, at Hawkstone, Shropshire, England, and came of a distinguished ancestry. One of his ancestors was knighted by Henry VIII., and became *the first Protestant Lord Mayor of London.* Several members of his family passed through the dangers of the Peninsular War, and survived with honor and distinction, though not without wounds, the carnage of Waterloo.

As a boy, Rowland Hill was remarkable for a frank and generous disposition, and for the quaint answers with which he delighted his friends. On one occasion some one said to him in the presence of his parents, "Well, Rowley, and what should you like to be?" Turning toward his father, who was sitting in an arm-chair, he replied, "*I should like to be a baronet* and sit in a great chair." This ready and significant answer provoked the mirth of the company, and they, doubtless, concluded he was a very promising boy. It was only a momentary ambition, however, which influenced his mind, if, indeed, the answer may not be wholly attributed to his ready wit. He had probably thought no more about a profession than the boy who said he should "like to be a king," and when assured that his father had not sufficient influence to secure him a throne, promptly rejoined, "Then, father, *I should like to be a beadle.*"

The perusal of Dr. Watts's hymns for children awakened in young Rowland his *earliest religious impressions*, which were deepened by the influence of his eldest brother, Richard, and his sister Jane, who appear to have been eminent for their piety. While he was a scholar at Eton, during a period of four years, the frequent letters which they addressed to him were full of earnest solicitude for his spiritual welfare, and at the age of eighteen *he yielded himself to the Saviour* and entered upon a course of lifelong conservation to His service.

Notwithstanding the intense ardor of his piety, his natural talent for wit manifested itself in his intercourse with his school-fellows. In a discussion as to

THE VALUE OF THE LETTER H,

some of his fellow-pupils contended that it had the full power of a letter, others thought it was merely an aspirate; and the question was not set at rest till Rowland remarked, "To me the letter *H* is a most invaluable one, for if it be taken away I shall be *ill* all the days of my life."

He devoted himself with commendable zeal to the spiritual welfare of his companions, and reaped at school the first-fruits of the abundant harvest of his future ministry. The young converts formed themselves into a society, and drew up a code of rules for the guidance of their conduct, their aim being to promote in each other growth in grace and progress in Christian service. They felt the importance of Christian fellowship, and regarded the mutual helpfulness of holy friendship as a gracious ordinance of God.

In the year 1764, when he was twenty years of age, Mr. Hill entered St. John's College, Cambridge, in order to qualify himself for one of the livings in Norfolk, which were in the gift of the Hill family. Evangelical truth was then at a discount at the University, but he was prepared to stand by his colors at all hazards. Nothing was allowed to divert him from his simple trust as a devout believer in, nor quench his zeal as a devoted servant of, the Lord Jesus Christ. His godly life was an eloquent rebuke of the worldly dissipations of his fellow-students, who made him the butt of their ridicule and the object of their affected contempt. But he was sublimely heroic in his fidelity, and dared, like ancient Daniel, to stand alone, in defiance of the storm of abuse which his godly life provoked. "Nobody in the College," he says, "ever gave me a cordial smile, except *the old shoeblack* at the gate, who had the love of Christ in his heart."

Good *John Berridge*, of Everton, on hearing of the young student, addressed him a letter seeking his acquaintance. Their friendship became very intimate, and Rowland Hill was laid under very considerable obligations to his eccentric counsellor. The ministry of Mr. Berridge was like an oasis in the spiritual desert of his college life. The young enthusiast derived help and stimulus from the example of his more experienced friend, and was encouraged to consecrate even his talent for humor to the service on which his heart was set. His sister intimated that if the frequency of his visits to Mr. Berridge were discovered, a storm would be raised.

With the most laudable devotion Rowland Hill sought the conversion of his fellow-students, and had the joy of seeing several of them brought to a knowledge of the Saviour. He also went to the villages in the vicinity of Cambridge and preached the Gospel wherever he could secure an audience; he even visited the county jail, and sought out the sick poor in their homes. In this way he gained by experience a wisdom which characterized the labors of his maturer years. The storm, which his sister feared, soon began to gather, and the College authorities condemned his labors as irregular, and threatened him with immediate expulsion.

He now appealed to

GEORGE WHITEFIELD

for advice, and the eminent servant of God said, "If threatened, denied degree, or expelled for this, it will be the best degree you can take. . . . Now is the time to prove the strength of Jesus yours." And so with the hearty God-speed of Whitefield, the approval of his own conscience, and the smile of heaven, Rowland resolved to pursue his course and manfully brave the opposition of the College authorities.

In July, 1767, he returned home for the long vacation, and the opposition of the College authorities was now taken up by his parents. Walking on the terrace at Hawkstone, when an old man, he said, "I have often paced this spot bitterly weeping, while by most of the inhabitants of yonder house I was considered a disgrace to my family." He was sad at heart to be misunderstood, but his keenest sorrow was felt when his friends resisted his generous attempts to benefit his fellowmen.

Returning to College in October, 1767, he was more determined than ever to devote himself to the grand business of soul-winning. He was heartily greeted by those to whom his ministry had been made a blessing, but there was no abatement of opposition on the part of the authorities. The same spirit which sought to hold him in check at Cambridge assumed a more violent form in the sister University at Oxford, no fewer than six young men being expelled simply because their zeal for the glory of God in the salvation of souls was not to be smothered by the proprieties of *University etiquette.*

On completing his academic career, graduating B.A. in 1769, and M.A. three years later, Rowland Hill sought ordination; but he says, "For visiting the sick and imprisoned, and expounding the Scriptures in private houses, I met with no less than *six refusals* before I gained admission into the Established Church; but, blessed be God, all this proved for the furtherance of the Gospel." He was too honest to compromise his conscience by mental reservation, and too heroic to maintain his social status and seek for worldly advancement by the surrender of his liberty to preach the Gospel as opportunity offered.

His father now reduced his annual allowance with the hope of diverting him from his erratic career, and inducing obedience to order and regularity; but, with

A DIVINE COMMISSION

to "go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature"—a commission authenticated by his grand success—the opposition of friend and foe only fired his heroism, and confirmed his determination to maintain his ground at all risks. Literally, "without purse or scrip," he went forth, journeying from place to place on a little pony, the money for the purchase of which was collected by the *Rev. Cornelius Winter.* His trust was in the living God, and in his deepest extremity he found adequate provision for his need. His diary about this time abounds with the most interesting entries, such as this: "There was such a noise while I was preaching, with beating of pans, shovels, etc., blowing of horns and ringing of bells, that I could scarce hear myself speak. Though I was *pelted with much dirt, eggs*, etc., I was enabled to preach out my sermon."

The old baronet now resolved to use further means to induce his son Rowland to discontinue preaching. For this purpose he sent Richard to go in search of his brother. On his arrival at Bristol he heard that Rowland had gone to Kingswood to preach to the colliers. He immediately followed, and found the itinerant surrounded by an immense multitude of these long-neglected people, who were listening with the greatest interest to the solemn appeals he made to their consciences. Rowland saw his brother, and guessing the nature of his errand, only proceeded with increased earnestness; and such was the power of his address that the black faces of the poor colliers soon exhibited innumerable channels of tears. Richard was much affected by this unusual scene, and Rowland, taking advantage of his emotion, announced at the conclusion of the service, "My brother, Richard Hill, will preach here at this time to-morrow." Instead, therefore, of returning in triumph with the young renegade, Richard honored this unexpected call to preach, and became his brother's coadjutor in the very work he was commissioned to persuade him to relinquish.

On the 23d of May, 1773, he was *married* at Marylebone Church, and immediately afterward left town, and was *ordained* deacon by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, who was sufficiently cautious not to impose upon the candidate *any condition whatever.* He was appointed *curate* of the little parish of Kingston, near Taunton, Somersetshire, where he remained about twelve months,

"Passing rich on forty pounds a year."

His activity and zeal in the discharge of his duties soon provoked opposition. It was here, too, he offended the farmers of his congregation by saying "they were as bad as their very pigs." As they complained that he ranted so loudly that he could be heard through the village, next time he saw Hodge asleep in his pew, he exclaimed, "What! shall we not lift up our voice like a trumpet, and cry aloud and spare not, when, with all our ranting, sinners can sleep and be damned under our very sermons?"

The Bishop of Carlisle now promised to admit him to priests' orders, but was commanded by a mandate from the Archbishop of York "not to admit him to a further grade in the Church, on account of his perpetual irregularity." Mr. Hill's disappointment was great, and in referring to this failure he used to say to his friends that he "ran off with

"ONLY ONE ECCLESIASTICAL BOOT ON."

He now entered more fully into the work of an itinerant than before, for the fortune acquired by his marriage enabled him to bear the expenses incurred in travelling from place to place in his work of preaching the Gospel. It would be impossible even to enumerate the places he visited during this campaign, much less to record the incidents which occurred. Mrs. Hill accompanied him in most of his preaching expeditions, and their journeys were often relieved by remarkable adventures. Journeying toward London, on one occasion they were stopped by *a party of highwaymen.* "I stood up

the carriage," he says, "and made all the outgeous noises I could think of, which frightened e fellows almost out of their wits, and one of em said, 'We have stopped the devil by mistake, d had better be off.'"

For a period of ten years he continued his itinert labors. His ministry was attended by vast owds; the conversions were numerous, and ny of them were of a remarkable character. owland Hill thus proved himself to be a worthy mber of the Methodist party which commenced h the labors of Whitefield and Wesley. He versed Great Britain and Ireland, preaching the spel, and found a joy in his labors which more n compensated for the sorrow he endured from ily and ecclesiastical persecutions. Notwithnding his love of open-air preaching, Mr. Hill times felt the advantage that would be gained m a regular sphere of labor. He had originally ntemplated exercising his ministry within the e of the Established Church, but now he felt he s destined to occupy a wider field of service.

The South of London, which shared but few of advantages of the North, was regarded by wland Hill as presenting a fine sphere of labor, during *the Gordon riots* in 1780 he frequently ressed as many as twenty thousand people in George's Fields. About this time his manieamestness in proclaiming the Gospel, induced ie persons of influence to come forward and pose the erection of a large chapel in that parlar neighborhood, where Mr. Hill might labor ularly, unfettered by ecclesiastical restraints. site was fixed in the Blackfriars Road, and the stone of the building, known throughout the ious world as "Surrey Chapel," was laid on 24th of June, 1782, and opened on Whit-Sun- June 8th, 1783, Mr. Hill discoursing from the , "We preach Christ crucified."

urrey Chapel was not affiliated to any of the exg denominations. Doubtless Mr. Hill conred it would have been opposed to the catho- for which he contended to make it a part of denominational system. The Church has ys cultivated fraternal relations with all evanal sections without being absorbed by any one iem.

must be clearly understood that though Row- Hill was employed in multifarious labors durhis long life, it is *as a preacher* that he achieved nost enduring fame. Preaching was

HIS MASTER PASSION,

till near the age of eighty-nine he was still able ercise his ministry. When too feeble to stand ould sit on *a high stool in the pulpit* and talk lloquial style upon the text, which was written efore him in large letters.

s closing years were his best; the heat of conrsy had cooled, and a brighter era had dawned. eart was at rest in the goodness of God, and nind tranquillized by the Divine peace. The he had often expressed was fulfilled—"that he t die and go home when his work was done." testimony of his own conscience to the purity s motives, the approving smile of the Saviour d loved so long, were conducive to a restfulof spirit, even in prospect of a speedy dissolu-

e *last address* Mr. Hill delivered was to the ay-school teachers at Surrey Chapel, April 833. His final illness was very brief, and his iousness was preserved almost to the last. aid to a visitor at his bedside, "I have no rous joys, but peace—a good hope through —all through grace." This was a simple lessed testimony, and as he had lived so he trusting to the infinite merits of his Lord and ur, Jesus Christ.

died on Thursday evening, April 11th, 1833, eighty-ninth year of his age, and his mortal ns were interred in front of the pulpit from he had dispensed the word of life for a period y years. Thus ended the earthly pilgrimage he spiritual warfare of one whose unimpeachcharacter, fidelity to truth, devotion to his g, and success in the sacred art of soul-winmade him a name to be held in loving rememe by the whole brotherhood of the redeemed.

work which Rowland Hill originated at Surrey Chapel was carried on by his esteemed successor, the *Rev. James Sherman*, who was followed by the *Rev. Newman Hall*. By a fatal error in his will, the property Mr. Hill left to perpetuate the work when the lease of the ground on which the chapel stands should expire, was forfeited by a legal technicality and reverted to the residuary legatees. Mr. Newman Hall has manifested the spirit of his illustrious predecessor, and with commendable enthusiasm, and by prodigious energy, has raised a monument to his memory, and served the cause of God by erecting, at a cost of more than $300,000, a new and larger church, called *Christ Church*, in Westminster Bridge Road, and has transferred there the congregation and all its agencies, as the situation is a much more convenient one. Though the time-honored name of Surrey Chapel has given place to that of Christ Church, the same old Gospel is preached in its integrity, and the philanthropic agencies which have been sustained for nearly one hundred years have renewed their youth and adapted themselves to the spirit and need of the present day.

The original building in which Rowland Hill preached, of which a picture appears on our first page, was, after the congregation removed to Christ Church, let on lease to the Primitive Methodist Connection, and is still used by that body.

REV. BENJAMIN SENIOR.

THE present pastor of Surrey Chapel—the Rev. B. Senior—was born at Farnley, Leeds, March 4th, 1847. Although young as yet, he has been called to one of the most important appointments in the Primitive Methodist Connection. When it was known that "Old Surrey" had become a mission-centre of this enterprising body, it was an interesting question as to the choice of an agent to operate there. In selecting Mr. Senior a choice has been made that evinces a sound judgment. He is a typical Primitive Methodist minister, giving proof of his ministry both as an itinerant preacher and a practical pastor.

His record in the ministry is highly creditable. Converted at Burn Cross, Sheffield, in 1864, at the age of 17 years, he immediately began his life-work, and as a local preacher his visits and his evangelistic efforts were made a blessing to many. In 1872 he was sent to Sunderland College, and while there his plodding course commended him to the Governor and his fellow-students. The Conference of 1873 sent him to Ramsgate, where his ministry was the means of increasing and consolidating the membership considerably. Kingston-on-Thames was his next appointment. Here his success was remarkable; many conversions took place, and Sabbath-breakers closed their shops and crowded to his Sabbath services.

In 1876 he was stationed at Dartford, in Kent. This was an appointment to test his powers; the town was notoriously uncongenial as a sphere of Methodistic toil; Mr. Whitefield had been *stoned out of it*, and shook off the dust of his feet against its inhabitants as he climbed the west hill to leave them. John Wesley says in his journal, "There might be a stream of Methodism in Dartford, but it would barely wet one's feet." The Primitive Methodist Society there was young, and its existence seemed quite precarious. Mr. Senior gave himself to the work of conquering prejudice, exciting interest, and converting enemies into friends, with unexpected zeal, and God was with him. The change became patent; funds and friends were the rewards of his efforts. After nearly four years of devoted toil he had the satisfaction of seeing a large and regular congregation, a numerous and loving membership, with the largest Sabbath-school in the town.

The call to "Surrey Chapel" was a great surprise to him, and his removal from Dartford was painfully felt by a large number of friends and converts, and by the town at large. But the appointment seemed to him another challenge to devotion and faith in God, and he was ready. The conditions there were critical. It had been a time of transition and trouble; but entering the old chapel and parsonage, conscious both of its wonderful traditions and the new demands upon him, committing himself to God, he cheerfully assumed the responsibilities, and he has already achieved great good.

The classes, prayer-meetings, Band of Hope, special evangelistic efforts, mothers' meetings, are all thoroughly organized and well sustained, while the Sabbath-school is remarkably healthy and hopeful. Mr. Senior's practical and direct methods, musical voice, and simple faith, afford him serviceable help in his pastoral work and pulpit ministrations.

ANECDOTES OF THE REV. ROWLAND HILL.

HIS PIETY A PROTECTION AGAINST ROBBERS.

IN one of his visits of mercy to Gloucester jail he met with a man to whom his conversation appeared to be useful. He exercised his influence on his behalf, and succeeded, not only in saving his life, but eventually in obtaining his liberty. On the man leaving the prison he could obtain no situation for want of a good character, when Mr. Hill kindly took him into his employ as a gardener, and he conducted himself with much propriety for a considerable time. Such, however, was the deceitfulness of the heart that the man afterward resumed his former wicked pursuits, was tried for several robberies, was condemned to death, and eventually executed, for robbery was then punished with death. His benevolent master again visited him in the cell, and during the conversations he had with him the prisoner confessed that he had made frequent attempts to break into Mr. Hill's house after he left his service; that he had secreted himself several times near the premises, but had always been prevented accomplishing his purpose by the recollection of his master's great kindness to him, and an awful and overwhelming impression that God was in the place.

THE SECRET OF A LONG LIFE.

In reference to some things which had been said upon his "good old age," he remarked, "I dare say you young ministers would be glad to live to be old men. Now I will tell you how to attain your wishes: preach three times a day, and seven days in the week, and then you'll find not only that you are in a fine state of health, but that you stand a good chance of becoming old men. A good pulpit perspiration is a famous thing to keep a man in good health."

SAVED BY GRACE.

When Mr. Hill was on one occasion in Scotland he was introduced to an aged minister, somewhat resembling himself in piety and eccentricity. The old man looked at him for some time very earnestly, and at length said, "Weel, I have been looking for some teem at the *leens* of your face." "And what do you think of it?" said Mr. Hill. "Why, I am thinking that if the grace of God hadna changed your heart you would ha' been a most tremendous rogue." Mr. Hill laughed heartily, and said, "Well, you have just hit the nail on the head."

HIS SKILFUL CONCILIATION OF A PUGILIST.

Mr. Hill was once engaged to preach in a town where he expected to be violently opposed, and where it was known that a celebrated pugilist was engaged to molest him; nevertheless, he determined to preach, and therefore had recourse to a stratagem, by which he disarmed his antagonist of his ferocity. Having ascended the pulpit, and satisfied himself from the appearance of the pugilist that he was not inaccessible to flattery, he beckoned him to the pulpit stairs and told him that he was come to preach to those people, in the hope of doing them good; that some opposition had been threatened; that he had been told of his strength and skill in self-defence, and had full confidence in his powers; therefore he should place himself in his hands, rely on his protection, and begged the favor of his company to ride with him in his carriage after the service to dinner! The man felt the full force of the compliment; all his animosity was removed; he declared his readiness to defend the preacher, in case of any insult being offered: and was as good as his word. He accompanied Mr. Hill to dinner, and ever after boasted of the honor which the latter had conferred upon him.

STRUGGLE AND VICTORY.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, Preached on Sunday Morning, January 16th, 1881.

THE FIRST SERMON AFTER THE BURIAL OF DR. TALMAGE'S ELDEST SON.

"Let me go, for the day breaketh." — GENESIS 32 : 26.

Jacob's Struggle—I. God lets His Children go into Terrific Struggle—Memorable Instances—Personal Confirmation — Financial Trouble—Evil Appetite—A Bitter Fight—The Appetite Victorious—Triumph of the God-Assisted Man—A Widow's Fight for Bread—II. A Struggle with Blessings in Disguise—The Crucible the Only Purifier — The Baptism of Tears — It is Prosperity that Kills—III. Scars on the Face of the Victor—IV. The Prophecy of the Dawn—Bigotry Falling — Approaching Cessation of Hostilities—Luther's Refuge—"When I Die"—Stepping into the Light—Personal Testimony to Comforting Grace.

THE dust is rising from a travelling herd of cattle and sheep and goats and camels. They are the present which Jacob is sending to appease the anger of his offended brother. That night Jacob halts by the brook Jabbok. No rest for *the weary man*, no shining ladder to let the angels down into his dream ; but a fierce combat until the morning, with *an unknown contestant*.

The two—Jacob and the stranger—seize each other, each trying to throw to the ground the other. The stranger, to show his superior power touches Jacob, and the thigh-bone springs from the socket, and Jacob goes limping and a cripple all his days. As on the morning sky the clusters of purple cloud begin to ripen, Jacob finds out it is an angel with whom he has been wrestling, and not one of his brother's coadjutors. As the angel stretches himself up into the rising morn, he cries out, "Let me go, the day breaketh!"

I. First of all, I learn from my subject that God lets His children go into

TERRIFIC STRUGGLE.

Jacob loved God ; God loved him ; but there Jacob is left alone in the midnight by the brook Jabbok to struggle with this tremendous influence. So all the way down through the ages. For Joseph, a pit ; for Daniel, a wild beast's den ; for David, dethronement and exile ; for Peter, a prison ; for Paul, a shipwreck ; for John, desolate Patmos ; for Vashti, insulting cruelty ; for Josephine, banishment ; for Mr. Burns, the outrage of the Montreal populace ; for Catherine, the Scotch martyr, the drowning surges of the sea ; for John Brown, of Edinburgh, the pistol shot of Lord Claverhouse ; for McKail, a scaffold ; for Hugh Latimer, a stake ; for Christ, a cross.

Some one said to a Christian reformer, "The world is against you," and the Christian reformer replied, "Then I am against the world." So it has been struggle all the way through the ages. But why need I go to those memorable instances, when I can come into the life of a thousand persons in this house to-day and find illustration of the truth of what I am now proclaiming? You have found *life a wrestling*— a midnight wrestling by the brook Jabbok.

This man found the struggle in Wall Street, this one in Broad Street, this one in Atlantic Street, this one in Fulton Street, this one in Chestnut Street. What you bought you could not sell. Whom you trusted fled. Help you expected did not come. Some great

FINANCIAL TROUBLE,

with long arms and grip like death, took hold of you and tried to throw you into the dust. It was midnight wrestling by the brook Jabbok. It has been all the way up to this time a question as to whether you would throw it or it would throw you.

Here is some one else who has had a wrestling with

EVIL APPETITE.

It came stealthily upon him. He did not know the force of that appetite until he began to resist it ; but some day he woke up and said, "Now, for God's sake, and for the sake of my soul, and for the sake of my wife and children, I must stop this." O what an hour that was! What a solemn hour it is when a bad appetite rises up determined to destroy a man, and a man rises up and swears in the strength of the eternal God that he will destroy it. Then the angels of light look down in sympathy, then the angels of darkness look up in spite.

O what an hour it is, and how many a man, biting his lip until the blood came, and with scalding tears, cried out by the brook Jabbok in the midnight, "God help me!" I have seen a man in that contest completely flung, completely wrestled down into the dust. Without any appeal to God for help, and depending on his own force of resolution, he went into the combat, and he fought well for a while. It seemed as if he was going by sheer force of earthly resolution to throw the bad habit, and he struck strongly, and he struck decisively, it seemed, for a while ; but his arm got weaker and weaker and weaker until it fell palsied by his side.

First of all, I saw the auctioneer's mallet come down on the pictures, then on the musical instruments, then on the fine upholstery of the parlor. Then I saw him drop into the ditch. Then I saw him shrink away from all kindly associations ; I saw him fall away from the house of God, where he had been an ornament—I saw him fall away, and fall away forever. He was contending with his own right arm, and the evil habit came and threw him.

Blessed be God, I have often seen the other result—a result just opposite to that which I have been depicting. The evil habit came on regaling with cups of dissipation, and the two clinched—the giant of habit and the man who wished to be disenthralled—they clinched, they struggled. The giant of evil habit began to waver. It became weaker and weaker, and it fell, and when the triumphant wrestler put his heel on the neck of the overthrown habit, the shout was heard, "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." It was a midnight wrestle by the brook Jabbok, and it was a triumph, as it will be for every many who puts his trust in the Lord and does his best.

Then I saw the struggle going on, and the sorrows of widowhood came, the sorrows of struggling for a livelihood. It is a sad thing to see a man contending for a livelihood amid many disadvantages ; but to see a delicate woman, with a group of helpless little ones at her back, fighting the giants of poverty and sorrow—that is a scene overwhelming to any sympathetic heart. People passed by. They saw it was only an humble home, but they did not know that between the four walls of that plain house there was a courage greater than Hannibal scaling the Alps, greater than was seen in the pass of Thermopylæ, greater than when at Balaklava "into the jaws of death rode the six hundred."

She fought for bread, she fought for shelter, she fought for clothing, she fought with aching head and weak side and exhausted strength. Midnight struggle by the brook Jabbok. Perhaps she said, "Hath the Lord forgotten to be gracious? Must I fight this battle alone?" No, no ; in the darkness of that midnight, and in the sough of the wind and in the ripple of the brook Jabbok were heard the words, "Thy fatherless children I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me."

Victory again by the brook Jabbok. Midnight wrestle again triumphant. A weak woman's arm infused with the strength of the Lord God Omnipotent. So the struggle has gone on, and O how many have had it! Blessed are all those who put their trust in this God ; they shall never be put to confusion. Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. You must have struggle, and you will have victory.

WAS IT AN ENEMY?

II. I learn again from this subject that often God's people are trying to throw down their best blessing. Jacob thought it was an enemy he was fighting with that night. Oh, no! it was an angel of mercy that had come to promise a blessing to him and to his children afterward. So it has been with you and with me. How many times we have tried to throw down our greatest blessing. Your greatest misfortunes in life have turned out to be your greatest advantage.

Come, now, be frank, and tell me, is it not true that through the sorrows of life you have come to the highest Christian experience? What were you before you lost that child? What were you before that great financial calamity came? All wrapped up in this world. But I think if you would calmly to-day sit down and count the things that have turned out to your greatest advantage, you would find out they were those things that you thought were sent for your destruction. It was a midnight wrestle by the brook Jabbok with something you wanted to put down, but God had sent an angel of mercy to your soul.

David, pursued into the wilderness by his recreant son, becomes the sweet singer of Israel. Through scourging and shipwreck and imprisonment, Paul comes to be the great apostle. The hurricane that struck the house where Job's children were banqueting, and slew the children, turned out with other misfortunes to make Job write that magnificent poem which has been the astonishment of the ages.

I know of *no way of getting the wheat out of the straw except by threshing it*. I know of no way of purifying the gold except by putting it in the crucible. Go among those men and women who have accomplished most for God—go anywhere, and you will find they have had the baptism of tears. Oh, there is something beautiful about baptism on sacramental day, when the water is sprinkled on the face of the child ; but there is a more solemn baptism than that, and that is

THE BAPTISM OF TEARS.

Just look at the consolation which comes to God's children. See how often those things which seem to have been full of disaster turned out to be full of blessing. See the difference between the experience of those who trust in this world and those who trust in God.

Rossini, after he had played *William Tell* the five hundredth time, was serenaded by a band of musicians. Then they came up and gave him a golden crown of laurel leaves, and put it upon his brow, and while he was in that great triumph he said to a friend aside, "I would give all this brilliant scene—all this brilliant scene for one hour of love and joy and comfort. Compare that man amid all his artistic triumphs, his melancholy, with the feeling of Isaac Watts, sick again and again with dire sicknesses, tired and annoyed and persecuted and perplexed, yet writing this as his experience.

"The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

"Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Emanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high."

OH, IT IS PROSPERITY THAT KILLS,

and it is trouble that saves. As long as the Israelites were half starved in the wilderness, and going from hardship to hardship, they behaved quite well ; but after a while they wanted meat, and the Lord sent a great flock of quails that darkened the sky, until they fell all around about the encampment ; and they took of these quails, and ate and ate and stuffed themselves until they died. The hardship they endured ; the prosperity destroyed them.

It is not *the vulture of trouble* that eats out the life of the soul ; it is the quails, it is the quail. Ah! do not fret about your misfortunes and about your trials, and do not fight against God, do not be rebellious against painful providences. You are trying to wrestle down an angel of mercy ; you are trying to overthrow that which came for your blessing. Behold Jacob in the midnight by the brook Jabbok.

SCARS OF BATTLE.

III. My subject also impresses me with the fact that while we may triumph over our troubles, they leave their marks on us. Jacob prevailed against this angel ; but the angel touched him, lamed him for life, and he went limping on his way. Why so prematurely ploughed those wrinkles on your face? Why has your hair become gray before it was time for frost? What has hushed the hilarity in your dwelling? You have been *trouble-touched*.

Are we stoics that we can see our cradle rifled of the bright eyes and the sweet lips? Must we

and unmoved and see the garden of our earthly delight uprooted? Will Jesus, who wept Himself, be angry with us if we weep over a grave that swallows what we love best? Oh no! We must weep. You shall not drive back the tears to scald the heart. Thank God for *the strange and mysterious relief* that comes in tears. Under this gentle rain the flowers of comfort put forth their bloom.

God pity the dry, the withered, the parched, the self-consuming grief which wrings its hands and grinds its teeth and bites the nails into the quick, but cannot weep. Jesus wept. Blessed be God that there is comfort for all our sorrows, and that there is comfort in tears; but do not blame those who do not come out of their despondency very quickly; do not chide them because they are not as gay as once they were. Do not think it is because they are weak. They have been trouble-touched.

IV. My subject also kindles with a great joy when

IT PROPHESIES THE DAWN.

No one ever wanted to see the morning more than Jacob did. And what an announcement! "The day breaketh!" What a cry for all philanthropists and for all Christians. The world is brightening. The Church of God has just been planting its batteries. It is going forth "fair as the morn, clear as the sun, terrible as an army with banners." It is a mighty church, and it is to become the church universal. It is to bring all nations under its sway. "The day breaketh! The day breaketh!"

The bigotries of the earth are falling. Some of us remember when we thought that if a man would get to heaven he must believe in the perseverance of the saints, or in their falling away from grace; that he must be an Arminian or a Calvinist; that he must believe in liturgy or no liturgy. Those times have passed, and we have come to believe that if a man loves the Lord Jesus Christ, and trusts Him, he will get to heaven without any doubt at all, whatever else he does believe or does not believe.

I, one Sabbath during the summer vacation, went into a Presbyterian church, and it was communion day, and I took the sacrament and my soul was strengthened. The very next Sabbath I was in a Methodist church, and I sat at the love-feast and my soul was strengthened. The very next Sabbath I was at Sharon Springs, New York, in an Episcopal church, and when the invitation was given to those who desired to take the sacrament to kneel at the altar, I knelt, and I cannot tell which communion service was the most helpful to my soul. I could not tell then; I cannot tell now. "I believe in the communion of saints, and the forgiveness of sins, and the life everlasting. Amen." The bigotries of the earth are giving way before the doctrine of Christian brotherhood. "The day breaketh! The day breaketh!"

I look off upon this audience this morning, and see many who are going down into the waves of trouble that have come clear above the girdle. I want to tell you of

THE CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES.

God is going to let you free after a while. The grave will break, the dead will rise. The morning star trembles on the brightening sky. The gates of the east are swinging open. "The day breaketh!"

When Philip Melancthon and Martin Luther sat down in discouragement and talked over the gloomy state of the Church, they got more and more gloomy; but after a while Martin Luther got up and said to Philip Melancthon, "Come, Philip, let us sing the forty-sixth Psalm: 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea: though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah.'"

When we go out of this world our departure may be a struggle. We have a great many good friends here whom we will be sorry to leave—friends with whom we played in childhood or counselled with in manhood. The lattice may be turned to keep out the sun, or a book may be set to dim the light of the midnight taper, or the house may be filled with the cries of widowhood and orphanage, or the Church of God may mourn our departure; but if Jesus calls, all will be well. It will not be told in the last hour that we cried for help and could not get it.

The hours of *the night of death* will go by. It will be one o'clock in the morning, two o'clock in the morning, three o'clock in the morning, four o'clock in the morning, five o'clock in the morning. "The day breaketh!" So I would have it

WHEN I DIE.

I am in no haste to be gone. I have no grudge against this world. It is a very bright world to me. The only fault I have to find with it is it treats me too well. But when it is time for me to go, I want to be ready—my worldly affairs all settled. If I have wronged others, in that last hour I want to be sure of their forgiveness. If there are hands stretched out from this world to hold me back, there will be hands stretched out from the other world to draw me on. Then, Lord Jesus, help me on and help me up. Unfearing and undoubting, may I step right out into the light and be able to look back to friends and kindred who would detain me, saying, "Let me go, let me go, the day breaketh!"

Since I last stood here the waves have gone over us.

HAVE YOU LOST A CHILD?

Then you understand the grief. Have you not lost one? You cannot understand it. I would not dare to trust myself very far in this reference or allusion. I only make reference to it that I may thank you for your deep, wide, magnificent sympathy. First of all, God helped us, and next you. When, last Sabbath afternoon, we were riding to Greenwood, I said, "I cannot understand this composure which I feel, and this strange peace;" and it was suggested then and there: "There is *a vast multitude of people praying for us.*" That solved it. Again I thank you.

God bless you all in your persons and in your homes. I gave that one to God in holy baptism just after his birth, and God has only taken that which was His own. *I stand here to-day to testify* of the comforting grace of God. Religion is a tremendous reality. God will wipe away all tears from our eyes. There shall be no more sorrow or sighing: neither shall there be any more pain.

"THE DAY BREAKETH!"

FRANK FEATHERSTONE'S HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

"It is of no use—it is of no use," said Frank Featherstone, and he leaned his head down on his hands and sighed bitterly.

Frank was a young tradesman, who had, a few years before, when all looked bright, married a sweet young girl, named Fanny Farmer, and settled down in a nice little home. With a loving Christian wife, and a darling little girl, who came to bless the hearts of her parents, Frank ought to have been happy, and so for a time he was; but trouble, heavy trouble, came. The modest little house in which he lived he had bought when he married, paying only a small portion of the purchase-money in cash, and letting the balance remain on a mortgage. Presently business became bad, and great difficulty was experienced in making both ends meet; profits diminished and expenses increased.

This was the state of affairs when the half-annual payment of the interest on the mortgage became due. Frank could not pay it, and sent a note to the mortgagee, asking indulgence. The reply was that indulgence would be granted for six months, but that on the 1st of December the entire year's interest must be paid without fail.

Thankful for this respite, Frank prayed and labored on; but alas! December was fast approaching, and saw him even less able to pay than before. He wrote a piteous letter to his creditor, but the answer came back that unless the amount were paid in full when due the mortgage would be immediately foreclosed.

It was this letter which in a moment of weakness had taken all the heart out of the young man. As he bowed his head and uttered the despairing cry, "It is of no use," his wife entered the room, carrying his little daughter in her arms. She had overheard the words, and at once knew that her husband was in trouble.

"What is it, Frank, dear?" she asked in a loving and sympathetic tone. And Frank at once explained all.

Fanny was not surprised, for she had expected it. She had watched the course of events, and had foreseen this trouble, but she had drawn largely from the unfailing reserves of Heavenly help, and knew that however dark was the passing cloud, it would, in God's time, give place to the bright sunshine and the grateful song.

A long talk took place over the state of the case, and at its conclusion Fanny said, "Now, Frank, dear, let us ask our Father in heaven to help us out of this trouble, and I have confidence that He will."

"Prayer will not help us," said Frank rebelliously. "God helps those who help themselves."

"Frank, will you kneel with me and ask for God's blessing?" she urged with trembling earnestness.

"If it will afford you any gratification, I will."

She knelt, and her husband for the first time in his life knelt by her side. She prayed earnestly and fervently, not only for the removal of their money difficulty, but also that her dear husband might be led to the feet of the Saviour. When the prayer was ended a great sob and a deep "Amen" came from the broken-hearted man.

The next day he wrote to his creditor that he had made every effort to pay the mortgage, but had failed, and that no resource was left to him but to let matters take their course.

A few days passed on, and there came one morning the formal announcement that the mortgage was to be foreclosed, and that proceedings to that end had been begun.

. . . . . .

The day of the sale came. Frank had become again despondent, and only the firm trust of his wife kept him from giving up utterly. But as for Fanny, she still prayed on, and never lost hope.

"*Going*, GOING, GONE!" and the pretty little cottage, with its running roses and climbing vines, with all the dainty adornments lavished on it by the tender touches of his wife, with all its memories of love and happiness, was now the property of another. Frank had dimly hoped till the last minute that some one whom he knew would buy it, and that he might be allowed to have another chance to redeem it; but the purchaser was a total stranger to the place. It was said that he intended living in it himself. The darkness was complete for poor Frank Featherstone; he saw no light. But the light was already dawning.

On the evening of the sale—it was Christmas Eve—there was a knock at the front door, and the purchaser of the house entered. Frank fairly shuddered. He received his visitor in the neat little parlor, which showed so many charming evidences of his wife's taste, and called both Fanny and his daughter May to be present at the interview. The blow that he expected to fall must fall on all. For a few moments no one spoke a word. At last Frank said, "When will you desire possession?"

"That depends entirely on circumstances," was the response. "I am a bachelor, and I may not wish to turn you out at all."

Hope revived in Frank's heart at these words, and he said, "I have not the pleasure of knowing your name, sir."

"My name is George Robson."

"My brother!" ejaculated Mrs. Featherstone. "Thank God!" and she dropped on her knees before him and buried her head in his lap.

"Yes," said he, raising her up, "I am your brother, whom you have not seen since you were quite a little child. Twenty-five years ago this very day I crossed the seas to gain commercial success. I am now, through God's blessing, moderately wealthy, and have no wife or child. Give me a corner by the fireplace, and I will be an easy landlord. When I die, all shall go to this little darling," and Uncle George kissed little May and stroked her golden hair.

TOUCHES OF REAL LIFE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Lady Hope, of Cariden.

A Family Circle at Shenstone—A Town with a Bad Character—The Poor Things—Who was Responsible?—Another Interior—"Mother's Tears"—The Rich and the Poor—A Luncheon Table—What Bobby had Seen—The Cries of the Heart-broken.

IN a pleasant home, not long ago, there was assembled a large family circle. All its members were persons of taste and accomplishment. The sons and daughters played and sang, the visitors added their quota to the evening's amusement, and the parents made the whole complete by the loving interest they took in every tune and song.

"My dear boys have never given me an hour's trouble," said the mother. "We have always tried to make home pleasant and attractive to them, and it has answered well. They are all out in the world now, dear fellows, but when any of them are at home, as you see, they are all that we could wish. The family taste for music has been very fortunate for us; for that, among other things, has helped to interest and occupy them in their spare hours."

The next day, which happened to be cold and stormy, found most of the party assembling at five o'clock round a cheery fire in the drawing-room. The impression of last evening's music induced one of the guests to ask for a duet. Presently two of the girls took their places at the piano; another took her work, and a seat beside the fire; while a fourth proposed a quiet game for the children.

"Yes, darlings, do!" answered the gentle mother; and then turning to one of her guests, she said, "I hope you don't mind seeing all the children down here at this hour. We are so fond of the evenings that we make them as long as we can."

Presently the following conversation ensued.

"You have a nice little town near you," one of the visitors remarked. "We drove through it today."

"Do you call it *nice?*" said one of the girls; "it is a very drinking place. You would not like it if you lived near it."

"The ruins are pretty, and the old church," chimed in the mother from her easy-chair, "but it is quite true that there is a great deal of drinking in it."

"They say it is the worst town for that sort of thing in all the county," said another.

"Oh! it is a dreadful place," said one of the younger ones.

"That is a great pity, for you are so near it," said a visitor.

"Oh, yes! the only thing is to avoid going into the streets as much as possible, said the mother; "and the children are very good. I must say they never ride or drive through the town if they can possibly manage their expeditions by another road."

. . . . . .

And here I must allow *myself* to chime in, but addressing myself only to my reader. May I say, in the first place, that the little town was not a depraved or dirty-looking place at all. It had pretty, clean streets, was embowered in fine old trees. Ivy grew upon the castellated gateway, and clustered over some of the tiny cottages, just letting the crimson tint of the old red bricks appear through its glossy leaves, as the rosy-cheeked child by the weather-stained door peeped at you through her curly hair.

There stood the old church tower which would ring out its deep-toned bell on the occasion of every service; and there, too, you could see the school buildings, and the miniature Town Hall; the bright little shops with their tempting wares displayed in their windows; and there, too, you could see the gaudy signboard, and glittering window-panes of that Satanic trap for souls and bodies—the little public house. There were certainly plenty of these, if you began to look for them. But where are they NOT?

"Yes! let us license another!" said a gentleman of our acquaintance the other day; "the poor things want their glasses of beer." *Poor things!* and WHY are they so "poor?" Let the police answer us that question, and we shall find that a few less public houses, and a few more co-operative stores, would bring you many more thanks from the mechanic, artizan, and laborer—yes! and the tradesman too—than any amount of false pity, backed up by the direful glass.

Here stood the little town. God had peopled those houses. Precious souls were dwelling beneath those many roofs. Children's voices might be heard within those school-room walls—voices that could be trained to prayer and praise, or for profanity and ribaldry. Who held the responsibility? Every window of that noble mansion, every picture on those drawing-room walls, every note that sounded out from the piano and violin, sounded to tell of rejected opportunities, disobeyed commands. "Am I my brother's keeper?" was the tacit but indignant reply of that whole family to anything like a hint that their neighbors were left to live and die, as best they might, uncared for—unloved—the darkness of their lives unpenetrated by any spiritual influence from the happy home which stood isolated in its greatness from the need of those around it.

"The church! Could not the *clergyman* do what was wanted?" asks some unimpassioned reader.

To this I reply, Services were held in that church, it is true. But who attended them? "The family from the Hall," a few of the neighbors, some of the tradespeople, the school children, the church officials, the almshouse women, and a very small portion of the most virtuous, and respectable, or most needy, as the case might be, of the cottagers.

But the mass of the people!—the population, consisting of many hundreds of working men and women!—where were they on the Sunday morning and evening, and during the Wednesday night service? They were certainly *not in the church;* nor had they ever the slightest intention of coming. This showed that *the church* was not dealing spiritually and individually with the souls of the occupants of that little town generally. A few of the upper and middle classes attended it. Where were the large proportion of that little community? Come with me, and I will show you. It is a sight all too commonplace! yet let us see it.

. . . . . .

Five o'clock on a Wednesday evening, and we draw aside the curtain that enshrouds at least one home from the view of the aristocratic Hall close by.

A weary sob, and then a sigh, some muttered words, and a movement of preparation within a cottage home, its door ranging with many others of a similar size beside the narrow pavement of that little street. Look in and you will see. . . . . A seamed and anxious face, tired hands and feet. She is a mother. She, too, has a home. But there is no easy-chair. She gathers a little handful of coal together and puts it on the fading embers. Shading her eyes, she gazes into the darkness of her small cellar to see if there is another handful left, and, if so, it must be carefully saved for to-morrow.

She sighs—deep-drawn, heart-aching sighs—as she continues her work, opens the cupboard door and takes from it some cups, one or two plates, and some saucers. These she sets upon the small wooden table, fills the kettle, and places it upon the hob. A step is heard coming down the street pavement. It is one of many. You would not hear it, nor I—but *she* does. The door opens, and a man dressed in his dust-begrimed clothes, a basket of tools upon his shoulder, enters.

"Now then!" he says. "Look here, I am tired. What have you got in that pot there? Be sharp. I have got to go out again."

A loud voice outside the door is now heard, and some laughing, and soon a strong-looking lad of sixteen is in the room, followed by an ill-looking youth somewhat older. In a few moments all the party are seated round the table. In almost silence the meal is taken, until the father says, "I am going. If old Jake calls for me, tell him that I am at the 'Grey Swan.' There is some music going on there to-night."

"That chap what fiddles?" says the tall son.

"Yes," curtly replies the father. "Where's the chink, old woman?" and then the half-fed, weary mother goes to her little store and draws out a shilling. She knows she dare not offer less; but under her breath she whispers something like—

"There ain't much left; and to-morrow there's the rent."

"What *are* you talking about? I can hear you. Bother! bother! bother! from morning to night," roars the husband in a stentorian voice as he goes out of the door, shutting it after him with a great bang.

A whistle and a laugh follow from the two sons who drink their last cup of tea standing, that they may precipitate their escape from what they know will follow. Indeed, it has already begun—*mother's tears*. Bitter burning sorrows they tell of, but the men of that household they are only a bother.

"Tom, can't you stop at home for one night?" she asks. "The money is all gone, and I can't expect now that your father will begin to think about anything of that. He don't think of nothing so long as he has his public house. But I think *you* might."

Here she is cut short by a stamp and a frown. "What's all this jaw about? I ain't going to stay for it. So I'm off. Come, Bill!" and the two young fellows make their hasty exit, leaving their weary mother to make the best of her way to her dark cold bed, sinking into a dozy sleep, from which she starts now and then, thinking they have come home. But it is a false alarm. So she sleeps on, and at midnight, there is no mistake, they *have* come home. Oaths, curses, blows resound through the miserable cottage. . . . . Morning dawns, but there is no morning to her heart.

All the time these men were finishing their tea and on their way to the public house, the church bell was ringing. The lads only laughed as they heard it, and said, "One of the ringers is drunk to-night. I saw him going up to the belfry. He'll have a fall if he don't look out."

To which the other replied, "What's the good of a parson? Our'n don't tell us nothing but 'Go to church! go to church!' and I ain't a-going. That's all I can tell hm. Catch me a-going to that there place, with its grand pews and its grave faces, and that there solemn-like blowing organ. It ain't the place for *me*, I can tell you."

Poor fellow! he spoke too truly, I fear—more truly than he thought.

"Oh, my!" he continued, "look at the young ladies from the Hall. They are awful grand to-night, and all a-simpering and a-laughing. That one's got her hair just like our Bell at the 'Green Arms.' They do look stoopids."

"But they've got a eddication," replied the elder brother. "That's something. So I s'pose they're all right anyhow."

"Come on! they'll see us—standin' here—a-looking at 'em."

"See us! That is a good joke. Do you think they'd look at us? not they!"

But the smart young ladies *did* see the young men, for as they passed into the church door they said in an undertone to one of their guests,

"Did you see those rough lads standing at the corner there? These are just the sort of creatures that infest our town. Aren't they horrid?"

Thus weeks rolled on.

. . . . . .

The rich and the poor were divided—divided by a line hard and fast, indelible apparently. The mansion continued wrapped in its atmosphere of accomplishments, refinement, and ease. *Ennui* sometimes troubled the young ladies a little, but that could be generally cured—for the time being at any rate—by an evening party, a little dance, or a few days' visit to some pleasant friend.

But the sorrows of the cottage home lay deeper; they were more real and less easily forgotten. And if they *could* have been forgotten, there were not the mitigations within reach that the occupants of the Hall could boast.

The family party at the Hall had just seated themselves at the luncheon table one day. It was the children's early dinner. Plenty of wholesome and pretty dainties, that could tempt the eye as well as appetite, were there also. Delicate heaths and other blossoms, fragrant as well as gay, adorned the little china baskets, which contrasted

so well with the silver plate, old pictures, and oak wainscoting.

Logs had been piled on the massive steel grate that centred the old marble fireplace; and while the liveried servants noiselessly passed about the rooms anticipating every want of each member of the busy circle, the fire that blazed forth, shedding its glowing light on servers and served, was reflected in the great mirror opposite, and cast a cheerful aspect over the state of things generally.

The lovely penstemon, with its crimson leaf petals and upright golden stamens, which had just been brought in for "mother," and placed in a crystal glass close to her end of the table for her special delectation, was now the subject of conversation. It was being well discussed, and the prospect of a succession of camelias and other flowers, as derived from the gardener's prophetic lips this very morning, was being handled, when a youthful scion of the house, named Bobby, chimed in with a remark of his own.

"Etta!" he said across the table to one of his sisters, "I saw a man yesterday going along beside a policeman. His hands had a piece of iron put on them—so—and they said he was drunk."

He might have gone further in his relation, but he was interrupted by Etta, who said, with a sudden frown and a little stamp of her foot under the table,

"Bobby! do be quiet."

A titter ran all round the table.

"What did Bobby say?" asked another.

"Oh! nothing!—He said something very naughty," replied Etta with sisterly gravity, while she called to the butler for a little more sherry.

"I said a man in the streets was *drunk* yesterday," repeated Bobby with emphasis; "why shouldn't I say that, mother? There is no harm, is there?"

"You are very naughty," said Etta; "you must not say such things. Do you hear, Bobby?"

"No! Bobby," said his mother from her authoritative position at the end of the long table, "you really must not. I cannot allow you to go out at that gate (near the town) if you look at such things."

"And then to come home and talk about it!" added Jessie, another sister, her whole appearance and manner betokening, no less than her words, that she cared little for her neighbors. "We have nothing to do with those people in the town; they are quite bad enough; you must not go near them.

Bobby did not seem to see this, for he was inwardly vowing to go and peep through the gate at the very first opportunity; but his sentiments were not uttered, as he saw himself condemned to silence for the present.

"Poor things!" said a cousin who was staying in the house, and whose sensibilities appeared to be a little keener than those of the other young ladies, "I always feel sorry for them."

"Oh, Mary! pray don't let us enter any further into the subject. It is not a pleasant one. Bobby always does bring in disagreeable things. But he must learn not to do it," answered Etta, looking threateningly at the small offender.

And there it ended. A ride, a walk, a drive in the afternoon were each in their turn discussed, and then luncheon was over, and a general dispersion took place, to result in the usual five o'clock reunion, beside "mother" in the drawing-room.

The needs and sorrows of the poor seemed neglected in that town, and by their richer neighbors they certainly were. But the groans, sighs, tears, and cries of grief from many a broken heart were ascending daily, and had "entered into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth." He had heard, and He would send them a Deliverer.

But first a blow must fall upon the rich and happy home. That very day, while Arthur, the eldest son, was out hunting, a severe chill settled upon his lungs, and after several days of careful nursing, and the concentration of anxious love upon his sick-room, the doctor rode away from the questioning group that clung around him in the hall, leaving on their hearts the verdict, which sank like a leaden weight, "He is in very great danger; I will return in a few hours."

Gathered together in little knots of two and three, the household spent their weary afternoon, weeping and hoping and discussing and watching, until the door-bell rang again; this time to tell them of the doctor's return.

(To be continued.)

A TRIUMPH IN ISRAEL.

By Rev. John Wilkinson, an English Clergyman.

ALIGHTING at a small station on the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire line, in the month of November, 1858, a youth, about eighteen years of age, short of stature, slender in person, complexion fair, and gentle in manner and speech, accosted me thus: "Are you Mr. Wilkinson?" "Yes; and who are you?" "I have come to the station to meet you, and to carry your bag."

My heavier luggage committed to the cloak-room for the night, my ticket given up, and my small bag handed over to my young friend, we now commenced our half-mile walk to the town. "Well, my young friend, and what do you know about me? Have you ever seen me before?" "I never saw you before in my life. I have heard only that you love my nation, and that you were coming to this town to plead the cause of the people to whom I belong." "What! *Are you a Jew?*" "Yes, I am a Jew." I now scrutinized his features, and found no difficulty in accepting his statement. My interest in the youth was now wonderfully quickened, for might not this youth have been thrown in my way that I might lead him to Jesus? I at once drew him out in conversation by asking after his father and mother, his birthplace, his wanderings, his present occupation, etc., and soon found I had won his confidence.

He came to the meeting that evening, held in the Town Hall, and on the following morning I had a long conversation with him, asking him for all his difficulties as to the Messiahship of Jesus. These were met patiently by a reference to the Old Testament Scriptures, and prayer with him for the teaching of the Holy Spirit.

He expressed a wish to accompany me to the station and carry my bag, and just before we parted he grasped my hand, and with a beseeching look said, "Mr. Wilkinson, will you write me a letter now and then? My father and mother are both dead, I have no friends in England, you are a friend of Israel, and if I had a letter sometimes I should not feel so lonely." "You shall have a letter now and then, but it will always be about Jesus and salvation for poor sinners through Him." A correspondence commenced at once, which ranged over a period of about three months, accompanied by much prayer for the Holy Spirit's converting grace.

It was now the spring of 1859, when I received a letter announcing the *joyful tidings:* "Now I am happy to tell you that which I know you will be as glad to learn, that I not only believe in Jesus as the promised Messiah, but I also trust in Him as my personal Saviour; and I want you to baptize me." On the evening of the day on which we commemorate the crucifixion of our blessed Lord, and before a crowded congregation in Northeast London, he confessed his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and was baptized in His name.

The following account was read at the time of his baptism: "I am a native of Poland; my parents were strict observers of the Jewish law, but I lost the fostering care of a mother in early childhood, for she died when I was only four years of age. My father often talked to me about Jewish laws and observances, and tried to impress upon my mind the manner in which he thought the Messiah, the hope of Israel, would appear. When I was fourteen my dear father was called away, and I was left an orphan. I was then sent away from home, a distance of about thirty-six miles, and apprenticed to an uncle, a tailor. When I had served my uncle four years I was required to serve as a soldier in the army. My uncle then thought it would be better to get me away to England. He sent me off with his blessing, and urged me to cleave to the God of my fathers.

"I brought with me *my tephillin* (*phylacteries*), which I bound round my arm and as frontlets between my eyes, when I prayed to the God of Israel. My uncle gave me a few pounds to provide me with the necessaries of life on my journey. I journeyed on to Hamburg, and landed in Hull in November, 1855, stayed there about two months, and then left for Lincolnshire. On my arrival in Hull I had only twelve or fourteen shillings left, did not know a single individual, nor could I speak a word of the English tongue.

While standing in the market-place in this desolate state, scarcely knowing what to do, a Jew, a fellow-countryman, passed by me, and when I spoke to him he said he would just run with his work to his master, return to me, and take me to his lodging. On reaching his lodging I found that his landlady came from the same part of Poland as myself, and knew me well. I obtained employment as a tailor at very small wages—five shillings a week, to find myself in everything.

"There worked in the same shop a young man who was a follower of the Lord Jesus. He asked me if I would accompany him to the Sunday-school; and, as I did not know what sort of a place it was, I went. It was here I first heard the name of Jesus as the Saviour of the world. I became a scholar in the lowest class; by God's blessing on the kindness of friends I soon passed on to the top class, and have since become a teacher. Two or three Christian ladies residing together began to take a friendly interest in me, and their kindness has laid me under obligation for life. Knowing that my wages were small, and that I was a stranger, they invited me to take supper with them again and again. Instead of finding me brighter, they found me sadder and sadder, for I was receiving all this kindness as a Pole, not as a Jewish Pole. I thought if they knew my Jewish origin they would not treat me so kindly.

"The curiosity and anxiety of the ladies had now reached their climax, and they must have it out at any price. Out it came in a flood of tears: "I am by birth a Hebrew. Don't tell any one in the town, or the boys will shout after me in the street, and I fear my master may turn me away; for, though he does not give me much, I don't know at present where to go to get more. My master, I know, is prejudiced against the Jews, because when any one cheats him he always says '*you Jewed me.*' These ladies had drawn out this full confession partly by their having asked me if I would like a Polish Bible so as not to lose my native tongue. I could not read Polish; I could read only Hebrew, so that I felt embarrassed and remained silent. When the full confession was made through a flood of tears, the ladies wept with me, and told me they would treat me as kindly as ever, which greatly comforted me. Like true followers of the Lord Jesus, they soon pointed me to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, trying to prove to me that Jesus is the promised Messiah.

"In course of time the Rev. John Wilkinson, whom my friends had talked about as a great friend of the Jews, came to give a lecture on the conversion of the Jews. I met him at the railway station, made myself known to him, and he further explained to me the Hebrew Scriptures, cleared away many of my difficulties, and has kindly written to me several letters since. The prayerful concern of Christian friends for my salvation has not been in vain, for the Lord has been pleased to show me the way of salvation through Jesus Christ; and now, when I look back, I can see that it was the hand of God that led me, for when I was in darkness He brought me to see the light of the Gospel, which is Jesus Christ; and now by the grace of God I would confess Him before the world as the Messiah and my own Saviour."

Our young brother in Christ soon left for New Zealand, where Christians quickly discovered in his zeal for Christ promise of future usefulness. He soon began to preach, and in one of his early letters to me he said: "What an honor the Lord has conferred on me! For He has not only brought me to Christ, but has *given me five souls the first sermon I ever preached.*" He afterward supplied for twelve months the pulpit of an invalided minister, and afterward was sent to the college at Sydney, under the care of the Rev. John Graham, and has since become a very intelligent man of God, and a very useful minister of Jesus Christ.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Refunding Scheme was Again Under the consideration of the House of Representatives last week. It was finally resolved that the new bonds shall be issued at the three per cent limit. Mr. Frye and other members strongly opposed the proposal, and intelligence from London, and other financial centres in Europe, indicates that bonds of so short date as five years and one year, will not be taken up advantageously at that rate. It was argued also that serious financial embarrassments would be caused by the contraction of the bank circulation that is apprehended as the result of fixing the rate at three per cent. Unhappily, the question, which ought to be regarded as purely a national one, has throughout been made a party battle-ground, and has suffered in consequence. Another amendment, which will probably occasion some difficulty, was passed on January 12th. It was offered by Mr. Samford, of Alabama, and requires that, before any of the bonds or notes authorized are issued, the Secretary of the Treasury shall pay out in the purchase of five and six per cent bonds *all the standard silver dollars* and all the gold coin now in the Treasury except $50,000,000.

Governor Murray, of Utah, has Awarded the certificate of Delegate-elect to the Forty-seventh Congress to Mr. Campbell, instead of to Mr. Cannon. Mr. Cannon received an overwhelming majority of votes, but Governor Murray refuses his certificate on the ground that he is an alien who has never been naturalized. The House will adjudicate on the question, and will probably at the same time take cognizance of the fact that Mr. Cannon is a polygamist. There is a glaring inconsistency in permitting a man to participate in the functions of a legislative body, who is himself living in open defiance of the law.

The Two Treaties with China Negotiated by the commissioners last November have been published. By the provisions they contain, power is fully conceded to the United States, at its discretion, to "regulate, limit, or suspend" the coming of Chinese laborers to the United States, or their residence in this country, and the suspension of the immigration may be enforced "whenever, in the opinion of the Government of the United States, the coming of Chinese laborers to the United States, or their residence therein, affects, or threatens to affect, the interests of that country." It is also placed in the power of our Government to prohibit emigration to a particular locality while allowing it to others. Thus the whole question of Chinese labor, which has so long agitated the Pacific coast, may be legitimately regulated at Washington, without the risk of offending the Chinese government. The commercial side of the treaties is also eminently advantageous to ourselves, and both treaties will in all probability be cordially ratified by the Senate.

A Deputation of Colored Voters Waited on the President-elect at Mentor on January 14th, representing the colored population of six Southern States. Their object was primarily to urge the establishment of "a national system of education under the supervision and control of the Federal Government, instead of leaving the enlightenment of the children solely dependent upon the inadequate resources of the State Governments."

In the course of his reply General Garfield said he rejoiced that the deputation had expressed so strongly the desire of the race for education. "Education," he said, "in my judgment, lies at the base of *the final solution of your great question*, and that cannot be altogether in the hands of the State or National Government. The Government ought to do all it properly can, but much depends on the efforts of the parents, who must be ready to take the hand of the Government extended to help, and by that union of effort the two will effect what mere legislation alone cannot immediately bring."

The Advantages of the Nicaragua, over the Panama route for the proposed Interoceanic Canal forms the subject of an article contributed by General Grant to the *North American Review*. In spite of all that is urged by M. Lesseps and his friends, General Grant contends that, in point of feasibility, economy, and general convenience, the Nicaraguan scheme is far in advance of its rival, and, besides that, it would be under the exclusive control of our Government. As to the advantages of the canal, General Grant says: "Leaving out of consideration the danger and delays of rounding Cape Horn, we should not forget that by the canal now proposed, the distance from New York to Hong-Kong is shortened 5870 miles, from New York to Yokohama 8600 miles, from New York to San Francisco 8600 miles, from New York to Honolulu 6980 miles, from Liverpool to San Francisco 6065 miles, and from Liverpool to Callao 4374 miles. To Europeans the advantages of such a canal would be great; to Americans they are incalculable, forming a part of the coast line of the United States."

An Act of Generosity which will Alleviate some portion of the distress caused by the failure of the Bergen County Savings Bank was performed last week. Many of the small depositors were of the laboring classes, and the loss of their money is a serious trouble to them. William Walter Phelps, who lives near Hackensack, telegraphed from Florence, Italy, to his agent here, to make good the deficiency of all claims against the bank for $100 and less. By this means over 500 of the 1078 depositors will have their losses made good. It is expected that the other depositors will lose about one half of their claims.

Intense Excitement in Wall Street was produced last week by the announcement that three of the telegraph companies had agreed to amalgamate. They are the American Union, the Western Union, and the Atlantic and Pacific companies. The basis of agreement has not been published, and, it is said, has not yet been submitted to the respective shareholders, but it is generally believed that the amalgamation will be accomplished. The shareholders will doubtless benefit by the arrangement, however it may affect the interests of the general public.

The Whipping-post has been Recommended by a grand jury at Newark, N. J., to the court as a means to check the growing crime of wife-beating by drunken husbands. At the time the presentment was being read, a woman was brought into court with her face bruised and blackened, the result of her husband's brutality; yet she loved the man too well to prefer a complaint against him. Few spectacles so clearly demonstrate the brutalizing effects of drink as that of a beaten wife, and it is not surprising that grand juries are moved to present such recommendations, yet the records of temperance societies prove that God's blessing on their work has been found sufficient to reform even such brutal men.

A Startling Fact, Disclosed by Recently Published statistics, suggests well-grounded apprehensions as to the permanence of our national prosperity. It appears that since 1870 the quantity of fermented liquors manufactured and consumed in this country has *more than doubled*. Last year the amount was nearly 414,000,000 gallons, or more than a quarter of a barrel for every man, woman, and child. The daily reports of our police courts show the dire evil this liquor is working on the people.

Subterranean Disturbances in Texas.—The New York *Sun* says: "There is a strange *rumbling noise* audible upon the Red River, Texas, and as the locality is fifty miles from any railroad it cannot be attributed to passing trains. The inhabitants are much excited over it, believing that it presages *volcanic action*. It resembles the sound of a railway train, the roar of a distant waterfall, and at night the moaning of the wind through a pine forest. Its range, which is not changeable, is from north to north-west, and it recalls the ominous sounds described by Humboldt as preceding the great earthquake of 1759 in Mexico, when the volcanic mountain of Jorullo was upheaved. Scientific investigation will probably be ordered by the State authorities."

Crushed by Icicles.—A Young Man Employed by a quarry company of Portland, Conn., was working a few days ago under a ledge fifty feet high with a gang of men. On the ledge overhanging them were immense icicles. The warm weather loosened them and the mass fell, one of the largest striking the young man on the head, crushing him to the earth, breaking his skull, arm, and leg, and otherwise mangling him. He was carried to his home, but died shortly after getting there. This is one of the most remarkable casualties of recent times. It is a type of that sudden destruction which we are warned will one day fall upon many who are now saying peace and safety (1 Thess. 5 : 3).

Mr. S. Blagden, of Washington, D. C., Sends us the following noteworthy instance of a speedy and direct answer to prayer. He writes of a poor woman, who, after the death of her husband, was in sore need of a small sum of money to pay her grocery bill and her house rent: "She was in great distress, fearing the landlord would put her out of the house upon the street. In her great trouble she knelt down and poured out her whole heart to God, entreating Him, with tears, to open a way of deliverance and help. Some little time after, there was a knock at the door, which startled her, for she was afraid it was her landlord; but no, instead she found an evangelist, who said to her, 'Mrs. Mulliken, while I was preaching, a man came up to me and offered me *ten dollars*. I told him I did not preach for money, but for lost souls; he replied that I should take it any way, and give it to some needy person, whom the Lord might indicate; and, Mrs. Mulliken, after the services, I asked the Lord to whom I should give this money, when I thought of you, and therefore I come here to give it to you.' Those ten dollars paid the grocery bill and the house rent."

The Rev. George E. Jayne, Pastor at Provo City, Utah, writes: "Will you be kind enough to thank the people through your paper for sending me through the mail packages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and ask them and others to continue to send them, for a few weeks. I received quite a number, which I have distributed from house to house, and I hear good reports from them. *I can use 500 per week* if I can get them."

The Bible and Prayer Union.—Any Request for prayer sent to us under this head in future will be sent on to the "Fulton Street Prayer Meeting, New York." But our readers are reminded that it will be more convenient to send their communications to that address direct.

The Wife of a French Nobleman Died in a New York garret, poor and friendless, on January 10th. She had lived by washing and other housework for some years, and her extreme poverty had excited the commiseration of her neighbors. As she had not been seen for two days, the door of her miserable room was broken open, and she was found lying in bed dead. A post-mortem examination demonstrated that her death had resulted from insufficient food and exposure.

Inquiries for her friends elicited the fact that she was the wife of the Marquis d'Apromont, the head of a noble French family raised to the peerage *four hundred years ago*. The family estates had been lost in the revolution of 1830, and the Marquis, the dead woman's husband, left France with nearly half a million francs ($100,000), which he squandered in wild living and unsuccessful business ventures. His misfortunes in the end affected his mind. When he reached this country he had little or nothing, and in his old age found only poverty and hard work. The rich and noble of this world are the general objects of envy, yet this incident shows that in the vicissitudes of life they may lose all their treasured possessions; but the humblest Christian who is "rich in faith" is heir to an inheritance that fadeth not away (1 Peter 1:4).

We Learn with Regret that Mr. Eli Johnson, whose portrait and life appeared in the CHRISTIAN HERALD of December 23d, 1880, is temporarily laid aside from his temperance work by a painful affliction. He attended a temperance service on Sunday night, January 9th, held in one of the theatres, and as he was leaving the building at its close, he slipped on the stairs and fell, seriously injuring his right knee. It will be some consolation to Mr. Johnson and his friends that he was permitted to carry to a successful conclusion his work in connection with the State Temperance Convention in New York before he sustained his hurt. "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God," and sometimes a season of enforced retirement from active labor is beneficial both to the work and the worker. It has been remarked that whenever the Apostle Paul was in need of invigoration after a period of protracted exertion, he was, in the providence of God, shut up in prison, and there took the rest he would never voluntarily have allowed himself.

An Iron Collar at White Heat Placed a mechanic's life in peril on Thursday, January 6th, at the American Iron Works in Pittsburg, Pa. The workman in the course of his duties had to catch a bar of metal at white heat with his tongs. On that day he accidentally missed the bar, and the machine in front of him rapidly twisted it into a ring, threw it into the air, and it fell around his head, resting on his shoulders. Instantly, with wonderful nerve and presence of mind, he seized it with his tongs and his bare hand and lifted it over his head, and so saved his life, though his hand was burned to the bone. The man suffers intense pain from his wound, but is thankful that his life was saved even at that cost. The escape illustrates our Saviour's teaching as to the higher life of the soul, for the salvation of which a right hand or a right eye is not too costly a sacrifice (Matt. 5:29-30).

"The Last Man's Society," of Cincinnati, Became extinct on January 13th by the death of Dr. John Loring Vattier, who died suddenly on that day. On September 30th, 1832, seven then well-known young men of that city met and formed a club, from its peculiar object called the "Last Man's Society." The seven were to hold an annual dinner each year, or as many as survived, and at the first dinner, held October 6th, 1832, in *a mahogany casket* a bottle of wine was placed, and the casket was locked, the lock sealed, and the key thrown away. This casket was to be kept by the members of the society, and when six had died, the seventh was, on the 6th of October next following the death of the sixth, to open it and drink the wine. This agreement was faithfully carried out. In June, 1855, Mr. Lawson, the fifth man died, and his death is said to have produced such an effect on the mind of Mr. Tatum, in whose custody the box was at the time, that he died two months later. In his delirium preceding death he is said to have begged that the casket be removed from the house. By the death of Mr. Tatum, Dr. Vattier became the last surviving member, and up to the date of his death Dr. Vattier regularly, on each October 6th, has prepared and eaten all alone a dinner in memory of the Last Man's Society, the six empty chairs of the deceased members being placed around the table.

The solemn fact that "it is appointed unto men once to die" (Heb. 9:27) has been recognized in many strange ways, such as in this society and in the Tontine speculations, but comparatively few men are moved by the fact to make their peace with God while they have time and opportunity.

The Pitiable Condition of an Imprisoned woman was discovered by a lady near Flushing, L. I., on January 13th. She went to collect the rent of a house she owned, and had let to a Mrs. Allen. The tenant was not at home, but an upper window was thrown up in response to her knock, and a miserable-looking woman thrusting her head out pleaded piteously for food and water. The lady procured a loaf of bread, and being unable to get into the house, which was locked up, she took a rail from a fence in an adjoining field, and sticking the loaf on the end, held the bread up to the famished woman. She showed the greatest anxiety to secure the food. No sooner did she get it in her hands than she began ravenously to devour it. When the house was broken open it was found that the imprisoned woman was confined in a room the entrance to which was fastened up by boards nailed across the door, and she said she had been several days without food. She claims that she had fallen under the influence of Mrs. Allen, who, after inducing her to surrender to her all her property, had ill-treated and finally fastened her up in the empty house and left her to starve. The woman was placed under the care of some friends, while the affair undergoes investigation.

Mr. J. B. Gough's Cigars Once Caused Him some embarrassment in public. He relates that on one occasion, many years ago, he met a friend who insisted on his accepting a present of a few cigars of a very excellent brand. To avoid offending his friend, he took a few and placed them in his hat. He was on his way to deliver an open-air address to a large number of boys. It was a cold day, and he spoke with his hat on. He forgot all about the cigars, and after cautioning the boys against drinking, chewing, and *smoking*, he called for a ringing cheer for "Temperance in all things." He set the example by waving his hat vigorously, when the forgotten cigars were scattered in all directions. Mr. Gough says he never felt so humiliated in his life as when a boy picked up "one of those dreadful cigars," and bringing it to him, said, "Here is *one of your cigars*, Mr. Gough."

A Welcome Gift of Ten Thousand Dollars has been made by Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt to the fund established by the Rev. C. F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., of New York, for the aid of indigent students at the University of North Carolina, some particulars of which we gave in our issue of August 5th, 1880. Dr. Deems writes: "When I began to make my little donations toward building up that fund, my trust was that some friends might be found in North Carolina who, after I am dead, would, *for old love's sake*, make it up to a few thousand dollars, but now my large-hearted friend, from whom I have never solicited anything, steps in and makes it quite as large as I had hoped it might grow in a quarter of a century."

A Church Fair Lottery has been Stopped by the police in New York. The Society for the Prevention of Crime called the attention of the Board of Police to the gambling going on in the Roman Catholic church fair in aid of a hospital. The Superintendent was instructed to enforce the law. The manager of the fair, when requested to prevent the lottery, said they were doing only what others do. We may hope, now that this decisive step has been taken, that the large number of gambling places well known to the police will also be closed and the wicked practice under every guise will be put down.

I WAS BEFORE.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Who was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious."—1 TIMOTHY 1:13.

What Paul was—The Lightness of Sin—Paul's Case Typical—A Model Convert—Inferences from a Retrospect—I. It Should Excite Adoring Gratitude—In the Reception of Blessings—II. Deep Humility—A German Philanthropist—Rowland Hill and the Scotchman—III. Genuine Repentance—IV. Fervent Love—A Pernicious Doctrine—V. Ardent Zeal—VI. Hopeful about other People—The Man who will Advertise Christ—VII. Confidence for Ourselves.

I AM not going to dwell at this time upon the special items of the text as to what Paul was before his conversion, because none of us have been exactly as he was. We have all gone astray like lost sheep, but each one of us has taken a distinct course from all the rest. You might have to describe your transgressions in very different words from those used by the apostle, because yours has been a different form of guilt from his. Paul said of himself that he "was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious."

Saul of Tarsus was a blasphemer. He does not say that he was an unbeliever and an objector, but he uses a very strong word, though not too strong, and says that he was a blasphemer. He was a downright, thoroughgoing blasphemer, who also caused others to blaspheme. From blasphemy, which is a sin of the lips, Saul proceeded to persecution, which is a sin of the hands. Hating Christ, he hated his people too. He was also injurious, which I think Bengel considers to mean that he was a despiser; that eminent critic says "blasphemy was his sin toward God, persecution was his sin toward the Church, and despising was his sin in his own heart." He was injurious—that is, he did all he could to damage the cause of Christ, and thereby injured himself. He kicked against the pricks, and by doing so injured his own conscience. Having sinned thus grievously, Paul makes a full record of his guilt in order that he may magnify the grace which saved even the chief of sinners.

Note here, before we come to the special purpose we have in view, that godly men never think or speak lightly of their sins. When they know that they are forgiven they repent of their iniquities even more heartily than before. They never infer from the freeness of grace, the lightness of sin, but quite the contrary; and you shall find it as one trait in the character of every true penitent that he is rather inclined to blacken himself than to whitewash his transgressions. He sometimes speaks of himself in terms which others think must be exaggerated, though to him, and indeed to God, they are simply true.

You have probably read biographies of John Bunyan in which the biographer says that Bunyan labored under a morbid conscientiousness, and accused himself of a degree of sin of which he was not guilty. Exactly so, in the view of the biographer, but not so in the view of John Bunyan, who, startled into sensitiveness of conscience, could not find words strong enough to express all his reprobation of himself.

We will consider the case of Paul just a minute or two, because it is *a type and pattern* of the work of God's grace in other believers. He tells us in the sixteenth verse of this chapter, "For this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might shew forth all longsuffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on him to life everlasting." He was

A MODEL CONVERT,

a typical instance of divine longsuffering, a pattern and specimen of all who believe on Christ, and all conversions are to a large extent similar to that which transformed the blaspheming, persecuting, despising Saul of Tarsus into the great apostle of the Gentiles.

Now notice when he is describing his own past life how he dwells upon it with painful minuteness. He is not speaking before God in private, as Job was in the words we have quoted, else I can conceive that he would paint his sin in still darker colors; but he is answering for himself before King

Agrippa touching the things of which he had been accused by the Jews, and you will see that he puts his offence against Christ and His church in as strong a light as he very well could. His enemies have no such accusation to bring against Him as that which he voluntarily makes against himself.

Now I want you, dear friends, who know the Lord, to follow me in a very simple way, rather by your emotions than by anything else. I want the text of my sermon to be, "I was." The apostle tells us what he was—what he was before conversion. Now I want you to think what you were before the grace of God met with you, and changed you. I do not know that I shall help you much to recollect the details of your sin, but I want you to see seven very profitable inferences which will arise out of an impartial retrospect of your life before conversion.

I. The first, I think, will be that if we think of what we were it will excite in us

ADORING GRATITUDE.

Paul was full of gratitude, for he thanked Christ Jesus that he counted him faithful, putting him into the ministry. He is so glad of the favor of God that when he comes to the seventeenth verse he must put down his pen while he signs, "Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen." If, then, you and I look back upon what we were before the Lord saved us, we too shall be full of adoring gratitude as we think of even the least of all the favors that He has bestowed upon us.

"I am not worthy," said the patriarch Jacob, when he was returning to his country at the command of God—"I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast shewed unto thy servant," and we can each one say the same. Is it not a wonderful thing that you who were—I will not say what, *you know what you were*, and God knows—that you should be a teacher of others; that you should be permitted to stand up and speak of pardon bought with blood; that you should be allowed to talk of holiness though your lips used to speak of any other theme but that; that you should be allowed to extol the Christ for whom you had no words of praise a little while ago—for whom, indeed, you had only words of contempt and scorn?

Paul was astonished to think that *he* was put into the ministry; and when I look back upon my own life before I knew the Lord, I am amazed that ever I should stand here, seeing that for so long I refused my Lord's love, and put aside His favors, and would have none of them. Ah, I did not know what would happen to me one day. Little did I then think that I should ever stand here to

"Tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found."

But it does fill me with gratitude which makes me bow before God in thankful adoration to think that He should have looked on me, and to know that "unto me," as well as unto Paul, "is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ."

I ask you, dear friends, to recollect this gratitude in the reception of every blessing. When you enjoy church privileges, when you come to the communion-table, think, "Here comes one to sit with the children of God who once was like a dog outside the house." When you stand up and praise the Lord, think, "And I too am permitted to offer the sacrifice of praise—I, who once sang the praises of Bacchus or of Venus rather than of Christ Jesus!"

Oh! if your heart does not leap at the very sound of the name of Jesus, surely you cannot possess a heart at all. Such a change, such a wondrous, matchless change, has passed upon you that if you do not praise the Lord to-day, and to-morrow, and as long as you have any being, what shall be said of your ungrateful silence? "I was"—I was before—all that I ought not to have been, but grace has changed me, and unto the God of grace be all the glory. Do not all of you who love the Lord unite with me in this utterance of adoring gratitude?

II. A second very blessed inference (we can only speak briefly upon each one) is that a sense of what we were should sustain in us

VERY DEEP HUMILITY.

It did so in the case of the apostle Paul; and I would refer you to his expression of it in the first epistle to the Corinthians, the fifteenth chapter, and the ninth verse, where he says, "I am the least of the apostles, that am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the church of God." When he was compelled to glory in what he was through the grace given unto him he said that he supposed he was not a whit behind the very chiefest apostles; yet he here says of himself that he was not worthy to be called an apostle, because before his conversion he persecuted the saints of God.

Now, dear brothers and sisters, if we have been a little while converted, and have united with the church of God, and the Lord has given us a little work to do, we may be tempted to think, "Now I am somebody. Really, I am not now quite the humble dependent that I used to be; I am getting to be of some service to my Lord and Master, and I am of some importance in his church." Ah, that is the way many Christians get into sad mischief. "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." You must always strive against that kind of spirit, and one way to avoid it is to remember what you were in your unregenerate state.

I have heard of *a good man in Germany* who used to rescue poor, destitute boys from the streets, and he always had them photographed in their rags and filth just as he found them; and then in years afterward, when they were clothed and washed and educated, and their characters began to develop, if they grew proud he would show them what they were, and try to teach them what they would have been likely to be if it had not been for his charity. If you are inclined to lift up your head, and boast what a great man you are now, just look at the likeness of what you were before the Lord made you a new creature in Christ Jesus. Oh! who can tell what that likeness would have been but for the interpositions of divine grace?

I think you would say what the Scotchman said to Rowland Hill when he called to see the good man in his study. He sat and looked at him, and Rowland Hill's face, you know, if you have seen his portrait, is one to be remembered; there is a peculiar comic look about it. So the Scotchman said, in answer to the question, "What are you looking at?" "I have been studying *the lines of your face.*" "And what do you make out of them?" said Mr. Hill. "Why, that if the grace of God had not made you a Christian, you would have been one of the worst fellows that ever lived." "Ah!" said Mr. Hill, "and you have hit the mark this time." I should not wonder too if some of us, when we look in the glass, were to see somebody there that would have been a very deep-dyed sinner if it had not been for the change of heart which sovereign grace has wrought. This ought to keep us very humble, and very lowly before God.

I invite you, friends, to think this over, and when you feel yourselves beginning to swell a little, let the bladder of your foolish and wicked pride be pricked with the needle of conscience as you recollect what you used to be, and you will be all the better for letting *some of the gas escape.* Come back as speedily as you can to your true shape, for what are you, after all? If you are anything that is good, or right, or pleasing in the eyes of the Lord, still you must say, "By the grace of God I am what I am."

"All that I *was*, my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all mine own;
All that I *am* I owe to thee,
My gracious God, alone."

III. The next is this—the remembrance of our former condition should renew in us

GENUINE REPENTANCE.

When we look back upon what we used to be before the Lord met with us, it should breed in us a *perpetual repentance.* There are some who seem to think that we only repent of sin when we are first converted. Do not you be deluded by any such false notion. When you leave off repenting you have left off living. You are not living to God as you ought to do unless you daily repent. Remember that we are not saved by a single act of faith which terminates the moment we receive the assurance of the divine forgiveness, but by a faith which continues as long as we live, and as long as ever we have any faith we must have repentance too, for these are twin graces—faith with a bright eye, like Rachel, who was beautiful and well-favored, and repentance, tender-eyed, like Leah, but with a lovely eye for all that.

"Repentance," says one, "why, I thought that was a bitter thing, that was taken away when we believed!" No, but it is a sweet thing; I could wish to repent in heaven, though I suppose I shall not. We cannot carry the tear of penitence in our eye into heaven; it will be the only thing we might regret to leave behind. Surely we shall be sorry even there for having grieved our God. Even there, methinks, we shall repent, but certainly as long as we are here we must daily repent of sin—ay, and repent of the sin that is forgiven, repent more because it is forgiven than we did when we had any doubt about its being pardoned.

"My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
How sad on Thee they fall,
Seen through Thy gentle patience,
I tenfold feel them all.

"I know they are forgiven,
But still their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on Thee."

Smite on your breasts while you think that it was necessary that Christ should die that you might be delivered from sin, and its penalty and power, and as your love increases let your sorrow abound, that such a Lord should have needed to be crucified for you.

IV. And now, fourthly (we have but a word on each inference, you see), the retrospect of our past lives should kindle in us

FERVENT LOVE

to the Lord who has redeemed us.

You remember Christ went into the house of one of the Pharisees who had a measure of respect for Him; this was Simon, who desired Him to eat with him; but when He entered in, Simon treated Him as a common guest, and offered Him none of the delicate attentions which men give to choice friends, or to superiors. Christ took no note of this, nor had He need to do so, for there was another who stole into that room who did for him all that Simon ought to have done, and more than Simon could have done.

"A woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment, and stood at His feet behind Him weeping." She stood behind the couch upon which He was reclining, and let her tears fall down upon His blessed flesh till she had washed His feet with them, and then unbraiding the luxurious tresses of her hair, she wiped those holy feet with it, her love, her humility, her adoration, and her penitence mingling as she kissed His feet, and anointed them with the ointment which she had brought. Our Lord explained why this woman had performed this extraordinary action. He said it was because she had been forgiven much. Now rest assured that this is a rule without an exception, that those who are conscious of having had much forgiven are those who will love Christ much.

I think there is nothing better than to retain a vivid sense of conversion in order to retain a vivid sense of love. Do not be afraid of loving Christ too much. I see the cold carping criticism of this age objects to any expressions of love to Christ which we use in our hymns because it says that they are sensuous. My only answer to such talk is—God give us more of such blessed sensuousness! I think that instead of diminishing these utterances it will be a token of growth in grace when they are more abundant, not if they become so common as to be hypocritical; then they would be sickening; but as long as they are true and honest I for one would say to you who love the Lord, Go on and sing—

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast."

Go on and sing—

"Jesus, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear."

Oh for more love arising out of a deep, intense sense of what we once were, and of the change which Christ has wrought in us!

"But," says one, "I do not know that any great change has been wrought in me." No, and there are some who tell us that we do not want any. There are certain Pædo-baptists preaching nowadays that the most of children of pious parents do not need conversion. We have long had the Church of England teaching us baptismal regeneration; now we have got some Nonconformists trying to persuade us that no regeneration at all is wanted. This is a new kind of doctrine that I know nothing of, and that the Word of God knows nothing of, and it will not do for us. It will eat out the very life of Christianity if it be believed.

Pious ancestors could not save one of you—even if your fathers and mothers, and grandfathers and grandmothers, and great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers, as far back as ever you like, had been all saints, nevertheless, their faith could not avail for you. You must be born, "not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." "Ye must be born again" is as true of one child as of another; as true of you as it was of me, and as true of me as of the thief confined in prison to-day. But some of us have been changed: we are washed, we are sanctified, we are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God. It has been a real work of grace, the turning of us upside down, the reversing of the course of nature, a turning of night into day, a turning of the powers of our spirit from the dominion of Satan to the dominion of Christ; and we must and will therefore love Him who has wrought in us such a wondrous transformation.

V. Well now, fifthly, remembering what we were,

ARDENT ZEAL

should be aroused in us.

Look at Paul. He says, "I was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious." What then? Why, now that he has become a follower of Christ, he cannot do too much. He put many saints in prison; now he goes into many prisons himself. He hunted them even to strange cities; and now he goes into all manner of strange cities himself. He dragged them before tribunals; and now he himself goes and stands before Roman proconsuls, and before the Roman emperor himself. Paul can never do too much for Christ, because he has done so much for the devil.

I remember one who lived four or five miles away from a place of worship, who used to say, "*You old legs*, it is no use being tired; for you have got to carry me. You used to take me to the place of amusement when I served the devil, and you shall carry me now to the house of God, that I may worship and serve Him." When sometimes he had an uneasy seat, he used to say, "It is no use grumbling, old bones, you will have to sit here, or else you will have to stand. Years ago you put up with all kinds of inconveniences when I went to the theatre, or some other evil place, when I served Satan; and you must be content to do the same now for a better Master, and a nobler service." I think some of us might take a lesson from that old man, and say to ourselves, "Come, covetousness, you are not going to hinder me from serving the Lord. I used to be liberal to the devil, and I do not intend now to be stingy to God." If ever I am tempted in that fashion, I will give twice as much as I had thought of doing, so as *to spite the devil*, for he shall not have his way with me.

Some, when they serve Satan, go as if they rode a race-horse, and whip and spur to get in first. How they will destroy body and soul in the service of the evil one; but if a Christian man gets a little lively they say, "Oh, dear me, dear me, he is excited, he is fanatical, he has grown enthusiastic." Why should he not be in earnest? The devil's servants are enthusiastic; and why should not the servants of Christ be the same? Black prince, black prince, art thou served by heroes, and shall Christ be served by dolts? Oh, let it not be so, my brethren. Surely if anything can wake up all the powers of our nature, if anything can make a lame man leap as a hart, if anything can make a palpitating, trembling heart to be bold and brave for Christ, it should be the love which Christ has shown in looking upon such as we were, and changing us by His grace.

"Ah, but you must not do too much," says one. Did you ever know anybody who did? If anybody ever does too much for Christ, let us rail off a piece in the cemetery that we may bury him in it. That grave will never be wanted; it will be empty till Christ comes. "Ah, but you may have too many irons in the fire." It depends upon the size of the fire. Get your fire well hot—I mean get your heart well hot, and your nature in a blaze; then put all the irons you can ever get into it. Keep them all at a white heat if possible. Blow away, and let the flames be very vehement.

Oh, to live for God a life of ecstatic zeal, even if it were only for a short space of time! It were better than to have a hundred years of bare existence, in which one went crawling along like a snail, leaving slime behind, and nothing else. It were better far than drivelling out, as oftentimes we do—

"Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys."

VI. Now, sixthly, I am sure that another inference that should be drawn from it is this: If we remember what we were, and how grace has changed us, it ought to make us very

HOPEFUL ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE.

Paul was, for he says, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief. Howbeit for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might shew forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on Him to life everlasting." Well, friend, you are saved: then anybody can be. You never ought to despair of the salvation of any one, for you know yourself, and feel yourself to have been the most undeserving of men; and yet God's grace has really made you to love Him. Well, then, that grace can light on anybody. Already it has fallen on *the most unlikely spot possible*. Now, from this moment never indulge the idea that it is useless to attempt to benefit any of your fellow-men.

I recollect—indeed, I have often met with the circumstance of persons saying, "Why did you not ask So-and-so to attend a place of worship?" "Ask him? Oh, I never thought of him." "Why not?" "I did not think it was any use." It is a very singular thing that those are the kind of people who, if you do get them to hear the word, are generally converted—the people you think it is no use to bring. Men who have been accustomed to speak very disrespectfully of religious things when once brought under the sound of the truth are often the first to receive a blessing. Those are the kind of fellows to try at, for there is some hope of reaching men who are in such need of the Gospel we have to proclaim as they are. You know there is virgin soil there, so it is the very place to sow the good seed of the kingdom.

There is good fishing in a pond that never was fished in before; and here is a man who at any rate is not Gospel-hardened: he has not got used to the sound of the Word, so as to take no notice of anything that is said. Bring him in; he is the very man we want: bring him in. "*But he is a swearer.*" Well, but if you were a swearer before your conversion, you ought never to say anything about that. "Oh, but he is *a very hardened man.*" Yes; but if you were converted, notwithstanding what you were, you ought never to make that objection against any one. "Oh, but he is such *a low-bred man.*" Well, there are plenty of us who cannot boast much about our aristocratic descent. "Oh, but," says one, "he is such a proud man, such a haughty man;" or, "he is a rich man; he is a purse-proud man." Yes, but there are others like him who have been brought in; and while that man has sinned in one way you have sinned in another way; and if the grace of God met your six it can meet his half-dozen.

Depend upon it, God meant us to be hopeful about other people when He saved us. See that man coming out of the hospital. He has had pretty nearly all the diseases you ever heard of, and yet he has been cured. He is not the man to say, "It is no use going in there, you will get no good by putting yourself under the treatment of that doctor;" on the contrary, whenever he meets with anybody who is suffering, he says, "You go and try the physician that healed me. If you can get a bed under his care, if you can come under his notice, you are almost certain to get cured; your maladies cannot be worse than mine, and he met my case exactly, and he can meet yours."

He is the man who will advertise Christ, and will proclaim His fame the whole world over—who has tasted that He is gracious, and has proved in his own case the converting power of the Holy Ghost. Oh, I pray you, dear friend, despair of nobody. You who go with your tracts, go into the worst houses; you who talk in the workhouses to those who are, perhaps, as far gone as any—who find them dying in the infirmary, and rejecting the word as you speak it, yet keep on; keep on. "Never say die" concerning any. Since the Lord has saved you, the grace of God can save anybody, however far he may have sunk in sin; it can reach even to the very vilest of the sons of men.

VII. The last inference is, that what God has done for us should confirm our

CONFIDENCE FOR OURSELVES

—our confidence, not in ourselves, but in God, who will perfect that which He has begun in us. There is not half as much grace necessary to bring you to heaven if you are a believer as you have had already to bring you where you are. *You have got to be perfected;* but remember that it was the very first step that had the difficulty in it. It always reminds me of *the legend of St. Denis*, who picked up his head after it was cut off, and walked, I think, forty leagues with it. But a wit said that there was no trouble about walking forty leagues: the difficulty all lay in the first step. So it did; and so all the difficulty of the walk of faith lies in the first step—that first coming of a dead heart into life, that first bringing of a reprobate soul, a carnal mind that is in enmity against God, into friendship with God. Well, that has been done; that first great work has been wrought in you by God the Holy Ghost; and now you can say with the apostle, "If, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life."

Do you think the Lord ever converts a man with a view of showing him the light that he may go back again into the thick darkness forever? Does he drop a spark of heavenly light into our souls that it may go out never to be rekindled? Does he come and teach us to eat heavenly bread, and drink the water of life, and then leave us to starvation or die of thirst? Does He make us members of Christ's body, and then allow us to rot and decay? Has He brought us thus far to put us to shame? Has He given me a heart that cries after Him, and pines for Him; has He given me a sighing after perfection, an inward hunger after everything that is holy and true; and does He mean, after all, to desert me? It cannot be:

"His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
That gracious conversion I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through."

So let us go on our way rejoicing that it shall be even so with each one of us. Amen.

[PORTIONS OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Acts 26, and 1 Timothy 1: 11–17.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

TALES OF THE GROG-SHOPS.

By a London Clergyman.

MRS. CRAPPIT'S GRIEVANCE.

(A Tale in Two Chapters.)

CHAPTER I.

MRS. CRAPPIT had a grievance. It is true she generally had one. But this was so much a grievance that, by the side of it, all that she then had, or ever had, in fact, sank quite away into nothingness.

Would you like to hear what Mrs. Crappit's grievance was?

Nothing easier in the world. You have but to draw somewhere near her abode to hear all the ins and outs of the matter set as plainly before you as a free and easy tongue can do it. Mrs. Crappit has such a wonderful gift of expressing herself, and is so rarely at a loss for a word, that no one is better able than she to put you in possession of a fact. And, moreover, so loudly and distinctly is she able to speak that distance is even more favorable to the listener than nearness. Mrs. Crappit has also great powers of endurance, and can talk a very long time without being fatigued thereby; so you will not, I am sure, find it at all difficult to choose either time, place, or opportunity to gather what her grievance was.

"Was woman ever saddled with sich a man as I've got? There he sits *soak, soak, soak* all the day long at that there 'Blue Anchor.' Whatever possessed me to marry the feller I don't know. Here I've got to slave night and day to keep the house open and put bread into my children's mouths; and there's the old sot forever putting his hand to his mouth and a swallowing the beer. I sometimes wish I wor dead, that I do. And when I talks to him for his good, up he jumps, and puts hisself into such a tantrum, and looks that fierce, that I'm fit to jump out of my skin, that I am. And all the thanks I get for my good advice is that off he goes to the public again. I'm fit to drop now, that I am, with the wear and tear I've got to go through.

"He's a bad lot, is my man; and how I'm going to live with him much longer I don't know. Temperance! I wish somebody would come and try it on him. The sooner he's converted the better. I've tried my best. I've tried soft words, and I've tried sharp ones. But what's the good? He's worse than ever. And what call has that Mrs. Snow got to interfere between man and wife? Not talk so much indeed! I will talk. It's all a poor, weak, defenceless woman can do is to talk. Aggravate him! Well, and what if I do? Don't he deserve it? Don't he aggravate me? I should think I've lived long enough with my man to know how to treat him; and I should thank Mrs. Snow and all her lot to mind their own business, and not put their fingers into other people's pies."

I have stopped here, my readers. But Mrs. Crappit is going on, and won't stop for a long time. However, as it is in a great measure a repetition of what you have already heard, why continue it?

You will, doubtless, have gathered from Mrs. Crappit's remarks that her man Sam was a big, burly fellow, with tremendous muscles, and a very fierce expression of countenance. No such thing. He was a small, pale man, about half as small again as his angry spouse.

And I am bound also to confess, knowing Sam Crappit most intimately, that his character was not so bad as she was in the habit of representing it to be. True, he was a drunkard, and a very bad one; but it was only lately that he had become so. He used to take only a moderate glass at the "Blue Anchor" bar: but from one cause and another he had grown worse and worse. Some said he was driven there by Mrs. Crappit's tongue, and that, what with *words and wet linen*, which Mrs. Crappit would dry under his very nose, Sam was driven to take refuge at the "Blue Anchor." However, be the cause what it may, Sam had really gone wrong and spent most of his money in strong drink.

Look at the man now, staggering home; his hat pushed in, and all on one side; a great patch of dirt on the back of his coat, where he had just fallen down; and a smirk on his face, as though he were profoundly of the opinion that he was moving in a perfectly straightforward direction, and would take in Mrs. Crappit tremendously, so that she would certainly be deceived as to where he had been, and what he had been doing. He is an object of great delight to certain small boys, who are following him home.

"You'll catch it when you get home," they shout into his ear. "Oh, my! won't your missus lather you?"

At last Sam reached the door, and after vainly attempting to put his hat straight, and to screw himself up to as sober a condition as circumstances would permit, timidly knocked. It opened with a swing, and revealed Mrs. Crappit herself, who, immediately seizing her unfortunate husband by the collar, whisked him in, and shut the door with a bang that resounded through the street like a clap of thunder.

If we could, with propriety and respectability, have stood still for a few moments outside (no need whatever to put your ear to the door, or look through the key-hole as some of Sam's young sympathizers were doing), we should have been able to gather some fresh ideas as to Mrs. Crappit's treatment of her husband. We must content ourselves, however, with his young friend's account, that "Sam was a being talked to and *scolded like anything!*"

I have said that Mrs. Crappit's great wish was that somebody or other would try and convert Sam to quite a new way of life, and that she wouldn't mind his becoming even a teetotaler if it could by any means be accomplished. This was a great concession on her part, for in days gone by she had been known to say some very harsh things about teetotalers. She appears to have had a mean idea of them, and to have considered them rather weak and unmanly. Therefore you will see that her opinion had undergone a change, at least in her husband's case.

Now it so happened that this was also the great desire of her neighbors, Mrs. Snow and her husband. They had made an agreement, those two, sitting over the fire one evening, that while she looked after Mrs. Crappit, he could look after Sam Crappit; and not a few conversations on the subject of temperance had they each with their respective charges.

Their aim was, not merely to save the family from the drink curse, but to make it a decidedly Christian household, where the Lord Jesus Christ should be trusted in, loved, and served, as they themselves tried to do. Every day they went down upon their knees together and prayed for the unhappy home, asking for wisdom to act and speak to the best advantage.

"It's no good our trying, John, in our own strength. He's got all the wisdom and the power," his wife would say. And so they tried in the strength of the Strong One to save poor Sam, and to direct Sam's wife, watching for every opportunity to say a word, or do a kind action. John would wait about until Sam came back from work, and then joining him, would give him good advice, and quote his own experience how he had been saved from the drink, and how he had never been so well and so prosperous in his life.

"But," Sam would answer, "your wife's different from mine. Your wife don't talk to you like mine. Mine is *always a jawing*. And then when I gets home there's nowhere to sit. And what with the clothes a drying in front of the fire, and the slapping of the children, and the making of 'em squeal, and the talk, talk, talk, morning, noon, and night, why 'tain't in human nature to keep out of the public."

"I'll tell you what, Sam," said John Snow, a bright idea having just struck him, "if you'll come in and sit by our fire, me and my wife'll make you heartily welcome. Will you come? Say yes, now."

"Shan't I be in the way?" questioned Sam.

"Not a bit of it," responded his friend heartily.

"Well, I'll come; and I'll give up the drink into the bargain. When it ain't tidy at home I'll come in, that I will, and thank 'ee."

"Begin to-night," urged John; and Sam assented.

That night not a drop of strong drink crossed Sam Crappit's lips. The Snows could vouch for that, for he sat with them until after nine o'clock, and John himself saw him home. John had a double reason for accompanying him. He did it in order to see him safely past the "Blue Anchor," and also to acquaint Mrs. Crappit with the great change that had taken place in Sam's habits. When they had knocked, John's heart grew very sad as he noticed the rough way in which the door was opened, and the shrill tones with which she addressed her husband.

"Come back again, you sot!" she said. "Drunk as a pig, of course. Want me to take off your boots, I suppose, just as if I was your servant gal who hadn't nothink else to do. Come in, you miserable crittur. Don't stand gaping there."

Mrs. Crappit had not seen John Snow. But when she saw him she looked somewhat abashed, and said, "I wish my man was like you, Mr. Snow."

"Well, Mrs. Crappit," said John, "he's going to be. He's signed the pledge to-night, and I've come in to tell you so."

"Why, Mr. Snow, you've a'most took my breath away, said Mrs. Crappit, after an astonished pause. Then shaking her head somewhat doubtfully at Sam, as though she had but little faith in him, she said, "Well, I hope he'll keep it, that's all."

ARTHUR HAMILTON AND HIS WIDOWED MOTHER.

GERTRUDE HAMILTON was the widow of a British naval officer who had died shortly after his return from a long voyage. Her grief at the loss of one who had always been a loving and devoted husband was greatly increased by the thought that her only son Arthur, a bright boy of seven years, was thus left fatherless. Her heart was bound up with the welfare of the boy, and all that the wisdom of love and the love of wisdom could do to form his mind and to guide his conscience she did with prayerful and unwearied solicitude.

Very touching and memorable were the visits which Mrs. Hamilton and her son regularly paid to *his father's grave*. Accompanied by her executor, Mr. Townsend, or, as happened more frequently, alone, they often lingered about the spot, talking of Mr. Hamilton's wishes respecting the future of his son, or recalling some fondly-cherished recollection of the departed, in a tone inexpressibly tender and loving. Mrs. Hamilton would say, "Your father always believed that friends who go to heaven know each other there, and with his very latest breath he said to me, 'I shall be on the look-out for your arrival in the shining land, and for Arthur's too. We are but a small family; let us not think of it as broken up. I go a little while before, but you and dear Arthur will follow, will you not?'" The boy listened with open-hearted and intense interest to all such recollections of his father, and received impressions which, though apparently obliterated for a time, proved in after years to have become part of the very fibre of his character.

When he was old enough to enter as a student at Cambridge University, he found himself associated there with companions who, while observing the forms of religion, manifested utter ignorance of its spiritual nature and its practical power. With such surroundings, and under such difficulties, it was no wonder that Arthur lost something of the simplicity and guardedness which he had brought from home. A mind of more than common acuteness and activity rendered him especially open to the influence of young men of intellectual vigor, whose range of knowledge and experience was wider than his own. Here, too, the difficulties of which all thoughtful men in modern times feel the pressure began to take definite shape in his mind. Although he shrank from the thought of wounding the feelings of his mother, there had been here and there in his letters, and occasionally during the vacations, "a shadowed hint," which filled her with apprehension.

Mysterious are the ways of Providence! Who would not have thought that the loss of such a mother, at such a time, would be one of the greatest calamities that could befall one so situated. That loss did befall Arthur Hamilton, for a tele-

gram summoned him to the deathbed of his mother.

She had almost come to her last gasp when he arrived, but, as if strengthened with preternatural energy, she addressed him in words to which all that is awful in the prospect of eternity lent solemn emphasis.

"Arthur," she said, "when you were a little boy you promised me that you would never forget your dear father's last request, that you and I would meet him in heaven. I am going to him, Arthur. Shall I tell him that you are cherishing the expectation of coming too, or that philosophy, falsely so called, has led you to abandon the hope you once cherished, and cast away the confidence in which is great recompense of reward? I know I shall see him there; what message shall I convey?"

Arthur buried his head in his hands and wept bitterly. He felt that the fascinating speculations which "lead to bewilder and dazzle to blind" are but an idle mockery when the fountain of the great deep of man's spirit is broken up. He could but give one answer—an answer which conveyed, though in broken words intermingled with sighs, the assurance that he would, with the help of God, walk in the footsteps of his father, and cling to his father's Saviour. His affections came to the aid of his faith, and he made the discovery which many had made before, and which all must make sooner or later, that even as an organ of spiritual knowledge the love of the heart is ever a surer guide than the deductions of the intellect.

THE BUDDING FIG-TREE.

By Rev. William Maude.

The Fig-tree a Symbol of the Jewish Nation—The Budding of it a Sign of the End—Budding Evinced by—1. Position of the Jews—2. Increased Interest in the Land of Israel—3. Political Importance of the Jews—4. Growing Spirit of Persecution Against them—Anti-Jewish Feeling in Germany Shared by Court and People—Bismarck's Opinion of a Jew—The Three Demon-Powers Identified with—1. Militarism; 2. Infidelity; 3. Spirit of Persecution.

IT is generally agreed among students of unfulfilled prophecy that in the "fig-tree" spoken of in the parable, Luke 21: 29–31, as in that other barren "fig-tree" upon which our Lord pronounced His solemn judgment (Matt. 21: 19, 20), we are to recognize a symbol of the Jewish nation. And by the shooting forth of its early leaves, indicating as they do the near approach of the genial and prolific season of summer, we are of course to understand such various signs of *reviving vitality* in the nation itself, as well as such increased interest manifested toward it by other nations, as shall supply unquestionable evidence that the long winter of Israel's spiritual rejection and political abasement is drawing to a close, and the millennial season of her exaltation and glory even at the door.

Now the object of the following article is to show that among the many evidences that the shadows of

THE CLOSE OF THE PRESENT AGE

are rapidly gathering around us, and darkening into the brief but terrible night of the last great tribulation, this of the budding of the Jewish fig-tree is not wanting. For, as has been truly said, the special and most conclusive proof that we have not only entered upon but advanced far into the last days is to be found not so much in the appearance of this particular sign or the other, but in the simultaneousness with which *all the predicted signs* are manifesting themselves, all the lines of prophetic evidence converging to a single point of time, which point of time seems to lie immediately before us.

Behold, then, the budding of the fig-tree; or, to speak without figure, let us observe some of the most striking signs of Israel's rejuvenescence as they manifest themselves in the character of the eventful days in which our lot is cast.

I. In the first place, we may surely point, as one of the signs of the budding of the fig-tree, to *the very prominent position* which the Jews have come to occupy during the last fifty years—a position much more prominent than during any previous period since the long centuries of their dispersion and tribulation commenced. It is not too much to say that during the present century the Jew has, in Europe at least, from an object of contempt and oppression became one of envy and fear. This result is no doubt due in some measure to the accumulation by certain Jews—more especially by one family, whose name has become a very synonym for a millionnaire—of such vast wealth as has made them practically

THE BANKERS OF EUROPE.

There must also be taken into account, however, the emancipation laws passed in favor of the Jews in various countries, and the consequent improvement in their social position. Nor must we omit to notice the remarkable abilities and genius which have in recent times raised Jews to the very highest positions alike in the political, scientific, literary, and artistic world.

We have had eminent Jewish statesmen, Jewish philosophers, Jewish generals, Jewish authors, Jewish artists, and even Jewish theologians. In a word, we may say that the Jewish fig-tree has *blossomed intellectually* in a manner giving splendid promise of the nation's fitness, in this respect as in others, to fill the position of earthly supremacy to which it is destined in the coming days.

II. Again, we may point, as another indication of the budding of the Jewish fig-tree, to the increased *interest in the land of Israel* which has of late been so remarkably exhibited. Who has not heard of the *Palestine Exploration* work, and the many interesting discoveries thereby elicited; the various schemes, both Jewish and Gentile, for the agricultural improvement and colonization of Palestine; the Euphrates Valley Railway, and various others, whereby the whole country would be opened up and brought into easy communication with surrounding countries? All these, to say nothing of the fact that a tour to the Holy Land is now as ordinary a thing as was a tour to Paris sixty years ago, assuredly furnish a striking fulfilment of the prophet's words: "Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon Zion: for the time to favor her, yea,

"THE SET TIME, IS COME.

For thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favor the dust thereof" (Psalm 102: 13, 14).

III. Another very significant sign of the shooting forth of the Jewish fig-tree is to be found in the fact that, owing to the rapid decline of the Turkish Empire, and the gradual breaking-up and re-formation of the countries of which it was composed, the Jewish nation has *become of some political importance.* The kings and statesmen by whom Europe is governed, in their various and conflicting schemes for the partition of the "sick man's" remaining goods when his final hour has come, are now compelled to take Palestine into account. It will, perhaps, be found that the only practical solution of the great Eastern Question lies in the restoration of Israel to his own land, a work which, it seems highly probable to many students of prophecy, England may find herself called upon to effect, in accordance with that remarkable prophecy in Isaiah 18: "Woe to the land shadowing with wings, which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia: that sendeth ambassadors by the sea, even in vessels of bulrushes upon the waters, saying, Go, ye swift messengers, to a nation scattered and peeled, to a people terrible from their beginning hitherto; a nation meted out and trodden down, whose land the rivers have spoiled," etc.

IV. But there is yet another indication of the budding of the Jewish fig-tree at the present time which is very remarkable, and to which we desire here to direct special attention, and that is *the growing spirit of hatred and persecution against the Jews* which is manifesting itself in many parts of Europe, and more especially in Germany. In Servia and Roumania, as well as in Bulgaria, the Jew has long been hated and oppressed, and this feeling of hatred has of late years been increased by the known sympathy of the Jews with the Turkish cause. In Russia, also, the Jews have always been subject to cruel oppression, and in that vast empire again the national feeling against them has been intensified by their actual, or supposed, complicity in the recent Nihilistic movement; indeed, they are widely believed to have been the chief instigators of it. In Germany, however, the present political movement against them, which threatens speedily to develop itself in actual persecution, owes its origin to other causes, and is every way more significant, as we shall endeavor to point out. But before doing this there are one or two very interesting facts in reference to the present condition of Israel which we desire to bring under notice.

In the first place, the geographical distribution of

"THE SCATTERED PEOPLE,"

when viewed in connection with their divinely-revealed restoration to their own land, is worthy of our attention. It is computed by the best authorities that there are about SEVEN MILLIONS of Jews at present in the world. Now it is certainly a very remarkable fact that of these seven millions not far from FIVE MILLIONS are to be found in Russia, Austria, Turkey, Germany, in Asia, and in certain parts of Africa bordering on the Mediterranean. In Great Britain, France, Italy, Spain, Sweden, and even America, the Jews are comparatively few in number. And yet, while they enjoy the most complete liberty in the western countries of Europe, and are still subject to persecution and degradation in the eastern, it is to the eastern that they most tenaciously cling.

The Slav has ever been the persecutor of the Jew, but, nevertheless, it is in Slav countries that the most cherished haunts of the Jews are to be found. So that, in point of fact, the Jews may still be regarded, not merely by descent and religion, but also by habitation, as an Eastern people. How is this to be accounted for? "It cannot be attributable," says a recent able writer, "to lack of enterprise, or unwillingness to push fortune in strange lands, or to incapacity of assimilation with foreign habits and customs.

A FURTHER AND DEEPER SOLUTION

has to be sought."

And what is this "further and deeper solution?" At least two elements in it seem to be discernible. On the one hand may we not discern the Divine intention in thus keeping this ancient people more or less in the vicinity of their future home, so that when God shall give the signal they may the more readily and rapidly obey it? God wants them to be, so to speak, "*at hand*" when His "set time to favor Zion" shall have come; and therefore He retains them, by the invisible but powerful influence of an unconscious patriotism, from wandering too far away—the land exercising a secret magnetic influence over those who are yet again to inherit it.

And as one Divine purpose is thus answered by keeping the Jews for the most part in Eastern lands, so is another met by so ordering it that these are the very countries in which they are the most despised and persecuted. "The people shall dwell alone" is at once the Divine purpose and prediction concerning them; they must, in order that their great destiny may be worked out, remain unmingled with other peoples; and this end is most effectually attained by putting enmity between them and the nations among whom they dwell, this enmity tending necessarily to the isolation of the Jews, and begetting on their part a corresponding repulsion; so that union and absorption becomes morally, as well as socially, impossible.

(To be concluded.)

A Hymn that Saved Life.—When the Seawanhaka was burning in the Sound last summer, one of the Fisk University singers, who was on board with his wife, cast himself into the waves, bidding his wife cling to his shoulders when in the water. She obeyed, until her strength becoming exhausted, she said, "I can hold on no longer!" "Try a little longer," was the response of the wearied and agonized husband; "let us sing 'Rock of Ages.'" And as the sweet strains floated over those troubled waters, reaching the ears of the sinking and dying, they encouraged others also fighting for life.

Soon in the distance a boat was seen approaching! Singing still, they laid hold of the life-boat, upon which they were borne in safety to land. This is no fiction; it was related by the singer himself, who said he "believed Toplady's sweet 'Rock of Ages' saved many another besides himself and wife."

A CHOICE VINDICATED.

(*Continued from page 31.*)

A Ride to Bethany.

ALICE had never heard Evelyn speak of religion before, and had no idea how much she was changed since she had seen her last. She would have turned the conversation to some other subject if Evelyn had not spoken.

"You look surprised, Alice," she said; "you did not expect me to say that, did you?"

"No, indeed," said Alice, laughing; "I thought that both you and I were quite free from all sentimental nonsense. I am afraid Miss Lindsay has been talking you over to her way of thinking."

"Is it nonsense?" said Evelyn, gravely, passing over Alice's last words; "because if it is not nonsense, surely it is a great reality!"

"Oh, I don't know," said Alice, lightly: "Claude says the greater part of religion is nonsense, and I suppose he ought to know; he has studied the matter, and I have not."

"Oh, Alice," said Evelyn, with tears in her eyes, "if you only knew how very, very happy I have been lately! I never knew before that it was possible to be as happy as I am now!"

"That may be," said Alice, "and I am not happy. Sometimes I am miserable," she said, bitterly, with that grave, sad expression that I had seen on her face once before; "but still I cannot help agreeing with Claude, that it is better not to be comforted at all, than to get comfort out of a lie."

"Oh yes," I said, "Mr. Ellis is quite right in that; but the whole question turns on this: Is the Bible Satan's lie, or God's truth? It must surely be either the one or the other."

"Well," said Alice, lightly, "it is too hot to enter into a theological discussion. I will call the dragoman and get him to send us some lemonade: our cook makes it splendidly."

"Poor Alice!" said Evelyn, when we were left alone in the tent.

"Yes," I said, "she is very much to be pitied for she is not comfortable in her unbelief; she has doubts even about her own doubting."

Alice came back to tell us that the gentlemen had planned a ride to the Mount of Olives, and the dragoman had gone to hire horses for the whole party, so that we might start together from the Damascus Gate as soon as it began to be a little cooler.

Meanwhile Mr. Stanley guided us to our hotel. We went back a different way, keeping outside the city, till we reached the Jaffa Gate. Sir William and I walked first, and Mr. Stanley and Evelyn followed, but as Sir William was reading his guide-book, which he kept open in his hand and consulted as he walked along, I had much time for thought, and once or twice I could not help overhearing the conversation which was going on behind me.

"So you know Lord Moreton, Miss Trafford?" I heard Mr. Stanley say.

"Yes; papa knows him very well, and he likes him very much," said Evelyn, laughing.

"And you do not?" said Mr. Stanley, gravely.

"Oh, I don't dislike him," said Evelyn; "only I think him very stupid and uninteresting."

I thought Sir William must have heard this remark, but if he heard it he took no notice of it, but appeared to be deep in his book.

"Lord Moreton stupid! Lord Moreton uninteresting!" repeated Mr. Stanley; "then excuse my saying, Miss Trafford; that if that is your opinion, I am sure you do not know Lord Moreton: no one who really knew him would ever come to such a conclusion."

Mr. Stanley had spoken rather warmly, and Evelyn said in an apologetic tone: "I am very sorry, Mr. Stanley. I see Lord Moreton is a friend of yours; I did not know you knew him at all."

"Yes," he said, smiling, "we were college friends, and have been like brothers ever since. I think I may say that I know Lord Moreton better than any one else knows him, and the more I know him, so much the more I respect him and love him."

"He always seems to me to be so shy and awkward," said Evelyn.

"Yes, so he is with strangers," said Mr. Stanley; "he is a highly nervous man; it is his infirmity, and he knows it; but if he can only shake off his nervousness, he is quite another man. I wish you could have heard him address a meeting of undergraduates the other day, you would not have believed it was the same man."

"Addressing them! On what subject?' asked Evelyn, now more astonished than ever.

"Oh, about personal religion. Lord Moreton has a wonderful power with young men. He is not at all nervous when speaking to them. It is you ladies that make him so shy," said Mr. Stanley, laughing; "you are such formidable beings!"

"Well, I *am* surprised!" said Evelyn; "I could not have believed it, if you had not told me. And he is a real Christian? I am very glad to hear it."

"Yes," said Mr. Stanley, "he is a man who lives very near to his God; and his one desire and aim is to bring all under his influence to the Saviour. Indeed," he added, in a lower voice, "if it had not been for Lord Moreton, Miss Trafford, I should have been to this day a man of the world; it was his words and his example which first made me decide for Christ."

I could hear no more, for we had reached the Jaffa Gate, and had passed into the noisy square in front of the Tower of David.

Whether Sir William had overheard the conversation I did not know. He looked very pleased and half amused as it was going on; but perhaps he may have been reading some interesting anecdote in his guide-book.

Mr. Stanley left us at the Tower of David, and we went to the hotel to rest until the evening.

It was still very hot when we started from the Damascus Gate and rode in the direction of the Mount of Olives.

"What a wretched little hillock it is!" said Claude, as we drew near to it. "It does not deserve the name of hill, much less of mountain."

But to most of us this "wretched little hillock" was the most sacred spot on earth. There was no doubt about its identity; "the mountain on the east side of the city" could not be mistaken for any other. No vain superstition, no improbable legend had fixed upon this hill as the place where our Lord's feet had so often trod. The hand of time, and the cruel devastations of war, which had laid low the beautiful temple, and made Jerusalem a heap of ruins, had not been able to obliterate this spot, nor to make us doubtful as to whether it were indeed the same Mount of Olives of which we had read so often in the Gospels.

We crossed the Valley of Jehoshaphat, passed the wall of the so-called Gethsemane, and began to ascend one of the steep, stony paths which led across the mountain to Bethany.

"Do you know, Miss Lindsay," said Mr. Stanley, "that these paths, on the hill sides, are probably less changed than anything in the whole country? They must have gone in the same direction years ago, and this is, without doubt, the very road our Lord's feet so often trod to and from the city on His way to Martha's house."

I felt as if it were almost too sacred ground. I did not answer him, for I could not have done so without tears. So we rode on in silence, a little way behind the others, and Evelyn told me afterward she would have been very thankful to have been with us, for Claude and Alice were laughing and talking the whole way, telling amusing stories of things and people in England, and taking little or no notice of the scenes and places around them. The Mount of Olives was nothing to them!

Mr. Stanley rode forward as we came to a turn in the road on the shoulder of the hill, and made them all stop and look round at the city: for it is at *this* place that, when coming from Bethany, Jerusalem first comes in sight, and *there*, he said, must have been the very spot on which our Lord stood when "He beheld the city and wept over it."

Evelyn came close to me and whispered, "Oh, May, I cannot help it, the tears will come; let us go a little way off by ourselves; Claude and Alice will chatter so."

We got off our horses, and left them with the dragoman, and went a short distance from the road to a clump of olive trees; and here we stood, looking down upon the city. If our Lord wept as He gazed on it in its glory, because He saw, in the far distance, the shadow of ruin and desolation creeping toward it, how much more should we weep, who saw the once beloved city, the joy of the whole earth, made a very curse among men!

"Look forward as well as backward," said Mr. Stanley's voice behind us.

"Forward to what?" Evelyn asked.

"Forward to that day when the Lord will no longer weep over Jerusalem, but will rejoice over her. Do you remember that passage in Isaiah 65: 'Be ye glad and rejoice for ever in that which I create: for, behold, I create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a joy. And *I* will rejoice in Jerusalem, and joy in My people: and the voice of weeping shall be no more heard in her, nor the voice of crying.' You see the Lord will rejoice in Jerusalem Himself, and call upon us to rejoice with Him; and surely those who have been one with Him in His sorrow will be the ones whom He will call to rejoice with Him in His joy."

"Doesn't it remind you of the shepherd's joy," I said, "as he brought back his lost sheep, rejoicing himself, and calling together his friends, saying to them, 'Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost?'"

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Stanley; "I never thought of that; the two passages are wonderfully alike."

"Oh, Mr. Stanley," said Evelyn, as he turned round, "must we go? It is so delightful to be here."

"I think we must come again another day, by ourselves," said Mr. Stanley, in a whisper, "your friends are rather impatient to be moving; they find very little to interest them on the Mount of Olives."

"I am not surprised," said Evelyn; "half the Bible they do not believe in, and the other half they do not care for, but, oh dear, I do wish they had not come with us; I did not think we should feel it so much."

Evelyn went on, reluctantly, to join her father. Mr. Stanley stayed behind a moment, and gathered a spray of olive-leaves, which he gave to me and asked me to keep it, "as a remembrance of the place, and of our coming here together." I have that spray of olive-leaves now, and shall keep it as long as I live.

So we went on to Bethany. The road must have taken the same course in our Lord's time, for there is a deep valley, and the road runs at its head. And it must have looked just the same then, with the same wild flowers growing by the wayside, the same blue mountains of Moab in front and the same green valley beneath. Mr. Stanley pointed out to me some fig-trees, growing close to the road, just as they did when the Saviour, hungry with His long walk from Bethany, searched among the leaves for fruit to refresh Him on the way.

I had had no idea before that it was so far from Jerusalem to Bethany. He must have been very weary as He went backward and forward every day of that last, sad week of His life on earth. Only once do we read of Him riding; it was all on foot, in the weariness and heat of the day, with the same sun beating on His head as was shining on us at that very moment.

And then, as I rode at Mr. Stanley's side, he reminded me of that last walk, when He led His disciples out as far as to Bethany, and we wondered if, as they trod this road, they knew that He was so soon to leave them, and that it was the last walk that they would take with Him. If so, surely they must have been very sorrowful, surely their hearts must have been so full of the parting with Him that they must have lost sight, for a little time, of the blessing that parting was to bring to them, and the realisation of which was so soon to make them return, by that very road, to Jerusalem, "with great joy, praising and blessing God."

I never enjoyed anything so much as that ride to Bethany; it was very quiet and peaceful, for Sir William and Claude were some way in front with the dragoman, and Evelyn, who rode next with

Alice, was not much inclined for conversation, and kept her laughing companion tolerably still, so that we were not interrupted in our quiet talk together.

Then we came to Bethany, a miserable, wretched dirty village, and here a troop of squalid Arabs came out of their houses to look at us, and to beg of us, and a number of noisy dogs barked, and howled, and jumped up at our horses' heads, and we were very glad to get as quickly as possible out of the narrow, filthy street, and gradually to ascend the eastern side of the Mount of Olives.

"I think the Ascension must have taken place somewhere here," said Mr. Stanley; "it would be just far enough away from the noise of the village, and such a likely place for them to come to."

A lovely view was spread out before us; the village of Bethany lay at our feet, and then there stretched far away the great wilderness of Judea, and, beyond it, in the far distance, the fertile plain of the Jordan, like a line of silver running into the deep blue Dead Sea. Then the view was shut in by the grand Moab mountains, standing out like a wall against the sky.

"This is very fine!" said Claude, as we stood looking at it; "this is well worth coming to see!" It was the same view that Lot had gazed on, yet where were the cities of the plain which he had seen in their glory?"

Then we crossed over the top of the mountain, and began to descend the western side, by the very path which David took when fleeing from Absalom, when we read he climbed up the ascent barefoot, and with his head covered, weeping, as he went, at the ingratitude and cruelty of his son.

We had a different view now, and yet a very beautiful one. The city of Jerusalem was lying at our feet, nestling among the hills.

(To be continued.)

SIMEON AND THE CHILD JESUS.

S.S. Lesson for January 30. Luke 2: 25–33. Golden Text, verse 32. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

WHEN the Lord Jesus was eight days old He was circumcised like any other Jewish child, and the name which the angel Gabriel had commanded Mary, the name of Jesus, was given Him. When God gave Abraham the covenant of circumcision, He charged him, "Walk before Me, and be thou perfect" (Gen. 17: 1); but only in Abraham's "Seed, which is Christ" (Gal. 3: 16), was the command carried out in the Spirit and to the very letter; the Lord Jesus walked before His Father, and He was perfect. "In whom also ye are circumcised with the circumcision made without hands, in putting off the body of the sins of the flesh by the circircumcision of Christ' (Col. 2: 11). God's covenant with Abraham was in his flesh (Gen. 17: 13); His covenant with us is in Christ's flesh. Through the suffering of Christ in the flesh, from His circumcision until His death, "the body of the sins of the flesh" in us is put off, and by faith we have put off self and put on Christ, and He by one offering hath perfected for ever them which are sanctified (Heb. 10: 14).

"And when the days of her purification according to the law of Moses were accomplished (Lev. 12: 2), they brought Him to Jerusalem, to present Him to the Lord." Our blessed Lord must then have been exactly forty days old. Thus He was forty days on earth before He, as a Son of Adam, was presented to the Lord according to the law of the firstborn, He was forty days fasting and tempted in the desert, and forty days on earth after His resurrection. God claimed all the first-born as His special possession: "For all the first-born of the children of Israel are mine, both man and beast, on the day that I smote every first-born in the land of Egypt I sanctified them for myself" (Num. 8: 17).

"And, behold, there was a man in Jerusalem, whose name was Simeon; and the same man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel: and the Holy Ghost was upon him. And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ." It is probable that this old man was little known in Jerusalem although well known in heaven. "Just and devout," was this the characteristic of the religion of his day? Many there were in his time who did their works "to be seen of men" who made "broad their phylacteries," and enlarged "the borders of their garments," who for a pretence made long prayers, who built the tombs of the prophets and garnished the sepulchres of the righteous, who paid tithe of mint and anise, and cummin but "omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith" (Matt. 23). "Judgment, mercy and faith" were the atmosphere in which Simeon breathed, he was a just man towards men, and a devout man towards God; and so is every one of whom it can be said, the Holy Ghost is upon him.

Such men waited then for the consolation of Israel, such are the "blessed and holy" ones who wait for God's Son from heaven (Rev. 20: 6; 1 Thess. 1: 10). This was a man who understood the language of the Holy Ghost. English, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Latin, Greek and Hebrew are learned in the schools, but there is only one school where men can learn the language of the Holy Ghost, and He Himself is the Teacher. He told Simeon "that he should not see death until he had seen the Lord's Christ." O how many Christians there are who long for this clear direction of the Holy Ghost. But let us remember that the Holy Ghost does not serve our ends, but Christ's; does not glorify us, but Christ; does not lend Himself to us that He may guide us for our comfort, but He possesses us that He may guide us for Christ's sake. To be guided by the Holy Ghost, we must cease to have preconceptions or predilections, we must yield ourselves to the Holy Ghost.

Simeon knew that God would not deceive him, he knew that neither sickness nor accident could bring him to the grave until "he had seen the Lord's Christ." Old age could only bring his long-cherished hope nearer, he counted on the Word of his God. "And he came by the Spirit into the temple." Some might have said it was pure imagination, that God did not speak in the present day as He did to the prophets of old, and that it was presumption in Simeon to think that He did, and they might have regarded him as a superstitious man, or as one half fallen into dotage; but he knew the Spirit's voice and followed it. Some may say, "But are there not many enthusiasts who have arisen, and laid claim to be led by the Holy Ghost, and they have fallen into all kinds of error and extravagance." This is only too sadly true; but such can never be the case when self is laid down, and when every thought is brought into captivity to "the obedience of Christ" (2 Cor. 10: 5).

When Simeon "came by the Spirit into the temple," there was nothing in what he found there to gratify the eye of sense. A helpless infant in the arms of a poor woman, and Joseph the carpenter with her, this was all. Could he recognize in such utter helplessness, the Lord's Anointed? Yes, he had God's Word for it, and faith demands no more. To this little babe God had given "a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father" (Phil. 2: 9–11). "Then took he Him up in his arms, and blessed God and said, Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy Word: for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." Simeon's only warrant for his faith was the Word of the God who cannot lie. Have we a like faith? When God tells us that His Word shall not return unto Him void, do we expect results from the preaching of it? When He says of His Church, "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it" (Matt. 16: 18), do we expect the power of Satan to give way before God's people? Who of us is counting certainly upon the undoubted fulfilment of God's written Word?

Simeon's eyes had now fulfilled their mission, "mine eyes have seen Thy salvation;" nothing now hindered him from dying the death of a man of God. He saw by the eye of faith that which the twelve apostles after three years' intercourse with Jesus had not learned, that the salvation of God's Christ was not to be confined to the Jews. The teaching of Jesus on earth, and His teaching during the forty days which followed the resurrection, and even the baptism of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost, had not sufficed to teach Peter this lesson; he needed a special visitation by a vision at Joppa to make him understand it. But Simeon said of Christ's salvation, "Which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people; a light to lighten the Gentiles and the glory of Thy people Israel." Israel might indeed have the glory, for "salvation is of the Jews" (John 4: 22), but all people should share in its light. "It is a light thing that Thou shouldest be my Servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and to restore the preserved of Israel; I will also give Thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be My salvation unto the ends of the earth" (Isa. 49: 6).

"Joseph and His mother marvelled at those things which were spoken of Him," they were not yet prepared to understand all the honor which God put upon them. "And Simeon blest them," "the less is blest of the better" (Heb. 7: 7). Thus Mary, although she was the mother of Jesus, did not bless, but was blest by, old Simeon. And he said unto her, "Behold, this Child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel." Did he mean that they should stumble, that He should be to them a stumblingstone, because they looked for a reigning and conquering Messiah? Or did he mean the death and resurrection of which all who believe in Him must partake? "And for a sign which shall be spoken against." Such is Jesus, such is His truth, unpopular, unrecognized in the world, because to the pride of human nature it is so unpalatable. ("Yea, a sword shall pierce through thine own soul also), that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed." Mary's heart should be pierced by the death of Jesus, and the thoughts of many hearts, their thoughts of God, and their thoughts of themselves should be exposed, and brought out prominently to view, when tested by the death of the Lord Jesus.

One other was there who recognized God's Christ, the Saviour, in the little babe. She was a prophetess and a widow. She must have known the power of the Spirit of God as Simeon did, for it is by the Spirit that the gift of prophecy is given (1 Cor. 12: 8–10). Anna was an old woman, perhaps too aged to engage in much active service for the Master, perhaps so ripe in her soul that she had learned the best service was in intercession; thus she "departed not from the temple, but served God with fastings and prayers night and day." How little is the ministry of intercession understood among us! How few men or women give themselves to a life of prayer! How few there are who could do so, who understand enough of God's heart, and of the real needs around them, to bear a continual burden of God's interests upon them! How few there are who have so experienced the working of God's mighty hand, that they have confidence enough in Him to stand in the Name of Christ on the side of His Word, to pray for and count upon its fulfilment in spite of all the torrent of unbelief, indifference, and sin which has sunk the Christianity of our day to such a level that we find many comparing its results to those of Buddhism and Mahometanism!

"She coming in that instant, gave thanks likewise unto the Lord, and spake of Him to all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem." Like Simeon, she saw all things after the Spirit and not after the flesh, she did not look upon Simeon as a visionary, the same Holy Ghost was in them both, and the communion of saints which subsists by the Spirit of God was to them a blessed and realized experience. Not only did she herself believe that she saw the Lord's Anointed but "she spake of Him." Much useless conversation would be avoided if we "spake of Him." Anna did not relate her own experience or speak of the results of her prophesying, Himself filled her horizon, "and out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," thus she spake of Him. She seems to have had Godly fellowship with a little band who looked for redemption in Jerusalem. A little unknown group of believers whose heart and whose treasure was not on earth. To these Anna went and spake of Him, to these she confided the glad intelligence that the Saviour of the world was born. My reader, have you the spirit of a Simeon or an Anna?

FOREIGN TOPICS.

A Deadlock in the British Parliament has been produced by the tactics of Mr. Parnell and his friends. On the day of the opening of the session, the Home Rule leader gave notice that he should move an amendment to the address which it is customary for the House of Commons to present in reply to the Queen's speech. The amendment related to the threat of coercion, and declared that "peace cannot be promoted by a suspension of the Constitution." It is usual to vote the address promptly, but the policy of obstruction has again been called into play, and it was not until Friday, January 14th, that a vote on Mr. Parnell's amendment was reached. Then it was negatived by a vote of 435 to 57. There are other amendments still to be debated before the address can be voted and the ordinary business of the session commenced. It is expected that some stringent measure of authority will have to be put in force before the obstruction is quelled.

An Explosion in the Barracks at Salford, near Manchester, England, on January 14th, it is suspected, was effected by Fenians. The rifles of the volunteer rifle corps were kept in the building, and there were several thousand stand of arms there at the time. There was a ventilator in the wall between the shed of the barracks and the street, and one theory is that the explosive material was dropped through this ventilator. It is also asserted that the regiment now quartered in the barracks contains many Irish, and that Fenianism had been previously suspected among them. A fuse was found in the ground near the shed, and the explosion forced a hole through the outer wall of the barracks large enough to admit a man. The barracks are situated in a very populous district, and one woman was seriously, and a boy, it is feared, fatally, injured, but no arms were stolen.

France, Almost Alone Among European Nations, appears to be enjoying a period of prosperity. In 1870–71 she had a baptism of misfortunes; suffered a mighty invasion and a crushing defeat; had to pay all its extraordinary war expenses and some two hundred millions as an indemnity to Germany; and passed through the agonies of a revolution by overturning a corrupt Imperial system and building up a republic on new foundations. The increase in revenue in France during the year now terminated is sufficient to enable the Government to take off one hundred and twenty millions of francs ($12,000,000) without endangering the equilibrium of the Budget. Thus side by side with the decay of Austria and the industrial depression and social sufferance of Germany—two of the oldest monarchies of Europe—we see the expanding industries, the diminishing debts, and the reviving hopes of the young republic.

Germany and the Turkish Question.—For some time Prince Bismarck seemed anxious to persuade the world that he and his country took very little interest in the Eastern Question. But recently German officials are being summoned to Constantinople for consultation; at the last moment Germany played a leading part in securing the transfer of Dulcigno; and she is now using all her influence to bring about a pacific solution of the problem relating to Greece. The secret of this change probably lies in German jealousy and fear of Russia. Prince Bismarck's policy aims at preventing Russian aggrandizement in Turkey. There is the difficulty as to the Power which shall *succeed* the Turkish government when it falls to pieces. Russia plainly intends, if she can, to extend her empire to the Bosphorus; but Germany cannot afford to let her gratify her ambition. As England appears, under Mr. Gladstone's policy, to assist rather than to oppose Russia, Prince Bismarck takes up the work Lord Beaconsfield was obliged to lay down.

A Dispute Between the Pope and the Portuguese Government on the subject of marriage ceremonies has threatened the existence of the amicable relations which for so long a period have existed between the two Powers. The Government of Portugal resolved to legalize civil marriages. The Nuncio insisted that, in case of a civil contract, the religious ceremony should precede it, and should be *the only valid one*. This the Portuguese Government absolutely refused, but offered as a compromise, that both marriages should be absolutely requisite, giving precedence in time to the religious ceremony. The Pope has accepted this offer, which gives him the power he desires of rendering the services of the priest necessary to a valid marriage.

An Incident Related in a Letter by Charles Russell, M.P., to the London *Times* illustrates the evils of which the Irish tenantry complain. On an Irish land-owner's estate was a piece of land which spade had never entered. An industrious man applied for permission to occupy it, and it was granted on his paying a rental of $35 a year. The tenant built his homestead upon it, he fenced it, did such drainage as was needed, and after *years of toil* brought it into a state of decent cultivation. He died last year. His widow, finding herself unable to work the land, desired to sell her interest, which would, she thought, bring her a considerable sum. There were many people who would pay her a premium for the privilege of occupying the highly-cultivated land at the rental of $35. But the land-owner refused to let it at that rate any longer, and demanded $75, its market value. Thus he prevented the widow realizing the results of her husband's energy and industry.

Afghanistan.—The Position of Abdhul Rahman, whom England made Ameer of Afghanistan, would appear from the latest intelligence from Cabul to be still very insecure. He is still pushing on the enlistment of soldiers and the manufacture of arms, and has imprisoned the Mir Butcha chief, whose name was a year ago so familiar as one of the leaders of the antagonistic Yakoob faction. Sirdar Yassuf Khan, formerly the Governor of Cabul, is also arrested, and Sirdar Shere Mahommed Khan has been banished to Turkestan for disrespectful conduct in a durbar. The Ameer is said, moreover, to have been unsuccessful in an attempt to collect the arrears of revenue for the last two years, and to be somewhat unpopular with the people. Thus the settlement effected by England at the cost of so much blood and treasure is already in jeopardy.

The Elections in France Held Last Week register a decided gain to the party led by Gambetta. Over two million voters cast their ballots, and the gain of the Republicans over Radicals, Monarchists, and Bonapartists amounted to three hundred seats. It was expected that the expulsion of the Jesuits and the closing of their schools would have entailed on the Government a loss of popularity, especially in the rural districts, but these elections show that the republican form of government still maintains its hold on the confidence of the people.

The Greeks are Clamoring for War with Turkey, but it is believed that the King of Greece, who is aware of the relative strength of the two countries, is averse to entering on the conflict, especially as he hopes to attain his object by peaceable measures. It is once more reported, and this time from Paris, that the European Powers have finally decided upon the arbitration scheme, and that the French minister at Athens has been instructed to declare that the Berlin Congress conferred no rights upon Greece, and that if the Greek Government goes to war it must not count upon the support of France.

The Paris *Temps* counsels the Powers to concert a solemn collective declaration that Greece has misconstrued the bearing of the decisions of the Berlin Conference, and defining their real character. The *Temps* says such a declaration would give the King of the Hellenes the power he needs for resisting the popular current.

Mr. Campbell, the Daring Blind Man, who recently ascended Mont Blanc, states that he was born in Tennessee in 1834, and was for eleven years the friend and co-worker of Dr. S. G. Howe, of Boston, the eminent philanthropist and instructor of the blind. In 1871, after spending some time in Germany, he visited London, where he was so much impressed with the deplorable condition of the thirty thousand helpless blind of Great Britain, that he resolved to do what he could to alleviate their condition. The prejudice he had to encounter was as mountainous as Mont Blanc or the Matterhorn, but he has gradually overcome it, and now between 80 and 90 per cent of the pupils are independent, active, and useful members of society. He has often taken his pupils on long excursions. He once *chartered a schooner* and went out to sea on a fishing voyage of several days. In his London institution he compels them to engage in vigorous athletic sports, even in skating, which is systematically taught. In this way he has elevated both the brain and the physique of his blind pupils, and has succeeded not only in making them forget their misfortunes, but in becoming proficient in the art of music.

The Poor of Bristol, England, are Receiving assistance to emigrate from Mr. Budgett, a merchant of that city, who is the son of the well-known philanthropic Christian tradesman, whose memoir under the title of "The Successful Merchant" was widely circulated here and in England a few years ago. He has acquired a large tract of land to the south of Lake Superior, and is colonizing it from among the industrious and frugal inhabitants of his native city who are unable to earn a livelihood there.

Papal Hypocrisy.—Among the Papers of the late Cardinal Antonelli, the chief minister of the late Pope, has been found a letter written by Victor Emmanuel to Pius IX. at the time of the occupation of Rome by the Italian troops. The King says in it that he thought he was rendering a service to the Church by occupying the city in a regular manner, instead of leaving it a prey to the revolution. On this passage there is a marginal note in the hand of Pius IX., to the effect that he quite comprehends this reasoning, and is grateful to the King, but that *before the world* it is necessary for him to protest. What can be thought of a man who esteemed the world's opinion so highly that he simulated a passion he did not feel?

The Czar of Russia and his Son, the Czarewitch, are reported to have been completely reconciled, and there is now no further talk of an abdication of the Emperor Alexander, and the position of the Czar's new wife is acknowledged in society. From the beginning of the new year the Czarewitch is to be associated with his father in the government of the Empire, but the Czar will retain complete control over Russia's foreign policy.

The World's Bill for Intoxicating Liquors.— The New York *Evening Post* says that in the year 1879 there was paid out for intoxicating drinks by the people of Germany the sum of $650,000,000, and by those of France $580,000,000, of Great Britain, $750,000,000, and of the United States, $720,000,000—making a grand total of $2,700,000,000.

The First Missionaries Landed in New Zealand about half a century ago. Now, says Sir George Grey, ex-Governor of the province, out of a native population of 100,000 persons, there are not over 1000 who do not make a profession of Christianity. There is a readiness to contribute *one tenth of the produce* of their labor for the support of their Christian teachers, and to make liberal grants of lands for the endowment of schools. Most of the work has been done by the Church Missionary Society.

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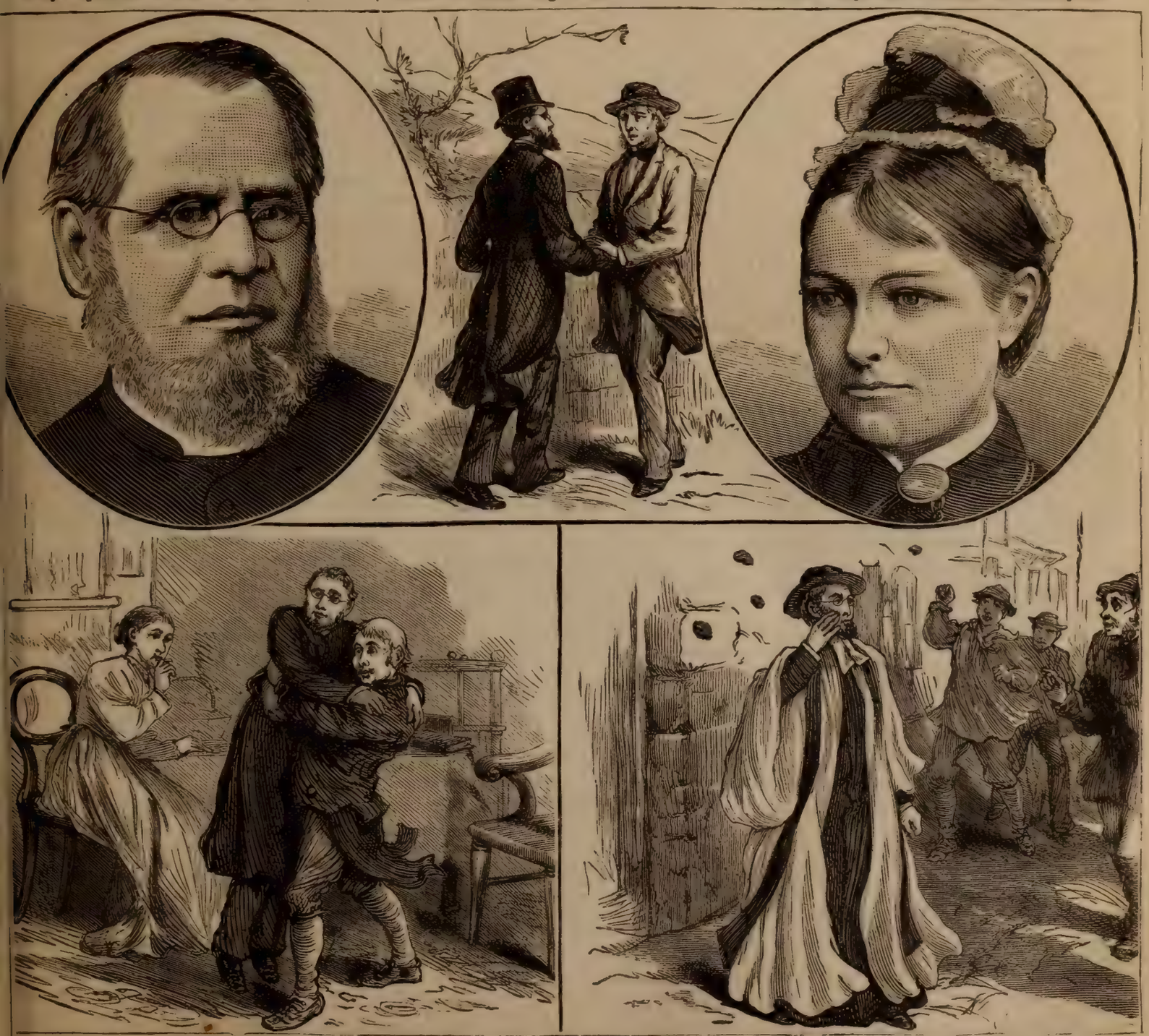

THE REV. WILLIAM HASLAM AND MRS. HASLAM.—Three Incidents in Mr. Haslam's life.

REV. WILLIAM HASLAM.

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IN a sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of June 17th, 1880, some interesting details were given of the remarkable conversion of Rev. W. Haslam, who, although a clergyman, had never experienced a change of heart. We are now enabled to give our readers a full account of the facts, with other information about Mr. Haslam and his work.

William Haslam was born in India, and spent the early years of his life in that country. He subsequently went to England and studied at the University of Durham, where he took his B.A. degree in 1841, and having done so, contemplated ordination and marriage, in order that he might settle down as a country clergyman.

BUT A DARK CLOUD

fell almost immediately upon this scene. The young lady to whom Mr. Haslam was engaged, was taken dangerously ill, and having been informed of the fact, he journeyed for thirty hours as rapidly as wheels could carry him, and at last, full of mental suffering and apprehension, hurried along to the house of his betrothed.

The door was opened by a relative of the young lady, who had been anxiously watching for Mr. Haslam's arrival. He was at once conducted to what he expected was a sick-chamber, when, to his horror, the first thing he saw was the lid of a coffin standing up against the wall, and in the middle of the room was the coffin itself, with candles burning on either side. In speaking of his feelings at this painful moment Mr. Haslam says: "The sight of the coffin and its quiet inmate did not awaken sorrow so much as surprise, and with that something like anger and rebellion. I was weak and exhausted in body, but strong in wilful insubordination, murmuring, and complaining, I spoke unadvisedly with my lips." At length, however, his violence of rebellion was dispersed by the calmness of acquiescence and resignation.

The funeral took place on the same morning, and referring to it, Mr. Haslam pathetically remarks: "I thought of the dear one I had lost, but yet more of the God of love I had found; and to remember that she was with Him was an additional comfort to me. The funeral service was soothing and elevating beyond expression, and yet when it was all over such a sense of desolation came upon me that I felt utterly forlorn and truly sad."

The strain and excitement were followed by illness. Mr. Haslam was seized with inflammation of the lungs, and became dangerously ill. Other complications of a threatening nature supervened, and the doctor pronounced the case hopeless and conjured his patient to prepare for eternity. Having received this solemn warning, he used the Prayer-Book Office for the Visitation of the Sick, and read it from three to seven times a day. He had no wish to live, for the world was blank and desolate to him; he felt that to be with God would be far better.

He little dreamed that if he had died in that unpardoned and Christless state he would have been lost forever; for at this time he was profoundly ignorant of the necessity of a change of heart—perfectly unconscious that he must be born again of the Holy Spirit. That truth had never entered his mind; he felt a modified love of God, and in his spirtual ignorance he wished to die.

Six months passed away, and three physicians told Mr. Haslam that his lungs were affected, and that recovery was hopeless. Notwithstanding this authoritative announcement, the "dying man" had a conviction that he would get well, and during the next few months he certainly gained strength.

With returning health, Mr. Haslam gave himself more fully to the purpose for which he supposed his life had been prolonged. He travelled by easy stages to London, and was there ordered to confine himself to the house for the remainder of the winter. During his retirement he spent his time in reading and prayer. He was thankful to God for having saved his life, but as yet knew nothing of the fact that between God and himself there was an "impassable gulf."

At this time he was absorbed, not so much in reading the Bible as in the *Tracts for the Times*—a publication which was engaging much attention. The effect of these tracts on Mr. Haslam was similar to their effect on many other ministers, leading them to formalism, and trust in ceremonies and ordinances instead of in the Saviour. As a consequence he became very diligent in fastings, prayers, and alms-deeds. Mr. Haslam read them with avidity, and formed from them certain ecclesiastical proclivities which carried him forward with renewed zeal.

A HINDOO'S SINGULAR CONDUCT.

Referring to the experience of this period, Mr. Haslam relates the following incident:

"As a boy in India, I remember being greatly struck with the calmness of the Hindoos, as contrasted with the patience and angry spirit of the English. On one occasion I observed one of the former at his devotions. He, with others, had been carrying me about in a palanquin all day in the hot sun. In the evening he most reverently took from his girdle a piece of mud of the sacred river Ganges, and dissolving this in water, he washed a piece of ground, then, having washed his feet and hands, he stepped on this sacred spot and began to cook his food. While it was preparing he was bowed to the ground, with his face between his knees, worshipping toward the setting sun.

"A boy who was standing by me said, 'If you touch that man he will not eat his dinner.' In a thoughtless moment I did so with my hand, and immediately he rose from his devotions; but, instead of threatening and swearing at me, as some might have done who belong to another religion, he only looked reproachfully, and said, 'Ah, Master William!' and then emptying out the rice which was on the fire, he began his ceremony all over again. It was quite dark before he had finished his 'poojah,' or worship, and his meal. This man's religious self-possession made a greater impression on me than if he had abused or even struck me for hindering his dinner. I thought to myself, 'I will be a Hindoo when I grow up!' And truly I kept my word, though not in the same form; for what else was I in my earnest, ceremonial days?"

HIS FIRST CURACY IN 1843 IN CORNWALL.

In the spring of 1842 Mr. Haslam thought he would go and see the physician who had examined him some months before. He, after a careful examination, gave very little hope of recovery, but suggested that if the patient went to the north coast of Cornwall there might be a chance for him. On his return home Mr. Haslam took up an *Ecclesiastical Gazette*, though it was three months old, and looked over the advertisements. There he observed one which invited a curate for a church in the very neighborhood. A letter was therefore despatched, asking the vicar for particulars, and in reply he was informed that his letter had been sent to the bishop, with one from the vicar himself, and that he should hear from his lordship in a few days.

This precipitation of affairs much surprised Mr. Haslam, and his surprise was intensified when he received a note shortly afterward from the Bishop of Exeter, bidding him to come immediately, that he might be in time for the Lent ordination. Accordingly, he started westward, and having passed his examination, he was sent with letters dimissory to the Bishop of Salisbury, and a year afterward was admitted to priests' orders by this prelate.

The ordination day passed away, and the newly-made priest was much depressed through the solemnity of the Bishop's address. He sounded the other candidates in the evening; they thought the Bishop a very holy man, but did not seem at all solemnized by the consideration that they had undertaken "the charge of souls." The next day Mr. Haslam proceeded to his first parish, called Perranzabuloe, about eight miles from Truro, on the north coast of Cornwall.

The morning after his arrival the new minister obtained the keys and made his way to the parish church. He was greatly grieved at the sight of a neglected churchyard and dilapidated church; and when he went inside his heart sank, for he had never seen a place of worship in such a miserable condition. He was told, moreover, that the parish was seven miles long, and that its large population of three thousand souls was scattered on all sides, excepting round the church. The question arose in his mind, "What am I to do with three thousand people, and how am I to reach them?"

Sunday morning arrived, and with the help of a neighboring clergyman Mr. Haslam got through the service, being the only one for the day at the time. There were about twenty listless persons lounging in different parts of the church for a congregation. As time went on his parochial duties increased, but in the midst of them all, he felt increasing disappointment and dissatisfaction. The congregation was increasing, and the church having been restored, it began to be the talk of the neighborhood.

RITUALISM AND OPPOSITION.

For about three years (1843–46) Mr. Haslam was much engaged in antiquarian research, but did not neglect the interests of his parish. From the very commencement of his ministry, he as a general rule, preached Dr. Newman's sermons (who is now Cardinal Newman in the Church of Rome), abridged and simplified, for in that day he thought them most sound in doctrine, practical, and full of good common-sense; but his people were far from satisfied with them.

There was a constant feud between the parishioners and the ritualistic parson. He *thought* they were schismatics, and they *knew* that he was unconverted, and did not preach the Gospel of Christ, or the way of salvation through Him.

After the feuds and dissensions in the parish the church was almost deserted, and left chiefly to the now unpopular curate, his clerk, and a few poor people. One day Mr. Haslam was absorbed in re-writing a text over the porch-door of the church. It was, "This is none other but the house of God and this is the gate of Heaven." A man who was standing at the foot of the ladder said "Heaven is a long way from that gate, I reckon." Mr. Haslam pretended not to hear him, but the speech produced a deep impression. He found from this, and many other indications, that the people had no respect for the church under his ministrations.

About this time the vicar for whom Mr. Haslam was acting as curate died, and thus ended Mr. Haslam's connection with Perranzabuloe. The dean and chapter did not appoint the curate to succeed the vicar, and so he had no alternative but to make arrangements for his departure.

HIS NEXT PARISH OF BALDHU,

on the Earl of Falmouth's estate, near Truro, was presented to Mr. Haslam by its noble patron that he might make it into a new parish. To make a beginning, a room was taken, which was used for a village-school in the week, and for Divine service on Sunday. This succeeded so well that in a few months the building was enlarged to accommodate three hundred people.

Amid the realization of his cherished scheme and multiplied activities the "priest of Baldhu" was far from being satisfied. He felt that something deeper was wanted. He desired to reach the hearts of the people, in order to do them good. God was speaking to him, but His misguided servant did not hear, or, hearing, misapprehended. He had no idea that he was a lost sinner, but thought that he was as safe as the Church herself and that the gates of hell could not prevail against him.

PUZZLED ABOUT CORNISH CONVERSIONS.

He had many conversations with the earnest people in his parish, but they were evidently resting not where he was, but on something he did not know. One very happy woman told him, "Ah,

ou went to college to larn the Latin ; but though don't know a letter in the Book, yet

" 'I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies.'"

Another woman, whenever he went to see her, nade him read the story of her conversion, which vas written out in a copy-book. Several others, nen and women, talked to him continually about heir "conversion." He often wondered what *hat* was.

HIS GARDENER CONVERTED.

Soon after, his gardener, *a good Churchman*, fell eriously ill. No sooner did he see eternity before im than his heart sank within him. In his dis-ress of mind he did not send for his master to ome and pray with him, but actually sent for a converted" man who lived in the next row of ottages. The consequence was he was brought nder deep conviction of sin, and eventually found eace through the precious blood of Jesus.

Immediately it spread all over the parish that the parson's servant was converted." The poor an sent for his master several times, and at last is entreaties prevailed. Instead of lying on his ed, a dying man as Mr. Haslam expected to find im, he was walking about the room in a most joy-il and ecstatic state. "Oh, dear master!" he xclaimed, "I am glad you are come! I am so appy! My soul is saved, glory be to God!" Come, John," said his master, "sit down and be uiet, and I will have a talk with you, and tell you hat I think." But John knew his master's houghts quite well enough, so he burst out, "Oh, aster! I'm sure you do not know about this, or ou *would* have told me. I am quite sure you ve me, and I love you—*that I do!* but, dear aster, you do not know this—I am praying for he Lord to show it to you. I mean to pray till I ie, and after that if I can, *till you are converted.*" He looked at his master so lovingly, and seemed so uly happy, that it was more than the clergyman ould stand. Almost involuntarily, he made for he door, and escaped before he could be stopped.

He went home greatly disturbed in his mind—ltogether disappointed and disgusted with his ork among the Cornish people. "It is no use ; ey never will be Churchmen!" He was as hope-ss and miserable as he could be. He felt that s superior teaching and practice had failed, and at the inferior and, as he believed, unscriptural gmas had prevailed. His favorite and most omising Churchman had fallen, and was happy his fall ; more than that, he was actually pray-g that his master might fall too!

HIS CONVERSION.

Mr. Haslam had promised a visit to the Rev. W. tken, rector of Pendeen (father of Rev. W. Hay tken), to ask him about his church, which was en building, and in order to divert his own oughts, resolved to go to him at once. Soon er his arrival, as they were seated by the fire, r. Aitken commended his energy and activity, d added, "But, my brother, are you satisfied?" No," said his guest, "I am not satisfied."

In the course of a prolonged conversation next y on the fourth chapter of St. John, Mr. Aitken nted out the difference between getting water by wing from a well and having within a living ll springing up eternally. "Have you this liv-water?" inquired Mr. Haslam. "Yes, thank d," was the exultant response, "I have had it the last thirty years." "How did you get it?" s the next question. "Look here," said the t, pointing to the tenth verse, "Thou wouldest e asked of Him, and He would have given thee ng water." "Shall *we* ask Him?" inquired Haslam ; and Mr. Aitken cordially respond-" with all my heart," and immediately pushing k his chair, knelt down at his round table and yed. The young clergyman was completely rcome, and melted to tears. He sat down on ground, sobbing, while Mr. Aitken cried aloud, sing God.

uring the next few days Mr. Haslam's mind in a revolution. On the Sunday he was so ill he was quite unfit to take the service. Mr. en had said to him, "If I were you, I would the church, and say to the congregation, 'I will not preach again till I am converted. Pray for me.'"

Before he could make up his mind to put off the service the bells struck out a merry peal, and sent their summons far away over the hills. He had no intention whatever of reading more than the morning prayers, but while reading the Gospel he thought he would say a few words in explanation of it, and then dismiss the congregation. So he went up into his pulpit and gave out the text, "What think ye of Christ?"

Whether it was something in his words or something in his manner it is impossible to tell ; but all of a sudden a local preacher, who happened to be in the congregation, stood up, and putting up his arms, shouted out in Cornish manner,

"THE PARSON IS CONVERTED!

The parson is converted! Hallelujah!" and in another moment his voice was lost in the shouts and praises of three or four hundred of the congregation. Mr. Haslam himself joined in the outburst of praise and gave out the Doxology,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,"

which the people sang with heart and voice. When this had subsided there were at least twenty people crying for mercy. They all professed to find peace and joy in believing.

Mr. Haslam says :

At the end of this great and eventful day of my life—my spiritual birthday, on which I passed from death to life by being "born from above"—I could scarcely sleep for joy. I awoke early the next morning, with the impression on my mind that I must get up and go to a village a mile off, to tell James B—— of my conversion. He was a good and holy man, who had often spoken to me about my soul, and had been praying for three years or more on my behalf. I had not gone half way before

I MET JAMES COMING TOWARD ME.

He seemed as surprised to see me as I was to meet him. He looked at me in a strange way, and then, leaning his back against a stone fence, he said, "Are you converted?"

"Why do you ask me?" I replied. "I am just on my way to your house to tell you the good news—that I have found peace. My soul is saved." The man said, "Thank God!" and it came from the very depths of his heart. Shedding tears of joy, he went on to say, "This night I woke up thinking of you ; you were so strongly in my mind that I got up and began to pray for you ; but I could not '*get hold*;' I wrestled and cried aloud, but it was all of no avail ; I begged the Lord not to give you up ; but it seemed I could not pray. After trying for more than two hours, it came to my mind that perhaps *you were converted.* This thought made me so happy that I began to praise the Lord, and so I dressed and came to see if it was true."

"Yes," I said, "*it is true ;* the Lord has saved my soul ; I am happy!" I thanked him then and there for all the help he had been, and for the patience he had so long exercised toward me. We spent a happy time together, thanking and praising God, and then he returned home to tell his friends and neighbors the news.

From that time Mr. Haslam began to preach the Gospel, and has not been ashamed to declare everywhere what God has done for his soul. The conversion of the minister was the inauguration of a revival which lasted for nearly three years, during which all the people who dwelt on the hill on which the church was built were converted.

There came now upon the scene a very remarkable man named *Billy Bray.* On opening the door one morning after breakfast, Mr. Haslam saw a happy-looking little man in a black Quaker-cut coat, and the following colloquy ensued :

"Well, my friend," I said, "who are you?" "I am Billy Bray," he replied, looking steadily at me with his twinkling eyes ; "and be you the parson?" "Yes, I am." "Thank the Lord! Converted, are ye?" "Yes, thank God." "And the missus inside" (pointing to the dining-room), "be she converted?" "Yes, she is." "Thank the dear Lord!" he said, moving forward, and suddenly caught Mr. Haslam up in his arms and

CARRIED HIM ROUND THE ROOM.

Then, having accomplished the circuit, he set his burden in a chair, and rolling on the ground for joy, said that he "was as happy as he could live." He then rose with a beaming face, magnifying God.

PELTED ON HIS WAY TO CHURCH.

With one more incident we will conclude our present sketch of the Rev. W. Haslam. In 1855, a clergyman having asking him if he would take charge of his church and parish at Tregoney for six weeks, he consented to do so, and one Saturday arrived at the place. He learned that a crowd of men and boys had resolved that "the Revivalist chap," as they called him, should not preach in the village. But Mr. Haslam was not to be deterred by opposition, and on Sunday morning set out for the church, encountering the crowd on his way. We shall let Mr. Haslam speak for himself :

On the way I observed stones flying past me in every direction ; but I walked on, till at last I was struck on the cheek with a patch of muddy clay which was thrown at me. There was an universal shout of laughter when the men and boys saw that I had been hit. I put my hand to the place, and found that the patch of clay was sticking to my cheek, so I pressed it there, hoping that it would remain. I said to the crowd, who were laughing at me, "That was not a bad shot. Now, if you come to church you shall see it there ; I will keep it on as long as I can." So saying, I walked on amidst the jeers of the people.

When I arrived at the vestry, the clerk was in great trouble when he knew what had happened. He said, "Do let me wash the mud off, sir."

"Oh, no," I replied, "I mean to show that all day, if I can."

During the morning service, at which there were about fifty people present, I succeeded in keeping on my mud-patch, and returned to dinner with the same.

In the afternoon I said that I would have a service for children, as there was no Sunday-school, to which about twenty came. Before addressing them, seeing that they were intently looking at the patch on my cheek, I told them how it came there, and that I intended to keep it on all through the evening service.

This news spread over the whole place, and the consequence was that such numbers of people came out of curiosity that the church was filled to overflowing. I preached without any reference to what had taken place, and succeeded in gaining the attention of the people ; so that after the service I said I would have a prayer-meeting in the school-room. We had the place crammed, and I announced that I would preach again the next evening.

A revival soon broke out in that place, and the crowds who came to the meetings were so great that we had as many people outside the large school-room as there were in.

At the end of the six weeks the new vicar returned, and I was able to hand over the parish to him, with a full church, three Bible-classes, and a large Sunday-school. This I did, thanking God for the measure of success and blessing He had given to my efforts in that populous and wicked place.

In 1855 Mr. Haslam resigned the living of Baldhu in order to settle at Plymouth, where he preached in the neighborhood. In 1872 the late Earl Howe made him perpetual curate of Curzon Chapel, Mayfair, London ; but after two or three years Earl Howe, who was of evangelical views, died, and the present Earl Howe, whose religious views differ widely from those of his predecessor, manifested disapproval of the perpetual curate, and Mr. Haslam soon afterward resigned, and has since been engaged in holding special mission services throughout England, in connection with the Rev. W. Hay Aitken's Committee for Special Services and Missions.

MRS. HASLAM,

Whose portrait is on our frontispiece, is Mr. Haslam's second wife, whom he married about four years ago, after he had been a widower for a considerable time. She has long been an active Sunday-school teacher, district visitor, and can give excellent Gospel addresses. His family are all grown up, and consist of nearly a dozen children. His eldest son, the Rev. John H. Haslam, is a popular preacher at St. John's Church, Highbury Vale, and afternoon preacher at Christ Church, Highbury, London.

THE DRAMATIC ELEMENT.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached on Sunday Morning, January 23, 1881.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."—EXODUS 20: 16.

A False Accusation—An Opportunity to Illustrate—Remarkable Conversion of a New York Reporter—Newspaper Slanders—Bombardment Followed by Blessing—Slandered Ministers—John Wesley Accused of Drunkenness—A Vital Question—The Drama an Echo from a God-Implanted Feeling—Shall We Suppress it?—The Drama in the Bible—The Drama Distinct from the Theatre—The Dramatic S. S. Teacher—A Drama of Accident—Eminent Dramatic Preachers—The Drama of Your Life—No Encore—The Spectators in the Gallery.

THIS thunderbolt of Mount Sinai, like the zig-zag lightning you have sometimes seen on the summer skies, strikes this way and that, and in many directions. He sins against this Divine enactment who slanders man, or woman, or family, or newspaper, or institution. I propose this morning, and next Sabbath morning, to preach radical, very *radical sermons* on a subject I have never discussed, and on which I have read nothing, and yet a subject involving vast issues, and perhaps the eternal welfare of a multitude, namely: "What shall we do with the dramatic element which God hath implanted in many of our natures?" Not in ten, or a hundred, or a thousand, but in the vast majority of the human race.

You ask me, "Why discuss that subject just now?" I reply, Because more of the public attention seems to be aroused on that subject than for many years. And then, Because it has been announced all over this land that I have in this place assailed *a foreign actress* who is now in this country when all the people know that I have not assailed her character, and the thousands who have attended here from Sabbath to Sabbath know that I have not made the slightest allusion to her either in prayer or sermon.

I had several reasons for saying nothing on that subject. One was, I knew nothing. I had no proof for or against her. She may, for all I know, be among the best, or among the worst. I have refrained from reading on that subject. I know more about almost every public person than about her. I have cultured ignorance in that direction. My ignorance on that subject is so rank that the stalks of it have grown up ten feet high, with leaves two feet broad. There is no bound to my ignorance in regard to her, and therefore I have said nothing.

Then, in the next place, I wanted a powerful and conspicuous illustration of the

FALSEHOODS

that are ever being told about me and this church. I thought to myself, I will let that report go on, that falsehood go on, until I will some Sabbath nail it up in the presence of the whole nation as a specimen falsehood of the misrepresentations which are in some directions ever going on in regard to me and my work; for it so happens that all the people who have attended here Sabbath by Sabbath will unanimously testify that I never made the slightest allusion in that direction; and I said, Now this is my opportunity to illustrate.

I make no complaint about this or any other assault upon myself, for all these things work together for good. Many of the best people and the most earnest Christians in this congregation are those who came here originally to see what extraordinary thing would be said or done, and some of them were converted to God under the first sermon, as was the case of *a reporter who was sent from New York to caricature* one of our Sabbath evening services. He told me that he came early, that he had his lead-pencil well sharpened, and his reporter's pad well planted, and that he began to make fun of everything, and went on until the sermon was half done, when his hand trembled so he could not write, and he put up his pencil, and at the close of the service he asked for the prayers of the people, and that night he gave his heart to God; and he is now preaching the Gospel as an evangelist, and he tells me he has almost perpetual revivals under his work.

So all these things work together for good. But I thought that this would be such a grand opportunity for me to illustrate to friends all over the country the monstrosity and the absurdity of the falsehoods that are ever being uttered in regard to me and my work.

For the most part the newspapers of this country are friendly and generous, and they more than do me justice, and I make no complaint of them; but here and there is a newspaper which has planted somewhere amidst the Hoe's cylinder printing press a machine with wheels and hoppers and bands so constructed that they could, if necessary, turn out lies about me about fifty a minute! So that I should not be surprised very much if I saw in to-morrow morning's paper a document purporting to be my last will and testament, signed and sealed, giving two million dollars to the suffering poor of New York, when I do not propose to give more than half that.

Some people say, "Why don't you stop this, and answer that, and answer the other thing?" Bless your dear hearts, then I could do nothing else. I will tell you now for the first time how I have arranged it. I have made a bargain with my blessed Lord that if He will look after me and my reputation and my family, I will preach the best I can, and comfort all the trouble I can, and encourage all the young men I can; and God is doing His part faithfully, and I am doing my part imperfectly, but as well as I can.

Besides that, I am contented that such falsehoods as this conspicuous one I have just mentioned in regard to the foreign actress—that such falsehoods should go on, when I remember in the history of my ministry for twenty-four years that right after every season of especial abuse and outrage there always comes a season in my church of especial blessing. Just as the weather observers will tell you that after a heavy cannonading there is a heavy rain, so after I and my church have been bombarded by

GUNS SECULAR AND ECCLESIASTICAL

there has always come right after it a shower of blessing.

Seven years ago, after a season of especial abuse and outrage and misrepresentation in regard to myself, we received one Sabbath into the membership three hundred and twenty-eight souls. About two hundred of them I baptized that Sabbath morning, until my hand was well-nigh palsied with the service. And so, not long after the close of the famous ecclesiastical trial, we received into this church within four weeks six hundred and seventy-eight souls; and I have noticed that the Divine blessing very much corresponds to the violence of the human and satanic assault that preceded.

Now I am expecting that this year we shall have at least two thousand souls converted to God in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Besides that, I am very much consoled when I see these falsehoods flying about the community—I am very much consoled by the history of ministers in the past far better than myself. *Blessed John Tenant!* glorious John Tenant! immortal John Tenant!—his name a benediction in the churches—was arraigned, actually arraigned and tried for horse stealing!—his innocence at last proved only by almost miraculous interposition.

John Wesley, the father of Methodism, and a man who had done more probably for the evangelization of the nations than any man since Paul the apostle—John Wesley stood in his church and said, "Brethren, I have been charged with all the crimes in the catalogue save one, and that is drunkenness," when a woman arose in the congregation and said, "You know you were drunk last night!" Then John Wesley replied, "Bless the Lord, the catalogue is complete!" Now if these great masters of Christian greatness could not escape, surely we, the insignificant servants of the Lord, ought not to expect a furlough.

But I thought that this would be as grand an opportunity as I should ever get of letting our friends throughout the country and the world know, by reason of this falsehood in regard to the foreign actress—I thought this would be the time to nail it up in such a conspicuous place that our friends would know that of the hundred remarkable things that may be said about us for the next twenty years, ninety-five of them will probably be as unfounded.

But I must pass on from personalities to grand principles, and I want this morning, and next Sabbath morning, and for several Sabbath mornings following, to discuss

A VITAL QUESTION,

especially addressing myself to young men, for there is a reason now, which I never had before, for the going out of my heart very warmly toward all young men. I want to discuss this morning the question, What are we to do with the dramatic element which God has implanted in our natures? Some people speak of the drama as though it were something built up outside of ourselves by the Congreves, and the Goldsmiths, and the Shakespeares and the Sheridans of literature, and that then we attune our tastes to correspond with human inventions. Not at all.

THE DRAMA

is an echo from the feeling which God has implanted in our immortal souls. It is seen first in the domestic circle among the children three or four years of age playing with their dolls and their cradles and their carts—seen ten years after in the play-houses of wood—ten years after in the parlor charades—after that, in the elaborate impersonations in the Academies of Music. Thespis and Æschylus and Sophocles and Euripides merely dramatized what was in the Greek heart. Terence and Plautus and Seneca merely dramatized what was in the Roman heart. Congreve and Farquhar merely dramatized what was in the English heart. Racine Corneille and Alfieri only dramatized what was in the French and Italian heart. Shakespeare only dramatized what was in the great world heart. The dithyrambic and classic drama, the sentimental drama, the romantic drama, were merely echoes of the human soul.

I do not speak of the drama on the poetic shelf nor of the drama in the play-house; but I speak of the dramatic element in your soul and mine. We make men responsible for it. They are not responsible. They are responsible for the perversion of it; but not for the original implantation.

GOD DID THAT WORK,

and I suppose He knew what He was about when He made us. We are nearly all moved by the spectacular. When on Thanksgiving Day we assemble and the church is decorated with the cotton and the rice and the apples and the wheat and the rye and the oats, our gratitude to God is stirred. When on Easter morning we see written in letters of flowers the inscription, "He is risen," our emotions are stirred. Every parent likes to go to the school exhibition with its recitations and its dialogues and its droll costumes. The torchlight procession of the political campaign is merely the dramatization of principles involved. No intelligent man can look in any secular or religious direction without finding this dramatic element reveling, unrolling, demonstrating itself. *What shall we do with it?*

Shall we suppress it? You can as easily suppress its Creator. You may direct it, you may educate it, you may purify it, you may harness it to mu potent usefulness, and that it is your duty to Just as we culture the taste for the beautiful and sublime by bird-haunted glen, and royster stream, and cataracts let down in uproar over mossed rocks, and the day lifting its banners victory in the East, and then setting everything fire as it retreats through the gates of the We and the Austerlitz and Waterloo of an Aug thunder-storm blazing their batteries into a su afternoon, and the round, glittering tear of world wet on the cheek of the night—as in way we culture our taste for the beautiful sublime, so in every lawful way we are to cult the dramatic element in our nature, by every st cato passage in literature, by antithesis and s thesis, by every tragic passage in human life.

The plainest man has in his plainest day *so thing histrionic.* This dramatic element in all natures, or nearly all our natures, is exception strong or weak in some; just as there may million men who admire poetry where there only one poet, one Tennyson to England, or

ongfellow to America, just as there may be a illion people who admire music where there is nly one Ole Bull to Norway, and one Wagner to ermany, and one Morgan to America.

THE DRAMA IN THE BIBLE.

low I have to tell you not only that God has im-lanted this dramatic element in our natures, but I ave to tell you in the Scriptures He cultures it, He ppeals to it, He develops it. I do not care where ou open the Bible, your eye will fall upon a rama. Here it is the Book of Judges;* the fir-ee, the vine, the olive-tree, the bramble—they all ake speeches. Then at the close of the scene ere is a coronation, and the bramble is proclaimed ng. That is *a political drama*. Here it is in ie Book of Job. Enter Eliphaz, Bildad, Tophar, lihu, and Job. The opening act of the drama, l darkness; the closing act of the drama, all sun-ine. Magnificent drama is the Book of Job!

Here it is *in Solomon's Song*. The region, an ori-ital region—vineyards, pomegranates, mountain myrrh, flock of sheep, garden of spices, a woo-g, a bride, a bridegroom, dialogue after dialogue, tense, gorgeous, all suggestive drama is the ook of Solomon's Song. Here it is *in the Book Luke.* Costly mansion in the night. All the ndows bright with illumination. The floor uake with the dance. Returned son in costly rments which do not very well fit him, perhaps, they were not made for him, but he must iftly leave off his old garb and prepare for this temporized levee. Pouting son at the back or, too mad to go in, because they are making ch a fuss. Tears of smpathy running down the l man's cheek at the story of his son's wandering d suffering, and tears of joy at his return. Hear rdock recite the Prodigal Son in one of his read-s, and you will not know whether to sob or out. Revivals of religion have started just under reading of that soul-revolutionizing drama of Prodigal Son.

Here it is *in the Book of Revelation.* Crystalline ; pearline gate; opaline river; amethystine cap-ne; showering coronets; one vial poured out in-nadining the waters; cavalrymen of heaven gal-ing on white horses; nations in doxology—Halle-uhs to the right of them, hallelujahs to the left hem. As the Bible opens with the drama of the t Paradise, so it closes with the drama of the ond Paradise.

Find you, when I say drama *I do not mean myth fable*, for my theology is of the oldest type—five dred years old, thousands of years old, as old he Bible. When I speak of the drama at the inning and the close of the Bible, I do not mean llegory, but I mean the truth so stated that in aping and in startling effect it is a God-given, ld-resounding, heaven-echoing drama. Now od implanted this dramatic element in our na-s, and if He has cultured and developed it in the ptures, I demand that you recognize it.

ecause the drama has again and again been de-led and employed for destructive purposes is ing against the drama, any more than music at to be accursed because it has been taken n and again into the saturnalian wassails of thousand years. Will you refuse to enthrone ic on the church organ because the art has trampled again and again under the feet of ascivious dance?

is nothing against painting and sculpture that orinth and Herculaneum they were demonstra-of vulgarity and turpitude. The dreadful eum at Pompeii shall throw no discredit on ers's "Greek Slave," or Church's "Heart of Andes," or Rubens's "Descent from the s," or Angelo's "Last Judgment." The very that again and again the drama has been ged through *the sewers of iniquity* is the on why we should snatch it up and start it out grand and a holy and a magnificent mission.

ne say at this point in my sermon that the a will never be lifted to its rightful sphere hose people who have not sense enough to guish between

THE DRAMA AND THE PLAY-HOUSE.

drama is no more the theatre than a hymn-book is a church. I am not speaking in regard to the theatre at all. The drama is a literary expression of that feeling which God implanted in the human soul. Neither will the drama ever be lifted to its proper sphere by wholesale denunciation of all dramatists. Whoever dared utter a word against Charlotte Cushman? If you have not known men and women connected with the drama who are pure in heart, and pure in speech, and pure in life, it is because you have not had very wide acquaintance.

Some one will say to me, "Didn't you some years ago preach a sermon in wholesale denunciation of all dramatists?" I reply that that sermon, which was printed in a secular paper, then copied in many religious papers, was written by *a literary wit* who had never seen this church or seen me, who found out what the text was from some one who had been present, and then composed the whole thing on his own desk—the whole thing a caricature representing me as hostile to zoological gardens, and as considering it a great sin to look at an elephant or a crocodile! Mr. Davenport, no wonder, at the close of a play a few nights after that in Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, stepped before the curtain and denounced that sermon. He could not have hated it more than I did.

Wholesale denunciation of all dramatists will never elevate the drama. Yonder stand a church and a theatre on opposite sides of the street. The church shouts over to the theatre, "You are all scoundrels; the theatre shouts back, "You are all hypocrites;" and they both sin against my text, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Dropping all indiscriminate jeremiads against all dramatists, and realizing that the drama is not necessarily connected with this institution or with that, I want to show you how the dramatic element in our natures may be

HARNESSED TO THE CHARIOT

of civilization and Christianity. Next Sabbath morning I will give you a unique plan by which the dramatic element may be brought into our recreations and be made administrative of the interests of society. I will show you how, according to my idea, it may be done; but this morning I shall devote the few remaining moments to showing you how the dramatic element may be forced into the service of our holy religion.

You Sabbath-school teachers ought to have more of the element in your instructions. By graphic Scripture scene, by anecdote, by descriptive gesture, by impersonation, urge your classes to right action. Two or three Sundays ago, by agreement of the International Series of Sunday-school Lessons, children in England, Ireland, Scotland, and America on one day studied the song of Mary. Those teachers who most graphically presented that Gospel heroine got the firmest grip upon the attention of their listeners. We want in all our schools and colleges and prayer-meetings, and in all our attempts at reform, and in all our churches, to have less of the style didactic and *more of the style dramatic.*

Fifty essays about the sorrows of the poor could not affect me as

A LITTLE DRAMA OF ACCIDENT

and suffering I saw one slippery morning in the streets of Philadelphia. Just ahead of me was a lad, wretched in apparel, his limb amputated at the knee; from the pallor of the boy's cheek the amputation not long before. He had a package of broken food under his arm—food he had begged, I suppose, at the doors. As he passed on over the slippery pavement cautiously and carefully I steadied him until his crutch slipped and he fell. I helped him up as well as I could, gathered up the fragments of the package as well as I could, put them under one arm and the crutch under the other arm; but when I saw the blood run down his pale cheek I burst into tears. Fifty essays about the sufferings of the poor could not touch one like that little drama of accident and suffering.

Oh! we want in all our different departments of usefulness—and I address hundreds of people who are trying to do good—we want more of the dramatic element and less of the didactic. The tendency in this day is to drone religion, *to whine religion*, to cant religion, to moan religion, to croak religion, to sepulchrize religion, when we ought to present it in animated and spectacular manner.

Sabbath morning by Sabbath morning I address many *theological students* who are preparing for the ministry. They come in here from the different institutions. I say to them this morning, If you will go home and look over the history of the church you will find that those men have brought most souls to Christ who have been dramatic. Rowland Hill, dramatic; Thomas Chalmers, dramatic; Thomas Guthrie, dramatic; John Knox, dramatic; Robert McCheyne, dramatic; Christmas Evans, dramatic; George Whitefield, dramatic; Robert Hall, dramatic; Robert South, dramatic; Bourdelais, dramatic; Fénelon, dramatic; John Mason, dramatic; Dr. Knott, dramatic. When you get into the ministry, if you attempt to culture that element, and try to wield it for God, you will meet with mighty rebuff and caricature, and ecclesiastical counsel will take your case in charge, and they will try to put you down; but the God who starts you will help you through, and great will be the eternal rewards for the assiduous and the plucky.

What we want, ministers and laymen, is to get our sermons and our exhortations and our prayers out of the old rut. I see a great deal of discussion in the religious papers about why people do not come to church. They do not come because they are not interested. The old hackneyed religious phrases that come soaring down through the centuries will never arrest the masses. What we want to-day, you in your sphere and I in my sphere, is to

FRESHEN UP,

freshen up. People do not want in their sermons the sham flowers bought at the millinery shop, but the japonicas wet with the morning dew; nor the heavy bones of extinct megatherium of past ages, but the living reindeer caught last August at the edge of Schroon Lake. We want to drive out the drowsy, and the prosaic, and the tedious, and the humdrum, and introduce the brightness and the vivacity, and the holy sarcasm, and the sanctified wit, and the epigrammatic power, and the blood-red earnestness, and the fire of religious zeal, and I do not know of any way of doing it as well as through the dramatic.

As to

THE DRAMA OF YOUR LIFE

and mine, it will soon end. There will be *no encore* to bring us back after the curtain has dropped. At the beginning of that drama of life stood a cradle; at the end of it will stand a grave. The first act, welcome. The last act, farewell. The intermediate acts, banquet and battle, processions bridal and funeral, songs and tears, laughter and groans.

It was not original with Shakespeare when he said, "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." He got it from St. Paul, who, fifteen centuries before that, had written, "We are made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men." A spectacle in a Coliseum fighting with wild beasts in an amphitheatre,

THE GALLERIES FULL,

looking down. Here we destroy a lion. Here we grapple with a gladiator. When we fall, devils shout. When we rise, angels sing. A spectacle before gallery, above gallery, gallery above gallery. Gallery of our *departed kindred* looking down to see if we are faithful, and worthy of our Christian ancestry, hoping for our victory, wanting to throw us a garland, glorified children and parents, with cheer on cheer urging us on. *Gallery of the martyrs* looking down—the Polycarps, and the Ridleys, and the M'Kails and the Theban Legion, and the Scotch Covenanters, and they of the Brussels market-place, and of Piedmont—crying down from the galleries, "God gave us the victory, and He will give it you."

Gallery of angels looking down—cherubic, seraphic, archangelic—clapping their wings at every advantage we gain. Gallery of the king from which there waves a scarred hand, and from which there comes a sympathetic voice, saying, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Oh, the spectacle in which you and I are the actors! Oh, the piled-up galleries looking down!

* Judges, 9: 8–15.

TOUCHES OF REAL LIFE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Lady Hope, of Cariden.

(*Continued from page 39.*)

The Anxious Family—The Doctor's Opinion—The Great Blank—Edgar sent for—Real Comfort—All Over—Light for the Bereaved—The Practical Outcome of Sorrow—A Visit to a Sick Man.

A GLOOMY silence pervaded the long corridors as the doctor passed through them on his way to the bedside of his patient. The drawing-room, that had hitherto looked its brightest as the old silver-faced clock daily chimed out the hours of five, now seemed wrapped in sorrow's dark curtain, and its cheerful fireside for once was deserted. The footman came in, stirred the reddened embers, put on fresh blocks of coal, placed the lamps on the tables, and the tea tray with its glistening adornments on the low three-legged stand. But his summons to one and another were unavailing. Scattered over the house, the brothers and sisters with bated breath hushed their voices and waited to know "what the doctor said of *him!*"

At last the doctor appeared in the dressing-room doorway. Arthur's father was with him. The two men stood and talked.

. . . . "Very ill," said the doctor; "very ill. . . . Is there no one you could send for? . . . no one whom he would like to see? . . . He may take a turn for the better; . . . *but*—" and they parted. A moment more, and the great door, studded with iron nails, had closed with a muffled clang.

Etta buried her face in her hands and sobbed. He was her beloved one, her favorite brother, and her *friend.*

"Mother!" said a voice from the darkened bed. "Dearest mother! I don't feel happy. . . . I want some one to talk to me. . . . All beyond this life is unknown. *Such a blank.* Help me, dear mother! Can you? Will you? No! I don't think you can."

"My darling! what do you mean?" sobbed out the mother as she half sat, half knelt, by his bed. "You may get better; you know the doctor said so. But you are so good and so dear. You are brave, too; you never knew what fear meant. There is nothing to make you sad or anxious. The anxiety and" . . . . her sobs interrupted her . . . "are ours. But we will hope."

"Mother! the doctor said something about danger to-day. I heard him; that is quite enough. I must see some one who can answer some questions. If you love me, send for Edgar . . . Edgar Harcourt. I had many talks with him first at college; and again when I saw him in his vicarage this year . . . . My cousin, you know! Oh! why not he?" he urged as he saw his mother hesitate.

A telegram was sent. Edgar came. He had not been thought much of in that house before this night; but for all that he had an influence—an influence more potent than he imagined. On his arrival he received a warm welcome, though a tearful one; and a very few moments found him seated beside the sufferer, simply answering, in loving, Scripture words, question after question, as they came in short, half-expressed sentences from that troubled mind, until at length the heavenly balm began to steal into its very depths, and Edgar could whisper to his aunt,

"I think he is comforted—and now he is sleeping, I will go to my room; afterward I will see my cousins."

But Arthur was not sleeping; for presently he said, "Mother, will you pray?"

"Oh! I can't—I can't—where's a book?" said the mother to the nurse as she crossed the room.

"A book!" groaned the young man; "where is Edgar?"

So Edgar was summoned. With clasped hands the young men prayed together. The one in strong health, and ardent love to his newly-begun work—the *care of souls;* and the other passing from a life of unshared pleasures and disappointed hopes, now, shattering one by one, to meet the *forgotten Saviour,* and to enter the unknown land. . . .

But the prayer did its work; it comforted him, and then he whispered,

"Talk to me of *Him!* Tell me His name."

"Jesus?" answered Mr. Harcourt as he leaned over him. Is it Jesus of whom you long to hear?"

"Yes! Why doesn't mother talk of Him? and the girls? Does no one in the house know Him? . . . Surely if they know Him they would speak of Him! of course they must. Nobody could help it. . . . Did He die for me? Did He do all that? . . . Oh! tell me again . . . leaving nothing for me to do? Oh! I thank Him. I thank Him; but I am too weak. I would like to live for Him. . . . . I can't! I am too ill. . . . . Send Etta to me."

"Not now, darling; you are tired," said his mother. "You must be quiet now. You shall see her by and by."

It was morning before Etta was allowed to see her brother, and then the sad report from the doctor's lips was confirmed.

"Very little hope!" he had said.

"Read me something, dear Etta," Arthur asked as soon as he saw his sister. "I want a quiet talk. Edgar has comforted me very much. The words he said are slipping away from me, but the comfort remains. It is all Jesus. That I know. His name is my one shelter—my support, my refuge. . . . Etta! why did we never talk of Him, and pray to Him, and live for Him?"

The answer, if there *was* any to this question, was bathed in Etta's tears, and buried in Arthur's pillow, but it never was spoken.

* * * * * * *

He died. Yes! it was all over. The hopes and the fears, the anxious questionings, the suspense, and the long agonized watchings—all were over; and the blank—did you ever feel it?—was left. On the funeral morning the Bible was placed in the young minister's hands. All heads were bowed while he prayed:

"Lord! visit our souls with Thy salvation!" Then he read:

"It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.

"He sitteth alone and keepeth silence, because he hath borne it upon him. He putteth his mouth in the dust, if so be there may be hope.

"He giveth his cheek to him that smiteth him; he is filled full with reproach.

"For the Lord will not cast off forever.

"But though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His mercies.

"For He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men."

"The Lord's hand has been among us," he said. "Our brother is taken from us. The presence of the Blessed One, the Altogether Lovely, is here. Jesus is in the midst. Breathe into His ear your sorrow. From Him draw the comfort no earthly one can give you. Your Father listens; He listens; He speaks; He warns; He entreats. Listen to Him, through Jesus. Speak to Him, in Jesus' name; and by His Holy Spirit's mighty, yet tender dealing, He will bring to your hearts the balm of Gilead.

"He will keep you within the limits of that 'peace that passeth understanding.' Consider the Lord as a person. Value Himself; and His holy words. They are life-giving. 'Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you.' Let us pray!"

And amidst the sobs and the tears of his solemnized audience Edgar prayed:

"O God! come down anew into this home! Bring Thy strong consolations into every heart. Let each one before Thee know the God of all comfort, the God of love! May Thy Holy Spirit, like the gentle dove, bring sweet tokens of promise from out of the dark waters of heavy bereavement; purify and sanctify all under this roof by the streams of thy cleansing fountain—Christ's precious blood!

"As these comforts are received, may our lives be consecrated anew to Thee! and each benefit Thou dost bestow, we would freely share with those around us. Above all, we would humbly participate in the personal revealings of Thy great love to ourselves; and in return we would make that love known to the sorrowing and suffering ones around us." Sobs interrupted his petitions.

When all arose from their knees tears were on every face. Cold reserve had been broken down. Hearts were melted beneath the double tide of sorrow, and the open tide of a true, deep consolation.

"Must you go to-morrow?" asked the father at a quiet moment. "You are such a comfort to us; and our boy loved you."

"Yes! I must," was Edgar's reply; "I have many calls waiting for me in my little home."

"Then you will read once more before you leave? To-morrow morning?"

"I will," and with a pressure of hand that told of a heart-union born from sympathy, the uncle and nephew separated in preparation for the sad work before them.

* * * * * * *

At parting, Mr. Harcourt read 1 Peter 1, and left as his comment on that exquisite chain of promises, each so precious in its weighty assurance, the little committal of concurrent responsibility given in 2 Corinthians 1:4. At the conclusion of his remarks he said, "You *shall* be comforted by drawing nigh to the Giver of comfort. Then share those blessed consolations, this priceless balm, with those around you."

There was no time for conversation. He was gone only too soon; but his words sank into one heart. Etta "kept" and "pondered" upon them.

"Don't you know of any sick people in the town?" she asked her maid one day as she was fastening on her deep mourning dress trimmed with its folds of heavy crape.

"Well! miss; I heard yesterday that there is a young man taken very ill, something the same way as . . . . Mr. Arthur . . . . something of a chill. The doctor was there in the evening. The poor mother's in a terrible way, and the father too—and they say he's no ways fit; nor none of them for that matter."

"Whereabouts is it?" asked Etta, with a gasp. She had come face to face now with the reproaches that during the past few days had been absolutely tormenting her. "I shall see if there is anythng that I could take. *He* would like" . . . . And the maid left her weeping. . . .

"Mother," she said, gently tappng at the well-known door of that room, from which neither son nor daughter was ever turned away, "may I come in? Mother, I want to take some jelly to a sick person this afternoon! You remember what Arthur said to us—no! dear mother! I won't talk about *anything* that would grieve you. Let me go to-day; and I will talk about the reasons when I can quietly . . . without giving way, like this" . . . and she was gone with a tender kiss.

Gone out into the pretty stone porch, across the shrub-covered lawn, and into the short avenue that led by the nearest way to the town—gone on an errand by which, for the first time, she was led by the Saviour's voice.

"Follow Me," she could almost hear Him saying as she walked in the stillness of that soft air. Wrapped in her sombre garments, grave and sweet, her quiet footsteps slackened as she reached the gate; and she began to hesitate. It was an effort untold that she was about to make. But it was only for a moment. Her hand was on the latch, and she was in the little street.

"Beg your pardon, miss," said a voice behind her, "I have been a-wanting to see you."

Rather startled, she turned, and saw an old man, with not a handsome face, but an earnest manner, that caught her attention. As he proceeded with his next sentence, his strange smile of unusual brightness still more attracted her, while his words created a new interest in her heart.

"You've lost him! you have. Yes, and *knowed* you was fond. Poor dear! The young gentleman—he was ill. I heard of him, an' I asked many a one—and—I be so very sorry."

Etta struggled to answer something civil, and pursue her way; but her voice was gone; words would not come.

"Yes, he's gone!" said the old man, "but is he *up* there?" pointing to a cleft in the clouds, through which the parting sun was streaming in its lost glory rays.

Poor Etta! She nodded, but she could not speak.

Her inclination was to hold out her hand, but she thought of her gloves, and remembered that he was only a poor man who was thus addressing her. So she went on, but the old man, nothing daunted, followed her, saying,

"May I keep pace, miss? Beg pardon. You're just a young lady, and I am an old man. 'Rich and poor meet together,'" he muttered to himself, "Rich? poor? poor? rich?—it is so difficult always to know how 'tis. Can I show you the way anywhere, miss?" he suddenly asked, recovering his manners.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BUDDING FIG-TREE.

By Rev. William Maude.

(*Continued from page 45.*)

THE GERMAN ANTI-JEWISH AGITATION.

As regards the extraordinary movement of persecution of the Jews which has broken out in Germany, this is partly traceable to two causes. The first is the personal feeling of the Emperor and his great minister, Prince Bismarck. Prince Bismarck in his early political life made no secret of his opinion that the Jewish race ought to be put down by law, and the result of the three days' debate in the Prussian Parliament in November last seems to indicate that on this, as on most other subjects, the German chancellor retains his original convictions.

"Before he was trammelled by the shackles of office," says a daily newspaper, "Herr Bismarck gave expression to views on this question which are not forgotten at the present time by those who now agitate against what they call the Semitic invasion. He used to hold that the Jews as a body were a stain on the face of civilization; that it was rare that one of them was found following any honest or useful employment; and that the nefarious occupations to which they resorted were tending to degrade the communities in which they lived. In Parliament, when he arrived there, Prince Bismarck openly declared that he was opposed to the admission of a Jew to any official position." Recent events go to prove that he is of the same opinion still.

This anti-Jewish feeling is said to be fully shared by the Emperor, and seems to be evidenced by the attitude of the court. Notwithstanding that the strongest influence has been brought to bear on the Emperor and the royal family, no order has been issued to restrain Herr Stocker—the leader of what is called the Christian Socialist party in Germany, and also the Emperor's court chaplain—in his almost fanatical denunciations of the Jewish population of Germany. Indeed, it has been publicly asserted that his Majesty said to Herr Stocker, speaking of the Jews, "Go on, my dear chaplain; give them no rest." That is, at all events, precisely what Herr Stocker has done, being joined in his exertions by the historian, Professor Treitschke.

But this spirit of hatred against the Jews and apparent determination to renew the persecution of the Middle Ages is by no means confined to the German court—it is thoroughly shared by the German people. The explanation which has been given of this, and which is doubtless true, at least in part, is as follows: "Of late years there has been a considerable tendency among the Polish (and Russian) Jews especially, to settle in Germany. This increase has given serious umbrage to the Teutonic population of the empire. The more phlegmatic German, notwithstanding the cultivation which of late years he has received, finds himself outwitted and overpassed by Jewish intelligence and Jewish enterprise.

His trouble is the very reverse of what England is experiencing with the population of Ireland. Her difficulty is what to do with a race by no means wanting in natural abilities, but so improvident, so ignorant, so superstitious, and consequently so turbulent, as to be a ready prey to priests and agitators. The German anxiety is of a totally different character. The Jew is neither improvident, nor ignorant, nor superstitious, nor turbulent. He has no dealings with the Pope or any other power hostile to that of the country in which he dwells. He has no interest in disorder and confusion, which can only impede his own material progress. The chief complaint alleged against him is that he is too intelligent, too sharp-witted, too money-loving and money-getting, too rich, and too important in the State."

As yet all this is witnessed with tolerable equanimity in England and in France, but the movement in Germany may spread to

OTHER COUNTRIES,

and should it do so, the Divine intention in its permission is not difficult, in the light of what has been already said, partly, at least, to perceive. For a long time past, demoralized by the very privileges they have enjoyed, there has been a disposition manifest among many of the Jews, if not to deny their nationality, at all events to deprecate and even ridicule the idea of a return to Palestine, preferring rather to identify themselves as far as possible with the Gentiles among whom they dwell. They would fain be considered Germans, or French, or English, rather than Jews, and live in ease and luxury in Berlin, or Paris, or London, careless of "the pleasant land, the land of desire," and that holy city of which the Psalmist said, "Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if I prefer not Jerusalem above my joy."

Now, by a renewal of persecution, *Judenhetze*, or Jew-baiting, as it is now called in Germany, God would seem to say to them, as he said to their fathers of old by the mouth of Ezekiel (20 : 32), "That which cometh into your mind shall not be at all, that ye say, We will be as the heathen (the Gentiles), as the families of the countries, to serve wood and stone. As I live, saith the Lord God, surely with a mighty hand, and with a stretched out arm, and with

FURY POURED OUT,

will I rule over you: and I will bring you out from the people, and will gather you out from countries wherein ye are scattered." Thus, while many of "Israel after the flesh" may forget and even despise "the promises made to the fathers," they may have it forced upon their reluctant minds that God's purposes must be carried out in their integrity, and by this resuscitation of mediæval prejudice there may, as the *Jewish Chronicle* itself admits, "be brought out the latent spark of patriotism in the heart of many a Jew who has been drifting toward religious and racial indifferentism."

In fine, then, we are disposed, for our own part, to hear in this new anti-Jewish crusade the ominous croaking of one of those three frog-like spirits of which we read in Revelation 16. It seems to us not improbable that many interpreters of that remarkable prophecy may have gone somewhat wide of the mark *from not clearly perceiving its distinctively Jewish bearing*. In their attempts to identify the three demon-powers they have proceeded on the assumption that the special mission of these frog-like spirits is to hasten the manifestation of the last personal Antichrist, and thus to precipitate the great-tribulation. But this is not correct.

Their *special* mission, as we have it expressly stated, is "to gather the kings of the whole world (*i.e.*, the Roman world) to the battle of that great day of God Almighty . . . And," it is added, "he gathered them together into a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon" (verses 13–16). And what is this battle of Armageddon? We surely have the answer in Zechariah 14 : 1–4: "Behold, the day of the Lord cometh, and thy spoil shall be divided in the midst of thee. For I will gather all nations against Jerusalem to battle, and the city shall be taken, and the houses rifled, and the women ravished, and half the city shall go forth into capitivity; but the residue of the people shall not be cut off from the city. Then shall the Lord go forth and fight against those nations, as when He fought in the day of battle," etc.

Are we not warranted in looking in these

THREE DEMON-POWERS

for a distinct anti-Jewish element? And if so, may we not, with much probability, identify the three demon-powers with (1) the *Militarism* which is making Europe one vast camp; (2) the *Infidelity* which, like a spreading pall of darkness, threatens to eclipse all heavenly lights of faith and hope; and (3) the *Spirit of Persecution* which, like the foul exhalation from a pit long covered, but now once more opened, is shaming our boasted nineteenth century civilization. For if it be asked,

What will be the final result of that militarism? we hesitate not to answer, Even that fearful conflict of which Zechariah speaks. And if it be asked, Why should the spirit of persecution be directed in a special manner against the Jews? our answer again is, Because Infidelity, the third of the three demon-spirits, if our identification be correct, knows full well that Judaism is, as it has ever been, the great witness for Theism in the world, corrupt Christianity having become, by reason of Mariolatry and saint-worship, a practical Polytheism. "Ye are my witnesses," saith the Lord to Israel, the witnesses of the truth of My existence as the One Supreme and Eternal; and as such the Jew must necessarily be the object of Antichrist's persecution, since his most distinguishing characteristic is that he "denieth the Father as well as the Son" (1 John 2 : 18).

THE COMING PRINCE.

UNDER the title of the "Coming Prince" a valuable prophetic book is just published by Robert Anderson, LL.D., an English barrister-at-law.

It explains at considerable length the prophetic visions of Daniel, especially that of the *seventy weeks*, and maintains that the seventieth week (Dan. 9 : 27) will be fulfilled by the future Antichrist making a seven years' covenant with the Jews seven years before the end of the age, and breaking the covenant in the midst of the week, and then enacting his persecuting career for three and a half years until his destruction. The Second Advent of Christ in the air to remove His waiting people is shown, to *precede* those final three and a half years. The following is one of Dr. Anderson's remarks:

"WHAT IS IT THAT ALL EUROPE IS LOOKING OUT FOR?"

These words are quoted from a leading article in the London *Times*, on the recent finding of Agamemnon's tomb. "What is it that all Europe is looking for? It is the king of men, the great head of the Hellenic race, the man whom a thousand galleys and a hundred thousand men submitted to on a simple recognition of his personal qualities, and obeyed for ten long years. . . . The man who can challenge for his own the shield of Agamemnon, now waiting for the challenge, is the true Emperor of the East, and the easiest escape from our present difficulties. The realization of this dream will be the fulfilment of prophecy. True it is that popular movements characterize the age rather than the power of individual minds. It is *an age of mobs*. Democracy, not despotism, is the goal toward which civilization is tending. But democracy, in its full development, is one of the surest roads to despotism. First, the revolution; then the *plébiscite*; then the despot. The Cæsar often owes his sceptre to the mob. A man of transcendent greatness, moreover, never fails to leave his mark upon his times. And the true king of men must have an extraordinary combination of great qualities. He must be a 'scholar,' a statesman, a man of unflinching courage and irrepressible enterprise, full of resources, and ready to look in the face a rival or a foe." The opportunity, too, must synchronize with his advent. But the voice of prophecy is clear, that the hour is coming and the man.

"In connection with this legend of the reappearance of Agamemnon, it is remarkable that the language of Daniel 8 has led B. W. Newton and others to fix on Greece as the very place in which the future Great Antichrist, the man of prophecy, is to have his rise, and it leaves no doubt but that he will first appear as a sovereign within the territorial limits of theold Grecian Empire."

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) for January may be obtained at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Price six cents.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Postal Committee of the House of Representatives have prepared a bill which, it is hoped, may issue in the revival of American shipping interests. The bill appropriates $1,500,000 for ocean mail service, to be given to American lines of steamers to be established between this country and Central America, South America, and trans-Pacific ports. Under such a law, it is said that the Post-Office Department would be able to secure the establishment of at least *five new lines of American steamers* for ocean traffic, of which two would traverse the Pacific and three the Atlantic, between our ports and those of the nations affording the chief markets for our products. The annual rate of pay is not to exceed $30 per mile one way. It is stipulated that the steamers must be constructed in our own shipyards.

The Refunding Bill has Passed the House by the votes of some members who are opposed to its provisions. Ten Democrats voted against it, but ten Republicans voted in its favor on the ground that it would be amended by the Senate. It is generally believed that the Senate will recommend a three and a half per cent rate, and will either negative or radically amend the clause relating to the banks, which, it is feared, would impose vexatious restrictions on banking business throughout the country. It is also expected that the term of the bonds will be extended from five to twenty years. Assurances have been given that Democratic Senators will unite with the Republicans in the effort to render the bill financially sound and practicable.

The Population of the United States and Territories is declared by the Superintendent of the Census to be 50,152,866, and that of the States alone to be 49,369,595. It is necessary to newly apportion the members of the House to the thirty-eight States, under this new enumeration, and the work appears likely to arouse some bitter party animosity. The figures are in the hands of the Census Committee, the members of which are trying to agree upon the number of members which the new House shall contain. The chairman has expressed his opinion that the number should be 301. But other members of the committee are in favor of a larger number.

The Superintendent of the Census has sent to Congress tables showing the effect of different plans of reapportionment based on the total number of members to which it shall be decided to limit the new House. From these tables it appears that if twelve members be added, raising the number of Representatives from 293 to 305, three of the twelve additional members would come from the North, and nine from the South. On the other hand, the South would get but nine additional members under 307, while the North would get five. The present distribution is as follows: New England, 28; Middle States, 68; Northwestern States, 92; South, 105. If it is decided to leave the total number at its present limit, New York would lose three of her members and Pennsylvania two.

Mr. Richard W. Thompson, Ex-Secretary of the Navy, attended the sitting of the House Special Committee on January 17th to explain the situation of the Panama Canal Company in relation to the Government. Mr. Thompson has accepted the presidency of the company, and was desirous of convincing the committee that the project was not antagonistic to the Monroe doctrine. Mr. Thompson also attempted to prove that the doctrine has not the force of a law, but was merely a Presidential utterance. The question of route and of practical obstacles in the way of the scheme Mr. Thompson did not discuss; he referred all those questions to the engineers of the company.

Captain Eads, before the same committee, urged the advantages of an interoceanic ship railroad, which, he contended, would prove the most practicable solution of the question. How important a subject this severing of the Isthmus is, and how closely it affects national prosperity, may be inferred from the fact that the wheat alone to be exported from California this year will weigh 900,000 tons, and from Oregon 200,000. Captain Eads, as an argument in support of his scheme, said that the Mexican Government had given the company 1,000,000 acres of land, a right of way one half mile wide across the Isthmus, and the right to import free of duty for ninety-nine years all the material necessary for the railway. He asked of the United States Government that it should guarantee $50,000,000 of the capital stock necessary to construct the road.

The Proceeds of the Hospital Saturday and Sunday collections in New York on December 25th and 26th from the churches, subscription lists, and the boxes deposited at railway stations, ferries, drug stores, etc., are reported by Mr. Charles Lanier, Treasurer of the Association, to be as follows: "For general fund, $23,611.22; designated gifts from churches, lodges, and individuals, $15,240.89; designated gifts sent to hospitals direct, $4,357.68; total, $43,209.79. The total expenses to be deducted from the general fund, including charges for the manufacture of *seven hundred tin boxes*, $1396.46, will reduce the amount to be distributed among the hospitals to $41,813.33.

An Effort to Reduce the Expenses of this city has been made by the newly-appointed Comptroller of New York. Over fifty employees have been removed from the Department since Mr. Campbell accepted office. The saving effected on the salary list by the change amounts to fifty thousand dollars per annum. It will be remembered that a short time before the late Comptroller retired from office he testified before the Senate Investigating Committee that the Finance Department could not dispense with the services of a single one of the persons then employed therein.

Destructive Avalanches are Reported in Utah. Intelligence from Salt Lake City, dated January 16th, says: "Snow has fallen almost continuously in the Wahsatch Mountains, about the heads of the Little and Cottonwood Rivers, since Christmas. The mountains surrounding the mining town of Alta are steep and high, and the trees have been cut down. On January 12th a snow-slide carried away the Flagstaff ore house and four hundred feet of the railroad sheds, and swept across the flat and the creek to the opposite mountain. Later, another slide passed over the Victoria and Imperial houses, burying two men, who dug their way out in ten hours. Continuing, it swept away a boarding-house, in which were eight persons, of whom four were killed. Another slide smashed and buried the Toledo works and boarding-house, killing two men.

"The avalanche swept away every building owned by the Joab Lawrence Company, together with their tramway, inflicting a loss of $20,000. It buried the Buffalo House, but three men had retired into a tunnel and were rescued exhausted. Fifty persons came down last night, leaving twenty who for various reasons could not get away. The *trip down was fearful.* Leaving their homes with nothing but the clothes on their backs, the women waded through the snow as best they could, the men carrying the children. There remains enough of the mountain slope still undenuded to complete the destruction of the town, and it may slide at any moment."

New York and the Adjacent Cities were visited on January 21st with weather of almost unprecedented severity. Such a storm has not passed over this part of the coast for a number of years. Snow fell early in the morning, and soon turned to rain, which froze as it fell, covering everything with *a thick coating of ice.* Branches of trees were borne down by the weight of ice on the twigs, and were broken off, lying across the car tracks and impeding traffic. The telegraph wires, with their icy covering nearly two inches thick, swayed and broke under the strain, and many poles fell under their heavy burdens. Telegraphic communication with places outside of the city was entirely suspended for hours, and although merchants and persons anxious to transmit important intelligence offered any sum to have a telegraphic message sent, it was impossible; the city was cut off from the rest of the country, and it was then realized how dependent we are on telegraphic facilities. The damage to the wires alone caused a loss of over $100,000. Personal injuries from the swinging signs blown down, from overturned chimneys and flag poles, were numerous, and it is feared that many will terminate fatally.

The Frequenters of Gambling Houses in New York had a surprise on January 22d. The familiar implements of the games had disappeared, and in some cases the saloons were closed altogether. The cause of this strange phenomenon became obvious in the evening when Mr. Comstock's agents made a raid on these establishments and in only one case effected a capture. The proprietors of the haunts had received timely information of the projected, raid and had taken precautionary measures.

It would be interesting to learn how the information was given, for strict secrecy had been enjoined. It is said that no policemen were to be employed in the raid, and that the only persons who should have known beforehand that it was to take place were Mr. Comstock, the police commissioners, and Superintendent Walling.

The Call to Service Should Never be Disregarded. An incident related at a public meeting last week is a striking evidence of this fact. A speaker said that he had for some time past been anxious for the eternal welfare of an acquaintance. "Why not call on him and speak with him on the subject?" something seemed to say. He believed that the impulse to call came from God, and on Christmas day he called. He found his friend was *in a receptive condition*, and he seemed glad to be spoken with. He was anxious to become a Christian, and was waiting for instruction in the way of life. He has since found peace with God through faith.

The Attempt Recently Made by a Prominent New York minister to define the word "temperance" has called forth many pungent criticisms. Dr. Miner, of Boston, Mass., referring in his sermon, on Sunday, January 16th, to the dictum that temperance means moderation, not total abstinence, said that if the definition was good for anything, it implied that a man, to be temperate, must use at least a little of everything. So men must use a little chloral or a little tobacco in order to be temperate. The proper definition is, that temperance is a moderate use of all good things, and *total abstinence from all bad things.*

A Portrait of the Late Mr. T. DeWitt Talmage, the eldest son of Rev. Dr. Talmage, will appear in an early number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with a sketch of his life.

Mr. Moody's Services in San Francisco have resulted in a widespread revival. Not only in the city itself, but, through the reports of sermons published in the daily press, the surrounding country has been affected. The correspondent of a New York journal mentions *an interesting incident* in this connection of a letter, received from a church officer in the southern part of the State, grieving for the death of his wife, but rejoicing that the reading of Mr. Moody's sermons and of the Gospel Hymns had brought her, on her deathbed, into precious light and peace. A remarkable feature of the San Francisco services has been the attention given to the subject of the conversion of children, and it has been noticed how large a number of young people have attended the meetings.

To Spend a Fortune in Drink and then Commit suicide was a purpose deliberately formed by a man in Iowa two years ago, and accomplished on January 11th. The reports say that he was a farmer who had accumulated considerable property, and lived happily with his wife, one daughter, and four sons, till 1878, when his wife died. He had been a hard-working, intelligent man, quiet in demeanor, very temperate in his habits, and an exemplary citizen. But upon the death of his wife he became morose and despondent, neglected his work, and appeared to take little interest in either his children or his home. His melancholy increased as the days went by, and all attempts at rousing him from his broodings were vain.

One day the unhappy man disposed of his farm and stock for cash, and declared his purpose *to expend the entire sum on drink and then kill himself*. He kept steadfastly to his purpose, and drank whiskey incessantly for two years, during the whole of which time he was in a state of intoxication, but never lost his peaceable disposition. At length, on the 11th of January, 1881, when his money was reduced to $5, he ended his existence in this world with a dose of poison. Such inconsolable grief is natural to persons of sensitive feelings, whose whole hopes are confined to this life. But if the man had turned his thoughts to "the continuing city" which is to come (Heb. 13 : 14), his hope would have revived under his great bereavement.

A Limb Saved in Answer to Prayer.—A letter from a wife and mother to the *Witness* narrates a remarkable incident. The writer says that her husband, a very short time ago, had a wound in one of his limbs. Several doctors examined it but gave scarcely any encouragement. At last it was decided that the limb must be amputated. She burst into tears, and said she was opposed to the operation, being convinced that the Lord could heal it. Earnest prayer was offered, and in a day or two after, a great change took place for the better, to the astonishment of all who saw it. And in ten days from the day appointed for amputation *the limb was healed*, and the man was able to work for the support of his family.

The Clever Device of a Farmer Saved Him from drowning during the recent frost. He was crossing the ice on Kalamazoo River, near his residence at Marengo, when he slipped through an air-hole concealed by a thin crust of ice. He extended his arms on the solid ice as he fell, and thus saved himself from complete immersion, but he could not extricate himself, for his hands had no hold on the smooth ice, and most of his body was in the water and was weighted with his wet and heavy clothing. At length he conceived the idea of wetting the buckskin mittens he had on and letting them freeze to the smooth surface, when he believed they would be sufficiently firm to enable him to pull himself out by them. By carefully bringing his right hand back by his side he succeeded in wetting the mitten on that hand, and then extending it ahead as far as he could reach, held it until the mitten was firmly fastened to the ice; he then withdrew his hand and seized it, and thus had a firm support. He served the mitten on the other hand the same way, and when both were fixed he grasped them firmly, and with their aid climbed on to the firm ice and was safe.

It was the hazardous expedient of a man rendered desperate by imminent peril, and, happily for him, it was successful. In spiritual matters men have exercised similar ingenuity to find a way of escape from spiritual death, but they have always failed. Only by giving up trying to save themselves, and trusting to Christ alone, is salvation possible (Rom. 3 : 28).

A Funeral Astray on Lake Erie was one of the strange spectacles witnessed during the recent inclement weather. A Buffalo, N. Y., correspondent of the Providence *Journal* says: "A funeral procession of six or eight carriages started on Thursday, the worst day of the storm, to go to the cemetery. They were obliged, on account of the drifts, to take the road that runs along the Lake shore, and slowly plodded their way along what they supposed was the proper route. Finding they did not reach their destination, they stopped after a while to investigate, and found to their horror that they were one mile from land *out on the frozen waters* of Lake Erie. The ice was thin and treacherous, and in their bewilderment they hardly knew which way to turn, but at last, with fear and trembling, and almost perished with cold, they crept back to the shore and returned with their dead to the city, to defer their mournful errand to another day." The mourners and attendants must have been thankful to have reached solid ground after so narrow an escape. Their position on the ice was a type of that in which thousands of people live from day to day.

A Man Convicted of Murder Lost His Pardon in a remarkable way at Frankfort, Ky., a few weeks ago. The circumstances, as related by the Richmond *Register*, are as follows: A man named Samuel Holmes, now in Frankfort jail undergoing punishment for a murder, received a visit from his old schoolfellow Lucien Young. The Kentucky Legislature recorded some years ago its appreciation of Young's bravery in rescuing several lives from a wrecked vessel, and when Young, moved by Holmes's condition, made an appeal to Governor Blackburn for his pardon, the Governor, remembering his brave action, relented and signed the pardon for his sake. With the document in his pocket Young hastened back to the prison to tell the good news to his friend. Before telling him, however, that he had come to make him a free man, Young commenced a conversation, and, after talking a while upon other subjects, finally said, "Sam, if you were turned loose and fully pardoned what would be the first thing you would do?" The convict very quickly responded, "I would go to Lancaster and kill Judge Owsley and a man who was a witness against me." Young uttered not a word, but turned mournfully away, went outside the prison walls, took the pardon from his pocket, and *tore it into fragments*. This singular incident suggests many lessons; among others that of heartfelt thankfulness to God that when He gives His children pardon for Christ's sake, He also gives them a new heart (1 Cor. 6 : 11).

A Man was Rescued from a Perilous Position through the sagacity of his dog a few days ago, at Missoulia, Montana. It appears that a man named Whitman, with a companion, climbed the mountains near Rattlesnake River in search of game. The two men separated, and shortly afterward Whitman slipped and fell, sliding down the mountain-side. Just as he neared the edge of a precipice he caught a strong sapling with his arm at the elbow, and quickly grasping his wrist with the other hand, he saved himself from being dashed to pieces. But he was *suspended over the abyss* by the sapling, and could not climb up the side of the rock or release his hold. His dog came to the edge, and looking at him, whined piteously and went away. Just as he was almost exhausted with pain, he heard his companion coming to his rescue. *The dog had found him*, and by barking and dragging at his coat had brought him to his master's relief.

The dog's instinct prompted him, though unable to rescue his master, to get the help of some one who could save him. It is a lesson for Christians who see children or friends in danger of eternal death. They often try expostulation, warning, entreaty, but forget to carry the case in prayer to God (1 John 5 : 14, 15).

THE SITTING OF THE REFINER.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver: and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer untothe Lord an offering in righteousness."—MALACHI 3 : 3.

Christ's Coming a Day of Darkness—All Things on Their Trial—How the Refining is Done—By the Word of God—By Closer Fellowship—By the Holy Spirit—By Providence—I. The Attitude of the Refiner—Not Indifference—A Welshman's Illustration—The Refiner's Real Attention—Settled Patience—The Posture of Power—Of Perfect Perseverance—II. The Great Object of the Refining—Purifying His Chosen Ones—He Shows them Their Need—And the Remedy—The Process Thorough and Abiding—III. The Immediate Result—Business Attended to—Work well Done—Accepted of God—What Becomes of the Dross.

THIS is spoken of as one of the results of the coming of the Lord: He would test and try all things, destroy the false and the evil, and make those pure whom He permitted to remain. Behold, the Promised One has come! He whom Israel sought suddenly appeared in His temple as the messenger of the covenant. Glad were the eyes of Simeon, and Anna, and all those who waited for Him, and glad this day are our voices as we proclaim that the Messiah has appeared. The glorious Son of God, the anointed of the Most High, has been among men, and faithful witnesses have testified concerning Him, "We beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

That coming, heralded by songs of angels, and prophetic of countless blessings, should have been a day of unmingled light to men; but because of hypocrisy, pride, and self, it was not so; on the contrary, it was to many *a day of darkness* and not of light. We have abundant historical evidence that our Lord's first advent was a day of great trial to the Jewish people; and when we remember the siege of Jerusalem, and kindred events, we do not marvel that the prophet asked, "But who may abide the day of His coming? and who shall stand when He appeareth? for He is like a refiner's fire, and like fuller's soap."

His ministry tried the religion, the orthodoxy, and the saintship of the period, and because it revealed the hollowness of the whole of the profession of the day, it aroused all the enmity of the religious classes. Those who were the leaders of the so-called religious thought of the age were aroused to hate the Lord Jesus, and to take a delight in nailing Him to the tree; for His teaching was so true and good that their *word-chopping* and ceremony-making could not endure it.

Our Lord, when He came, sat as a refiner, and assayed the age then present; and ever since then His Gospel in the world, His Spirit, His teaching, yea, the very fact of His life—these all together have been a test, a trial, a sort of standard of weights and measures among men.

ALL THINGS ARE ON THEIR TRIAL.

You are constantly hearing of this time and that time as being "crises;" and the saying is true. There is always a crisis to something or other during these days of the Lord's sitting as a refiner. All things are being thrust into the furnace, and the fire is kept burning at a white heat, and nothing evil can abide the flame. Everything that is good shall be conserved, purified, made brilliant; but all that is evil, be it what it may, the whole world over, since Christ has come, shall be tried and dissolved as by fire. *When our Lord comes the second time* the trial will be still more intense. "Who shall abide the day of His coming" when He shall still further be revealed, and when His purpose shall be rather that of judgment than of mercy?

It is well for us to know that, whenever Jesus Christ draws near to a soul, He comes in utmost mercy to make it clean. Because He is in Himself the incarnation of ineffable love, His coming always means that He is about to purify the soul, for the highest mercy is to rid us of sin. The grandest thing that God Himself can do in the pur-

pose of His love is to purify us into His own glorious holiness. Christ loved His church, and this is how He showed it: "He gave Himself for it, that He might present it to Himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing."

If any of you, my hearers, are seeking the Lord at this time, I want you to understand what it means: you are seeking a fire which will test you, and consume much which has been dear to you. We are not to expect Christ to come and save us *in our sins;* He will come and save us *from our sins;* therefore, if you are enabled by faith to take Christ as a Saviour, remember that you take Him as the purger and the purifier, for it is from sin that He saves us.

We are going to talk of this purifying process. "He shall sit as a refiner."

HOW IS THE REFINING CARRIED ON?

It is carried on in part *by the Word of God.* "Is not my word like a fire?" Wherever the Gospel is preached thoroughly, out and out, it is *a wonderful consumer of dross.* I have known certain congregations that have been dead in worldliness, the haunts of wealthy professors, whose love to Christ is a mere pretence. Close to them I have seen another church which has been lively in spirit, and full of zeal for the Lord. Whence the difference? The reason has usually been this—that in the one case there was man's ministry, and in the other there was the Word of the Lord. Ministries of the Spirit worldly people cannot bear. They are displeased with a plain testimony. It rasps their conscience. There is no need to turn them out of the church; they drop away of themselves: it is not the place for them; it is too hot for them, I mean too holy, too spiritual, too devout. By and by they are offended, and murmuringly they prepare to emigrate. There are so many things that they do not approve of, they see so much that is dreadfully orthodox, narrow-minded, and bigoted; and so they trot off among their own cattle. Yes, and so they should. That is *God's way of keeping His flock to itself.*

Those that are rooted up by the Word of God are best rooted up. We may always be practising this kind of separating the tares from the wheat, for it leaves the testing with God and a man's own conscience, and hence no injustice will be done. It would be ill by excommunications to seek to root up the tares from among the wheat, lest we root up the wheat with them; but by the Word, if it be preached in the power of the Holy Ghost, the process will be always going on.

Another purging operation is by causing His chosen to have *more fellowship* with His own blessed and glorious self. Of all the means of purging the heart none surpasses this, for when the Lord in great mercy draws His child near to Him, and makes Him feel His love, and know it beyond a doubt, then the favored heart longs to be holy in all things. Jealousy is cruel as the grave, and a holy jealousy does stern work in our hearts with sin. It hangs up the darling sin before the face of the sun, and calls upon the fowls of heaven to come and feast upon the slain. Oh, that we knew Christ better, and lived more in the light of His countenance, for then should we be purged as with the spirit of burning.

After all, *the Holy Spirit* is the great fire that burns in Zion to purge believers from the love of sin. It is He that makes use of the Word, and makes use of fellowship, and makes use of everything else, to sever sin from the saint, and take away the dross from the silver. He is the immediate agent of our sanctification; all else we must regard as only the means in His skilful hand. To Him be our love and our praise evermore.

As a subsidiary means the Lord uses *providence.* I have no doubt that He uses very frequently gracious providences, as we call them—that is, providences which please us by gratifying our natural wishes. Some people have been sanctified by prosperity; but I do not think very many have been. *Few good medicines are pleasant to the palate.* If we were as we ought to be, every joy that comes to us would tend to make us grateful, and so it would make us love God; and what is that but to be more like God and more holy? But, alas, in that we are weak through the flesh, the gentler modes of love far oftener fail than her rougher processes. It remains then, that, if we cannot be preserved in honey, we must be salted with fire, lest corruption should take hold upon us.

Such is the stubbornness of our flesh, that the Lord uses for *fuel in His furnace* sharp and heavy trials of different kinds. Adversity assumes many forms, and in each and all of its shapes the Lord knows how to use it for His people's benefit. Christ sits as a refiner when He takes away prosperity, and brings the wealthy down to poverty. He often refines men by the losses which they sustain of beloved friends. Bereavement burns like a blast-furnace; and, oh, how much of carnal love has been consumed by it!

Yes, *affliction* is what most believers think of when they read such a passage as this; but I warn them not to think too much of it, for that is not the Refiner's only fire, nor is it even His best fire. Affliction is but one part of the machinery of *the Royal Refinery*—one of the fluxes by which the great Lord separates the precious from the vile.

I desire to call your attention to the text by leading you to mark three things. First, I want you to watch *the attitude of the Refiner*—"And He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver." Secondly, *the object of His refining*—"He shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver." And, thirdly, *the result of the refinement*—"That they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness."

I. Notice carefully

THE ATTITUDE OF THE REFINER—

"He shall sit." The posture would not have been mentioned had it not been instructive.

Sitting *looks like the attitude of indifference.* There is the metal vexed with a white heat: here is the refiner sitting down. There is the child of God upon the bed of pain, and he cries, "My Lord, come and help me;" and there the Refiner sits, looks on, but does not stir a hand. The child of God is sinking in trouble; he fears, like Peter, that the next step may drown him; and there is his Lord, calm and unmoved. When the apostolic ship was out at sea, and tossed with tempest, Christ was asleep in the hinder part of the vessel.

Unbelief dares challenge His love because of this apparent apathy: How can He sit still and see us suffer. She mutters, "He is indifferent: He does not care." "Carest thou not that we perish?" is the cry of unbelief; and before the heart actually utters it, it begins to think, "Where is the tenderness of Christ? Where is the gentleness of God? Am I thus to be tortured? Am I thus to be tried? Am I thus to be tossed from billow to billow without a helper?" Yet after all our crying and tears the Refiner sits still! Yes, He to all appearance disregards our prayers and entreaties, and fulfils the description of the text—"He sits."

It is wonderful how often God seems utterly indifferent to His people, and how a Christ filled with compassion, because He has been tried in all points like as we are, yet seems to look down upon our sorrows with undisturbed serenity. I once heard *a Welshman* preach in his own native tongue. It was a sermon in which he got into the spirit of his subject, and spake as one inspired. He used a very simple illustration when he said, "The mother has her dear babe upon her knee. It is time for washing; she washes its face. The little one cries; it loves not the soap; it loves not the water; and therefore it cries. Here is a great sorrow! Listen to its lamentations! It is ready to break its heart! What does the mother do? Is she sorrowful? Does she weep? No; she is singing all the while, because she understands how good it is that the child should suffer a little temporary inconvenience in order that its face, all smeared and foul, should become bright and beautiful again.

"Thus does the great Father rest in His love, and rejoice over us with singing while we are sighing and crying." Ours is but a child's sorrow, sharp and shallow, of which the greatest source is our own ignorance of the great designs of the Perfecter of men. The Lord pities our childish sorrow, but He does not so regard it as to stay His hand from His cleansing work. "Let not thy soul spare for his crying," said Solomon; and our wise Father when He is chastening us does not spare us for our crying.

What if the metal that is put into the furnace should be sentient when the crucible is hot, and should cry out, "Oh, take me out; the fire is too hot; I cannot bear it. I am dissolving; I am melting; take me out." Would the assayer regard the entreaties of the metal? Ah, no! The refiner sits still. Why should he be flurried? He knows what he is at, and He knows that His divine methods are wise and infallible. He is not hurting the silver, but doing it lasting service. He is not even putting it through a needless process. He is taking the shortest way of working when He seems to be longest in His assays. There is a haste that is not good speed, and God uses not such haste as that; He moves at the pace of perfection, and that may seem slow to petulance. He shall sit as a refiner till thou shalt say, "Does He care at all for me?"

Carnal reason may judge as it pleases as to the indifference of Him who seems to sit at ease while His people are melted in the flames, but faith is full well assured that in the attitude of the Divine Refiner there is *real attention.* Why does the refiner sit, but because he is resolved steadily to watch the crucible? He will not go away and leave it, even for a moment, lest the heat should grow too great or a certain point should be passed over when his presence would be essential to the success of the process.

I have often heard that a refiner sits and looks at the silver till he can *see his own portrait* in it; but, though I have heard that venerable story many times, and can see the evident moral of it, I have my suspicions as to its being a matter of fact. I certainly should not like to be the refiner who had such a task to do, for when a crucible is in the white heat of the furnace it is almost enough to burn out your eyes to look at it even for an instant, and I do not believe that any human being could watch a mass of molten silver glowing in the furnace till he saw his own image there. Christ's eye can bear the blaze, and He can watch us in the fires. But I use not the illustration, because I have my doubts about the truth of it.

Our Lord sits as the refiner at the furnace mouth, because He is all attention. He has, as it were, given up all other cares just to sit there and watch His treasure. He is determined that His servants shall be purified—that the sons of Levi shall be purged; and so there He is, everything else laid aside, giving His whole heart and soul to those whom He is refining. Poor, bowed heart, Jesus is all attention. His sitting down is not because He forgets, but because He remembers.

"God's furnace doth in Zion stand,
But Zion's God sits by,
As the refiner views his gold,
With an observant eye."

Always observing, always watching. Jesus shall sit—"He shall sit as a refiner."

But we may notice more than this. I think I see in the sitting down of the refiner a

SETTLED PATIENCE

as if he seemed to say, "This is stern work, and I will sit down to it, for it will need care, and time, and constant watchfulness. This metal may need to be purified in a furnace of earth seven times, but I am set upon the perfecting of the work, and, therefore, here I place myself. I shall bear with this man till I have delivered him from his faults. I shall bear with this woman till I have made something of her—till I have got away that which weakens and injures her character. I mean to bear with this poor, petulant, unbelieving, complaining, selfish, groaning mortal; he has some love to me, and some life in me; and, therefore, I will bear with him till his life and love shall have conquered all earthly grossness, and he shall be a lump of pure metal fit for my Father's treasury."

I find in looking at the original that the word for "sit" is one which is used many times in Scripture for the posture of a king upon a throne; it is a sort of regal sitting down. So that we have here *the posture of power.* "He shall sit as a refiner" signifies, then, I take it, that He who seems indifferent, but who is constantly observant and

patient, is seated on His throne possessing infinite power over all things, so that the process which He is watching can be checked or quickened according to His own will and wish. He reigns as a refiner, He has power over every coal, over every single jet of gassy flame, power over every breath of air that fans the fire, power over the furnace to its inmost centre and its utmost vehemence, power over the metal itself and its dross, and all that is excellent about it as well as all that is vile. Oh, this is

A GRAND CONSOLATION!

He that has undertaken to purify us can do it, for He sits on the throne of boundless might.

Eternal power performs what everlasting love designs. So I conceive that the text may also teach us *the perfect perseverance of Christ* in the work of the purifying of his people. "He shall sit as a refiner." Might not your backsliding after you had once reached a great height of sanctity have disappointed Christ, and made Him leave you? Yes, if it were not true of Him, "I am God: I change not," He would have left you to be consumed. But therefore ye are not consumed, because from His blessed purpose He will not swerve. Oh, how many times you and I have seemed to make advances toward purity, but have gone back again to folly, thus manifesting the abundance of our alloy. It did seem as if, at last, the blessed flame of grace had begun to make us bright; and yet we have dulled again back to the old state. But where is the Refiner? Has He gone? By no means. There He is! He has been sitting as a refiner, and He is sitting still.

II. Now, dear brethren, suffer a few words upon

THE GREAT OBJECT

of our Lord's refining work. This point has come up all along. May the Spirit of God instruct us concerning it.

The great object of His refining is that He may deliver us from all evil, and make us perfect. Recollect, *the subjects of purifying are His own chosen ones*—"He shall purify the sons of Levi." Levi was the tribe taken out of the rest for God's service. The Lord has a people whom He has set apart unto Himself, and these He will purify. Do others think that He does them an injustice by this act of choice? Would they like to be purified? Then, depend upon it, He will not refuse it to them. Nay, *the quibble lies in words*, and has no truth in it.

Men pretend to be angry with electing love, though they have no desire for it themselves. God's election is an election to holiness, and this is a thing which men in their heart of hearts do not desire. Sirs, if you do not wish for purification and holiness, wherefore should you quarrel with God that He gives it not to you? Yet unholy men rave at election to holiness, and call it partiality, and I know not what besides. Ye dogs in the manger, will ye always howl at God because He gives to His own sheep that which you will not care to have? If you wish for it you may have it. Free is the Gospel to every soul under heaven that desires it.

The refiner begins His work by discovering to His people their need of purity. What! purify the sons of Levi? Do they want it? Surely, Reuben, Manasseh, Gad—these might want purifying; but Levi opens and shuts the door of the house of God. It is a Levite that sacrifices, that enters within the veil. Does *he* require purifying? Ay, that he does. "He shall purify the sons of Levi"—the best, the very best, the holiest—those that come near to God—the true silver and the real gold. He shall purify these. Brother, sister, have you a notion that you do not need purifying? Discard it, for if we walk in the light as God is in the light, and have closest fellowship with God, yet still we need the cleansing blood.

Did you ever notice that the branch which feels most of the knife, and gets most of the pruning, is not the dead branch? Not that withered, crooked branch, does the husbandman wound with the knife. No, the best branch, that bears most fruit, is most worthy of the gardener's visits and shall be most favored with them. That ore which has the most gold in it, in proportion to the quartz, is the likeliest to get into the fire. He that has most of refinement is he on whom Christ will carry out His refining work. "He shall purify the sons of Levi."

Further, observe that He not only discovers to them their need of this purity, but He remedies their impurity. He shall actually purify them as gold and silver. The point is the thoroughness of it. This piece of wood which makes my pulpit, if it is defiled, it is dusted, and it is at once sufficiently cleansed. Your platters are washed; that is all. Your furniture may need beating, dusting, and many processes; but there is nothing thorough in them compared with the metaphor of the text—"He shall purify them as gold and silver." They must go into the fire. The purging that God gives His people is not the washing of the outside of the cup and platter, it is the cleansing of the soul, the heart—the purging of the inward parts of the man—a fiery purging.

Fire does not merely go about the metal, but *it penetrates*, and passes right into it. The metal is hot; it is melted; it flows; the fire has dissolved the mass. We say in the hymn, "Refining fire, go through my heart;" and that is the nearest approximation of language; but fire does something more than go through the metal. It seems to get into the very essence and nature and character of the metal, and fuse it all, making it all feel its supreme force. The Lord's purification of His people in order to make them fit to be with Him in heaven is a fire process, mysterious, inward, penetrating, consuming, transforming.

This fire process is intended to be thorough, *that it may be abiding*. If you get a piece of gold or silver, though it has been through the fire it may grow dull again, but it cannot again become impure and alloyed. Silver will soon oxidize upon the surface, but for all that the bulk of the silver vessel is not injured at all; it remains pure silver after it has been through the fire. The work is done, and done thoroughly. The purifications of God will last throughout eternity. Have you ever reflected upon the fact that when Christ's refining work is done upon us there will never be any need for it again? Blessed be God, there is no purgatorial fire. Oh, well may we be content to let the fire burn and let the coals glow as much as ever they will, since it can be only for a very little while, and then come the ages, the eternities, the God, the Christ, the heaven which He has prepared for us when we are prepared for them. This, then, is the object of His refining.

III. Thirdly, and to conclude, what will be

THE IMMEDIATE RESULT

of this refining as Christ carries it on? It will be this, "That they may offer to the Lord an offering of righteousness."

First, these Levites shall attend to their business. They ought to have been working at the temple, but they had forgotten their high calling. The sons of Levi had taken up their portion in the world, though their God had never given them any, for He gave no portion to Levi when the land was divided among the tribes. "The Lord's portion is His people," and the Lord is the portion of their inheritance. The Levites had got away from their spiritual calling, and had given themselves up to mind this and that; but it is pleasant to observe that when God purifies them, then they begin to do their own business—"That they may offer to the Lord."

Oh, beloved, if you have been refined by the Word, if you have been refined by the Spirit, if you have been refined by heavenly joys, if you have been refined by sanctified sorrows, you wish to serve God much more than ever you did before. You now pray that if you have lived to self in any degree, you may be forgiven, for you wish to live in Christ, and to Him alone. Now, as the Levite, you say, "What can I do for God? There is nothing here worth living for but to love and serve Him. Here, Lord, tell me what thou wouldest have me to do. I desire to do it at once." Brother, thank God for every trial you have suffered, if it leads you to offer your sacrifice. I will bless God for all I have endured myself, if I am enabled to fulfil my priesthood; for are we not a nation of priests, a peculiar people set apart to offer sacrifice to God?

And this is to be *the result of refinement*; that we do good work and service unto God. Some of you want a little pushing on in this direction, for I know a great many Christians who live as if the main point in religion was to enjoy yourself. "I enjoyed that sermon. I enjoyed that prayer-meeting." Yes, that is quite right. But

HAVE YOU DONE ANYTHING?

Have you served the Master? Have you offered anything to Jesus? Have you brought forth fruit to His glory? Oh, it is a good thing to be watered; it is a blessed thing to stand in the warm sunlight and grow; but after the watering and the sunshine must come the fruit-bearing, or we shall be barren fig-trees after all. And so it is in the text, you see—"That they may offer unto the Lord an offering."

But, then, next, they are not only to do their work, but they are to do it well. "They must offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness," for, oh, we may do much for God that *looks very pretty*, but when we get into trial and look back upon our service by the furnace light we do not think much of it. Have you ever taken a little time to look back upon your service of God, and have you not wondered at yourself that you have done it so badly? Have you not said, "Please God I may address that class again, I will be more passionately in earnest?" Have you not said, "Please God I may get out to that village to preach again, I will speak with all my soul, and nothing else but Christ shall be my theme?" Have we not often wished we could *do our life work over again*, that we might do it better? I do not think that there is any use in that wish. Let us improve what is to be done in the future, rather than wish to undo the past. Let us buckle on our harness, and ask God to give us more spiritual intensity, that what is done may be a sacrifice offered in righteousness unto the Lord.

And then another result of this purification is that *they were accepted*, for the next verse says, "Then shall the offering of Judah and Jerusalem be pleasant unto the Lord as in the days of old." When God accepts our persons He accepts our offerings, but if we are not ourselves accepted, then that which we do is rejected. When the Lord Jesus Christ enables us to live by faith in Him, and to see that we are "accepted in the Beloved," and when that faith helps us to work in a right spirit and serve God from a pure motive, then we ourselves and our work are pleasant unto God as in former days.

God grant that the blessed processes of His providence and of His grace which are being carried on in His people may be carried on in you and me, that we may serve God with perfect hearts all our days.

I think I heard somebody say, "I do not want putting through that process. I do not wish for such purifying." You have seen

THE GREAT MASSES OF SLAG

that they throw out from the furnace. They lie in great heaps at the pit's mouth. Will these be a picture of you and your eternal condition? Reprobate silver shall men call them, because God has rejected them. Will you be the slag cast away? the dross left forever? Oh, eternity, eternity, what must it be to be shipwrecked on thy shoreless sea, and drifted forever as a waif and stray from God and hope? Eternity, eternity, what must it be to be rejected and cast away from the presence of God and from the glory of His power, thrown out upon the waste-heap of the universe, forever given up? God save any man from that!

Oh, it were worth wading through *a thousand hells* to obtain that which makes existence worth the having—namely, rightness with God. But, oh, if there were nothing else to lose but God's love, nothing else to earn by neglect of things divine but to be rejected of God, I would plead with you with my whole soul that you should seek the Lord now. Cry mightily to the divine Saviour that He may now purge you with His precious blood from all the guilt of sin, that He may then go on with the second process by which He shall purge you from the power and habit and defilement of sin, and make you, like Himself, immaculate before the Omniscient. God grant it, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

TALES OF THE GROG-SHOPS.

By a London Clergyman.

MRS. CRAPPIT'S GRIEVANCE.

(A Tale in Two Chapters.)

CHAPTER II.

SAM kept up splendidly. He was a constant visitor at his neighbor's, and was often induced to join in their little devotions. Those from without who remembered the sad life he had lived before, and now saw him kneeling devoutly down, and turning over the leaves of the Bible, lifted up their hands in the blankest astonishment.

This went on for many weeks. About six weeks after, at the time that Sam generally appeared, his place was empty. It was so the next day, and the next after that again. It was time for some one to look him up. John Snow did look him up, and found, alas! that there was only too good reason for Sam's absence. He had taken to the drink again. Even when John met him he was a little the worse for drink. However, John Snow knew human nature well enough to see that although Sam Crappit was somewhat stupid from drink, he had sense enough to give an account of himself. So, by dint of much persuasion and coaxing, and a little friendly pressure, he got Sam into his own house, and sat him down in front of the fire.

How thoroughly ashamed of himself Sam looked as he sat there gazing into the fire. He was almost too ashamed to look up. He remembered only too well how often he had bent the knee and read the Bible in that very room.

"Now, Sam," said John Snow, "tell us all about it. Who is there to tell if not your old friend John?"

"I couldn't help it. I assure you I couldn't," blurted out the poor fellow. "I felt as if I must have a drop when it was under my very nose, and the smell of it was so strong."

"What do you mean, Sam? When was it under your nose? I don't quite understand you."

"Well, I'll tell you all about it. You know the last night I was here. Well, that was when I got floored. After I left you and got in, there was my wife a drinking of her beer. There warn't nothing extraordinary in that, for she always had her beer every night afore going to bed. Ah! John, I've had some terrible struggles when I've been sitting and looking ather sipping, sipping, with *the smell of it* a filling the room. She allers puts a red-hot poker into it afore drinking it, to make it warm.

"Well, that night I'd had a bigger tussle than ever with my old appetite, for it so happened, just after she had made her beer hot with the poker, one of the children up-stairs began to squall, and she was obliged to leave it. It was then I tasted it. I couldn't help it. I assure you I couldn't. There, afore my very eyes, was the mug of beer with the froth atop, and, for the life of me, I couldn't help sniffing it. But when I sniffed it, it was all up with me. I took the mug up, and drained the whole lot at one go. And then I was so afraid to meet my missus, and so ashamed to come to you, that off I rushed to the 'Blue Anchor,' and I've been there off and on ever since. There, that's the whole story."

"It was a great temptation, no doubt, Sam," said John Snow; "but it was a pity you gave way to it. Did you ask the Lord to help you?"

"Why, no," responded Sam; "I never thought of it."

"Then no wonder you gave way. I should have given way long ago if it hadn't been for the Lord's help, Sam."

"Would you? Then of course I can't expect to do it alone."

"Sam," said John Snow decidedly, "you must *start afresh* to-night, and begin again. And I'll set my missus to go round to your wife and give her a bit of advice. But let's kneel down and pray to the Lord about it."

So the two knelt down and prayed, and Sam Crappit rose from his knees firmly determined to start again, and to trust in the Lord to help him to stand without falling.

John Snow and his wife had a long talk about Mrs. Crappit that night.

"I warned her about that supper beer weeks ago, but she wouldn't listen," said Mrs. Snow. "She got quite angry with me, and declared she wouldn't give up her beer for anybody—not she. She'd been used to her beer for twenty years, and she wasn't going to give it up now. If her man was such a feeble creature as to be upset by the little beer she took, why, he wasn't worth a straw. And so she went on."

"Well, I'd try her again," said John. "Perhaps she'll see the evil of it now."

Mrs. Snow went, but it was an utterly fruitless visit she paid.

"I tell you what, Mrs. Snow," said Mrs. Crappit, "if you'll *mind your business* I'll mind mine. I tell you plainly, I'll never give up my beer as long as I live. There."

What was to be done? The only thing they could think of was for Sam to come in and sit with them while the beer-drinking went on, and thus escape the temptation. This he did, joining in their family prayers, and learning about the Lord Jesus Christ, who gave up everything to do good to poor sinful men.

So the time went on. At last there came the turning point. Mrs. Crappit got ill, and took to her bed; and as Mrs. Snow looked after her household affairs for her, and brought her nice things cooked by her own hands, she could not in all conscience forbid her coming up to read, or even pray with her. She did not relish it at all at first; but after a bit she got more reconciled to it, and even liked it.

It was very sad to see Mrs. Crappit, once so energetic and bustling, fast bound to her bed by weakness, scarcely able to speak, and that only in the faintest whisper. But yet it was the very best thing in the world that could have happened to her. For when she got stronger, and was able to get down-stairs by the help of her husband, a great difference was noticed by all the neighbors, young and old.

"I wonder what's come over Mrs. Crappit?" they asked.

Mrs. Snow could have told them if they had asked her. She could have told them that Mrs. Crappit had learned to look upon her past life with no very favorable eye; that she had at last come to the fixed conclusion that she had been going on in a wrong road altogether; and more than that, had even been heard to say, "God be merciful to me a sinner." And the quietness, humility, and silence of Mrs. Crappit were just the result and consequence of all this. She had learned to trust Jesus as her Saviour, and had promised Him to live no longer for herself, but for Him who loved her, and gave Himself for her.

It was touching to watch Mrs. Crappit now. She was living a new life altogether. She went so softly about the house, shut the doors so gently, and spoke to Sam and the children so quietly, that it was quite a question with Sam which was the quieter house, his or John Snow's.

There were no temptations in the house now. If Sam fell any more into intemperate habits, he would have only himself to thank. Where the linen was dried now was always a mystery to him. And how she managed to keep the children so clean and quiet, give him such nice, savory meals, and always have such a comfortable little corner for him to sit in, was equally mysterious.

Sam would sit on one side of the fire, Mrs. Crappit on the other, and the little ones between; and while the kettle was singing, and the kittens were playing, those two would look upon each other as they once did when they went courting together. And when Mrs. Crappit was moving about to get his supper ready, Sam would watch her with his eyes as full of wonder and delight as they could hold.

Now and then Sam's thoughts used to wander back to days gone by, and, for a moment or two, he would fancy himself the old tippler, and his wife the same old scold. How miserable he would feel then! And what a shock of surprise it gave him when, looking sharply round, he saw Mrs. Crappit in her new trappings, a soft look in her eyes, and a loving word upon her tongue. At such times as that Sam's eyes would fill with tears, and his heart would give a great bound. He would even rub his eyes lest it might be only a bright but shadowy dream.

Mrs. Crappit was not at all a beautiful woman. You might have called her a very plain woman indeed. But how beautiful she did look in his eyes!

And when during the day Sam's mates tempted him to drink, how her homely features did float about him to be sure; not talking and threatening as of old, but smiling—actually smiling upon him, as though she were saying to herself, "What a good joke to ask Sam Crappit to drink!"

How quickly he got home, too, after his work. If truth could be told, he used to run a part of the way. Mrs. Crappit would be at the door holding up the baby—"as pretty a pictur' as you ever did see," as Sam used to say to himself. Indeed, Sam's admiration of his wife got to such a pitch that I verily believe he would have taken it as a most natural thing if she had suddenly sprouted a pair of wings and flown clean away from earth.

What cosey little meetings they had with the Snows; and very proud and happy was Sam when he gave out the hymn and chapter, and led them all in prayer. And how boisterously Mrs. Crappit used to sing, and repeat her "Amens!" Were there ever such happy people?

Sometimes Mrs. Crappit would moralize a bit to herself—"What *an old fool* I was to go and talk, talk, talk as I did. I must have been as blind as a bat not to see where it would drive my man. Why, we've been and lost years of happiness through this wicked old tongue of mine, and through my sticking to my beer. Beastly stuff! I hate the very sight of it now. Thank the Lord for opening my eyes, and a washing away my sins. It's wonderful how He does help me when I trusts Him. He keeps down my temper, and fills this heart of mine with the beautifullest peace. I wouldn't change with any woman in the world—no, not with the queen on her throne—that I wouldn't; not if she was to go down on her knees and ask me to. And, God helping me, I'll be a real good wife to Sam as long as ever I live."

And as she had no mercy on her old self, so she had no mercy on others who acted as she once did. She would almost seem to have taken it up as a sort of mission to ferret out other Mrs. Crappits, and to give them a bit of her mind. She still used her tongue; but now it was on the right side.

"Now Mrs. Crump," she would say to one who was belaboring her tipsy husband with her sharp tongue, "that won't do at all. That's just the wery wrong way. If you wants him to go to the public, then talk to him. You take some advice from a woman as knows that a long tongue ain't not a bit of good; it only makes matters worser."

"Mrs. Foster," she would say to another, "wet linen's uncomfortable, wery. Men don't like it. It's all right enough to dry your sheets; but to hang 'em up when your man's come home ain't right nohow. There's no wet linen at the public."

"Faugh!" she would exclaim to a third, at the slender spread she had made for her husband's supper, "a cold herring ain't proper wittles for a hungry man. Now I knows why he gets his sausage and tater at the public, and something else upon the top of it."

And so Mrs. Crappit went on from day to day fighting the husbands' battles, ever pointing to her old self, and the change that had come over her, and urging all to seek the Saviour she had found so precious.

The Wicked Practice of Duelling is the Subject of a stringent bill which has been introduced in the South Carolina Legislature. By its provisions a person killing another in a duel, or so wounding him that he dies within six months, is to suffer death; and *a person carrying a challenge*, or being present at a duel, is to be imprisoned in the penitentiary for two years and fined. The bill, it may be hoped, will become a law, for many valuable lives have been lost by this false notion of honor. A feeling is prevalent among certain classes that to shoot a man in what is called a fair fight is not murder. What conscience and religious teaching has not effected may possibly be done by the fear of punishment.

DR. TALMAGE'S FRIDAY EVENING TALK,

January 21, 1881.

Coasting Accidents—Higher Appreciation of Boys—Forgotten Childhood—The Anti-Chinese Ordinance—Americans in Need of Cleansing—The Gospel of Soap and Starch—Misdirected Legislation—The Idlers, Not the Workers, to be Watched—The Four Walls of Heaven—Sudden Exits from Life—Life's Alarm Bells—The Voyage on the Eternal Ocean.

THE most noticeable events of the week are the accidents by boys coasting. More disasters of this kind than usual, because for twenty years there has not been such favorable weather for this juvenile recreation. And then such events are now considered more worthy of telegraphy than formerly, for *boys are better appreciated* than they used to be, and their sports attract more and more consideration.

The accidents of this week have been dreadful, and it is evident that in all our cities these sports need regulation by the authorities; but they do not require suppression. I have been fearful, in view of these

ACCIDENTS,

that such amusements would be prohibited. Considering the fact that all the boys in America who could get a sled, whether gilded and from the hardware store, or two hickory withes bent back and extemporaneously fastened, have this week been riding down-hill, there have been fewer accidents than might have been expected.

There are dangers attached to all recreations—velocipedes, bicycles, garden-swings, horseback-riding, ball-playing, pitching quoits, and gymnastics. In all these amusements lives have been slain. If we prohibited all things that have dangers attached, we would stop all pleasures and all activities. It is dangerous for you to eat; you might choke. It is dangerous for you to walk down the street, for, slipping on an orange-peeling, you might injure your spine. It is dangerous to breathe, for you might inhale malaria. By all means let city authorities regulate coasting and steer it clear of telegraph-poles and foot-passengers; but enact no city ordinance against the outbreak of healthful human nature.

Within sight of my window for the last ten days, the procession of sleds flying down hill and crawling up—for what genuine boy would not walk up to ride down?—the shout of demonstrative glee, the clear sweep of fun that imperilled neither life nor limb, have been something for all good men and women to smile over and rejoice in. That is the way our youth are to get muscle and nerve and exuberance for the work they will be called to do when they arrive amid the twenties and the thirties and the forties and the fifties of earnest life. The boys who skate no pond, strike no ball, fly no kite, trundle no hoop, coast no hill, will have no strength for the work of coming life.

The truth is that too many men by the time they are forty forget they were ever ten, and by the time they are fifty forget they were ever fifteen. Give the children all the fun they can have. Do not expect them to stay at home and bathe your gout.

Multiply all their facilities for sport. The way to crowd out bad amusements is to increase innocent amusements. When your boy is dead, if that *overwhelming grief* should ever strike your soul, you will feel more satisfaction in thinking of what pleasures you gave him than what unnecessary self-denials you inflicted upon him.

In all the questions that come up between men and boys, count me *on the side of the boys*, and all I ask of the latter, in compensation of this defence, is, that some time, when I get back to my accustomed buoyancy of spirits, they take me on board their sleds some starlight night, and with lantern ahead to show the way, and boy's foot behind to steer the craft, they give me a free, swift ride, like a flash going down from Cumberland Street to the foot of the Park. Do not let us stand projecting the shadow of our sorrows upon the sunshine of boyhood and girlhood. After a while their time to weep and struggle and groan will come. It will come soon enough. Let them be happy while they may. Let us not have less but more sportfulness for the young.

Among the profoundly suggestive events of the week is the announcement by Chin Lan Kin, the Chinese minister, to

THE CHINESE OF BROOKLYN,

that the ordinance proposed by our Common Council prohibiting foreigners from the rights of laundrymen in this city until a certain number of years of residence, is an ordinance of no effect, and the corresponding fact that Mayor Howell proposes to disregard the ordinance. If our Mayor will put both feet on that ordinance, as he will, he will put all good citizens under obligations, as he has already during his administration of unparalleled popularity.

As I understand it, the regulation does not affect the Chinese more than all the foreigners. The Irish women or the German women who propose to wash for a living, unless they have been here a certain number of years, will be liable to arrest. I declare before God and the people that there ought not to be a foot of ground between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts where any man or woman shall be interfered with in making an honest living. Whether they come from Cork, or Hamburgh, or Peking, give them free washtub. There are tens of thousands of native-born Americans who need to be more thoroughly washed, and if foreigners can bring to them *a gospel of starch and soapsuds*, the quicker the better.

When the ordinance against foreign laundrymen was read to me by a member of my family, I said, "That must be a joke; some facetious reporter has concocted that story for the public merriment; it cannot be that in this boasted nineteenth century, and in this City of Churches, such a law should be enacted." But I find that it is a serious regulation, and no time ought to be lost in the erasure of such an enactment.

It is not the industrious people of a city who need to be watched and legislated against, but the idlers, who do nothing themselves, and are not willing that anybody else should work. They are *the people you need to watch*. Especially ought there to be no legal hindrance to the laundrymen. We have in Brooklyn no scarcity of water. With the Ridgewood rushing into our basins, and the East River on one side, and the Atlantic Ocean on the other, there will be plenty of water for the laundrymen to work with, and never since Noah's flood was there less excuse for not being thoroughly clean.

You see the direction in which this disposition to legislate against any foreign people leads out. The same spirit which asks, "Must the Chinese go?" if it be consistent, will after a while ask, "Must the English go?" "Must the Scotch go?" "Must the Germans go?" and if that should come, then the consistent question would be, "Must those born of foreign parents go?" And as that would clear out the most of us, the country would be left to *the genuine Americans*, whose ancestors all the way back have been Americans—namely, the Modocs, and the Choctaws, and the Cherokees, and the Comanches. No, my religion and my patriotism declare, Let all the people who have come in, whether through the Golden Gate of the Pacific, or through the Narrows of the Atlantic, stay and have a place to work and a home to live in, and an altar at which to worship God in their own way.

This is a mighty big country, and we shall all have plenty of room, though we outlive the age of Methuselah. Every one of us, as long as we are continued in health of body and mind, will be able to take care of ourselves, and our children will be able to take care of themselves, while the good and gracious Lord takes care of us all. *What a great and mighty heart He has!* with room in it for all nations, and He asks none of them to go.

If after all things earthly are wound up, and all the affairs of the universe are wound up, spirits blest should go out to find the north and south and east and west wall of heaven, it would be found that the four walls of it stand inside the all-encompassing heart of God.

Perhaps the most stirring facts of the week, and indeed of the last month, are the

SUDDEN EXITS

out of human life. Nobody seems to have any final warning. Before you hear your friends are sick you hear they are dead. A prominent gentleman of the city declared to me a few days ago: "I never knew so many sudden departures. I have got almost nervous about looking over the death column in the newspaper day after day. It says of some of my friends or neighbors, 'Died suddenly of diphtheria,' 'suddenly of scarlet fever,' or 'suddenly of pneumonia.'"

The fact is that in this day God gives us so much intelligent warning in time of health that we ought not to expect any extra warning in the last few hours. If for two or three miles along dangerous places, a locomotive engineer has been blowing the whistle and ringing the bell, it is not so important that at any particular crossing he sound a particular alarm. If for twenty, or forty, or sixty years,

THE WARNING BELLS

have been ringing out the uncertainty of human life and the greatness of the next world, we have no right to look for especial reiterations of all this in our last hours. If we will not take the forty years of warning, will we take the three hours?

If we are going on a long voyage, we do not postpone packing our trunk and getting together the appliances of travel to the last two or three hours. We begin days before, saying: "I will want this, and I must not forget that, and I must be particular about these. I must have my letters of credit. I must get permission of the life insurance companies. I must have letters of introduction."

Deliberate and particular and prolonged preparation for all voyages but one, and that the one which puts out on the ocean of ages eternal—for that we postpone to the last hour. God forgive us if we have been following that plan. Calculating upon no great, grand, and protracted opportunity at the terminus of life, may we now make ready. In the next half century, you will have no new data to control your action. With all the tremendous facts before you, act, act quickly, act decisively, *act now!*

"DON'T TAKE MY CROWN!"

AT a meeting in the London Home of Industry Rev. W. Haslam related the following incident: "A Christian man, who had formerly been an earnest worker for Christ, had become engrossed in worldly pursuits and forsaken his warm first love. One night he dreamed that he had been caught up to heaven, and that he was to see some of the marvellous things in that home of God. Among other things he was taken into a magnificent chamber—the crown-room of heaven. Here the angel who was his guide pointed out one after another of the beautiful crowns, and told him who they were intended for, mentioning the names of various friends of his own well known for their Christian labors. Every one seemed shining in splendor and beauty, but the man in his dream was impressed by one crown in the centre which the angel passed by. He ventured to ask, "Whose crown is this?" but the angel paid no heed to his inquiry.

As he passed on the longing grew more intense to know about that one crown, and again he ventured to ask, "Whose is that crown?" Still the angel paid no heed, but went on to speak of other crowns. The man's whole soul was filled by an eager desire to know about that one crown, and at last he stood still and implored the angel to tell him whose crown it was. A look of intense pity passed over the angel's face as he dropped the rod with which he had been pointing out the other crowns, and said, "It was *thy* crown; but it is thine no longer." In the agony of this revelation the man awoke from his sleep and sprang out of bed, fell on his knees, and cried out, "Lord, don't take my crown!" There and then he reviewed his past life, saw the danger of his cold and careless state, and, confessing all before God, received pardon afresh, and was brought back to the joy of communion with God. From that time he continued an earnest and faithful laborer for the Lord.

A CHOICE VINDICATED.

(*Continued from page 47.*)

The Scene of the Second Advent.

"'As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people, from henceforth, even for ever,'" said Mr. Stanley to Evelyn and to me, as he rode between us.

"If we could only remember that," said Evelyn, "how happy it would make us!"

"Yes," said Mr. Stanley, "it would indeed; but is it not a comfort to know that He *is* round us, whether we remember it or not? The mountains do not remove, even though the clouds hide them from our sight."

"I shall never forget this ride," said Evelyn, after a pause.

"I am sure *I* shall never forget it!" said Mr. Stanley.

"But I thought—" said Evelyn.

"What did you think, Miss Trafford?"

"I thought that it would not seem quite the same to you as it does to us. I thought you would have become so accustomed to it that you would not enjoy it so much."

"Oh, I never feel *that* about the Mount of Olives," said Mr. Stanley; "other places in Jerusalem, I grant, have somewhat lost their sacredness in my eyes, but the Mount of Olives always seems holy ground. I think we can never forget that this was *the last place* our Lord's feet touched before He left us, and that it will be *the very first place* they will touch when He comes again; for 'His feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east.'"

"And then," he added, after a pause, "I have enjoyed it specially to-day."

Claude and Alice left Jerusalem the next morning, to continue their journey through Samaria and Galilee; and we were not sorry to be alone when we visited the other deeply interesting places in and near Jerusalem. Sight-seeing in Palestine is, in this respect, perfectly different from sight-seeing in other places; unless there is some communion of heart between you and those who are with you, unless they love the Book and the Name which make every place around you so sacred, their remarks, and indeed the whole tone of their conversation, cannot fail to jar upon you, and to be somewhat trying and irksome to you.

After they were gone, we thoroughly enjoyed our daily excursions in the city and its neighborhood. Although Mr. Stanley was comparatively a stranger, still we had learned to know him so well in those few weeks that he seemed more like an old and tried friend! He was a wonderful help to us in our exploration of the city, for not only did he know Jerusalem well himself, but he had, during his long stay there, made many friends among the residents in the city, who obtained for us admittance into several places which are closed to ordinary travellers.

One of these, a German gentleman, was most kind in guiding us to several very interesting spots, and, among others, to Solomon's Quarry.

"Would you like to see Solomon's Quarry?" said Mr. Stanley to Sir William, one day.

"Solomon's Quarry!" repeated Sir William; "where may that be, pray?"

"It is underneath the city," said Mr. Stanley, "and is a most curious, interesting place. My friend, who will guide us through it, has been very active in its exploration, and he has made a splendid plan of the whole place; so that he knows every inch of the way."

"But is it really *Solomon's* Quarry?" said Sir William, incredulously.

"Probably so; for it is evident that stone has been taken out of it for some very great building, and then you remember what is told us of the building of Solomon's Temple: 'The House, when it was in building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither: so that there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while it was in building.'

"Now we have only to look at the stones which still remain of the wall which Solomon built round the temple platform, to see that the stones he used were so enormous that they could not have been brought from any great distance. In order to move them at all the labor must have been immense, and it has always been a mystery how such huge blocks could be hewn from any rock within a short distance of the building, so that they could be easily moved to it, and yet be so far away that no sound of axe or hammer should be heard in the temple itself."

"I see," said Sir William; "and the discovery of this quarry explains the mystery, for the stones could be hewn and finished underground, and then brought to the surface, and put at once in their proper positions. How very interesting!"

"But we have a still stronger reason," said Mr. Stanley, "for feeling sure that this is Solomon's Quarry, for there is no other place in the whole country round which shows signs of having been used as a quarry from which stone could have been taken for any large building; and the stone in these underground quarries is, moreover, the very same kind of stone as we find in the temple buildings."

"How very, very interesting!" said Sir William. "When can we go there?"

"I have arranged with my friend to meet us at the Damascus Gate to-morrow morning, if that will suit you," he added, turning to Evelyn.

We had no engagement for the next day, so it was settled that Mr. Stanley should call for us at eleven o'clock.

But when the morning came, poor Evelyn was not well enough to go. She had a slight attack of the ague fever, which is so common in Jerusalem, and the doctor advised her to keep quiet for a day or two, lest she should have it more severely. I wanted to stay with her, but she would not hear of it, and insisted on my leaving her in Clemence's care.

"If you don't go, May," she said, "I shall never hear anything about it. Papa never can describe places; now don't be unkind and disobedient, but put on your hat and get ready." So, rather against my will, I set forth with the others.

The gentleman who was our guide was most kind in explaining everything to us, and in giving us most varied and interesting information.

"How were these quarries discovered?" Sir William asked.

"In a very curious way," he said. "Not many years ago there was a lad shooting rock-pigeons outside the northern wall. He had a dog with him, and the dog suddenly disappeared. He had seen it last going behind an olive tree which grew at the bottom of the rock on which you see the wall is built. He went to look for the dog, and found on the face of the rock quite a small hole, so small that he could not get through it himself, though he heard his dog barking inside. So he came back into the city for help, and then the hole was made bigger, and they discovered this place."

"How very curious!" said Sir William.

"Here we are," said Mr. Stanley, "here is the hole; now, Miss Lindsay, are you ready to leave the sunshine behind?"

We had brought candles with us, and we lighted them and began slowly to descend, crouching for some distance almost on our hands and knees, for there was not room to stand upright. But after we had gone thus for a few yards, we found ourselves in a large rock-hewn cave, as spacious as an immense church, and from this point passage after passage went in different directions.

Our guide led the way and we followed; hall after hall, passage after passage, we explored; we went for nearly a mile underneath the streets of Jerusalem.

"Can you picture the scene 3000 years ago," said Mr. Stanley to me, "when the place was full of Solomon's workmen? Look! here are the marks of their tools in the stone, as fresh as ever. And do you see this?" he said, as he pointed to a little niche in the wall; "this is where the workman put his lamp while he was at work; you see even the black smoke which the flame left on the stone above is still here."

"How very wonderful!" I said; "oh, Mr. Stanley, it *is* an interesting place!"

"Yes," he said, smiling, "I knew you would like it, that is why I wanted so much to come here; it is one of my favorite places, and I wanted you to see it. It is a great comfort to me, oftentimes, this deserted quarry."

"How can it be a *comfort* to you?" I asked.

"It is such a wonderful picture," he said.

"A picture of what?"

"Is not there a temple being built now?" he said gently—"a far grander and more beautiful one than Solomon's—the temple in the heavenly Jerusalem; you see now?"

"Yes," I answered, "I think I do; but please tell me; I like to hear your thoughts about it, and why it comforts you."

"Don't you think the dark, dismal quarry is like this world; it is not a very bright place, is it? And you and I both know what trouble is."

"How did you know that I did, Mr. Stanley?"

"I knew it by your face; I can read faces very well," he said, smiling; "but though we are both in the dark quarry now, we shall not always have to stay here—for God, the Master Builder, has hewn us from the rock, cut us away from old surroundings, and from the old nature. We are no longer a part of the old rock, but by God's grace have been taken out of it; do you see?"

"You mean when we were converted?"

"Yes, and it was a hard wrench at the time, was it not? But we can be thankful for the work of the crowbar now."

"But we are still in the quarry," I said.

"Yes, and why? Because the work is not done, we are not yet fit for the Temple—a rough stone would be a disfigurement to God's beautiful building—each stone must be cut and chipped and faced and squared after it is hewn out of the rock. Our bad tempers and habits and unholy thoughts must all, by degrees, be done away with. It is a work of time and patience; and it is not always pleasant to feel the pick and the chisel at work on us, but it is such a comfort to know in whose hand the tool is, and that He can make no mistakes."

"What are the tools?" I asked.

"Don't you think there are different tools for different kinds of work?" he said. "Look how many tools have been used here. *There* is the mark of a heavy crowbar, which has severed the block from the side of the rock. And look here at this stone which has been left on the ground; you can see the mark of the pick with which the block was brought a little into shape. And here you can see the marks of the finer tools, the chisels, which were used to finish the stones."

"And God's tools?" I said.

"Are just as varied, are they not? A great trouble comes—a heavy blow like the great crowbar, and separates us from the world. But, after that, day by day, and hour by hour, God must work upon us with His finer tools—small vexations, little crosses, little losses, home troubles; all these, I think, are God's tools, making us ready for a place in the Temple. Don't you think it is a wonderful comfort to look upon worries and cares as God's tools?"

"Yes," I said, "that *is* a nice thought."

"And soon," said Mr. Stanley, "the work will be finished, and then we shall leave the dark quarry behind forever, and be carried to our place in the sunshine and light of the glorious Temple above. So, you see, I was not wrong in saying that this deserted quarry was a comforting place; you will think of it sometimes, will you not?"

"Indeed I shall," I said.

"And next time a trouble comes which you cannot understand, and which seems so very hard to bear, just say to yourself, 'It is God's chisel at work upon me.'"

I had much to tell Evelyn when I came back to the hotel, and much, very much, to treasure up in my own heart for use in days to come.

Mr. Stanley got for me a piece of stone from the walls of the quarry, with the marks of the chisel upon it, and I put it carefully away, with my spray of olive-leaves.

The next morning Evelyn was much better. The fever had passed away, but she felt tired and exhausted, so she decided to keep quietly in her room until lunch time, as she was very anxious to join us in an expedition which Mr. Stanley had planned for that evening.

We were to visit an old tomb, which had just been discovered on the road to Bethlehem, and in which Mr. Stanley's German friend, Mr. Schwarz, took a great interest. Mr. Schwarz would not be able to guide us there himself, as he was going away from Jerusalem for some weeks on business; but he very kindly promised that his daughter would show us the way to the tomb, as Mr. Stanley had never been there before.

Evelyn was most anxious to go with us, so we arranged to start when the day began to grow cooler, for Mr. Schwarz said that, as it was not a long ride, we could easily be back before sunset.

I was up very early that morning, and leaving Evelyn in bed I went down-stairs to write an account of our visit to Solomon's Quarry in a letter to my sister Maggie. Her aunts took great interest in hearing of all the places I was visiting, although they still predicted that I should not come back alive.

(To be continued.)

THE BOYHOOD OF JESUS.

S. S. Lesson for February 6th, Luke 2: 39-52. Golden Text, ver. 40. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

IT is written of the childhood of the Lord Jesus just the same as of that of John the Baptist, "And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit;" but there was this addition, "the grace of God was upon Him." Of most children it has been said, "And the child grew," but how often the waxing strong has been in the flesh, and not in the spirit! Strong in muscular development, strong in self-will, strong in pride of heart, but not "strong in spirit." God warns us against glorying in any other strength: "Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth Me, that I am the Lord, which exercise loving kindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth" (Jer. 9: 23, 24).

We know that it is a law of development in all living things that growth is in proportion to exercise. Let us beware how we develop that in our children which by and by we shall have no power to suppress. How often is a child brought forward to sing or to recite before strangers something which may attract attention to him, and the self-love and the thirst for admiration are developed which may be a bane to him for years after! How often is emulation and an inordinate estimate of themselves developed among children in their earliest years by parents who contrast them with other children to the disparagement of the latter! "My Charlie would never do as that naughty boy does," says an unthinking mother, and Charlie treasures in his mind that he is essentially better than the other boy, takes care always to appear so, and thus self-righteousness and untruth of character are developed in him. If the mother had said, "Charlie, you and I have hearts which are just as bad as that poor boy's; let us ask God to change his heart, and to keep us from the same sin," then humility and kindliness of heart would have been fostered.

The Lord Jesus was, as a child, "strong in spirit." How this was manifest, or whether it was apparent to people in general, is not revealed to us. He was "filled with wisdom," and yet we hear nothing in His childhood of the outcome of His wisdom until He was twelve years old. "The grace (or anointing) of God was upon Him." Let us never forget that our blessed Lord emptied Himself so fully that, as man, He was dependent on the grace of God as we are. Always sinless, He needed not to be reconciled to His Father, needed not the saving grace which He, the eternal Son, has obtained for us, yet He made Himself as man in all His life dependent upon the grace of God. "In all things it behooved Him to be made like unto His brethren" (Heb. 2: 17). There are those who think that it was easy for the Lord Jesus to obey, and easy for Him to conquer temptation because He was God. But though He was God, and is God, in the days of His flesh He suspended the exercise of His divine power in the combat which men find so hard, and He received grace for it by the anointing of the Holy Ghost, as we do. This was in the exquisite delicacy of His love, and this is it which makes it just for Him to command us, "Follow Me."

And it was just in His unknown, hidden life in Nazareth, where only Mary and Joseph knew of His divine origin, in the learning of lessons, and in the obedience which becomes a child, that "the grace of God was upon Him." Thus we may believe that He was anointed of the Holy Ghost for every tiny service, for every renunciation of His own will which fell to His lot in the home, in the school. Was He beloved by other children? We are not told distinctly, only that He increased "in favor with God and man." Probably it was so, but feared as well as loved, and looked upon with a sort of awe, a consciousness of His being other than they were.

"Now His parents went to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the Passover." This was in obedience to the command of God, "Three times in a year shall all thy males appear before the Lord thy God in the place which He shall choose; in the feast of unleavened bread, and in the feast of weeks, and in the feast of tabernacles" (Deut. 16: 16). "And when He was twelve years old (the age when Jewish children attain their majority), they went up to Jerusalem after the custom of the feast." We do not hear whether this was His first visit to Jerusalem after His presentation to the Lord, when Simeon and Anna recognized Him as God's Christ. "And when they had fulfilled the days, as they returned, the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem." To Him there was an attraction in the city which David called "the city of our God, the mountain of His holiness . . . the city of the great King" (Ps. 48: 1, 2).

Joseph and His mother did not at first discover the absence of the Lord Jesus from their company. Oh, how sadly often is it the case among God's children that when for a time they have journeyed with Him, known His presence at the table, by the way, in the conversations, and still more in the silence, yet when He withdraws, His absence is not discovered! A moment's independence of Him causes Him to withdraw; He never forces His presence. If we think we can do our shopping, conduct our office, or our domestic affairs independently of Him, He does not interfere with us or reproach us, but He withdraws, until a moment of impatience, hurry, unrest, care, pride, or self-seeking makes us look round and say to ourselves, "Where is Jesus?" and then, to our deep shame, we find that some time has passed by since we saw or heard Him. Perhaps our last intercourse with Him was at family prayer, and He "tarried behind," because He was not invited to come with us farther, and we find with sad regret that two or three hours, full of golden opportunities to live Christ in the little things of life, have been forever lost.

It takes longer to find Jesus than to lose Him. The way must be retraced. Joseph and Mary sought for Jesus among their kinsfolk and acquaintance. They might have known Him better than to think that the family gossip which had probably so absorbed them, could have an attraction for Jesus. They supposed Him to have been in the company, but suppositions do not help any one in finding Jesus; they must come to facts. Where did they last see Him? They remembered that it was in the Temple; then Jesus was "in the company," but not since. Oh, how distracted must they have been with other things and persons, that His absence was not sooner discovered! "And when they found Him not, they turned back agan to Jerusalem seeking Him." Did Mary's heart smite her that the holy charge which had been committed to her was neglected?

"It came to pass, that after three days they found Him in the Temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions. And all that heard Him were astonished at His understanding and answers." Here, then, was Jesus where they had left Him. Where had He slept? who had given Him food? God does not satisfy our curiosity about these things. Whether the Son of Man learned at this time to have no place "where to lay His head" (Luke 9: 58), whether he put at this time to the proof that which He afterward declared and proved, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God (Matt. 4: 4), we are not told. Suffice it that the child who was "strong in spirit" found Himself in His element in the truth of the living God, and in the midst of the theologians of Jerusalem He sat in animated discussion. Yet He took the child's place, hearing and asking questions, more the hearer than the speaker; yet when in His turn questions were put to Him, "all that heard Him were astonished at His understanding and answers." He might have said with the Psalmist, "I have more understanding than all my teachers, for thy testimonies are my meditation. I understand more than the ancients; because I keep thy precepts" (Ps. 119: 99, 100), but He did not on that account assume any superiority. He was passing through childhood as God manifest in the flesh, and the first lesson of a child is subjection.

"And when they saw Him, they were amazed; and His mother said unto Him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing. And He said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" "How is it that ye sought me?" as though to say, "Why seek me where it is so unlikely I should be found?" There is a tone of sadness, almost disappointment, about the words, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" "They understood not the saying which He spake unto them."

Do we understand it? Jesus had no business of His own in life; His Father's business was His occupation. And we also are privileged to have no business of our own. Had Jesus sought His own, had He looked out for amusement, pleasure, recreation, He would have been found "in the company;" but He was the Son of God and the Son of man, existing not for Himself, but for His Father and for mankind. In the Temple services He found His Father's business, and He could not lightly turn from them to the unnecessary conversation of friends and cousins, who, meeting at this time from many places, were full of all their own small concerns. His Father's business was perhaps to waken up the theologians of the day to a real grasp of the subjects which they treated, and it may be the ingenious questions and answers of the child Jesus sowed in many hearts a sleepless inquiry, "Are all these things realities to me?"

Beloved reader, as God sent His Son into the world, so has our dear Lord sent you and me into the world (John 17: 18), to do not our own, but our Father's business. It is our privilege and our high vocation to do our Father's business from morning till night, and from night till morning, at home, abroad, in our inmost souls, and in our outer life, in thought, word, and deed, ever His and never ours. When we are doubtful about anything which lies before us, it is enough to ask, "Is it my Father's business?" and if not, then it is no business of mine. Whatever is God's business we may do by God's authority and in God's power, and much of the futility of that which we do is occasioned by its being our doing and not His.

But His Father's business for Jesus as a child consisted, for the most part, in His subjection to His parents. "He went down with them and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them." This teaches us the necessity of subjection. Thirty years of His life were lived by the Lord Jesus in retirement and subjection, and only three and a half in teaching. Instead of rebelling against the yoke which in our family, church, or national life claims subjection from us, let us welcome every opportunity of yielding up our own wills; the more we know of Christ, the more precious do such opportunities appear. The mother of the Lord Jesus, although distracted, like her husband, in the company, yet felt a power in the words of Jesus which Joseph does not appear to have noticed. Mary "kept all these sayings in her heart." Oh, that they may dwell in our hearts too!

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Fall of Lima, the Capital of Peru, is announced in a telegram from Buenos Ayres. The Chileans were victorious in a severe engagement at Chorillos, near Lima, in which the Peruvians lost 7000 killed and 2000 prisoners. A second battle took place at Miraflores, in which the Peruvian forces were again defeated, and after that no attempt seems to have been made to defend the capital, which was occupied by the Chilean army on January 17th. The President of Peru sought safety in flight, and the diplomatic corps have interceded with the victors on his behalf. The war, which has continued nearly two years, is practically closed by the fall of the city, and it only remains to settle the terms of peace, which, it is feared, will press heavily on Peru and Bolivia. Tarapaca will probably be held by Chili, and a pecuniary penalty exacted.

After a Protracted Debate in Which the Irish members of the British Parliament employed all the resources at their command to obstruct business, the address in reply to the Queen's speech has been voted. The House of Commons can now proceed to transact the business of the session. It is reported that the Government have decided to introduce a rule of debate by which obstruction may be prevented whenever two thirds of the members present concur in a resolution to that effect. Remedial measures, as well as the Coercive Bill, have been postponed by the tactics of the Irish party, assisted by a few Radical members. In the course of the debate the Marquis of Hartington, Secretary for India, warned the obstructionists that the Ministry would be unable to calm the feelings of irritation which have arisen in the House and in the country.

A prominent English journalist writes: "The Government are fully aware of existing *dangerous conspiracies* among Irishmen in several large towns of England. In the House of Commons recently Right Hon. Hugh C. Childers, Secretary of War, replying to a question in regard to the recent explosion at Salford, said the Government were well aware of the circumstances in which they were placed, and were taking all due precautions."

The Attack of the Boers on the British forces in South Africa was brought under the consideration of the Parliament on January 21st by one of the Liberal members, who moved a resolution to the effect that the annexation of the Transvaal was impolitic and unjustifiable. Mr. Gladstone said it was the resolute intention of the Government to establish the British authority in the Transvaal in the first instance. Another member of the Government said the administration desired to give the people of the Transvaal, to the greatest possible extent, the management of their own affairs as soon as they acknowledged the Queen's Government. At a meeting held near Antwerp it was resolved to circulate for signature an address to Queen Victoria praying that her Majesty will exercise her prerogative for the purpose of averting bloodshed in the Transvaal.

The Severest Snow-Storm Experienced for many years visited England on January 18th, accompanied by a fierce easterly gale. Reports from all parts of the country testify to the damage of property, wrecked shipping, loss of fishing smacks and lives, and blocked locomotion. A cable report says: "The gale caused *an immense flood* in the Thames. The south of London was flooded. The Woolwich pier, erected recently at the cost of some thousands of pounds, was washed away. Twelve inches of snow stopped all traffic in the London streets. Trains and omnibuses ceased running. Business was practically suspended. Londoners do not remember such a total stoppage of busy life. The underground railroad was the only means of communication open. Travellers arriving had to stay at the nearest hotels.

War Between Turkey and Greece has not yet been declared, but the London correspondent of the New York *World* cables that the British ministry regard its ultimate outbreak as inevitable, and fear that it will sooner or later *involve all Europe*. The Porte, it is announced, has communicated to the ambassadors a fresh note regretting the warlike preparations of Greece, which are bringing trouble and uncertainty upon the peace of Europe. In order to terminate such a state of affairs, which the Porte says is disastrous to both Turkey and Greece, the Powers are invited to send instructions to their ambassadors at Constantinople for a European conference. The Porte hopes a pacific solution will thus be obtained. The Greek Government meanwhile is negotiating for the purchase of swift, unarmored cruisers. It is generally believed that should the war break out, it will issue in the complete collapse of the Turkish Empire by the intervention of other nations.

The Nihilists are Still Plotting Against the Russian Government. A dispatch from St. Petersburg reports that two men and two women have been arrested at Kieff on suspicion of belonging to a secret society. The police discovered at their house a programme of an extreme terrorist faction of Nihilists, which recommends murder and incendiarism. A quantity of revolvers, *daggers, axes*, machinery for the manufacture of forged passports, a portion of *a secret printing press*, and a large number of revolutionary proclamations were also found. Copies of a proclamation relating to the intended murder of a military official in Kieff were also found. An English clock-maker recently sent information to the Russian minister in London that he had been requested to construct *dynamite clocks* for use against the Imperial family of Russia.

There are Signs that the Pope's Opposition to the Italian Government is subsiding. When the king was starting on his recent tour the Pope gave instructions to all bishops in Sicily and the Neapolitan provinces to compliment his Majesty as their legitimate sovereign as he passed through their districts. The king and his father both displayed remarkable forbearance toward the Pope, in spite of papal curses and denunciations, and it is possible that Leo has at length been mollified by the soft answers which proverbially turn away wrath.

The Progress of Missions in India is Described by the missionaries as encouraging. At the annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions in Boston the Rev. Charles Harding, of the Mahratta Mission, who went to India in 1856, said that he had witnessed a remarkable change since that time. The beginnings, he said, are difficult and slow, the obstacles are great; yet the truth is making its way in India. The missionary there has often had a hard time, but he has never been discouraged. Twelve years ago in one region in India the name of Christ had never been heard. But in the last six or eight years many conversions have followed the preaching of the Gospel.

The Remarkable Revival of Interest in the Holy Land, which prophetic expositors recognize as one of the signs of the near approach of the end of this dispensation, is seen in a new project entertained by the Palestine Exploration Committee. Those gentlemen have decided upon undertaking a survey of the country east of the Jordan. The associations of the country are extremely interesting. It contains the places connected with the stories of Balaam and Balak, Gideon, Jephthah, the wars of Moab, the siege of Rabbath Ammon, and many other spots. Travellers inform us that they have seen there many ancient ruins in a remarkable state of preservation, and it has not been subjected to the spoliation carried on through many centuries in and about Jerusalem.

Dr. Barnardo, the Friend of the Destitute boys of London, gave a supper on January 5th to upward of 1100 juvenile waifs and strays gathered out of low lodging-houses, the casual wards, the market-places, the waterside, and in other haunts of the homeless poor. After these little ragged guests were seated, and grace had been sung, there remained outside some 2000 children, equally ragged and woebegone, surging up to the entrance-door, and taxing to the utmost the united resistance of the several policemen. After tea Dr. Barnardo, in the course of his address to the children, said, "I wish you all a happy New Year." "The same to you, sir," responded they in a loud chorus of many keys of voice. He then asked the question, "*How many of you have been locked up?* All who have, rise." Half the audience rose, all laughing, some outright. "Well," added the doctor good-humoredly, "there is another question I won't ask now, How many of you *deserve* to be locked up?" Amid the laughter that ensued was heard the voice of one smart urchin exclaiming, "*All the lot of us, sir.*" Dr. Barnardo then told them some kind friends had subscribed money to give them a treat, but they were invited there for the further reason of showing them that somebody cared for them, and that He who most cared for them was their Saviour.

Temperance in the British Army is Making rapid progress, and the support given to the movement by the leaders most popular in the army is a source of encouragement to the men. The National Temperance League held a meeting in London on January 4th to consider the best means of promoting temperance in both army and navy. The Lord Mayor presided, and he was accompanied by a grand array of generals and admirals. It was stated that there are 20,000 teetotal members in the army, being *one sixth of the entire force.* Of these, about 8000 belong to regiments stationed in India, where the proportion of abstainers is higher than at home. Of the 60,000 men in the navy, upward of 7000 are registered abstainers, and the officers' branch consists of 158 members. Much attention has been given to the 4000 boys on board the Queen's training ships, of whom more than *one half are abstainers.*

An Edinburgh Clergyman's Son Rescued Two boys from death recently. The young man, who is the son of the Rev. C. E. Bowden, incumbent of St. Columba's, while skating on the frozen canal saw two boys fall through the ice. Mr. Bowden at once divested himself of his hat, gloves, and overcoat, skated up to the hole, wrenched off his skates, and plunged in. He succeeded in seizing both the boys—one of whom was sinking for the third time—and, by a desperate effort, managed to throw them on the ice and then scramble up himself. He was in the water six or eight minutes, but suffered no ill effects from his act of daring except a severe cold. The parents of the rescued boys did not even thank him. The sight of human life in danger often impels brave men to venture even their own lives in an effort to save those in danger. If we fully realized the horror of eternal death we should make still greater efforts to rescue perishing souls.

The Disclosure of a Secret in the Home of an English Jew was dreaded by husband and wife. It appears that the Jew, unknown to his wife, had during twelve months been visiting a Christian missionary for instruction; and the wife, unknown to her husband, was at the same time reading the New Testament given her by a district visitor. Each was afraid of being discovered by the other. Quite recently, however, the truth came out, and instead of betrayal there was mutual rejoicing. Both husband and wife have made a confession of Christ. Had either husband or wife possessed the moral courage true faith in Jesus gives, an earlier disclosure would have been made, and both would have been spared much misery.

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LORD MOUNT-TEMPLE.

His Philanthropic and Christian Work—Related to the Poet Cowper—Connection with Lord Palmerston—Official Positions—The Education Bill—The Conference of 1880.

LORD MOUNT-TEMPLE is one of the most prominent Evangelical Christian noblemen in Great Britain. Like the Earl of Shaftesbury, he devotes his chief attention to works of Christian usefulness and to enterprises which have for their object the spiritual and temporal benefit of society. He is a cousin of the celebrated poet, William Cowper, after whom he was named. He is the second son of the late Earl Cowper, who married the eldest daughter of the first Viscount Melbourne. Lady Cowper, after the death of her husband, was married to the eminent British statesman, Viscount Palmerston, who, having no children of his own, adopted his wife's second son, and made him his sole heir on condition that he assumed Lord Palmerston's family name of Temple in addition to that of Cowper. Hence, in November, 1872, Queen Victoria's license was obtained, constituting the Hon. William *Cowper* William *Cowper-Temple*; and then, in 1880, Her Majesty bestowed upon him the title of *Lord Mount-Temple*.

Lord Mount-Temple was born in 1811. At the age of sixteen he entered the army and served five years. In 1835 he entered the House of Commons as Member for Hertford, and began his official life as private secretary to his uncle, Viscount Melbourne. He formed part of the Queen's household on her accession, and remained as one of her gentlemen-in-waiting for several years.

He has filled successively the offices of Lord of the Admiralty, President of the Board of Health, and Vice-President of the Board of Trade. He was the first of the Vice-Presidents of the Education Department; and subsequently was the Commissioner of Public Works. His name will always be memorable as having commenced the cultivation of flowers in Hyde Park and all the parks in London. He transformed them from mere expanses of unadorned grass into scenes of beauty and delight for all classes. His exertions conferred upon the poorest Londoners the enjoyment of flower-gardens equal to those in the royal gardens; and among other metropolitan improvements he planned and put into execution the Thames *Embankment*.

In his dealings with national education he was a constant supporter of *religious teaching*, both in and out of office. When the British Government took up the subject of education, and Mr. Forster, the present Secretary for Irish Affairs, introduced his measure into Parliament, Mr. Cowper-Temple took a prominent part in the debates, and urged the necessity for including religious teaching in the list of subjects covered by elementary education. The clause of the bill which aroused the chief opposition was known as the Cowper-Temple clause, because he proposed it and supported it with all his energies. It enacted that the Bible should be read in the common schools, and it was mainly by his exertions that it was eventually incorporated in the statute.

The Christian Conference which in the fall of last year excited so deep an interest throughout the British Isles was held at Lord Mount-Temple's seat of Broadlands near Southampton, an estate he inherited from his stepfather, Lord Palmerston. The conference was an effort in a direction Lord Mount-Temple has very much at heart, that of promoting union among earnest Christians of different denominations. He succeeded in gathering on the platform at Southampton men pre-eminent in force and piety, who sincerely coalesced as to the teaching of the Word of God, and the power of the Holy Spirit in deepening the spiritual life, but who differ widely about ritual and church government. It is rumored that the marked success of this conference may lead to the renewal of it this year.

On being created a peer under the title of Lord Mount-Temple last year, he vacated his seat in the House of Commons for South Hampshire, and took his seat in the House of Lords. In politics he is a moderate Liberal or Whig. We should not omit to add that Lady Mount-Temple heartily cooperates with Lord Mount-Temple in his social, philanthropic, and religious undertakings, and with highly cultivated intellectual powers and genial and sympathetic demeanor in every respect sustains the dignity of her position in society.

LORD PALMERSTON.

His Birth and Education—Harrow School and Edinburgh University—Enters Parliament in 1807—Memorable Times—Don Pacifico—Trouble in the Palace—Downfall and Revenge—His Premiership—His Death in 1865.

No English statesman of modern days has left on European affairs a mark so broad and deep as was impressed by Henry John, Viscount Palmerston. All that Bismarck represents in Germany to the eyes of other nations Palmerston represented in his day in England. Foreign statesmen, while Palmerston held the seals of office, would say, "What will Lord Palmerston do about this?" not "What will England do?" Fifty years of official life, spent chiefly in the Foreign Office, gave him a knowledge of European affairs such as no other English statesman possessed; and he, being of a strong and vigorous character, was inclined to make an energetic use of his knowledge and the power of his country. To him the doctrines of the statesmen known as the "Manchester school" were abhorrent. He was accustomed to say of them that "they would not care if the country were occupied by a foreign potentate, providing that potentate allowed them to keep their mills running."

It is certain that the Manchester school have persistently advocated the policy of England minding her own business, and devoting her attention to the development of commerce, and the resources of the country, and a careful avoidance of foreign disputes and meddling in the quarrels of other nations. England had been accustomed to interfere rather freely in European affairs. She had fought in the Peninsula against Napoleon, and had thrust herself into the front of the European struggle at other times, expending blood and treasure and getting nothing in return but glory and often the ingratitude of the people whose battle she had fought. Against this policy

THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL

entered their protest, insisting that the nations of Europe should be allowed to settle their affairs in their own way, and that if a small and weak nation suffered injustice, or was in danger of annexation, it must look elsewhere for aid, for England had had enough of glory and battling for the benefit of others.

Lord Palmerston would hold office under no such principles. To him the policy of the Manchester school appeared selfish and narrow-minded, and he more than once endangered the peace of Europe by the vigor and energy with which he shouldered his way into disputes in which English honor and English interests were not concerned. He loved his country with a love which overmastered every element of his nature, and even his sense of right and justice suffered where they were in conflict with his notion of what would be to the advantage of England.

He was never willing to admit that England was in the wrong and had been justly rebuked. The rebuke in his eyes was an insult which must be promptly revenged, and the few words which might elicit explanation and a pacific settlement Palmerston was ever unwilling to say. Always ready to tell any nation what it ought to do, and how it ought to act, he appeared to consider the English Government and policy perfect, and to regard the points in which other governments differed from the English model as evidences of their stupidity and ignorance. It was this conviction that made Palmerston's intervention oftentimes offensive to European statesmen, and the tone of superiority with which he lectured the ambassadors of other nations, irritating and humiliating. As God in His watchful care balances and compensates in the forces of nature, so He, in His Providence, raised up men of the Manchester school, men of piety and eloquence, who were able to exercise a restraining influence on a man who, though honest, frank, and patriotic, was liable to err through the very nobility and patriotic devotion of his nature.

ANCESTRY.

Lord Palmerston was born October 20th, 178[illegible]. He was the son of the second Viscount Palmerston, who was the grandson of Henry Templ[illegible] whom King George I. ennobled under the title Baron Temple and Viscount Palmerston. Th[illegible] family was an ancient one of Saxon origin, and i[illegible] representatives at the time of the Conquest ha[illegible] fought in the Saxon army against William th[illegible] Conqueror. They had subsequently settled in Ir[illegible] land, and the title King George gave to its chief [illegible] his day was an Irish title, which did not entitle i[illegible] holder to a seat in the British House of Lord[illegible] Among Lord Palmerston's ancestors was th[illegible] great and good Sir William Temple, the friend [illegible] Swift and the trusted and honored councillor of th[illegible] grand Protestant King who rescued England fro[illegible] one of her most deadly perils, William III.

The early education of the future statesman wa[illegible] conducted by his father, a man of artistic taste[illegible] and brilliant literary abilities. When he wa[illegible] eleven years of age he was fit to enter

A GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOL,

and Harrow was the one selected for him. Th[illegible] following extract of a letter from one of Henr[illegible] Temple's contemporaries shows that the brav[illegible] and noble nature manifested throughout a lon[illegible] career was traceable from early life. It was writ[illegible] ten by Admiral Sir Augustus Clifford, in Septem[illegible] ber, 1870. "When I went to Harrow, in 1797 the late Lord Palmerston was reckoned the best tempered and most plucky boy in the school, a[illegible] well as a young man of great promise. I can re[illegible] member well Temple fighting 'behind school' [illegible] *great boy called Salisbury*, twice his size, and h[illegible] would not give in, but was brought home wit[illegible] black eyes and a bloody nose.

ENTERS EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.

The young Harrovian did not, on quitting, at th[illegible] age of sixteen, the school so celebrated for produc[illegible] ing statesmen, move on directly to an English uni[illegible] versity. It was the custom of the time for youn[illegible] men to take the University of Edinburgh as an in[illegible] termediate preparation for that of Cambridge o[illegible] Oxford; for Scotland had acquired a reputatio[illegible] which was unprecedented.

The lectures that principally attracted attentio[illegible] at Edinburgh University when Henry Temple en[illegible] tered it in 1800 were *Dugald Stewart's* on Politica[illegible] Economy and Moral Philosophy; and to these studies, than which none are better calculated to b[illegible] the foundation of a statesman's education, it would seem that the new *alumnus* especially applied himself. The notes which he made form indeed the principal part of the text which is now given as "Dugald Stewart's Lectures on Economical Science," for it appears that the lectures in question were *extempore*, and when *Sir W. Hamilton* undertook to publish them, he was obliged to consult the memoranda of the pupils by whom they had been attended, and he found none so complete as those taken originally in short-hand and subsequently copied out by Henry Temple, who, speaking of this time, says: "I lived with Dugald Stewart, and attended his lectures at the University. In these three years I laid the foundation of whatever useful knowledge and habits of mind I possess."

INHERITS HIS FATHER'S TITLE.

His father died in 1802, and the year following the student from Edinburgh went to St. John's, Cambridge, where he is said to have worked with more than the average diligence of a young nobleman.

His abilities were recognized and appreciated at Cambridge, for he was selected by the Tory members of the University to succeed the great William Pitt as Member of Parliament; but at that time the Whig voters were in the majority, and Lord Palmerston was defeated. In 1807, however, Lord Palmerston obtained a seat in the House of Commons as member for Newport, and in 1811 he again contested for the honor of representing the University of Cambridge in Parliament, and this time with success. Thenceforth he sat for Cambridge for twenty years.

A MEMORABLE TWENTY YEARS.

In those twenty years a series of events of unprecedented magnitude occurred, which had a mighty influence both on England and Europe.

They included the terrible struggle with France and the culminating conflict in which the power of Napoleon was finally shattered at Waterloo. Although comparatively a young man, Lord Palmerston's powers of work and his abilities were appreciated by the ministers of the day, and for *nineteen years* he held in successive administrations the responsible post of Secretary at War.

In 1828 Lord Palmerston disagreed with the Duke of Wellington, who was then Prime Minister, and retired from office. There is no doubt that Lord Palmerston was right in the question at issue between the two statesmen, and the country indorsed his view, for at the next election the Duke of Wellington's supporters were defeated in the constituencies. Earl Grey succeeded the Duke of Wellington in 1830, and he offered the post of Foreign Secretary to Lord Palmerston, who accepted it as a congenial position. At that time Europe was convulsed with warlike projects, and an eminent authority said, when the Government was formed, that "even if Lord Grey could put an angel from heaven in office as Foreign Secretary, he could not maintain peace for three months." Lord Palmerston falsified the prediction. Setting at defiance national traditions, he acted in concert with France, and the impending conflagration was averted.

The seat in Parliament for Cambridge had been lost during this period, owing to Lord Palmerston's growing affinities with Whig principles, and finally, when he could no longer, even by his most active partisans, be considered a Tory, he severed his connection with the University, and represented in succession Bletchingley, South Hampshire, and Tiverton, the last a small borough which until his death had the honor of being represented by the most popular and distinguished British statesman of the day. From 1830 to 1841 Lord Palmerston held the office of Foreign Secretary, and during that period the independence of Belgium, the constitutional settlement of Spain and Portugal, and other *burning questions*, were peaceably arranged, mainly by his exertions.

A question of internal policy arose in 1841 which agitated Great Britain throughout all its borders. It was that of Free Trade in Corn. Palmerston took an intelligent interest in home questions, but he never regarded them as so thoroughly his own as were foreign affairs; but when his colleagues resigned on this question, Lord Palmerston went out of office with them, and for five years sat in Parliament as a private member. When in 1846 the Whigs again took office, Lord Palmerston once more became Foreign Secretary. He had not been in office many months before a trouble arose which attained international dimensions, and which is known in history as

THE DON PACIFICO CASE.

This case is worth dwelling upon, not so much on account of its intrinsic importance as because it illustrates the features of Lord Palmerston's character, which we have already described.

Don Pacifico was a Jew residing in the Grecian capital, but a native of Gibraltar, and therefore an English citizen. His house in Athens was ravaged and his goods burned by a Greek mob excited by religious fanaticism. Don Pacifico appealed to the English Government, and Lord Palmerston immediately made a demand on the Greek Government for compensation. In doing so he took Don Pacifico's absurdly exaggerated estimate of his losses, in which every article set down was valued at fabulous prices, such as $150 for a pair of sheets, $50 for a pillow-case, etc. There were other outstanding claims against Greece—for the arrest of a British sailor, and for land of which another British subject had been despoiled—and Palmerston made a total of the whole, and sent a peremptory demand to Greece for settlement.

A delay then occurred; Greece was poor, and besides, desired to investigate the claims and reduce them to fair proportions; but Palmerston conceived the idea that the French and Russian ministers at the Greek court were inciting Greece to resist the British claims, and resolved to show Greece England would not be trifled with. He promptly sent a fleet to the Piræus and seized every ship in the harbor, including those of private merchants, as well as those belonging to the Greek Government. This high-handed proceeding excited general reprehension among foreign powers, and Russia made strong protestation against it. For a few days war loomed on the horizon, but eventually, through the friendly intervention of France, the affair was amicably adjusted.

There were many people in England who blamed Palmerston for risking war over the unjust claims of a Gibraltar Jew, and a motion was passed in the House of Lords condemning the proceedings. Lord Palmerston did not care for the disapproval of the Lords; he looked for his vindication to the House of Commons, and when the question arose there, he delivered the great speech of his life.

He was assailed by Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Cobden, and others. When Lord Palmerston arose to make his defence, after the attack made upon him by able and eloquent men on both sides the House, a scene occurred which has rarely been equalled within the walls of Parliament. He spoke for *five hours* without a single note, dealing not only with the Greek case, but with the whole policy of his adminstration of the Foreign Office. In earnest, vigorous tones he stated his principles, winning applause even from his foes, and when at last he said, that in all he had done he had been actuated by the resolve that *the poorest claimant* who bore the name of an English citizen should be protected by *the whole strength of England* against the oppression of a foreign government, the tide in the House set fully in his favor. He concluded by asking the verdict of the House to decide "whether as the Roman in days of old could hold himself free from indignity when he could say, 'I am a Roman citizen,' so also a British subject, in whatever land he may be, shall feel confident that the watchful eye and the strong arm of England will protect him against injustice and wrong." It was a marvellous effort of oratory, and the House of Commons triumphantly reversed the verdict of the Lords.

DIFFICULTIES IN THE PALACE.

It will be readily comprehended that although Lord Palmerston succeeded in gaining the love of the English people and the confidence of their representatives, his disposition and conduct would not render him popular at foreign courts. His unpopularity, too, was increased by the fact that in all disputes between sovereigns and peoples abroad, Lord Palmerston's sympathies were with the people, and those sympathies he took no pains to conceal. The frankness and vigor of his language on many occasions provoked the condemnation of his colleagues who, even if they shared Lord Palmerston's opinions, thought it imprudent and sometimes discourteous to express them so bluntly as he did. His course at length drew down an expostulation from Queen Victoria, who complained that she occasionally found herself committed to a policy to which she had never given her consent, and which sometimes she did not approve.

The Queen was guided by Prince Albert, who was in all things the exact opposite of Lord Palmerston. The Prince was cold, intellectual, phlegmatic, prone to consider conclusions carefully, and to reconsider and weigh them after they were made, and was slow at arriving at a decision. Lord Palmerston, confident of his knowledge of a subject, impulsive and prompt to act, was irritated by the delay occasioned by submitting to the Queen and Prince his dispatches before they were sent off. He considered that, the national policy being settled, the details of communication might be intrusted to him, and he found, moreover, that the alterations and modifications which emanated from Prince Albert were not in accord with his own views. Lord Palmerston thought the Prince, as a foreigner, an unfit person by instinct and association to control the foreign policy of England, and the Prince considered Lord Palmerston too hasty and uncourtier-like to have charge of the diplomatic affairs of the country.

Remonstrances in the Queen's writing, but clearly inspired by the Prince, were sent to the Prime Minister for communication to Lord Palmerston, and for a time the Foreign Minister showed more deference to the court. The time was short, for the Queen was offended by sympathy shown by Lord Palmerston to the followers of Kossuth, and before that matter was settled Lord Palmerst a conversation with the French ambassador pressed his gratification at the revival of the e pire under Napoleon III. The ambassador regarded the expression as an official utterance, while Lord Palmerston probably considered it a mere personal remark. The Queen wrote to Lord John Russell, who was then Premier, as soon as she heard of Lord Palmerston's act, expressing her disapproval, and the Premier dismissed him from office, if not at the suggestion of the Queen, certainly with her approval distinctly expressed in a letter from Prince Albert. This occurred in December, 1851.

The dismissal was a humiliation, and in the talk at the clubs it was said, "*Lord Palmerston is smashed*;" but it was not so, for early in the following year Lord Palmerston opposed his late colleagues on an important question and carried the majority of the House of Commons with him. When the issue was announced the Premier resigned, and Lord Palmerston wrote to a friend, "I have had *my tit for tat* with John Russell." A short interval followed in which the Conservatives administered affairs; then came a coalition cabinet, in which many able men were included in the administration, and in which Lord Palmerston held office as Secretary for Home Affairs. The outbreak of hostilities with Russia followed by blunders of a diplomatic and administrative character worked the downfall of the coalition ministry, and the country raised a cry in the hour of national peril for the minister it could trust to carry on the war with energy and vigor. Lord Palmerston was appointed Prime Minister in February, 1855, and under his administration the Russian war was brought to a successful termination.

In 1858 the opposition of Parliament was aroused against the bill for surrendering conspirators, which Palmerston thought due to the Government of France in consequence of a plot against the Emperor's life having been planned by Italians resident in England, and the Palmerston cabinet fell. Again the Conservatives were intrusted with power, and held office for upward of a year; but they were defeated on an important question, and having dissolved the Parliament, and being left again in a minority, they resigned. Another Palmerston administration was formed, and it endured until the 18th of October, 1865, when the veteran who had so long and so nobly served his country succumbed to illness and age, and expired *within two days of completing his eighty-first year.*

In a life so active and so full of important events as Lord Palmerston's was, much has, from lack of space, been left unmentioned. It would require volumes to adequately narrate the history of his life. His attitude on the Chinese question, his conduct in the case of Mason and Slidell, and many other striking incidents in his history are omitted. We have sought to convey an idea of Lord Palmerston's character and the prominent features of his life, and for further and fuller details must refer our readers to the pages of English history.

OUR FRONTISPIECE PICTURES OF SOUTHAMPTON.

BETWEEN the portraits of Lord Palmerston and Lord Mount-Temple, on our front page, is a picture of a monument, in Sicilian marble, of Dr. Isaac Watts, who was born at Southampton in the year 1674. His is a name honored for his sacred hymns wherever the English language is spoken. He was especially the friend of children and youth, for whose best welfare he labored well and wisely, without thought of fame or gain. He died in 1748, at the age of seventy-four.

At the lower left-hand corner of our frontispiece is a representation of a portion of the High Street, Southampton, with the Old Bar Gate in the distance. It is supposed that this structure was erected in the time of the Saxons or Normans.

At the lower right-hand corner is an engraving of what is termed *The Platform*, which is in close proximity to the Castle. Upon it are several guns, and among them a large and curious bronze cannon, presented to the town by Henry VIII., bearing his imperial crown and the arms of England and France quartered.

"THE SPECTACULAR."

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached on Sunday Morning, January 30, 1881.

"They that use this world as not abusing it."—1 CORINTHIANS, 7:31.

The Fight Between Church and Theatre—The Battle Still in Progress—A New Institution—Not a Compromise—Characteristics of "the Spectacular"—Early Closing—Purified Dramas—Moral Performers—The Plan not Chimerical—The Capitalist Needed—Certain Success—The World waiting for it—Danger of Contamination—Amusement not to be Made a Business—A Lost Diamond and a Precipice—A Dead Mother's Voice—Your Parents Thinking of You.

THAT God has implanted a dramatic element in most of our natures, recognized and cultured it in the Scriptures, and that this element may be employed in positive religious work, I proved last Sabbath to the satisfaction, I hope, of all who heard or read me. This morning I want to show you that the dramatic element may lawfully be taken into our recreations.

The old fight between the church and the theatre still goes on. The guns of neither fort have been spiked, nor have the flags struck. The ministers on the one side, and the play-actors on the other seem all unhurt. Neither has gained the complete victory over the other, yet, according to what I read in all the religious newspapers of the day, about the falling off of the churches, and what I read in the secular newspapers of the large attendance and financial receipts of the theatres, the latter seem, so far, to have lost no ground. Into that *contest of centuries* I do not enter to-day, because I have something better to do and better to offer. I have

A PLAN OF MY OWN

to present which, I believe, will commend itself to all the good and respectable. It is *not a compromise*, but a most radical proposition.

All the men of church and theatre agree that the amusements of this country need reformation, that if you take all the places of entertainment of whatever name in any city, and place them side by side, you would find that the majority of them are depraving. That through the gates of many of these places a multitude of young men go out to make desperate and final plunge into dissoluteness. All thinking people, Christian and un-Christian, admit this. I could give you the names of many dramatists who, on the belief that the dramatic entertainments of the day are not what they ought to be, are toiling for the elevation of the theatre.

Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York, many years ago, in a very brilliant but much criticized sermon, took the position that the theatre might be renovated and made auxiliary to the church. Many Christian people are of the same opinion. I do not agree with them. I have no idea that success is in that direction. What I have said heretofore on this subject, as far as I remember, is my sentiment now. But to-day I take *a step in advance* of my former theory. Christianity is going to take full possession of this world and control its maxims, its laws, its literature, its science, and its amusements. Shut out from the realm of Christianity anything, you give it up to sin and death.

If Christianity is mighty enough to manage everything but the amusements of the world, then it is a very defective Christianity. Is it capable of keeping account of the tears of the world, and incompetent to make record of its smiles? Is it good to follow the funeral but dumb at the world's play? Can it control all the other elements of our nature but the dramatic element? My idea of Christianity is that it can and will conquer everything. In the good time coming, which the world calls the golden age, and the poet the Elysian age, and the Christian *the Millennium*, we have positive announcement that the amusements of the world are to be under Christian sway. "Holiness shall be upon the bells of the horses," says one prophet. So, you see, it will control even the sleigh rides. "The city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof," says another prophet. So you see it is to control the hoop rolling and the kite flying and the ball playing. Now what we want is to hasten that time. How will it be done? By the church going over to the theatre? It will not go. By the theatre coming to the church? It will not come. What we want is

A REFORMED AMUSEMENT ASSOCIATION

in every city and town of the United States. Once announced and explained and illustrated, the Christian and philanthropic capitalist will come forward to establish it, and as last week one of our citizens gave $50,000 to the Historical Library of our city, there will be public-spirited men everywhere who will do this work for the dramatic element of our natures. We need a new institution to meet and recognize and develop and defend the dramatic element of our nature.

It needs to be distinct from everything that is or has been. In an age which has projected a telephone and an electric pen and the bicycle and the telegraph, surely we are not afraid of a new institution. It would be derided at the start, as all great movements are derided at the start, but it would revolutionize society for good. Wiser men than we are would baptize it with a name, only for the purposes of this sermon I will call it "*The Spectacular.*" I would have its board of trustees made up of the most intelligent and most unimpeachable men and women of each community. One half of them I would have professed and most pronounced Christians, connected with the churches.

I would have this Reformed Amusement Association having in charge this new institution "the Spectacular," take possession of some hall or academy. It might take a smaller building at the start, but it would soon need the largest hall, and even that would not hold the people; for he who opens before the dramatic element in human nature an opportunity of gratification without compromise and without danger, does the mightiest thing of this century, and the tides of such an institution would rise as the Atlantic rises at Liverpool docks.

There are tens of thousands of Christian homes where the sons and daughters are held back from dramatic entertainment for reasons which some of you would say are good reasons and others would say are poor reasons, but still held back. But on the establishment of such an institution they would feel the arrest of their anxieties, and would say on the establishment of this new institution, which I have called the Spectacular, they would say, "Thank God, this is what we have all been waiting for."

Now, as I believe that I this morning make suggestion of an institution which wiser men will develop, I want to give some characteristics of this new institution, this Spectacular if it is to be a grand social and moral success. In the first place, its entertainments must be compressed within an hour and three quarters.

WHAT KILLS SERMONS

prayers and lectures and entertainments of all sorts is prolixity. At a quarter to ten o'clock, if not by half past nine every night, every curtain of public entertainment ought to drop, every church service ought to cease, the instruments of orchestras ought to be unstrung. What comes more than this comes too late.

There are thousands of people now asleep in Greenwood who would have been alive and well, but they would not go to bed at ten o'clock at night. You have your choice, sleep in your beds or sleep in your graves. The reason there are intoxicating bars connected with nearly all places of public entertainment, is because people get exhausted with their amusements, and they have to stimulate in order to stand it. How shall you the next day sell your goods, build your walls, physician your sick, preach your sermons, if the night before at half past ten or eleven o'clock, or half past eleven some public entertainment shall turn you out, you getting home at twelve o'clock?

The sublimest thing outside of heaven is the oratorio of the Messiah and the oratorio of the Creation; but I never heard one of those performances but I saw, before it was over, the people were overcome with satiety. The first hour we were enchanted, the next half hour we liked it pretty well, the rest of the time we were looking at our watches and wondering when we could go home. *It is prolixity that kills* all amusements, or injures all amusements. Now, in this Spectacular, this new institution, the curtain must drop at half past nine, or at a quarter to ten. So you will escape one style of dissipation.

THE CENSORS.

On the platform of this new institution there will be a drama which, before rendering, has been read, expurgated, abbreviated, and passed upon by a board of trustees connected with this reform amusement association. If there be in a drama a sentence suggesting evil, it will be stricken out. If there be in a Shakespearean play a word with two meanings—a good meaning and a bad meaning—another word will be substituted, an honest word looking only one way. The caterers to public taste will have to learn that Shakespearean nastiness is no better than Congrevean nastiness.

You say, "Who will dare to change by expurgation or abbreviation a Shakespearean play?" I dare. The board of trustees of this Reform Amusement Association will dare. It is no depreciation of a drama, the abbreviation of it. I would like to hear thirty or forty lines of Milton's Paradise Lost read at one time, but I should be very sorry to hear the whole book read at one sitting. Abbreviation is not depreciation.

On the platform of this new institution this "*Spectacular*," under the care of the very best men and women in the community there shall be nothing witnessed that would be unfit for a parlor. Any attitude, any look, any word that would offend you seated at your own fireside, in your family circle, will be prohibited from that platform. By what law of common-sense or of morality does that which is not fit to be seen or heard by five people become fit to be seen or heard by fifteen hundred people? On the platform of that Spectacular all the scenes of the drama will be as chaste as was ever a lecture by Edward Everett, or a sermon by F. W. Robertson. On the platform shall come only such men and women as you would welcome to your homes. I do not make the requisition that they be professors of religion. There are professors of religion that I would not want in my parlor, or kitchen, *or coal cellar!* It is not what we profess, but what we are. All who come on that platform of the Spectacular will be gentlemen and ladies in the ordinary acceptation of those terms—persons whom you would invite to sit at your table, and whom you would introduce to your children, and with whom you would not be compromised if you were seen passing down Broadway with them.

On that platform there shall come no carouser, no inebriate, no Cyprian, no foe of good morals, masculine or feminine. It is often said we have no right to criticize the private morals of public entertainers. Well, do as you please with other institutions; on the platform of this new institution we shall have only good men and good women, in the ordinary social sense of goodness. Just as soon as the platform of the Spectacular is fully and fairly established, many a genius who hitherto has suppressed the dramatic element in his nature because he could not find the realm in which to move it, will step over on the platform, and giants of the drama, their name known the world over, who have been toiling for the elevation of the drama, will step over on that platform—such women as Charlotte Cushman of the past, such men as Joseph Jefferson of the present.

The platform of that new institution, of that expurgated drama, occupied only by these purest of men and women, will draw to itself millions of people who have never been to see the drama more than once or twice in their lives, or never saw it at all. That institution will combine the best music, the best architecture, the best genius six nights the week on the side of intelligence and good morals.

Do you tell me this plan is chimerical? I answer, it only requires one man somewhere between here and San Francisco, or between Bangor and Galveston to see it and appreciate it—one man of large individual means and great heart, and with fifty thousand dollars, or a hundred thousand dollars he could do more good than all the Lenoxes, and the Lawrences, and the Peabodys ever accomplished. He would settle for all nations and for all times the stupendous question of amusement

which for centuries has been under angry and vituperative discussion, and which is no nearer being settled to-day, by all appearances, than it was at the start. Such an institution would have to be supported at the start by a donation of capital; but very soon, in a year or two, it would become self-supporting, and the board of trustees of the Reformed Amusement Association would find that the idea paid not only in morals and the elevation of the people, but in dividends and hard cash.

I would go to such an institution, such a Spectacular, I should go once a week the rest of my life, and take my family with me, and the majority of the families of the earth would go to such an institution. I expect the time will come when I can without bringing upon myself criticism, without beng an inconsistent Christian—when I, a minister of the good old Presbyterian Church, will be able to go to some new institution like this, the Spectacular, and see *Hamlet*, and *King Lear*, and the *Merchant of Venice*, and the *Hunchback*, and *Joshua Whitcomb*. Meanwhile, many of us will have this dramatic element unmet and unregaled.

For my love of pictures I can go to the art gallery; for my love of music I can go to the concert; for my love of literature I can go to the lyceum lecture; but for this dramatic element in my nature, as strong as any other passion of the soul, there is nothing but injunction and prohibition. Until, sirs, you can establish a Spectacular, or a similar institution, with as much purity and with as much entertainment as this one of which I speak—until you can establish some such institution, you may thunder away against evil amusements until the last minute of the last hour of the last day of the world's existence and without any avail.

This dramatic element will break out, and it will climb over and it will trample under foot every effort at suppression. If you cannot guide it in the right direction, it will plunge in the wrong direction. It will either be

ANGEL OR SATYR.

We want this institution independent of the Church and independent of the theatre.

The Church tries to compromise this matter, and in many churches there are dramatic exhibitions. Sometimes they call them charades, sometimes they call them magic-lantern exhibitions—entertainments for which you pay fifty cents—the fifty cents to go for the support of some charitable institution. An extemporized stage is put up in the church or in the lecture-room, and there you go and see David and the giant, and Joseph sold into Egypt, and little Samuel woke, the chief difference between the exhibition in the church and the exhibition in the theatre being that the exhibition in the theatre is more skilful. The exhibition in the church generally has amateurs; the exhibition in the theatre performers who have given their whole life to the study of particular parts. But because the dramatic exhibition in the church is not as good as the dramatic exhibition in the theatre, it is considered to be more pious! The old elders do not say anything against it because they do not want to make trouble in the church, and the minister, to atone for the dramatic exhibition the week before in the house of the Lord, the next Sabbath anathematizes in style more vitriolic and brimstony the playhouse! And so all are cheated except God.

Now let us have a new institution, with expurgated drama and with the surroundings I have spoken of—an institution which we can, without sophistry and without self-deception, support and patronize — an institution so uncompromisingly good that we can attend it without any shock to our religious sensibilities, though the Sabbath before, we sat at the holy sacrament.

Because the drama is good it need not be dull. There is more

FUN IN VIRTUE

than in sin. The best way to scatter darkness is by the clear light; the best way to wash off filth is by clean water; the best way to drown discord is by the drum beat and the flute warble, and the trumpet blast of grand harmony, and the best way to overcome the polluting and besotting and soul-destroying amusements of the day is by a model Spectacular with expurgated drama, under the control of the purest and the best men and women in the world and Church. That man who shall have money enough and brain enough and enterprise enough and heart enough to establish, illustrate, demonstrate the institution that I speak of, will bring the Church of God and all the human race under everlasting obligations. *The world waits for it.*

Meanwhile, until the Spectacular, this new institution, or something like it, shall be established, I counsel you to beware lest you allow the dramatic element in human nature to lead you into

CONTAMINATION.

To gratify that one taste you cannot afford to sacrifice your purity, your influence, your usefulness, your soul, as many have done. The amusements of life are merely the interstices, the parentheses, the interregnums of hard work, in preparation for other hard work. He who hunts for amusement and makes that his business, is like a man who hunts for *a lost diamond* among rocks, not regarding a precipice near by, and in the joy of finding the diamond stumbles five hundred feet off and down, the cormorants and the sea-gulls only knowing where he perished.

The amusements of life are beautiful and they are valuable; but they cannot pay you for the loss of your soul. I could not tell your character, I could not tell your prospects for this world or the next by the particular church you attend; but if you will tell me where you were last night, and where you were the night before, and where you have been the nights of the last month, I think I could guess where you will spend eternity.

As I look into the eyes of this multitude of young men, I cannot but think of the immense parental anxieties which hover over you. "Oh!" says a young man in the audience, "my father and mother are dead." That is no reason why you should think they are not watching you. Do you think that when your mother with white and dying lips kissed you good-by and went up to God, that she left all interest for her boy behind? Oh, no! I suppose she has as much interest in you now as she ever had. I do not believe you have offered a prayer since that sad day that she has not stood somewhere near, saying, "That is right," or that you have been disposed to go to some place where you ought not to go, that she has not stood by and said, "Don't go there, my dear boy; that is wrong." You thought it was the sighing of the wind. No. *It was your mother.*

But many of you have parents living, and they are thinking about you this morning. Perhaps they are away off in the country church, or kept by the storm indoors; but I warrant you they are thinking of you, planning for you, wanting to hear from you, expecting great things of you. They may not say much, but every good or bad thing they hear about you thrills them from the white hair on the wrinkled brow to the foot that will soon stop in the journey. As perhaps no one else will tell you how much your parents think of you, I will tell you.

You need not go clear back to see how much David thought of Absalom, or how much Hannah did for Samuel, or how Rizpah stood driving the jackals of the wilderness away from the rock on which her dead sons lay. I am talking about what your parents think of you. Oh, disappoint not their expectations! Do not forget the advice they gave you that last morning; do not go anywhere that would displease them if they heard it. And if they are real good, perhaps you had better try their religion.

Our readers will understand that Dr. Talmage is aware of the dangerous risks which would attend the best advised attempt to put this plan into practical effect.—ED.

A Touching Incident Related by Mr. Moody at one of the San Francisco meetings contains a suggestive lesson for parents. He said: "A father in New York had to say to his little boy in the sick-room, 'You will have to die very soon,' and the child replied, with a sweet smile, 'Well, I'll be with Jesus to-night, and I'll tell Him how kind you were in teaching me to love Him.'"

LORD PALMERSTON AND HIS TENANTS.

LORD PALMERSTON, besides owning some 8000 acres in and around Dublin, where the tenantry did not require any fostering care (the most of the property being building ground), held two large estates in the county of Sligo—one near Ballymore, let to large farmers and graziers, and the other at Cliffoney, tenanted by small holders. This estate, when it came into his possession, was found covered with a numerous population paying *exorbitant rents*. There were several vested interests to consider, but the estate was "squared" without one eviction, all wishing to go to America getting free passages, with permission to sell their cattle and grain, *their arrears of rent forgiven*, and a sum of money, according to the number of the family, on landing.

A story is told that when his agents, Messrs. Stewarts and Kincaid, had arranged for the rate of passages, his lordship wrote to the shipowner that if the rates agreed upon would not allow the best treatment and food on shipboard to "his people," the contract should be cancelled, and one made to treat them well. On being informed that the merchant was content with the price, he arranged that "a tumbler of hot rum punch every Sunday, after dinner, should be given to his people," which was carried out in three or four ships; but on being remonstrated with by the clergy that this was a bad example, he ordered the shipowner to give coffee and biscuit daily after dinner.

Though having no residence in Ireland, he could not be ranked as an absentee, as he spent from one half to two thirds of the Cliffoney rental in building the harbor at Mullaghmore, and improving the estate by drainage and roads.

His lordship's interest in the laborers upon and around his estates at Broadlands is well known. He was incessant in his attention to their happiness and prosperity, and was as ready to encourage virtue as to condemn vice. He considered that the possession of a good house is at the foundation of domestic morality and thrift. In the erection of new cottages he was ever careful to build roomy, substantial dwellings, affording sufficient and decent accommodation to the tenant, at a moderate rent; but he showed more interest in improving and enlarging existing cottages, on the ground that the money thus expended would go farther in securing the comfort of the inhabitants than could be derived from new buildings.

So much importance did he attach to the cottage accommodation that *he visited every cottage* on his estate, and gave personal instruction for carrying out the enlargements. Bed-room accommodation, good drainage, and good ventilation were his primary objects; but such simple things as the convenient placing of pegs for the clothes and the shelves for the housewife did not escape his attention. By his kindly and genial consideration of their wants and comforts he won his way to the hearts of his peasantry.

LORD PALMERSTON'S DEATH-BED CONFESSION OF CHRIST.

ON one occasion the Rev. Dr. Cumming, of Crown Court, Covent Garden, was preaching on the congenial subject of God's love in Christ Jesus. At the conclusion of his discourse Lord Palmerston thanked Dr. Cumming cordially for his exceedingly able presentation of the truth, and also expressed his sincere and heartfelt concurrence with the sentiments so eloquently set forth. Lord Palmerston was usually very reticent of speech on Christian themes, but there are grounds for apprehending that ultimately he was a willing captive of their imperishable beauty and worth.

During his last hours his physician, Dr. Protheroe Smith, a humble and sincere follower of Christ, said to his noble patient in the course of conversation, "I hope you are relying for eternal salvation on the precious blood of Jesus Christ." With faltering lips, but with the accent of conviction in his speech, he replied to this effect: "Oh, yes, doctor, I am resting only on the blood of Christ for acceptance with God, and entrance into heavenly rest." And in this spirit the illustrious statesman passed away from this world.

TOUCHES OF REAL LIFE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Lady Hope, of Cariden.

(*Continued from page 55.*)

Etta's Visit—Face to Face with Poverty—The Mother's Woe—The Jelly Appreciated—The Ice Broken—The Ravine between Classes—Visits Wanted—Old Michael's Appeal.

ETTA told the man what family she wished to find. The old man was a willing guide, and finding the young lady unalterably silent, he was silent too. They stopped at the door of a house we have visited already. It was the house of the young men who did not admire the young ladies, and whose father liked the fiddle-playing down at the saloon.

The wearied mother, whom we left in bitter sorrow at our first visit, was now overwhelmed with the multiplied burden of sickness and watching, in addition to the constant poverty—result of sin—that had hitherto weighed her down, and made her life wretched to her. She opened her door at the old man's vigorous tap, and admitted Etta. "One of the young ladies from the Hall," said her guide as he thus introduced her to this new scene.

Had her own heart not been humbled by sorrow before unknown, Etta might have winced at thus finding herself face to face with poverty in its most evident form, and amidst circumstances hitherto so unrecognized. But low down as she was now beneath the smart of her sore bereavement, and her heart-pulse already quickened by the expressed sympathy of her strange guide, her only feeling was bewilderment.

Then, soothed by the poor woman's respectful addresses, and evident delight at seeing her, her first sensations melted into a consciousness of intense relief at this sudden plunge into circumstances even *sadder*, even *more* distressing, than her own. Till this moment, in brooding over the unutterable loss *she* had experienced, and the grief of her home, it had never occurred to her that there might be sorrow even greater than hers.

"Was ever grief like mine?" was a question that worldlessly had actually dwelt within her during the past few weeks. Answer there seemed to be none, except from the throbbing of her own wounds. However, now an answer, intangible yet, but none the less real, seemed to be creeping into her life. Already the pain of her thoughts was assuaged by a diversion into a fresh and very healing channel. Her receptive mind was quietly taking in each fresh item of that mother's woes, as they revealed themselves to her eye and ear.

"He's very bad!" the woman was saying; "he don't get no sleep o' nights. Just 'tossin',' 'tossin'.' And his poor mouth do burn so. He's always just moanin' like, and callin' out, of his pain. It was so sudden—a kind of a chill, they say, when he'd done his work. The doctor said it was in*formation* on he's chest—poor dear!"

The mother's heart had buried in its strangely fathomless depths each rough word, every unkind act. A life of thoughtlessness, too, and cruel neglect only mitigated by an occasional relentful moment, look, or word, which was indelibly fixed on that memory of wonderful mother's love—were all buried in the same abyss. The gleams of a better feeling, passing kindnesses, few and far between, were treasured up, and now afforded the only slender comfort she could grasp. These she would share with her lady visitor. The rest were "out of sight and out of mind," drifted into the forgotten past.

"He was a good boy *sometimes*," she was saying. "Poor fellow! One day, not so long ago, he saw me a-liftin' that 'ere can o' water to fill the kettle up; an' so he says, 'Mother,' he says, 'I'll do it for ye;' an' so he did. Bless him, poor chap! His father's takin' on about him terrible. But, oh! dear me!" . . . and then a groan, deeper in its intensity than those of the poor sufferer in the bed close by, broke from her.

To turn the subject, and perhaps arrested by the tearful eyes and grieved look of her guest, who sat in the arm-chair before her, dressed in those sable garments, unrelieved by one gleam whiter than her own sad face, the mother said;

"I heard of your trouble up at the big house, miss. We was all *very* sorry. Did seem a pity!" holding up her hands, "that fine young gentleman! and all so strong like. And dear me! he *was* a rider. I have seen him go by here on his horse." . . .

This comment was all too much for poor Etta's feelings. It was more than she could stand. Rising from her chair, with her gentle, grave dignity, she said, "I brought some jelly for your son. Here it is—cool and strengthening too. Do you think he would like it?"

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the recipient. "That *is* beautiful. He do keep on askin' for somethin' cool for his poor throat. And it is not many things that he can eat. Look here, Bill!" she said, going to a bed which stood half concealed by an extemporized curtain, "there's a lady here; and she has brought you this. '*Tis* good; taste it!"

"'Tis good!" exclaimed a hoarse voice as the mother gently applied one spoonful after another to his lips.

"The lady's here. Wouldn't you like to see her?"

"All right!" said the voice, and the next moment Etta was beside the bed.

"Take a seat," the young man continued as he pointed to a chair near him.

Etta sat down. But what next? She did not well know how to proceed. What was the correct thing to say?—(and between you and me, my reader, if you will suffer a parenthesis, it was *well she did not!* for how much blessing is lost on such occasions by the cut-and-dried phrase, the hackneyed expression too often of mere cant, *empty*, yes! positively empty, of that true, earnest reality which alone can stand us in good stead when we are face to face with either life or death!)

Bill broke the ice. He said, "Is it the young lady from the big house, mother?"

"Yes," answered Etta for herself. "I heard you were so ill; and I thought I would come and see you, just to ask you how you were. Does it make you worse to see me?"

"Worse! Oh, no!" and a smile broke over the rough, unattractive face as he pushed the dishevelled hair off his forehead. And then a grave, meditative look passed into his restless eye as he said,

"Oh! yes. That were a pity about the gentleman." The sentence was no sooner out of his mouth than he saw he was treading on forbidden ground. "She could not stand it," he said to his mother afterward. "It was bad and stoopid of me to say anything about *him*, poor feller!"

But at the time he only changed his topic to one nearer home, and said, "I just caught a kind of a cold; and then I went to work, and didn't think nothing of it, not at first. But I got such a dreadful bad cough, and can't get no rest."

"I am very sorry!" Etta said softly. "I am very sorry. Were you quite well before?"

"Oh! yes. I never had nothing much the matter with me, 'cept one time when I had my hand bad; and then mother, she poulticed it, and it got on wonderful. This time I am *real* bad. Bless you! I can't stand, not for a minute."

"Does your mother nurse you?" asked Etta.

"Oh! yes! She do. She's a good un for that. She's up most nights. *Last* night she slept that hearty in her chair I could not wake her—could I, mother?" he inquired, appealing to her to indorse the statement.

"Yes," said the mother, "I do get that sleepy sometimes from sitting up. It's all I can do to keep my eyes open."

"I wish I could help you!" said Etta, her sympathies thoroughly roused. "Do you think I could?" she added earnestly, and looking first at mother and then at son.

The woman dropped an immediate courtesy; "Lor'! bless you, miss. You *are* kind." Wiping away an involuntary tear, she added, "We are poor folks, and we just does everything for ourselves. Rich folks is different."

Things *were* different certainly. No one felt this to-day more than Etta herself. She saw plainly enough the deep ravine that lay between the entire circumstances of the two houses. At the same time she was almost unconsciously longing that a connecting structure might be thrown across the gulf, a bridge erected, in fact, to unite the hearts and homes so widely separated. For Etta *felt*, to-day in her first visit, that by this life-habit of separation both were losers.

"I could come sometimes and sit here for an hour, while you got a rest?" she said inquiringly. And then she left the cottage, and an empty blank where her presence had been; but a strong, sweet fragrance was left behind. Yes! the fragrance of sympathy was there, and the touch of love; perhaps the sympathy more grateful, because it flowed from a still open wound, and the love none the less precious because the bright bud had scarcely yet blossomed. All the effort of this afternoon was new to Etta, but its novelty was Divine—refreshing.

"Delicious!" she said to herself—though grave and sad as was now their wont, her looks seemed to belie her words; yet her enjoyment of this half-hour's *giving out* of feeling to hearts that wanted it, was more real than all the pleasure she had ever known in her past life. Her heart had met other hearts, and, without putting the feeling into words, there was a very sweet rest, an indescribable relief, to her own unsatisfied longings.

She would have liked to be alone, but at the corner of the street she was met by her former guide—Old Michael they called him.

"Found 'em all right?" he began, as with his brisk trot, rather than walk, he kept her company along the bit of road shaded with trees that led back to the gate of her home.

"There's many a-wantin' you," he continued; "lots on 'em. They don't have nobody to talk to 'em, only just the bad uns that drags them the wrong way. And they all foller, just like sheep. Beg pardon, miss! I'm an old feller—only just an old feller—nothin' like what *your* people is—and may be I seems rough and unbehaved to such as you. But I do say this, miss—if only you'd let me take ye now and then to see some as *wants* ye, I'd take it kind, I would."

Etta faced round upon the old man. Her crape hat and veil shadowed over her quiet face, pale cheeks, and trembling lips, as she asked him, "What is your name?"

"*My* name! Oh! 'taint nothing much. Only a poor old sinner saved by grace," he answered, solemnly bowing his head over the two wrinkled hands he had tightly folded together. "But," he added, looking up into her face again, "I do want to see 'em all getting a blessing—a very great blessing, I DO!"

His listener's lips quivered, but she did not speak. She did not want to talk with a stranger in the streets, and yet the old man's words were melting her heart. Contrary to all the prejudices of the past, she felt new sensations to-day, a sort of fascination drawing her to this little outer world, that she had just discovered, and each fresh phase in it interested her in spite of herself. New ideas, new mazes of thought, were opening up before her, and she hesitated before putting her hand on the latch of the gate, which they had now reached, and which, in a moment, might have formed a final separation between herself and the old man.

But, apparently nothing daunted, he took advantage once more of her silence, this time to make his closing remark—

"Yes, miss, I haven't got much of a name to tell ye—not of *myself*. But I can tell ye of HIM! Blessed! blessed! He's beautiful, He is. I know Him well. He came to me some eight years ago, and He made me a new man, and now I'm happy; and I know Him, and I love Him, and I want all the world to do the same. Oh, dear! I do. My name's *up there*, miss! in the Lamb's Book of Life it is. Perhaps, *he'll* see it! that poor dear," he added very softly "of yours what's gone before. Young lady, do you put your name along side of us. Same *page*," he continued very earnestly, putting his face close to hers, "now do 'ee!"

Tears, that had been gathering, and yet frequently suppressed, all the afternoon, now overflowed and fell in a rapid stream over poor Etta's cheeks.

"Oh, don't 'ee take on! don't ye cry!" the old

man was beginning, when Etta suddenly opened the gate and disappeared. She had no sooner done so, however, than by a sudden impulse she opened it again, and said to the retreating figure,

"Come in, if you like."

"Oh, no! I thank you, miss; I'd rather not. We'll meet again. Forgive an old man. I'll pray for ye!" she heard him say as he turned away.

It was a long time before Etta appeared in the drawing-room again.

(To be continued.)

THEN COMETH THE END.

By the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., D.D.

A CORRESPONDENT having asked what the Scriptures teach regarding the post-millennial period, we present the following short chapter from Dr. Tyng's admirable treatise, "He Will Come," published by Mucklow & Simon, New York:

Prophecy is a Divine picture of events that must be hereafter. For its intelligent apprehension it is needful that careful attention should be given to the law of perspective. The facts figured in the foreground are so fully discriminated that they may be readily understood in their reality and relations. Beyond these are portrayed other predictions, which present conceptions of the Divine foreknowledge that amaze more than they instruct. The outline of this light and shadow is in relief upon bold masses of cloud-land, which make the background of the designer's work.

But for this far removed region, in which curiosity and conjecture have their pastime, the truths that we have traced in these pages could not have attained their clearly determined manifestation. The uncertainty of the events, which shall come with the end, foreshortens the facts ready to be revealed. The effect of the whole revelation is dependent upon *the mystery and majesty of that which is reserved.* Our knowledge at the best is comparative. When in the study of the Divine Word we reach the closing portions of the sacred volume, we can only bow in reverence before the Lord, who half conceals while He half makes plain His purposes. When we shall have been glorified in the Kingdom of Christ then will we be capable to comprehend the substance, which now we study in symbol. Truth enough has been taught us about the events that are nigh at hand. For the details of the dispensation, which shall *succeed the millennium*, we must wait until God shall speak again.

And yet in these distant prophecies there are not deficient clearly determined features and figures of excellent glory. To these, in the words of the Spirit, we invite prayerful attention. They represent events which will wed the thousand years of reign to the eternity. The end will be the beginning.

After the thousand years the devil must be loosed out of his prison a little season.*

Satan "shall go out to deceive the nations which are in the four quarters of the earth, Gog and Magog, to gather them together to battle: the number of whom is as the sand of the sea. And they went up on the breadth of the earth, and compassed the camp of the saints about, and the beloved city: and fire came down from God out of heaven and devoured them. And the devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented for ever and ever."†

"And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it."‡ "The rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished."§ They "shall come forth" . . . "they that have done evil to the resurrection of damnation."‖ They "shall awake . . . to shame and everlasting contempt."¶ "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works . . . and whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire."* "the fire that never shall be quenched; where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."† "And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire."‡ "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."§

"The heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and all the works that are therein shall be burned up."‖ "The heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment."¶ "As a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed."** From the face of Him that sat on the throne, "the earth and the heaven fled away: and there was found no place for them."††

"And He that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new."‡‡ "Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth."§§ "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea."‖‖ "New heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."¶¶

"*Then cometh the end*, when He shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when He shall have put down all rule, and all authority and power. . . . And when all things shall be subdued unto Him, then shall the Son also Himself be subject unto Him that put all things under Him, that God may be all in all."***

What an earth will this be on that Festival Day! Purified by fire, fruitful as Eden, beautiful in the sunshine from unknown skies, and crowned with the Divine presence—glorified bodies could ask no better home than such a world will be. If it be true that, in company with the whole solar system, our earth is transported through one hundred and fifty-four millions of miles of space in each year, then physically we are entering into the inconceivable glories of new heavens. The Word of God is echoed by the discovery of man. *What wonders may dawn upon our planet when the end of the mediatorial reign, shall have come!* Fancy frets at its impotence to conceive all that may be. Faith is content with the certainty of that which will be.

* Rev. 20 : 3.
† Rev. 20 : 8—10.
‡ Rev. 20 : 11.
§ Rev. 20 : 5.
‖ John 5 : 29.
¶ Dan. 12 ; 1.

* Rev. 20 : 12—15.
† Mark 9 : 43.
‡ Rev. 20 : 14.
§ 1 Cor. 15 : 26.
‖ 2 Pet. 3 : 10.
¶ Isa. 51 : 6.
** Heb. 1 : 12.
†† Rev. 20 : 11.
‡‡ Rev. 21 : 5.
§§ Isa. 65 : 17.
‖‖ Rev. 21 : 1.
¶¶ 2 Pet. 3 : 13.
*** 1 Cor. 15 ; 24, 28.

THE COMING OF THE LORD.

THE loftiest aspirations, desires, and hopes of humanity are met in the coming of Christ. This is true as to His first coming; it is true also as to His second coming. The first implies the second; *the first is fulfilled in the second.* As human expectation was awakened to the first, so is it also to the second. Christ is the "Alpha and Omega," the "beginning and the end."

We celebrate with cheerfulness the coming of the Lord as the world's Redeemer. In this the promises of God are realized. The prophecies of olden times are fulfilled. The types and shadows are made realities. We know that the Bible is the word of God and sure. While His coming was in poverty, meek and lowly, persecuted and slain, angels and men, heaven and earth, bore testimony that He was the Messiah, and gave glory to God for His redeeming love.

We look for the Lord's coming again to reign over all the world. As the Lamb of God, the sacrifice for sin, he was rejected of men, "crucified, dead, and buried." But the stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner on which the temple of human redemption and God's glory is built. *As in triumph He ascended, so will He come again, and His holy angels with Him.* As He opened the gates of salvation, so will He open the gates of the celestial city, where the righteous shall enter. Then will He take to Himself of His great power and reign supreme among the nations of the earth. *His coming again is the hope and joy of all believers.*

To us *individually* His coming is virtually near. It is not long till we go hence, and time for us will be no more. Eternity begins, Christ, the Judge, deciding our state for happiness or misery. Therefore we need not put His coming far away in the future. It is profitable for us to contemplate it and realize its awful significance. Yet we are graciously permitted to await it, and opportunities are inviting us to prepare for it so that it may be to us an event of joy and not of terror.

The Lord's coming will be

A JOY TO BELIEVERS.

They have accepted Him in His mission of redeeming love in His first advent. His incarnation is to them a "great joy," bringing present deliverance from sin, and safety from its penalty in the future. By faith they live in Him and He in them. At His coming to judge the world He will receive His own to Himself. Such a revelation to Him carries with it a desire for His appearing, when they shall appear with Him in glory, wearing crowns of everlasting joy upon their heads. "They rest from their labors, and ther works do follow them" (Rev. 14 : 13).

To unbelievers His coming will be *an indescribable terror.* They rejected Him, meek and lowly, having come to deliver them from sin and its everlasting sting. Now they must behold Him as their righteous Judge, coming to pronounce upon them the everlasting condemnation of their own choosing. In such a relation to Him, who may abide His coming? All their sins culminating in unbelief, they will realize that this is their condemnation—that they believed not on Him who was sent unto them. Mercies slighted will make justice self-approved.

The second coming of Christ is for the completion of His redeeming work. Through His mediation, having established His Jerusalem, His Church, on earth, He ascended to heaven, the Jerusalem above, to prepare a place for His people. This spiritual temple, built of lively stones, must rise. The material is being gathered from all quarters and fitted into its heavenly proportions. Everywhere they who believe on the name of the Lord Jesus shall be gathered to himself and *dwell in His holy city*—the city with golden streets and pearly gates.

The coming of the Lord

IS NIGH,

for *His messengers*, sent before, have appeared. Messengers in the wilderness of sin, ever since the days of John the Baptist, are crying aloud, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." The expectation of Christ's second appearing is no less grounded upon truth because it is indefinite as to time. The eternity of His being removes time. It couples His second withHis first appearing as the world's Messiah. Whether sooner or later, as regards creatures of time, His coming to judge the world is the consummation of His coming to redeem the world. The glory and joy of His coming as the Messiah will be increased by His coming again *to subdue the last enemy*, and receive His own unto Himself.

It becomes us to rejoice in His coming as the Son of Mary—the beginning of His personal manifestation on earth. More than seven centuries before the prophet so graphically described the forerunner of Christ. But its fulfilment was complete. "The voice of one crying in the wilderness" was heard. Its burden was, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." His birth had been announced by angels, and his infant form witnessed by humble shepherds and eastern sages. Nature and providences confirmed their testimony in the early life of the Saviour.

Now, fully entering upon His redeeming work, it is needful that His way be prepared by the mission of John the Baptist—His preaching and baptism unto repentance. Only thus, in the wilderness of human thought and barrenness of human life, can there be made straight a "highway for our God." The consciousness of sin and the willingness for deliverance on the part of men must open the way for the true Teacher and almighty Saviour. The voice of the forerunner, sent to prepare the way in our hearts for the coming of the Lord by repentance for sin, should be heard and heeded. Then we may joyfully receive Him, for He comes not to condemn, but to save us.—*Pastor and People.*

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Senate Committee on Finance Consulted with Secretary Sherman on the refunding question on January 25th. The recommendations Mr. Sherman offered were substantially those contained in his report at the commencement of the session. He advised that the bill should be amended so as to make the funding bonds redeemable *after five years*, and payable in *twenty years* from the date of issue, and to bear interest at a rate not exceeding 3½ per cent, the rate to be fixed in the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury. As to the Treasury notes proposed by the bill, under the name of Treasury Funding Certificates, Mr. Sherman thinks they may be floated at 3 per cent interest, without change in the House provision for their redemption at any time after one year from their respective dates of issue. The amendments, with the one exception of that leaving the rate of interest to the discretion of the Secretary with the limit of 3½ per cent, are so slight in principle that it is hoped by members of both parties, that the House will concur in the bill as it may be amended in the Senate.

The Senatorial Elections held in the Respective States render the effect of a strictly party vote in that chamber somewhat doubtful. It would appear, from what is known of the new members, that the decision of any question in which party interests are affected would rest with two Senators. It is stated that there will be 37 Republicans, 36 Democrats, and 3 Independents in the Senate. Another classification—that of the New York *Tribune*—fixes the number as follows: Fifteen of the States, all Northern, are represented by two Republicans each. Fourteen, all Southern, are represented by two Democrats each. Nine States are divided in their representation, and of these five now have Republican Legislatures and one Republican Senator each.

Duplicity and Iniquity are the Charges made against the department over which Mr. Schurz presides, by the commission the President sent to investigate the case of the Poncas. The explicit and unequivocal character of the report the commissioners have made, after a searching investigation, evinces their fearlessness, and confirms the strong suspicions aroused by the protests of the men it has been the fashion in Washington to sneer at as "Boston philanthropists." The commissioners selected by the President were men of character, and were not under the influence of the Boston party. They were: Brigadier-Generals George Crook and Nelson A. Miles, United States Army; William Stickney, of Washington, and Walter Allen, of Newton, Mass.

The conclusions arrived at by the commissioners are: that the removal of the Poncas to the Indian Territory was "most unfortunate, resulting in great hardships and serious loss of life, *injudicious and without sufficient cause;*" that the removal took place in defiance of a solemn treaty which ceded to them the lands from which they were driven by the United States cavalry, and guaranteed them protection of life and property; that the violation of the treaty was without excuse, inasmuch as the Poncas had scrupulously observed all its conditions. That those members of the tribe who have made their way back are living in peace with white and red men alike; are peacefully cultivating their lands; and their only request is that they may not again be disturbed, and that a teacher may be sent to aid and instruct them in the arts of industry, and *a missionary to teach them the principles of morality and religion.*

The commissioners having stated the facts as they find them, also make a recommendation. They advise that the wronged people shall be released from the arrangement recently made at Washington, which their representatives accepted only because they despaired of obtaining better terms; and that an allotment of 160 acres be made to each man, woman, and child of the Poncas, to be selected by them as they may prefer, *either on the old reservation* in Dakota, or on the new one in the Indian Territory.

The request for a missionary to teach morality and religion is believed to have been made in sincerity, and not ironically, as the Poncas have sufficient penetration to discriminate between the character of the white men and of the government. Many Christian citizens, however, would gladly mark their sense of the outrage perpetrated on the Indians, and repudiate as far as is possible all responsibility for it if an opportunity occurred.

A Constitutional Amendment which would, if passed, effect a radical change in Presidential elections, has been introduced by Senator Wallace of Pennsylvania. By its provisions the electoral colleges are abolished. The people are *to vote directly* for the candidates, and by districts, each State having as many districts as it has Congressmen and Senators, and *each district to have one vote.* Congress is to count the votes in joint convention, and a plurality is to elect. It will be readily seen how important are the changes contemplated by the proposed amendment. The alteration will probably be supported or opposed by politicians, according as it may be found that it benefits or injures the respective parties; the change should not, however, be regarded by the people in that light. It is worthy of consideration, and though it ought not to be adopted hastily, is calculated to remove abuses which have of late been somewhat conspicuous.

The President's Nominations for District Attorney for the Southern Division of New York and for the vacancy on the Bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, have evoked acrimonious criticism, both in political circles and in the columns of the press of both parties. The New York nomination is obviously aimed at the Conkling wing of the Republican party, which President Hayes has no cause to love; but the nomination of Mr. Stanley Matthews to succeed Judge Swayne is not so easily explained. That tribunal ought to be *beyond the reach of calumny*, and should be so constituted as to command the respect and confidence of the people. It is therefore a matter for regret that the nomination is one which even Republican journals are not unanimous in supporting. The New York *Times*, whose advocacy of extreme Republican principles is notorious, animadverts severely on the subject. It says of the nominee: "He is by nature an advocate, one-sided as to the cause which he espouses, superficial in his study and his thought, and carried to his conclusions by the intensity of his zeal rather than by the depth and accuracy of his reasoning." Mr. Stanley Matthews is the brother-in-law of President Hayes.

A Fatal Railroad Disaster Occurred Early on the morning of Sunday, January 23d, at Tioga station, near Owego, N. Y. The catastrophe was caused by the breaking of the axle of a driving-wheel on the locomotive engine, while the train was going at the rate of about thirty-five miles an hour. Several of the forward cars were thrown from the track and broken up; and they immediately took fire. Five men, four in the United States Postal Service, and one in the employ of the United States Express Company, were burned to death. They were in the postal car, which was turned over by the shock, and it is supposed that the lamps must have ignited the mail matter in the car. No cries were heard from the suffering men, and it is thought they may have been rendered unconscious by suffocation. The train was the Atlantic Express from the West, and carried many passengers. Besides the loss of life fifteen persons were slightly injured.

The Floating Church of Our Saviour in Connection with the Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Seamen in New York, was the scene, some time ago, of one of those transformations of life which encourage Christians to persevere in their efforts to reach all classes of society. At a recent meeting in the church *a weather-beaten sailor*, in response to a question, said, "What do I owe to this mission? I owe everything to it! It has made me a sober man, and it has made me a Christian." He went on to relate that during six years of seafaring life he had been a hard drinker, never neglecting an opportunity of being ashore to plunge into vice and debauchery, and during that time never once communicated with his friends. One night in New York he was coaxed with great difficulty into visiting the mission, and there, by the blessing of God, underwent a change of heart which made him a sober man and a humble Christian.

The Death of the Eminent Philanthropist, Mr. Apollos R. Wetmore, occurred suddenly on January 20th. He appeared to be in his usual health when he retired to rest that night, but on being called next morning he was found to have passed away. It is supposed he must have died in his sleep, as his features bore no trace of pain. He was over eighty-four years of age, and his long life had been devoted to philanthropic work. He commenced business in New York in partnership with his brother in 1818. Six years later he formed a partnership with Mr. William Green. Mr. Wetmore finally retired from active business work in 1875. The evangelical and charitable associations of the city have by his death lost a valued friend, for he not only devoted his personal energies to their advantage, and gave freely of his means to their funds, but he was successful in inducing others to do likewise. Eight years ago Mr. Wetmore celebrated *his golden wedding*, and three years afterward he was bereaved of his wife. He was a member of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church.

A Savage Dog Infuriated Almost to Madness was at large in the streets of New York from eleven o'clock on the night of January 26th to noon the next day. All through the night and in the early morning hours he roamed through the streets, attacking all who came in his way—men, women, and children. He was a big ugly brown dog of powerful build, and he sprang at his victims so suddenly and with so much ferocity that they were unprepared for the attack, and many were severely bitten. After being fired at with revolvers, and receiving several severe blows from men who had struggled with him, he was finally killed by a policeman. The affair caused considerable agitation and alarm for a time, and there was much uneasiness until it was known that the beast had really been caught and killed; but society has a more dangerous enemy in the shape of the liquor traffic, which is breaking hearts and desolating homes every day, and yet it is allowed to devour its victims continually without molestation!

A Portrait of the late Mr. T. De Witt Talmage, the eldest son of Dr. Talmage, will appear in the next number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It will be accompanied by a biographical sketch, which will include interesting information concerning the life and character of the lamented young man, which has not yet appeared in print, together with some verses he composed shortly before his illness, and a full report of the addresses delivered by Dr. Spears, Dr. Suydam, and others, at the funeral services.

A Death from an Extraordinary Cause Occurred at St. Louis, Mo., on January 26th. It was that of a young man, the son of a prominent lawyer of that city. He was Second Lieutenant of the Seventh United States Cavalry, and had returned to his home on sick leave. The cause of his death was inflammation of the brain, believed to be the result of circumstances which occurred while he was at West Point. One day, while on parade, an insect got into one of his ears. By the rules he was not allowed to raise his hand, and stood in the ranks more than an hour, while the insect worked its way into the ear. When dismissed his ear was full of blood, and the insect could not be removed for two days. This caused a corrosion of the bone next to the brain, and gave him a great deal of trouble. He went to his regiment in Northern Dakota, and, after performing some service, and suffering from a severe attack of sickness, he came home expecting to resign, but, as it proved, only to die. The young man's sad death is all the more lamentable from the circumstances which brought it about, and from the insignificance of the cause. It reminds us of the many cases of spiritual death in which what are called "little sins" play a conspicuous part.

The President and President-elect were both rejected as lovers in their younger days, in a little village near Cleveland. Some thirty years ago, according to the Cleveland *Herald*, two young ladies received offers of marriage from Mr. Hayes and Mr. Garfield. They were then poor, and the parents in both cases deemed it imprudent to confide their daughter's welfare to men who had so little property, and whose future prospects seemed so uncertain. The most remarkable coincidence of the courtship was that both young ladies lived in a village of not more than five hundred inhabitants and both refused two future Presidents of the United States because of their poverty. It proves that men in their anxiety to provide for their children's future are liable to make mistakes. In spiritual matters, too, the same mistake is very common. People hesitate to join themselves to the Lord's people lest they lose position in society, not realizing the glory which Christ at His coming will confer on His bride, the Church.

A Mayor's Start in Life was Described in a House of Refuge a few weeks ago. The speaker, addressing the little criminals, said: "I have something to tell you, boys. There's a little fellow down there who looks just about the way I looked when I was ten years old. I had just about as much money in my pocket as he has, and I don't believe he has a cent. My father died, and my mother and sister and I hadn't a roof to cover us. I started out and got work, and when I was fifteen I earned *a dollar a week* and slept under a counter.

"But I stuck to work and learned a trade. When I was twenty-one I fell in love with a nice girl, and made up my mind to marry her. I had six dollars a week, and she earned three, by her needle; so we put the six and the three together, and were married, and after that set up a little shop. She cooked the oysters that we sold, and I made the ice-cream, and so we worked along. If I have had any success in life, then or since, it has been through doing *honest work* and sticking at it all the time." The speaker was then Mayor of the great city of Philadelphia.

An Artist's Rescue from the Power of Drink was graphically described by Mr. Murphy in the course of a recent lecture in Pittsburg, Pa. While the lecturer was engaged at Troy, an artist crept into the room where the meetings were held. He was dressed in clothes so old that he was ashamed to be seen. He had been in good circumstances, but his passion for intoxicating liquor had brought him to poverty, and he and his wife were living in one room. Mr. Murphy induced him to sign the pledge, and after the meeting persuaded him to come to his hotel.

"What I wanted with this man," said Mr. Murphy, "was to give him a suit of clothes. My son had offered him some money in the hotel, but he would not take it, saying he didn't sign to get money or to be insulted. I got him into my room, and I got near the door, for he was a bigger man than I am, and I told him I wanted to give him *a suit of clothes*. He stormed, but I argued the case with him, and I finally got him to accept the clothing. He broke down when I was putting on his collar, and said he couldn't stand it. He asked me if I had ever been in need, and I told him I had, and he became more reconciled. Well, he kept from drink until he had got his home back for his wife, and had money in the savings bank besides, and the poor fellow fell again. The enemy never left him. As he walked the street *the invisible spirit* of wine ever haunted him. He fell, and he was about to leave the city, to run away to hide his shame. He walked the streets at night, he came to me, he struggled and fought against the terrible demon. Think of this battle, ye men who know nothing of it; have charity; think of the struggling out of the ashes of broken resolutions. He brought his broken heart and fearful trial to God, and *he was saved*."

The Settlement of Misery is the Name given to a town on the coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which is the abode of *a colony* of lepers. *The Youth's Companion* says: "Americans are apt to think of the disease as belonging to the under side of the world: to China, India, Egypt. Very few of our readers, we suspect, know that a colony of lepers exists in this continent. The leper hospital in the colony has just been taken charge of by the Dominion of Canada. Its upper story, it is stated, is filled with the lepers who can yet see; the lower with the blind and dying." A physician says the disease at its first stages is almost imperceptible, a mere flake on the flesh, but it spreads with frightful rapidity, and is absolutely incurable. This description shows how appropriate is the comparison of the disease to sin, which, like it, corrupts the whole man (Isa. 1:6). Like it, too, sin is taken away both in its power and penalty by Jesus to whom alone leprosy yielded.

An Obstruction in the Pocket held a Man back from Christ at *a Salvation Army meeting* at Germantown, Pa., recently. The leader of the meeting says: "When prayer-meeting began a man came forward and knelt at the penitent form, but for a while seemed to be *holding on to something* which he could not give up. At last special prayer was offered in that direction for him, and at the close he pulled several dime songs and novels of a theatrical character out of his pocket and said: 'Burn these; I had better have had a Bible in my pocket.' Immediately upon his surrendering here he found peace."

A Funeral Without a Prayer Occurred at Sea recently. The fact came to light through the request for a prayer-book made by a poor sailor to an officer of the Missionary Society for Seamen. He said that one of the crew of his ship had died during the last voyage, and when his body was consigned to the deep, there was no one on board *who could offer a prayer*, and no book out of which one could be read. The event powerfully affected the seaman's mind, and he desired the gift of a book, that he might never again witness such a spectacle. Since then, on a recent Sunday afternoon, the sailors of the ships then in the port of New York received presents of New Testaments and tracts in their native languages. A large variety was needed, for the recipients were natives of Finland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, France, Italy, and Portugal, to each of whom a New Testament and a religious book in his own language was presented.

A marked peculiarity of this sphere of work, which distinguishes it from other fields of labor, is that among seamen there is said to be found no hypocrisy. A sailor is never ashamed to acknowledge his spiritual state, and never attempts to pass himself off as other than he is, and after his conversion he is equally ready to let it be known that he is a follower of the Lord Jesus.

The Text of the Last Sermon Preached by the Rev. Wm. Bedell, pastor of a Methodist Episcopal Church in Troy, was: "I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith" (2 Tim. 4:7). In the evening while entering the church to preach at the second service, he fell on the steps in a sudden attack of epilepsy, his right side being completely paralyzed and his ministerial usefulness ended.

THE THRONE OF GOD AND OF THE LAMB.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

'The throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it."—REVELATION 22: 3.

The Throne of the Millennial City—A Cathedral Visible only on Sundays—I. Behold the Lamb—A Lamb-like Man—A Lamb of Sacrifice—II. Behold the Throne—Jesus in Front of the Throne—The Throne of God—III. The Throne in Heaven—The Land of Rest—Of Service—Of Communion—The Preparation of the Mansions—The Marriage Celebration—The Home-Bringing of the Bride.

WE shall take these words as referring to heaven. Certainly it is most true of the celestial city, as well as of *the millennial city*, that the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it. This theme of surpassing interest intimately concerns all of us who are believers; for to the rest eternal at the foot of the throne we are constantly looking. Were it otherwise, I fear there would be little prospect of our ever passing the heavenly portals. We do not suppose that a man is shooting at a target if he does not look that way; nor can we imagine that a man's ambition is fixed on heaven if he has no heavenward thoughts or aspirations.

The pilgrim turns his steps toward the place he is desirous to reach. What though he cannot catch a glimpse of the distant spot, which is the goal of his hope, yet his eyes are in that direction. Let him climb a hill on a clear day, and you will see how he strains his eyeballs to catch a glimpse of tower or spire, minaret or battlement, of the city he is seeking. When he descends the valley, and the outlook is dreary, he solaces his soul with songs in the night that tell of "a day's march nearer home." The anticipated greetings of friends gladden his heart.

After a noble fashion the prospect of heaven lights up our sad days with gleams of glory, while our happy Sabbaths here below have often made us long for the sanctuary on high. In the crowded courts of this Tabernacle our fancy has pictured the Temple above of living stones and countless worshippers. Bunyan speaks of Mount Clear, from which with aid of telescope the celestial city might be descried in the distance. We have enjoyed intervals when no clouds or mists have obstructed our outlook, and these have usually come to us on the Lord's days.

A friend of mine when he went to reside in Newcastle-on-Tyne was looking over a newly-built house that was to let; and as he looked out of the window in the top room the landlord said to him, "You can see Durham Cathedral from here on a Sunday." My friend, failing at first to catch his meaning, said, "Why on Sunday more than any other day?" "Well," said he, "the furnaces are not going, and the smoke is not rising to darken the atmosphere." I was not surprised to hear that the passing incident supplied my friend with a parable the next time that he preached. On special Sabbaths we peer into the city of which our text says, "The throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it." God grant that our meditations may stir your upward longings, and that our discourse may excite your desires toward heaven.

Come, then, let us think upon the throne of God, and of the Lamb and of the place where it is. But stop a moment; I want you to look round and take

A PRELIMINARY SURVEY

of the scene. Do you notice that this throne is the "throne of God *and of the Lamb*?" Doubtless you know where John got that phrase, that title for Christ—"the Lamb." It is almost peculiar to himself. You catch the note in Isaiah; Jesus is celebrated as a Lamb in his prophecies. You hear the name in an epistle of Peter, and in the Acts of the Apostles as a quotation from the evangelical prophet. But with John it is a most familiar term. John, the best beloved of all the disciples of Jesus, loves this sweet symbol, and delights to speak of his Lord as "the Lamb."

This John had been a disciple of that other John, the Baptist, whose chief and choicest ser-

mon, which lingered most in his mind and memory, was couched in words like these, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." John the Baptist struck a note which vibrated throughout the whole life of John the Divine. In Patmos John recalls his early impressions, for old men delight in the scenes and sayings of their youth.

When John began his gospel he was absorbed in "*the Word*;" now that he unfolds the wondrous scroll of vision he portrays "*the Lamb.*" As the key-note of Redemption the name recurs frequently in his writings, and in his closing book the name comes back to him with all its music, and he dwells upon it with evident delight. The word "*arnion*," as used in the book of Revelation, might be translated "a little lamb."

It is a diminutive in the Greek text, expressive, as Dean Woodhouse observes, of tenderness and love; and in such sense our Saviour Himself used it in addressing Peter, after His resurrection—"Lovest thou me? *feed my lambkins.*" I refer to the idiom without any wish to see the common rendering altered; but it seems to show a marvellous degree of familiarity in John's mind with his blessed Master, when he looks upon Him as the little lamb to be loved, for you know how wont we are to express affection in diminutive terms. "My little dear," or "my little darling," are expressions that trip sweetly from our tongues.

I. The sublime adoration of the heavenly host is offered to the Lamb that was slain and hath redeemed us to God by His blood out of every kindred and tongue, and people, and nation. In order to behold the throne of God, and of the Lamb, you must first of all get a sight of the Lamb. I invite you, therefore, in the words of John the Baptist, to

"BEHOLD THE LAMB

of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Look at Him in the dawn of His ministry, when first He comes within the range of mortal vision—a man, a lowly man, one chosen out of the people. About Him there is neither form nor comeliness to make him at all remarkable; He is one who did not strive or cry, or cause His voice to be heard in the streets; *not a pretentious nor an ambitious man*, but one who could say of Himself, and nobody could gainsay it, "I am meek and lowly in heart."

His character, too, is so purely natural that the example of excellence He sets needs no explanation. The gentle disposition that drew little children around Him, the kindly temper that bore reviling without anger, the love He showed to the poor and destitute, the respect He paid to the outcasts of society, and above all His kindly notice of publicans and harlots, as sheep gone astray who were capable of being restored, claim our gratitude, and cause us to regard Him as the model of goodness for all generations. Such is the man whom all the kindreds of this earth must ultimately acknowledge as "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

HOW LAMB-LIKE HE IS!

Thus you see the Lamb of God among men; will you track His footsteps still farther on till He becomes the Lamb of sacrifice, and actually takes the sin of man upon Himself, that He may bear its penalty? What an extraordinary night that was when He rose up from the supper table and said to His disciples, "Let us go hence." He went to a certain garden where He had been accustomed to spend nights in meditation; He went there to pray. And oh, what a prayer it was! such surely as heaven never heard before nor since. In an agony He prayed more earnestly, and yet more earnestly, till "He sweat, as it were, great drops of blood, falling to the ground." He cried to the Father, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." Then did the heavy cloud of human sins overshadow His soul, and the ghastly terrors of all His people's guilt brood over His spirit. He proved the hour of dread and the power of darkness.

Arrested by one who had eaten bread with Him, He was betrayed into the hands of conspirators. By an apostle who turned apostate He was sold for a few paltry pieces of silver. From the place of private retreat, and of secret prayer, He was hurried off to prison and to judgment. Before Herod and Caiaphas, and then before Pontius Pilate, was He arraigned. All through the night He was falsely accused and foully mocked, scourged, spit upon, and treated with the utmost contempt. So was His heart broken within Him because of the reproaches of them that reproached God which fell upon Him. Deserted by His disciples, denounced by the priests, despised by the populace, He was at length delivered up to the malice of His foes, and, sentenced by Pilate, He was led away to be crucified; still His patience was conspicuous, and when He was led as a lamb to the slaughter He opened not His mouth.

Him they took, silent, passive, submissive, and nailed Him to a cross. There He hung in the glare of the sun till the torture of tender nerves in His hands and feet produced such fever in His flesh that He said, "My strength is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue cleaveth to my jaws, and thou hast brought me into the dust of death." Such was the dissolution of His entire frame it seemed as if He had no longer a solid body; it was melted with bitter pain. There He hung, men jeering Him, till at last the sun could bear the sight no longer, and veiled His face; the earth could no more endure to be the stage for such a tragedy, and began to rock and reel; the very dead were stirred as though they could not slumber in their graves while such a deed was done, so tombs were opened and many arose. Oh, it was a wondrous spectacle! Those that saw it smote upon their breasts, and went upon their way.

Say, then, beloved, have you ever seen this sight? Have you so seen it as to sing with our poet,

"My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there"?

Do you trust him? Are you believing him? His cry from the cross is "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." Have you so looked? If so, then you have had the preliminary sight; and I pray God so to strengthen the eyes of your understanding that you may gaze more intently on this vision of the Apocalypse—"The throne of God and of the Lamb."

II. BEHOLD THE THRONE.

Let us see it first from the Lamb's side of it. Of course there is *only one throne;* God and the Lamb are not divided. The Lamb is God, and the interests of God and the Lamb are one. The one kingdom of God, even the Father, is identical with the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Acknowledging the oneness of the throne, we proceed to inspect it from the point of view in which the Lamb chiefly challenges our notice.

You will remember that He is portrayed to us as "the Lamb in the midst of the throne." So John beheld Him, as you read in the fifth chapter of the Revelation and sixth verse. But I would not have you make any mistake about the meaning of that phrase. Dr. Watts constructed a poor paraphrase of the passage when he said,

"Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne."

There is no such idea in Holy Scripture. The midst of the throne means the front of the throne, according to the Greek. The Lamb was not on the throne in that vision, but standing immediately before it. That is a position in which our Lord Jesus Christ would have us see Him. I will show you presently that He is *on* the throne according to our text, but not according to the passage which I have just now quoted.

In the previous narrative of the fifth chapter, where the Lamb is said to be in the midst of the throne, means in the front of it, in the centre, standing there, that we might draw near and approach the throne through Him. To the awful throne of God there could be no access except through a Mediator; He stands, therefore, in

THE FRONT OF THE THRONE

between us and the invisible, sovereign God, an interposer and interpreter, one of a thousand, the daysman who can lay his hand upon both. This is a beautiful thought. Jesus, according to the former vision of this revelation, is in the front of the throne where God always sees him before He sees us.

I have drawn your attention to this previous vision as a preliminary to that of our text, in which the position of Jesus Christ is upon the throne reigning there, clothed bodily with all the power of the Godhead. Do not forget that it is even so. *The Lamb is on the throne.*

The power thus conferred upon him the Lamb not only possesses by right and title, but he exercises it in deed and in truth. "All power," said our risen Redeemer, "is given unto me in heaven and in earth." He ruleth now with unlimited sway; and the sceptre of His kingdom is a right sceptre. As Joseph was exalted in Egypt, and Pharaoh said, "See, I have set thee over all the land; and the people cried before him, Bow the knee; and he made him ruler over all the land of Egypt," even so we read of Jesus, "God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord *in* the glory of God the Father."

The rebellious are not exempted from His rule. What though they conspire against Him, they shall be utterly confounded. One might fancy that there was a slight strain of language in Pharaoh's fiat, that "without Joseph no man shall lift his hand or foot in all the land of Egypt;" but there is no exaggeration if we apply the words to Christ, for it is a fact that every man living is responsible to Jesus for the thoughts and imaginations of his heart.

HE IS KING FOREVER.

The throne of heaven is the throne of God and of the Lamb.

Thy royal prerogative, O Lamb of God, extends over all the realms of grace. Thou, O Lord Jesus, dost dispense mercy as seemeth good in Thy sight. As the Father raiseth up the dead, and quickens whom He will, even so He has given to the Son to have life in Himself, and to quicken whomsoever He pleases. As Head of the church, His benign control is absolute among the members of His body. In the bestowment of spiritual gifts, and in the appointment to sacred offices, He rules and regulates, and nothing is too minute to escape His notice.

How pleasant to my poor heart to think that He who bowed His head to shame is now exalted, as God over all, to such a seat of honor! I feel that no odium I could incur, no injury I could sustain in preaching His name and publishing His fame, could be of any account in comparison with my joy in seeing Him exalted. Let me starve in a garret or die in a ditch if only Christ be glorified. *The old soldiers of Napoleon*, rank and file, revelled in the triumphs of their general. When they fell on the battle-field, with shouts of victory ringing in the air, they seemed to think light of death so long as the emperor had won renown, and the eagles of France were in the ascendant.

Live forever, royal Lamb! Reign forever, victorious Lord! As for us, who or what are we? Brethren, let us follow Him in the tribulation of the hour while the fight is fierce, so shall we find ourselves in His train when His triumph is trumpeted forth before the assembled universe. "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever."

What lowly reverence we owe to Him who occupies such a throne of boundless empire! Approach Him then with profound humility; but mingle therewith the most childlike confidence. Beloved, we see before us the grandeur of God and the gentleness of a Lamb. The Infinite Creator and the innocent creature are linked together in lovely union. He who is God over all, blessed forever, has resources amply sufficient to meet your utmost wants. You do not come to a finite helper when you draw near to Christ. In trusting to the merit of His blood, you have an all-prevalent plea and full security for pardon, peace, and acceptance.

I do not know what hope and expectations the Socinian can cherish with *a Man-Christ, or an Angel-Christ, or a semi-divine Christ*, as a guide

to immortality. They may honor Jesus of Nazareth for the purity of the life He lived on earth, but I want God in human flesh to save my soul, the death of the Son of God to wash away my sin. I find the fight of life so fierce that no right hand but that which made the heavens can ever give me the victory. I stay myself on the incarnate God who bled and died, and is gone into the excellent glory, and sits down there upon the throne, Lord over all; I trust His saving strength to bear me through.

Well, that is the aspect of the throne from the side of the Lamb. Let us now take another look and behold

THE THRONE OF GOD.

The throne of God is the throne of the Lamb. The throne of God, if we view it as sinners, with a sense of guilt upon our conscience, is an object of terror, a place to fly from. Our poet was right when he said:

"Once 'twas a seat of burning wrath,
And shot devouring flame;
Our God appeared, consuming fire
And vengeance was His name."

I recollect when I had such terrible apprehensions of God, and I know that they were founded upon truth, for the Lord is terrible to unforgiven men. Now I do not disdain, as some do, to sing, "Though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me." Not that there has been a change in God. It is the view of God which the sinner is able to take which has been changed, and that change has been effected by Christ. From everlasting to everlasting Jehovah is the same; in Him there is no variableness.

There, on the throne of the Almighty, *mercy reigns*. According to the merit of the sacrifice and the virtue of the atonement all the statutes and decrees of the kingdom of heaven are issued. The altar and the throne have become identical. From that throne no fiery bolt can ever again be hurled against the believer, for it is the throne of the Lamb as well as the throne of God. Oh, what comfort there is for suffering saints in this conjunction of majesty and mercy on the throne of the Highest!

The sovereignty that is signified by this throne must certainly be unlimited. The throne of God is the throne of an absolute monarch who doeth as He wills among the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of this lower world. From that throne the proclamation comes like a peal of thunder, "The Lord reigneth; let the people tremble." God's throne of sovereignty is not a throne of arbitrary power, for the Lord is perfect and holy, and His will is just and right. In acting according to the purpose of His own will He abounds toward us in all wisdom and goodness. The sternness of law is linked with the sweetness of love; because while the throne of heaven is the throne of God, it is still the throne of the Lamb.

I fear that I fail to find the words that will express my thoughts; but this empire of God and the Lamb endears itself to our hearts. There is about it *a kingly kindliness*, and a majestic mercy most charming to the mind. Do any ask, What throne is that? To whom does it belong? We answer, It is the throne of the great and glorious God, and it is the throne of the lowly, lovely Lamb. The glorious Lord is gentle as a child; the lamb is lordly as a lion. Referring to the Book sealed with seven seals, described in the fifth chapter, St. Bernard said, "John heard of a lion and saw a lamb; the lamb opened the book and appeared a lion." But, behold, here it is, "the throne of God and of the Lamb."

Does not a rich blend of *splendor and tenderness* dawn on your apprehension? Are you not sensible of some present effect on your souls? Do you not feel the charming sweetness and the overpowering light? John tells us in the first chapter what his own sensations were when the Son of man appeared to him in the midst of the seven candlesticks, vested with the insignia of Priest and King. First, he says, "When I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead." Then he adds, "And he laid his right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not; I am—" Ah! when you recognize who He is, fear gives place to faith, and trust succeeds to trembling.

I am painfully conscious, as I proceed, that the subject is too much beyond my grasp to mould it into a sermon. This is not preaching. I have been merely holding up the text, and trying to suggest thought after thought, as the glory of my Lord's kingdom occurred to my mind. But what can any of us say in the presence of God and of the Lamb? Our proper position is to fall down upon our faces and worship.

III. One fact remains to be noticed; it is this: the throne of God and of the Lamb is in heaven.

BEHOLD THE THRONE IN HEAVEN.

We must pass beyond this earthly region, and join the company of those who people the celestial realm before we can see the throne of God, so as to obtain a complete view of it. Is not this among the chief joys of heaven?

"I'd part with all the joys of sense,
To gaze upon thy throne.
Pleasures spring fresh forever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown."

There are many ideas of heaven, and I suppose, according to each man's character, will be the prospects he cherishes, and the answer he gives when the question is asked, "What must it be to be there?" There is ample scope for imagination, so abundant are the joys which the Lord hath prepared for them that love Him. There is the great wall, with its twelve glittering foundations, and there are the twelve gates, and the twelve several pearls; there, too, is the tree of life, with its twelve manners of fruits. Who shall ever tell forth all the meaning of the symbols used by holy men to set forth the Paradise of God?

Nor are the Scriptures our only source of information, for our sighs below are prophecies of the blessings laid up for us. The toil-worn laborer thinks of heaven as a land of rest, and he shall find it so. On the other hand, the relish that we have for religious worship, and the delight we take in Christian work, leads us to think of heaven as a sanctuary where the servants of God can serve Him day and night; we shall find it so.

For my part, I sympathize with both expectations; for though they sound contrary, they need not clash. The rest of glorified spirits, so far from being a sort of suspended animation, will rather consist of a joyous refreshment in enthusiastic service; and the ministry of ransomed hosts, instead of wearying them, will arouse them to fly more swiftly, to sing more loudly, and to serve God more diligently, as they see His face. Are there not tempted ones among you who smile as they think that there shall be no sin in heaven? To Paul, when in prison, knowing that the hour of his departure was at hand, after a life of preaching the Word and enduring persecution, the crown of righteousness which the Lord the righteous Judge should give him was just then the most welcome anticipation.

As the warriors look for a crown, so on the other hand friends look for *communion*. To loving hearts great is the bliss of heaven's unbroken fellowship of saints: it will indeed be a great joy in heaven to see all who loved the Lord below. How happy we shall be when these blessed reunions take place! Still, I think that all of you will agree with me that the heaven of heaven is that we shall be "with Christ, which is far better"—that we shall behold His face and partake of His glory. The throne of God and of the Lamb will be the centre of our delights. To have reached home in the heavenly Father's house, to have seen our Elder-brother, and to be sure that we shall abide with Him and go no more out—oh, that is what we pant for!

What hallowed communion with Him we shall there enjoy! In His church below He has given us some pleasant foretaste of His sweet converse; but there the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall always feed them, and shall lead them to living fountains of water. There is a text that I have been turning over in my mind for many years. I want to preach from it, but I cannot understand it clearly enough at present. I hope to preach from it one day before I go to heaven. If not, I will preach from it up there when I shall have realized its full significance. Ah! do not smile. Some opportunities we shall have in heaven to testify of Christ; for we shall make known unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places the manifold wisdom of God.

It is difficult to imagine that we ever can be able to explore the whole of the unsearchable riches of Christ. The passage I am referring to is that in which Jesus says, "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." Like Thomas, I am prone to ask questions. What is there to be prepared, and in what respect does heaven as a place need to be made ready? I do not like to think of heaven as *a half-built habitation*, or as fully built, yet only partly furnished. What means this preparing of a place for us?

Perhaps our Lord's going there made heaven ready, and its mansions meet for the occupation of His disciples. Heaven would hardly be a home for saints in the absence of the Saviour. As I do not know the angels, and never was acquainted with any one of them, I doubt very much whether I should feel at home in their company if Jesus were not there too. There are a few saints up yonder whom I once knew and dearly loved. But one wants to be introduced to the whole of the residents, to the general assembly and church of the first-born in heaven. How can this happy familiarity be brought about? Now that Jesus is there we have a friend on high whom we have known, and who has known us, who can introduce us to all its inhabitants and acquaint us with all its joys.

Listen ye now; lend me your ears, and hearken to this concluding word that I have to say to you. Heavenward now we are hastening our steps. We long to reach the happy plains, because there is not only a rest to be enjoyed but a festival to be celebrated. The marriage-supper of the Lamb draweth nigh. His church shall be prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. We that are with Him, following in His train, called, chosen, and faithful, are only espoused to Him as yet, but we are going to that place where the voice shall be heard, "The marriage of the Lamb is come, and His bride hath made herself ready."

I HALT.

I dare not advance a step farther. I bring you to the margin of this blessed ocean of infinite delight. Oh! for a plunge into it—into the Godhead's deepest sea of love. Is there a more intimate relation into which our Lord Jesus Christ shall hereafter take his beloved people whereby we shall be forever united to him? Shall we know the fulness of His love in a communion of which it were not lawful for a man to speak? Was this one of the unspeakable words which Paul heard when he was caught up into Paradise? Can it be that this marriage scene is the last act of the new creation, as it was of the old creation, when the Lord God found and formed a helpmeet for Adam? "This is a great mystery. I speak concerning Christ and the church."

Till the day break and the shadows flee away, let us *wait for the Bridegroom's appearing*, and the home-bringing of the bride. As virgins that look forward to the marriage day let us keep our lamps trimmed, and see to it that there is oil in our vessels, lest when the cry is heard, "The Bridegroom cometh," any of us should need to nurse the dimly-burning spark, or despairingly cry, "Our lamps are gone out." Let us all be ready that we may go in through the gates into the city.

Some of you, alas! are not able to feel the joy which this subject excites in our breasts. You cannot take delight in the throne of God and of the Lamb. God grant you may. Come, now, to the throne of grace with open confession and secret contrition. It is the throne of God, who knows the nature of your sin: it is the throne of the Lamb, who bore the penalty of sin, and can put it away. Come to the throne of the Lamb that was slain. I entreat you to come now. So shall you find peace and reconciliation, and you shall be made meet to enter into the joy of your Lord. I pray God to bless this whole congregation, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Revelation 7.]

TALES OF THE GROG-SHOPS.

By a London Clergyman.

PRIVATE SHORT.

(A Tale in Two Chapters.)

CHAPTER I.

THE first time Charlie Short donned his soldier's red coat was a red-letter day in his history. Though he had always prided himself on being a man every inch of him, he could not help secretly feeling, as he smoothed out the creases and tightened his belt, that he was now more of a man than ever. He would not have been surprised had he discovered that former measurements of his height were below the present mark by a clear inch.

For the first five minutes indeed he seemed to feel himself growing. Not that he was a short man by any means, except in name. He could boast of six feet all but two inches, and was as well-made a young fellow as you would meet in a long day's march.

Ah! that was *a proud moment* when his friends turned him round and round, viewed him from top to toe, and finally decided that he was born for a soldier if ever man was.

When he had accepted the Queen's shilling it was with many misgivings of heart. What would his old mother say? Would Jenny, his sweetheart, take it much to heart? Wouldn't the village folks call him a fool?

If such thoughts had crowded into his mind when the recruiting sergeant was "talking him over," judge how they must have redoubled their violence after the Queen's shilling had passed. Indeed he was near tossing it back, and running away at the top of his speed. He stood his ground, however, wretched and miserable though he was.

How they did weep, both of them! They clung around his knees; they pleaded with him; they grew angry; they tried to laugh him out of it. Indeed, all the arts and stratagems that Charlie's mother and sweetheart lavished on him it would be hard to recount. But he stood firm, and having made up his mind, stuck to it with great determination.

How triumphant he must have afterward felt when, among a little group who inspected every strap, buckle, and button of his soldier's coat, none were more interested, and none more admiring, than the two who stormed so much at first. Charlie's mother and sweetheart could not deny that he looked well in his soldier's uniform, and that it set him off splendidly; and, indeed, were obliged to confess that it mightily improved him.

Of course after a time Charlie Short got accustomed to *his new toggery*, and thought no more of it than he did of the old clothes in which he used to follow the plough. Standing in the midst of an admiring crowd of village friends, and mingling among men who could boast of as red a coat and of as bright buttons as his own, were two very different things. But none the less, at first, did the hearts of both Charlie and his friends proudly swell and flutter.

When Charlie Short left his native village to join his regiment, great and general were the regrets of his neighbors, young and old. No one was such a favorite as Charlie.

Whatever it was which made Charlie Short such a favorite in his village, worked also in his favor in the regiment. He was a general favorite there too. Perhaps it was his good nature—his readiness to do anybody a good turn—his bright and laughing disposition. I know not. I do not think it would occur to any one to ask the reason, unless they were going to put a little bit of his life in print; so I suppose I must leave the matter unexplained, and be content with merely relating the fact. But sure it was that Charlie Short was more sought after than any man in the regiment.

The *pints of beer* he might have drunk every day without the payment of a single copper of his own were almost past counting. There was not a public house in the town in which they were stationed that he did not know the inside of—more's the pity—though he was no drinker from choice. As a matter of fact, when in his own native village he kept well out of the public house, and had the character for being a steady man; but, somehow or other, now, try as he might, he could not escape it. He was so good-natured, and so fearful of hurting the feelings of his comrades, that it seemed ungrateful to refuse to drink with them. The consequence of all this was, that before he was fully aware of it he had become a pretty hard drinker.

The way he awoke to the fact was this. Before he had been very long in the service he was rewarded with *a stripe for good conduct*, and had kept it, until one day, being in rather a stupid condition, he committed some breach of discipline, and so had it taken from him. It was the disgrace attendant on this that first showed him what a fool he was.

For some time after this he kept steady. He set his face firmly against the well-meant, but really cruel, invitations of his comrades, only accepting one or two now and then. And so long as the sting of his disgrace was fresh, he found it comparatively easy to shake off his tempters. But after a bit it faded away, and was well-nigh forgotten. Then the real struggle commenced, and then it was he discovered that whatever form temptation assumes, it is terribly difficult to meet and overcome.

One great snare of Charlie's was his possession of *a good voice*, and more than one publican in the town had actually offered him money to sit in his parlor and sing a certain number of songs in the evening. Now a good voice being a comparatively rare gift, we cannot wonder that Charlie was ever eager to display it.

A man must be made of much sterner stuff than Charlie Short not to feel considerably elated at the rapt attention with which he was listened to, and the thundering applause which followed each and all of his songs. I believe his comrades would have listened all night to him if he could have lasted out for that time.

Of course beer-drinking in no wise tended to improve Charlie's voice, and it is only fair to say that by the time the men had to turn into barracks his voice was as shaky and unsteady as its owner's legs. But what mattered that to ears which had also become so affected that at length the most discordant noise would be as musical as the notes of the best singer that ever opened his lips? It mattered not a bit.

The result of all this dissipation can well be understood. How can a man with an affected brain keep himself out of mischief? It is difficult enough to keep the tongue quiet when he is steady; and how a man can hope to keep his actions in order when the drink has got him under and mastered him, I never could and never shall understand. Indeed, from what is continually going on under one's very eyes, we may well say it is more easily talked about than done. And so Charlie Short found; for now he was continually getting into disgrace from this very source, and was daily sinking lower and lower.

One winter evening, while Charlie Short was, as usual, in one of the public-house parlors, a sergeant of his company might have been seen reading a letter, and after having read it through once, reading it as carefully through again. Let us steal a glance over his shoulder and read it with him:

"DEAR SERGEANT WILMOT:

"I am informed by Mrs. Short, one of my parishioners, that her son is in your company, and that you have both the will and the power, if asked, to look after him. Mrs. Short has heard that her son is giving way to bad habits, and has asked me to intercede with you, as she cannot write herself. The poor mother is well-nigh broken-hearted, and can scarcely lift her head from shame. Short is engaged to a most respectable young woman in the village, who joins with the mother in entreating your help. May I ask you, as a fellow-servant of our Master in heaven, that you will kindly do what you can to rescue the poor lad?

"I remain,

"Yours very truly,

"JOHN TENNINGTON, *Rector*."

When Sergeant Wilmot had finished reading this letter he carefully folded it up and laid it down, with a look of great thoughtfulness in his face. His mind was carrying him back to *his* younger days and *his* old mother.

"Ah!" he said to himself with a deep sigh, "I was one of those precious fools once, and *quite* broke my mother's heart. God forgive me. I never thought she'd have took on like that, because I was a bit fast. I thought what I used to hear about her was all put on. But when I got that letter with its black border and strange handwriting, and found that my mother was dead, and that she died of fretting about me, I found out then that it wasn't put on at all. God forgive me.

"And *she died praying for me*, they told me. 'God save my boy; God save his soul,' were her last words. I wasn't out of her thoughts a minute, they said. Ah! how that did go home to my wicked heart! I tried to picture my dead mother in her coffin; and as I looked in imagination on her poor white face, didn't I pray? didn't I resolve? Thank the Lord for it. I never went into a public house after that. I've been very near though; but just as one of these feet was nigh inside I seemed to hear my mother's voice saying, 'God save my boy; God save his soul.' Could I go in with that prayer ringing in my ears? Thank God, He has saved my soul. I know He has. He gave His blessed Son for me, and I put my whole trust in Him. He don't want anything more than that.

"Save the boy! I'll do what I can. But I'm precious sure of this, if his soul ain't saved his body won't be. What strength will he have if he don't know the Lord? And if anybody wants strength it's Him as fights with the drink, I know. If I try, I try for his soul, that's what I try for."

Getting out some writing paper, Sergeant Wilmot wrote a short letter to the rector of the parish, promising to do all that he could for the young man Short.

An Unmistakable Answer to Prayer is Described by Dr. R. L. Stanton in a letter to a contemporary in response to a challenge to produce one well-authenticated case of a disease healed through faith and prayer. Dr. Stanton from among many cases within his knowledge selects one which is beyond the possibility of cavil. A lady whose acquaintance he made during his recent visit to London was *suffering from a tumor* beyond the reach of surgical skill, and also from *cancer in the breast*, which had eaten into her lung. It was a matter of certainty that either affliction would soon kill her.

"The lady's attention had been called to certain cases of 'healing by prayer.' She read, examined, and prayed for light. At length light came. One night, after retiring to bed, a violent discharge of blood caused by the cancer led her to think that death was at hand. Believing that death would come at any moment, and impressed with God's power and willingness to heal in answer to the prayer of faith, she offered prayer for herself substantially as follows: that if it were God's will that she should then die, she could say, 'Thy will, O God, be done;' but if it were for His glory that she should be restored to health and spared a few years longer to aid her husband still further in his work (which she greatly preferred), then she prayed God to restore her immediately and relieve her sufferings, if that were His will, and to manifest His power in such a way as to show her that the healing was directly from God.

"Immediately upon the utterance of this prayer the profusely running hemorrhage ceased, and the pain from both tumor and cancer at once ceased; she felt entirely healed, and she slept quietly during the remainder of the night. In the morning she arose, dressed herself, went down stairs, her strength returned, she felt she was well, and has remained so ever since, neither the cancer nor tumor giving her any more trouble. Both have entirely disappeared. It is now some three years since this cure was effected, and no means were used for it but the lady's prayer for herself, and prayers of sympathizing friends."

The lady is the wife of an eminent author whose works are well known on both sides the Atlantic, and the facts of her illness and cure are authenticated by a wide circle of friends.

DR. TALMAGE'S FRIDAY EVENING TALK,

January 28, 1881.

The Weather—The Claims of the Blanketless—Mr. Seney's Gift—Ante-Mortem Monument of Books—The use of Books—Not Superseded by the Newspaper—Senator Making — Quality of the Timber Deteriorating—Events Regulating Themselves—A Drunken Wife—"I Can't Help It"—God Helps to Help—Perpendicular and Horizontal Help.

THE weather, a topic of conversation all the year round, more especially when people must say something, and have nothing else to say, this week has proved itself a worthy theme. Did you ever hear winds whistle louder or feel *the cold* more benumbing? The world seems frozen over to-night. The car-driver and drayman thresh their arms around them to keep their fingers warm, the pedestrian puts into the first harbor of a warm store, new inventions to keep ears and hands and feet in living temperature are called for, and coming to church to-night is an Arctic expedition that suggests the sufferings of Schwatka and John Franklin.

It was *a pertinent question* which David the psalmist asked: "Who can stand before His cold?" Thankful for shelter and wardrobe and fuel, let us not forget the blanketless and unsheltered poor. If you have a surplus of apparel out of fashion, now is the time to send it on mission of mercy. He who apparels the poor apparels Him who said: "I was naked and ye clothed me; inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

Although there is less suffering this winter than for many winters, because the most of those who are disposed to earn wages receive them; still there is *a stupendous suffering* all up and down the world. The groan of destitution steals out on the sharp night toward God. Mystery of mysteries, and mystery for ages unexplained: why the world with its burden of anguish should be permitted to go on.

People are horrified at the very suggestion of *the end of the world*; but if some day it should be run down, as the Loch Earn ran down the Ville de Havre, and the inhabitants were taken off on some other craft of a world, would it not be something for astronomical congratulation? For you and me it is a comfortable world; but for multitudes it is a sweltering in the heat, or a freezing in the cold, or a struggle against disadvantages. I think the world had better after a while be burned up and swept off to make room for improved stellar architecture. So much for the weather and the event of the week atmospheric.

EVENT LITERARY:

Fifty thousand dollars given by Mr. Seney toward the Historical Society Library of this city. I saw the check that night at a reception—a plain check, less ornate than many a draft for twenty dollars, but its signature marked an epoch in the history of Brooklyn.

How much more illustrious such a deed than the bequeathal of fifty thousand dollars in a last will and testament! Men sometimes give their money away because they have to give it up anyhow. They take it as far along with them as possible, and would take it clear through the eternal gates if they could, and sit down on it in heaven; but they find no conveniences for transportation of bullion across the Styx, and so in the last moment they throw it at a Bible society or a historical library, saying: "Catch this and put me down as one of your almoners." But here is a man in health and prosperity who hands over a magnificent donation, not because he is compelled to leave it, but because he wants to help a grand institution. Post-mortem beneficence is well, but ante-mortem beneficence is better.

What a monument a man builds to himself when he builds it in books, builds it in the intellectual and moral improvement of his city, builds it while he lives, so he can read its inscription not "Here is entombed a man born at such a time and died at another time; peace to his ashes;" but, "Here lives a man who loved his city and loved humankind and loved his God, and here he will live as long as the world lives; peace to his great living soul."

A contribution to a public library is especially gracious at this time. Book-reading needs to be fostered. Everything in this day goes to newspapers. There are men who read three or four newspapers a day who do not read one book in two years. By all means, read the daily and weekly newspapers. Without neswpaper-reading you cannot be intelligent and you cannot be useful; but you also need consecutive reading of books—books of history, books of science, books of travel, books of art, books of essay, books of poetry. You ought to have one book all the time occupying your spare hours. It ought to be on the stand, or on the counting-desk, or on your dressing-case, and every day you ought to dip into it. You want consecutive knowledge, elaborated information, wide sweeping views such as you can get only from books.

He who, like the benefactor of this week, blesses a public library, blesses all classes of people and blesses them for both worlds. No man can tell what the Mercantile Library has done for Brooklyn. Its work has been silent, but all-pervasive, tremendous; and now it is to be augmented, not rivalled, in this other library. The more such institutions you build, the more those already built will be prospered. The more people read, the more they will want to read. Make the appetite of a city voracious for literature, and all the books of all your libraries will not be able to satiate it. Solomon said in lamentation what we quote in gratitude: "Of making many books there is no end." So much for the event of the week literary.

EVENTS POLITICAL:

Almost all the legislatures this week have been busy making Senators. In many cases we are surprised as to how little and *poor timber* is necessary to make a Senator. The nation used to make Senators out of stout, tall oaks. Now many of them are made out of willow, and others out of crooked sticks. In most cases the strong men defeat each other and a substitute with no especial record is put in.

Politics is getting more and more a trade, and candidates are exchanged for other candidates as easily as in the village grocery a basket of eggs is exchanged for a bar of soap. The next Senate and House of Representatives will have in them more commonplace men than any Congress ever assembled. Many of the strongest men will be left at home, and their places will be occupied by accidents.

Still we are sure we are now sailing in smooth waters, and all the sections are so *sick of quarrelling* that we do not need as much skilful pilotage as before. It will require an almost impossible blundering to get us into national trouble. We all remember within twenty years when we needed a man as wise as Washington in the Presidential chair, as financially acute as Hamilton in the Treasury Department, and as diplomatically wise as John Adams to represent us at the Court of St. James; but to do the work of this nation for the next twelve years we do not need anything very remarkable.

Events under God are regulating themselves. It needed an Alexander to mount a Bucephalus, but almost anybody can drive *a tame roadster*. Still, for any emergency that may possibly arise, we shall have mighty men in the Senate and House of Representatives, some from the North and some from the South.

Among the great leaders of the South, not so well known to you, is *Senator Brown* of Georgia, with whom I happen to have personal acquaintance. He has already, this winter, in Congress, spoken a potent word on national education, a subject on which he had a right to speak—only a few months ago having given out of his private purse forty thousand dollars to a Baptist college, and by his speeches and interviews showing that he is in favor of letting bygones be bygones, and his desire is for the complete obliteration of all sectional differences in one grand movement for the financial, educational, and moral welfare of the whole nation. I wish General Garfield would invite him into his cabinet, although I suppose he would decline the honor, for there is no better place on earth for a man to do great things for God and his country than the American Senate. Whoever the State legislatures may decide upon for the remaining vacancies in the United States Senate, we are sure already of having the ship of state well manned, keen eyes on the lookout, and strong arms at the helm. So much for the events of the week political.

EVENT REFORMATORY:

As powerful a temperance lecture as has made was delivered yesterday in a New Yo. room, when husband and wife and child caressing each other. The husband had ha wife arrested for habitual drunkenness. She sober after the night's imprisonment. When magistrate chided her for her habits, she plied: "Judge, *I'll drink till I die;* I can't l it." If more misery and horror and despair a domestic desolation were ever compressed into on sentence, I have not seen it.

I suppose the same thing, with greater or less intensity, is going on now in many a household; but this spectacle in the New York court-room ought to startle all domestic circles where intoxicating beverages are freely used. Drunkenness runs its ploughshare through the brightest home; turning under child's cradle and furrowing out the new-made grave. I suppose the woman told the literal truth when she said, "I can't help it;" but, thank God, what human resolution cannot achieve, divine grace again and again and again has accomplished. Some of the holiest men on earth and some of the brightest saints in heaven were once confirmed inebriates; but God took their cases in hand and they were extricated. God can save one kind of sinner as easily as another kind of sinner.

I do not know that drunkenness is any worse in God's sight than avarice, or pride, or a hundred other things which men are guilty of and yet preserve their respectability. Drunkenness is worse in the eyes of society than these other things; but God judgeth the heart, and He can sweep one sin out of the heart as easily as another sin. If, therefore, you have to say, in regard to any bad habit, as the arrested woman said yesterday, "I can't help it," remember that God can and will help you to help it.

When a man, struggling with evil habit, slips and slides and falls and gets up again, and slips and slides and falls and gets up the second time, and the tenth time, and the hundredth time, society and the Church lose their patience with him, and practically say, "He is incorrigible, and I can't bother with him any longer;" but God holds on to him, and will listen to the thousandth call of distress and sympathy with such alertness and sympathy as to the first call.

Let all the discouraged stop looking down and looking around, and begin to look up. *Horizontal help* will not come, but perpendicular help will come. God will absolve and quit and exculpate and pass over and forget and remit and reconcile and alleviate and throw behind His back, and cast into oblivion, and reprieve and atone and pity and sympathize and warn and console and commiserate and abundantly pardon, and what more do you want? All that for those who with rain of repentant tears cry unto God for relief, saying, "I can't help it!"

Three Harmonium Players were Among the miners who lost their lives in the colliery explosion at Seaham, England, on September 8th, 1880. One was a man of decided piety, an active member of the Wesleyan Church. Another had been a member, but had gone back to the world, though he was under deep concern just prior to the catastrophe. The other was a young man who had played the harmonium at the chapel on the last night of his life. After leaving the chapel he went home to get ready for the pit. His mother asked him what solo Mr. Cawood had sung. '*Almost Persuaded*,' said he. Then sitting down he played it over for her; after this he sang a verse of 'Safe in the Arms of Jesus,' and said, 'Mother, I am now safe in the arms of Jesus.' These were nearly his last words before he left home, to come back no more."

A CHOICE VINDICATED.

(*Continued from page 63.*)

A Disappearance.

WHILE I was writing my letter Mr. Stanley entered, carrying a bouquet of beautiful flowers, which he handed to me, as I supposed, for Evelyn's sick-room.

"They are very lovely!" I said; "Evelyn will charmed, she is so fond of flowers; I will put in water and take them up-stairs to her. She ter to-day, Mr. Stanley."

"I am glad of that," he said; "the fever soon sses away if care is taken. But I gathered these owers for you—if you will have them."

"Thank you, very much indeed," I said; "I did not know they were for me; it was very good of you."

"I am so glad you like them," he said; "I could see you were fond of flowers the other day on the Mount of Olives. I must be going now; will you tell Sir William I will meet you at the Jaffa Gate at four o'clock? There are several people I must see to-day about various things, so I am afraid I must leave you all to your own devices until evening. Good-by; take care of yourself; I don't want you to have fever."

He was half way to the door when he turned back again.

"There is a little piece of paper here, in the middle of the flowers," he said; "that is for you—for no one else, remember. The verses are only written in pencil; I don't know whether you will be able to make them out. They are only about the flowers," he added, smiling; "you will not be angry, will you?"

"Oh, no," I said; and he was gone.

I put the paper, which I found among the ferns, in my pocket, for a minute afterward Sir William entered the room. I gave him Mr. Stanley's message, and he admired the flowers, and rang the bell for water that I might arrange them before they withered. I did not tell him that they were for me.

After breakfast Sir William asked me to read aloud to him the leading articles in a copy of the *Times* which had arrived by the mail that morning, and so it was some time before I could find an opportunity to look at my paper.

I opened it at last, as soon as I was alone, and read it more than once:

THE FLOWER'S MESSAGE.

We grew upon the very hills
Where Jesus used to stand;
We blossomed on the lonely paths
Of God's once Holy Land.

Now, filled with misery and sin,
Defiled by guilt and shame,
And trampled under foot by those
Of every creed and name.

O pray, then, for Jerusalem,
The city of our birth;
O shed a tear for her who was
The joy of all the earth.

The ancient promise holdeth good,
It hath not been reversed—
"Blessed is he who blesseth thee,
And he who hates is cursed."

So we from the Judean hills,
This simple message bring—
"O pray for poor Jerusalem,
The city of the King."

For M. L., from her friend, Howard Stanley.

I looked forward very much to that evening ride, and four o'clock seemed as if it would never come.

At last the horses arrived, and Sir William, Evelyn, and I mounted and rode to the Jaffa Gate.

Mr. Stanley had not come, but Miss Schwarz was there, waiting for us. We had been introduced to her the day before, so she came at once and spoke to us, and we rode up and down together, looking from time to time at the gate to see if Mr. Stanley were coming.

"It is very extraordinary," said Sir William, "that he should be late! We have always found him such a very punctual man. Are you sure he said four o'clock, Miss Lindsay?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "quite sure; 'Four o'clock at the Jaffa Gate,' that was what he said."

"Yes, he told me to be here at four o'clock," said Miss Schwarz; "he will come in a few minutes, I should think; shall we ride toward 'the big tree,' as we always call it? It is not really a very large tree; but, you see, we have no trees that deserve the name in Jerusalem, so it looks very big to us. It is only a little way, and Mr. Stanley will see us there, and we shall get some shade."

"Very well," said Sir William; "you had better go there; I want you to keep out of the sun as much as possible, Evelyn, and I will wait at this corner and catch Mr. Stanley as he comes through the gate."

So we rode down to the big tree, and Miss Schwarz told us how she used to come and play there with her little friends when she was a child, and how beautiful and green she thought it till she had been to Germany, and had seen the trees in Europe.

We found Miss Schwarz a very pleasant companion, and the first few minutes passed away quite happily; but as time went on we began to wonder very much why Mr. Stanley did not appear.

After about half an hour Sir William came slowly down the road to meet us.

"I cannot see him," he said; "it is very strange! He must have forgotten it! I think I will go as far as the Latin Convent and inquire for him."

"I do not think he would forget it," I said.

"Oh, I don't know;" said Sir William; "young men often have short memories, and you said he was going to visit various friends this morning. I will just go and inquire for him. Will you ride up and down till I come back? I shall not be long."

It was, however, some time before Sir William reappeared at the Jaffa Gate, and then he was alone; Mr. Stanley was not with him.

"Well, papa," said Evelyn, "did you find our runaway dragoman?"

Sir William looked grave and perplexed. My heart beat very fast, for I felt sure that something was the matter.

"I can't make it out," he said; "he has gone to Jaffa!"

"Gone to Jaffa!" we all exclaimed together.

"Yes," he said, "the porter tells me he took a horse early this morning; it must have been soon after you saw him, Miss Lindsay, about ten o'clock the man said, and he went down to Jaffa. The porter thinks he was going back to England. I can't understand it; it is very strange."

"What can be the matter?" Evelyn said.

"I cannot imagine," said Sir William; "I think he might have let us know. The porter said he did not even take his luggage, but left it to be sent after him by the next steamer. It seems there is a steamer that leaves Jaffa for Alexandria to-night, and I suppose he wanted to catch that."

"Did not the man know why he left in such a hurry?" Evelyn asked.

"No, he did not seem to know. I asked him if a telegram had arrived for Mr. Stanley, and he said he did not think so: he had not taken one in; but the man talked such extraordinary French that I could not understand him very well. I wonder Stanley did not let us know he was going; it was very thoughtless of him."

"Perhaps he will write from Jaffa," Evelyn suggested.

"Well, I hope so," said Sir William; "but I think he might have let us known before this afternoon, and not have kept us waiting here in the sun. I gave him credit for more thoughtfulness. It is a very strange thing; I do not like it at all. Well, what are we to do? Miss Schwarz, we ought not to keep you standing here; will it be too late to go to the tomb?"

"Oh, no," she said, "not at all; it is quite a short ride; we shall be back long before sunset. Shall we go at once?"

"Yes, I think, perhaps, we had better go," said Sir William with some hesitation.

"You can talk Arabic, I suppose, Miss Schwarz, in case we need an interpreter."

"Oh, yes," she said, laughing, "as well as an Arab. I could talk Arabic before I could talk German."

So we set off for the tomb. But we were none of us in very good spirits. Sir William was complaining all the way of Mr. Stanley's bad behavior to us, and Evelyn was defending him to the best of her power, and assuring her father that there was certain to be a letter from Jaffa.

I am afraid that Miss Schwarz must have thought us very dull and uninteresting people. She was an exceedingly nice girl, just my own age, and, at any other time, I should so much have enjoyed my ride with her. But that afternoon I could not tell what was the matter with me, but it was an effort to talk.

I roused myself, once or twice, to take an interest in the places and the people that we were passing on the green Bethlehem plain; but I found it very difficult; my thoughts seemed to be far away. I was ashamed of myself, and struggled against it, and asked Miss Schwarz many questions about the place to which we were going, and she took great pains to explain everything to us, and to make our ride pleasant and interesting to us. I hope she did not think us ungrateful.

We went for some distance along the road to Bethlehem, and then we turned up among the mountains. It was a very wild, rough road, indeed after a time we had no road at all, but had to cross over ploughed fields and the shingle-covered hillsides. The view was splendid; a valley was beneath us, quite surrounded by hills, on the sides of which we could see the remains of many of the ancient terraces.

It must, indeed, have been a lovely place when it was planted with trees; but the bare, sandy heights were very tiring to the eye, and had it not been for a few patches of green, and the scarlet anemones and yellow Bethlehem stars which were peeping up between the stones, the hillsides would have been very uninteresting and monotonous. In the distance we could see the blue waters of the Dead Sea, and the white limestone mountains of Quarantania.

At last we reached a place where there were many ruins, the remains of an ancient village; there were several old wells, and stones with crosses carved upon them, which showed that they dated back to the times of the Crusaders. We passed through these ruins, and Miss Schwarz took us to the side of the hill, where the newly-discovered tomb was to be found.

It seems that the Arabs, living in a village near, were ploughing on the hillside, and one of them moved a large stone out of the way of his plough. To his astonishment he saw that the stone had covered a deep, dark hole; he went down into this hole and found himself in a stone chamber, the masonry of which was quite perfect. Another entrance had been afterward made into the tomb, and through this Miss Schwarz led us.

She told us that her father thinks it was a burying-place for Christians in the fifth or sixth century, so it is not very old compared with most of the places in Jerusalem, but it is most curious and interesting. There are five stone steps leading down to the door of the tomb, and the door itself is made of one block of stone, and is still on its hinges, and moves backward and forward most easily.

All round the chamber were places cut out of the stone for the coffins to lie in—there were twelve out of these in the principal room, but two other smaller chambers, leading out of the first one, contained more graves; these, however, had not been fully opened out when we were there. A large stone was at the mouth of each grave when it was discovered, and the Arabs had torn these away with the greatest haste, hoping to find some treasure buried with the dead. But though they opened every grave, they found inside nothing but dust.

We were just peeping into one of the farther chambers, and trying to count the number of graves in it, when we heard a great noise outside—shouting and yelling and jabbering, and, to our great alarm and dismay, a number of Arabs rushed into the tomb, shaking their fists at us, and screaming at the top of their voices. Sir William was very much agitated and frightened, for it was a wild and lonely place, far out of the reach of any European building or any public road.

We scrambled out as quickly as we could, followed closely by the Arabs. Miss Schwarz was

haranguing them in Arabic, but as we could not understand either what they were saying to her or she was saying to them, we were very much alarmed indeed, and felt sure that they intended to rob us, or even to murder us.

When we came out of the tomb we were still more terrified, for we saw that some of the Arabs had seized our horses, which we had tied to a tree near, and were preparing to lead them away.

"Oh, dear, I wish we had never come!" said Sir William. "What shall we do? If I could only talk to these fellows! Don't be frightened, Evelyn, darling. What do they want, Miss Schwarz? What do you think had better be done?"

(To be continued.)

PREACHING OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

S. S. Lesson for February 13th, Luke 3:1-22. Golden Text, ver. 8. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

WHAT kind of preacher should he make who was filled with the Holy Ghost from his very birth? Who can fancy him sitting down to make a sermon? A man who was one of God's prophets! "For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost" (2 Pet. 1:21). Accordingly, John the Baptist's theological training was conducted immediately by God Himself in the desert; he was the pupil of the Holy Ghost, and God, not man, called him to his office. "There was a man sent from God whose name was John" (John 1:6). "In the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Cæsar . . . the Word of God came unto John the son of Zacharias in the wilderness." "Sent from God," speaking as moved by the Holy Ghost that Word of God which came to him divinely, no wonder that his preaching emptied Jerusalem to come and hear him, and that all Judea and the region about Jordan came out unto him.

No preaching can carry real lasting power unless the preacher knows in himself, and carries evidence to others, that he is "a man sent from God" unto them. There is much preaching in which the doctrine is sound, the preacher is a converted man, but there is a grievous lack of power, and one feels sadly that he did not bring that message straight out of the sanctuary of God, that he was not "a man sent of God" to preach it, that instead of speaking as he was "moved," lending himself as servant to his message, he has been attempting to master his subject, and has thus robbed it of its power. John had learned in the wilderness the relative position of his message and himself. When his incomparable popularity stirred up the wonder of the ecclesiastical authorities of his day, and the Jews sent priests and Levites to ask him, "Who art thou? . . . what sayest thou of thyself?" After disclaiming to be the Christ, Elijah, or the prophet who was to come, he said, "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness." Only a voice, only the humble means of conveying the message of God. Let preachers learn to be "a voice," and only a voice, and the Holy Ghost will have room to move again.

John the Baptist knew well the mission which had been committed to him. He said, "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Make straight the way of the Lord, as said the prophet Esaias" (John 1:23). He was making ready for Another of whom he testified, "There standeth One among you, whom ye know not; He it is, who coming after me is preferred before me, whose shoe's latchet I am not worthy to unloose" (John 1:26, 27). All his efforts were made to bring men in contact with the coming Saviour, and his life said as much as his words, "He must increase, but I must decrease" (John 3:30). The Lord Jesus testified of him, "Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist" (Matt. 11:11); and yet perhaps there never was a man who more completely ignored himself for His sake whose way he came to prepare.

"And he came into all the country about Jordan, preaching the baptism of repentance for [or to] the remission of sins." Matthew and Mark say that he preached "in the wilderness of Judea," which was probably the same as "the country about Jordan." His preaching was authoritative, personal, and powerful; he made every hearer conscious that he must have to do with the message which he brought him whether he would or no. Here was "a man sent from God" who said to every man, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," and every hearer must either consciously repent or as consciously refuse to repent. The effect was at once observable, multitudes from Jerusalem, some perhaps half awakened souls, sighing for something of reality in their experience, some superficial ones ready for every novelty, some eager to subject the new preacher to a criticism which they had levelled against all the scribes of their day—went out into the wilderness to hear him.

But they were unprepared for that which they met with; many of them had been accustomed worshippers in the temple and in the synagogues, and had the habit of sitting as people do now with listlessness, or with respectful endurance, or with a spirit of criticism, perhaps in rare cases with some thirst for truth, to the teachings which they heard. But here in the wilderness there was reality, hearts were broken, consciences aroused, and men seemed to forget any presence but that of God, as they poured forth their agonized confessions. As new arrivals came, some of these whose hearts were moved would come and acknowledge wrong done by them years before, and on their return to Jeruaslem would make restitution arousing the inquiry, "What power on earth could induce So-and-so to humble himself in this way?" And when men heard it was the influence of the preacher in the desert they would go out in their turn to hear a man who wrought such wonders; and they would return with another mind, for repentance means simply a change of mind, that a mind turned from God is now turned toward Him, that men have renounced their thoughts and their ways and adopted God's thoughts and His ways which are higher than theirs (Isa. 55:7, 9).

In most revivals of religion the first souls who come under the Spirit's influence are the best, for they come while the movement is unpopular; they have apparently everything to lose, nothing to gain by it, and only an honest, whole-hearted purpose to serve God can make them yield to God's demands and believe in Him against wind and tide. Those who wait to see which way the wind blows, and whether the movement is recognized by such as are highly thought of, these never make noble Christians. Probably many such were among the "multitude that came forth to be baptized of" John, and he met them with the stern solemn words, "O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come? Bring forth therefore fruits worthy of repentance, and begin not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father: for I say unto you, That God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham."

Many among these multitudes had no other religion than that they were children of Abraham. Jews were they, circumcised, regular in attendance at the accustomed feasts, and they vainly imagined that more could not be expected of them. Just as in our own day, hundreds of thousands add on a religious profession to a life lived in the world and for the world, read the same Bible, and sing from the same hymn-books as God's own true children, attend the same church, often even frequent the Lord's table and satisfy themselves that they belong to an evangelical church, sit under a Gospel ministry, and what more can they want? But John was sent of God to fell to the earth all such pretensions, and he said, "Now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees: every tree therefore which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire." Like a practised woodman who is commissioned to fell a tree at the roots, he dug away all the soil, all these pretensions, and the root of a living connection with God was wanting.

It may be that in his lonely communings with God in the desert the Lord had opened to him His heart concerning His people Israel, and that He had said, "What could have been done more to My vineyard, that I have not done in it? wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes? . . . For the vineyard of the Lord of hosts is the house of Israel, and the men of Judah His pleasant plant: and He looked for judgment, but behold oppression righteousness, but behold a cry (Isa. 5:

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And it may be that God had revealed to the man who knew nothing of the wo ways, what were the wild grapes whi brought forth, and which we read of misers of ver. 8, the pleasure-seekers o 12, the scoffers of vers. 18, 19, the false t ver. 20, the self-righteous of ver. 21, the dr of vers. 22, 23. And all these wild grapes be found in the vineyard of the house of among those who said, "We have Abraham our father."

John was sent to call men to decision and t reality, to a living union with God, or to a cutting off from Him altogether; he came with the axe of God to carry away dead branches for the fire of God, and he did real work; he was personal in his appeals, and his hearers begun to be personal in the questions which they put to him. "What shall we do then?" His directions were in accordance with his mission as the last teacher under the law, "He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise." John's baptism was "for remission of sins," but it does not appear how far his converts obtained a clear sense of pardon. His preaching produced an expectation and suspense; men mused in their hearts whether he was the Christ or not. But John disclaimed most utterly any pretension to be Christ, and said, "I indeed baptize you with water; but One mightier than I cometh the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose: He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

The expectation which the Baptist had aroused was not left unsatisfied. "The next day (after bearing this testimony) John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." The moment he saw Jesus, John spoke of the taking away of sin. By the power of the Holy Ghost he had been enabled beforehand to arouse and convince sinners; to render them uneasy; to make them see their lives in the light of God, and to drive away from them all false hopes. But then how could they who were sinners by nature cease to sin, and how could they escape the just judgment of God? John's former teaching did not solve these questions; now light broke in, "Behold," and the hearers must look away from themselves, "behold the Lamb of God." They were familiar with the sin offerings, with the laying of the offerer's sin upon the victim, but here was a Victim who should bear the world's sin, for "the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

Here then was the expected Christ, and the first question which He dealt with must be sin; but He dealt with it in His own Person and not in ours, bearing our sin "in His own body on the tree") 1 Pet. 2:24). He "put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. 9:26). We become partakers of Adam's sin by nature whether we will or no, and we inherit sin from him; "in Adam all die." But Jesus is the second Adam, who includes in Himself all who will by faith come out of themselves and see themselves in Him. As the scapegoat bore away the sins of the children of Israel which were put upon him into "a land not inhabited" (Lev. 16:21, 22), so the Lamb of God beareth away the sins of the world. He has delivered us from the iron grip of the law, "that being dead wherein we were held"—*i. e.* that "body of sin" (Rom. 6:6) which has been crucified with, or in the body of Christ, we are become dead to the law by the body of Christ (in His Person the body of sin has met with its just reward), "that ye should be married to another, even to Him who is raised from the dead, that we should bring forth fruit unto God." That which John the Baptist might ineffectually demand, Christ has made a glorious possibility. Let him bring his axe, and if he finds us rooted in Christ he will have no work to do upon us.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The British Government have Introduced their Coercion Bill in the House of Commons. It is called a "Bill for Protecting Life and Property." It enables the Lord Lieutenant to issue a warrant for the arrest of anybody *suspected* of treasonable designs or of being connected with agrarian outrages. The persons so arrested may be detained persons accused of crime, and a list of all persons imprisoned, with a statement of the reason for arrest, is to be presented to Parliament every week. The powers conferred by the act are to continue in force until the 30th of September next. In other words, the personal liberty of all persons in Ireland is placed in the hands of the Lord Lieutenant. It makes no reference to the Habeas Corpus Act, but is virtually a suspension of its operation.

Mr. Forster, the Irish Secretary, in introducing the bill, justified his procedure by a long and detailed description of the outrages which had been committed. He showed that the Land League had a complete system of constables in all the districts, who recorded every infringement of the rules of the League. The result is, he said, that "the Land League is supreme. There is a reign of terror. Those who break the law are safe, while honest men who keep it are in danger. The Land League strikes terror. We must, therefore, strike terror into them. We must arrest these criminals."

The Trial of Mr. Parnell and his Friends ended in the disagreement of the jury after a consultation lasting more than six hours. The presiding judge commenced his charge to the jury on Tuesday, January 25th. In the course of his remarks, he declared that the land laws of Ireland were more favorable to the occupiers and agriculturists than those of Great Britain, Belgium, or the United States. He repudiated both the theory of the defense, that the Land League was chiefly a charitable association, and the contrary theory, that it was a scheme of socialism devised in America. *The Americans, he said, were as a nation noble and generous*, and no scheme of socialism for the destruction of property in Ireland had been devised by them. At the same time he strongly censured the *Irish-American idlers* who had returned to Ireland to stir up dissension. The charge was concluded the next day at noon, and after being summoned into court on three separate occasions, the foreman of the jury said that the jurymen were "*unanimously of the opinion that they could not agree.*" It is understood that ten were for acquittal, and two for conviction.

In ordinary cases the course adopted would be to try the defendants again with another jury, but it is thought probable that in this instance the Government will not make another attempt. The issue of the trial has furnished the advocates of coercion with an effective argument. They point to it as a proof that the ordinary powers of the law are insufficient to cope with the present condition of Ireland.

A Sensation of Uneasiness and Apprehension has been produced in England by the announcement that the Government have discovered plots of outrages on Government property. It has been found necessary to guard the great dockyards at Portsmouth and Plymouth and the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich with special care. All barracks are *watched night and day*, and wherever arms are stored great uneasiness exists. "This alarm is not imaginary," says the London correspondent of the New York *World*, "for I know that there has been positive information in the hands of the Government to prove that the recent explosion at Salford was only intended to open the campaign. *An attack on the barracks* at Windsor was undoubtedly planned for one night this week, but the scheme was discovered in time to be frustrated."

The Irish Members of the British House of Commons, aided by the extreme section of the Liberal party, have commenced a course of obstruction which is intended to embarrass the Government, and delay legislation. On Tuesday, January 25th, they made several consecutive motions to adjourn, involving the expenditure of much time in taking divisions. Mr. Biggar, a prominent Home Ruler, was suspended from legislative functions for disrespectful behavior to the speaker, and other members were reprimanded. Notwithstanding this vigorous treatment, continued obstruction was effected, and the House finally adjourned on Wednesday, at noon, having sat for twenty hours.

An interesting feature of the debates has been the attitude of Mr. John Bright, who has for many years been known as an earnest friend of Ireland, and a stout opponent of coercion. Much curiosity was felt about his opinion of the present crisis, and his words have carried more weight than those of any other speaker. He said he deeply regretted that *coercion was necessary*. If a land bill had not been promised after the Coercion Bill he would not now be in the Ministry. He had received letters from Ireland showing that during the last four months Ireland had been drifting from bad to worse. The Land League might boast of their power, but he doubted their wisdom or patriotism. The leaders of the League had to a large extent demoralized the people, whom they professed to defend. He said the bill was "for the coercion of the few and of mercy to the many."

A Serious Defeat was Inflicted by the Boers in South Africa, on the British forces under the command of Sir George Colley, on January 26th. That General, who was on his way to relieve beleaguered British garrisons, attacked the Boers who occupied a strong position in a pass of the Drankenburg mountains. The attack was successful at first, but the Boers being strongly reinforced, drove the British troops down the hill with severe loss. The Boers fought with determined courage. They captured the colors of the Fifty-eighth regiment, killing two officers in charge of them. The colors were recaptured at the point of the bayonet. About a thousand British soldiers were engaged, of whom nearly two hundred officers and men were killed, and a large number wounded. All the staff and mounted officers were shot down.

The cable report says Sir George Colley's defeat doubtless seals the fate of the beleaguered garrisons, as reinforcements cannot reach them for three weeks. His own position is considered dangerous.

Floods and Hurricanes in Spain are Reported by cable to have ravaged the entire peninsula for ten days. The inundations have destroyed half the crop of oranges and lemons, and an immense loss, estimated at over $40,000,000 to other crops. Towns like Seville, Cordova, and Bruges were flooded, but the loss of life was comparatively slight. The loss to shipping on the coast is supposed to exceed 100 vessels, and the damage done to vessels in the ports of Huelva, Bilbao, Cadiz, Barcelona, and Santander is estimated at several million dollars. The gales and floods have cut off telegraphs and interrupted the lines in the north and northwest of Spain, and have been followed by a snowfall of unprecedented magnitude, in the centre and even in the southern part of the peninsula. Madrid lies under one foot of snow.

The Conditions of Peace Proposed by Chili are now published. They are as follows: The cession of Antofagasta to Chili; the surrender of the allied fleet, and the payment of an indemnity of $30,000,000, whereof Peru shall assume $20,000,000 and Bolivia $10,000,000, Chili to occupy Callao and work the guano deposits and copper and saltpetre mines until full payment of the indemnity is made. It appears that Callao as well as Lima has surrendered to the Chileans.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts has just Started another work of philanthropy in London. She has opened, in connection with the Flower Girl's Mission, an exhibition of natural and artificial flowers, the object of which is to try and wean the girls from the streets, with their consequent temptations, by employing them regularly, sending them to customers' houses with all kinds of cut flowers (the orders having been previously received), pay them a regular salary, finding them in clothes and teaching them to read and write, together with domestic duties and other important matters.

A Victory Gained by Russian Troops over the Tekkes in North-western Asia, may possibly lead to complications with Great Britain in the future. The Russian General Skobeleff captured the Turcoman fortress of Geok-Tepe on January 24th. The fortifications had been planned by an En general, and were thought to be almost impregn The conquest is regarded as affording Russia a venient basis of operations should she resolve at time to move against British India. An En officer warns the Government that "the Russ are trying to conquer a magnificent country, w will supply them with 100,000 of the best figh men in the world outside of Europe. A cou with which any general can feel safe as a ba operations against Afghanistan and India." phetic expositors are of opinion that India as as Ireland will be separated from England distant day.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Health has of occasioned uneasiness. His nervous system broken down, and his medical adviser recomm *a visit to Australia*, which is regarded as the effectual remedy in Mr. Spurgeon's present c tion. The complete cessation from work, the age, and a few months' residence in the b air of Australia, would, it is devoutly hoped the invalid up for many years of active la Mr. Spurgeon, however, will not hear of lea home, and cannot even be advised to avail self of change of air in his neighborhood.

A Courageous Young Seaman.—A Mission whose work is among British seamen, relates one night at the close of a prayer-meeting a y sailor, who had only a few nights before been verted, came up to him and asked him to wr few words on a card for him. "What sh write?" he asked. "Write this: 'I love Je do you?'" After writing the words, he inq what he was going to do with the card. H plied, "I am going to sea to-morrow, and I afraid if I do not take a stand at once I may b to be ashamed of my religion. So I am goi *nail this card on my bunk*, and that will let e one know at once that I am a Christian."

A British Soldier's Infatuation for Li and his melancholy death were thus describe the Mansion House, London, two weeks ago b Rev. J. G. Gregson. "A man stopped me a door of the barrack-room, one day, and 'There, I have signed this pledge, and I ho will turn some of the white hairs of my f black, as I have before turned his black white.' I said, 'If that is to be the resul Heaven's sake keep it,' and he did keep it fo months. I met him in a hospital afterward, he said, 'I want you to write to my father an him I have been a teetotaller for five months cause here's his letter. This is the first lett has written to me, the first I have received si left home; but I have had a slip.' And tha was that he had been taking brandy, because one had recommended it to him as a medicine from the moment he tasted it he went on to d Next week I met him, and he looked me full i face and said, 'Don't trouble, I have gone I *will* drink, and if my broken-hearted mother down there and asked me to give it up, still v I go and have drink.' The last time I met was in the canteen at Agra, liquor in hand, he said, 'Now leave me alone.' Shortly afte interview with him a crack was heard on parade ground, and to-day there is *a suicide's g* in Agra, and a broken heart in England."

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(From a Crayon Portrait by Alva Pearsall, Brooklyn.)

THOMAS DE WITT TALMAGE, Junr.

The Scene at the Funeral—Distinguished Mourners—Bright Hopes Blighted—Judge Neilson's Tribute — Dr. Davison's Recollections — Address by Dr. Suydam—Judge Tenney's Letter —Dr. Spear's Pathetic Remarks—Young Mr. Talmage's Resolutions—Verses Found by Dr. Talmage Among His Son's Law Papers.

IT is estimated that six thousand people on the Sabbath afternoon of January 9th filed past and looked down into the face of this young lawyer as he lay in the casket in his father's church, the Brooklyn Tabernacle. But few knew how young he was, not twenty-one till next 28th of July. The Mayor, the prominent officials of the city, the judges of courts, the gentlemen of the legal profession, the clergy, the people of all ages and conditions passed in the procession. The twelve officers of the church acted as pall-bearers, in very impressive manner discharging their sad duty.

Mrs. Florence Rice Knox, the celebrated singer, moved all hearts with her pathetic music, and the great audience which packed the church and overflowed into the streets, sang "Jesus lover of my Soul." Rev. Dr. Spear presided, and Rev. Professor Davison, Rev. Messrs. St. John, Wood, Easton, Suydam, and Vanderveer took part in the solemn obsequies. No young man in this country ever received such honors, whether is considered the vastness of the audience, or the sympathies excited.

As he lay with arms folded, he seemed in a pleasant sleep. He had not been wasted with long suffering. A rheumatic trouble had distressed him for some months, but he had been confined to his bed only two days in what was not considered a dangerous disease. At half past ten o'clock on the night of January 6th, the family had retired, except the person in attendance, and at a quarter to eleven, *without a second of warning*, he expired.

Although only five months licensed, after his graduation from Columbia Law College, he already had large law practice, and had won the wide attention of the public. Judges Neilson, McCue, and Moore, before whom he had appeared as attorney, speak in highest terms of his gentlemanliness, affability, and talent. He had magnetic qualities as a speaker which gave promise of great eminence. The tribute paid him at the funeral by Hon. A. W. Tenney, United States District Attorney, and himself one of the leading orators of the country, will deeply interest our readers.

Hon. Judge Neilson says of young Mr. Talmage: "When he appeared in court before me, his manner, style of speech, evident good taste and culture, gave, I thought, a rich promise of future fellowship." A gentleman high in literary circles says of the departed: "I was one who saw in De Witt greatness of faculty, of fidelity, and of force. His mind was strong, tenacious, true. His powers as a thinker were notable. His promise as an orator who would become a master of men was great."

Dr. Spear said: "There are, my friends, no words at my command, and scarcely any thoughts within the grasp of my understanding, seemingly sufficiently significant to meet the exigencies of this mournful and afflictive occasion. I almost regret, in the light of my own infirmities, that I have been selected to take charge of these funeral solemnities, and I shall not, at this moment, detain you with protracted remarks.

"I invoke from your heads and your hearts a kind, cordial, prayerful, tender sympathy with our beloved brother, Dr. Talmage and his family—from you as a people, from those who may be comparatively strangers here, from all the members of the clerical profession who may be here, and I have no doubt that I shall not invoke this sympathy in vain. Sympathy to him is valuable in this hour of sudden sorrow and appalling grief."

The hymn "Nearer, my God, to Thee," was then read, and as the vast congregation, in subdued tones, and with manifest feeling, joined in the appropriate hymn, many silent prayers were offered that the cross the bereaved pastor and his family were bearing might be the means of raising them yet nearer to God.

After the hymn had been sung, the following address was delivered by

REV. DR. DAVISON:

I feel that this is not my proper place. I want to be among the mourners. When Job's friends came to sympathize with him, before they uttered a word, they sat for days with him in the dust, and I have often thought it would have been far better had they never opened their mouths than to say just what they did and when they did. But I cannot refuse the request of this afflicted family to say a word.

I remember *the departed as my pupil*—a youth of ready wit, bright intellect, cheerful disposition, obliging, always respectful, dutiful, winning the affections of his teacher and his companions. I was called on one occasion to preach for a beloved pastor in this city whose child was then lying at the point of death and was called away before the services were concluded. When we left the church I called to see the pastor, and after a few words of offered sympathy on my part, I was impressed with his reply: "One thing that comforts me is that *my Saviour did it*, my personal Saviour did it."

And here is our comfort to-day as we look upon the dead. It is not the work of chance. God did it, and not the absolute God, severe, stern, just, but God the Father, loving, kind, and tender. We have had fathers of our flesh who corrected us, and we gave them reverence. How much rather shall we be in subjection to the Father of Spirits and love! Nor is that all. It is God in Christ, God, our Saviour, our personal Saviour who has sent this terrible affliction. There is our comfort, for we hear the voice of Him who said: "I am he that lived and was dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of hell and death." Oh what a comfort! Christ holds the keys of the unseen world. Though Heaven's gates stand ajar, the door of death is locked. No man can pass those gates until He who alone holds the keys turns the key and lets him pass through. Christ, our Saviour, did it.

And then, again, I am reminded that this God is the God of the covenant—the God of the covenant, which covenant Christ meant for every penitent, believing sinner. That covenant includes not only believers, but with them their children, and were it not true, as it is, that our departed young friend had his name enrolled upon the church records, and were it not true, at I learn it is true, that by personal assurance he gave great comfort to his friends in the later hours, and although I know that the mere application of water in baptism can never have saved the soul, yet so firm is my faith in the everlasting covenant of God, or rather in the God of the covenant, that I should still expect, if so happy myself as to reach the blessed land, there to see De Witt—not as he used to appear in the class-room or in the family, or in the Law School, or among his clients, but all glorious within and glorious without, clad in the white raiment which is the righteousness of saints, and radiant with the righteousness which is brighter and purer than angel or man ever wrought.

One word more. The God in Christ who did this is a sympathizing Saviour. Though enthroned in glory, He has yet a fellow feeling with our infirmities, and He calls not one of us to endure that which He has not Himself passed through. Oh, how tender and kind, and how loving He was and is this very moment! And He comes very near to this family as He does to us all, so we can hear Him whisper in our ears, "Lean on Me! lean on Me!"

Allow me to read in the words of another what just expresses my own thoughts on this occasion. It is supposed to be Christ Himself whispering to those who are bearing heavy burdens:

> Child of my love, lean hard!
> And let me feel the pressure of thy care.
> I know thy burden, for I fashioned it—
> Poised it in my own hand, and made its weight
> Precisely that which I saw best for thee;
> And when I placed it on thy shrinking form,
> I said "I shall be near, and while she leans
> On me this burden shall be mine, not hers:
> So shall I keep within my circling arms
> The child of my own love." Here lay it down,
> Nor fear to weary Him who made, upholds,
> And guides the universe. Yet closer come:
> Thou art not near enough. Thy care, thyself,
> Lay both on me, that I may feel my child
> Reposing on my heart. Thou lovest me?
> I doubt it not; then, loving me, *lean hard!*

Prayer was then offered by Rev. Mr. Wood, and was followed by the hymn "Jesus, lover of my Soul," after which the following address was delivered by

REV. DR. SUYDAM:

In common with all of you, I come to bring my tribute of sympathy to this afflicted pastor and his family; but in a peculiar way I come to represent a certain number who may be called friends. And I cannot stand in this presence, and upon this platform where he is accustomed to stand, or look down into his face from this place, without having my mind go far back, a quarter of a century, when together we were students preparing for the Gospel ministry, when we exchanged almost daily visits in our little rooms, when we met together in our classes, and recited to those venerable men of God who taught us and who have now gone to their reward.

The most of the students still survive. They are peculiarly bound together, not only by ties of ordinary acquaintanceship or ordinary friendship, but strongest affection, and although our ways in life have been different, the grand purpose has with us all been one. In our own sphere, with our own peculiar talents, just where God has seen fit to cast our lot, there the light have we sought, and exerted an influence which will tell for good upon the world and for the glory of God who commanded us, and the Christ to whom we have consecrated our lives and all our service.

And we have watched each other with peculiar interest, and being closely united, when one of the members has suffered, all the members of the body have suffered with him. And this, not only in a grief and a trial like this which calls us together on this sad occasion, but in all trials, in all circumstances of affliction where each or any of us has been called upon to bear our peculiar cross.

I represent *that coterie of students*, now men past middle life, who count almost more of their friends on the other side than on this, and I bring to-day this tribute of friendship from them. Side by side for six years, he who is your pastor and I worked together in the city of Philadelphia, in churches of the same denomination, closely allied in our efforts there to do for our Master, seeing each other almost daily, the doors of my house open to him, and his hospitable home open to me and mine. There the friendship earlier begun was still further cemented, and, therefore, it is with no ordinary feeling that I stand here to-day to represent that large number of friends also in Philadelphia who send greeting with their tears and expressions of sympathy with this afflicted man and his family.

And I come with many of you to cast my handful of violets upon the coffin of the departed. I knew him only *as a little child;* but I remember his gentle, his simple ways, his sympathetic nature, and I may say, I think, without any assumption whatever, that there was in his early boyhood a peculiar attachment from him toward myself which was also reciprocated. *Little De Witt* was a favorite as a boy, and I can at this time only recall him as such, and the days and hours when we romped and played together, and it is difficult for me to conceive that he is now the man in professional life. Oh, how difficult it is to me to conceive that he is dead and gone!

Time flies. Great changes are wrought, and we are getting older, and new generations are rising up after us, and those that stood between us and others are being removed, and those that came after us are already stark in death. Hard it is for us to believe it, hard it is for us to realize it.

I come to sympathize with the father and mother over the loss of this first-born son, and the question comes which I cannot answer, "*to what purpose is this waste?*" Is it a waste, or is there a call coming from the coffin to make even this man who preaches to these thousands Sabbath by Sabbath, and whose words of fire circle the globe

—to make him still more earnest, that the remnant of his days may be passed in greater consecration, and his influence may extend in greater ratio while yet God shall continue him to live. *So mote it be!*

We can come to-day to say what we cannot always do. Physician, take your own medicine. He who stands and gives consolation to so many hearts knows where the source is to which he can apply. He who could stand over the coffin of his gray-headed octogenarian sire, and there preach of the almond-tree in blossom, has strength in this hour of his trial while this staff is taken from him and his first-born is laid in the grave. He gets it from the same source where his sires derived it, which is to be transmitted to generations to come.

Aye, in that blessed Gospel, and there only, shall true strength, real sympathy be obtained. Away with all your cold philosophies, away with your scepticisms and your doubts in such an hour as this. We wish now to stand side by side with Him who stood at the grave of Lazarus, and groaned in spirit, and wept with those who wept, indicating His perfect humanity and His complete sympathy with suffering humanity—at the same time who could stand at the grave and command, "Lazarus, come forth," and the dead bursting the cerements of the grave, could stand forth living. The human in the Christ weeping. The divine in the Christ commanding the dead. Upon this we lean. This is our stay, this is our support, and to this we can condfidently commit this father, this mother, this sister, these brothers and sisters on even such an occasion as this. Aye, blessed Christ that He is, who feels for us in our infirmities. God sends His messenger, and we are disposed to shrink from it.

After all, it is but *the messenger of mercy*, and though what He does we know not now, we shall know hereafter.

"Who is the angel that cometh?
Death!
But do not shudder and do not fear:
Hold your breath,
For a kingly presence is drawing near,
Cold and bright
Is his flashy steel,
Cold and bright
The smile that comes like a starry light
To calm the terror and grief we feel:
He comes to help and to save and heal:
Then let us, baring our hearts and kneeling,
Sing while we wait this angel's sword.
'Blessed is he that cometh
In the name of the Lord.'"

The poet has only paraphrased the Scriptures. "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Rev. Mr. Easton then read the following

LETTER FROM HON. A. W. TENNEY, United States District Attorney:

BROOKLYN, January 9, 1881.

MY DEAR DR. SPEAR: A wish has been expressed by the near relatives of the deceased that I take some part in these funeral exercises, but my feelings are so intense that I dare not trust myself to speech. And yet I cannot allow my dearly beloved young friend to pass to the tomb without bearing testimony to his great worth and manly character.

Thomas De Witt Talmage, Jr., was my intimate and personal friend. For two years and more our relations have been of a most interesting character. While in the law college and since he entered actively upon his profession I have seen much of him. He was a frequent and always welcome visitor at my house and at my office. We had exchanged confidence, friendship, and love, and here, in this sacred presence, I mourn as one who has lost a son.

I knew his aspirations, his aims, and his desires in life. I knew with what zeal he sought to take an honorable place among his fellow-men. He chose the law for his profession, and his enthusiastic love for his chosen work in life secured for him almost unexampled success from the very start. I have never known a young man to enter my profession with a more lofty purpose than he entered his. I say this, not because we are gathered around his bier to-day, nor because kindly words should be said. I speak it because it is true, and being true it is right and proper that it should be said.

Scarcely six months in his profession, and yet hardly a day without a case in court, and one day, and that quite recently, having eight cases in court. By his ability, his frankness, and gentlemanly bearing he won for himself a place in his profession which will long be remembered by his associates at the bar and the judges upon the bench. He looked upon the law, not as a means of oppression to any one, but rather as a means for securing justice to all alike. He sought success, not by a trick nor by device, but by earning it, by deserving it. He asked not to have his profession elevate him, but he hoped by duties faithfully performed to elevate his profession.

Well do I remember how, in the early autumn of last year, he remarked to me with all the enthusiasm of his young nature, "I have one ambition, and that is to demonstrate to my father that I can not only be a successful lawyer, but an upright man as well, and I hope to live long enough so that father and mother and all my friends may be proud of me." Noble ambition of this noble young man! Providence was kind to him. His wish was granted; his desires all fulfilled. He nobly demonstrated the former. He richly secured the latter.

I desire further to add that in our intimacy, so unreserved as it was, I never heard him use a profane or unclean word. I never heard him speak chidingly or unkindly of any one. His nature was full of loving kindness to all. He carried in his heart charity, not malice. Every impulse of his nature was on the right side. He journeyed amid the flowers of life, and not among its thorns. He had a kind word and a loving smile for all. He was a royal-hearted, noble young man, and his great delight was in helping those who could not help themselves.

But now his voice is hushed, his merry laughter forever silenced, and yet while sadness and shadows fill the hour, it is a blessed thing to know that he is safe. He will appear no more at earthly tribunals. He has passed on to that grand Assize where justice supreme and impartial will reign for evermore. To a just and loving Father we commit his soul, to fond and lingering memory the sweet and fragrant story of his life.

A. W. TENNEY.

Rev. Samuel T. Spear, D.D.

DR. SPEAR said: I find my own name on the list of persons requested to say a word on this occasion, and I shall ask especial hearing of my beloved brother, Dr. Talmage, his wife and children in this sorrowful and mournful hour. I shall address my thoughts especially to their hearing. My dear brother, you are my friend. I am yours. I expect to remain such while I live. I hope to be such in the skies.

My heart, *for a special reason*, bleeds to-day. It has often bled as it now bleeds. The sorrows that burden your heart are the sorrows that have burdened my heart at times for seventeen long years, and I can speak to you from the experience of profound sympathy.

I had a son, my brother, who had just entered the legal profession. He was two years older than your son, with a bright, brilliant prospect before him. He was smitten with the hand of disease two thousand miles distant from myself, his father, and died in twelve hours, and was dead before I left my home to go to see him. When I got there he was dead. I buried him. I was a week in going and burying my son and in returning. It was *the most awful week of my life*.

I know how you feel. My comfort then, my comfort now, is not in looking into the coffin, or into the grave. When I saw my son deposited in the grave, I turned to my wife. Said I: "Samuel is not there; we do not bury him; he is up there" (pointing heavenward). Your son is up there. He has gone, not died. He lives! he is not extinct. Saved. Glorified. The grand exposition of life is not in life, but in its sequence. Take the comfort of hope. Lean on Jesus the friend.

Profit by the trials severe. Bear it as well you may, strengthened by the Saviour, and remember this sweet song of the psalmist: "Like as a father pitieth his children, even so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." Oh, how dear the memory of that dead son is to me! What would I not give for the privilege of doing him a favor? Affection—yes, seized upon by inspiration to illustrate God's pity in our behalf.

After the Benediction had been pronounced, the burial took place in Greenwood.

Since the obsequies we have obtained some

ADDITIONAL FACTS

in regard to the life of young Mr. Talmage. In 1873 he professed to have had a change of heart. Three days before his death, and when he had no idea of dying, he said at the tea-table that he was going to begin anew the Christian life. He felt that he had been worldly, and, in the presence of all the family, solemnly declared his purpose to reconsecrate himself to God.

He said to a prominent lawyer, not long ago, "I am going to spend my life in behalf of the poor and the oppressed." He was fond of discussing religious themes. A characteristic which all his associates noticed, was that he would not silently hear any one spoken against. As full of wit and merriment as any one could be, yet he was easily moved to tears of sympathy.

During revival services last spring young Mr. Talmage expressed to a Christian gentleman his love for Christ and trust in Him. Among *some law memoranda*, and in lead-pencil writing, with erasures and interlineations, showing the verses to be young Mr. Talmage's own composition, the following stanzas were found by his father while last week looking through his son's papers.

The verses were evidently written on a Sabbath morning, and show that the God to whom he had been solemnly consecrated by his parents in infancy, had wrought upon him by converting grace:

"Jesus! as this day we gather
In Thy holy place of prayer,
Help us each to know Thee better,
And to trust Thy watchful care.

Thou we know all kind and gentle,
Ever smoothing life's rough way,
Bore the cross to save Thy children,
And didst die our debts to pay:

So each Sabbath may it find us
At Thy holy footstool bent,
Till on earth our days are finished,
And to us Thy call is sent."

The Death of Rev. E. A. Washburn, the beloved incumbent of Calvary Church, New York, occurred on Wednesday, February 2d. Dr. Washburn had been suffering from the illness which has now terminated fatally for some months, and he has been incapacitated for ministerial labor since the middle of December. His eminent abilities and high spiritual character endeared him to a wide circle of friends, and his death will be mourned as a personal bereavement, not only by his congregation, but by ministers and Christian people throughout the land.

Dr. Washburn was a native of Boston, Mass. *He was born* in 1819, and after a course of education in the primary and Latin schools, entered Harvard at the age of sixteen. His early associations were with the Congregationalist denomination, but in 1843, owing to difficulties on the doctrines of Calvinism, he entered *the Episcopal Church*, laboring first at St. Paul's Church, Newburyport, Mass. After seven years' service there, he went on a tour to Europe and the Holy Land, returning in 1854. He subsequently resided at Hartford, Conn., and at Philadelphia, Pa. The death of the brilliant Dr. Hawks in 1865 caused a vacancy in the pulpit of Calvary Church, which Dr. Washburn was invited to fill. He accepted the invitation, and remained with that church until his death. He was one of the ministers selected on account of their learning to aid in the revision of the Bible, and took a prominent part in the affairs of the Evangelical Alliance. In 1870 he was a member of the American deputation which called upon the Russian Premier, Prince Gortschakoff, and to him, as the representative of the Emperor, presented the famous memorial on behalf of religious liberty.

CHANGES IN HEAVEN.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached on Sunday, February 6, 1881.

"And I saw a new heaven."—REV. 21 : 1.

The Idea of Heaven in Modern Phrase—Its Atmosphere—Its Architecture—Its Literature—Its Society—Progress in Heaven—I. In Numbers—The Millions of Children There—II. In Knowledge—III. In Its Society—Heaven Gathering in the Good Men of the Ages—IV. In Good Cheer of Announced Victories—The Ships of Light—The Return Freight—The Final Victories—A Lesson of Patience—Of Activity—The Body the Sword's Sheath—Whom Would You See First?—A Message to the Skies—A Day of Emptiness in Heaven—Heaven's Jubilee.

THE stereotyped Heaven does not make adequate impression upon us. We need the old story told in new style in order to arouse our appreciation. I do not suppose that we are compelled to the old phraseology. King James's translators did not exhaust all the good and graphic words in the English dictionary.

I suppose if we should take the idea of Heaven and translate into modern phrase, we would find that its atmosphere is a combination of early June and of the Indian summer in October—a place combining the advantages of city and country; the streets standing for the one, and the twelve manner of fruits for the other—a place of musical entertainments: harpers, pipers, trumpeters, doxologies—a place of wonderful architecture: behold the temples—a place where there may be the higher forms of animal life: the beasts which were on earth beaten and lash-whipped and galled and unblanketed and worked to death, turned out among the white horses which the Book of Revelation describes as being in Heaven—a place of stupendous literature: the books open—a place of aristocratic and democratic attractiveness: the kings standing for the one, all nations for the other—all botanical, pomological, ornithological, arborescent, worshipful beauty and grandeur.

But my idea now is to speak chiefly of the improved Heaven. People sometimes talk of Heaven as though it were an old city finished centuries ago, when I have to tell you that no city on earth, during the last fifty years, has had such changes as Heaven. It is not the same place as when Job and David and Paul wrote of it. For hundreds and hundreds of years it has been going through peaceful revolution, and year by year, and month by month, and hour by hour, and moment by moment, it is changing, and changing for something better. Away back there was only one residence in the universe,

THE RESIDENCE OF THE ALMIGHTY.

Heaven had not yet been started. Immensity was the park all around about this great residence; but God's sympathetic heart after a while overflowed in other creations, and there came all through this vast country of immensity inhabited villages, which grew and enlarged until they joined each other and became *one great central metropolis of the universe*, streeted, gated, templed, watered, inhabited. One angel went forth with a reed, we are told, and he measured Heaven on one side, and then he went forth and measured Heaven on the other side, and then St. John tried to take the census of that city, and he became so bewildered he gave it up.

I. That brings me to the first thought of the sermon, that Heaven is vastly *improved in numbers*. Saying little under this head of my discourse, about the multitudes of adults who have gone into glory during the last hundred or five hundred or thousand years—I remember there are fourteen hundred millions of people in the world, and that the vast majority of people die in infancy. How many children must have gone into Heaven during the last five hundred or thousand years!

If New York should gather in one generation a million population, if London should gather in one generation four million population, what a vast increase! But what a mere nothing as compared with the five hundred million, the two thousand million, the "multitude that no man can number," that have gone into that city. Of course, all this takes for granted that *every child that dies goes straight into Heaven* as ever the light sped from a star, and that is one reason why Heaven will always be fresh and beautiful—the great multitude of children in it. Put five hundred million children in a country, it will be a blessed and lively country. But add to this, if you will, the great multitude of adults who have gone into glory, and how

THE CENSUS OF HEAVEN

must run up! Many years ago a clergyman stood in a New England pulpit and said that he believed that the vast majority of the race would finally be destroyed, and that not more than one person out of two thousand persons would be finally saved. There happened to be about two thousand people in the village where he preached. Next Sabbath two persons were heard discussing the subject, and wondering which one of the two thousand people in the village would finally reach Heaven, and one thought it would be the minister, and the other thought it was the old deacon.

Well, my friends, I have not much admiration for a life-boat which will go out to a ship sinking with two thousand passengers, and get one off in safety, and let nineteen hundred and ninety-nine go to the bottom. Why Heaven must have been a village when Abel, the first soul from earth, entered it, as compared with the present population of that great city.

II. Again, I remark that Heaven has vastly improved *in knowledge*. Give a man forty or fifty years to study one science, or all sciences, with all the advantages of laboratories and observatories and philosophic apparatus, he will be a marvel of information. Now, into what intelligence must Heaven mount, angelhood and sainthood, not after studying for forty or fifty years, but for thousands of years—studying God, and the soul, and immortality, and the universe. How the intelligence of that world must sweep on and on, with eyesight farther reaching than telescope, with power of calculation mightier than all human mathematics, with powers of analysis surpassing all chemical laboratory, with speed swifter than telegraphy.

What must Heaven learn; with all these advantages, in a month, in a year, in a century, in a millennium? The difference between the highest university on earth and the smallest class in primary school cannot be a greater difference than Heaven as it is now and Heaven as it once was. Do you not suppose that when Doctor James Simpson went up from the hospitals of Edinburgh into Heaven he knew more than ever the science of health, and that Joseph Henry, graduating from the Smithsonian Institute into Heaven, he awoke into higher realms of philosophy, and that Sir William Hamilton lifted to loftier sphere, understood better the construction of the human intellect, and that John Milton took up higher poetry in the actual presence of things that on earth he had tried to describe. When the first saints entered Heaven they must have studied only the A B C of the full literature of wisdom with which they are now acquainted.

III. Again: Heaven is vastly improved in

ITS SOCIETY.

During your memory how many exquisite spirits have gone into it! If you should try to make a list of all the genial, loving, gracious, blessed souls that you have known, it would be a very long list—souls that have gone into glory. Now, do you not suppose they have enriched the society? Have they not improved Heaven?

You tell of what Heaven did for them. Have they done nothing for Heaven? Take all the gracious souls that have gone out of your acquaintanceship, and add to them all the gracious and beautiful souls that for five hundred or a thousand years have gone out of all the cities, and all the villages, and all the countries of this earth into glory, and how the society of Heaven must have been improved! Suppose Paul the Apostle were introduced into your social circle on earth; but Heaven has added all the apostles. Suppose Hannah More and Charlotte Elizabeth were introduced into your social circle on earth; but Heaven has added all the blessed and the gracious and the holy women of the past ages. Suppose that Robert M'Cheyne and John Summerfield should be added to your earthly circle; but Heaven has gathered up all the faithful and earnest ministry of the past. There is not a town, or a city, or a village that has so improved in society in the last hundred years as Heaven has improved.

But you say, "Hasn't Heaven always been perfect?" O! yes; but not in the sense that it cannot be augmented. It has been rolling on in grandeur. *Christ has been there*, and He never changes, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, glorious then and glorious now, and glorious forever. But I speak now of attractions outside of this, and I have to tell you that no place on earth has improved in society as Heaven has within the last seventy years, for the most of you within forty years, within twenty years, within five years, within one year. In other words, by the accessions from your own household.

If Heaven were

PLACED IN GROUPS,

an apostolic group, a patriarchal group, a prophetic group, group of martyrs, group of angels, and then a group of your own glorified kindred, which group would you choose? You might look around and make comparison, but it would not take you long to choose You would say, "Give me back those whom I loved on earth; let me enter into their society, my parents, my children, my brothers, my sisters. We lived together on earth, let us live together in Heaven." O! is it not a blessed thought that Heaven has been improved by its society—this colonization from earth to heaven.

IV. Again I remark, that Heaven has greatly improved in the *good cheer* of announced victories. Where Heaven rejoiced over one soul, it now rejoices over a hundred or a thousand. In the olden times when the events of human life were scattered over four or five centuries of longevity, and the world moved slowly, there were not so many stirring events to be reported in Heaven; but now, I suppose, all the great events of earth are reported in Heaven.

If there is any truth plainly taught in this Bible it is that Heaven is wrapped up in sympathy with human history, and we look at those inventions of the day—at telegraphy, at swift communication by steam, at all these modern improvements which seem to give one almost omnipresence, and we see only the secular relation; but spirits before the throne look out and see the vast and the eternal relation. While nations rise and fall, while the earth is shaking with revolution, do you not suppose there is arousing intelligence going up to the throne of God? and that the question is often asked before the throne, "What is the news from that world, that world that rebelled, but is coming back to its allegiance?"

If ministering spirits, according to the Bible, are sent forth to minister to those that shall be heirs of Heaven, when they come down to us to bless us, do they not take the news back? Do

THE SHIPS OF LIGHT

that come out of the celestial harbor into the earthly harbor laden with cargo of blessing, go back unfreighted? Ministering spirits not only, but our loved ones leaving us take up the tidings. Suppose you were in a far city, and had been there a good while, and you heard that some one had arrived from your native place, some one who had recently seen your family and friends, you would rush up to the man, and you would ask all about the old folks at home. And do you not suppose when your child went up to God, your glorified kindred in Heaven gathered around and asked about you to ascertain as to whether you were getting along well in the struggle of life, to find out whether you were in any especial peril that with swift and mighty wing they might come down to intercept your perils? Oh, yes! Heaven is a greater place for news than it used to be—news sounded through the streets, news ringing from the towers, news heralded from the palace gate. Glad news! Victorious news!

But the vivacity and sprightliness of Heaven will be beyond all conception when

THE FINAL VICTORIES

come in, when the Church shall be triumphant everywhere. Oh, what a day in Heaven it will be

when the last throne of earthly oppression has fallen, when the last chain of serfdom is broken, when the last wound of earthly pain is healed, when the last sinner is pardoned, when the last nation is redeemed! What a time there will be in Heaven!

You and I will be in the procession; you and I will thrum a string in that great orchestra. That will be the greatest day in Heaven since the day when the first block of jaspar was put down for the foundation, and the first hinged pearl swung. If there is a difference between Heaven now and Heaven as it was, Oh, the difference between Heaven as it shall be and Heaven as it is now! *Not a splendor stuck fast*, but rolling on and rolling on, and rolling up and rolling up forever, forever.

Now, I preach this sermon about the changes in Heaven, about the new improvements in Heaven, for *three stout reasons*. *First*, because I find that some of you are impatient to be gone. You are tired of this world, and you want to get into that good land about which you have been thinking, praying, and talking so many years. Now be patient. I could see why you would want to go to an art gallery if some of the best pictures were to be taken away this week or next week; but if some one tells you that there are other beautiful pictures to come—other Kensetts, Raphaels, and Rubens; other masterpieces to be added to the gallery, you would say, "I can afford to wait. The place is improving all the time."

Now I want you to apply the same principle in this matter of reaching Heaven and leaving this world. Not one glory is to be subtracted, but many glories added. Not one angel will be gone, not one hierarch gone, not one of your glorified friends gone. By the long practising the music will be better, the procession will be longer, the rainbow brighter, the coronation grander. Heaven with magnificent addenda! Why will you complain when you are only waiting for something better?

Another reason why I preach in regard to the changes in Heaven, and the new improvements in Heaven, is because I think it will be a consolation to busy and enterprising good people. I see very well that you have not much taste for a Heaven that was all done and finished centuries ago. After you have been active forty or fifty or sixty years, it would be a shock to stop you suddenly and forever; but here is

A PROGRESSIVE HEAVEN,

an ever accumulative Heaven, vast enterprise on foot there before the throne of God. Aggressive knowledge, aggressive goodness, aggressive power, aggressive grandeur. You will not have to come and sit down on the banks of the river of life in everlasting inoccupation. O! busy men, I tell you of a Heaven where there is something to do. That is the meaning of the passage, "they rest not day nor night," in the lazy sense of resting.

I preach this sermon on the changes in Heaven and the new improvements in Heaven, also because I want to cure some of you of the delusion that your departed Christian friends have gone into dullness and silence and unconsciousness. They are in *a stirring, picturesque, radiant, ever accumulative scene*. When they left their bodies, they only got rid of the last hindrance. They are no more in Greenwood, or Laurel Hill, or Mount Auburn than you, in holiday attire, having seated yourself at a banquet, can be said to be in a dark closet where you have left the old apparel that was not fit to wear to the banquet. A soldier cannot use a sword until he has unsheathed it, and the body of your departed was only the sheath of a bright and glittering spirit which God has lifted and is swaying in the Heavenly triumph.

According to what I am telling you at present, your departed Christian friends did not go so much into the company of the martyrs, and the apostles, and the prophets, and the potentates of Heaven as into the company of grandfather and grandmother, and the infant sister that tarried just long enough to absorb your tenderest affection, and all the home circle. When they landed, it was not as you land in Antwerp, or Hamburg, or Havre, wandering up a strange wharf, looking at strange faces, asking for a strange hotel. They landed amid your glorified relatives who were waiting to greet them.

Oh, does not this bring Heaven nearer? Instead of being far off it comes down to-night, and it puts its arms around our necks, and we feel its breath on our faces. It melts the frigid splendor of the conventional Heaven into a domestic scene. It comes very close to us. If we had

OUR CHOICE IN HEAVEN,

whom would we first see? Rather than look at the great potentates of Heaven we would meet our loved ones. I want to see Moses and Paul and Joshua; but I would a great deal *rather see my father* who went away fifteen years ago. I want to see the great Bible heroines, Deborah and Hannah and Abigail; but I would rather see *my mother*, I would rather see *my boy* whom you carried out four weeks ago than to see the archangel.

I do not think it was superstitious when on Wednesday night I stood by *a deathbed* within a few blocks of this church, and on this street, and saw one of the aged Christians of this church going into glory. After I had prayed with her, I said to her: "We have all loved you very much, and will always cherish your memory in the Christian Church. You will see my son before I see him, and I wish you would *give him our love*." She said, "I will, I will;" and in twenty minutes she was in Heaven. The last words she ever spoke. It was

A SWIFT MESSAGE TO THE SKIES.

If you had your choice between riding in a heavenly chariot and occupying the grandest palace in Heaven, and sitting on the throne next highest to the throne of God, and not seeing your departed loved ones, and on the other hand, dwelling in the humblest place in Heaven, without crown or throne, and without garland, and without sceptre, yet having your loved ones around you, you would choose the latter.

I say these things because I want you to know it is *a domestic Heaven*, and consequently it is all the time improving. Every one that goes up makes it a brighter place, and the attractions are increasing month by month and day by day, and Heaven so vastly more of a Heaven, a thousand times more of a Heaven than it used to be, will be a better Heaven yet. Oh, I say this to intensify your anticipation!

I ENTER HEAVEN

one day. It is *almost empty*. I enter the temples of worship, and there are no worshippers. I walk down the street, and there are no passengers. I go into the orchestra, and I find the instruments are suspended in the baronial halls of Heaven, and the great organs of eternity, with multitudinous banks of keys, are closed. But I see a shining one at the gate as though he were standing on guard, and I say: "Sentinel, what does this mean? I thought Heaven was a populous city. Has there been some great plague sweeping off the population?" "Have you not heard the news?" says the sentinel. "There is a world burning, there is a great conflagration out yonder, and all Heaven has gone out to look at the conflagration and take the victims out of the ruins.

"This is the day for which all other days are made. *This is the Judgment!* This morning all the chariots and the cavalry, and the mounted infantry rumbled and galloped down the sky." After I had listened to the sentinel, I looked off over the battlements and I saw that the fields of air were bright with a blazing world. I said, "Yes, yes; this must be the Judgment;" and while I stood there I heard the rumbling of wheels and the clattering of hoofs, and the roaring of many voices, and then I saw the coronets and plumes and banners, and I saw that all Heaven was coming back again—coming to the wall, coming to the gate, and the multitude that went off in the morning was augmented by a vast multitude caught up alive from the earth, and a vast multitude of the resurrected bodies of the Christian dead, leaving the cemeteries and the abbeys and the mausoleums and the graveyards of the earth empty.

Procession moving in through the gates. And then I found out that what was fiery Judgment Day on earth was *jubilee in Heaven*, and I cried: "Doorkeepers of Heaven, shut the gates; all Heaven has come in. Doorkeepers, shut the twelve gates, lest the sorrows and the woes of earth, like bandits, should some day come up and try to plunder the city!"

ANECDOTES OF ROWLAND HILL.

A respectable female once called on him, expressing a wish to be united with the Church. He at first misunderstood her state of mind. Among other questions he put the following: "Have you a good heart?" She replied, "I hope I have, sir." Mr. Hill called the attention of a friend to the reply, and said, "Come, and see a wonderful woman, who has a *good* heart. I'm sure it's more than I can say." The worthy female was much affected, but most judiciously answered, "I trust, sir, I have a *new* heart; and I did not think it wrong to call the work of the Holy Ghost a *good* work." This remark touched Mr. Hill, who immediately apologized in the most Christian manner for having wounded her feelings.

A PRAYER FOR LATE COMERS.

Being very much grieved at the conduct of some of his congregation, who were frequently unpunctual, he once offered the following prayer: "Oh, Lord, bless those who are in their places, have mercy upon those who are on the road, and save those who are getting ready to come."

A SERPENT FANCIER.

When very early in life he was preaching at Devizes some fellow came to hear him with several snakes in his pocket; watching his opportunity, he threw three at once at Mr. Hill. One coiled on his arm, and another fastened on his neck. "Perceiving," said he, "that they were harmless, I merely took them off and threw them behind me, away from the crowd; some of the people immediately drove away the sinner, and the result was increased attention and several conversions to God. Soon afterward the rebel came again to hear me; and he that would have alarmed me by serpents was himself rescued from the old serpent.

THE EMPTY NAPKIN.

A lady once requested him to examine her son as a candidate for the ministry, remarking, "I am sure he has talent, but it is hid in a napkin." At the close of the interview with the young man Mr. Hill said, "Well, madam, I have shaken the napkin, and I cannot find the talent."

THE STORY OF THE HOGS.

Two friends once entered Surrey Chapel previous to going to India. One was a Christian, the other not. Mr. Hill preached from the text, "We are not ignorant of his devices," and told the following tale: "Many years since I met a drove of pigs in one of the narrow streets of a large town, and, to my surprise, they were not driven, but quietly followed their leader. This singular fact excited my curiosity, and I pursued the swine until they all quietly entered the butchery. I then asked the man how he succeeded in getting the poor, stupid, stubborn pigs so willingly to follow him, when he told me the secret. He had a basket of beans under his arm, and kept dropping them as he proceeded, and so secured his object. Ah, my dear hearers, the devil has got his basket of beans, and he knows how to suit his temptations to every sinner. He drops them by the way; the poor sinner is thus led captive by the devil at his will; and if grace prevent not, he will get him at last into his butchery, and there he will keep him forever. Oh, it is because 'we are not ignorant of his devices' that we are anxious this evening to guard you against them."

The Christian friend mourned over this tale about the pigs, and feared it would excite a smile but not produce conviction in the mind of his unbelieving companion. After the service they left the chapel, and all was silence for a season.

"What a singular statement we had to-night about the pigs, and yet how striking and convincing it was," remarked the young man. His mind was impressed—he could not forget the basket of beans, the butchery, and the final loss of the sinner's soul. He left the country, but soon after corresponded with his friend, and referred to this sermon as having produced an abiding impression on his mind.

TOUCHES OF REAL LIFE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Lady Hope, of Cariden.

(*Continued from page 71.*)

Etta's Talk with her Mother—The Reproach of the Death-bed—The Conscience-stricken Matron—A Rector's Negligence—The Home at Ferncroft—The Little Room.

Etta spent the hour after her visit to the sick youth first on her knees in her own room, and then seated in the low chair by her fireside with her Bible in her hands—unread, it is true, but its presence comforted her.

"Mother," she said that evening, when she found a suitable moment before the family rendezvous for dinner, "thank you so much for letting me go into Shenstone this afternoon. My little walk refreshed me very much, and did me good. Thank you, darling," she added, kissing her mother tenderly. "I do want to do right, and I want to learn the way to do it. It comforts me, too, to think about it; but I can't quite explain what I mean. What do you think, mother?" she asked, as her mother's cheek reddened and paled alternately.

"I don't quite understand what you mean, my child," answered her mother. "What did you do this afternoon? and where did you go? You disappeared so suddenly after luncheon."

"A young lad, mother, ill with fever as—as—Arthur was, from a cold he caught at his work. You did not say 'No' about the jelly, so I took him some, and then had a talk." A sob involuntarily escaped her, and then she said, "I cannot speak of these things yet; but, dear mother, you would like me sometimes to be like you—kind and gentle, and think about others—would you not? You know you are always thinking of us all, and arranging for the happiness and comfort of everybody in the house. But I have *no* house, and I have nothing very particular or important to do, and I should like to help the people sometimes if I might."

"I only wish you to do right, my dear," said her mother; "that is all. This great trouble appears to have thrown a new light over everything, or a shadow. I am not quite sure which it is. Certainly to me at present all looks very, very dark. And yet it is a solemn gloom—a feeling of death and eternity everywhere. Indescribably depressing! I don't wonder the dear children are so quiet, but the younger ones will soon forget."

"Dear mother," said Etta, "perhaps God is going to speak to us. He took him from us, and there were *last words*, too, that were spoken that night; that I never can forget." Then the dinner-bell rang, and that important meal was announced. The gentle mother was beginning to feel, though she had not dared to breathe it yet, that something had been missed in the training of her children. The happy, luxurious home life was, after all, not all that was wanted. They had been taught their Catechism; they had attended the church. But still something seemed to have been left out.

Arthur's death-bed—agonizing thought!—had tacitly reproached her. Her precious son, her eldest, her well-beloved! All her opportunities with him now were past, and she was alone in her bewildered griefs, painfully alone. Her husband rarely, if ever, alluded to such subjects; they had never yet conversed upon them. The habit had not grown up between them.

Why this was who can tell? Was it that neither of them *loved* Him who "gave them life and breath and all things?" Or was it a strange reserve on that one theme, that they felt on no other? Surely not! A theme! Can we call Him so who is the Christian's very *existence*, his life, his being? "For in Him we live and move and have our being." There surely must have been *something* wrong *somewhere!* They talked ceaselessly together of their children, their relations, friends, house, garden, and other home interests of the present, as well as prospects for the future. But of Jesus they never spoke. Yet we read again, "Out of the *fulness of the heart* the mouth speaketh!"

At their table among guests, or in their most private family party, it would indeed have startled every one to hear that most blessed name mentioned. "Irreverent," it would have been called. Irreverent to talk of Him who is All in all! our King! But such was the family fashion. Perhaps they had never read, or perhaps forgotten, or, may be, *objected to* the manifold Scriptural injunction and example contained in both the Old and New Testaments of lip-devotion to the Saviour, hallowed speech, as a fruit of that heart consecration that is demanded from those who believe in the one Lord and accept His all-passing love. Motives and reasons it would be impossible to sift in a home such as this. But these were the facts. Arthur's last days, that *might* have been so radiantly bright, had been disturbed by the recollection of this iceberg chill.

By telegraph and rail one had to be sought who could mention the all-precious Name and utter His promises. Yet Bibles might have been found in almost any room; and among the large circle of friends who claimed acquaintance or kinship, the dwellers in the Hall were spoken of as an excellent family.

It was this strange mass of contradictory evidence that so troubled the grief-stricken mother during the sore time of her bitter bereavement. To none could she confide her thought. Etta she still considered but a child, though now in her twenty-fourth year. But from the force of habit, that had always controlled and never confided, in spite of all the motherly love that would well up, there was a heart solitude between them.

Both and all were to be pitied, for during all those years they had lost what might have been between them an intensity of happiness. That sweet agreement of soul, that union with Jesus, and through Him with one another, which, though joy here indeed! is only the *beginning*, the foretaste of glory *there*.

With their rector they had enjoyed pleasant conversations on various subjects and at many different times. He had ridden with them, dined with them, joined their lawn-tennis parties and evening gatherings, besides inviting them in return to his private as well as parochial festivities. But the GREAT subject that was so pressed home on their hearts, by the circumstances of trial that had overtaken so unexpectedly the happy routine of their family life, on this he had never discoursed. Strange! was it not? But none the less true; nor, had you asked the rector himself, would he have told you it was unusual.

On the contrary, he would have said with a surprised smile,

"These subjects are not meant to be forced or dragged into general use! I preach publicly from my pulpit every Sunday. Those who desire to hear me can do so."

Thus Etta and her mother knew not to whom they could turn for sympathy or help in the hour of their need. The rector had called daily to inquire after Arthur during his illness, and once or twice had been admitted to the sick-room. But his visits had not brought relief to the suffering or sorrowing ones; and when the dreaded funeral day was past, a greater gap than they had ever felt before seemed to divide them from their minister.

But this loss of Divine help through what we might call the expected channel was being overruled for good in a double sense—each in her solitude was getting closer to the Divine source of comfort. Minute rays of truth were beginning to shine about the darkness; each ray being an earnest that floods of brightness were but waiting to follow; when a full receptiveness could be found in the hearts that they had thus penetrated. It had also brought Etta into contact with other children of the great family in heaven and in earth. Both of these results were good, though as yet in their preliminary development they were somewhat painful.

When to her mother and her maid Etta suggested the idea of sitting up with the sick lad sometimes, that his mother might sleep, her proposal was received with horror. The maid opened her eyes, and held up her hands, with a faint scream of—

"Really! Miss Etta!"

Whereas her mother distinctly forbade it. So Etta's only resource was—and it was certainly the wisest measure!—to offer to pay another woman to come in daily, or at night, for a few hours, when required.

This she did, and the result was satisfactory in more ways than one. The lad was better nursed, the weary mother was rested, and the cottage friendship was won.

At the farther end of the town from the hall you might have seen a white house, Ferncroft, they called it. Not very large, nor was it very small. It stood close by the street, its garden and square courtyard inclosed by a wall. Some of its windows looked into the street, and some into the garden, which held a deserved repute for the gayety of its flower-beds; and this not only in midsummer, when the surrounding gardens were brilliant also, but during at least three seasons of the year, when its variety of blossom presented a constant succession of unfading beauty.

As the dark wintry days closed in, the conservatory that opened from the drawing-room was all the more beautiful, from its contrast to the darkness without. Laurels, ivy, and other evergreen shrubs clothed the lawn, giving it a picturesque look even at such times as these; while the little birds sang their sweetest, and hopped in amicable friendship round the low doorstep that afforded the common entrance to the sitting-rooms of the house.

Inside the pretty drawing-room there blazed a bright fire this evening. The conservatory had been closed for the night. The shutters had just been shut and the curtains drawn, while a lady, gentle in manner, gravely quiet in appearance, wearing a lavender-colored shawl wrapped about her shoulders, took her seat in a low chair beside the fire.

"Dear!" she said in the softest of voices, "are you going out to-night?"

This question was addressed to an elderly gentleman opposite her, who seemed deeply immersed in a column of the newspaper, to the reading of which evidently the arrival of lights was at that minute giving fresh zest.

He looked up, thought a moment, and then said, "Yes, by the bye! I have to go to that committee meeting about the new school."

"When will that be?" asked the lady.

"Immediately after tea," was the answer.

The different family tastes for tea, or late dinner, had been met by what was considered in the little white house a judicious combination of both. This anomalous meal had a variety of titles, and generally took place at so early an hour in the evening, that the migratory habits of the household could continue unfettered when necessary; while at other times it had the advantage of affording an hour or two of useful employment in the house.

At this moment the door-bell rang, and the servant came in, saying,

"Old Michael Bateman is here, ma'am. He says he wishes to speak to you, if you can come and talk to him for a minute."

"I will come," she answered; and Michael was thereupon ushered into a small room on the other side of the low wainscoted hall. This room had its floor covered with matting instead of carpet. A little iron stove held its place at one end, which kept up a pleasant heat on the chilly evenings. Two or three chairs, a table, and a substantial book-shelf filled with books, composed its furniture.

This room was devoted to stray arrivals of all descriptions, and was by no means an unimportant part of the establishment. A good deal of business had been done in it of different sorts and at different times. Indeed, there was generally something going on within it. Its ever-open door brought the knowledge of many a temporal as well as spiritual necessity into the house; so much was this the case, that the nieces and nephews, who were rather fond of haunting the quiet abode, always protesting that they "*never* found it dull," were often in the habit of saying, "Auntie could not possibly be extravagant as long as the 'little room' was there."

In this, perhaps, they were right. For a recollection of it was quite sufficient, as often to tie the

purse-strings as to open them; and the sense of the "little room's" presence often made the burden of account-keeping heavier than otherwise it need have been. Yet the said "little room" was never allowed to lose its identity. Its territory was considered sacred ground; and there were hallowed associations, and interests composed of the usual mingling of joy and sorrow, which preserved it from encroachment, even had there been any temptation to its reannexation on the part of its owners.

(To be continued.)

FUTURE DESTINY OF THE JEWS, GENTILES, AND CHURCH OF GOD.

By the Hon. W. Wellesley

(Nephew of the celebrated Duke of Wellington).

1. The Jews—Not Absorbed in Other Nations—Their Assured Return—Their Alliance with Anti-Christ—The End of Indignation—Future Centre of Blessing—2. The Gentiles—Power Given to Them—Become Lovers of Pleasure—The End of the Gentiles—3. The Church—The Second Coming in two Acts—Thirty Years' Interval—Present Duty.

THERE are three parties with whom God has been dealing, and upon whom He has been acting dispensationally ever since the time of Abraham—the Jews, the Gentiles, and the Church of God, as mentioned in the passage in 1 Corinth. 10 : 32.

1. The promises made in the Old Testament *to*

THE JEWS

are at present in abeyance, and the Jews are comparatively wanderers upon the face of the earth. In Asia, in Africa, or in England, wherever you see them, you can recognize the countenance and detect the well-known profile of the Jew. And you may put them into the council-chamber or into Parliament, you may give them privileges and titles, but they still remain and will remain Jews. They are the great monument of the dealings of God in the judgment with a nation upon this earth. It is not so with other nations; they merge into the inhabitants of the countries in which they dwell.

Thus, we have had the migrations of the Huguenots from France; and we can discover, in the traces of their Anglicized names, certain families which were brought into this land by persecution in the time of Louis XIV.; but to all intents and purposes they are Englishmen; they have English ideas, they are in Parliament, and they are English in every way. But the Jew still remains a Jew; and "even unto this day, when Moses is read, the vail is upon their heart. Nevertheless, when it shall turn to the Lord, the vail shall be taken away" (2 Cor. 3 : 15, 16). There is, therefore, a distinct New Testament promise, that the nation shall one day turn to the Lord, and the vail shall be taken away.

The Jews will be nationally and politically raised, brought out of their forgotten state as a nation, and brought into their own land again" (Ezekiel 37, 38). And they will enjoy it as they never yet have done; viz., under the New Covenant (Jeremiah 31 : 31–40); that is, they will enjoy their land as converted Jews. But the nation, in the first instance, will return certainly *in an unconverted state;* for in that state it will make

A SEVEN YEARS' COVENANT WITH ANTICHRIST (DANIEL 9 : 27).

But after the seven years it will become a nation regenerated upon the earth.

In connection with this seven years' covenant they will fall into the hands of Antichrist. I will quote a passage to this effect from Matthew 12. "When the unclean spirit has gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest, and findeth none. Then he saith, I will return into my house from whence I came out: and when he is come, he findeth it empty, swept, and garnished. Then goeth he, and taketh with himself seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there: and the last state of that man is worse than the first. Even so shall it be also unto this wicked generation." Now this passage is generally allowed to be the condition of the Jewish nation in a day yet to come. Their house has been swept of idols (for they did not publicly worship idols in our Lord's time), yet restless and discontented they will return into their own land in unbelief; they will receive Antichrist, that great wicked one who is going to rise up upon this earth, and whom all nations will worship and be subject to, as foretold in Revelation 13.

The Jews *for seven years* (Daniel 9 : 27) will make a league with him. "I am come in my Father's name," says Christ, "and ye receive me not: if another shall come in his own name, him ye will receive" (John 5 : 43). In the Book of Zechariah we find the history of the terrific trouble they come into, and the last interference of our Lord Jesus on their behalf, that is, on behalf of the faithful remnant in their midst, Zechariah 13, 14 give the very details of the dreadful destructions in the land, when the idolatrous nation is chastened by God. "Then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be" (Matthew 24 : 21). "Alas, for that day is great, so that none is like it; even the time of Jacob's trouble; but he shall be saved out of it."

There shall be an

END OF THE INDIGNATION;

for, after all these details in Zechariah, there comes at last this remarkable passage: "Then shall the Lord go forth, and fight against those nations, as when he fought in the day of battle. And his feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east, and the Mount of Olives shall cleave in the midst thereof toward the east and toward the west, and there shall be a very great valley; and half of the mountain shall remove toward the north, and half of it toward the south . . . . and the Lord my God shall come, and all the saints with thee." This is a distinct announcement of the personal interference of the Lord Jesus on behalf of His remnant, who will be the nucleus of the future millennial nation. It is the history of His interference at the end of this age, and thus the termination of Jewish trial, when they are in the latter day in their land.

At the end the Lord puts His own people again into Jerusalem, as the metropolis of the earth, and the centre of blessing to all nations. "Israel shall blossom and bud, and fill the face of the world with fruit" (Isaiah 27 : 6). They will again have the olive tree of earthly promise, into which the Gentiles have at present been grafted.

2. I will now touch upon

THE GENTILES.

When God took power away from the Jews He gave it to the Gentiles. Ever since Nebuchadnezzar's time the Gentiles have had rule over this earth. Solomon had it once. History does not go back so far as Solomon's time. Not one historian goes back, in the way of anything authentic, to a thousand years before Christ. Although, then, Solomon is scarcely mentioned in profane history, the Scripture testifies largely as to his dignity and dominion. His successors lost this position through their idolatry, and God took away the power from the Jews and gave it to the Gentiles, in the person of Nebuchadnezzar. This is referred to in the passage, "If the casting away of them (the Jews) be the riches of the world, and the diminishing of them the riches of the Gentiles." God has broken off some of the olive branches from the Jewish tree, and has grafted the Gentiles into it. But they will ultimately be cut off for unbelief (Rom. 11), as the Jews formerly were.

The Gentile world at large are "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." Many have their Sunday religion, but it is a religion for the most part of ordinances. It often does them no more good than Elisha's staff did in the hands of Gehazi when laid upon the face of the dead child. They have not continued in the goodness of God, and their sentence is to be cut off; especially the ten nations prefigured by Daniel's prophetic image, and by the ten-horned wild beast (Dan. 2, 7), including England, France, Spain, Austria, Italy, etc.—Christendom at large; they will all receive the Antichrist, they will give their power to him, and they will perish (Rev. 13 : 1–10, 17). This will be the end of the Gentiles; it is in 2 Thess. 1 : 6: "Seeing it is a righteous thing with God to recompense tribulation to them that trouble you; and to you who are troubled rest with us, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Observe this last clause, because it assures us of a judgment upon professors, namely, those who have heard the Gospel and have not obeyed it: "Who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power; when He shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe."

There is

THE END OF THE GENTILES.

They have this judgment hanging over them. London is entirely asleep, close to that volcano; she seems given up to pleasure. Her riches are enormous, and new modes of pleasure are almost daily invented to expend them. And all this just at the time when we, who do meditate a little on the prophetic Word, suppose that there is an awful judgment impending on this land.

Meanwhile, blessed be God for it, He is still lingering over us in love, and revealing Himself as the Saviour of sinners, expecting to find in them nothing but vileness, salvation by the blood of Christ being provided for them on the ground of their lost condition. Thus, while faith looks at the goodness of God (Rom. 2 : 4; 11 : 22), as displayed in Christ, unbelief supposes something good in the creature, and makes up for its failures by outward religious observances.

3. In regard to

THE CHURCH

of God, I would just notice that there may be incorrect views as to *the extent of time* included in the expression, the *Coming of the Lord*. I extract upon this point a few sentences from a little work by a godly clergyman, Mr. Richard Chester, of Ireland, (page 16): "The Lord's *first coming* consisted of two great acts or parts—His birth, when He took our nature upon Him; His death, when in that nature He made atonement for sin. Between these there was an interval of more than thirty years, although His first coming is foretold by the prophets as *one event*. Even so will His *second coming*, foretold in like manner as one event, consist, we believe, of *two acts or parts*—His coming *for* His Church to *the air*, and His subsequent coming *with* His Church to *the earth*." Again, "Between these two acts or parts of the Lord's second coming we hold that there will be (as already noticed with regard to His first advent) *an interval*. During this interval very many of the events predicted to occur before His advent with His Church to the earth will be accomplished."

If, as to the first coming of Christ, many facts are given besides His actual death, and yet all looked at as one great whole, we must not be surprised to find certain events or periods embraced within His second coming. For instance, there is a coming in which His feet touch the Mount of Olives in behalf of the Jews, and for the destruction of the Gentile nations.

As events draw to a close, is it not of vast interest to know our standing, character, and hope? In 1 Thess. 4 we have the coming of the Lord for the Church to take us up. He comes alone, but "with the voice of the archangel and the trump of God." It is a coming quite distinct from Zechariah 14, where the Church comes with Him. In the one He comes *for* us; in the other, we come *with* Him. The blessedness of our portion hereafter is indicated in Ephes. 2 : 7: "That in the ages to come He might show the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness toward us through Christ Jesus." The Church will have a specialty of glory forever.

Our citizenship is in heaven (Phil. 2). We are in the world, but not of it (John 17). We have our part in it with the rejected Christ. We shall have to do with the world when He comes down in judgment on those nations that are now hastening to the crisis; but He will come first to receive us to Himself, and we shall be caught up to be forever with the Lord.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The President's Message to Congress on the subject of the wrongs done to the Ponca Indians received February 2d, embodies the report of the commission we referred to last week. Mr. Hayes recommends legislation in accordance with the report, and with unusual earnestness urges prompt and thorough action in the matter. The following extract from the message indicates the President's consciousness of the injustice done, and his personal desire that all may be done which is now possible, to atone for the grievous sin committed by the Government. The President says:

"Nothing should be left undone to show to the Indians that the Government of the United States regards their rights as equally sacred with those of its citizens. The time has come when the policy should be to place the Indians, as rapidly as practicable, on the same footing with other permanent inhabitants of this country. I do not undertake to apportion the blame for the injustice done to the Poncas. Whether the Executive or Congress or the public is chiefly in fault is not now a question of practical importance. As the Chief Executive at the time when the wrong was consummated, I am deeply sensible that enough of *the responsibility for that wrong* justly attaches to me to make it my personal duty and earnest desire to do all I can to give to these Indian people that measure of redress which is required alike by justice and by humanity."

The Resolution Regulating the Electoral count was passed in the Senate on February 4th. Senator Hoar succeeded in adding an amendment to it which declares in effect that in the opinion of the Senate, the House concurring, it is the duty of Congress to pass a law at once providing for the orderly counting of the electoral vote. It will be remembered that soon after the inauguration of President Hayes the Senate took steps to frame a law upon the subject, and the measure known as the Edmunds bill passed the Senate, but was lost in the House. During the last two years no measure has been passed. The resolution as amended was accepted by the House.

The Senate Finance Committee Completed their work on the Funding Bill on February 4th. They propose to make the bonds redeemable in five years and payable in twenty years from their dates of issue, and to fix the rate of interest both for the bonds and the Treasury certificates at 3½ per cent. The committee propose as a further change to strike out the fifth section, known as the "Carlisle Amendments," which provided for the compulsory use of the new bonds as security for National Bank circulation, and substitute other enactments, the principal feature of which is a provision that hereafter the security given by National banks shall consist wholly of United States bonds. An impression now prevails that the Democrats in the House will oppose the bill if the Senate adopt the recommendations of the committee. Some of them object to the alteration in time, and some to that in the rate, and both sections of the party will therefore unite in opposing the bill in its amended form.

A Bill to Repeal Certain Items of Taxation was reported favorably by the Committee on Ways and Means on February 4th. The Treasury Department had recommended six items for relief, the tax on which, in 1880 produced $10,990,606. They were bank checks, friction matches, patent medicines, perfumery, etc., bank deposits, savings banks deposits, and bank capital. The committee approved of all except that of bank capital, and reported accordingly.

The Death Rate Statistics of the Chief Cities of the Union for the past year, as compiled by the National Board of Health, show in a conspicuous light how grievously the city of New York is mismanaged. The rate is higher in this city than in Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Baltimore, London, or Glasgow. The fact will not surprise people familiar with the city, who are annoyed daily by the filthy condition of the streets. The crowded tenement-houses are alone sufficient, under the most favorable circumstances, to cause disease and death, and in addition the effluvia from the streets must be encountered, although $800,000 has been appropriated for the purpose of cleansing them.

Extensive Floods are Reported from San Francisco. Recent advices show that the late rainfall was the heaviest storm experienced since 1861. The Feather, Yuba, and Upper Sacramento rivers overflowed, and the creeks running into those streams went over their banks. The damage effected was very great. The Central Pacific Railroad had nearly a thousand yards of wall near Benicia washed away, and also a portion of the track on the Oregon branch near Bear River. Several miles of the Santa Cruz Railroad were washed away near Santa Cruz. The town of Napa was flooded, and a portion of Watsonville. The Sacramento valley from Cache Creek to Red Bluffs presented the appearance of a vast lake.

That Prohibition Causes a Loss to the Revenue is an objection frequently urged by the opponents of compulsory temperance legislation. Governor St. John of Kansas, in his annual message to the legislature, meets the argument by insisting that "every dollar of revenue derived from such license costs the people *not less than ten dollars* in loss of time and property, cost of courts, prisons and poor-houses, to say nothing of the destruction of the physical, mental and moral elements of mankind, which cannot be estimated." The Governor contends that the question is really *one of principle*, in which position it is unassailable, but even when lowered to the aspect of expediency it deserves the support of the people.

Gospel Temperance Among the Soldiers at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, is going on with much blessing. Several months ago a gentleman inaugurated a series of temperance meetings, and afterward Sabbath afternoon services, in one of the rooms occupied by the soldiers of the fort as a school-room. The meetings have been well attended, and have been conducted frequently on the Sabbath by pastors of the neighboring villages. A large number of the soldiers have given up their drinking habits and several have expressed a hope that they have been converted to God.

The Anxiety Respecting the Fate of the brave explorers who, under the command of Captain De Long, sailed in the Jeanette in July, 1879, for the Arctic seas, has found expression in a letter from Judge Daly, President of the American Geographical Society, to President Hayes. Judge Daly argued that the present winter having been one of exceptional severity both in America and Europe, the accumulation of ice in Arctic waters will be increased, and that if Captain De Long should be unable to return next summer, and be compelled to pass *a third winter there*, both officers and men would be exposed to such physical prostration as to render an escape by a land journey in sledges and boats impossible. Judge Daly advised that a vessel should be immediately sent *to search for the Jeanette* and to render such relief and assistance to the party as they probably, by this time, urgently need. The President took prompt action in the matter, and a bill has passed the Senate appropriating $175,000 to equip a government ship or to purchase a whaling vessel for the purpose. It is expected that the bill will not be opposed in the House.

The New York Christian Home for Intemperate men is now in the fourth year of its work. From the report recently issued it appears that since the opening of the Home in June, 1877, it has cared for 569 men, not moderate drinkers, but drunkards, many of whom were needy, destitute, and friendless, and cared for them so well that it can now point to 371 who have become faithful members of churches, and to 411 who are supporting themselves and their families in positions obtained for them. From want of sufficient accommodations it has been compelled to turn away about as many as it has received. A site has now been purchased, on which as as soon as sufficient funds are secured, a new building capable of accommodating seventy-five inmates will be erected.

The Reminiscences of a City Missionary, as related at the annual meeting of the Church Extension and Missionary Society in New York on January 30th, show the kind of hardships the missionaries formerly experienced, and which in a modified form are met with even now in the lower quarters of the city. Mr. W. K. Peyton, in describing the struggles and trials of missionaries, said: When missionary work was begun in "Mackerelville," the minister was absolutely hooted out of the houses. *Hot water was thrown upon him* in one case, and he was treated with every indignity that malevolent godlessness could invent. He believed "Mackerelville" at that time was the worst place in New York City. Now there is a flourishing mission in that quarter.

The Need of the Cities in the Present day is stalwart Christian citizens who will see that the laws are enforced. A Christian citizen of Chicago writes: "*Sunday theatres have been in full blast here* for two years. They seem to have the right of way, leading our young men and maidens to destruction. Our city, I fear, is another Paris. Where are our men in authority to put down such things? Is it true that we must be governed by foreigners, who have no regard for our Sabbaths? I have been praying over this for a long time, and hope most truly that something can be done to put them down. Six evenings in the week ought to be sufficient for them."

The Alarming Increase in the Number of divorce suits was the subject of a recent Boston lecture by Rev. S. W. Dike of Royalton, Vt. The facts stated have astonished the public, and associations are being formed with the view of checking the evil. A Chicago journal says: "In Chicago, suits for divorce are *one to every ten* marriage licenses taken out, and the divorces decreed in the ratio of one to twelve. It only increases our sense of the danger threatening our entire country to be told by Mr. Dike that 'Chicago is not as bad as Hartford and New Haven.'"

The Use of the Sponge.—A Prominent Scientist of Philadelphia, in an article recently published, makes an admission which ought to caution the numerous class of persons who are setting up science in antagonism to the Bible. He says: "Our science of nature, like our science of man, is a patchwork of half-stated, half-worked-out sums on a slate; and we are kept as busy with the sponge as with the pencil." The Christian has no use for the sponge, for the Word of God is steadfast (John 10 : 35).

A Subscriber in Tennessee sends us $10 for the American Bible Society, and $2.75 to be given away at our discretion. We have sent it to the Bowery Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, which affords real help every day to destitute persons, and persons seeking employment.

A Perilous Descent at Niagara Occurred to an English tourist on January 30th. The spray from the falls has formed a wonderful ice-mountain in the river, and the Englishman had climbed to its summit to obtain a good view of the cataract. As he stood gazing, his feet slipped, and he descended at a rapid pace. He made frantic endeavors to save himself, and only succeeded in checking his terrible career when a few feet from the water. He had clutched at every projection until *his nails were literally torn from his fingers*. He escaped a horrible death, and in this was happier than many who under the plea of "seeing life" venture into places where the life of the soul is imperilled (Prov. 2 : 18).

A Fatal Kiss Passed Between a Husband and wife at Philadephia two weeks ago. The husband was dying of small-pox, and his wife, who loved him tenderly, kissed him at the last moment. She contracted the fatal disease, and in a short time followed him to the grave. We feel pity in a case so touching, for the devoted and affectionate wife, whose love token lost her her life, but how much greater sorrow we ought to feel for those who, having given their love to unworthy objects, suffer themselves to be dragged down into eternal death rather than submit to a sacrifice which the Saviour demands from those who would follow Him (Luke 14 : 26).

A Diamond, Sold for Ten Cents a few Years ago, is now valued at a fabulous sum. *The Eagle*, of Gainesville, Ga., relates that on one occasion a visitor to the works of Mr. Luther saw a boy panning out some earth, and noticed among it a beautiful pebble, for which he offered the boy a dime. The offer was accepted, and some time after he showed it a lapidary, who said it was a diamond of considerable value. It was cut and polished, and then proved to be a gem of the first water, the worth of which must be immense. The diamond-cutters purchased it for $300, and it has been re-sold in Europe at a high rate. The value of the stone was not perceived because it was uncut and unpolished, but after those processes it was manifest to every one. Affliction is often the process God employs to bring out the goodness of His people, whom He describes as His jewels (Mal. 3 : 17).

Footprints in Solid Rock have been Found in the State of New York. A scientific journal calls attention to the neighborhood of the town of Stockbridge, in Madison County, N. Y., which is rich in historical associations and geological curiosities, among the most noted of which are the wonderful foot-prints in the rock, near the little village of Munnsville. Leaving the railroad at Munnsville station, and proceeding along a romantic road, walled on either side by huge rocks, the traveller comes to a little stream at the summit of the hill, which flows over a precipice into the gorge below. In the bed of this stream, plainly discernible in the solid rock, are the foot-prints. There are the tracks of three persons, apparently of *a man, woman and child*, crossing and recrossing the brook several times. How long it is since the wanderers crossed the brook we cannot tell, but the evidences of their having been there are clear after the lapse of an immense period of time. The fact is an illustration of a truth men are too apt to forget when in secrecy they go into haunts of sin, that God sees all their ways, and as we are warned, has "set a print on the heels of our feet (Job 13 : 27).

A Donation in Answer to Prayer is an In-cident narrated by the correspondent of a New York journal. It appears that Dr. Hartshorn, who for twenty-five years was the agent of the American Bible Society in Eastern Ohio and Illinois, attended the anniversary of an auxiliary society in Central Illinois, and made an appeal on behalf of the parent society. A gentleman present responded among others with a liberal donation. Dr. Hartshorn referred to this particular gift in the course of conversation with his host after the meeting, when it was stated that the donor might have well afforded to give one hundred and fifty dollars. If that be so, said the Doctor, it is a legitimate subject for prayer, that his heart may be opened to give that sum. The two friends that night and the following morning presented the case in prayer, and then Dr. Hartshorn went to the donor of the preceding evening *to receive the money*. He had scarcely explained the object of his visit when a check was handed to him with the remark that he felt impressed after last night's meeting that he had not given the subject the consideration it deserved, and he would supplement the gift with another for one hundred and fifty dollars.

An Irishman at Lewiston, Me., Made an Ad-mission which is suggestive. He was recently placed on trial, charged with an offence against the law. He objected to two of the jurymen, and when reminded by the judge that he must give good and sufficient reasons for challenging, naively said : "May it please yer Honor, I would a good deal rather be tried by a man that don't know me than by a man that does!" The accused man may be supposed from his admission, to have been guilty, and was probably wise in making the objection he did. At the great tribunal it is the Christian's joy to remember that the Judge will be one who knows him well. He is guilty, but his plea of justification through Jesus will be all-sufficient. (Rom. 8 : 1.)

One Thousand Dollars for an Eye was the estimate made by the Board of Supervisors at San Francisco lately. A lady was admiring the display of fireworks at Yerba Buena Park, when one of the rockets struck her in the eye, inflicting injuries so serious as to cause the loss of sight in that organ. After bringing suit and making several appeals, the Board granted her a thousand dollars in compensation, and the Supreme Court affirmed the judgment. Even that sum was an insufficient compensation for the pain she suffered, but it was only after persistent effort and tedious litigation that she obtained it. Her perseverance showed how fully she realized the loss she had sustained ; yet the loss of the soul, which is infinitely more serious, does not excite apprehension or anxiety in the minds of a large number of people (Matt. 6 : 33).

"Is Dying Painful?" is the Subject on which a physician writes to the New York *Evening Post*. The physician replies to a previous correspondent who had said that death was generally unutterable agony. The physician says : "I beg leave, as a physician, to object very decidedly to this statement. I have been a frequent observer of the passing out of my fellow-beings, in army and navy, in large hospitals—civil and military, and in private life, and hence cannot help feeling that what I have seen must be a fair sample of the methods of dying peculiar to our race. The result of these sad observations, covering eighteen years, is, that the vast majority of persons do not find death 'suffering and agony.' Many suffer more in the various illnesses from which they recover than most do in the article of death."

Even if the physician is mistaken, the approach of death has no terrors for the earnest Christian. He is supported by Him who came to "deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage" (Heb. 2 : 15).

The Persistency of the Orphan Daughter of an officer in the army was rewarded by a Government appointment not long ago. The young lady found on the death of her father that the duty of supporting her invalid widowed mother and her brothers and sisters had devolved upon her. She tried various openings without success and finally resolved on seeking a situation in the Treasury. She called on Secretary Sherman and presented her plea. Mr. Sherman assured her that there were ten applicants for every one place, and there was very little chance. She told him that she could not take a refusal, and declared that if he would allow her she would come up every day and *black his shoes*, if he couldn't do better for her. The secretary was struck with her determination and told her to come back. In less than a week she had a good place in the Treasury, which she still holds. Every morning she walks to the department with the step of a business woman who is proud that her delicate hands can be the support of others. If Christians were as much in earnest in their prayers for spiritual blessings they would place a higher estimate on the value of prayer than they now do (Luke 18 : 1).

SIN SUBDUED.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"He will subdue our iniquities."—MICAH, 7 : 19.

Pardon not Enough for the Sinner—He Wants Emancipation too—Enemies Within and Without—God will Subdue Sin—I. Its Fascinating Power—II. Its Depressing Power—III. Its Domineering Power—IV. Its Clamoring Power—V. Its Defiling Power—VI. Its Hampering Power—VII. Its Indwelling Power—Perfect Subjugation Assured—The Place Where it will be Attained—"Not Here I Trow"—An aged Hearer's Protest.

BUT lately I tuned my harp to the music of forgiven sin, and we sang of pardon bought with blood ; it was a sweet subject to all our hearts, for we all have a portion in it, seeing we are all sinful, and have need to be forgiven. But, beloved, the pardon of sin is not enough for us ; we have another equally urgent need. If the Lord would forgive us all our sin we could not be happy with that alone. "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities" is not perfect music till we add to it the next note, "who healeth all thy diseases." We feel that we have within us a tendency to sin, and that tendency is our misery ; from this tendency we must be emancipated, or we are no more free than the captive who has had the manacles removed from one wrist but feels the iron eating into the other arm.

We, dear friends, who have been awakened by the Holy Spirit, find that we are by nature under the power of sin. It will not be an easy thing for us to escape from the terrible tyranny of sin ; not without the putting forth of great power can the iron yoke be broken. What little experience we have had in the divine life leads us to see that there is an immense difficulty before us, making our upward progress one of conflict and labor. A dreadful power has our nature in subjection, and that power cannot easily be overcome.

We find that our inward enemies are assisted by *allies from without*. The world which lieth in the wicked one is ever ready to assist his dominion within us. We cannot walk down a street but we hear language which pollutes us ; we can scarcely transact business in our own counting-houses without being tempted. If we stay at home there is temptation there, and if we go abroad it is the same. The most retired are not free from sin, nay, their very retirement may only be a sinful selfishness which shirks imperative duty. We cannot do good to others without running some risk ourselves, and if we cease from godly endeavors because we would not hazard our own spiritual comfort, we are already taken in the snare.

Moreover, that mysterious spirit, the devil, is always ready to excite our flesh, and to urge on the world. I have heard that some people doubt his existence. Very likely they are so friendly to him that they would not like to betray him, and so they deny that he hides in their hearts ; but those who are his enemies do not try to conceal him, but own with sad humiliation of heart that they are very conscious of his power.

With so many in league against us what can we do? What is to become of us? My text is the answer to that question : "*He will subdue our iniquities.*" That same blessed God who has pardoned our sins will conquer them. I am going to speak briefly upon *seven points*, if time shall hold out for me to do so, and each of these seven points will show phases of the energy of evil which God will subdue.

I. One of the first powers of evil which a man perceives when the heavenly life begins to breathe within him is

THE FASCINATING POWER

of sin. When grace in the soul is only like a little spark, and has not come to its brightness, yet the man discovers with alarm that he is held under the enchantment of evil. I do not know any other word which quite gives my idea except that one. *Satan casts a spell* over men. They come and hear the gospel and they are impressed by it, and they see the reasonableness of the endeavor to escape from sin ; they perceive the beauty of holiness, and they see that the way of God's salvation is a very glorious one, namely, by faith in Jesus Christ, and they begin to yield ; but yet they neither flee from

their sins nor lay hold on the salvation of Christ, but remain as persons besotted, who act contrary to reason.

In many cases Satan exercises over men a kind of *soporific power*. He puts them to sleep. I do not know whether there is anything in mesmerism or not, but I know that there is a *devilish sleep-creating charm* which Satan casts over men. They are no sooner a little awakened, and startled, and persuaded to escape for their lives, than suddenly they fold their arms again, and crave a little more sleep.

In the matters of the soul you have not merely to get men awake, but to keep them awake. Over the arctic traveller there comes a tendency to sleep in the cold—a tendency which he cannot resist. He may be awakened by his fellow and shaken out of his torpor, but by and by he is anxious to sleep again; they march him on between two, perhaps, and try to keep him awake but still he cries, "Let me sleep." He begs to be allowed to lie down and slumber. Such is the power of Satan over some of you who are present here; you wish that we would let you be quiet, and go on in your sins, without worrying you with our warnings. I have shaken you sometimes; at least, I have tried to do so; and then after all you have gone to sleep, and still you are asleep, nodding with hell beneath you, with the wrath of God abiding on you.

Now, I am rejoiced to think that, if there is any life in you, if the Lord enables you to look to Jesus Christ, his Son, for salvation, he will subdue your iniquities. Man, He will help you to escape from the magician's wand. Sin shall no longer delude and ensnare you.

II. A second form of the force of sin in most men is

ITS DEPRESSING POWER.

When men are really awake, and no longer under the witchery of sin, then Satan, and their flesh, and the sin that dwells in them, conspire to make them think that there is no hope of salvation for them. The evil ones mutter, "It is no use your trying to be saved. You do not stand the smallest chance." Jeeringly the tempters cry, "Look at your sins! Look at your sins!" Satan, who aforetime did not want us to look at sin, becomes all on a sudden eager that we should take to self-examination and confession. He who is the father of lies sometimes finds truth answer his purpose so well that he uses it with terrible effect; but even then he use it to support a lie. He suggests to the heart the thought, "If you had not sinned so much you might have been forgiven, but you have piled on the last ounce that has broken the back of mercy; you will never be saved."

Then comes the second suggestion, "You know you have tried already. You did keep yourself pretty steady for a time, but it all broke down. There is not the slightest use in venturing again upon this hopeless business. Depend upon it, there is a divine decree against you; you are one of the reprobate. There is no hope for you at all. Don't you see how false you are? You never make a resolve but you break it. You made *an awful failure* of it last time, and so you will again." Then there comes up again in the soul the depressing thought, "Perhaps it is not true after all that there is any mercy for sinners. It is very possible that there is no such power in the blood of Jesus as the preacher wants you to think."

Once get a man upon the rails of doubt and you can draw him on as far as you please. It is interesting to see a man go on doubting in the style I once followed. I doubted everything till at last I doubted my own existence. Now I have at least a little bump of common-sense, and I laughed outright at myself when I got as far as that, and the ridiculousness of the situation brought me back again to believe. To run right on to a *reductio ad absurdum* and prove the absurdity of your own unbelief is a very useful method of bringing a doubting spirit to a measure of belief.

Yes, I know that this is the way of sin. It depresses the man. "I would, but cannot believe," says he. "I would have a hope, but I cannot believe that my name is among God's elect ones. I cannot think that the blood of the atonement was shed for me;" and so on. What is to be done when you feel this, and wish to conquer it? What is to be done but to fly to a promise like this in the text, "He will subdue our iniquities?"

O cast-down one, be comforted, the Lord will subdue your iniquities in this respect. If you will but look to Jesus Christ He will say to you, "Be of good comfort." He will tell you that your sins are forgiven, and breathe hope into your soul.

III. But now, thirdly, the Lord has power to subdue sin in another form of its force, namely,

ITS DOMINEERING POWER.

What a domineering thing sin is over men. Any one sin will lord it frightfully over a man. I know a man in his senses—at any rate, he has never been in Bedlam yet: in business he is as sharp and cute a man as can be, and yet he drinks himself into foolishness, into madness, and even into delirium tremens. He has done this several times, and owns to the madness and wickedness of the deed, and yet he will repeat his insane and suicidal course. He has drunk away all his estate: from a man of property he has descended to become a very inefficient working-man. He has drunk away all his wife earns, for he does not earn much himself now, and he is mean enough to let the poor woman kill herself to find him with food.

He drank a horse and cart a fortnight ago. He went out of the house upon a business errand for his wife, pulled up at a drink-shop, drank till his money was gone, and so he sold the means by which his wife has kept him out of the workhouse. I dare say he is here: let him take it home to himself, he knows that it is true. He never went home again till the last ear of that horse had been drunk. And yet he would not like anybody to say that he is a fool, though I beg leave to have my doubts. His sin domineers over him. Only let drink come to him and say, "Go and do a mad thing," and he does it directly.

Expense, pain, disgrace, disease, poverty, and an early death—all these are demanded by the drink demon, and his victims cheerfully pay the tax. Why, now, if I were persuaded that it was the duty of any one of you to go and spend every penny that you have, and starve your own children, in order to support a child at the Orphanage, you would not see it, I dare say. I should be a very long while before I could persuade you to such a thing as that. I am sure I should not wish you to do so; but even if it were right I could not get you to do it. Yet things far more preposterous are done greedily at the bidding of drink.

This devil of drunkenness comes to a man, and he says, "Come along with me. Leave your fireside, and your wife and little ones, and associate with the lowest of the low. Come and spend everything you have upon stuff that will muddle your head, harden your heart, and destroy your character. Sell your household furniture, and drink till all your comrades call you a jolly good fellow. *Pawn your children's shoes*, so that the little ones cannot even go to Sunday-school." The man goes along as meekly as a lamb. And he has done that scores of times. He knows what a fool he is, and yet he will do it again if he gets a chance. Oh, the domineering power of sin! It is not the one sin of drunkenness only, for there are other men who are domineered over by their lusts. It is a delicate question to talk about, but I dare say there are some here who are slaves to the vilest of lusts, and *it becomes me to be plain with them* and assure them that persons living in fornication or adultery cannot inherit the kingdom of God. Then there is anger, which carries men away as with a flood; they cannot restrain themselves; the least thing sets them off boiling with passion. They say they cannot get the mastery in this respect, and it is perfectly true; but there is a stronger power than ours which can be brought in, by which the victory can be won.

Sin in some form or other has bound us hand and foot, and made us slaves. Do you wish to be free? Do you wish to be delivered from the tyranny of sin? Then I do not advise you to do anything in your own strength in the hope that you can accomplish deliverance; but cry to Christ at once, whose precious blood can blot out the past, and change you for the future. Give yourself up to Him, and be made a new man in Christ Jesus. Oh, you did try to mend, you say. One of our kings used by way of swearing to say, "God mend me?" That was his regular expletive till somebody said that he had tried that oath long enough; he thought that God could more easily make a new man than mend him. That is just the truth about you. There is no mending you. You need to be made new creatures in Christ Jesus. It will be by far the easier work of the two, though in itself it will be impossible to you. The Lord can do it. He *can make you such a new man that you will not know yourself the next time you meet yourself;* you will be so entirely new that you will begin to fight against your former self as your worst enemy. Oh, for an earnest cry at this good hour, "Lord, save me! I am sinking in the depths of my sin. Jesus, stretch out Thy hand as Thou didst to sinking Peter. Save me, or I perish." Jesus will lift His royal hand, and cause both winds and waves to lie still before Him; for it is written, "He will subdue our iniquities." The domineering power of sin is readily broken when Jesus enters the heart, but never till then. We refuse to obey our lusts when we bow our necks to the pure and holy Saviour. What a change He works! Speak ye, who best can tell, ye who have felt it! Ah, Lord, we bless Thee that it is even so "Thou wilt subdue our iniquities."

IV. Now, fourthly (for I must be brief on each point), there is another power about sin, namely,

ITS CLAMORING POWER.

I do not know any other word just now which so nearly expresses what I mean. Some of us know that we are forgiven, and we know that the domineering power of sin is broken in us, and our old sins have been long washed away by the blood of Christ, so that God does not know anything about them. You say that is a strange expression. It is no stranger than the Scriptures warrant, for the Lord says of our sins that He will remember them no more for ever; and I believe that He means what He says.

But as for my transgressions, I recollect them when God does not, and they come up before me, and they howl at me. "You be saved?" says one of my sins: "You?" "Remember what you did while yet a youth." Sometimes a thousand of them at once make an awful din, and howl out, "Guilty, guilty, guilty, and doomed to die." Then one or two bigger sins than the rest take the lead, howling with a deep bass, "Condemnation! condemnation! condemnation!" I have tried to argue with these memories of sins. When the dogs have barked in that fashion I have tried to put them down. Conscience has come out with his big whip, and he has whipped them till they howled more than ever. Conscience has said "Why, even now that you are a Christian you are not what you ought to be. You still fall short of your own standard. You condemn yourself while you are preaching. You know you do." Then all the dogs have howled again, as if they were only now beginning their horrid music.

You have never heard, perhaps, a whole kennel full of sins all howling at once, but it is a most awful noise at night. If you listen to the voice of these clamorous dogs you will wish that you had never been born, or could cease to exist. No voice that I know of, short of the one in the text, can make them lie still. But the Lord Jesus can subdue our iniquities, and when He steps into the middle of these dogs they lie cowed at His feet. As He speaks with gracious words of pardon the hell-hounds vanish; and instead of their baying you hear the sweet voice out of heaven: "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus."

Did you ever experience this delightful change? It is something like the case of a newcomer at a court of law, who one day went with a magistrate and sat on the bench. *A prisoner was brought up*, and evidence was given, and the counsel against the prisoner spoke; and this person said to his friend, the magistrate, "You may as well end it, the man is clearly guilty. Wind the case up, and let us go to dinner." But the magistrate

said, "You must listen and hear the advocate on the other side, and the case will look very different." When he listened to the advocate on the other side, he began to whisper, "I have my doubts about that now." As he listened further, he said, "I am glad you did not condemn that man. What a mistake I made; he is as innocent as a new-born babe. That advocate has done his work wonderfully." The prisoner was acquitted. It is so with us.

When our sins plead against us we readily allow that we are hopelessly ruined. But, oh, when our blessed Advocate takes up His brief, when the Wonderful, the Counsellor urges His plea, and pleads that our sins were laid on Him, what a change comes over the face of things! The sin is owned and then covered, lack of righteousness is acknowledged and then supplied, condemnation is recognized as just, and then seen to be with equal justice put away forever.

V. But I shall have my time gone, otherwise I wanted to say that this text is true as to

THE DEFILING POWER

of sin. Do you know, brothers and sisters, that after we are quite forgiven, and after the domineering power of sin has gone, yet the defiling power of sin is a great affliction to us? Our experience is embittered by the corruption of sins long ago dead, which send forth a dreadful rottenness, and make our thoughts a terror to us. Some of you were converted late in life, and you have very much, I am sure, to trouble you about in the influence of evil upon your memory. Perhaps this very night while I am speaking there has come up into your mind—though you cannot bear to think of it—some wretched scene in which you played a guilty part. Even the holiest words when you are in prayer will sometimes suggest to you a loose song that you used to sing, and a casual expression which has no special meaning to others will arouse a thousand vile remembrances in you.

Ah, I remember when words I never heard from human tongue rushed through my ear, filling my heart with blasphemies which I never thought of—profane suggestions which made me tremble like a leaf as they poured through my poor brain; I could have died sooner than they should be there; and yet they were rushing through my mind, and bearing all before them. Many of God's people are tried in that way.

Some of you know nothing about this, and I hope you will abide in happy ignorance of it; but those of you who do know it will perceive whereabouts I am, and you will triumph in this priceless promise, "He will subdue our iniquities." Look to Jesus Christ for power over *infernal suggestions*, and over evil memories, and he will give you that mastery; and it may be you shall never again be tried in that way as long as you live; for frequently the Lord gives such sudden and decisive deliverance that, between that one battle and heaven, the Christian pilgrim pursues his way and never meets Apollyon again.

VI. We have now reached sixthly. The Lord our God will subdue sin in

ITS HAMPERING POWER.

I am speaking, of course, to Christians in these latter points. There is a hampering power about sin. I will just hint at some instances of it.

Many believers might do a great deal of service for Christ and his church, but they are hampered by *shame*. They are ashamed, afraid, alarmed, where there is nothing to be troubled at. They indulge a foolish distrust of God. Their fear may once have been modesty, but it has grown rank, till it is not now the kind of modesty which is wholesome. They might serve God, but they are ashamed to make the attempt: ought they not to be ashamed of such cowardice? Some, again, are hindered in their joy and their peace by *unbelief*. They are always doubting, inventing fears, planning suspicions, compiling complaints. This cometh of evil and leadeth to no good. It is a dreadful thing to be hampered from doing good, and hampered from glorifying God, by an inveterate tendency to unbelief.

Others are hampered by *frivolity*. Many of us have merry spirits, but some are all levity. They were cradled in a bubble, and made to ride upon thistle-down. It is a pity when a man has no solidity of character, and runs to froth, for this sin dwarfs his manhood and dries up his vigor. Oh, that the Lord would subdue this form of iniquity.

Some I know, too, are very *unstable:* they are never the same thing two days together. They might have borne fruit if they had kept where they were, but they have been transplanted every week, and so have never taken root. They have undertaken a dozen works, but they have done nothing. Unstable as water, they shall not excel.

Some, again, are hampered by *pride*. There is no use in denying it. The natural tendency of many persons is to a silly pride. When they were children they could not have a new frock but they gloried in it; and since then they cannot have twopence more than their neighbors but they become almost unbearable. I know some who I hope are Christians, but they have a dreadful tendency to swell; they will grow before your very eyes if any one will but favor the process. They have always looked upon the many—the multitude—as being far inferior to them because their *grandfather's grandfather was either a knight*, or a baronet, or a foreigner of unknown degree: they feel that they are superior sort of people. This is a great drawback to godly workers, especially when it makes them feel that they could not go among poor people. Those who do go to visit the sick poor are often quite unable to reach their hearts, because of their stiffness of manner.

Some professors are *slothful*. They have a torpid liver, and are always afraid of doing too much. They are lethargic, Dutch-built, broad-wheeled-wagon sort of Christians, and slow are all their movements in the work of the Lord. They do not move at all by express: indeed, they are distressed by zeal, and disgusted by enthusiasm. The Lord subdue these iniquities for us.

Others are hampered by a *quick temper*. They cannot take things calmly; they snap and snarl, and scarcely know why. They boil over so soon; they are very sorry for it directly afterward, but that does not cure the scalds. There is no use in breaking the tea things because you can rivet them afterward: they are not much improved by it. Some must be forever fighting, for peace is stagnation to their burning spirits.

I have given *a long list of*

THESE HAMPERING SINS.

What is to be done with them? "Well," says one, "I do not think we can do anything, sir; these are our besetting sins." Now, do not make any mistake about it, if there is any sin that gets the mastery over you, you will be lost: *you are bound to conquer every sin*, mind that. You may call it a besetting sin or not, but it must be either overcome by you or it will be your ruin. A man may plead that a certain fault is his besetting sin; but I am not so sure of it. A sin that you wilfully indulge, is that a besetting sin? Certainly not.

If I had to cross Clapham Common to-night and three stout fellows beset me to take away whatever I had got, I would do my little best in self-defence. That is what I call besetting a man. A besetting sin is a sin that sometimes surprises a man; and then he ought to show fight and drive the besetting sin away. If I were to walk over the common every night, arm in arm with a fellow who picked my pocket, I should not say that the man "beset" me. No, he and I are friends, evidently, and the robbery is only *a little dodge of our own*. If you go wilfully into sin, or tolerate it, and say you cannot help it—well, you have to help it or you will be lost. One thing is certain—either you must conquer sin or sin will conquer you, and to be conquered by sin is everlasting death.

Well, what is to be done? Fall back upon this gracious promise—"He will subdue our iniquities." They have to be subdued; Jesus will do the deed, and in His name we will overcome. If we are slothful, we will, in God's strength, do ten times as much as we should have done had we been naturally of an active turn. If we are angry we will school ourselves till we become meek. Some of the most angry men that ever I have known have come to be the meekest of men. Remember Moses how he slew the Egyptian in his heat, and yet the man Moses became very meek by the grace of God.

You must overcome your sin, my dear hearer, be that sin what it may. Whatever else you forget of this sermon I want to leave that in your heart: you must overcome sin. By the blood of the Lamb it is to be done. By the power of divine grace it must be accomplished. Up! slay this Agag that you thought to spare. Hew him in pieces before the Lord, or else the Lord will hew you in pieces one of these days. God give you grace to get the victory.

VII. Now, the last and seventh point, God will deliver you from

THE INDWELLING POWER

of sin. Sin nestles in our nature. Its lair is in the jungle of our heart, and if we are believers in Jesus Christ we must hunt it out. The first thing the Lord does with this indwelling sin is to neutralize it. He puts in His indwelling Spirit to subdue it and overcome it. Next, He begins to drive it out. He said of the Canaanites, "By little and by little I will surely drive them out." Thanks be to God, He has driven out certain of our sins already. I know that I speak to some who are not tempted now to vices that once ruled them with a rod of iron. You have conquered *the grosser shapes of sin*. Brother, the day will come when there will not be one Canaanite left in the land; when, if you should search through and through, there will be no tendency to sin, no wandering of heart, no error of judgment, no failure of righteousness, no inclination to transgression. You will be as perfect as your covenant head, Jesus Christ.

Where will you be then?

NOT HERE, I TROW.

I notice that God always puts His jewels into fit settings, and the proper setting for a perfect man is the perfect joy of heaven. In a pure region the pure heart shall dwell; and you, believer, shall go on toward that sacred height, till, one of these days, your Lord will say, "Dear child, you have fought long enough with corruption and sin; come up hither; the conflict is all over now." You will look back when you get up to heaven, and you will say to yourself, perhaps—if you can have any such regrets—"I wish I had conquered those sins earlier, fought against them more earnestly, watched against them more vigilantly.

However, forgetting all about regrets, what a song we will raise when we find ourselves quite free from the power of sin! What a song! O you bad-tempered brother, when that anger is all gone, and you will never be angry again, will you not sing? Ah, you, brother, a little inclined to laziness, when you find that you can serve God night and day, will you not sing? And some of us who are inclined to despondency, when our gloom is all gone, and life becomes everlasting joy and sunshine, will not we sing? Yes, I was going to say:

> "Then, loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
> While heaven's resounding mansions ring
> With shouts of sovereign grace;"

I did utter that resolution once in the pulpit, and when I came down the stairs *an aged woman* said to me, "You made a mistake in your sermon to-night." "Dear soul," I said, "I dare say I made a dozen." "Ah," she said, "but you made one great one. You said that you owed more to God's grace than anybody, and therefore you would sing the loudest. But," she said, "you won't, for I shall." I find all my fellow-Christians, both men and women, are resolved that they will sing the loudest to the praise of grace divine.

What a heaven there will be, and what music there will be in heaven, when our iniquities are subdued. How will the Lord look down with joy upon us all when He shall see us all made like His Son, perfect, faultless, glorious. Then we will sing, "He has subdued our iniquities. Oh, come, let us sing unto the Lord, for he has triumphed gloriously, and all our iniquities has he cast into the sea."

Anticipate that joy, and begin to sing now, and let this be the matter of your song, "Thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord." May that victory be yours and mine. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Romans 7: 7 to 8: 1.]

TALES OF THE GROG-SHOPS.

By a London Clergyman.

PRIVATE SHORT.

(A Tale in Two Chapters.)

CHAPTER II.

OF all Charlie Short's triumphs, none was so signal as that over Sergeant Wilmot. He was just the one man who had been proof against his good qualities as a pleasant fellow. But now, all of a sudden, the Sergeant had taken a decided fancy to him; and instead of passing him by, seemed to take every opportunity of saying a kind word to him. And the Sergeant's hearty greetings day by day were not the least pleasant of the drops which made his cup so full. Charlie's heart quite warmed to him.

Our readers will observe that Sergeant Wilmot went to work in a very wise manner, and instead of thawing all at once, did so little by little, every day getting more and more friendly until he had quite got the young private's confidence. He saw clearly enough that to broach the subject of religion to Charlie Short abruptly, and without any preparation, would have spoiled all his chances of doing him good.

"Perhaps if *I* can get his heart," he used to say to himself, "he'll let me lead him on to give his heart to Christ."

And often did the good Sergeant pray that this might be so, and that God would deliver him from doing or saying anything to hinder the young fellow's recovery. The plan he had after some thought decided to follow was to get him to *the Soldiers' Home*, and especially to induce him to attend some religious meeting there. So one day, asking Charlie to accompany him for a short walk, he purposely led him past the Home which had been so wisely and lovingly instituted for the good of the soldiers' bodies and souls.

"Have you ever been in there?" asked the Sergeant.

"No," said Charlie rather sheepishly, for he felt that he would have been a much wiser man if he had.

"Let's go in and have something to drink, then, to keep out the cold."

They went in and sat down. How comfortable it looked! There was a capital fire in the stove; the walls were covered with bright pictures and texts; there were papers of all kinds on the table; and indeed everything seemed to have been thought of to make the men comfortable and happy.

"This is better than the public by a long way," said Charlie to himself when he had taken everything in, and saw how contented and happy the men were who were sitting at the table. "I wonder I never found out this place before."

"What do you think of it?" asked the Sergeant after they had got into the road.

"Fine!" replied Charlie.

"Anybody can go there," added the Sergeant; "free and open for us fellows whenever we like to use it. Stunning, isn't it?"

"Aye, that it is," he replied.

When Charlie Short was singing his songs that night, and draining his glasses, he couldn't help contrasting the roughness of this sort of pleasure with the rational comfort of the Soldiers' Home; and though he drunk no less, and staggered to the barracks in the very same state as usual, the sting was felt for all that, and defied all his efforts to soothe and remove it. Never did he feel it more than when he turned out in the morning with a parched tongue and a head ready to split.

"I'll go to that place again as sure as my name's Charlie Short," he inwardly resolved.

But up to this point he had got no farther than a determination to combine the two. How he proceeded to a point far beyond this will be seen.

"We are going to have *a temperance meeting*. Would any of you like to join us?"

So spake the lady who superintended the Soldiers' Home to the men in the reading-room of that institution. The invitation was kindly given, and from its very tone could not but conciliate the most unwilling.

The response to it was just what might have been expected, for not a man there but immediately rose and followed her into the large room where the meeting was to be held.

One man among them, however, was really surprised at himself, for he had then been at the point of rising to join his comrades at the public house; and whatever induced him with such apparent willingness to accompany the others he could never say. Need I say that the man in question was no other than Charlie Short?

There was no time to change his mind had he felt ever so inclined to do so, for the meeting was just commencing, and he was borne in by the quick movement of those who had been sitting beside him.

When he found a seat, and had time to look around him, he was surprised to find so many soldiers there. He never thought so many red-coats could have been induced to attend such a meeting as that. At the same time to find himself in the midst of so many of his own comrades removed the feeling of strangeness which he had at first experienced.

Now he had often heard of temperance meetings, but never before this had he attended one, and it was with much curiosity that he prepared himself to listen. He quite expected to hear total abstinence praised to the skies by the men who spoke, but what surprised him most was the way in which they *mixed it up with religion*. Not a soldier who spoke but could say what the Lord had done for his soul; and thrilling were many of the stories which they told from their own experience.

One and all insisted with much fervor that it was little good for a soldier to attempt to break off from the drink without coming out on the Lord's side; that the public house and the Lord Jesus Christ could never be embraced; and that for the sake of the one the other must be given up. But the speech which had the greatest effect on Charlie Short was Sergeant Wilmot's, who, without mentioning names, managed to weave into his speech the very career which Charlie had himself passed through, the downward path he was leading, and the two poor women at home whose tears were, perhaps even at that very moment, streaming down with sorrow.

"*Think of your mothers*, young men," he said; "*think of your sweethearts* if you've got any, and don't forget that your pleasure, as you call it, is pain to them, and perhaps death. Think of your souls too, and remember that there's many a lad here who this very night will be prayed for with strong crying and tears by her who gave him life. Take an old soldier's advice who knows what he is talking about, and break with the drink to-night by coming to the Lord Jesus Christ and giving your heart to Him."

Poor Charlie! How miserable he felt! What guilty thoughts were rising within him! How true it all was, every word of it! His poor old mother and Jenny, how unhappy he must have made them! Would God forgive such a miserable wretch as he was?

Charlie signed the pledge that night, for he was determined to have no more of the drink. But he did more than that, for when the same kind lady asked him as he was going out to come again, and added, "But be sure to give the Lord Jesus your heart, and do it to-night," Charlie really did it. Not at once, but before the night was over. For the Sergeant and he had a long talk that night, and Charlie saw it all, and understood for the first time the wonderful love of Jesus in dying on the cross for him, and with his heart believed it, and was saved.

To dismiss Charlie Short at this stage would be rather a pity, and especially as one or two who may have read thus far about him are calling him a good fellow spoiled. So before we bid him a final good-by we may as well knock such an idea on the head and dispose of it forever.

True, Private Short had become a teetotaler and turned religious, but he wasn't less of a man for that. When, a year or so later on, he got mentioned in the dispatches as the most plucky man in the regiment; when, in the face of the enemy, and with a storm of bullets raining upon him, he bore away into a place of safety a wounded comrade; when again and again he was the first to enter the deadly breach—if he wasn't worthy of the name of a man, what other name could you give him?

Neither did his religion affect his voice, or force him to sing less. The only difference it made in this particular was to change the songs. Instead of singing for the devil, he began to sing for the Lord who died for him—that was all. For my part, I think a changed heart improves a man's voice rather than spoils it.

But didn't it sour him? perhaps you will ask. *Sour him!* Why it made him more merry than ever; and it made him happy in a way he never had felt before. It put true peace in the place of false, and made him smile in circumstances which would in the old days have made him well-nigh cry.

Have you got any more questions to ask? Ah! one more, I see.

Well, now, didn't Charlie turn his back upon his old friends? No, he didn't. There was one thing he did, though; he turned his back upon their sins. He wouldn't go to their public house. But to say his heart changed toward them is great libel. Why, the very first thing he did was to go up to his old mates and beg them to give the Lord Jesus their hearts as he had done. And when they said "No, not they," instead of giving them up he was up and at them again and again, telling them what a bad place the public was, begging them to spend their spare time at the Soldiers' Home, and declaring that if they took up with the Lord Jesus they'd wonder they'd ever been such fools as to take up with sin and the drink. A man must have a friendly, loving sort of heart to take so much trouble with fellows as that, I think.

Ask Charlie's mother whether she thought he was a good fellow spoiled.

Ask Charlie's sweetheart, too, what she thought about it.

Ask the colonel of his regiment whether he was sorry or glad at the turn Charlie had taken.

And if these arguments don't weigh much with you, I would simply say in conclusion, Look at Charlie's stripes—first one, then two, then three—and say whether or no he wasn't better without the drink and with the Lord Jesus Christ.

If you still hold that Charlie Short had made a mistake, I would simply look you straight in the face and tell you that *you* are making one ten thousand times greater.

Pauper Millionnaires.—Rev. W. Hay Aitken, the eminent English evangelist, in one of his noonday addresses recently to London business men remarked: "The wise man says, and he generally speaks pretty near the mark, 'There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing' (Prov. 13: 7). I believe there are many such men in London. They want to make their 'fortune'—strange word! if men understood what it is to be really fortunate, how differently many would act—even though all their finer and nobler feelings go to the wall. At last they reach the end of their ambition, and die rich! I remember *an old gentleman* in Liverpool whose father, after giving large sums of money to other sons, said to this one, 'As for you, John, I have left you the business; you must do as I have done—sink or swim.' 'Thank you, sir,' he replied; 'I will swim.' And he did it. He devoted his whole life to the acquistion of money. He is now an old man, on the brink of eternity, and extremely wealthy, though to get a £10 note out of him is a very difficult business indeed. I heard of another man who was so overburdened by his wealth that when a relative died and left him £100,000, he cursed him, and said, 'Did the man think I had not got quite enough to ruin my soul already?' He really had *nothing!* There was not a soul in the world to love him; nobody cared two straws whether he lived or died. *Worth a half-million, and yet had nothing!*"

Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, Mass., who is now in England, is about to proceed to India on a mission to the Hindoos. Many of these people, who have cast off their hereditary heathen belief, have accepted the cold and heartless doctrines of Deism or Socinianism. Mr. Cook is deeply moved by their state, and is anxious to tell them of the better way and of a living personal Saviour.

DR. TALMAGE'S FRIDAY EVENING TALK,

February 4, 1881.

The Deathbed of Carlyle—Recollections of his Residence—A Portrait of the Thinker with the Toothache—His Library—The Unadorned Workshop—The Room Characteristic of the Worker—The Habits of Literary Men—Trouble in the British Parliament—The Issue one God only can Settle—A Week of Sickness and Sudden Death—Planetary Warnings—Readiness for Sudden Emergency a Duty—Preferences for Sudden Death.

DURING the last week the world has hovered over the deathbed of the great essayist, satirist and revolutionary thinker,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

He has done more than any man of this century *to slay cant*, philosophic cant, religious cant. Though he has complained much of men and institutions, he has been the most magnificent fault-finder of the ages. He has been the mightiest foe of sham and subterfuge. He has for half a century been the great literary iconoclast.

It is a solemn time in London, and in the world now that he is dying. The world, sometimes impatient of his rebuff, will grow tender over his memory. Mighty eulogies are about to be written and pronounced. Poet, and rhetorician, and biographer, and politician, and moralist will in a few hours take up the theme, and all civilized nations will uncover their heads at his obsequies. Bulletins day by day have announced him worse and worse, and the last says he can survive only a few hours. Everything concerning him will now attract attention.

I was most deeply interested when I first saw *his residence*. It is in Chelsea, a suburb of London, and on a narrow street, with not even a house in front, but instead thereof a long range of brick wall. You go through a narrow hall and turn to the left and are in the literary workshop where some of the strongest thunderbolts of the world have been forged. The two front windows have on them scant curtains of reddish calico, hung at the top of the lower sash, so as not to keep the sun from looking down, but to hinder the street from looking in. The room has a lounge covered with the same material that I have spoken of, and of construction such as you would find in the plainest house among the mountains. It looks as if it had been made by an author not accustomed to saw or hammer, and in the interstices of mental work. I think he made it himself.

On the sides of the room are a few woodcuts in plain frames, or pinned against the wall, also a photograph of Mr. Carlyle, taken one day, as his family say, when he had a violent toothache, and could attend to nothing else, and it is his favorite picture, though it gives him a face more than ordinarily severe and troubled. I happened somewhere after returning from Europe to speak of that picture in his study, and some months after, I got a letter from an artist in London saying: "I see you admire that rough sketch of Thomas Carlyle with the toothache. There are but three pictures of that style. One Mr. Carlyle has, another I have, who made it, and the other is on the Atlantic coming to you if you will please to accept it."

In long shelves, unpainted and unsheltered by glass or door, is *the library* of the world renowned thinker. The books are worn as though he had bought them to read. Many of them are uncommon books, the titles of which we never saw before. American literature is almost ignored, while Germany monopolizes many of the spaces. We noticed the absence of theological works save those of Thomas Chalmers, whose name and genius he well-nigh worshipped. The relation between Thomas Carlyle and Thomas Chalmers will appear after awhile. It is known to but few. I had shown me in Edinburgh, the first time I saw that city, a most remarkable letter written by Thomas Carlyle to Thomas Chalmers, the first part of it devoted to eulogy of Doctor Chalmers and great admiration of his work, and the rest of it descriptive of his own religious doubts.

I copied that letter and carried it to my hotel; but afterward I bethought myself, I had better return the copy, as it is a private letter, and it might somehow get out of my possession, and go into the public prints before it ought to go there. But a wonderful letter. He never wrote anything more tremendous. Beautiful, grand, melancholy.

Speaking of this room of Carlyle's, the carpets are old and worn and faded, not because he cannot afford better, but because he would have his house a perpetual protest against the world's sham. It is a place not calculated to give inspiration to a writer. No easy chair, no soft divans, no wealth of upholstery, but simply a place to work and stay. Never having heard a word about it, it was nevertheless just such a place as we expected. We had there confirmed our former theory of a man's study as only a part of himself, or a piece of tight-fitting clothing. It is the shell of the tortoise just made to fit the totoise's back. Thomas Carlyle could have no other kind of a workshop. What would he do with a damask covered table, or a gilded inkstand, or an upholstered window?

Starting with the idea that the intellect is all, and the body naught but an adjunct or an appendage, he will show that the former can live and think without any approval of the latter. He will give the intellect all costly stimulus, and send the body supperless to bed. Thomas Carlyle taken as a premise, this homely room is the inevitable conclusion. The study is a part of the mental development. Do not blame a man for the style of his literary apartments, any more than you would for the color of his hair or the shape of his features.

If Hobbes carries his study with him, and his pen and his inkstand in the top of his cane, so let him carry them. If Lamartine can best compose while walking in the park, paper and pencil in hand, so let him ramble. If Robert Hall thinks easiest lying flat on his back, let him be prostrate. Do not criticize Charles Dickens because he threw all his study windows wide open and the shades up. It may fade the carpet, but it will pour sunshine into the hearts of a million readers. If Thomas Carlyle choose to call around an ink spattered table Goethe and Schiller and Richter, and dissect the shams of the world with a plain goose quill, so be it. The horns of an ox's head are not more certainly a part of the ox than Thomas Carlyle's study and its appointments are a part of Thomas Carlyle.

Now he leaves all this. After struggling with many doubts and fears, in the time of old age, I hear he has come back to *the simplicity of the Gospel*, and when he goes away, I hope he will go away into everlasting peace, and into the place where there are no clouds and no doubts, and no struggles, and no pain. In a few days he will go out of his home never to return; but the plain brick house in Chelsea will be the Mecca to which generations will make pilgrimages. "The wise men die, likewise the fool and the brutish person perish." Neither the wisdom of the one nor the ignorance of the other can win discharge in that war.

The greatest political event of the week is the culmination of

TROUBLE IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT

concerning Irish affairs. Thirty-five Irish members ejected. Both styles of administration have tried their hand on the pacification of Ireland, and neither Tory nor Liberal, neither Beaconsfield nor Gladstone has succeeded. The fact is that the controversy between England and Ireland going on for centuries is, after all the legislation and eloquence and statesmanship on the subject, as unsettled as at the start.

Only one Being in the universe can tell what will be the upshot of this bitter contest. My opinion is that as the slavery agitation in this country grew worse and worse for forty years, until God settled it in the most unexpected and peremptory way, so the fight between landlord and tenant in Ireland will grow in acerbity until in some divine way not now suspected, the whole trouble will be settled once and forever. Administration will follow administration, and one style of policy will follow another style of policy, and when all parties shall be in despair as to what is best to do next, God will take His hand out of His bosom, and strike for the rectification of all wrong, and for the upbuilding of all righteousness. How soon that day shall come will depend much on the faith and prayers of the good transatlantic and cisatlantic.

Higher than Parliaments and Congresses and presidential chairs sits the Ruler of nations. *To Him we commit Ireland and her sufferings*, England and her perplexities. May the land of Goldsmith and Burke and Emmet and Daniel O'Connell soon bloom into a peace and prosperity which shall astonish all nations.

I remark again that the week has been alarming for

SICKNESSES AND SUDDEN DEMISE.

Some months ago it was said that in consequence of certain planetary juxtapositions, we were on the eve of revolutions and plagues and disturbances of all sorts. Indeed *something unusual seems to be the matter*. I never knew such a time of unexpected decease. You have all noticed it. The warnings are ringing on every side. While I would not inculcate a morbidity on this subject, I think it would be well to be *ready for every emergency*. We do not want to go blundering out of this life and aghast into the next.

What preparation we make for the next life, we will have to make on this side the cold stream. Wide awake about all other interests, we ought to be wide awake about the best way of exchanging worlds. If a man is going across the Atlantic Ocean, he does not want to go on board a craft which will sink in the first cyclone. If equipped for the journey from this world to the next, we cannot start too soon. If you are going from one city on earth to another city, you prefer the swiftest train, and if there is one train that will take you in two hours and another train that will take you in ten hours, you take the train that goes the swifter. Why not have a common-sense preference in regard to the way of going out of this life? Instead of going out of this life by slow disease, why not prefer to go like a flash?

But we must leave all this to God. If we are to go slowly, then we will go slowly. If we are to go swiftly, we will go swiftly. I often hear people say how they would like to leave this world. I have sometimes thought I had preferences, but I have come to have none. I would a great deal rather have God's wisdom in this matter than my ignorance. All these matters are determined higher up, and it becomes us to submit, and to have no fear if we have made God our everlasting friend.

While on earth let us be busy, helpful, sympathetic, genial, prayerful, Christian. Then all will be well, whether we tarry here among old friends or go over to the majority. We all need to have our ideas of the next world made so graphic and real that we shall understand that going out of this earth into heaven is only an exchange of apartments in the one great mansion of the universe, from a room partly lighted to one full of sunshine, from a room of hard work to a room of luxurious ease, from workshop to pillow, from kitchen to parlor, from dungeon to throne. Believing this, you will not be alarmed at the thought that your departure may be most expeditious. Sudden death, sudden glory.

A Curious Mirage was Visible at Minot, Me. on January 13th. The Portland *Argus* says, "about 7 A.M. the inmates of a farm-house in Minot discovered the reflection of the city of Lewiston *vividly portrayed upon the sky*. The city building, churches, one mill—thought to be the Androscoggin—trees, Lisbon Street, a train at the main Central Depot, and numerous buildings were distinctly seen and recognized. This marvellous spectacle was visible about one half hour from the time it was first discovered until its disappearance. As the sun rose it gradually faded away, the northern part of the city first disappearing from view. The farm-house from which this curious sight was witnessed is situated upon the highest point of land lying between Portland and Streak Mountain. This remarkable phenomenon can be accounted for by the operation of known natural laws, but there will one day be a glorious city visible in the sky, with which the laws of nature will have nothing to do. *That will be no mirage.* (Rev. 21: 10–27.)

A CHOICE VINDICATED.

(*Continued from page 79.*)

A Letter from Donald.

"THE Arabs say we have insulted the sheik of the village by entering the tomb," said Miss Schwarz, "and they threaten all sorts of dreadful things. But I will manage them; don't be alarmed! Have you any money with you, Sir William?"

"Yes, a little," he said, "not very much. How much will they want?"

"Oh, they shall not have very much," she said. "Have you a mejedie? It is a large Turkish coin—larger than half a crown; it is worth about three and sixpence" (eighty-four cents).

"Yes, I think I have," he said; "I will look."

"No, not now, please," she said; "wait a minute or two."

So she had another long conversation with the Arabs, and then, to our astonishment, they brought up our horses and helped us to mount in the most gallant manner. Then, when we were quite ready to start, Miss Schwarz turned to Sir William.

"They may have the mejedie now," she said; "if you will give it to me, I will hand it to the sheik, and he will divide it among them." For they were all holding out their hands greedily to Sir William to receive the coin.

"Now it is all right," she said; "let us ride on quickly."

"You are a splendid dragoman, Miss Schwarz!" said Sir William; "how did you manage them so well?"

"Oh, I threatened them with the English consul, and the German consul, and with the Pacha, and with all sorts of other authorities," she said, laughing. "I knew they would not dare to hurt us; they would never hear the last of it if they did. And, besides, the sheik knows my father well, and as soon as I mentioned his name they became very civil. I hope you did not mind giving them the mejedie, Sir William; but I promised them a little reward if they were good."

"Oh, not at all," he said, laughing; "it was a cheap way of getting off. They would not get much each, poor fellows!"

"Oh, quite plenty," said Miss Schwarz; "if they had been more civil we might have given them a little more. I hope you were not very much frightened, Miss Trafford?"

"Oh, only a little," said Evelyn; but she looked pale and tired, and we were all very glad to get safely back to the hotel.

Evelyn lay on the sofa in the sitting-room all the evening, and I sat beside her, while Sir William went into the coffee-room and discussed the adventures of the day with a party of English travellers who had arrived that evening from Jaffa.

My beautiful ferns and flowers looked withered after the heat of the day, so I gave them fresh water, and pressed one or two of the prettiest in blotting-paper. Then I sat down beside Evelyn, with my work in my hand, but I did not feel inclined to sew. I felt very dull and depressed, and Evelyn seemed so likewise. I said to myself that it was only the reaction after the excitement and fright we had experienced that afternoon, and yet I felt that, after all, that was not the real reason.

Was it because—*could* it be because—Mr. Stanley had gone away? For, after all, he was only a stranger; a pleasant—yes, a very pleasant—travelling companion, who had been very kind and useful to us when we were in his company, but who would think no more of us now that he had gone away. Like ships meeting on the sea, we had gone side by side for a little time, but now we had parted—probably *never* to meet again. That was all; it was nothing to be dull or miserable about. And I was quite angry with myself for having given way to the feeling of depression which had crept over me. I tried to think of my work, of Maggie, of our encounter with the Arabs in the tomb—of anything but of Mr. Stanley's mysterious disappearance!

But, somehow or other, I could not tell why, my thoughts *would* come back to it, in spite of all my efforts to turn them to other subjects. I could not help wondering whether Evelyn was thinking of the same thing. Why was she so quiet this evening? Could it be that she missed Mr. Stanley? Was I right in fancying that was the reason? Did she really care for him more than for an ordinary acquaintance?

I looked up at her, and found she was watching *me* with a curious expression on her face—half amused half inquiring. I rather resented it, I am afraid, and looked down again quickly, and went on steadily with my work.

"It will all come right, May, dear," she said after a pause.

"What will come right, Evelyn?" I asked; "what do you mean?"

"I mean about Mr. Stanley's mysterious disappearance," she said, smiling; "I am sure we shall get a solution of the mystery in a day or two."

"Oh, yes," I said carelessly; "we shall have to find another dragoman; that is the only drawback."

"The *only* drawback!" she repeated.

"You don't think so," I said.

"You don't think so either, May," she said; "I know you don't."

"Well, perhaps not," I said. "How close it is to-night, Evelyn! Would you mind me taking a little walk on the veranda outside the window—to get cool before bedtime?"

"Oh, not at all," she said, smiling; "go, May, dear, it will do you good."

So I left my work and went outside the window.

It was a quiet, starlight night, and the stars in the east are wonderfully brilliant and beautiful. I walked up and down for some time, not exactly thinking, not exactly praying, but with my heart lifted upward, above this changing world, to the unchanging Friend above. And an answer came to that upward appeal. It came in the recollection of some words I had heard a few days before: "Next time a trouble comes which you cannot understand, and which seems so very hard to bear, just say to yourself it is God's chisel at work upon me—you will find it such a help." And it *was* a help to me; the very help that I needed—God's chisel at work upon me, then I must not complain; I must not murmur; I must not even wonder; I must just trust and wait.

The next day was Sunday, and I think we were all glad of this. Sir William felt unable to make any plans without Mr. Stanley's advice, but as we had already been several times to the pretty little English church, we had no difficulty in knowing how to spend our time on Sunday.

The service began at ten o'clock, so we were up early and started for church directly after breakfast. I felt comforted and rested during the service, and hoped to get just the message I needed from the sermon. I must confess I was somewhat disappointed when the text was given out, for it seemed to me that no comfort or help could be found in it. It was a singular text, and one I had never noticed before. The preacher was a German by birth, but he spoke English as if had been his native language. We were told afterward that he was a converted Jew, and the missionary to the Jews in Jersualem.

The text was from Leviticus 23: 40: "Ye shall take you the boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm trees, and the boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook; and ye shall rejoice before the Lord your God seven days."

The clergyman first answered the thought which I had had in my heart, that there was no lesson for me in the text, by showing that all God's word was written for our learning, and that these Jewish feasts and ceremonies were wonderfully suggestive and helpful, if we looked into their real meaning and significance.

The text contained directions for the Feast of Tabernacles, the feast of joy. It came after the Day of Atonement, after pardon had been obtained, after sin had been put away. First must come forgiveness, then follows joy; pardon first, rejoicing afterward.

"And in the text," he said, "we are given four conditions under which alone the joy of the Lord can be ours; four characteristics of the true Christian, who can alone rejoice before his God."

I felt in my own heart, as he was speaking, how little I knew of the true joy of the Lord. I was so easily cast down by little earthly troubles and worries, and I so soon lost the happiness and peace of feeling the Lord's presence with me, and the Lord's smile upon me. The last two days, for instance; oh, how depressed and miserable had I felt! Could it be that I was overlooking and neglecting one of the four things pictured in the text?

Then the sermon went on to show that although these four kinds of trees meant nothing to our English ears, they meant a very great deal to the men to whom the direction was given, for, to them, each kind of tree was a word-picture of some particular grace. Just as we speak of the innocent daisy, the humble lily of the valley, the modest violet; and just as we take these flowers as *emblems* to us of innocence, humility, and modesty; and just as we talk of "a butterfly life," and every one knows at once what we mean—so in the same way, the Jews had *emblematic* meanings for different trees, and flowers, and other things in nature, and they understood perfectly well what was symbolized when these trees or flowers were mentioned.

The four kinds of trees in the text had a very deep and beautiful meaning for them. The goodly trees, or citron trees, were their emblem for a pure and true heart; the palm trees were a picture to them of uprightness and bold straightforwardness.

The willows of the brook were to them a picture of a mouth filled with words of kindness and truth. The leaves of the willow were thought to be in the shape of a mouth, and they were most particular that only those willow trees should be used in the Feast of Tabernacles as had smooth, soft leaves. Those of a sharp and prickly nature, and the edge of the leaves of which is rough like a saw, were never allowed to be gathered or used in this ceremony, that they might understand thereby, that in order to have true joy they must set a watch before their mouth, and only suffer words of truth and kindness to come out of it.

Four characteristics then were at once brought to their minds, when the direction in the text was given. The Israelites understood at once, that to be able really to rejoice in the Lord they must have a heart pure toward God, they must be upright as the palm-tree, they must be contented as the myrtle, and they must have mouths ever speaking words of kindness and truth.

And then he asked us to examine ourselves by these four tests. Were we keeping the door of our hearts, guarding it against all evil thoughts, evil motives, evil desires? Were we also upright before God and man, growing ever heavenward, Godward?

Were we contented and happy to be just where God placed us, and to do just the work that God had chosen for us to do? And how about our words; were we careful to be strictly truthful in every little matter? And did we guard against ever letting unkind or hasty words come out of our mouth? "If not," he said, "how could we expect to be able to rejoice before the Lord?"

I have not time to write down more of the sermon now, but I felt it very much; it went straight to my heart, and made me feel that it was my own fault that I was so seldom in a rejoicing frame of mind. Oh, how earnestly I prayed that I might be more careful over my heart, that I might be upright as the palm, contented as the myrtle, and that my words might ever be acceptable in the sight of my Lord.

A few days afterward, as we were sitting at breakfast, the waiter came into the room with a letter. Sir William looked at the postmark.

"Alexandria!" he said; "well, I am glad he has written at last!"

"Is it from Mr. Stanley, papa?" asked Evelyn.

"Yes," he said, "I should think so; I do not know any one else who is likely to be in Alexandria."

He opened the letter and glanced hastily at its contents. Then he took up the envelope, and looked at it again; then he turned once more to the first page of the letter and began to read it through.

Evelyn and I sat watching him. I tried to go on with my breakfast, but I felt as if the food

would choke me, for Sir William looked more and more impatient and annoyed as he went on reading.

When he had finished he tossed the letter on the table, saying angrily, "He is a good-for-nothing rascal!"

I looked up quickly, and Evelyn asked, in a trembling voice,

"*Who* is, papa—not Mr. Stanley?"

"No, not Mr. Stanley," he said; "at least he may be, I do not know that he is; but that cousin of yours, Donald Trafford—the letter is from him. An idle, good-for-nothing rascal, that is what he is! And I shall tell his father so when I see him!"

"Let me have the letter, papa," said Evelyn. She was as white as a sheet and trembling with agitation.

"Well, don't trouble about it, darling," said Sir William, in quite a different tone from that in which he had spoken before; "he is not worth troubling about; he really is not. If I could only get you to see that. Here, take the letter; I suppose I shall have to let you see it; but don't make yourself ill again, for my sake!"

(To be continued.)

THE PREACHING OF JESUS.

S. S. Lesson for February 20th, Luke 4 : 14-32. Golden Text, ver. 18. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE Lord Jesus is Himself the Word of God, the message of God to man, "being . . . the express image of His person, and upholding all things by the Word of His power" (Heb. 1 : 3). He is not as John the Baptist was, and as every other true preacher of Christ ought to be, "a voice," but more, even that which the voice communicates. "Never man spake like this man" was the testimony of His enemies (John 7 : 46). "Thou hast the words of eternal life" was the testimony of His friends (John 6 : 68). And yet in His human life He received from His Father every word which He spake (John 14 : 10), that He might bring Himself into the position of those who should follow Him.

Conquered temptation was His great immediate preparation for His preaching. It was the Word of His Father which He was about to proclaim, and He had first tried and proved its power against the enemy, and found in the forty days and forty nights of fasting through which He had passed that "Men shall not live by bread alone, but by every Word of God" (ver. 4). John the Baptist was fitted for his testimony by an unusual life of loneliness and austerity in the desert; the Lord Jesus was prepared for His by fighting over the ground of all conceivable temptation in the enemy of souls; and being tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin (Heb. 14 : 1). He could speak as man of God's deliverance with all the authority of conscious experience. He had "suffered being tempted" (Heb. 2 : 18), and was yet not overcome, because He counted on the stability of His Father's written Word.

There is no such preparation for preaching as this experience of God's faithfulness. There is a weight about the words of those who have had experience of God which no power of eloquence, no acquaintance with doctrine, no amount of practice can give. Let a preacher be himself awed under the solemnity of his message, and all his hearers will be awed with him; let him break down under the power of his own words which speak of the love of God, and no heart in the audience will be unmoved. It is easy to know whether a preacher lives in the known presence of God, for when he does so there is something about him akin to that radiance which lit up Moses's face when the children of Israel could not look upon it, something of that power which made Elijah master of the situation wherever he was, with King Ahab, with Obadiah, with the captain of fifty. There is a something which men feel without being able to explain it; it is the unseen God with them; Joseph had it in Egypt, and Potiphar felt it; Stephen had it before the council, and the power was irresistible; Paul had it, and neither Felix nor Agrippa could help feeling the power that was with him.

The Lord Jesus, fresh from His conflict with the devil in the wilderness, "returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee." It is a glorious thing to come forth strengthened from the hour of temptation, strengthened in the consciousness of God's almightiness. Every preacher and every teacher who comes out of temptation strengthened carries his tested strength into his preaching. "There went a fame of Him through all the regions round about. And He taught in their synagogues, being glorified of all." "He taught them as one that had authority, and not as the scribes" (Mark 1 : 22). "They were astonished at His doctrine, for His Word was with power" (Luke 4 : 32). And just so far as Christ speaks through us, in our word "with power," just so far as we come out of every trial and temptation strong in the Lord, will the simplest words which we speak for Him tell with power upon those to whom He sends us.

At Nazareth, where He had been brought up, we are told the subject-matter of His preaching. It was nothing original, although He was the Son of God. He used God's Word already written, and applied it. And oh, how different is God's teaching to that of man! "Do the best you can, live according to your conscience, struggle against sin, and then satisfy your conscience that no man can do better than you;" this is man's gospel. But how utterly groundless it is! It meets men who are already debtors to God, and says to them, "Do all you can to pay your way," without making any provision for the past load of debt which is hanging upon their consciences. We want a gospel which will meet us where we are, helpless, hopeless bankrupts. A gospel which ignores our past sins is no gospel for "the poor . . . the broken-hearted . . . the captives." God sees the unconverted to be poor, whatever they may think of themselves; if they are not broken-hearted, there is enough to make them so, if they face the reality of their state before Him.

The Lord Jesus opened the Word of God at "the place where it was written. The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised. To preach the acceptable year of the Lord." He came there to rescue those who could not help themselves. Reader, are you poor? Are you a debtor to God with nothing to pay? Knowing that you ought to love Him, do you find no love in your heart with which to love Him? Knowing that your sins are grievous, do you find no power in your heart to grieve over them? Knowng that you ought to believe on Him, do you look into the resources of your own heart and find that you have there no provision, no love, no sorrow for sin, no faith? Then are you poor—poor enough to want a friend? There is a message for you in the preaching of Jesus. Good news, for that is what "gospel" means—good news to the poor. What is it then? Poor debtor, thy debt is paid—paid by Jesus on the cross. Your great Creditor says, "I have found a ransom" (Job 33 : 24); your Redeemer tells you that your debt is cancelled. "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins; return unto me, for I have redeemed thee" (Isa. 44 : 22). "But my love is so cold, and my faith is so weak," you say. That is the very reason that Jesus' faith, and Jesus' love have stood in its place before God. Now take the good news, and let heart and voice praise Him.

"But," another may say, "I am a slave to sin which I cannot conquer. My temper is beyond my control, I have secret temptations which are too strong for me, I cannot overcome my feverish anxiety." Bless God, the anointed Saviour came to preach deliverance to the captives. You say, "But I pray and strive, and all to no purpose." Very likely. But He did not come to preach that the captives should pray themselves free or struggle themselves free. Blessed be His name, He undertook the battle, and He has fought it and won the victory. "Our old man is crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin" (Rom. 6 : 6). When Satan can persuade you to look at yourself, he will say, "Now you have always fallen into such and such a sin, there is no help for it, you will fall again," and you can only sigh and groan and fear. But look right away to Jesus; He tells you that that "body of sin" of yours is crucified, is nailed tight up to the cross, that so you should "not serve sin." "But," you say, "I feel sin working in me." Then, my brother, you are not keeping your place. "Reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord. Let a woman reckon herself to be my cook, and she will be out of place except in the cooking; let a man reckon himself to be a printer, and if he is called upon to drive a pair of horses he will feel that he is out of place; let a man reckon himself dead, because God says he is, and every appeal of Satan to find him alive unto sin will be futile, because he keeps his place in Christ, and in that place Satan cannot enter. Bless God, there is real deliverance from sin in Christ, open to the experience of all who will take and keep their place in Christ and not in themselves.

In the prophecy (Isa. 51 : 1, 2) from which the subject of Christ's preaching on this occasion was taken, the words "recovering of sight to the blind" are wanting; the Lord added them. No doubt our blessed Lord referred to physical and spiritual sight. Truly, we never hear of one blind man who came to Jesus for healing and was turned away unhealed. But how often Scripture speaks of the spiritually blind! "Blindness in part is happened to Israel" (Rom. 11 : 25); "Anoint thine eyes with eyesalve that thou mayest see" (Rev. 3 : 18); "To open their eyes and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God" . . . (Acts 26 : 18). The Lord Jesus says, "The light of the body is the eye," and He would have our whole body to be "full of light" (Luke 11 : 34-36); transparent, "having no part dark," that in every word and movement we may "shine as lights in the world" (Phil. 2 : 15), and that we ourselves may have no difficulty in recognizing the mind and will of our God.

What was the result of the Master's preaching? If Paul knew that his words and those of his companions in labor must be a savor of life unto life or of death unto death (2 Cor. 2 : 15), how much more must the very words of the Word of God Himself be "quick and powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit . . . a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart? (Heb. 4 : 12). Alas! for these men of Nazareth, and for the hundreds and thousands who follow their example, "the Word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it" (Heb. 4 : 2). The first impression was profound, and it was caused by the simple reading of the passage from Isaiah; but every word was a living reality; the Spirit of the Lord was upon Him who pronounced the words, He was anointed, and stood there in His office as the Messiah waiting only to be trusted, and He waited in vain. Were there none poor enough there to need His redemption? Were there no broken-hearted ones to need His healing? no blind? no captives? The synagogue was filled with such, but they did not believe on Him. They were almost gained; they had bowed beneath His power, when He had said unto them, This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears. They felt that it was true, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth; but the enemy was at hand, and whispered, "Are you going to think that the son of the carpenter is anything more than you are? If He had been a prophet, you would have found it out before now. 'Is not this Joseph's son?'" And the sorrowing Saviour had the experience first in the home of His childhood, "Ye will not come unto me, that ye might have life" (John 5 : 40). There He was ready to save, ready to heal, ready to open blind eyes, ready to set captives free, and because of prejudice they would not let Him do it. Nay, more; when He quoted to them the unbelief and the consequent fearful loss of blessing, of those who did not believe in the prophetical office of Elijah and Elisha, their indifference turned to enmity, and they sought to persecute the Son of God even unto death.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

A Panic has Fallen on the Ranks of the Irish Land League. The founder of the movement and its most conspicuous leader and organizer, Michael Davitt, was arrested last week and condemned to seven years penal servitude. Davitt was one of the Irish political prisoners who were released by the clemency of the British Government before the expiration of their terms of imprisonment. The original sentence was for fifteen years, and Davitt had completed eight years when he was liberated. The ticket of leave given to him bore the indorsement that it might be revoked at the pleasure of the Queen. When therefore Davitt delivered speeches of an inflammatory character and spoke of "Every sod beneath our feet" becoming "a soldier's sepulchre," rather than that victory should be lost, he must have known that his liberty was in peril.

The government had received information from an American firm that a number of *explosive machines* had been shipped to Ireland, and it was known that attempts were arranged to blow up several public buildings in London, with other evidence of a dangerous and far-reaching conspiracy. The ministers therefore decided to be first in striking the blow. Davitt was quietly arrested in Dublin and taken to London; his ticket of leave was revoked and he was sent to the convict establishment at Dartmoor to complete his sentence. As he is in delicate health he will not be put to hard labor, and the severity of his imprisonment will be mitigated as far as is possible.

Decisive Action has been Taken in the British Parliament to quell the obstructive tactics of Mr. Parnell and his friends. The House of Commons met on Monday afternoon, January 31st, and the debate on the Coercion Bill was resumed. The Prime Minister asked that a division on the bill might be taken that night, but Mr. Parnell announced the intention of the Irish members to prevent the progress of the bill by all the means in their power. Then came a trial of endurance. The House would not adjourn, and the Irish members persisted in obstructive motions. The session continued until nine o'clock on Wednesday morning, when, after the House had sat for *forty-one hours*, the Speaker summarily stopped the debate on his own responsibility. Violent excitement followed, in the midst of which Mr. Parnell moved the impeachment of the Speaker, and Mr. Gladstone announced that he would propose rules of debate giving increased power to the Speaker, under specified circumstances, to resist obstructive debate.

A Scene in Parliament Almost Unparalleled in the annals of that assembly occurred February 3d. The Irish members went to the House, excited by the arrest of Michael Davitt, which had taken place that morning, and by the apprehension that the rules to be introduced by Mr. Gladstone would take from them their weapon of obstruction. As soon as the session opened the ministers were questioned as to the cause of Davitt's arrest, and the reply was given that it was in consequence of his having violated one of the conditions of his ticket of leave.

Mr. Gladstone proceeded to introduce his motion, but was interrupted by an Irish member who refused to obey the commands of the Speaker. A like course was adopted by the other Irish members present, and as they persisted in defying the Speaker's authority, they were all suspended by a formal vote of the House from legislative functions during the remainder of the sitting. They refused to withdraw voluntarily, and the police were summoned; then the *strange spectacle* was seen of thirty-five members of Parliament being removed by force from their places.

The episode has taken the public by surprise. So much patience had been displayed by the Government and the House of Commons toward the Irish party that vigorous action was not expected. The organs of the advanced section of the Liberal party condemn the procedure, but the general opinion of the British press is that the tactics of Mr. Parnell and his friends had been submitted to long enough, and that the dignity of Parliament required some such action as has been adopted.

Mr. Parnell has irritated and offended those statesmen most anxious to initiate remedial measures in Ireland, and has delayed the introduction of those measures into Parliament. His course in and out of the House of Commons has thus tended to the injury of the cause he professes to have at heart.

Thomas Carlyle, the Philosopher, Essayist, and historian, whose works are extensively read on both sides of the Atlantic, died on Saturday, February 5th, at the advanced age of eighty-five. He had complained for some time of increasing infirmities, and his niece who had watched him with the devotion of a daughter, felt convinced two weeks ago that his end was approaching. Early last week he sank into a state of unconsciousness from which he never revived.

Carlyle was born at Ecclefechan, in Scotland, in 1796. He was the son of a farmer, who, recognizing his son's brilliant abilities, gave him a first-class education. He entered Edinburgh University in 1810, and for some time contemplated a ministerial career. After a severe mental and spiritual struggle he relinquished the idea of the ministry and devoted himself to literature. He was a bold and original thinker, and expressed himself in terse, epigrammatic sentences, full of fire and life. His "History of the French Revolution" attracted public attention, and since that book was issued his career has been one of uninterrupted success. Among his numerous works are "Sarter Resartus," "The Life and Letters of Cromwell," "The Life of Frederick the Great," "Past and Present," and "Hero Worship." A rumor is current that in his later years he avowed himself a follower of Jesus and died trusting in Him. The confirmation of the report would be received with thankfulness and true pleasure.

Turkey and Greece are Actively Preparing for the desperate struggle which now seems to be inevitable. All the government departments at Constantinople have been ordered not to make any payments whatever, even for salaries, until the end of March, *the whole revenue being absorbed in military preparations.* The correspondent of the London *Times* at Bucharest says: "I am in possession of confidential information which indicates as certain that in case of war between Turkey and Greece there will be outbreaks in other quarters than on the Roumelian frontier, and the preparations made will *strain the Turkish resources to the utmost.*" The British Minister at Constantinople has, as a last effort in the interest of peace, asked the Porte to state positively what is the utmost extent of the concessions it is disposed to make to Greece, since it will depend on the Porte's reply whether England will enter into further negotiations.

The Grand Resort of European Gamblers is situated at Monaco. An influential national committee has been formed in Great Britain for the purpose of putting down the abominations of the gaming tables there. A British journal says that "Monte Carlo has wealth to the amount of five million dollars at its disposal, and is not likely to surrender without a struggle." It is known that hundreds of unfortunates are ruined every season, and that many commit suicide; that naval squadrons dare not stay in the neighborhood for fear of their officers succumbing to the siren; that a spot which, with its fine air, warm sun, flowers, and perfumes, ought to be a paradise, is haunted by croupiers, swindlers, dupes, courtesans, bankrupts, loungers, and parasites.

Two Clergymen Imprisoned in England for Ritualistic practices, in defiance of the law, have been released on appeal to a higher court than the one that sentenced them. They were regarded as martyrs by a large section of the people, and their release has been made the occasion of much rejoicing. There is, however, little of the martyr spirit manifested. The trouble has arisen out of the connection of the Church with the State, on the ground that a minister paid to preach certain doctrines, violates his contract by preaching doctrines diametrically different. If the clergymen preached and acted as they have done in a Roman Catholic, or any church other than the State Church, the courts would have no power to stop them. The Bishop of Carlisle has issued a letter to the clergy of his diocese, deprecating further legal proceedings, and exhorting both the clergy and their congregations to refrain from appealing to the law, and expressing his conviction that scandals such as the imprisonment of the two clergymen tend toward the downfall of the Church of England. Sincere Protestants, however, continue to oppose the Ritualists who, they believe, are acting as *recruiting agents for the Church of Rome.*

A Japanese Prisoner, in Jail at Otsu for Manslaughter, had part of a New Testament in Japanese given to him. In 1878 a fire broke out, and a hundred incarcerated persons, instead of trying to escape, helped to put out the flames, and to a man remained to undergo the rest of their sentences. This curious circumstance led to an inquiry as to its cause, and it turned out that the prisoner to whom the Testament had been given had been so impressed with the truth of Christianity that he had taught it to his fellow-captives, and Christian principle, combined with his personal influence, restrained them from defrauding justice. Out of thirty-four millions of Japanese there are only two thousand converts to the Protestant Christian faith. The majority of the people are said to be Sceptics or Materialists.

The Sudden Darkness Occasioned by the Extinguishing of a lamp in a lady's room was the means of her conversion recently in Switzerland. She had long lived only for the world, and the thought of her sins had never given her uneasiness. One night, while alone in her room, she saw the lamp suddenly go out. Although she was alone, she said aloud (thinking only of the accident which left her in the dark), "There is no oil in the lamp!" The words thus spoken sounded in her ears with a new sense. She recalled the parable of the five foolish virgins who had no oil, and whose lamps had gone out at the coming of the Bridegroom; and from that moment, day and night, that Word of God remained in her soul. It recurred to her constantly: "No, I have no oil in my lamp! My God! what will become of me? I have not Thy grace in my heart!" She was filled with fear, began to pray, and continued in prayer, until God gave her peace through believing in Christ.

The Funeral of an African Chief is thus Described by the traveller, Commander Cameron, as taking place in Urua, in the centre of the Dark Continent. "The first proceeding is to divert the course of a stream, and in its bed to dig an enormous pit, the bottom of which is then *covered with living women!* At one end a woman is placed on her hands and knees, and upon her back the dead chief, covered with beads and other treasures, is seated, being supported on either side by one of his wives, while his second wife sits at his feet. The earth is then shovelled in on them, and *all the women are buried alive*, with the exception of the second wife. To her custom is more merciful than to her companions, and grants *the privilege of being killed* before the huge grave is filled in. This being completed, a number of male slaves, sometimes forty or fifty, are slaughtered, and their blood poured over the grave, after which the river is allowed to resume its course."

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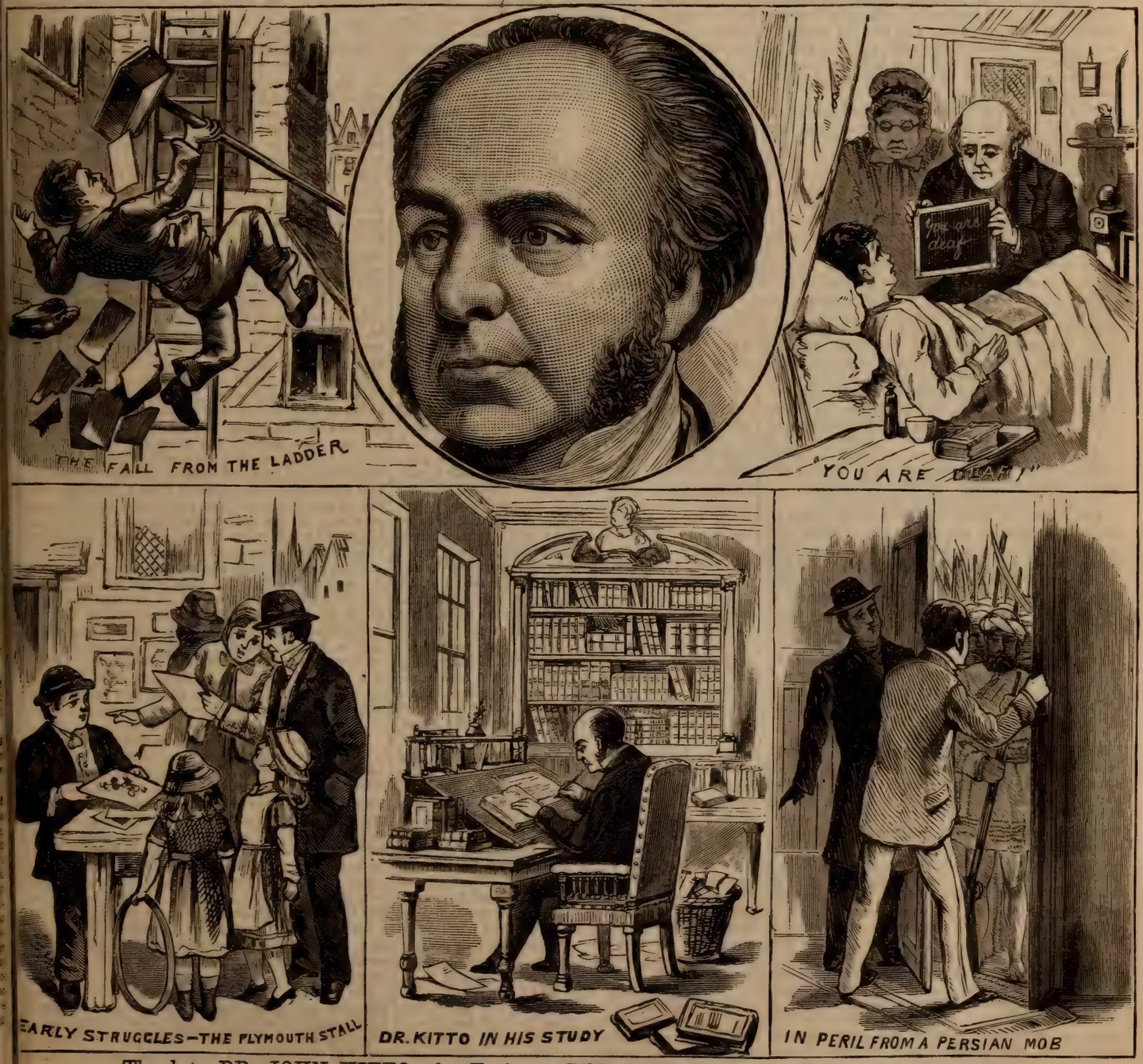

The late DR. JOHN KITTO, the Eminent Biblical Illustrator, and Scenes in his Life.

JOHN KITTO, D.D.

Birth—Childhood's Days—His Father's Intemperance—John Kitto and his Grandmother—First Lessons in Literature—His First Study—Returns Home—Fall from a Housetop—Pictures at the Fair—The Workhouse—Kindness of the Governors—Apprenticed to a Cruel Shoemaker—Befriended by a Mathematician—Service at Exeter with a Dentist—A Dream—The Missionary College—Courtship—His Conversion in 1829—Goes to the East—Life at Bagdad—Return Home—Literary Labors—Marriage—Home Life—Honors—Illness and Death.

DR. JOHN KITTO, the eminent commentator and expositor, was *born* at Plymouth, England, December 4th, 1804. The early married life of his parents had been surrounded by circumstances of much promise. The father, an intelligent mason, had, while yet very young, worked his way by talent and industry, to the position of a master builder. The mother united good sense and vigor of character to the sweetest feminine gentleness and affection. All seemed to point to a future of comfort and respectability. But that fell destroyer, intemperance, seized the father, and he and his were speedily made to feel how hard the ways of transgressors are, not to the actual offender only, but also to all connected with him.

John was a sickly, puny infant, and hardly expected to live. He was carried in arms long after the age when most children enjoy the free use of their limbs, and one of his earliest personal recollections was a headache, which accompanied him, with intermissions of longer or shorter duration, to the end of his days.

In *childhood* he was distinguished from those of the same age chiefly by a greater fondness for home, and a comparative indifference to their usual sports and amusements. At four years of age he was committed to the care of his maternal grandmother in order that he might escape the blighting evils of a drunkard's home. From his birth this good woman had regarded him with great tenderness, and that want of physical energy, which rendered him less companionable to other children and less attractive to his seniors, only served to call forth her warmest sympathy. She could hardly bear to let him be out of her sight, and if permitted to go out for amusement, her loud recall of "*Johnny! Johnny!*" was soon heard from the garret window—a sound which twenty years afterward rang in his ears when travelling through the cities of the East.

HIS GRANDMOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

The period he spent with his grandmother remained ever after in his memory as a green oasis in the dreary tract of his youth's trials. With much content he sat, like a girl, *needle in hand*, by her side, in her cosey little room, and with more than content—with high delight—he listened to her stories. Very pleasant too were their walks in the green fields, and with earnest heed the gentle boy heard the aged woman talk of the love and kindness of our Father in Heaven. How far Mrs. Picken's religious lessons went we know not. A reverence for the Scriptures and for the house and servants of God she certainly did instil into the boy's mind.

FIRST LESSONS IN LITERATURE.

In the house next to that in the garret of which John Kitto and his grandmother lodged, an old couple resided, whose son carried on his trade on the ground-floor. His name was *Roberts*, and his calling that of a shoemaker. "Johnny" often sat with him, and listened to his stories while busily driving the awl. These rehearsals may be reckoned as one of the predisposing causes of John Kitto's devotion to literature, for having learned that these stories were not *orally* transmitted from one generation to another, but were actually in print, adorned with pictures, that the most expensive cost only a few pence, and that they were at that very time exposed for sale in the shop-window of *Mrs. Barnicle*, at the head of Market Street, gingerbread and sugar-stick, with which he had often regaled himself, were no longer thought of. Whenever "Johnny" obtained a penny, it was saved to buy books, and in less than eighteen months he had secured quite a little library. Once a customer at Mrs. Barnicle's shop, there was no resisting its attractions, until smitten with the rival charms of an old book-stall in the market, where, by expending his money at rather longer intervals, he was informed he might dispose of it much more advantageously.

HIS EARLY LIBRARY.

When he was twelve years of age, the boy possessed about a dozen volumes. Among these were an old Bible and the poetical works of *Spenser* and *Young*. And that he read in a studious manner is shown by the fact that he had already made copious and careful indexes of his books. The "Pilgrim's Progress" was of course an early favorite with the young student; but although so young, he studied some other less attractive works of the old divines.

A sad change now took place in "Johnny's" circumstances. His dearly-loved grandmother lost her little property, and both were obliged to return to the home which the elder Kitto's drunkenness rendered exceedingly miserable. The little lad's school days were over. These had been short enough, extending only from his eighth to his eleventh year, and frequently interrupted by indisposition, chiefly in the form of violent headaches. Many of his days were now employed in assisting his father, who was again a journeyman mason, or in nursing the group of little children at home, while his mother went out to work for bread.

HIS FIRST STUDY.

Yet he was not without his enjoyments. There was a closet at the top of the house, very small, very dingy, very naked, but it contained Johnny's collection of curiosities and his books, and at night at least it was all his own. It was his study—his first study—and many *happy hours* were spent there. "Often since," writes his biographer, "when sitting in vast libraries, musing in carpeted studies, or traversing seas and deserts, his thoughts wandered back to the "vernal fancies" and fond hopes which gave a lustre to those dingy walls, and made them glow as with visions of paradise."

Thus passed the boy's days till he had entered his thirteenth year, when an event occurred which left its indelible stamp upon him for life. On the 13th of February, 1817, he was assisting his father in repairing a house in Bale Street, Plymouth. A sudden death had taken place in a house adjacent to the one where he was at work, and a post-mortem examination had been ordered by the coroner. John Kitto had thought with horror about the man's body being cut and hacked by the surgeons' knives, and he was somewhat nervous when he went to his work. There was a butcher's slaughter-house in the same yard, and an animal was being killed there that morning. A stream of blood flowed from the slaughter-house into the gutter of the yard, and John caught sight of it just as he approached the top of a high ladder. He associated it with the post-mortem examination then going on, and turned sick and faint and fell from a height of thirty-five feet on a stone pavement in the yard below. He was taken up in a state of unconsciousness, which continued, with the single interruption of a few minutes, for a fortnight.

As he began to recover he attributed the total silence around him to the kind consideration of his friends for his weakness. Soon after, however, having asked for a book which he had borrowed just before his fall, he was surprised to see his friends look at each other, and then at him, with an air of perplexity, when at length one of them took a slate and wrote the desired information upon it. "Why do you *write* to me?" exclaimed the poor sufferer. "Why not speak! speak! speak!" Again there was an interchange of looks and seeming whispers. The fatal truth could no longer be withheld. Therefore, one present took his pencil, and wrote in characters but too legible—

"YOU ARE DEAF."

Eight months passed away ere his health was fully re-established, and then the deaf boy, being considered unfit for any employment, was permitted to roam at will. His books now became his friends more than ever, and his hours were spent either in reading or in procuring the means of doing so. Manifold were his schemes to get the pence necessary to pay for his "library" literature, or to add a little to his own bookstore. His average weekly income was about equal to five cents. There was one week in which he got as much as three times that sum. He had a stall at Plymouth fair, on which he displayed for sale some little pictures which he had painted.

He also occasionally wrote neat labels for shop windows, and waded on the briny sea-beach at ebb time to gather pieces of rope and yarn or iron, the sale of which brought a few pence. Scantily clothed and scantily fed, the boy was pressed by some of the hardest ills of life, but cold and hunger could not extinguish his love of knowledge, or subdue the indomitable perseverance with which he sought to attain it.

He had nearly completed his fifteenth year, and no prospect appeared of his being able to obtain a livelihood of the scantiest kind by his own exertions. As the last resource, application was made on his behalf to the guardians of the poor, and on November 15th, 1819, he was placed among the boys

IN THE WORKHOUSE.

His anguish was indescribable when he found himself no longer at liberty to visit his wonted haunts; and he was often on the point of forming plans for making his escape, for, like the wolf in the fable, he used to say he would rather starve in a state of freedom than fatten in a chain.

Though at this period *the great change from death unto life* does not appear to have taken place in the soul of John Kitto, there was a seriousness about him which it is pleasing to contemplate. Private prayer and the reading of God's word were fixed habits with him, and when his sensitive spirit turned from the contempt with which his fellows treated him, he sought comfort in the remembrance of God's mercy and love. "And why am I thus treated with contumely?" he wrote in his workhouse journal. "Because I am—unfortunate! And does misfortune render me inferior in Thy eyes, O my God? No, for Thou hast said Thou art no respecter of persons. Pardon my doubt, which had dared to prescribe limits to Thy mercy, and endue me with resignation to kiss Thy salutary rod."

From *Mr. Roberts*, the governor of the workhouse, he received the greatest kindness. When this friend left he found another in *Mr. Burnard*, who remained a fast friend of Kitto's through life. Kindly and wisely did this gentleman care for the poor boy. He lent him books from his own library, suggested subjects for composition, and then in a paternal spirit examined them.

Thus did the Lord's care and mercy surround the poor lad. But that mercy had not yet done with trial, and bitter trial, too, as a means of good. When Kitto had been about a year and a half in the workhouse *his grandmother died*. She was his dearest friend, and he sorrowed for her with a great sorrow. "Gone forever," he wrote; "that is a word of agonizing poignancy. Yet not forever—a few short years at most, and I *may* hope to meet her again; there is my consolation."

HIS APPRENTICE LIFE.

The entire term of Kitto's workhouse life extended over nearly *four* years. During the first part of this period he was employed in making list shoes. After two years he was apprenticed to a shoemaker of the town. His master was a tyrant, overworking the poor lad, and subjecting him to cruel violence. His sufferings were keen. Yet such was the ardor of his devotion to mental pursuits, that though obliged to work sixteen, sometimes eighteen, hours out of the twenty-four, he wrung from needful rest, time enough to enable him to make considerable progress in study. After a few months, through Mr. Burnard's intercession, he was released from his apprenticeship, and re-entered "the house," where he continued another year.

But now the lad's abilities began to attract considerable attention. *Mr. Harvey*, an eminent mathematician in the town, with other gentlemen, determined that the youth should have an opportunity of cultivating his talents, and turning them

to useful account. A *subscription* was raised for him; he was removed from the workhouse, boarded with Mr. Burnard, and permission obtained for him to spend his days in the Plymouth library, which he designated his *second* study.

But amid the existing hopes of this period, another care, happily for John Kitto, forced itself on his attention. Intellectual progress is a good thing, but what is it in comparison with the concerns of the never-dying soul? With a growing sense of the overwhelming importance of spiritual things came a growing dissatisfaction with himself. Under date April 2d, 1824, he confessed in his journal his own wickedness and need of Christ, "and that it is only through His atoning blood that we can hope for mercy and forgiveness."

While John Kitto was eagerly engaged in study in the Plymouth library, and his friends were discussing plans for his future course, his Unseen Guide was opening up

AN UNTHOUGHT-OF PATH

for him. There resided in Exeter a dentist of the name of *Groves*. This gentleman having become greatly interested in Kitto, he made the deaf youth a handsome proposal in connection with his own business. It was accepted, and Kitto removed to Exeter. The temporal advantages of his position there were considerable, its spiritual advantages very great.

About this time Kitto's *first work* was published by subscription, and well received. It was a volume of essays and letters. To be an *author* was an early and abiding object of his ambition. He related

A DREAM

of his workhouse days in which, being touched by the wand of an angel, he found himself the occupant and owner of a comfortable study, well filled with books, and in a conspicuous position were placed several volumes of which he was the author, while on the table lay letters addressed to him from different parts of the world. He lived to have his boyhod's dream completely fulfilled.

Happy as the young man was in Exeter, he had not yet found his resting-place in his life-work. He had many weary steps to tread, and many trials to endure, before he could feel that he was "the right man in the right place." Mr. Groves having determined to give himself to missionary work, his business was relinquished, and for his deaf friend he obtained *admission into the missionary college* at Islington, that he might be taught the art of *printing*, with the view of being employed at the presses of some of the foreign mission stations. Kitto's connection with the Church Missionary Society extended to rather more than three and a half years, the first two of which were spent in London, the remaining time in Malta. Differences occurred between Kitto and his employers in both places, on the ground of his devotion to literature being considered incompatible with a thoroughly vigorous discharge of his duties as a printer, and he subsequently withdrew from the work.

AN UNFORTUNATE COURTSHIP.

To this period belongs a romantic episode in the printer's life. Kitto's affections were of the warmest kind, and he had resolved upon marriage as soon as circumstances permitted. The wisest men frequently err in choosing a wife; and Kitto was not very cautious in making his selection. Happening to enter a shop one day, to make a trifling purchase, he saw in the daughter of the owner of the place the possessor of a pleasing face which some time previous had fascinated him in a public assembly. The lady and he became friendly, and on further acquaintance he formed the opinion that she was a fit person to be his wife. Her consent was obtained, a time fixed for their marriage, and the bans published. It was found necessary, however, to delay their union for a short time, and Kitto sailed for Malta, whither his betrothed was to follow him. He had not been long away when the news reached him that his betrothed was false to him and had become the wife of another. He never saw her again.

Early in 1829 Kitto returned to England, and soon after visited his native town. His spirits were depressed, and his prospects decidedly gloomy. But he was afterward inclined to date from this time his

TRUE SPIRITUAL BIRTH.

Writing to his mother from abroad two years after ward, he said, "I doubt if my heart were ever truly converted to God till after I was at Plymouth the last time."

At this time Mr. Groves was preparing to depart on a mission to the East, and when he asked Kitto whether he would like to accompany him as *tutor* to his sons, the immediate reply was, "Yes," and thus the opportunity was opened up to him of visiting biblical regions, where he might gather up the lore which would fit him for the great work of his life—the illustration of the sacred writings.

Early in the summer of the year 1829 Mr. Kitto and his party left England. Their travels thence to St. Petersburg and to Bagdad occupied nearly six months, and on the 6th of December they reached their destination. As tutor he set himself at once with much energy to work; but the studies with which he and his young friends were engaged met with

A TERRIBLE INTERRUPTION.

Inundation and pestilence, quickly followed by siege and famine, fell upon the devoted city. The angel of death entered its streets and threw his shadow upon every home. Fearful were the horrors which gathered over the once proud city of the Caliphs, and very awful was the situation of the few Christians within its walls—the living among the dead.

Among the victims was Mrs. Groves. Her husband immediately shut himself up with her as sole nurse. She soon died. It was expected that Mr. Groves would fall next. It was a most anxious time to the deaf man, who feared that he might be left in the strange city in charge of three helpless orphans. But Mr. Groves was spared, and evoked the warmest admiration of Mr. Kitto by his Christian resignation and quiet heroism. The female servants of the household, however, died; and, when the sword of the destroying angel was withdrawn, it was found that not one of the teachers employed in Mr. Groves's schools had survived the visitation.

The death of Mrs. Groves rendering it desirable that new arrangements should be made for the education of her sons, Kitto, with Mr. Groves's full approbation, prepared to return to England. His friends in the East assured him that at home he could not fail to obtain literary employment. Before he left Bagdad he was a witness of the great disorder associated with the deposition of one pasha and the appointment of another.

BAGDAD IN THE HANDS OF THE MOB.

During the whole of the morning of June 12th, 1831, the city was in the hands of an excited mob, which occupied itself chiefly by plundering both Jews and Christians. Mr. Groves had just finished family prayers, when there was a rush at his house. It was an anxious moment, and only harsh treatment was anticipated. They fired a shot through the door, and endeavored to force it open. It was ascertained, at length, that they wanted powder and shot, and also a present, which if denied them they would take. Mr. Groves observed among them a carpenter who had worked for him, and addressing himself to him, said he had no powder and shot, and as they demanded admittance, he would open the door provided they would promise that only four should enter. This they promised, and they entered and remained in the inner court while the affair was settled. They were dressed in their best clothes and armed with very good guns; one of them was an Arab. They named no price, and Mr. Groves offering them one hundred piastres (five dollars) they accepted that sum with satisfaction.

His journey home commenced on September 18th, 1832, and in the course of it he visited several noted Eastern cities. Constantinople was one of his resting places, and there his eye and his heart were equally gratified. By *the American missionaries* there the deaf traveller was received with the kindest attention, and remained with them five weeks. In the beginning of June, 1833, the wanderer's eyes once more gazed on his dear native land.

LITERARY LABORS.

On Kitto's arrival his Plymouth friends exerted themselves to procure *literary employment* for him, and he was soon enrolled as a writer in the *Penny Magazine*. Besides this, Mr. Knight, the proprietor, made him a proposal with regard to permanent employment, which was accepted by him. There he is set down pen in hand for life. The providence which had specially unfitted Kitto for most other occupations specially fitted him for this. His very calamity, in the hands of Him who from "seeming evil still educes good," by throwing him more on his own resources, tended in a certain direction to increase his fitness for the path he was designed to tread.

On September 21st, 1833, Mr. Kitto *married* a young lady named Miss Fenwick, whom he dearly loved, and who interested herself in all her husband's pursuits, and proved to be a helpmeet which his Heavenly Father had given him, and which he regarded as one of the greatest blessings of his life.

The history of Mr. Kitto now becomes merged into the history of his works. Erelong he found himself engaged in that department of labor for which his residence and researches in the East very specially qualified him. He brought the public mind into vivid contact with Oriental scenery and life by applying them in the form of a continuous commentary on the Holy Scriptures.

In addition to the *Pictorial Bible*, he either wrote, compiled, or edited the following: "History of Palestine and the Holy Land," "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature," "The Journal of Sacred Literature," and many works of a similar character.

In the mean time the little home at Islington had become too small, and he had pitched his tent in various other places. It was a home full of sweet young faces, and glad with the abounding joy of happy childhood. As they grew up there was one spot in the house which they were emphatically taught to regard as sacred, viz.,

THE LIBRARY.

Within its precincts no one, save Mrs. Kitto, was allowed to touch anything.

In 1844 he received the title of D.D. from the University of Giessen, in Germany; the following year he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Antiquaries; and in 1850 a pension of $500 a year from the Queen's Civil List was obtained for him. In the year 1849 he projected his last—perhaps in some respects his best—work, "The Daily Bible Illustrations." It extends to eight volumes, and is dedicated to the Queen. It was concluded amid seriously increasing illness, and it was with deep emotion that, when the closing sentence was written, in January, 1854, he united with his wife in thanking God.

The next morning he had a slight attack of paralysis. In much weakness and pain he struggled on with his literary engagements till February, when a severe fit, followed by a total prostration of strength, convinced him that absolute rest must be deferred no longer. A sum of money was subscribed by attached friends of all religious denominations, and in August he fixed his home at Cannstatt, in Germany. About a month after their arrival his youngest son died; and three weeks later his first-born followed her brother to the grave. The poor father's heart was wrung with sore anguish, which told on his enfeebled frame.

On the morning of November 25th, 1854, Dr. John Kitto breathed his last. The final attack was short, and in the course of it he was able only to ask if it was death, and on being told that it was, to reply, "Pray to God to take me soon." It was enough. His life for many years had witnessed to the blessedness of those whose God is the Lord—had witnessed to it in hours of joy and sorrow—and no special last words were needed to add force to this his living and dying testimony. His remains lie beside those of his children in the cemetery of Cannstatt.

He lived only to the age of *fifty* years, but he had not lived in vain; and when death at length came it was but the Master saying, as of old, "Ephphatha—be opened!" and his spirit, which had so long dwelt in distressing silence, burst away to join the hymning myriads, whose song is

"Louder than the thunder's roar,
Or the fulness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore."

THE TEST OF AMUSEMENTS.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, Preached on Sunday Morning, February 6, 1881.

"Every tree is known by his own fruit."—LUKE 6 : 44.

A Ghastly Mistake—Good Men at Play—Thomas Chalmers Kite-flying—What is Right and Wrong Amusement — Rules for Guidance — I. The Effect Produced—Healthful or Baneful?—Men Made of Hard Facts—Men of Exhilarance—God-sent Burden-Lifters—Their Dangers—Unhealthy Reaction—Disgust of Practical Duty—II. The Expense—A School-days' Reminiscence—The Rake's Progress—Appeals to Merchants—The Death of a Dissipated Son—III. The Time They Occupy—Amusement a Help to Work—God Protects from Duty-induced Danger—The Road Down—A Western Friend—Death in Delirium—The Obsequies—IV. Their Effect on Domestic Happiness—A Dying Wife's Question—A Solemn Appeal—The Last Spectacular.

FOR two or three Sabbaths I have been preaching in regard to amusements and recreations, and I shall next Sabbath morning, and on the following Sabbath morning, continue this theme, most practical in its bearing, trying to solve for you and for myself questions of vast import; for if you will show me the style of a man's amusements and recreations, I will tell you what are his prospects for this world and the world to come.

You have already learned, from what I have said in these discourses, that I have no sympathy with *ecclesiastical strait-jackets*, or with that attempt to ignore all amusements and recreations, as though they were something not fit for Christians to enjoy. A book came out, some time ago, discussing this subject, and saying that if a man returned at nightfall from business, and felt weary, and desired some recreation, and he should put on slippers and go into his garret, and walk around lively four or five times, there would be no harm in that; but further than that, frowning upon all recreations and amusements.

I think *one of the ghastliest mistakes* ever made by Christian men is the attempt to put down the sportfulness of youth, and drive out the desire of amusement and recreation from the people. So I have known men of such morbid state and of such twisted theology that they were opposed to ball-playing, and hated puzzles, and denounced charades, and despised tableaux, and cried, "Away with all parlor amusements!" And when young people, full of exuberance and vitality, asked, "What shall we do by way of recreation?" they were answered, "Prayer-meetings!" I have noticed, however, that the people who do not know how to play do not know how to work.

I have noticed that the mightiest men in the Church of God in all ages have joined in hilarities and recreations. William Wilberforce trundled hoops with his children; Martin Luther helped to dress the Christmas-tree; Helen Chalmers told me that her father, Thomas Chalmers, in the days when he was most overworked, in the awful hour of Scottish history when the Free Church was about to come out from the Established Church, and good men were at their wits' end—almost every day Thomas Chalmers played kite with his children on the commons. The men who know how to play, and in the right way, generally know how to work.

Now I propose this morning, so far as God may help me, to lay down

CERTAIN RULES

by which every person in this house may decide for himself *what is right and what is wrong* in the way of amusements and recreations.

I. *The first test* I want you to apply to every amusement is, Has it a healthful influence, or a

BALEFUL REACTION?

There are some men made up of hard facts. They are a combination of multiplication-tables and statistics. They have no rebound in their nature. They never do anything more than faintly smile. There are no deep tides of their soul surging up in billow after billow of reverberating laughter. It seems to me that nature built them by contract, and made *a bungling job* out of it. But, blessed be God! there are people with bright faces and genial hearts, and their life is a pæan of victory. Often their sorrows are like vines growing around a great tower, on the top of which the sunlight sits, and the soft airs of summer hold perpetual carnival. If you but touch the hem of their garment, you are healed. I know men so kind, so genial, so large-hearted, so sympathetic, that I would rather have them come into my house than to have twenty ministers pronounce on me the benediction. God sends them out with a shining face and a great soul, to lift your burdens, and wipe away your tears, and heal your wounds.

But let me say that these exhilarant and rebounding spirits are in most peril of going into dangerous amusements. The gayer the horse, the more important to have a stout driver; the swifter the ship, the more important to have a strong helmsman; and all these people who have rebounding and exuberant spirits ought to be very cautious, and discipline themselves into *the right style of recreation* and amusement.

If you come from a place of amusement or recreation so nervous you cannot sleep, and you arise in the morning, not because you are slept out, but because your duty drags you from your pillow, you have been where you ought not. There are amusements that send one to the practical work of life bloodshot and yawning and stupid and nauseated. They are all bad—all that style of amusement. There are amusements that disgust one with the drudgery of every-day life—with tools of trade because they are not swords; with work aprons, because they are not robes; with the cattle because they are not infuriated bulls of the arena.

If any style of amusement gives you a longing for a life of romance and hair-breadth escapes, and love that takes poison and shoots itself, and makes you impractical in the great duties of life—those amusements ought to be obnoxious to you as they are obnoxious to God. Our recreations were intended to build us up, and if they pull us down in our moral or physical health, they are bad amusements; and I charge you, O young men! steer clear of them.

II. Again: I want you not to go into any style of amusement which will lead you into

EXPENDITURES BEYOND YOUR MEANS.

Money spent for recreation is well spent. Do not be so silly as to come from a place of innocent recreation and say, "Now time is wasted and money wasted." It may yield you more profit for this world and the world to come than money that has brought you $500 from the investment, or $1000 or $5000.

But, oh, how many properties have been riddled with costly amusements! *The table has been robbed* to pay the club; the champagne has drowned the boy's primer; the table-cloth of the corner saloon is in debt to the wife's faded dress; excursions that in a day make a tour clear around a month's wages; ladies whose lifetime business it is to go shopping—all these have their echo in bankruptcies that appall the Church and shake the money market, and send drunkenness staggering across the richly-figured carpet of the mansion, dashing into the mirror and drowning the carol of music in the whooping of bloated sons come home to break their old mother's heart.

When I was at school in New Brunswick, I heard of an incident that occurred the evening before, of a young man brought home by his comrades from a place of evil entertainment, the young man intoxicated and helpless. I had the house pointed out to me the next day, where he was carried up the steps; then his comrades rang the door-bell, and father and mother came down, and the comrades pitched the young man into the doorway, and said, "There he is, drunk as a fool. Ha! ha!"

They that go into amusements that they cannot afford, first borrow what they cannot earn, and then they steal what they cannot borrow. First into embarrassment, then into lying, then into theft; and when a man gets as far as that he does not stop short of the penitentiary. There are thousands of men who have enough salary to support them and support their families, but have not enough salary to support their expensive amusements; and in that direction they perish. How often it is that we ministers of the Gospel are requested to go over to New York and beg off some young man who has made a false entry or taken money from the drawer that did not belong to him, or made some financial shipwreck. We have sometimes been successful in begging him off, and getting the firm to try him over again, to give him one more chance before he is sent home to break his mother's heart; but sometimes we have not succeeded so well.

O merchants of New York and Brooklyn! if there be a leakage in the money-drawer, if the cash account did not come out last night aright, if there be something in the financial management of your store, would it not be well to look to see if you have not in your employ some one who is a victim of bad amusements? You pay enough salary to support that young man—honorably support him; but the amusements which he has entered into cannot be supported by any such salary, and you had better give the note of warning while warning may be of some good.

Sinful amusements open very brightly. The young man says, "Now

I'M GOING TO HAVE A GOOD TIME.

I don't know where the money's coming from, but I'll get it somehow. Ah! what a beautiful day for a ride. Crack the whip. Away go the horses' hoofs racketing over the turnpike. Come, my boys, fill high the glasses. Drink! Drink to health! Drink to long life! Drink to a good many rides like this!" Young men engaged in stores or shops or factories look out of the window and say, "I wonder where that young man gets his money? He gets no more salary than I get. I can't afford that: how can he afford it?"

Life is full of excitement and full of mirth. Cheeks flush. Eyes flash. Watch-chain jingles. Cup foams. They swagger, they jostle decent men off the sidewalk, they blaspheme God, they parody the hymn they learned at their mother's knee; and when you point out the perils of their course, they say, "Who cares?" And when you counsel them to do right, they say, "Who are you?" Some night, going down the street, you hear a shriek in a grogshop, and the rattle of the watchman's club, and the rush of the police. What is the matter! A young man killed in a grogshop fight. Carry him home to his father's house. Father and mother will come, and they will wash the blood off the wounds and close the eyes in death; and they will forgive him, though he cannot ask now to be forgiven.

The mother will go out in the garden, and she will gather the most beautiful flowers she can find, and she will twist them into a chaplet and lay them on his silent heart, and brush back from his bloated brow the long locks which were once her pride, and the air will resound with the father's cry, "O my son, my poor son! Would God I had died for thee! O my son, my son, my son!"

III. Again: I charge you *not to make amusement your lifetime business.* Life is an earnest thing. I do not care whether you have been born in palace or hovel, affluent or pinched, you have got to work. If you do not sweat with toil you will sweat with disease. Besides that, you have a soul which is to be transfigured amid the pomps of a judgment day; and after the sea has chanted its last anthem, and the mountains have come down in avalanche of rock, you will be living in a realm where seraphs sing, or in a dungeon where demons howl.

Alas! that in a world where men have so much to do for themselves and so much to do for others, they can find nothing to do. Our amusements are only

HELPS TO HARD WORK.

Amusement is the bower in which business and philanthropy rest a little while on their way to stirring achievement. Amusements are the vines that grow up around the anvil and the blossoming of the hammers. Alas for the man who spends his life in laboriously doing nothing—the days in hunting for sport, the nights in seeking out some *gas lighted foolery.* No time to pray, no time to work, no time to read. Always with the sporting-jacket on, hunting game in the mountain or fish in the brook—not half so well off the man as the greyhound that runs at his side, or the fly-bait with which he whips the stream. God has given us shoulders—

why? to lift; hands—why? to work; brain—why? to think; heart—why? to sympathize. Our amusements are only the playing of the orchestra while the tragedy of life plunges through its five acts—infancy, childhood, manhood, old age, and death. Then exit the last chance for mercy. Enter the overwhelming realities of the eternal world.

Again: I charge you, stand clear of all amusements which lead you into

BAD COMPANY.

If you belong to an organization where you have to meet with the intemperate, or the unclean, or the dishonest, or the abandoned, in God's name I beg you, quit it—quit it. I never knew a man yet who could stand evil association and be unhurt—never one. Out of the fourteen hundred millions of the race there never was one.

If your duty leads you among bad men, God will take care of you. If your style of work day by day carries you among those who are bad, God knows that, and He will take you through the furnace, and you will be unscorched. But I mean, when a man *deliberately chooses* bad association because he likes it, that man has started on *the road down.* Oh, I do not care what you call it, that association will despoil your soul. After you are destroyed, body, mind, and soul, what will they do for you? what will they do for your family? They will not give one cent to support your children after you are dead. They will not weep one tear at your burial. They will chuckle over your damnation.

I HAD A RARE FRIEND

at the West. He was full of welcome when I went there to live. He had splendid personal appearance. There is not a grander looking person in this house to-day than he was; and to this grand personal appearance he added all geniality and all kindness of soul—tender as a child, beautiful and loving nature, and I loved him as a brother; but I saw evil people coming up around him, evil men coming up from bad places of amusement, and they seized hold of this social and genial nature, and they began to drag him down, and he went further and further.

I used to say to him, "Now, why don't you stop these bad habits and become a Christian?" for I talked with him just as I would talk with a brother, and he understood me, and I understood him. I said, "Why don't you give up these things and become a Christian?" "Oh," he said to me one day, leaning over his counter, just after I had asked him for a hundred dollars to help educate a young man for the ministry, and he had given me the hundred dollars before I had the story half told—he said, "'if it will do the young man any good, here are a hundred dollars." Right after that conversation, I said, "Now, you are a splendid fellow; why don't you give up your bad habits and be a Christian?" "Oh," he said, as the tears ran down his cheeks, "I can't. I should like to be a Christian. You see, I have got those habits on me so, sir, I can't get rid of them. I have been going wrong longer than you would think for, and *I can't stop.*"

Sometimes, in the moments of repentance, he would go to his home and embrace his little girl of eight years convulsively to his heart, and he would cover her with adornments and strew toys and pictures all about her, and then from her beautiful presence—the beautiful presence of his little child—he would go to the intoxicating cup, and to the house of shame, as a fool to the correction of stocks; and there these bad men kept pushing him on, a ship, full-winged, crashing into the breakers.

I was called to *his death-bed.* I hastened, and when I got into the room I was surprised to find him in full every-day dress, lying on the top of the couch. I put out my hand, and he greeted me very cordially. He said, "Now, Mr. Talmage, sit down right there." I sat down, and he said, "Last night, just where you sit now, I saw my mother, though she has been dead twenty years—yes, sir; just where you sit now she sat. I couldn't have been mistaken. I was as wide awake as I am now. She sat just where you sit. Wife, I wish you would take these strings off that they are weaving around me; I wish you would take them off; they annoy me very much in this conversation." I saw *he was in delirium.* His wife said: "There is nothing there, my dear; there is nothing there."

Then he resumed the conversation, and said, "Yes, my mother sat just where you sit now. I knew her. She had the same spectacles, and the same cap and the same apron, and the same dress. It must have been her, just as she looked twenty years ago—she has been dead now twenty years. And sitting there she said to me, 'Roswell, I wish you would do better;' and I got up out of bed, and I knelt beside her and said, 'Mother, I wish I could—I wish I could do better; I would like to do better. Won't you help me? You used to help me. Why can't you help me now, mother?'" But soon I said, "Now we will pray." I knelt to pray. He did not realize anything I said, I suppose. Then I got up and said, "Good-by! good-by! I hope you will be better soon." He said, "Good-by! good-by!" That night he went to God.

Arrangements for the obsequies were being made, and they said, "Oh, it won't do to bring him to the church; he has been so dissolute." I said, "Bring him, bring him; he stood by me when he was alive, and I'll stand by him when he is dead. Bring him into the church." The Sabbath came. As I stood in the pulpit and saw his body coming up the aisle, I felt as if I could weep tears of blood. I stood there that day, and I said, "This man had his virtues, and a good many of them; he had his faults, and a good many of them; but let that man in this assembly who is without sin cast the first stone on this coffin-lid."

On the one side of the pulpit sat the beautiful child, as radiant and sweet-faced as any child that sat at your table this morning. She knew not the sorrows of an orphan child; she was not old enough to realize them. Sometimes when I think of that awful scene, her face haunts me like a beautiful face through a horrid dream. On the other side the pulpit sat the men who had destroyed him. They had put the wormwood and the gall into that orphan's cup. They pushed him off the precipice. I stood there, and I told them that there was a God and a judgment and a hell for those who destroyed their fellows. Did they weep? Oh, no, not one tear. Did they sigh repentingly? Not one sigh. Did they say, "What a pity that we destroyed him?" Oh, no. They sat and gazed at the coffin as vultures at the carcass of a lamb whose heart they had ripped out. That night, though my friend lay in Oakwood Cemetery, I heard afterward that these men went right on with their iniquities, destroying themselves and destroying others.

That friend, whom I cannot think of without emotion, was a Samson in strength, but Delilah sheared him, and the Philistines put his eyes out, and they threw him into prison, and he made sport for them; but in the hour of his death he rose up and took hold of the two-pillared curse of God against intemperance and uncleanness, and threw himself forward, and down upon him and upon his comrades came the crashing thunders of eternal catastrophe.

AMUSEMENT VERSUS HOME.

IV. Once more: I want you to stand clear from all amusements which interfere with your home happiness—all amusements that destroy domestic happiness. How many shattered homes in Brooklyn! Tens of thousands in the United States destroyed by sinful amusements—homes destroyed. The father went off, the mother went off, the child went off. Is there such a wanderer here? I should like to charm you home by that imperial word—home! home! Do you know that very soon you will be done with your home, and you cannot bless it? Do you realize that soon, oh father, your children will be out in the world, and all the influence for good you have to bring upon them you must bring very soon? Do you know that death will crash in and break up that conjugal relation? And alas for you if you stand by the grave of one who perished through your neglect!

I saw a recreant husband stand at the death-bed of his Christian wife. She said to him, "*Do you see that ring?*" He said, "Yes, I see it." She said, "Do you know who put that ring there?" He said, "Yes, I put it there; that is the wedding ring." They both seemed overwhelmed with memories. And I do not know but that the chain of influences is going to draw you home and draw you to God and Heaven; I do not know but that long chain of influences has for its last link

THE WEDDING RING.

So I lay hold of the rope, I lay hold of the chain, and I pull for your eternal life. By the hour when you stood in the church, or in the house at *the wedding altar*, and promised to be faithful until death did you part, in sorrow and in joy, in sickness and in health; by the hour when you sat in *your new home* planning out a bright future; *by the cradle* and the glad hour when one life was spared and another given; *by the sick bed* from which the little one lifted the hands, and you knew he must die, and he put one arm around father's neck, and the other arm around mother's neck, and bound them with a dying kiss; *by the grave* you can never think of without a rush of tears; by the family Bible, where amid the story of heavenly love is the short but expressive record of births and deaths; by the judgment-day, where husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, in immortal groups shall rise up in shining array or shrink down into darkness—by all that, I beg you, give your best love to your home.

I address you as Gehazi addressed the Shunammite, when I look into your faces this day, and say, "Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child?" Go forth, then, and test all your amusements by these four tests. Be happy in your work. Be happy in your recreations. When there are so many innocent amusements, do not plunge into the pernicious. Do not stop your ears to a Heaven full of songsters, and then listen to the hiss of a dragon. Do not turn your back upon the mountain-side, a-purple with wild flowers and dashing with nimble streams, to go with blistered feet climbing up the hot sides of fire-belching Cotopaxi. And if there be in this assembly a man who is leading others astray, my last remarks to you: Let me say, if you are not only going astray yourself, but leading others astray, the judgment of God will meet you.

Talk about the

EXCITING SCENES

in a theatre. There was never anything enacted in Haymarket or Drury Lane theatre equal to the last spectacular. Scene, the last day. Stage, a rocking earth. Enter dukes, lords, kings, clowns, beggars. No sword, no tinsel, no crown. For footlights, the kindling flames of a world. For galleries, the clouds filled with angels. For orchestra, the trumpets that wake the dead. For applause, the clapping floods of the sea. For curtains, the heavens rolled together as a scroll. For last scene in the fifth act, the tramp of nations across the stage—these to the right, those to the left. "Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him!"

An Italian Service was Conducted at Grace Chapel, New York, on Sunday, February 6th, in connection with the Italian mission of the Episcopal Church. The mission has been in existence for seven years, and Mr. Stander, who has directed its operations, reviewed in his sermon, which was delivered in the Italian language at Grace Chapel, the success it has achieved. He said that it started as a concern on wheels, seeking, wherever it could find one, a corner to preach the Gospel to its people, and now about 600 Italian communicants adhere to the faith of the Episcopal Church through the blessing of God on its ministrations. A flourishing Sunday-school has been built under its supervision, composed mostly of those *little Italian children* with whom, unfortunately, we are too familiar at the corners of the streets and at the market-places, trying to make a penny for the sustenance of their non-English-speaking parents. The mission was not established to perpetuate the habits, the language, and the education of those Italians who come to these shores, but, on the contrary, it was originated and maintained to educate immigrants who come to our shores from Italy, ignorant of our language and liable to drift into a career of sin and crime.

TOUCHES OF REAL LIFE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Lady Hope, of Cariden.

(*Continued from page 87.*)

Jesus Welcomed to the Home—Mike's Request—On the Way to the Prayer-Meeting—Drunken Scoffers—Homely Petitions—Prayer for "the Young Lady."

THE lady would often say, with sweet manner and gentle voice, which carried in its tones so deep a ring of pathos that it had ofttimes brought tears to faces hard as the rock, "Were Jesus on earth, He would be my favorite guest. I never should like to be without a room into which He could enter. He cannot come in His bodily presence, but His people can! His servants! His poor! His saints! And sometimes they are those who, like Himself, are humble and despised. I must welcome them. I love to do it, for His sake."

She was soon beside Michael.

"Good evening, Mike," she said.

Mike arose from his seat, and in the worn and furrowed features of his honest face, his shabby coat, short manner, and twinkle of his brown eyes, he presented an amusing contrast to the lady who stood before him. Slightly tall, smooth brown hair, and still smoother—unruffled—features, benevolence idealized in her forehead, and wisdom coupled with firmness in her lips, while the whole of these different characteristics were blended into an intensity by a look of love, quite indescribable, but always present, she said to him,

"Sit down, Mike. Have you got any news to tell me?"

"Thank 'ee, mum," said Mike, "I don't want to keep ye, not a minnit. But I thought I'd just look in and tell ye how as I had a walk with that there young lady from the Hall to-day; and I thought p'raps you'd pray for her. She do seem so sad, and all over black; and, lor! mum, now you wouldn't think it, she was goin' out this afternoon, seeing to a young chap in the South End." Here Michael sunk his voice to a very mysterious whisper, as if he were letting out secrets that ought not to be told.

"Ah, yes!" answered his listener, "the young gentleman died there the other day. Her brother, he was. I have prayed many, many times for them all, when I have seen them riding or driving past. I only know the lady very little."

"That's what I was a-goin' to say," whispered old Michael, still more mysteriously, and drawing still closer, with bowed head and earnest manner. "I thought perhaps you could some ways see her. Do ye think ye *could?*"

The lady smiled. "I don't think so, Mike," she said. "I am not an intimate friend; and particularly at this time of trouble in their house, I could not go to them. But, you know, the Lord can speak to the young lady. It is much better that you should ask Him. Tell me about the sick lad. Did she go to *his* house and see his mother? What is his name?"

The name and sad story were told; and then old Mike, after respectfully and cordially asking after "the gentleman," hurried away at his usual short, brisk pace, sometimes looking down, sometimes looking up, as he went, and often entertaining himself by a long and audible soliloquy.

As he went to his home that evening the stars were beginning to appear in the sky, and the lamp-lighter hurrying along the pavement, was creating manifold larger reflections of them, in the shape of street lamps. In one of the alleys at the back of the town, there was an old tumble-down place called the Van Shed. This had been utilized by a small number of earnest men for frequent little gatherings. This was a "prayer-meeting night;" and after eight o'clock, old Mike might have been seen hurrying down the alley toward this, his favorite haunt.

"Well, old boy! where are *you* running off to?" asked one and another of the idle men who lounged about the public-house doors.

"Bound for mischief!" hoarsely laughed a tall, thin man, with stooping gait, and coat out at elbows.

"Come on!" shouted two bloated-looking draymen, who stood regaling themselves, at the end of a long day's work, with two pots of foaming beer, touched up with "a drop of speerits," and spiced with comments on the passers-by.

"Come on!" echoed a red-faced landlord, "and have a drop with us. This is just the night for it, and Bill's been asking after you."

Michael stopped, turned round, and faced them. "You come wi' me," he said, "and you won't be none the worse for it."

"I like that," they shouted; "that's good! Where are you going? Tell the truth."

He pointed up into the star-spangled sky, and said, "There, friends; and I wish *you'd* come along wi' me."

Roars and shouts of laughter, with a deafening chorus of oaths, was the only reply.

Michael went on his way, and soon reached the lighted window that he knew so well. As he warmed his hands by the fire, he conversed with a young man and an old man who were there.

"There's Tom Jenks at the 'Cricketers' to-night," he said. "He's goin' on bad, I'm *afeard*. All his good toggery and everything—it's all a-goin', they say. He hasn't been to the church, nor nowhere, for ever so long."

"Yes! he's drinking hard," responded another. "I saw Sykes along with him too. They're in a bad way down there. Missus bad, and child going in the decline. Strikes me, we've got anough to pray for to-night. I hope 'tothers is comin'!"

"Well! I don't know," replied one of the other two. "Can't tell. Robson said, up at work, he'd come down if he could; but he thought his guv'nor might want him to take orders, and if he did that it make him as how he would be latish a bit."

"Then we'd better begin. We're the 'two or three,'" said Mike, and they knelt down.

"O God! bless 'em all," he prayed. "I wants thee to make 'em hate the drink, I do. I wants 'em to be differ'nt. 'Tain't fair, it ain't, them landlordies carryin' all along with 'em; and them poor critturs all goin' off to the bad. O God! do stop 'em. I *be* so sorry. I be so *werry* sorry for 'em. And I'm a wicked old sinner myself, too, *Thou* knowest. Whatever shall I do for 'em? And they just goes drinkin', drinkin' on, and they don't care. Oh! what *shall* us do?

"Now, please, Lord Jesus, come in this little shed to-night, and tell us what we are to do; for we be so troubled about the drink. And the missuses is all tired out wi' 'em; and the babes is crying too—and I war just as bad meself wunst, and so was Abel here. Please send somebody to help us. But we wants Thyself most; and all we ask is for Jesus Christ's sake."

"Amen!" was heartily echoed to this prayer, none the less forcible because of its humble simplicity.

By this time two or three others had come into the room, and they continued praying, earnestly, simply, as the Galilee fishermen might have prayed; and then Mike said:

"Brothers! I've got something else to ask; and I didn't say nothing about it before." Then once more folding his hands, bending his gray head, he said:

"O Lord! I want to 'mind Thee about that there young lady up at the Hall, what's lost her brother; and them others with the smart bonnets. O God! thou hast took away the young gemman; and I don't know whether he's gone *Home* or not. I think p'raps he has. And I want Thee to 'courage her in comin' to Thee, and in goin' about among us poor people. O God! we ain't much fit company for the likes of her; but we wants Thee to take hold on her, and bring her to us. We *do* want some such to be kind to 'em, and talk about Jesus."

Here the old man quite broke down. When his prayer was ended, a deep voice close beside him said, "Let us read the 116th Psalm!" It was Hutton, the Rector's gardener.

They read it all round, stumbling over some of the verses, reading others clearly and distinctly, and finally commenting on the whole in their usual graphic, earnest manner.

The proceedings did not last very long; and when they dispersed they trudged away in twos and threes, the burden of their conversation being the misery that was eating out the very heart's core of their little town, destroying its respectability, ruining its trade, and wrecking the homes of its inhabitants. The evil was on the advance, that was certain. They could no longer close their eyes to that fact; and, powerless as these men felt themselves to meet it, they resorted, in humble faith and appealing earnestness, to the God of all grace. His assistance they entreated, and the answer must surely come.

"I wish we could get some of the young 'uns to come along with us," they said; "but it ain't o' no use askin' 'em. 'Tis but a poor place to bring 'em to. There's one young chap what's always up along at that corner. He's ill abed they say."

"I'll call in that way, some time," said another.

As they passed the "Cricketer's" that night, there was a drunken fight going on.

"Just horrid drunkards!" Etta's friends would have said. But they were human beings. Robson recognized two of them. Amid all their dirt and wildness, faces inflamed, and hands bedabbled with blood, he knew them. They were his fellow-workmen. The one who was taking the foremost part in the row had not long been addicted to this beer and spirit drinking.

He *had* been a very respectable and well-conducted man. But the continual smell of intoxicating liquors, wherever he went—at his work, on his way home, out in the street; offered him by his friends, nay! his *enemies* rather; forced upon him by his master after long conversation, and on all occasions; put before him in every bargain; and, in fact, placed as a net round his very feet, to catch him at every step he walked—"how could it be wondered at that he had fallen?" so he would have said to you himself, had you expostulated with him.

And he was right. It *would* have been a miracle had he escaped the snare. The majority fell beneath it, and he was one of them. The landlord, who up to this moment had encouraged the fighting because it was drawing a greater crowd to his "bar," now began to think the consequences might be awkward. He therefore used his utmost powers to draw off their attention, and at any rate to disperse the crowd.

By a poke here, and a nudge there, and a wink at a third, he managed to direct attention to Michael and his friends, as they came along the other side of the street.

This discovery was the signal for drunken shouts and low ribaldry. The wild scene was at its height, when a policeman's burly figure turning the corner altered matters a little. The worst of the combatants slunk off, the hangers-on preserved a *nonchalant*, would-be innocent air, and the younger men retired into oblivion within the tap-room.

Here old Mike and his friends were hauled over the coals in an unmerciful manner, the landlord always taking a lead in the conversation, his object being to keep the young customers there as long as possible; for as long as their visit could be extended, so long he could reckon on the continued exchange of "tin," as he called it, from their pockets to his. When this seemed to be falling short, and drunken confessions of poverty began to blurt out, and one after another either became unbearably riotous or dropped down in a heavy sleep on the floor of the barroom, he used his tactics to dispense with their company.

Clapping one on the shoulder, taking another by the arm, whispering into the ear of a third, he managed at eleven o'clock to "clear out" his premises. He had sown a seed of mischief that night more cleverly than he was aware of.

Alfred Jenkins and Tom Sykes sallied forth in the direction of the alley that old Mike had sought. Peering about into the darkness, as they laughed and sang, and reeled and tottered, Sykes took his pipe out of his mouth, and knocking it against the tindery wall of the old shed, he left the contents to do their work, and leaning, and tumbling, and struggling, he walked a few yards nearer the melancholy room he called his home.

The disheartened mother, wearied out with her long watching by his brother's sick-bed, had fallen into a deep sleep. From this she was aroused by thud after thud upon the door from the street. She opened it, and was almost knocked over by her drunken, now helpless son.

"Oh, do take care!" she said, "you will waken your brother. Look out, Tom, I say!" for he had raised his fist, and had she not fled to the inner room, terrified and wretched, he would have struck her. Yes! he would have struck his mother! and it would not have been the first time that she had suffered the humiliating outrage.

Tom fell where he stood on the floor of that outer room, till his father in the morning, with a kick, had roused him.

"Great stoopid!" he said; "sleeping about all over the place. Get up! will ye?"

From whose lesson book had Tom taken the leaf? The father knew too well; and the consciousness of this knowledge made him as surly as a bear all that day.

(To be continued.)

THE CLOSE OF THE PRESENT AGE.

By the Rev. S. Peacock, of Barrowden, England.

I. A Threefold Argument—The Close of the Age—1. The Scripture Dates—2520 Years, or "Seven Times"—2300, 1335, and 1290 and 1260 Years—Simultaneous Starting in A.D. 555—2. The Revelations of the Great Pyramid in Egypt—3. The 6000 Years from the Creation of Man—II. Signs and Events—1. Political—2. Ecclesiastical—The Spread of the Gospel—Of Romanism—Ritualism—Infidelity—Wickedness—3. Celestial—The Perihelia of Jupiter, Neptune, Uranus, and Saturn—The Disappearance of Sun Spots—The Star of Bethlehem.

TWO great mistakes have been made in connection with the two Advents of Christ. 1st. The mistake made by the Jews; 2d. The mistake made by the generality of Christians, fostered, we fear, by the ministrations of a large number of ministers of all denominations.

1st. The Jewish people made the mistake of supposing that the Messiah was coming as a temporal king, to establish a temporal kingdom, and to reign over a temporal empire. It never occurred to the Jewish mind that the First Advent was to be the exact reverse of the popular idea. True, Christ was a king, *not* a temporal one; Christ came to establish a spiritual kingdom. True, Christ wore a crown, but it was one of thorns; He mounted a throne, but it was a cross. Can we not almost sympathize with the utter disappointment of the multitude in the mistaken views they held in relation to Christ's First Advent? They overlooked Calvary in the glories of Olivet, and forgot the Saviour in the glowing anticipations of a king whom they were expecting.

2d. We venture to assert that a similar mistake is made by the generality of Christendom to-day. (With the pleasing exception that a large number of pre-millennarian pamphlets are constantly being issued that must have some effect in directing men's minds to their views.) Is it not true that the great mass of Christians believe only in the Second Advent, at the end of the world? They forget, or do not believe in, the Millennium reign of Christ for 1000 years, much in the same way as the Jews *forgot*, or did not understand that the purport of our Lord's First Coming was *not* to *reign*, but to *suffer* and *die* to make atonement for sin. When He appears the second time, it will *not* be to judge the world, but to reign as King of kings and Lord of lords over this present but *renovated* world.

No unprejudiced mind that reverently reads his Bible in the light of present events can fail to discern that the times in which our lot is cast are most momentous ones. A great cloud of witnesses, on the earth and in the sky, seem to say, "The end is nigh at hand." Let us marshal these witnesses and hear their testimony.

We would, before we proceed any further, explain the meaning of the heading of this paper, and then proceed to lay before our readers the reasons that we have for the conclusion that the close of the age will be about 1890.

We do not mean that the end of the world will be in 1890, but

THE END OF THE AGE

"*aion*" will in all human probability, end before or about that time. We mean that the Christian dispensation, the "Day of Grace," will terminate with the present decade. Nor is it presumption on our part, in making this astounding statement, but it is founded on Bible data that has been literally fulfilled in regard to the past, and it is therefore only *faith* in that God who worketh all things according to the council of His own will, to believe that what yet remains in the unborn future will be as correct as what the past data has been.

The functions of the Gospel itself, we believe, are misunderstood by most people. We read in Matt. 24 : 14, "And this Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come." Also, in Mark 13 : 10, "And the Gospel must first be published among all nations." Now, both these passages have an undoubted reference to two events—1st. The impending destruction of Jerusalem; and, 2d. The Second Advent of Christ. It is generally understood that Matt. 24 and Mark 13 have a twofold meaning; the one having reference to the close of the Jewish dispensation, and the other to the close of the Christian era. So that the above-quoted passage had a *first* partial fulfilment, and will have a *second* full accomplishment before the end of this age.

Nothing, however, is said about the Gospel being universally accepted by the world, but on the contrary, the plain teaching of Scripture is, that it will not be, but that the world will be in a far worse condition *spiritually* at the close of this age, than at the beginning. Take a passage or two in confirmation of this statement. Luke 18 : 8, "When the Son of man *cometh*, shall he find *faith* on the earth?" 2 Tim. 3 : 1-5 is but a true portrait, not only of the world to-day, but alas! of the professing Christian Church.

I. Now we will endeavor to show by a *threefold argument* that the end of the present age will be in or about A.D. 1890.

II. Signs *-Political*, *Ecclesiastical*, and *Celestial*—of Coming Woes, ushering in the Millennial Age.

I. A THREEFOLD ARGUMENT.

(1) We will call attention to the various prophetic dates given in the Old and New Testaments, and show that they have their termination about 1890, and some of them before that period.

There are five principal dates that we would call attention to, viz., 2520, 2300, 1335, 1290, and 1260. It is a generally conceded fact that a day means a year. This is what is termed the year-day theory. Most modern prophetic writers believe also in a double fulfilment of prophetic dates—1st, a day for a year, and, 2d, a literal day of 24 hours. The 2520 days are years, in the first place, and they indicate the whole period of the reign of the four Gentile powers, viz., The Babylonian, Medo-Persian, Grecian, and Roman.

It is obvious that if we have no reasonable doubt as to when to commence to date the 2520 years, there can be no question as to when it ends. About the year B.C. 710 the ten tribes of Israel were carried into captivity (2 Kings 18); and in A.D. 1810–15 the first steps took place toward the downfall of the Gentile powers. Again, it was not until B.C. 630–4, that the two tribes were carried into captivity, and Nebuchadnezzar was born. From that date to 1890 is exactly 2520 years. This 2520 years is the "*seven times*," that is, 7 times 360 equal to 2520 (Dan. 4 : 16).

(2) The next prophetic date is 2300 (Dan. 8 : 14). This has a double fulfilment, the same as the other date of 2520. (*a*) From B.C. 455-6, the time of the restoration of the daily sacrifices (Ez. 7 : 9), to A.D. 1845 is 2300 years. From this time may be dated the first steps toward preparing Palestine for the return of the Jews. (*b*) A secondary fulfilment is also found; from B.C. 410, the end of Nehemiah's ministry, to A.D. 1890 is 2300 years.

(3) The third date is 1335 (Dan. 12 : 12). This period is mentioned as a blessed period to arrive at. It is in fact the commencement of the Millennial era. It is to be dated from A.D. 555, when the Roman Emperor Justinian's Code of Laws was completed, which legally constituted the Pope the Head of all the Churches, and from 555 to 1890 is exactly 1335 years.

(4) The fourth date is 1290 (Dan. 12 : 11), that is to be reckoned from the same date as above, and it terminated in the already mentioned date of A.D. 1845, the very year which also terminated the 1260 years of the Mahometan Calendar, and also the termination of the 391 years' duration of the Turkish Woe (Rev. 11 : 2), which began (A.D. 1453) with the capture of Constantinople by the Turks.

(5) The fifth and last date that we call attention to is 1260 (Dan. 12 : 7; Rev. 11 : 3). That 1260 is exactly half of 2520; it is the reign of the Papal Antichrist, and began in A.D. 555, and consequently terminated in A.D. 1815. But the full length of the present dispensation is 75 years from that period, which brings us to A.D. 1890, as the time of the completion of all the prophetic dates, and the appearance of Him who will destroy *all* Antichrists by the brightness of His coming!

2. REVELATIONS OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.

We will now look at the matter in another light. The wonders of the nineteenth century are fairly eclipsed by the simply marvellous revelations that have been made by Professor Piazzi Smyth, the Astronomer Royal for Scotland, and which, in a most remarkable manner, confirm the argument we have already endeavored to prove.

(*a*) Biblical reference to the Great Pyramid. In Isaiah 19 : 19, 20 is the following remarkable passage: "In that day shall there be an altar to the Lord, in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof to the Lord." No satisfactory explanation has ever been made of this seemingly contradictory passage (for how can a thing be in the middle and yet at the border?) until the discovery of the Great Pyramid; and thus the geographical position of it exactly coincides with this passage, strange as it may seem. "The land of Lower Egypt is in the shape of a sector of a circle or fan. The Great Pyramid is erected at its *border*, and yet at the *centre* of the circle of which the land is the sector, or portion cut out of a circle."

(*b*) Remarkable Symbology of the Great Pyramid. We cannot refer to anything like *all* that is taught by this silent stone revelation, which is, in fact, a *Bible in stone*. It is in the measurement of the length in inches of certain galleries of this pyramid that the discoveries are made, and by the correctness of the dates of past events, that are shown by the pyramid, its value is further enhanced in giving a clew to future dates. The scale is an *inch* for a year. Thus the date of the dispersion is shown to be B.C. 2520. The epoch of the flood B.C. 2743. The time that elapsed from the march out of Egypt under Moses until the First Advent of Christ is shown to be 1542 years, which are shown by the periods given in the Old Testament to be singularly correct. Many other things are also revealed that we have not space to mention here.

(*c*) The close of the present dispensation foreshown by the Great Pyramid.

This is what concerns our present purpose, and is itself truly remarkable. What is termed the Grand Gallery is 1881.4 pyramid inches long. That means that the Jewish dispersion ends in the fourth month of the year A.D. 1882. What is very remarkable is, that immediately after this Grand Gallery is a very intricate and difficult passage that is short, and ushers in the visitor to a very large and open expanse. The meaning of this at first sight is difficult to understand, but upon careful consideration it seems to indicate the *intricate and difficult period* of the seven last years constituting the 70th week of Daniel, which leads to the large and open expanse of the Millennium of 1000 years, when righteousness shall cover the whole earth as the waters cover the sea. If this is so, then it follows that the pyramid itself points to about 1890 (*i.e.*, 1882 years added to 7 years and 75 days) as being the close, not only of the "Day of Grace," but also of the Great Tribulation, and the beginning of the Millennial reign of our Lord.

(To be concluded.)

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Senate and House Met in Joint Convention on Wednesday, February 9th, to count the electoral votes for President and Vice-President. The vote of Georgia, which was cast on a day other than that fixed by law, was not counted. Generals Garfield and Arthur were declared elected. The electoral vote stood: Garfield and Arthur, 214; Hancock and English, 144, not including Georgia's votes, and 155 counting Georgia. Happily the difficulty as to the vote of Georgia did not affect the result of the election, as the majority for General Garfield was assured whether the vote of that State was counted or not; but had the election turned upon the vote of Georgia, the ceremony of counting the votes might not have been so tame a formality as it was. The possibility of such a difficulty arising ought to prompt Congress to the immediate consideration of the Presidential electoral system. Improvements might be made now wisely and amicably while there is no election pending, which would only be made after a bitter party fight if the question of a Republican or Democratic President hung upon the result.

The Bill for the Relief of the Poncas, Prepared by the Interior Department and sent direct to the Committee on Indian Affairs instead of to the Senate, ought to be carefully considered before action is taken upon it. The sum the Secretary proposes to appropriate is $165,000. Under this bill the Indians would get less than half as much land as was recommended to be given to them by the commission. But the most objectionable feature of the bill is the provision that those who are in the Indian Territory *must select their land there, and only those who are in Dakota and Nebraska now can select their lands on the old reservation.* Before the Indians can have any of the money appropriated in the bill they must relinquish to the United States all their right and title to every part of the old reservation not selected to be held in severalty by the Indians who are there. It will be seen at once how inadequate are these provisions to meet the difficulty, and also how radically they differ from those recommended by the President in his special message. The controversy between Secretary Schurz and Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts, on the subject is a further proof that in spite of the magnanimity displayed toward Mr. Schurz by the President, he is still disinclined to make that reparation to the Poncas he above all other men is most concerned in making.

The Appropriation of Ten Million Dollars for the improvement of rivers and harbors came before the House on report from the Committee on Commerce, on Monday, February 7th. A motion to suspend the rules and pass the bill was defeated on a yea and nay vote, the friends of the bill lacking four votes of the necessary two thirds. As the bill is a very long one, covering forty pages, its promoters fear that if it is considered clause by clause it will not reach the Senate in time for a vote before the end of the session. It was before the House on the following days of the week, when vigorous opposition was offered to it on the ground that the committee had not made a fair distribution of the money appropriated by the bill. Mr. Page, of California, asserted that the committee had not recognized the fact that the United States extended west of the Mississippi River, and had only given $130,000 for the 1700 miles of Pacific coast, with its great rivers, navigable for hundreds of miles; while $200,000 had been assigned to the Great Kanawha in West Virginia. Another objection urged was that the proposed appropriations of $1,600,000 for the improvement of the Mississippi River between Cairo and New Orleans was not properly limited, and that the appropriation might be used for filling the gaps in the levees instead of the improvement of the channel.

On Saturday the House devoted most of the day to the consideration of the bill, and passed without amendment the first eighteen items of appropriation, leaving 334 items still to be considered. Nearly all of the first 130 items relate to the improvement of harbors. Over 200 items relate to river, creek, and bayou improvements of all sorts.

Disastrous Storms and Floods have been the latest development of the remarkable weather with which we have been visited since the opening of the new year. On February 12th dispatches from Washington described that city as partially submerged, and in some parts of Pennsylvania Avenue people were going about in boats. A correspondent writes: "The Pennsylvania station stands in a lake. The lower floors of the St. James Hotel are covered with water several inches in depth, and the guests were prone to make their exit this morning upon *the broad backs of enterprising negro porters.* Carriages and carts, as well as rowboats, have been doing a thriving business in transferring people from shore to shore."

Reports from Toledo, Ohio, say the excitement in the city consequent upon the flood is intense. A snow-storm set in about nine o'clock on February 12th. The streets leading to the river have since daybreak been crowded to the water's edge. In Water Street the water is fully *five feet deep*, and rushes through at a fearful rate. The loss in the district cannot be less than $35,000; but should the water carry away the lumber the loss will be more than doubled. From Philadelphia and other cities in Pennsylvania come similar accounts of rising rivers and floods, causing losses estimated at over $100,000.

A Fatal Accident at Buffalo, by which Four persons at least were killed, occurred February 8th at the New York Central Depot. The arched roof, overweighted with the accumulated snow, fell about nine o'clock in the morning with a crash, burying a number of persons and cars beneath a tangled mass of iron, wood, glass, snow, and brick. Only one train of occupied cars was in the building at the time, and that one was waiting the arrival of the St. Louis express, which was late. There were about fifteen passengers in the cars, but not one of these was injured. They were virtually buried, but the roof and side wall in falling had made a sort of *archway over the cars*, protecting them from harm. The passengers recovering from the first shock and surprise had no difficulty in getting out. Only a few minutes before the roof fell, two trains heavily laden with passengers had drawn out of the building. The bodies as yet recovered are those of the officials of the depot, who were standing on the platforms when the crash occurred.

The Dangers of Immigration and the Responsibilities of this country in view of the unprecedented numbers of immigrants from all lands who have come here in recent years formed the subject of an earnest sermon delivered by Dr. S. H. Tyng, Junr., on Sunday, February 6th. The fact that Cincinnati has no Sunday, Chicago only half a one, and New York is fast progressing in the line of desecration, the preacher considered, was an ominous sign of the influence which foreign immigrants are even now exerting on society. As a Christian student, Dr. Tyng expressed his conviction that *the vital question of the day* is, Shall the Continental thought in these matters prevail over the Puritan or Anglican thought? Shall the German-French or the English-American Sabbath prevail among us? Another danger pointed out was in the opportunity offered to these immigrants for propagating their peculiar ideas—social, religious, and political. No matter what their creed in these matters was, our unmuzzled press, our free platform, and other countless agencies for the dissemination of free thought, afforded them the utmost facility for making proselytes. Many of their theories, if carried out, would be *absolutely subversive of our institutions.* Yet they spread and gained strength just as noxious weeds grew the more plentifully in a rich garden. "It is our duty," Dr. Tyng said, "to meet the immigrant with the Bible, and to establish churches and schools in all new settlements. The safety of the country is bound up in the way in which this generation shall meet the present flood tide of immigration."

A Warning to Infidel Lecturers comes from Delaware. Chief-Justice Comegys, addressing a grand jury at Wilmington, Del., soon after a notorious blasphemer had lectured there, pointed out that blasphemy was *an ancient common-law offence*, and was also made a crime by a Delaware statute as long ago as 1740. The punishment until 1826 was the pillory, the brand, and the whip. He said that the man who had recently lectured there might be arrested by any officer without a warrant, and added: "It is, I hope, hardly necessary to say to this community, and to assure the people of it, that if any one shall be convicted of the crime of blasphemy there will be no stint of the full measure of punishment the law now prescribes. "No community such as ours," said the judge, "can exist as a healthy moral organization, where men are allowed to speak without challenge against the very and only foundation upon which it securely rests — the overruling power of God. When we dethrone His majesty and erect in His place our own notions of right and wrong, we shall soon pass into a state of life not restraining, but in effect promoting, our inherent propensity to evil; for no candid man can pretend that our impulses are not toward the gratification rather than in restraint of our passions."

The Anxiety Respecting the Fate of the Cunard steamship Batavia, which sailed from New York January 19th, was relieved on Friday by the intelligence that she was being towed into port by a steamer of the Anchor line. The Batavia had lost her propeller in the storm which swept the Atlantic two days after her departure, and as she had not been heard of when she was twelve days overdue at Queenstown, serious apprehensions were excited as to her safety.

The Ninetieth Birthday of Peter Cooper, the venerable philanthropist of New York, was celebrated February 12th. Not less than five thousand persons assembled in the Cooper Institute to do honor to the day and the founder of the Institute. Mr. Cooper, by way of celebrating the anniversary in characteristic fashion, sent a check for *ten thousand dollars* to the trustees for the Golden Wedding fund, established in 1864; another check for *thirty thousand dollars*, and the receipts for *seventy thousand dollars* which he had expended on the building during the past year.

Gov. Neil, of Idaho, has sent a Second Anti-Mormon message to both Houses of the Legislature. That there is pressing need for the Governor's persistency is manifested by the fact that the first message was not attended to, and also that his second message, dealing exclusively with the Mormon question, had no effect except to put "the Mormon members *in a great rage.*" Gov. Neil apprehends imminent danger from the extension of Mormon doctrines and practices, and calls the attention of the Legislature to the fact that the Mormons "are making rapid strides toward the attainment of temporal power on the Pacific Coast. Utah is completely under their control, and by the spreading-out policy they are seeking to overturn and subdue the States of Colorado and Nevada and the Territories of Arizona, Idaho, New Mexico, and Wyoming.

A Young Lady from Ohio was Providentially escued from a perilous situation last week in New ork. While at home she formed the acquaint-nce of a drummer for a New York firm, and fan-ied herself in love with him. A few days ago he vrote telling her to come to New York and get narried. *She left home secretly*, arrived in New ork on Monday, February 7th, met the man, and vas taken by him to a respectable boarding-house, here she passed the night. The next day he saw er and arranged that she should go to another oarding-house, and that they be married from it. n the afternoon a hack came for her at the board-ng-house where she slept on Monday, and she was riven to a well-known vicious haunt. She sus-ected its nature, and her suspicions were con-rmed when she questioned the hackman. She ad the presence of mind to apply to the police for rotection, and being sent on to headquarters, was aken care of while a communication was sent to er distressed family. Young ladies in the country ould know that an invitation to a secret expedition New York implies dangers worse than those of battle-field.

A Party of Five Men were Carried over a ataract a few days ago, near Portland, Oregon. appears that a railroad engineer, with four com-anions, took a boat at the mouth of the John ays River to go to Celilo. A dense fog lay on the ver, and the men lost sight of the shore line. hey soon became alarmed by the swiftness of the rrent, and in a short time, in spite of their efforts, ey came within sound of the *dull hoarse roar* of e falls below Celilo. They redoubled their forts to stop their course, but without avail; they ere carried to the edge of the rapids. There, to eir momentary delight, the boat struck against a ck, and was stopped in its perilous course. But ter remaining there a few minutes, swayed by the rrent, *a huge floe of ice* floated toward them, and ssing under the boat, raised it above the rock, d with arrow-like velocity it descended the rapids to the basin below.

Providentially the men were all rescued, but the perience of that fearful descent will never be for-tten. How many young men are living lives of nich that experience is a type. The shore-line of d's commands lost sight of, and a swift current sinful pleasure carrying them on to the awful yss, from which, unlike the Oregon adventure, ere is no rescue possible.

A River of Gold is Claimed by a Discoverer Accord, N. Y. A man named Daniel D. Bell nt to the Secretary of State's office at Albany, on bruary 5th, a claim of pre-emption as "dis-verer of gold, silver, copper, zinc, and other pre-us metals in and adjacent to the Genesee River d valley in the State of New York as the said er flows from the northern part of Pennsylvania, rth-east through Livingston and Monroe counties, o Lake Ontario. The said metals are found in sand-hills, clay-banks, low or bottom lands, hlands or mountainous parts—in the quartz ks and others in and along the said river and val-." The claim afforded some amusement to the icials, but even such riches as a river of gold one ndred and fifteen miles long are worthless as mpared with the value of that river to which the ristian is assured that he will one day come ev. 27 : 1–4), the river of the Water of Life.

A Father Selling his Dead Daughter's Body whiskey is an incident related in the Cleveland *ader*, which shows to what extent the passion intoxicating liquor can degrade a man. An old n living in Cleveland until recently depended on his daughter for support. He is a slave to whiskey-bottle, and is a common loafer, sleep-in some gutter or saloon at night, only going ne when in need of money. The daughter ned a livelihood by sewing, and was obliged to e twenty-five cents each day to her father, for uor. One day the daughter slipped upon the ice l fell. She was picked up badly injured, and ried to the hospital. Her fall was too much for frail system, weakened by unceasing toil, poor d, cheerless days, and nights of sorrow. For eral days she tossed in fever, and finally died. e father missed her daily pittance for rum, and pawned the sewing-machine to buy more liquor. The dead girl was buried quietly, no one going to the paupers' graveyard except the undertaker and the father. The ladies who lived neighbors to the girl made a beautiful wreath to be put upon the coffin, and gave it to the father to be placed there in the grave. That wreath he sold for liquor. At night, when the rum cravings came on strongest, the old man secured a horse and wagon, drove to the grave where his dead daughter was buried, dug up the earth, tore the emaciated body from its resting-place, and conveyed it away to the storage-room of a medical college. He sold it there for a miserable pittance—a few dollars—with which he returned to his cups.

A Little Girl's Treasures were Sacrificed in obedience to the promptings of filial love during the recent cold snap. In the sparsely settled village of Hardenburg, N. Y., lives a family named Osborn, consisting of father, mother, and one daughter, a child of six years old named Nellie. When the last heav snowstorm fell, both Mr. and Mrs. Osborn were lying sick, suddenly stricken by fever, and Nellie was alone in the house with them. Living in an isolated place, far from neighbors, and being scantily supplied with the necessaries of life at this severe and inclement season, with snow lying three or four feet deep everywhere, the situation may be imagined. Little Nellie did what she could to alleviate the sufferings of her parents in every way. It was bitterly cold, their rude little house offered poor resistance to the winds, the bed-covering was not abundant, and the supply of fire-wood was finally exhausted. The child knew the fire must be kept up, and rather than let it go out she took her wooden toys — her treasured play-things—and cast them on the embers; then she kneeled by the couch of her sick mother and prayed: "Please, dear Lord, send a big, good man to help us." Help came in the person of James McGavitt, a lumberman of the mountains, who, finding the family in this deplorable condition, exerted himself to afford prompt relief.

A Blessing in Disguise is Recognized by some of the orange-growers of Florida in the recent severe weather. That it did a great deal of damage among the oranges none will question, as a large number of them were frozen and thus spoiled, unfitting them for the trade. It is also true that a large number of the trees were killed, but at the same time it killed the oranges it killed off the scale insects that, we are told, have grown a very formidable enemy. The insects are now gone, and their eggs put beyond any fear of hatching, and this will doubly offset the loss of oranges and of trees. How often does God so deal with His children, sending the nipping blasts of adversity when He sees that in prosperity they are not bearing fruit (John 15 : 2).

A House has been Locked up for Nearly Thirty years near Boston. The Boston *Traveller* gives the following account of the circumstance which led to its never being occupied. Nearly thirty years ago a young man built the house for his bride, intending to mortgage it and pay for it gradually, as his worldly goods increased, to all of which she agreed. When the wedding-day was appointed, the trousseau ready, and the house finished, he took the lady out from Boston to inspect it. After going over the house he presented her with a deed of it for a wedding gift. Knowing his circumstances she was astonished that he had actually paid for it. He explained that, buying a ticket in a lottery, he had drawn the first prize, which just covered the cost of the house. The Puritan maiden protested she would not take *a home obtained by gambling*, and refused the deed. His arguments were of no avail; she remained obdurate. When they left the house the young man locked the door and threw the key into the brook near by. The next day he boarded up the windows, and only the spiders and mice have ever occupied it. The man never married; he became rich, but is a wanderer on the face of the earth. The young woman has also remained single. It is a remarkable instance of a faithful obedience to conscience, and victory over love and self-interest, which philosophers assert are the strongest impulses of human nature.

TAUGHT THAT WE MAY TEACH.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"And the man said unto me, Son of man, behold with thine eyes, and hear with thine ears, and set thine heart upon all that I shall shew thee; for to the intent that I might shew them unto thee art thou brought hither: declare all that thou seest to the house of Israel."—EZEKIEL 40 : 4.

Ezekiel's Title—God Uses the Humblest Men—I. The Manifestations of God to His Servants—Early Manifestations of Jesus—Not Incessant—The Christian's Red-Letter Days—The Occasion One of Distress—In an Elevated Condition—A Despairing Man Rescued by a God-Directed Sermon—A Movement of the Holy Spirit—II. The Responsibility of the Favored Men—We Must Have Verbal Inspiration—The Whole Heart Must be Set—Picking Over the Bible—"A Very Precise God"—III. God's Reason for Manifesting Himself—A Necessary Ministerial Holiday—See the Truth Personally—Tell It to Others—Even to Scorners.

WE learn from this text something concerning Ezekiel himself. He was certainly one of the greatest of the prophets; his visions remind us of those of John, both for their brightness, splendor, and number, and yet this eminent prophet was, nevertheless, styled "son of man." He is continually called by that name. The title is used over and over again throughout the book of his prophecies —"son of man"—to remind him that even the seer, the prophet, the inspired, the man who was indulged with vision upon vision, was still only a man.

The best of men are *men at the best*. Those eyes that are strengthened to behold the cherubim, and to gaze upon the stupendous wheels of providence, are still only the eyes of a son of man. The title was used to teach him humility, and also to remind him of the condescension of God toward him, and to fill him with awe and wonder that he should be chosen from the rest of mankind, though no more than they, to see such wondrous sights, withheld from other eyes.

We have no worthiness or fitness; neither does Ezekiel claim any. He is reminded of his descent; he is still one of the sons of men. Oh, *be of good comfort*, you who think that God can never use you—you who are poor in spirit, and wish to serve Him, but deeply feel your own insignificance. Remember that God is able to do for you exceedingly abundantly above what you ask or even think.

This is our present subject: we will speak upon *the manifestations with which God favors certain of His servants*. Then, secondly, we will dwell upon *their responsibility while they are enjoying such manifestations;* they are bound to behold with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and set their heart upon all that God shall show them. And then, thirdly, we will speak upon *the object which God has in giving these manifestations to His more favored people*.

I. First, I shall have a little to say upon

THE MANIFESTATIONS

with which certain of God's servants are favored.

The Lord Jesus Christ does draw near in a very special manner to some of His people. He did to Ezekiel; for I take it that the man, mentioned in the chapter, whose appearance was like the appearance of brass, is none other than our divine Lord, who, though a man, yet exceeds all men in the brightness of His wondrous person. It was He, doubtless, who appeared to Ezekiel. Long before Christ came on earth to die, He appeared to His servants in different ways. He sojourned with Abraham as a wayfarer, for such He found the patriarch to be. He wrestled with Jacob at the brook Jabbok, for Jacob was wrestling with a sore trial. It was He that revealed Himself to Moses when the bush was burning; and it was He that stood by Joshua's side as the man having a drawn sword in his hand.

In divers ways and forms He proved that His delights were with the sons of men. Or ever the Word appeared in actual flesh and blood He communed here and there with His chosen servants. He will show Himself to any of you who seek Him. He will unveil the beauties of His face to every eye that is ready to behold them. There is never a

heart that loves Him but He will manifest His love to that heart. But at the same time He does favor some of His servants who live near to Him, and who are called by Him to special service, with very remarkable manifestations of His light and glory.

These revelations are not incessant. I suppose that no man is always alike. John was in Patmos I know not how long; but he was "in the Spirit on the Lord's-day" *on one occasion*, and he specially notes it. I do not suppose that Daniel or Ezekiel saw visions every night, or beheld the glories of God every day. Humanity is scarcely capable of the incessant strain of a perpetual manifestation of God. These things are, as we shall see, "like angels' visits, few and far between."

There is a fellowship that can always be kept up, but the flood-tide of manifestation—a noonday revelation—will not last on continually. Ezekiel enjoyed a special manifestation, and he tells us when it was; for men do not see God's face without recollecting it. *He knew the date*, and recorded it. "In the five and twentieth year of our captivity, in the beginning of the year, in the tenth day of the month, in the fourteenth year after that the city was smitten." Days of heavenly fellowship are red-letter days, to be remembered so long as memory holds her seat.

Yes, and it is noteworthy that *the occasion of these manifestations was one of great distress.* Five and twenty years of captivity must have been enough to wear down the spirits of God's servants. Hence He whose feet are as fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace, comes and manifests Himself to His people, burning like brass in a furnace, giving them their times of comfort after twenty-five years of captivity. He says, too, that it was fourteen years after the city had been smitten, after it had been laid as a ruinous heap.

THEN GOD APPEARED.

Oh, beloved, when you have been long sorrowing you may expect bright days. The coal-black darkness will brighten after all. *Nights do not last forever.* Whenever you have much joy, be cautious; there is a sorrow on the road. But when you have much sadness, be hopeful; there is a joy on the way to you; be sure of that. Our blessed Lord reveals Himself to His people more in the valleys, in the shades, in the deeps, than He does anywhere else.

Saints have seen Jesus oftener on the bed of pain than in robust health. There were more manifestations of Christ in Scotland among the heather and the hills in the days of bloody Claverhouse than there are now. There was more seen of Christ in France, I do believe, in the days of the Huguenots than ever is seen now. I fear me that our Master has come to be almost *a stranger in the land* in these days, compared with what He was once, when His people wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, destitute, afflicted, tormented; for then He was meeting them at every turn and corner. Let us hope that, if days are gloomy now, and we ourselves are in trouble, our Beloved will come and manifest Himself to us as He does not to the world.

It appears, in this case, that *the manifestation to Ezekiel was made when he was put into an elevated condition.* He says, "In the vision of God he brought me into the land of Israel, and set me up upon a very high mountain." God has ways of lifting His people right up, away, away, away from mortal joy or sorrow, care or wish, into the spiritual realm. And then, when the mind has been lifted above its ordinary level, and the faculties are brought up by some divine process into a receptive state, He reveals Himself to us. These times come not always, but blessed are they to whom they come at all. When on the mount alone with God their spiritual nature asserts supremacy over the body, till they scarcely know whether they are in the flesh or not, then the Lord reveals Himself to them.

When He had elevated him thus, it appears that *he conducted him to certain places*, for he says, "For to the intent that I might shew them unto thee art thou brought hither." God's children are brought in experience to unusual places, on purpose that they may get clearer sights of the love and grace and mercy of God in Christ than they could obtain elsewhere. I have sometimes been puzzled to know why I underwent certain states of mind. I have found out the reason occasionally; perhaps as often I have not.

I remember preaching to you one Sabbath day from the text, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and if ever a minister preached from that text, fearing that it was true of himself, I did. I was under *an awful darkness* all the while, and I could not tell why. But on the Monday evening there came to me one who, by his very appearance, I could see was not far from madness; his eyes were starting from his head, his face was full of terror; and when he was in the room with me alone, he said, "You have delivered me from self-destruction. I am a man that God has forsaken, and no one has ever spoken to my soul or my experience till last Sunday night." By God's great grace and infinite bounty we were able to pilot that brother into smoother waters, and I hope that he now lives to rejoice in God. I felt thankful to the last degree that I had been dragged through all my depression, because I was able to help him.

Sometimes our experience is for the good of others, and sometimes it is for our own good. You cannot see the beauty of certain gems unless you place them on *black velvet.* When you have something black behind then you see their lustre. So there are promises of God in which you never will discover their very brightest meaning except they are set against some dark soul-trouble. Much of faith's education may be called black-letter learning. Very black the letters are, too, and very ugly-looking, but they must be spelt over. You cannot see the stars in the day-time; you must wait till the sun has gone down.

Many promises of God you cannot see till you are in the dark; and when the soul is in gloom it may be that the Lord allows it to get there, that it may gaze upon the starry promises, and value every ray of light that streams from them. So you see, dear friends, God leads His people from one place to another of Christian experience, along hills and dales, ravines and precipices—all in order that, their minds being elevated, they may be prepared to see bright visions of Himself, and know Him better, love Him better, and serve Him better.

However, it is not outward circumstances that can affect the divine purpose, *there must always be a movement of the divine Spirit.* In the third verse you read,

"HE BROUGHT ME THERE."

When you get home, just look through the chapter, and see how this is repeated. "And He brought me to the inner court, and He brought me to the north gate, and He brought me" to this and to that. We never learn a truth inwardly until God brings us to it. We may hear a truth, we ought to be careful that we do not hear anything but the truth; but God must bring that truth home. No truth is known well until it is *burnt into us* as with a hot iron. Some doctrines we can never doubt. "Oh," said one to me, failing to convince me of some new theories, "no one could get a new idea into your head except with a surgical operation." That witness is true if the new idea be contrary to the old-fashioned Gospel. The things I preach are part and parcel of myself. I am sure that they are true.

"*Are you infallible?*" say you. Yes, when I declare what is in God's word. When I declare God's truth I claim infallibility, not for myself, but for God's word. "Let God be true and every man a liar." It will not do to be saying, "These are our views and opinions." Why, if the doctrines of grace are not true, I am a lost man; if they are not the very truth of God, I have nothing to live for; I have no joy in life, and I have no hope in death. May God bring you, dear friends, into a truth, and I will defy the devil to bring you out of it. If God brings you to it, if He writes it as with His own finger upon your soul, you will know it with solemn certainty.

People may say, "Where is your logic? and how does this consist with the progressive development of human thought?" and all that. I reply, "*You* can go and *fiddle to what tune you please;* as for me, these things are part and parcel of myself, and I have made them my own." I have gripped them, and they hold me fast; I have no choice about them; I do not choose to believe in free grace; I believe it because I cannot help it.

When one was asked whether he held Calvinistic doctrine, he answered, "No." "Oh," said the other, "I am glad to hear that." "Ay," said he, "but Calvinistic doctrine holds me." There is a great difference between holding truth and *truth holding you.* You will not hold truth aright unless you can say of it, with all your heart, "The Lord brought me into it"; "He brought me toward the south; He brought me into the inner court; He brought me forth into the outer court; He brought me to the temple." He did it all. "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord"; and there is no teaching like it, for he that is taught of God is taught infallibly.

Thus I have spoken upon the manifestations with which God favors certain of His people.

II. Now, secondly, let us notice

THE RESPONSIBILITY

of these chosen men while they are thus favored.

"The man said to me, Son of man, behold with thine eyes, and hear with thine ears, and set thine heart upon all that I shall show thee." Did he not mean this: "Use all your senses, all your faculties, all your wits to understand divine truth"? When the Spirit of God favors you with light, mind that you see; and when there is a sound of grace, mind that you hear. Be not one of those forgetful hearers who behold their likenesses in a glass, and then go their way and forget what manner of men they are. Oh, how much more we should understand of God's word if we gave our mind to it. We tell our children to learn their lessons "by heart." If we put the full meaning into that expression, that is the way to learn the things of God. Learn them all over; take them into yourself by every faculty you possess; strive as God shall help you by His Spirit to get at their innermost meaning by every power that is given you.

First, he says, "*See with thine eyes.*" What are the eyes for but to see with? He means this: Look, pry, search with your eyes. Do not let the truth flit before you and then say, "Yes, I have seen it." No. Stop it. Hold it by meditation before the mind's eye, and see with your eyes. Look, look, look into it. Remember what is said of the angels: "Which things the angels desire to look into"; not "to look *at*," but "to look *into*." Looking *to* Christ will save you, but it is looking *into* Christ that gives joy, peace, holiness, heaven. Look into the Gospel; let your eyes be intent and steadfastly fixed upon every truth, especially at choice times when God favors you with the noontide light of his face. Then be doubly intent upon His word.

And then He puts it, "*Hear with thine ears.*" Well, a man cannot use his ears for anything else, can he? Ay, but *hear* with your ears. Listen with all your might. You are to spy out the meaning with the mind's eye; but, besides that, try to catch the very tone in which the promise or precept has been uttered. Treasure up the exact words, for though cavillers call it folly to speak of verbal inspiration, I believe that *we must have verbal inspiration* or no inspiration. If any man shall say to you, "The sense of what your Father said is true, never mind His words"; you would reply, "Yes, but I would like to know precisely what He said, word for word." I know that it is so in legal documents. It is not merely the sense that you look to, but every word must be right.

God's word, as it came from Him, came in such perfection that, even to the syllables in which the sense was clothed, there was infallibility about it. When I get God's word I would desire to hear it with my ears as well as see it with my eyes—to see its sense and then to love the expressions in which that sense is conveyed to me. He cares little for the sense of the words who is not jealous over the words which convey the sense. Oh, brethren, whenever God does, by His word, open His heart to you, do not lose anything; do not lose a sound—a syllable.

The Lord demands something more. "*Set thine heart upon all that I shall shew thee.*" Oh, but that is the way to learn from God—by loving

all that he says—feeling that, whatever God says, it is the thing you want to know. It is well when your whole heart comes to know the truth, and, when it knows it, encompasses it about with warm affections, so that it may be like a fly in amber, the word in the midst of your heart, encased there, enshrined there, never to be taken away from you. Set your whole heart on the word. Some people like to read so many chapters every day. I would not dissuade them from the practice, but I would rather *lay my soul asoak* in half a dozen verses all day than I would, as it were, rinse my hand in several chapters.

Oh, to bathe in a text of Scripture, and to let it be sucked up into your very soul, till it saturates your heart! The man who has read many books is not always a learned man; but he is a strong man who has read three or four books over and over till he has mastered them. He knows something. He has a grasp of thoughts and expressions, and these will build up his life. Set your heart upon God's word! It is the only way to know it thoroughly; let your whole nature be plunged into it as cloth into a dye.

The Lord bids us *do this toward all that He shall show us.* "Set thine heart upon all that I shall shew thee!" We are to be impartial in our study of the word, and to be universal in its reception. Brothers and sisters, do you *pick over God's Bible?* I pray you, give up the habit. I have known professors who would not read certain chapters. Never read another till you have read that passage which now displeases you. Learn to love it; for, if there is a quarrel between you and a Scripture, it is you that is wrong, not the Scripture; and if there is any part of the word of which you can say, "I differ from *that*," the word will never alter; the party to alter is yourself.

Try to follow the Lord fully, even though it should cause the revision of cherished sentiments, and even the alteration of your denominational connections. "Are we to be so particular in little things?" says one. Ay, it is in little things that loyalty comes out. A loving and obedient child obeys his father without saying, "This is a great thing, and this is a little thing." "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it." The habit of trifling with little duties grows very soon into a seared conscience about larger matters. "Oh, but we need not be so particular," says one. Indeed, we must be.

"Why are you so precise?" said one to a Puritan. "Sir," said he, "I serve *a very precise God.*" "The Lord thy God is a jealous God"—mind that; and He would have us to be a jealous people as to all His word, whether of doctrine, or of precept, or of promise. Oh, for grace to be willing and ready to see all that He would have us see, and to hear all that He would have us hear, and to receive into our heart all that He would have us receive.

Thus, I have spoken upon the manifestations which God gives to some of His servants, and the responsibility under which they are placed by them.

III. But now, thirdly, what is the practical design of all this? What is

GOD'S REASON FOR MANIFESTING HIMSELF

to His servants?

The object is this: "Declare thou all that thou seest to the house of Israel."

First, see it yourself, hear it yourself, give your heart to it yourself, and then declare it to the house of Israel. I have lately heard of a minister who said in the pulpit, "The doctrine of atonement—I have heard a great deal about it, but I do not understand it." He is going to take a holiday that he may solve some of his doubts. If he does not solve his doubts soon I should recommend him to extend that holiday for *the term of his natural life.* He who does not understand the doctrine of the atonement should read "The Shorter Catechism," and pray God to enlighten him. That is a book written for the young and ignorant, and it might be useful to many ministers. God grant us grace that we may know what we do know, and not attempt to declare to others anything but that which we have taken into our own hearts.

But that being done, we are to *tell the truth to others,* especially to those whom it concerns. He had seen the form and vision of a temple and a city; he was to speak of this to the house of Israel. Dear brother, you cannot tell who it may be to whom you are to speak, but this may be your guide: speak about what you have seen and heard *to those whom it concerns.* Have you been in gloom of mind, and have you been comforted? The first time you meet with a person in that condition, tell out the comfort.

Have you felt a great struggle of soul, and have you found rest? Speak of your conflict to a neighbor who is passing through a like struggle. Has God delivered you in the hour of sorrow? Tell that to the next sorrowing person you meet. There is such a thing as casting pearls before swine; that can easily be done by an imprudent talkativeness; but when you find people who are hungry, give them bread; when you find people that are thirsty, offer them water; when you find that they want a blessing from God, tell them of that which has been precious to your own soul.

Ay, but still this is not all your duty. God has shown us His precious word that we may tell it to the house of Israel. Now, the house of Israel were a stiff-necked people, and when Ezekiel went to them, they cast him aside, they would not listen. Yet he was to go and teach the word to them. We must not say, "I will not speak of Christ to such a one; he would reject it." Do it as a testimony, even if you know he will reject it.

Go you, my brother, and

SOW YOUR SEED,

and recollect that in the parable the sower not only cast a handful on that spot of ground that was all ready for it, but he sowed among thorns and thistles, and he cast seeds even on the highway, from which the birds of the air soon removed it. "Give a portion to seven and also to eight." "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper this or that, or whether it shall be alike good." Do thou go and tell what God tells thee. Remember what we read just now. "What I shall show you in secret, that reveal ye in the light. What I have spoken to you in closets, that reveal ye upon the housetops." "Are we all to be preachers then?" Yes, all that have been taught of God are to teach. "Are we all to stand up in public?" says one. I did not say that; but somewhere or other—perhaps in the pew where you now sit, or on the steps as you go out, or by the roadside, or in the shop to-morrow morning—you can all put in a word edgeways for Jesus Christ.

"I do not know what to say," says some one. Do not say it, then, brother. I would recommend you not to say anything if you do not know what to say; but if you have seen with your eyes and heard with your ears, and received into your heart, then you know what to say, and the first thing that comes to hand will be the best thing to say; for God, who knows the condition of people's minds, knows how to fit you to their condition, and make your experience as a Christian to tally with the experience of the man who wants the aid of your light. Go, and the Lord be with you.

If there are any here who have never seen the Lord, if they have any desire after Him, if they have any sense of sin, if they have any wish for the eternal light, let them remember that gracious word, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," and that precious invitation, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

May the Holy Spirit bring you to trust in Jesus at once, and to the name of the Lord be the praise forever and ever. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—

Matthew 10: 16–42.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

FRAUDS EXPOSED.

Secret Chambers of Vice—Modern Frauds—Bogus Bankers—Heartless Impositions—A Trap for Clergymen—The Astrologers—$213 for an Old Stair-rod—Medical Frauds—Traps for Blackmail—Obscene Literature—Corruption in the School.

"SURELY in vain," said the wise king, "is the net spread in the sight of any bird." He implied that even the birds would be wise enough, seeing the snare laid, to understand its purpose and avoid it. It would be strange if men were less wise than the birds, yet the newspapers of the day teem with cases of men who have fallen into traps in which they have lost, sometimes property, sometimes character and good name, and too often body and soul also. Society is infested with these hunters, in the employ of him who goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. Their snares look innocent and plausible, and they are baited by crafty men who have rare knowledge of the inclinations of the unwary and credulous.

An effort to strip such schemes of their fair appearance and hold them up in their true colors for the warning of possible victims has been made by Anthony Comstock, the Secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, an indefatigable enemy of the men who are justly called "social beasts of prey." In a book recently published by *J. Howard Brown*, of New York, under the title of "Frauds Exposed," Mr. Comstock lays bare a series of wicked plots which in the course of his arduous labors he has discovered and denounced.

When the prophet Ezekiel was commanded to dig in the wall, and digging came upon a door, which, when opened, revealed creeping things and all manner of abominations, and men there working evil, and saying, "the Lord seeth us not," he must have been astonished and horrified at the things that were done in secret. It is with a similar sense of indignant amazement that the Christian citizen under Mr. Comstock's guidance explores the secret chambers of nineteenth century life, and sees in their hideous features the devices now practised to plunder, ruin, and debauch mankind. Such an exposure is appalling, for Mr. Comstock has made it his business to unearth these dens of vice, and he strips away their fair exterior with practised hand, and shows how vile and loathsome are the creatures that deceive society by their specious pretences and their hypocritical deportment.

THE BOGUS BANKERS

who advertise in respectable journals, schemes for making large fortunes, engage Mr. Comstock's attention first. One remarkably successful scheme will serve as an illustration of many others described, and which differ only in details. It is that of a firm doing business in New York who invited small investors to intrust them with money for speculation in stocks and shares. They explained that by a system of pooling the capital of their clients they were able to operate largely in the markets, and to secure immense profits. Some speculations would necessarily involve a loss; but when the general account was balanced, and the profit divided among the investors, it would be found that even the subscriber of five dollars had realized a profit on the scale of those of colossal operators like Jay Gould and W. H. Vanderbilt. It was in effect an offer of partnership in a huge stock-broking firm conducted by men of skill and experience.

The snare thus baited entrapped many victims. Not a cent remitted to the firm was returned, and the investors instead of receiving profits, lost all the money sent to the firm. Widows invested the money received from the life-insurance policies of their deceased husbands; aged tradesmen who had retired from business, sent the hard-earned savings of their lives; teachers, seamstresses, clerks, and servants, and even members of the higher professions were among the *forty thousand investors* in this fraudulent firm. Some idea of the sum filched from the public by this scheme may be obtained by the fact that the share of one of the wicked plotters for one month was $22,833.33.

Other schemes of a similar nature exposed by Mr. Comstock are marginal operators, bogus min-

ing companies, bogus lotteries, and watch and jewelry swindles. *A Fraud on Clergymen* of a peculiarly ingenious character, perpetrated in 1877, was the offer of a splendid work gorgeously bound in Turkey morocco with five hundred pages, thirty illustrations, and twelve maps, for *one dollar*. This book the advertiser falsely asserted was recommended by *Rev. C. H. Spurgeon*. The proceeds of the sale were moreover to be distributed in charity. It is needless to say that though many dollars were sent, no books were forwarded.

An amusing incident is one related of a pretended astrologer having his headquarters in New York who advertised his power "to read destiny, cure disease, and reveal secrets." This man actually extracted from a villager in New England $213 for an article he called "*a divining rod*," which proved to be an old brass stair-rod having a glass tube in its centre partially filled wth mercury.

BOGUS MEDICAL INSTITUTES,

advertising freely, and professing to cure obstinate diseases, are another species of fraud exposed by Mr. Comstock. In one of the numerous instances given, it was discovered that one of the proprietors netted in one year a profit of over $30,000, in return for which he had supplied medicines of *one kind only for all cases*, and that of the most worthless description. The real design was to obtain a knowledge of the secrets of patients applying for treatment, and then making the knowledge a means of extortion and blackmail. Other swindling medical agencies exist, the object of which, as described, is of the vilest description, and their appeals to the public are couched in language intended to convey the impression that the advertisers are prompted to their enterprise by religious and philanthropic motives. A number of these mentioned by Mr. Comstock, with copies of their advertisements, show to how low a depth of degradation it is possible for men to sink.

OBSCENE LITERATURE,

and the history of the fight Mr. Comstock has waged during many years against its transmission through the mails, occupies a prominent place in his work. It would be impossible to give in this place any idea of the villainous trade which is being carried on, and by which the morals of even children in schools are being corrupted. Circulars and advertisements are surreptitiously conveyed into educational institutions and circulated among the inmates. Parents are astounded at learning that their daughters and sons have received offers to supply them with foul publications and obscene pictures; but in far too many cases parents hear nothing about it.

Temptations thus offered are frequently successful; the imagination of youth is corrupted and the spirit debased by suggestions conveyed at a time when the memory is vigorous and retentive. As Mr. Comstock justly says, "This traffic has made rakes and libertines in society, skeletons in many a household. The family is polluted, home desecrated, and each generation born into the world is more and more cursed by the inherited weaknesses, the harvest of this seed-sowing of the evil one." Against this traffic, as against other forms of vice, Mr. Comstock has waged bitter and relentless war. In his campaign he has learned much of the devices by which society is robbed of money, and what is dearer than money, of virtue and character. He has now made a public exposure of these villainies, and in doing so has added to the obligations for which the public is already indebted to him, for he has shown how the net is spread for the birds—the treasured birds which God has given for parents to train up for His glory.

Swallowing a Butcher's Shop.—The Following testimony was recently given by a butcher at Sheffield, England. "I used to be a great drunkard. I swallowed a butcher's shop and all my tools; then left my wife for six weeks, she not knowing where I was. I used to be very fond of gambling, and was a miserable wretch till the Gospel made me tremble as I sat in my seat. At last I yielded, and cried to the Lord for mercy, and He pardoned all my sins, and made me happy; and I have thrown up the tobacco and the beer, and *all the bag of tricks*, and now I mean to fight for God."

TALES OF THE GROG-SHOPS.

By a London Clergyman.

BETSY TROLLOPE'S JUG.

(A Tale in Two Chapters.)

CHAPTER I.

IF any of my readers should ever be introduced to Betsy Trollope, the first thing which would strike them would be her littleness. She was not an ordinary-sized woman. Indeed, so much below the average was she that to distinguish her from the other Trollopes of the place she was known as "the little Mrs. Trollope;" while some irreverent little boys, of whom there were a good many about, did not scruple to call her "the little 'un."

There was a time with Betsy when this smallness of stature was such a sore point that she preferred having it taken for granted without any mention of it. But since her marriage with Joe Trollope, who was as big as she was little, she ceased to think anything more about it, the two making up between them the stature of an average couple.

Another point also which would not escape notice in a survey of Betsy, was her exceeding neatness. Nobody ever saw her with a ragged dress or a dirty face. From morning till night you would never see Mrs. Trollope anything but trim, neat, and tidy. Young Mrs. Trollope was in fact the exact counterpart of her old mother, who was still clinging to life, although according to human calculation she ought to have gone long ago. But, although so old and feeble, the old lady would insist on being kept in order. So you will perceive that Betsy's neatness was inherited.

A third striking point about Betsy Trollope was her quietness. Some women couldn't be quiet if they tried. They couldn't whisper for the life of them. Even though you are but a few feet away, they must shout at the top of their voice. Now Mrs. Betsy was never noisy. She worked softly. She moved about softly. And she spoke softly. In fact she did everything in the most respectable, genteel, and quiet manner.

Another feature which, although not so striking as the ones already mentioned, is well worthy of attention, was Betsy's shawl. In summer and winter, in darkness and daylight, did she wear the shawl. It was *a black shawl*, not over large, and somewhat threadbare, although spotlessly clean.

And, lastly, if you should happen to be in any way intimate with Betsy Trollope, you could not fail to be struck with the fact that she had her half pint of beer every day at eleven o'clock, a half pint for her dinner, and another half pint for her supper. I say "a half pint," because this was Betsy's own account of the exact measure.

Now whether it was that Betsy was so little and had such small eyes that she was unable to see more than a half pint at a time, or whether she thought it a genteel thing to say that it was only a half pint she took, or whether her memory failed her as to the quantity she did take, or, lastly, whether she was ashamed of herself, I should not like to say; but sure I am that Betsy Trollope's half pint, duly and conscientiously measured by some impartial judge, would be found to be nearer a pint. And sorry as I am to say it of such a neat, clean, and quiet woman, yet it must be confessed that Betsy was sometimes known to have her *half pint for breakfast*.

Betsy was undoubtedly fond of her beer, and without forcing the fact upon people's notice, or behaving in any violent way, did really take more than was good for her. It is disappointing, to say the least of it after having been able to say so much in Betsy's favor, to be obliged to draw public attention to such a big and ugly blot on her character as this; but, as my story hinges upon it, what can I do?

THE JUG OUTSIDE THE SHAWL.

Betsy Trollope was not one of those who consumed their beer on the premises. She made a point of enlightening folk's minds on that point. *Off the premises*, remember, dear reader, it was Betsy's constant practice to consume her liquor.

Neither was Betsy Trollope in the habit of sending other people for her beer. I may as well, however, say that she never claimed any credit for that. And for fear any should give her credit for what she did not deserve, let me give the reason for it. Although the public-house she favored was not very far, it unfortunately lay round the corner. Now nobody can see round a corner, be his eyesight of the strongest; consequently he has to trust his messenger pretty considerably. But Betsy, for very good reasons, could not do this.

It appears that once upon a time she did send for her beer, but she received so much less than her proper measure—it had dropped a clear inch and a half for some reason or other—that she made up her mind that it would not pay to send for it any more. She would not have minded her next-door neighbor, who was a teetotaler, fetching it. Once indeed she had proposed it, but the indignant, "*What next!*" with which it was greeted, and the bit of her neighbor's mind she then received were so unpleasant that she decided to think twice before she again ventured to put such a proposal to a teetotaler.

Now the great point I wish to insist upon in this chapter is, that Betsy Trollope was in nowise ashamed of fetching her beer, much less of drinking it. At the time of which I am writing you could not have failed to see her, were you at all near, armed with a large jug—a white one it was, with blue spots—and holding it out to the public gaze without the slightest approach to shame. She did not mind chatting with a neighbor at the corner of the street, or even at the very public-house door. And she had even been seen to take a bold sip in the open street. I believe she was then a quarter of an hour past her usual time, which will of course account satisfactorily for such an occurrence.

"There's nought to be ashamed of, as I knows on," she was wont to say. "Beer's a very good thing, and does a woman as works hard a deal of good. It freshens a poor frail woman up a bit; and as beer's a good friend to me, I ain't a going to turn my back on it, and hide the jug, not I. There ain't no law in the country, as I knows on, against folks carrying their beer in daylight; and if there's some as don't like to see it, let 'em close their eyes, that's all."

Once when Betsy was found fault with in a more violent way than usual, instead of saying anything in return—for she was a very quiet woman—she adopted an ingenious way of entering her protest. The very next time she fetched the beer, she carried *the largest jug*—also white with blue spots—she had in her possession. And not content with this, held it up and out with marked ostentation.

Of course this conduct of Betsy's drew forth many unpleasant remarks from the passers-by. One would say:

"Hullo! I say, a little woman like you can't stow away that jug full. Let's help 'ee out."

Another would say:

"Don't she look tired? She'll fall down and break her jug if she don't get somebody to lend her a hand."

While a third would say:

"Betsy's going to give a party, don't yer see? She's a fetching the swipes for 'em."

And to give one more specimen of the unsolicited remarks on her, the conduct of some small boys was very noticeable.

"I say, if Betsy was to break that there jug, what a swim we'd have!"

And suiting the action to the word, there was a general strike-out all round, and a puffing and blowing as though each small boy were swimming for dear life.

How did Betsy Trollope receive these remarks?

"Mind yer own business, and I'll mind mine," she would say; at the same time holding up the jug more defiantly than ever. "Let them be ashamed as need to be. Betsy Trollope ain't a bit."

THE JUG UNDER THE SHAWL.

Besides being very fond of beer, Mrs. Trollope was also very fond of meetings. So fond of them indeed was she, that of all who attended the Oatfield Mission Room, she would most certainly have taken the foremost place both for punctuality and for regularity of attendance. Sundays and weekdays, in rain or in sunshine, a rare event it was for Betsy Trollope to be absent,

Now among the meetings held at these particular rooms was a temperance meeting. When this meeting was first started there was a sore conflict in Betsy's heart whether or not she should honor it with her presence, and for some time *Betsy's chair was empty*. But after a time, not feeling quite comfortable in her mind as to her desertion of the old ship, and feeling that she might perhaps be doing good to some of the many drunkards about by putting in an appearance, she could hold out no longer, and went.

BALM IN GILEAD.

A Sermon by the Rev. W. M. Punshon, LL.D.

"Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of My people recovered?"—JEREMIAH 8 : 22.

A Universal Malady—The Sick Daughter—I. The Fact of Universal Disease—1. Health a Great Question—2. Spiritual Health, a Solemn Consideration—The "Gospel of Industry"—The Fall Ignored—II. A Divine Remedy—1. The Cure Complete—2. The Physician Omnipotent—The Sinner's Only Hope—III. Why the Remedy Fails—1. Many will not Admit Themselves Ill—2. Some Seek Elsewhere for Healing—3. Neglect of the Physician's Prescriptions—A Cemetery of Dead Souls.

BRETHREN, *the spiritual malady*, under which all mankind are groaning, is presented in the Bible as making the whole head sick and the whole heart faint. It will not be improper for us, therefore, to apply the inquiry in the text as the plaintive and earnest solicitude of a minister for his people's welfare. If he be faithful, their interests will press upon him with absorbing anxiety, and with fatherly tenderness will he yearn for their conversion to God. This seems to be the idea, indeed, which the prophet has brought before us—the anxiety of a father for a daughter in failing health, "For the hurt of the daughter of my people I am hurt. I am black; astonishment hath taken hold on me." There you see the picture. It is very definitely and graphically described—you can call it up before the eye of the mind.

You see the gentle maid, dearly loved and delicately nurtured in that rare beauty which is the father's pride, but which Death, the covetous, envies for his own. Amid her vivacity and loveliness a strange languor seizes her. The cheek blooms proudly, but there is fever and not health in its blush. The eye sparkles with unwonted brightness, but it is lit up with the pale fires of decline. The beauty assumes that transparent radiance which is, alas! but the spirit's preparation for the casting off of its earthly vestments—the first phase of the transition to the sublimities of the spiritual body. And the father's eye, quick with apprehensive affection, marks the change, and mourns it, while yet the child of his deep love knows not of her danger, and queens it, all unconscious of her doom.

Now a father's passionate feeling in that struggle and crisis of history—the struggle between faith in God's great goodness and despair, utter and absolute of all human means—is just the feeling which the prophet has caught and embodied in the language of the text.

I. Brethren, in our meditation upon this subject, the first thing to be established, because it is as the basis of the whole matter, is the fact of

UNIVERSAL DISEASE.

1. The question of *health* is one of the great questions of the day. Time was when it was otherwise. Time was when a sort of fatalism prevailed among the people, by which the progress of improvement was retarded, and by which the ailing were left to perish. But a quickened activity of beneficence has risen up among us. Men have risen up to vindicate God's great gift of life, and Sanitary Missions, and Boards of Health, and legislative wisdom—all are astir to remove preventable causes of death and disease, and to mitigate the bitterness of the olden curse of death.

And it is grand and cheerful to think of the results which, in spite of many disadvantages, have been already achieved. They are not true philanthropists, they are not true Christians either, who do not rejoice in the physical as well as the moral uplifting of a people. When we think by how many the laws of health are better understood, how sounder ideas have been diffused upon the questions of labor, and exercise, and temperance, and cleanliness, and drainage, and ventilation, and interment; and how years have been added thereby to the average of human life—and all this brought about in a variable and trying clime, against cherished habits, and against invincible prejudice, against fierce competition, against the hindrances of class selfishness—we cannot help thinking that the progress is gratifying and lovely in the sight of the great and good God, who rejoices in the happiness of the creatures He has made.

2. But man is not to be contemplated merely in connection with this world. There are higher affinities in his nature; he is born to inherit immortality. The question of his *spiritual health* or sickness then becomes a question of immense importance, viewed in connection with the eternal duration of his being. Now it is impossible to look upon man without discovering that his condition is not what it must have been when the "very good" of an approving Creator greeted his entrance into the world. Our ideas of God, if they be worthier than the old Pagan notions of divinities, formed after their own pattern, conceive of Him inherently loathing evil and inherently delighting in all possible good.

When man was created, as the Scriptures tell us, he was created in God's image: he was the perfect product of the Creator's hand—in understanding, in heart, in tendency, in will, pure. But it is not so now. A change has passed upon him which has marred his beauty. If you look through the pages of *history* you find them

ONE PERPETUAL RECORD OF OPPRESSION.

The pages of history reek with blood—rapine and injustice among the victors, vindictiveness and wrong among the vanquished—"Trampled weak and tyrant strong" are found in all nations, in all ages of mankind, as if the first man born in the world being a murderer, all his descendants had been successively baptized with the baptism of the bloody hand.

If you look through the *nations* for the just man, the nations have not found him. Through all ages there runs one remarkable uniformity of sin—an ever-present spirit of evil—the spirit of evil present everywhere, irrespective of physiognomical varieties or geographical boundaries—impregnating the universal air, tainting every condition of life.

If, from nations, you descend to the minuter analysis of *individuals*, you arrive at the same result of impurity. Not only are all men polluted, but *the whole of each man* is impure. The understanding is vassal to a debasing superstition or many-sided error; the will, haughty and headstrong, follows its own devices, heedless of the restraints or the regulations of law; the affections, recreant to their lawful troth, go out in harlotry after other lords; the imagination revels in the sin it cannot compass, and holds tryst with foul and foolish thoughts in the secret chambers of its abode. Every imagination of the thoughts of the heart is only evil continually.

And further, to account for this widespread depravity, it is not enough that you ascribe it to powerful training, or to the influence of ungodly example. These will instruct in the mysteries of crime; these will harden in the effronteries of rebellion; but in all cases the heart of the child, like the plate of the photographer, has been secretly but perfectly prepared. Under the most favorable circumstances of culture and advantage, you have the same untoward results of evil. There are results which confound all calculations, and which upset all theories.

Samuel may be blameless in life and seer in vision, but that will not prevent his children from perverting judgment and taking bribes. *Aaron* may be blameless in the inner and in the outer sanctity, but his offspring, nevertheless, may serve the Lord with strange fires. A child may be reared in godly nurture; may be secluded from vicious companionship; may be blessed with a father's counsel; may be baptized with the baptism of a mother's self-denial; and yet, breaking away from human restraint and human affection, you may see him sitting in the seat of the scorner, an evil, foolish child, the heaviness of his mother.

Nay, if it were possible to take life and to preserve it apart from the fellowships of men, to let your child grow up in the wild woodland, with no teacher but the voices of Nature, and with no society but the beasts of the forest, he would probably gibber in the restlessness of idiocy; but if he attained an intelligence and manhood at all, it would be a manhood of passion and of crime—there would be a radical and inborn dislocation of the energy, and of the moral beauty of his life, he would be deceitful and cruel as the tiger with whom he had had companionship and home.

Brethren, I have deemed it necessary to enlarge upon this subject, because there is

A NEW GOSPEL

among us nowadays; "another gospel," not ours; a gospel which is called *the gospel of industry*. There is a teaching in the midst of us, the more dangerous because its apostles are earnest and noble men—men of ingenious thought and genial sympathy, whose main theses are, the dignity of labor, open-handed charity, and the innate and self-exalting majesty of man.

There is much that is fresh and winsome in this doctrine, and they speak it in racy speech, and commend it by benevolent life; but *they ignore the Fall of man;* they make light of its entailment of corruption and feebleness; they represent each individual as starting fair as Adam did, with his Eden to cultivate, and with his unbiassed will to evil. They forget that the curse has blighted the loveliness and enfeebled the spirit, that there is a bane as well as a blessing let loose upon the world. Hence, I saw it asserted in a lecture that was, a while ago, delivered on "The Rationale of Health," that all infants who die, die not by God's fault. God's fault! No, surely, but by God's mercy removing them ere they have felt the curse's bitterness.

But there is, couched in this, the opinion that all the deaths that we are accustomed to call premature or early arise from preventable causes; and that the allotment of mortality might be postponed in all cases to the feebleness of extremest age. But surely in this half-truth there lurks a dangerous error. The world is not under a charter merely, it is *under a curse*. Death is not only a positive, it is *a penal enactment*, a standing memorial of God's displeasure against sin.

And in *the variety of period* at which that allotment comes upon us, there is a more impressive exhibition of that displeasure than if the allotment came only upon tottering steps and upon silvered hair; while in the triumph which the dying young have been enabled to manifest over the power of the destroyer, there is a more illustrious display of the grandeur of redemption and of the omnipotence of love.

Brethren, it is our duty to do all we can to lengthen human life. There can be no doubt of that. Work as God's almoners by all means; mitigate suffering in every possible way; spread abroad the appliances of healing; give room for the balmy air and the blessed sun to go into the squalid quarters from which they now flutter as with sickened pinions away. Do these, and all other kindly and gentle things you must and ought; but let it be graven upon your hearts the while, as a condition that is born with you, and which you cannot reverse, that "As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, so death hath passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."

Brethren, *this moral sickness is a malady which every one of you inherit;* there is not one free from it—however high your station, however refined your taste, however exemplary your morals, however exquisite your sensibilities, you have a leprous nature. It was born with you; it has grown with your growth; and if you have not personally realized the transformation of the Gospel, the leprosy hangs about you still. The cradled death is in your veins to-day; and you are not shut up as other lepers are, just because everybody is a leper around you, and because you live in a plague-swept and leprous world.

(To be concluded.)

A CHOICE VINDICATED.

(*Continued from page 95.*)

Journeying Homeward.

EVELYN took Donald's letter and read it through. As she read it a deep crimson flush came into her pale face, but this faded away and left her as white as death when she had finished reading. Then she rose from the table without speaking a word, left the letter lying beside her plate, and went out of the room.

I was rising to follow her when Sir William said,

"Wait a little, Miss Lindsay; perhaps she will get over it better alone; if she has a good cry it will do her good. Poor child, what a pity she ever took a fancy to that worthless fellow! Read his letter, Miss Lindsay, and tell me what you think of it."

I took it up, and read as follows:

"MY DEAR UNCLE:

"I have no doubt you think that I am in Port Said, though I did contrive to keep out of your way during your short stay in that delightful place.

"But I am not there now, but have removed to a town many miles distant, which I will not name, lest you should feel it your duty to report me in England.

"I should not have troubled you with a letter, but that I wanted to ask you to lend me a trifling sum to start me in business in the town in which I am now living. I have had the offer of a first-rate partnership, which will enable me soon to become a rich man, but it is necessary that I should advance something in the shape of capital. My partner asks for £100, but I think he will be content with £50, if you are not inclined to forward me the larger sum.

"I am sure, dear uncle, you will not refuse to grant this trifling request, when I tell you that I have a wife depending on me, and that unless I can avail myself of this opening (which is really a splendid one) there is nothing but starvation before us both.

"As I am now a married man, there is no chance of my again being an annoyance to you, so I feel sure you will not deny me this small and last favor.

"Please address to 'Monsieur Junot, Post Office, Alexandria.' M. Junot is my wife's brother; she is a French girl, and he will call for the letter, and forward the remittance to me.

"With love to Evelyn and yourself,

"Believe me, dear uncle,

"Your affectionate nephew,

"DONALD TRAFFORD."

"P.S.—You will wonder how I knew you were in Jerusalem. I met a dragoman the other day who was on board the same steamer with you, and he heard that you were to spend a long time in Jerusalem."

"Did you ever hear anything like that?" said Sir William, as I folded up the letter; "is not that a piece of cool impertinence?"

"He does not seem much ashamed of himself," I could not help saying.

"Ashamed of himself! No, indeed! There is not a word about his running off with that money. He is an idle, selfish, good-for-nothing fellow! And he was always the same; it was always a mystery to me what Evelyn could see to like in him. Poor child, I hope it will not make her ill again!"

"Oh no, I think not," I said; "I think she sees now what his real character is."

"I hope so," he said anxiously; "perhaps if you went up-stairs you could say a word or two to comfort her. *You* know best—do you think we should leave her alone or not?"

"I think I will just go up-stairs and see," I said.

To my astonishment, I found Evelyn sitting in her room busily at work, and looking quite calm and cheerful. I fancied she had been crying a little, but she welcomed me with a smile, and asked me if I had read Donald's letter. I told her that Sir William had wished me to do so, and then she asked me what I thought of it. I did not answer her directly, for I did not like to say what I really thought.

"I will tell you what I think of it," she said, "and I shall tell papa when I go down-stairs. I think it it is a *shocking* letter. I cannot think how Donald could ever write it! But, May," she said, "please don't think I am troubling about it. I have given up loving Donald some time ago, ever since I found out that he was so very different to what I always thought he was; but I pitied him dreadfully.

"I thought he would be so miserable and wretched, and feel so guilty and ashamed when he thought about his having taken that money. I always pictured him wishing, oh, so much, that he had never done it, and trying very hard to save his money so that he might be able to pay it back again. But now, May, I can do neither; I can neither love him nor pity him; he does not deserve either love or pity, does he?"

"No, he does not," I said; "the only thing for which we can pity him is for his wickedness."

"Just think of his marrying a French girl," she said. "I wonder if it is the one who waited on us in the shop in Port Said. Well, I am glad he wrote that letter; it is far better to know what he really is. I can't think how I could be so much deceived in him. I am afraid I cannot read people's characters very well. But do not let us talk about him any more to-day, May; the trouble has quite gone, it has indeed, but I do not like to talk about it; let us speak of something else."

Sir William was very much relieved to find that Evelyn was in good spirits, and that she took his view of Donald Trafford's conduct. He was still very much ruffled and annoyed by the letter, and was, in consequence, fidgety and impatient with the world in general all day. Not liking to speak about his nephew for fear of distressing Evelyn, he gave vent, instead, to his feelings about Mr. Stanley's disappearance.

"Mr. Stanley evidently did not intend to write now," he said; "it was one of the strangest things he knew, his going off in that way. It just proved what he had always heard, that it does not do to make friends with people whom you meet while travelling. It is impossible to tell what they are, and you may be imposed upon to any extent."

"Oh, papa," said Evelyn, "what do you mean? Surely you do not mean that Mr. Stanley imposed upon us?"

"Well, I don't say that he *did*," said Sir William; "but I say that we don't know that he did *not*. You must confess that it was a very suspicious thing, his disappearing so suddenly, and never giving us a hint as to where he was going. I don't like it at all."

I longed to speak, but I felt as if I could hardly trust myself to do so, for I might have said more than I intended, if I had opened my lips. So I left the defense to Evelyn, and she took it up indignantly.

"It is really too bad, papa," she said, "to speak of Mr. Stanley in that way. I think he is one of the nicest and best men I have ever seen."

"So he seemed to be, I grant," said Sir William; "but how do we know who he is, or what he is? We only know it from what he told us himself; and that *may* be true—I hope it is—or it may be false. That is why it is very foolish ever to be too friendly with people you meet when travelling; they may be all they profess to be, or they may not."

"But Mr. Stanley is a great friend of Lord Moreton, papa," said Evelyn; "I know he is. He told me he was the day Claude and Alice were here."

"Yes, I know, he told you so," said Sir William; "I never heard Lord Moreton mention him."

"Will you not write and ask Lord Moreton, papa? It is quite worth while, and then we shall know one way or the other."

"Yes, perhaps I will," said Sir William; "that will settle the matter anyhow; perhaps Lord Moreton may be able to clear up the mystery."

The next day was the mail day, and Sir William gave me his letters to take to the man who was going to post them. I looked through the addresses as I went down-stairs, but there was none to Lord Moreton; he had forgotten it.

We did not much enjoy our visit to Jerusalem after Mr. Stanley left us. We had very cold and cheerless weather, and the bare stone floors and covered stones were poor substitutes for the richly carpeted rooms and bright blazing fires in Alliston Hall. Then during the cold weather it rained incessantly the whole day, and the rain was far heavier than we ever see it in England.

We were obliged to keep indoors in the hotel, listening to the sound of the water which was rushing down the spouts of the house into the cisterns, in which it was carefully preserved for use during the following summer, and trying to amuse ourselves as best we could with our work, and the few books to be found in the hotel.

Sir William became very impatient, and a great longing came suddenly over him to go homeward. He was tired of foreign travelling, and foreign places, and foreign hotels, he said, and Evelyn seemed so well and strong that he thought there could be no risk in her returning to England. Evelyn and I assented cordially to the proposal, so it was decided to leave Jaffa by the very next steamer. We visited many places in Italy and Germany, and spent a long time on the return journey; for Sir William was afraid, for Evelyn's sake, of arriving in England till the spring had fairly begun. I was very much interested in a great deal that we saw, and yet I did not enjoy it nearly so much as I had always imagined I should enjoy a tour on the Continent. I felt unsettled and restless, and longed to be back in England.

We stayed for some weeks in London before going to Alliston, for Sir William had some business that he was anxious to transact before returning home. London was bright and gay just then, and we enjoyed our visit to it very much. But what gave me more pleasure than anything else was meeting Miss Irvine again. Her home in London was in the next street to the one in which we were staying, and we saw her every day.

We were much interested in hearing of the work for God that Miss Irvine was doing in one of the very poorest and lowest of the London parishes. She spoke very little of it herself, but we found out by degrees that, during the last few months, a most wonderful work, of which she was the centre, had been going on among the poor, lost people who are crowded together in the alleys and courts of that part of London.

While we were there a tea was to be given to the women who attended her mothers' meeting. Their husbands were also invited, for she hoped by this means to be able to reach many whom it was impossible to see or to speak with in any other way.

Miss Irvine asked us, the day before the tea took place, whether we should like to be present. Evelyn accepted her invitation joyfully, but Sir William demurred a little when he heard of it.

"I don't like your going into those low parts of the city, my dear," he said to Evelyn; "in your state of health you ought to be careful. There are sure to be people there just recovering from fever or small-pox, and it can't be good for you to go through those dirty, filthy, close streets."

Evelyn looked very much disappointed.

"I want so very much to see Lilla's poor people, papa," she said.

He was going to answer her, when Miss Irvine said, "Perhaps if Evelyn does not come, you will look in for a few minutes, Sir William? Lord Moreton is going to give them a little address after tea, and he would like to meet you."

Sir William fell into the snare she had laid for him.

"Lord Moreton!" he exclaimed; "how did you get him to come? Why, he is not in town now."

"No, but he is coming up for my tea-party," said Miss Irvine, laughing; "he takes a great interest in my little mission work; indeed, if it had not been for Lord Moreton I could not have carried it on. He supplies the means while I try to find the workers. He hires the room for me in which I have all my meetings, and in which the tea will be given to-morrow night."

"Indeed!" said Sir William; "I had no idea of that. And you say he is going to give you an address?"

"Yes, he has promised to say a few words to the mothers; he has spoken to them before, and they felt it very much. He puts the way of salva-

tion so simply before them that it seems to go straight to their hearts."

"Well, I really think we must go and hear him. Evelyn, my dear, I don't think it will hurt you if you do not dress too warmly; those places are always so close. We will drive there and keep the windows closed so that the foul air of the streets will not come in. What time shall we be ready, Lilla?"

All arrangements were made, and Evelyn and I both looked forward with much pleasure to the following evening.

Miss Irvine's mission-room was a bright, cheerful place, and was very prettily decorated for the festive occasion. Texts cut out in red and in white paper, and wreaths of holly and ivy ornamented the walls; and the long tables, covered with white cloths, were spread with a most beautiful repast, which was arranged as prettily and tastefully as if it had been set out for a wedding breakfast.

The guests had all arrived when we went in, and were sitting at the tables, quietly admiring all around them. Poor tired mothers, many of them with babies in their arms; husbands whose faces bore marks of care and toil, and many of whom showed plainly that drink and sin were bearing them down, and ruining their health and their homes; children with pinched and unchildlike faces, were all gathered round the pretty tea-tables, looking forward to a happy evening in their unhappy lives. Most of the men were in working clothes, for they possessed no others in which to come; but they had all made themselves as clean and tidy as they could, and seemed shyly and quietly happy.

They began to feel more at their ease when a blessing was asked, the tea was poured out, and we all sat down together.

Lord Moreton was there, working busily, looking after the wants of every one of the poor people, and talking pleasantly to them all the time.

(To be continued.)

JESUS HEALING THE SICK.

S. S. Lesson for February 27th, Luke 5: 12-26. Golden Text, ver. 17. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

"GOD anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power; who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil: for God was with Him" (Acts 10: 38). Such was the testimony of Peter to his Lord; "doing good and healing," fit occupations for Him who came to be the Saviour of men. In our subject for to-day, we see Him in His mission: "When he was in a certain city, behold a man full of leprosy; who, seeing Jesus, fell on his face, and besought him, saying, Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean."

Full of leprosy, and yet "in a certain city!" Was it not written in the law, "The leper in whom the plague is, his clothes shall be rent, and his head bare, and he shall put a covering upon his upper lip, and shall cry, Unclean, unclean. All the days wherein the plague shall be in him he shall be defiled; he is unclean: he shall dwell alone; without the camp shall his habitation be" (Lev. 13: 45, 46). Why then was this leper at large in the city? We read he was "full of leprosy;" may we not conclude that those words applied to him, "Then the priest shall consider; and if the leprosy have covered all his flesh, he shall pronounce him clean that hath the plague; it is all turned white: he is clean" (Lev. 12: 13). No longer infectious, but disfigured, helpless, needing still the great Physician.

Are there not such among us? Men who have entirely given up all attempt to hide their condition, who know well and are not afraid to own that in them, that is, in their flesh, there dwelleth no good thing, that there is "no soundness" in them. Such are not infectious sinners, such need not be retained without the camp, they may come into the city, for the Spirit of God alone has shown them their need, and they of all others are the most anxious for deliverance. "Lord," said this poor man, "if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean."

"Thou canst." Of this he had no doubt. Jesus went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people (Matt. 4: 23). How should He, who healed all manner of disease, not be able to heal his disease? "Thou canst," this was a settled point. Dear reader, are you come thus far on the way of faith? You need something from the Saviour; is it power over some besetment of temper, selfishness, or vanity? Do you say, Lord, thou *canst* make me clean? Do you see that He can do it in an hour, do you almost touch the deliverance because nothing is impossible with Him? Or, is it some physical evil, long-continued sickness, nervous distress, lameness, blindness, deafness, is it paralysis or dropsy? Well, can you look up into the face of the great Healer and say, "Lord, Thou *canst* make me whole?" Are you sure He can, quite sure, so that you are ready to cast aside all other means and trust Him?

But the man said, "If thou wilt." He looked at himself; he had no claim on Jesus, no worthiness, he had no reward to give Him; he needed some assurance to go upon before he could believe in the willingness of Jesus to heal him. And it was given him. Jesus "put forth his hand, and touched him, saying, 'I will; be thou clean.' And immediately the leprosy departed from him." In order to obtain any deliverance from the Saviour it is absolutely necessary that we should believe in His power and in His willingness, and so believe in it that we can speak to Him about it, and then unreservedly commit ourselves to Him. "Lord, thou canst, thou wilt, thou *dost* make me clean."

The leper had an excuse for not knowing the will of the Master; we have none. Do we desire to be holy? "He hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him" (Eph. 1: 4). Would we be free from all dominion of sin? He says that "Sin shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under the law, but under grace" (Rom. 6: 14). Would we also be healed from our sicknesses as they were who came to Jesus of old? "The prayer of faith shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise him up" (James 5: 15). We need not say, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst, but Lord, because thou sayest that thou wilt and canst, I trust thee to make me clean. I come to thee, and him that cometh to thee thou dost in nowise cast out" (John 6: 37).

Jesus charged the leper to tell no man, "but go show thyself to the priest, and offer for thy cleansing according as Moses commanded for a testimony unto them." The priests could pronounce a man clean, but they could not make him clean; and the very obedience to the requirements of the law on the part of this cleansed leper, served to show them that a greater power than theirs was at work. Was it the priests or the friends of the cleansed man who made it known? for it is written, "But so much the more went there a fame abroad of him: and a great multitude came together to hear, and to be healed by him of their infirmities." He was beginning to be popular.

An evangelist of our day, with a similar experience would think that he must make the most of the occasion, multiply the number of meetings, not on any account absent himself. Jesus, on the contrary, "withdrew himself into the wilderness, and prayed." Son of God as He was, He had emptied Himself and given Himself to be for His ministry a simple instrument of the Holy Sprit, He acted always under orders, and thus was the pattern for all those who labor for God in our time. One might have said, "But was it right to leave those multitudes of sick and needy and sorrowful ones without the help they craved?" The Lord Jesus received the most intimate direction from His Father, and without this direction, He neither could nor would go forward, and here is the secret of His withdrawing Himself just at the juncture when the work seemed to press most.

Let us not fail to notice that those who came to Him came with two different motives—"to hear and to be healed," and on a certain day in which He was teaching, it is expressly said, "The power of the Lord was present to heal them." It may be that He had prayed for this special power of the Lord when He withdrew Himself from the multitude. Has Jesus risen and glorified the same power? Is the power of the Lord now "present to heal?" God has not limited His promises, has declared that when a sick person sends for the elders to anoint him in the name of the Lord, "the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up," and He never said that this promise was confined to apostolic times. Why, then, do we not see the power of the Lord present to heal among us? Why is His Word not justified, and why do not hearing and healing go together as they did when the church was in her normal state?

It was just at this time that men brought the paralytic to Jesus. The men who brought him must have had faith in the Saviour's power, and their one desire was to bring their suffering friend in contact with Him. This was no experiment. We have heard it said, "I have tried healing by faith, and it did not answer." What is this? putting God's intervention on a par with the inventions of men, no wonder such cases never are healed. We come to God, or bring others to Him to *trust* Him, not to *try* Him. These four men (Mark 2: 3) were not to be baffled by little difficulties; they had set their hearts upon obtaining Christ's healing for their friend, and they would allow nothing to stand in their way. "They sought means to bring him in, and to lay him before him. And when they could not find by what way they might bring him in because of the multitude, they went upon the house-top, and let him down through the tiling with his couch into the midst before Jesus."

It was a mute appeal, but irresistible. They made no apology, the right place for one who was bound was at the feet of the Deliverer, and they laid him there. In this case we are told nothing of the man himself, all we know is that he let himself be laid at Jesus' feet. "And when he saw *their* faith, he said unto him, Man, thy sins are forgiven thee." "When he saw their faith." Here we see the power which God has graciously given to intercession. There were those to whom the Lord said, "*Thy* faith hath made thee whole," but in this case His response was to the faith of others, not that of the paralytic himself.

"To hear and to be healed." What was the first word the poor disabled man heard? "Thy sins are forgiven thee." Just as in James 5, "The Lord shall raise him up, and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him." But was he not brought there for healing? Yes, but no healing of the body is complete, and none will last, except where the soul is set right and sin put away and overcome. The scribes and Pharisees began to reason. This is always fatal to faith, for reason, when it is exercised in judgment upon Christ or upon His work, takes the place of superiority, and therefore of authority. It is ours to bow before the presence of God, the Word of God, and the work of God, and when we cannot understand, it is for us to wait until He shall make it clear.

They reasoned, "Who is this which speaketh blasphemies? Who can forgive sins but God alone?" They knew not that He whom they were judging read their very thoughts, and they must have been startled when He said to them, "What reason ye in your hearts? Whether is easier to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Rise up and walk? But that ye may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins (He saith unto the sick of the palsy), I say unto thee, "Arise, and take up thy couch and go unto thine house. And immediately he rose up before them, and took up that whereon he lay, and departed to his own house, glorifying God." Who dared say that his sins were not forgiven him? He who stood there had taken upon him His sins and his sicknesses (Isa. 53: 6; Matt. 8: 17), none could deny that the sickness was departed, and the man who had lain mute before the Lord, had his tongue loosed to glorify Him because his sins were forgiven him. And others caught up the strain, for "They were all amazed, and they glorified God, and were filled with fear, saying, We have seen strange things to-day."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Leaders of the Irish Land League Appear to have been terrified by the attitude of the British Government. They do not know how much information was obtained when Michael Davitt was arrested, but it is known that he was in the habit of carrying about with him, for safe preservation, *secret papers*, which would, if found, seriously compromise some of the prominent members of the League. It is not known whether Davitt was able to conceal or destroy these papers before he was searched. There appears to be a general suspension of the agitation until, by some act of the Government, it may be inferred whether they are acting on accurate information or striking in the dark. Mr. Parnell left London on February 7th for Paris, where he has remained in consultation with other Land Leaguers. It is rumored that he will sail thence for America, ostensibly to appeal to Irish-Americans for assistance, but in reality to avoid arrest.

The London correspondent of the New York *World* writes that "in several parts of Ireland the tenants are now beginning to pay rent again, and the Land League, lately active and omnipotent in the matter, no longer interferes. The local agitators know that the police are following their every movement and only awaiting the passage of the Coercion Bill to strike, and this knowledge naturally inspires them with caution."

The Coercion Bill Introduced into the British Parliament by Mr. Forster has proceeded with little opposition toward its final stage in the Lower House, and is expected to pass the Upper House and be ready for the Queen's signature on February 21st. A few unimportant modifications suggested by English members were accepted by the Government, but its most stringent provisions are unaltered. An effort was made to strike out the clause empowering the authorities to make arrests for crimes committed prior to the passing of the bill, but the Government would not consent to any amendment on that point except that a clause should be added limiting the retrospective power to crimes committed subsequent to October 1st, 1880.

It appears certain that when the act comes into operation many arrests will be made, and the Government are preparing to suppress any outbreak which may arise with the object of rescue. Every available regiment has been drafted into Ireland, there being at this moment not less than 27,000 well-drilled soldiers, including a large force of artillery, distributed throughout the provinces of Munster, Leinster, and Connaught. The general opinion is that this large force has been collected on account of information in the possession of the Government not made public. A well-informed journal says: "An armed insurrection was certainly planned in Ireland, the rising to be simultaneous with Fenian outbreaks in various parts of England." It is believed that the papers found upon Davitt's person, and the correspondence addressed to him seized in the mails since his arrest, have disclosed the fact that the plans for an appeal to arms were approaching maturity.

A Crisis in the Spanish Government has Issued in the overthrow of the Cabinet, and the young king, who has shown considerable capacity and administrative ability, has summoned Senor Sagasta and Marshal Campos and intrusted them with the duty of forming a ministry. Senor Sagasta is an experienced statesman fifty-four years of age, who held office under the Republic and under King Amadeus. He aided in bringing in King Alphonso, and has won the confidence of the liberal section of the people. His colleague, Marshal Campos, is a soldier of distinction who fought against the Carlists and won many laurels in the last Cuban campaign. It is a significant fact that the announcement of the new ministry was followed by a rise of Spanish securities in the money markets of the world, thus indicating that the fortunes of Spain are believed to be safe in the hands of the new Cabinet.

The Steamer Bohemian, Bound for Liverpool from Boston, was wrecked on the coast of Ireland on Sunday, February 6th. She belonged to the Leyland line, and sailed from Boston on January 27th with a cargo of produce. The vessel appears to have been *lost by a mistake*. On Sunday at noon the captain gave orders to keep the ship "two points off." The orders were taken for two points off the wind instead of two points off the shore. In the evening a thick fog prevailed, and soon after passing Calf light, breakers ahead were seen by the man on the lookout. The captain gave the order: "Hard over! hard over!" and then "Full speed astern;" but the ship was going too fast. She struck the island and went down in twenty minutes after striking.

When the ship struck the crew commenced to rush about, but the captain was perfectly cool. Two boats were swung. Six persons got into one but it was broken by the rock. The second was also damaged, owing to the rolling of the vessel. Eighteen got into the port lifeboat. The engineers were waiting to get in, but the line broke and the boat drifted astern. It was being rowed back when the ship keeled over and sunk, stern foremost. Five men were rescued from the damaged boat, but two died before they landed. In all only twenty-two out of a crew of fifty-seven were saved.

The War in South Africa Between the Boers and Great Britain has assumed serious proportions. According to the dispatches received at the British War Office, Sir G. P. Colley, the general in command, won a decisive victory over the Boers on February 8th, but subsequent and more detailed accounts, accompanied by urgent demands for reinforcements, seem to indicate that the battle must have been disastrous to the British. It appears that the general left his camp to restore his communications with Newcastle. On his way he was attacked by the Boers, whom he repulsed after six hours' hard fighting. His position was then extremely critical, as he could not advance nor retire, having lost so large a number of men as to render a renewal of the conflict hazardous. Under cover of the night he at length succeeded in making his escape to his camp, leaving the communications with Newcastle still in the hands of the Boers. A strong force under the command of Sir Evelyn Wood, is being sent to his relief.

The Marriage of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts to Mr. W. S. Ashmead Bartlett took place on Saturday, February 12th, in London. The ceremony was strictly private, the secret being so well kept from the public that nobody was present except invited friends. The bridegroom assumed the name of Burdett-Coutts before the marriage, seeking to comply with the terms of the Duchess of St. Albans' will. It is understood that a bill will be filed in chancery to restrain the trustees under the will of the Duchess of St. Albans from permitting the Baroness to continue to receive the income heretofore paid her, under her life-interest in the property devised by the Duchess, including her share in the profits of Coutts's Bank, worth altogether $500,000 a year. The Baroness has received hitherto not less than $250,000 a year from the bank alone. The suit will probably be contested on the ground that Mr. Bartlett is not an alien but a naturalized subject of British extraction. It is said in legal circles the Baroness is sure to lose her suit, the terms of the will being very explicit; but she intends to carry her appeal to the House of Lords. If the contested property be lost to her the remainder will amount to $10,000,000, all of which will devolve on Mr. Bartlett if he survives the Baroness. The portraits of both bride and bridegroom with a sketch of their lives, appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of October 7th, 1880.

A Child was Drowned in a Paris Sewer, a few weeks ago under very distressing circumstances. The London *Daily Telegraph* correspondent at Paris says: "A man named Babin was crossing the street with his little girl, ten years of age, when the latter, in order to escape a passing cab, left hold of her father's hand, and in jumping on to the pavement, fell down a large drain-hole which had been opened for the purpose of shooting the snow into the sewers. M. Babin, who was so fond of his daughter that he was in the habit of regularly taking her to and fetching her from school, was with difficulty restrained from following her into the drain, where the mass of water and half-liquid snow was running with great force and speed. Help was quickly procured, and several firemen and workmen descended, on the hopeless errand of endeavoring to save the poor child. The flooded state of the sewers, however, rendered this impossible, and as yet the bereaved parents have not even had the sad satisfaction of seeing the body recovered. Every part of the sewers into which the body could possibly have been carried have been explored, and the engineers of the drainage system are of opinion that it reached the Seine at Asnieres in less than a quarter of an hour after the accident." A calamity so crushing as this, carrying desolation into a home, tests the value of consolation. Infidels, Socialists, and philosophers are powerless to give comfort there; but the Christian, with the story of the cross and the resurrection, could let a ray of light even into that darkened home.

The Maritime Disasters of the Recent severe weather have been very serious. A British journal reports that during the last week of January 133 vessels were sunk, of which 100 were British, the total value of the whole being estimated at 12,000,000*l.*; 9,800,000*l.* being British. No fewer than 143 lives were saved by the exertions of lifeboatmen, some of whom put out a second and even a third time in response to the urgent signals for assistance. The Whitby boat was taken six miles over land through a blinding snowstorm, a gang of men cutting a passage for it through the snow, which in places was six feet deep. When she first put out, the steering oar and six others broke, but returning for a fresh set she put out again, and eventually saved a crew.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Health has, according to latest accounts, improved materially. Under date of January 25th, Mr. Spurgeon writes: "Some of your readers may like to have it under my own hand that though I am extremely weak I am much better. I have no thought of going away to Australia, Mentone, or anywhere else; but if the Lord will permit I hope to preach twice next Sunday, whatever the weather may be."

The Experience of a Hero of Balaklava, who was one of the "Six Hundred," of whom Tennyson wrote his famous lines, illustrates the ingratitude of nations. He lately *applied for assistance* at a London Police Court, in consequence of the severity of the weather. He had served in the Crimean campaign a quarter of a century ago, and being wounded in five places, he, with others, fell into the hands of the Russians, and was marched up the country under a strong escort of Cossacks, and interned for over twelve months, till the exchange of prisoners took place. He left the army and sought employment at the Cape of Good Hope, where he served in the police as a sergeant. Changes of administration in the colony considerably reducing his salary, he resigned his appointment and went back to England. After being for a long time unable to obtain employment, he got a situation at a London club, but, in consequence of the reduction of the staff of servants, was again thrown out of a situation, and was now destitute. How different the rewards which await the soldiers of the Cross of Christ! They, too, are often wounded in the great fight with their spiritual enemies, and "endure hardness," but for each is laid up a reward of inestimable price.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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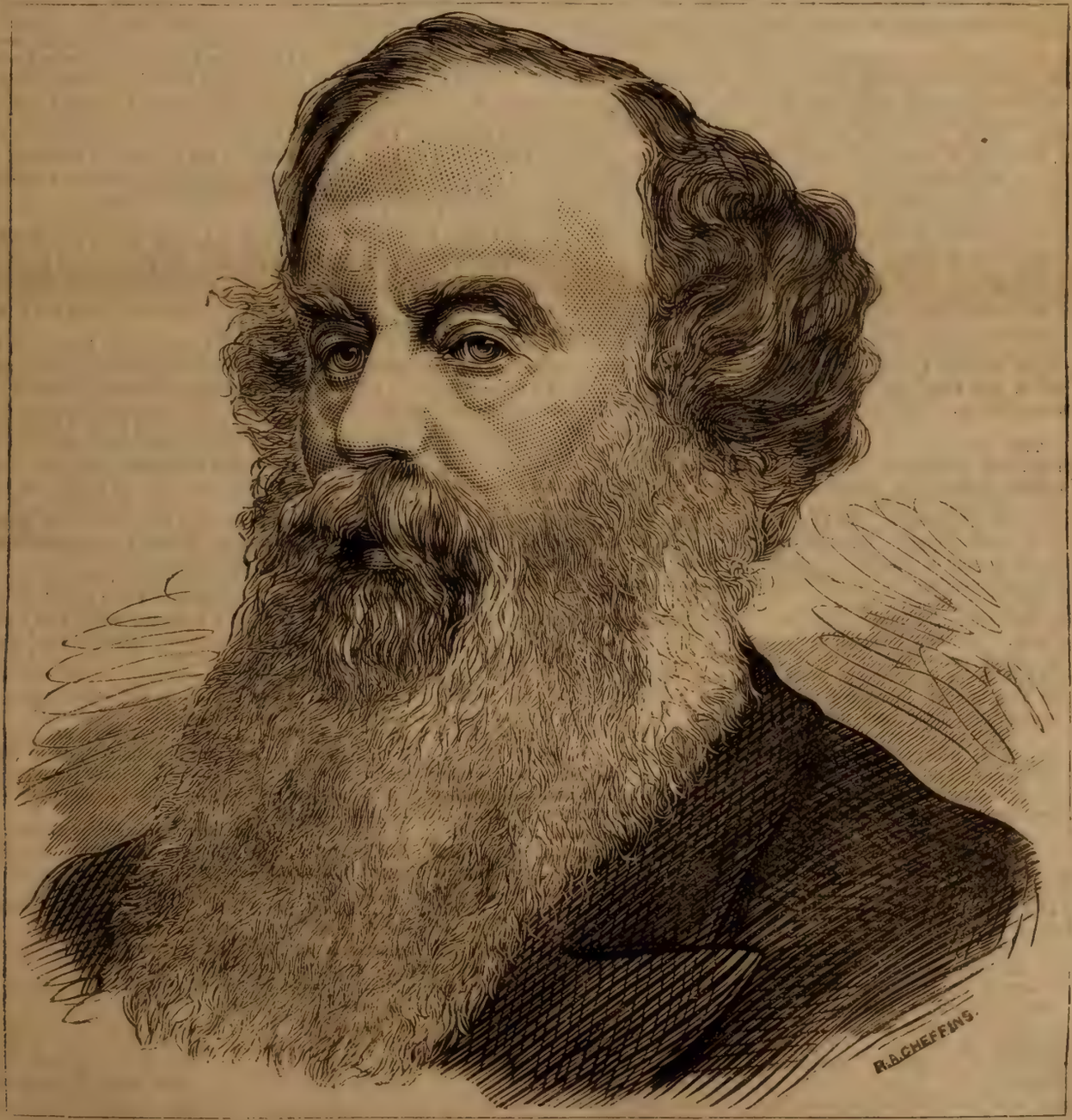

The Late SIR TITUS SALT, A British Manufacturer, and the Founder of Saltaire.

THE LATE SIR TITUS SALT.

A Notable Incident—Birth and Business Engagements—A New Industry—Relations Between Employer and Employes—Removal of Factory—Care for His Employes' Comfort—Provisions for Intellectual and Religious Need—Munificent Gifts—The Presentation of Peel Park—Honored with a Baronetcy—Illness and Death—Character.

AMONG many circumstances which render the name of Titus Salt a prominent one in Great Britain, is that probably he was the only business man of modern times in that land of whom it may be said: "He went out and builded a city and called it after his own name." Many visitors to England from this side the Atlantic have seen Saltaire, and those who have not seen it have probably noticed occasional references to it in publications and newspapers. The portrait and life of the founder of that city which we this week present to our readers cannot therefore fail to excite their interest.

Titus Salt was born in 1803. His father was a wool-stapler of the old-fashioned kind, who gave his son a grammar-school education at the Heath School, near Wakefield, Yorkshire, England, and afterward took him into partnership in his business of wool-dealing, which he had then just removed from Wakefield to Bradford. At that time Bradford, which is now one of the handsomest of the great towns of England, was a mere manufacturing village.

The chief seat of the woollen trade had been at Wakefield, but the manufacturers there adhered to the old system of home-spinning, while the new factory system of manufacture was established at Bradford. When Daniel Salt and his family migrated thither, the trade in woollen material for ladies' dresses was in its infancy, and the wool-stapler's energetic son was destined to be one of the chief agents in its extension. His first effort was to bring into use new and hitherto intractable materials. A wool called Donskoi, brought from the banks of the Don, in the south-east of Russia, first attracted his notice, and his success in making a useful fabric of this coarse article laid the foundation of his more important enterprise.

In the year 1836 a Liverpool broker of whom he was buying wool showed him some bales of *shining hair* which had been sent to him and which nobody would look at. They were from the fleeces of

THE ALPACA,

an animal which had been brought by the Spaniards from Peru. The fleece looked dirty and unsalable, but young Mr. Salt took home one bale, and soon returned and bought the whole stock, and as much more as Liverpool could supply. He had discovered a method not merely of utilizing the alpaca wool in the manufacture of stuff, but in producing an entirely new substance, which was, in appearance, something between silk and wool; was cheap, and wore well. The new material speedily became a vast article of commerce, and the inventor was rewarded by an immense increase of his business. He had, in fact, increased the resources of the country and brought a new trade to the Yorkshire district where he lived.

In the early days of his prosperity Mr Salt still carried into his business and his relations with the workpeople much of the old-fashioned familiarity which has now become almost a tradition of the past. In those days he was addressed by many of his own hands by his first name, in the manner which seemed so surprising to strangers who were not accustomed to the almost patriarchal character which the head of a great business seemed to hold in England in those times. He was one of the first to exhibit that care for the health and morals of the persons in his employment which is the newer and better form of the industrial relation.

About 1851, when Bradford was still a dirty manufacturing town, with a crowd of curious old-fashioned market-stalls in its only open square, Sir Titus Salt determined to take his works and workpeople into the country. A strip of land was bought at Shipley, near the Midland Railway and the River Aire, and a building was erected on it which was then regarded as the largest and handsomest factory in the world. The whole range of buildings covered *nine acres and a half*, and the ventilation, the warming, and the sanitary precautions were as perfect as they could be made.

Four thousand workpeople were deriving their support from the works of Sir Titus Salt, and in removing his factory to another locality he did not forget that provision must be made for their accommodation. This duty he resolved to perform in an exemplary manner. The workpeople were housed in good cottages, and the village thus constructed was supplied with park, cricket ground, public institutions, lecture halls, and *places of worship* by its founder.

In explaining his object, Sir Titus Salt said he hoped to draw around him a population that would enjoy the beauties of the neighborhood, and be well fed, contented, and happy. He had, he said, given instructions to his architects that nothing should be spared to render the dwellings of the operatives a pattern to the country, and he hoped to live to see satisfaction, happiness, and comfort around him.

These hopes were realized.

SALTAIRE

has long been regarded as a model manufacturing city, though differences between the operatives and their employers have not of late years been entirely kept out. At the census of 1870 it contained 820 houses and 4389 persons, and probably there is no other community which is so young and which has already possessed itself of so many public institutions.

Sir Titus Salt of course left the management of the business more and more in the hands of his partners and successors, but he never lost his interest in the community he founded. One of his latest deeds was the offer of a piece of land for a school. He had previously built a handsome Congregational church, at a cost of $80,000, to which, the next year, a new Sunday-school was added at a cost of $50,000. He had long since provided *baths and wash-houses*, large school-rooms, and a hospital and infirmary, and he added to these a range of forty-five almshouses for widows and aged couples, with an endowment of ten shillings a week for the latter and seven-and-sixpence for the former.

This care for the welfare of the workpeople who were carrying on his own manufacture did not limit

SIR TITUS SALT'S MUNIFICENCE.

The town of Bradford, which owes so much to his business success, is also indebted to him for some of the improvements which have so completely transformed it. He had been mayor of the town in 1848, two years before the founding of Saltaire, and he took constant interest in its development. He gave a handsome donation toward the purchase of *Peel Park*, and in 1871 presented the town with a small park of fourteen acres on the banks of the Aire, and between Bradford and Saltaire. In the next year he added to this gift a handsome building as a *Club and Institute*, with a large library, and ample rooms for evening classes, lectures, and chess.

He had always taken an active part in political movements, and as a Liberal who at that time was regarded as one of the advanced school; and in 1859 he was selected by his friends as a candidate for Parliamentary honors. He stood alone against two Conservatives, and was returned by a majority of about five hundred over Mr. Alfred Harris, Mr. H. W. Wickham heading the poll.

Mr. Salt, however, did not find that Parliamentary work suited him. He was most diligent in his attendance, and most of the division lists of 1859 and 1860 contain his name. In 1861 he resolved not to face the work of another session, and resigned his seat; and in February of that year Mr. Forster, who still represents the borough and is Secretary of State for Ireland, succeeded him without a contest. Mr. Titus Salt's health had suffered somewhat from his attendance in the House of Commons, and in later years he was much troubled with gout, which frequently kept him from taking any part in public matters.

A tall, handsome, energetic Yorkshireman, with a decisive manner, and that sense of self-reliance which is often the product of a successful business career, Mr. Salt was, in his short Parliamentary life, one of the striking figures of the House. He became somewhat bowed and enfeebled in later years; but his intelligent face and flowing beard of gray hair always marked him out as, in appearance, a notable person.

In 1869 he received a baronetcy, and two or three years since a marble statue, which had been presented to the town of Bradford by a large body of subscribers, was unveiled by the Duke of Devonshire at a public ceremonial in the Town Hall. During the latter part of the year 1876 the health of Sir Titus Salt had given much anxiety to his friends. His death, which took place, in the presence of all the members of his family, at a quarter before one o'clock, on December 29th, had been anticipated for some days. He died, as he had lived, a member of the Congregational Church.

The Bradford *Observer*, in an obituary note, said of his family: "In 1829 Sir Titus married Caroline, daughter of Mr. George Whitlam, of Grimsby, by whom he has had a family of eleven children. Several of his sons have become partners in the firm now known as 'Sir Titus Salt, Bart., Sons & Co.,' and have shown an activity in carrying on the gigantic works at Saltaire, and a zeal in promoting the welfare of the workpeople, that are warmly appreciated."

Sir Titus was an earnest *advocate of temperance*, and never permitted a single beer-shop within the precincts of Saltaire. Among his benefactions, he gave $25,000 to Bradford Fever Hospital, and $25,000 to Lancaster Lunatic Asylum. Estimating him by the rule, "By their fruits ye shall know them," he was an eminent Christian man, a man not so much of words as of actions. He will long be remembered, not merely for his wonderful ability in the conduct of business, but as a considerate employer, a sincere philanthropist, and a true-hearted Christian.

THE CLOSE OF THE PRESENT AGE.

By the Rev. S. Peacock, of Barrowden, England.

(*Continued from page* 103.)

3. *The* 6000 *years from the Creation terminate about* 1890.

It has been an old belief that the world would have a week of 6000 years' work, and then a rest of 1000 years—a Millennial Sabbath!

But it may be argued that A.D. 1890 would not be 6000 years, only 5894, if the birth of Christ were in the year of the world 4004, as usually stated in Reference Bibles, because 1890 added to 4004 only amounts to 5894. To this we reply that a great mistake has been discovered, by which it is now admitted that over 100 years were omitted at the time of the Judges; consequently that accounts for the difference.

It may never have occurred to our readers that the passage in 2 Peter 3: 8, "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day," singularly bears out the theory of 6000 years. Thus a day equals 1000 years—6 days equals 6000 years; or, on the other hand, 1000 years equal one day—6000 years equal 6 days, or the world's week.

II. SIGNS OF THE SECOND ADVENT.

There are abundant signs in the political world, the ecclesiastical world, and in the starry heavens of some great event looming in the immediate future.

The following *Political Signs* will soon occur:

(1) The dissolution of the Ottoman Empire, which, we believe, will become completely disrupted into *five fragments*—Bulgaria, Greece, Egypt, Syria, and Turkey around Constantinople, corresponding with ancient Thrace;

(2) The revival of the 10 kingdoms of Cæsar's Roman Empire;

(3) The inevitably predestined legislative separation of Ireland from England;

(4) The impending war between France and Germany, to extend France to the Rhine;

(5) The repossession of Palestine by the Jews;

(6) The return of the Jews to their land;

(7) The rise to governmental power of a Napoleon as the Little Horn of Dan. 7 and 8, after the Ten Horns have appeared. He will eventually become the Antichrist.

(8) His seven years' covenant with the returned Jews. The beginning of Daniel's 70th week;

(9) The re-establishment of Jewish temple and sacrifices in Jerusalem.

(10) The rapture of the living saints, and resurrection of the dead ones, and first act in the Second Advent;

(11) Napoleon's violation of his covenant in the midst of the seven years;

(12) The 3½ years' unparalleled persecution by the Antichrist (a Napoleon), ending with the descent of Christ at the battle of Armageddon.

The above series of events of a political nature are in the immediate future.

b. Ecclesiastical Signs.

(1) The spread of the Gospel, until it is proclaimed in all nations.

This has *almost* been accomplished, although there are millions that have never heard the Gospel; still there is not a country east, west, north, or south, but what has had some messenger of the Gospel; and at the present time Central Africa is being opened up to the missionaries of the Cross. After the first rapture of the saints (about two years after the seven years' covenant) will take place a great and widespread revival, when, possibly by other means than human, the Gospel will be universally preached, and multitudes be born again (Rev. 14:6).

(2) THE SPREAD OF ROMANISM.

Notwithstanding the preaching of the Gospel, Romanism is increasing at an alarming rate. It is a fact that Cardinal Newman the other day publicly stated that they (the Catholics) were to pray for the "*conversion*" of England to the Roman Catholic faith. The disestablishment of the English Church, an event not so far off as some people imagine, but very much nearer than any one might be disposed to believe, we venture to think, will be the opportunity embraced by the Romish Church to put forth its claims for supremacy, and, we fear, will only be too successful. That Britain is destined to once more become a vassal to Rome is the persistent belief of many, if not all, writers of prophetic truths, and is also our own long-held opinion.

(3) THE SPREAD OF RITUALISM.

This is but a stepping-stone toward Rome, and many who first commenced as Ritualists have now become full-blown Romanists of the most pronounced type, and zealous propagators of their new faith. The incompetency to deal with these *false prophets* in the Established Church is a notorious fact, and deeply humiliating to the Protestant members of that Establishment.

(4) THE SPREAD OF INFIDELITY.

We call ourselves a Christian nation, but we fear it is only so in name. A very small proportion of the population of our country attend even the outward forms of religion. While there are those who are constantly engaged in advocating Atheistic views, and one of these anti-Christian and Atheistic teachers (a prominent one) is thought to be a fit and proper person to represent a constituency in Parliament! Alas! how few Christian people live up to their privileges; by their coldness, indifference to the *morning* services of God's house, their worldliness and inconsistent conduct, they are actually increasing infidelity itself.

(5) THE SPREAD OF WICKEDNESS.

The tide of wickedness, by which we mean crimes of all kinds, murders of unheard-of atrocity, and sins of every description, is rising higher and higher, until the whole earth is covered with violence, and the harvest ripe for the sickle. The Coming of Christ will be the destruction of "ungodly men for all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed." So wrote Jude, and quoted the words of the prophecy of Enoch, the seventh from Adam.

III. SIGNS CELESTIAL.

Now in the last place we have to notice what are the signs of the heavens in relation to the near approach of the Son of Man (see Luke 21:25, etc.).

(1) *The perihelia* of the four great planets.

The meaning of the word perihelia is "the nearest approach to the sun of a planet." The perihelian passage of the four planets is as follows: Jupiter, September, 1880; Neptune, 1881; Uranus, 1882; and Saturn, 1885. Also, about May, 1881, Mars will be in the perihelian point of his orbit.

The effect of this perihelia upon our earth has been made known by various professors of astronomy and others, from whom we gather the following facts—(*a*) That in history the greatest plague periods have been those of the perihelia; (*b*) That never in the Christian era has there occurred a like period as what this is expected to be; (*c*) The effects will be an almost universal plague, a carnival of death, fearful earthquakes, wars, electric commotions such as we can scarcely conceive of. It appears that the hosts of heaven are marshalling their forces, and that shortly will begin the literal execution of the plagues of Almighty wrath, described under the Seals, Trumpets, and Vials, upon the guilty inhabitants of this sin-stricken world.

(2) The disappearance of the sun spots.

This is another remarkable phenomenon. It is believed that the effect of this will be a very great increase of heat on the earth, and resulting at no distant date in the partial conflagration of the world.

(3) The star of Bethlehem.

This is also predicted to be seen in 1887. It will shine the whole year or more, and surely it is not too much to say it will be an accompaniment of the approach of the Messiah. It may, in fact, constitute the sign of the Son of Man (Matt. 24:30).

We have now concluded our inquiry, and we trust that if what we have stated does not carry conviction to every reader of its truth, at least, if it leads them to "search the Scriptures" themselves to see whether these things are so or not, we shall not have written in vain.

In conclusion, we would say, in the words of the poet, and may every true child of God realize its truth and deep significance—

"Lord, 'tis for Thee and for Thy Coming we wait,
The *sky*, not the grave, is our goal;
Oh, trump of the angel! Oh, voice of the Lord!
Blessed hope! blessed rest of my soul!"

"Even so, come, Lord Jesus, COME QUICKLY."

GEORGE RUSSELL'S DISGRACE.

"GEORGE," said Mr. Falconer to his nephew, as they sat together at the table of the latter, who was a wealthy English merchant, "it's no use asking me to assist you further. You have had far greater advantages than I had at the outset of life, and the more I help you the more you seem to need help. I hear you have been speculating again, and I cannot tell you how mortified I was to learn the other night that you had been the worse for drink." As these last words were dropped George Russell changed color, looking one moment red as fire, and the next almost white as his waistcoat.

"Well, as to the speculating, uncle," said he, "it's only what nearly all business men do; and as to the drinking, don't think me uncivil if I say that your table at this moment is not very like the table of an ascetic. I know *you* never take too much; but without being a sot, it is very easy when one gets into company, and is off one's guard, to take rather more than one ought."

Mr. Falconer felt the rebuke rather implied than expressed in his nephew's words, and simply added, "Well, George, all I can say is, don't let it occur again. You know you have my good wishes, and, for the sake of your father and mother, I shall always be glad to do you a good turn when I can; but it seems to me there is far too much of the 'fast' man about you at present."

George Russell continued his plea for present assistance, for his necessities were pressing, and he knew his uncle's resources were far enough from being overtaxed. At length his uncle said, "I'll try you once more, George," and getting out his check-book he made out a check for $5000. Highly delighted, George expressed many cordial thanks, and left the room on exceedingly good terms with himself and with all mankind. The next day he started with two friends for Paris, and forgetting all his promises to his uncle, plunged into a round of dissipations in that gay capital. One evil, however, he was determined to avoid. He had been reduced to such straits by gambling that, come what would, he declared no one should tempt him to folly of that kind again. This resolution he kept as long as he remained strictly sober, which, unhappily, was not long. He yielded once more to the seductions of wine, and when he had drunk three or four glasses was far too great a man not to do as others did, and his companions were gamblers. He plunged headlong into their favorite pursuit, and, after a week in Paris, returned home with less than half the amount his uncle had so generously handed to him.

Shortly after his return it happened to reach Mr. Falconer's ears that his nephew had not paid the debt for the discharge of which the check had been advanced. Disappointed and angry at such an abuse of his kindness, Mr. Falconer sent for his nephew at once. Charles Russell received his uncle's note, and felt that he could not face the friend of whose confidence he had shown himself so utterly unworthy. Wretched beyond expression, he left home that day, and was not heard of again by his friends for two years, during which time he led a fast life in different American cities. At last his address, which was that of an obscure lodging in New York, reached his uncle, and in reply to a kind letter, assuring him that all should be forgiven and forgotten if he returned, he wrote as follows:

"MY DEAR UNCLE: But for your very kind letter I should never have dared to write you again. Bad as I have been, I must ask you to believe that your money would never have been squandered if it had not been for drink. I fully intended to have made an honorable use of it, and it was not until wine had stolen away my senses, and put my conscience to sleep, that I was guilty of the heartless wrong that drove me from home."

Great as was the pain of mind and the sense of disgrace which George Russell suffered, it scarcely exceeded the sufferings of his uncle. He had solemnly promised George's dying father to do everything in his power to make goodness attractive and sin hateful to his nephew, and he could not help feeling in thoughtful moments that he was partly responsible for that young man's downward course. He recalled the cutting remark of George at their last interview, about the wine on the table, and resolved that, for his part, he would discontinue the use of it altogether rather than lend any countenance by his example to a custom which had well-nigh ruined his nephew in body and soul.

In due time that unhappy young man arrived once more at Mr. Falconer's house, and received such a welcome as only a deep-seated affection could have given. "George," said that gentleman, "I do not intend to say one word about the past, except this: drink has been your curse. I have given it up altogether, and have only one thing to ask of you now, and that is that you will give it up too, and ask God to give you a new heart and a right spirit." With many tears George declared that he would be only too glad to do anything to show his deep sorrow for the wrong he had done so true a friend.

"George," said Mr. Falconer, "the wrong you have done to me is nothing to the wrong you have done to God, and if I have not been the direct cause of your fall, at least I have not done all I might to prevent it; I feel I ought, with you, to confess before God my sin and shame."

Fastening the door, he then knelt down with his nephew, and after thanking God for preserving the wanderer, made full confession of his own sin, and fervently asked God to help George to carry out the resolutions he had that day made, and keep away from every form of temptation.

Believing that for intemperance, as for all other evils, the love of Christ is the sovereign cure, Mr. Falconer gladly took the opportunity of setting before his nephew the true way of salvation, through faith, in a crucified and risen Redeemer. That old, old story which has proved the power of God unto the salvation of millions touched the heart and met the wants of George Russell. He became a converted man, and lived to lead many of his old companions to Christ.

BOOKS.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached on Sunday Morning, February 13, 1881.

"Of making many books there is no end."—ECCLESIASTES 12 : 12.

Ancient Books—An Estate Sacrificed for a Book—The Mightiest Agency on Earth—The Types as a Weapon—The Market Flooded with Bad Books—Should Novels be Read?—The Mission of the Novel—Illustrious Examples—Infallible Tests of Literature—I. Avoid Misleading Books—A Romance-Reading Lady—II. Books Partly Good and Partly Bad—More Burrs than Blackberries—Books like Smallpox Hospitals—A Man Attacked by a Black Leopard—III. Books that Corrupt the Imagination—Georges Sand the Pioneer of Corruption—The Villainous French School—IV. Books Apologetic for Crime—A Curse on Bad Books—A Crazed Novel Reader—V. Unclean Pictorials—The Banquet of the Queen of Death—The Story of a Bad Book's Work—The Assize of the Books—A Gay Woman's Strange Death?

THIS was written centuries before the art of printing was invented, and in ages of the world when books were chiselled in stone, and baked in clay and impressed in wax, and scratched on the bark of trees, and written on parchment. It was no unusual thing for a man to walk a hundred miles to read a book. We are told of volumes that were chained to pillars and to walls in order that men might make long pilgrimages and read them, and not be tempted to carry them away.

A Sicilian scholar parted with his entire estate to get one copy of Livy; Jerome ruined himself financially in buying the works of Origen, and if in those ages of the world Solomon was amazed at the vast literature abroad, and said in his time, "of making many books there is no end," what would he say if he could now descend and make the tour of our American and English publishing houses? Books on all subjects. Books of all styles. Books of all places. Books. Books. "Of making many books there is no end." The printing-press is

THE MIGHTIEST AGENCY ON EARTH

for good or evil. The position of a minister of religion standing in his pulpit is a responsible position, but it does not seem to me so responsible a position as that of the editor and the publisher. At what distant point of time, at what distant cycle of eternity, will cease the influence of the four great departed editors of New York—Henry J. Raymond, Horace Greeley, James Gordon Bennett, and William Cullen Bryant? Men die, but the literary influences they project go on forever.

Taking into consideration the fact that there are now New York and Brooklyn dailies with a circulation of over five hundred thousand copies, and taking into consideration that there are three weekly periodicals with about one million of circulation, I want you to sit down and cipher out, if you can, how far up, and how far down, and how far out reaches the influence of the American printing-press. I believe that God has made the printing-press to be the chief agent in the world's correction and evangelization, and that the great final battle of the world will be fought, not with guns and swords, but with types and presses, a gospelized and purified literature triumphing over and trampling under foot and crushing out a corrupt literature. God speed the cylinders of an honest, intelligent, aggressive, Christian printing-press!

I put to you to-day, and to your families, the stupendous question,

WHAT BOOKS AND NEWSPAPERS SHALL WE READ?

You see I group them together. A newspaper is a book in swifter and more portable shape, and the rule that applies to books will apply to newspapers. The best way to overcome a bad book is by publishing a good one. The best way to overcome pernicious journalism is by scattering abroad healthful newspapers.

Now, shall we make our minds the receptacle of everything that bad authors have a mind to write? Shall we make no distinction between the tree of life and the tree of death? Shall we stoop down and drink out of the trough which the wickedness of men has filled with pollution and shame? Shall we chase the fantastic will-o'-the-wisps across the swamp, and mire in impurity when we may walk in the blooming gardens of God? You and I must decide for our present welfare and our everlasting happiness what we shall read, and we cannot afford to make a mistake. God help me this morning, and help you, that I may present the right theory, and that we may all be enabled to adopt it.

Standing as we do chin deep in the fictitious literature of the day, the question is asked us, What novels shall we read, if we read any? Shall we read any? What advice shall we give to our young people in regard to

FICTITIOUS LITERATURE?

There are good, pure, honest, Christian novels—those that elevate the heart and purify the life. A novel is history and poetry combined—the history of things around us, with the licenses and the assumed names of poetry. The world will never be able to pay the debt of obligation it owes to such fictitious writers as Hawthorne, and M'Kenzie, and Landor, and Hunt, and Arthur, and Marion Harland, and others whose names easily occur to you. No one has ever better set forth the follies of high life than did Miss Edgeworth. No one has ever more faithfully embalmed the memories of the past than has Walter Scott. Cooper's novels are healthy with the breath of seaweed and the air of the American forest. Charles Kingsley has done wonders in curing the morbidity of the world, and showing the poetry of strong muscle and good health and fresh air. Thackeray has brought the world under obligation by his caricature of the pretenders to gentility and high blood. Charles Dickens has built his monument in his own books, which are an everlasting plea for the poor and an anathema against injustice.

Now, it is certain that this style of books rightly read and read in right proportion with other books, will have an elevating and purifying and ennobling and enlarging influence; but I have to deplore, as you will deplore, the fact that there is

A PERNICIOUS TIDE OF NOVELS

setting in in this country. It is coming in like a freshet overflowing all the banks of decency and common-sense. Some of the most reputable publishing houses of the country are printing them. Some of the religious papers are commending them. You find them in the school-girl's desk, in the young man's trunk, in the steamboat cabin, on the table of the reception-room.

You see a light in your child's room late at night. You go in and say, "What are you doing?" The boy says, "I am reading." You say, "What are you reading?" "Reading a book." "Well, what is the book?" You take hold of the book, and you see it is a bad book, and you say, "Where did you get this book?" "Oh," he says, "I borrowed it!" There is always some one glad to loan a bad book to your boy. Pernicious literature everywhere. I charge upon it the destruction of tens of thousands of immortal souls, and I bid you wake up to this *tremendous evil*.

I am going this morning to gather all the books together, novels good and bad, travels true and false, histories faithful and inaccurate, legends beautiful and monstrous—all catalogues, all chronicles, all family, city, state, and national libraries, and I will pile them up in one great pyramid of literature, and bring to bear upon it certain grand, glorious, unmistakable, and

INFALLIBLE CHRISTIAN TESTS,

so that instead of going away saying, I recommend this, or denounce that, every man and every woman with an awakened conscience will be able to decide for himself and for herself.

I. In the first place, I counsel you to avoid all those books which give *false portraiture of human life*. Life is neither a tragedy nor a farce, men are not all knaves or heroes, women are neither angels nor furies, and yet much of the literature of the day would seem to give you the idea that instead of life being an earnest, practical thing, it is a fantastic and extravagant thing.

How are that young man and that young woman prepared for the duties of the day who by reading romances last night waded through stories of magnificent knavery and wickedness? an indiscriminate reader of novels is inane, useless, and a nuisance, unfit for store, bank, office, factory, street, home—anywhere. A woman who is an indiscriminate reader of novels is unfitted for her duty as wife, mother, sister, daughter. There she is at midnight, bending over the romance. Hair dishevelled, countenance vacant, hand tremulous, cheek pale, bursting into tears at the story of an unfortunate lover!

There she is, by day, when she ought to be busy, gazing for one long hour at—nothing! Biting her finger-nails into the quick. The carpets that were plain before on the floor of the home, will be plainer, now that in the romance she has been walking through tessellated halls of castles, beside plumed princesses, or lounging in the arbor with polished desperado. Oh, these indiscriminate readers of fiction they are unfitted for this life which is a tremendous discipline, they are unfitted for the furnaces of trial through which they have to pass, they are unfitted for this life where all we gain is achieved by hard, long-continued, exhaustive and tremendous work!

II. Again: I counsel you to avoid all those books which while they have good in them have also a large admixture of evil. What has been your history in the reading of books which were

PARTLY GOOD AND PARTLY BAD?

Which stuck the longest, the good or the bad? The bad. Most human intellects are so fashioned that they allow the small particles of good like a sieve to fall through, and hold the great cinders. There is here and there an intellect, which, like a load-stone plunged amid steel and brass filings gathers up the steel and repels the brass filings; but it is the exception.

The best man that ever lived cannot afford to read a bad book, unless you read it for professional purposes, for the purpose of making the world better, just as a doctor may go through a small-pox hospital, or through a lazaretto studying disease that he may go forth and benefit the world with his theories in regard to health and in regard to sickness. But you go into a bad book to get the good out of it and you will make a terrible mistake. You will plunge through a hedge of burrs to get one blackberry, and you will get *more burrs than blackberries*.

You say the evil in the book is so insignificant it will not amount to anything. I tell you that the scratch of a pin has sometimes produced lock-jaw. You go out of curiosity prying into a bad book, and you are making as dangerous an experiment as the man who should take a lighted torch into a gunpowder mill to find out whether really there is any danger of its blowing up. He will find out, but the experiment will never be of any advantage to anybody.

Years ago there was on exhibition in New York *a black leopard*, a very dangerous animal, but very beautiful. A gentleman stood looking through the bars of the cage at the black leopard. It seemed so mild, so quiet, so beautiful he felt as if he would like to stroke the sleek hide. He stood a little while considering whether it would be safe. Everything seemed safe and he put his hand through the bars of the cage and stroked the sleek and beautiful hide of the black leopard; but no sooner had he touched it than it sprang upon him, and he pulled forth his arm and his hand mauled and bleeding, and *ready for amputation*. Look out how you toy with iniquity. It may be very beautiful, very attractive, and seem very placid; but you attempt to stroke it and you may pull forth your soul torn and bleeding under the clutch of the black leopard.

You say, "*How are we to find out* what books are good or bad without reading them?" Every bad book has something suspicious about it. There is something suspicious in the index or in the engraving. You take any book to any intelligent man, and in five minutes by shuffling the leaves and looking at the index he can tell you whether it is a good book or a bad one, and out of a thousand attempts he will not make one mistake. This reptile of bad literature carries a *warning rattle*.

III. Again: I counsel you to avoid all

BOOKS THAT CORRUPT THE IMAGINATION

and arouse the base passions. I do not refer now to the bad book the villain has under his arm, standing at the street corner waiting for the school to come out, then looking up and down the street, and finding no police near by, offers the book to your boy on his way home. I do not refer to that, but I refer to literature which evades the law, and is written in polished style, and with acute plot sounds the tocsin that arouses all the baser passions of the soul.

Many years ago, there was a lady who came forth as an authoress under the assumed name of *Georges Sand*. She smoked cigars. She dressed like a gentleman. She wrote in style ardent and eloquent, mighty in its gloom, terrible in its unchastity, vivid in its portraiture, damnable in its influence, putting forth an evil which has never relaxed, but has hundreds of copyists. So much worse now are many of these French books coming to America than anything Georges Sand ever wrote that if she were alive now she might be thought almost a reformer.

Right under the nostrils of your great cities there is a reeking, unwashed literature enough to poison all the fountains of public virtue and smite your sons and daughters as with the wing of a destroying angel, and it is high time that ministers of religion should blow the trumpet and rally the troops of righteousness, all armed to the teeth in this battle against a corrupt literature.

IV. Again: I remark you are to avoid all

BOOKS WHICH ARE APOLOGETIC FOR CRIME.

It is a deplorable fact that some of the richest bookbindery and the finest rhetoric are brought into the service of sin. Now, sin is loathesome anyhow. It is born in shame and it dies howling in the darkness. In this world it is scourged with a whip of scorpions, and afterward it is pursued by God's thunders of wrath across a boundless desert of ruin and woe.

All those books that represent sin as happy and congratulated, and sin as finally successful, are an insult to God and a blasting influence to the human race. *Sin is never happy.* "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." Sin is never finally successful. "The way of the wicked He turneth upside down." Those books that represent the opposite of this, that sin is happy, that sin is finally successful, are slanders on the human race and an outrage on God, who made the human race. If you present carnality, do not present it as looking from behind embroidered curtains, or through the lattice of a royal seraglio, but as writhing in the agonies of a city hospital.

Cursed of God and man be all those books which would try to make impurity decent and iniquity right and hypocrisy honorable! Cursed be all those books swarming with libertines and desperadoes, filling the minds of young people with sin and whirring them into iniquity! Ye authors who write them, ye publishers who print them, ye booksellers who sell them, you will be cut to pieces after a while, if not with the indignation of the community, then with the wrath of that God who will by no means clear the guilty. A mighty responsibility that man undertakes who has anything to do with iniquitous literature.

The hour strikes midnight. She is bending over the depraved romance. The cheeks are flushed with the color that soon dies out. Hot tears fall. Breath is quick and irregular. The hand trembles as though a guardian angel were trying to shake the book out of her grasp. The sweat on the brow is the spray dashed up from the river of death. She laughs; the sound drops dead. Four o'clock in the morning! The day will soon look upon her as though she were a detained spectre of the night. Soon in the madhouse, she will mistake the ringlets for coiling serpents, and she will thrust her white hand through the bars, and smite her head, and push it as though to shove the scalp from the skull, crying, "*my brain! my brain!*" *Mad! Mad!*

Oh, stand off from such an accursed literature! Why go sounding among the reefs and the warning buoys of such a dangerous coast when there is a vast ocean where you may voyage all sail set?

V. In this connection I class unclean pictorials doing a tremendous work for death. You find these death-warrants on all the streets. For a good, healthful picture we have great admiration. What a good author may take four hundred pages to present, a good engraver could present on the half side of a pictorial. Costly paintings are the aristocracy of art; engraving is the democracy of art. The best part of a picture that cost $10,000 you may buy for ten cents. I say the best part. So we ought to rejoice in the multiplication of pictures. It is the intense, it is the quick way of presenting a truth.

A man never gets over his love for pictures. The little child is entranced with them; we all are entranced with them. If a book be presented to us, we first look at the pictures. Multiply them. After the children are gathered after the evening repast, put before them the pictures. Nail them to the wall of the nursery—the pictures. Put them on the couch of the invalid. Strew them all through the railroad cars and steamboat cabins to refresh the travellers. Gather pictures in your albums and portfolios. Bless God for pictures and may they multiply all over the earth these messengers of knowledge and of mercy.

But the unclean pictorials are doing a work vast for death and perdition. Many a young man for ten cents buys his everlasting undoing. It poisons his soul, his soul may poison ten other souls, they may poison hundreds, the hundreds thousands, the thousands millions. It will take the measuring line of eternity to tell how far out has gone the influence of that one unclean pictorial. He may unroll it amid the roaring mirth of his comrades; but if they could see the result on that young man's heart and life instead of laughing they would weep.

The queen of death holds a banquet every night, and these unclean pictorials are the printed invitations to the guests. Alas! that the fair brow of American art should be blotched with this plague-spot, and that philanthropists, worried about lesser evils, should give so little time to this calamity. Young men, have nothing to do with these pictures. Do not take the *moral strychnine* into your soul. Do not take up this nest of coiling adders and put it in your pocket. Do not patronize the news-stand that sells them.

A man is *no better than the pictures he loves to look at.* I will give you $1000 reward for any young man who remains pure, and yet has the regular habit of buying unclean pictorials—$1000 reward for one specimen Ah, my friends, Satan sometimes failing to get a soul by inducing him to read a bad book captures him by getting him to look at an impure periodical! When Satan goes fishing he does not care whether it is a long line or a short line, if he only hauls his victim in.

GOOD AND BAD RESULTS.

If this morning I have placed before you, fathers, and mothers, and young men, and young women, tests by which you may know what a good newspaper is and what a bad newspaper, what good books, and what bad books, I will have done a work that I will not be ashamed of on that day when God shall try every man's work of what sort it is. Encourage good literature. Do not begrudge the three or five pennies you pay for your morning newspaper. In every possible way, encourage the literature of the world so far as it is pure; so far as it is bad, denounce it. Do not purchase it even out of curiosity. You remember that one column of a good newspaper may save your soul, and that one paragraph of a bad newspaper may damn it.

Benjamin Franklin said that his reading of Cotton Mather's essay "To Do Good" entirely moulded his after-life. The assassin of Lord Russell declared he was led into a life of crime by reading one vicious romance. John Angel James, than whom the world or the Church never produced a purer or better man, declared in time of old age than he had never got over reading for fifteen minutes a bad book in early life. And there are men and women in this house—not exceptional, there are scores of them—who have a tragedy connected with some book. There is some young man in this house, or some man farther on in years, who remembers that his first step astray was the reading of a bad book.

I rememember one infidel book in the possession of my student companion. He said, "De Witt, would you like to read that book?" "Well," said I, "I would like to look at it." I read it a little while. I said to him, "I dare not read that book; you had better destroy it; I give you my advice, you had better destroy it. I dare not read that book. I have read enough of it." "Oh," he said, "haven't you a stronger mind than that? Can't you read a book you don't exactly believe, and not be affected by it?" I said, "You had better destroy it." He kept it.

He read it. He poured over it. He read it and re-read it. He read it until he gave up his Bible. He read it until he gave up his belief in the existence of a God. He read it until he gave up his good morals. He read it until body, mind, and soul were ruined—the body smitten with disease, the mind deranged—and he went into the insane asylum, and the story of that book, that one infidel book, will never be told in this world.

I read too much of it. I read about fifteen or twenty pages of it. I wish I had never read it. It never did me any good; it did me harm. I have often struggled with what I read in that book. I rejected it, I denounced it, I cast it out with infinite scorn, I hated it, yet sometimes it has troubled me. You cannot afford to read a bad book, young man, you cannot afford it.

A BOOK ASSIZE.

Now, go home to your libraries, to-day, fathers, mothers, young men, young women—go to the libraries in your homes, and from shelf to shelf make examination, and by the Gospel tests I have presented this morning try the books. Then, when you are through with the libraries, go to the tables where you have the newspapers and the pictorials. If you find anything either in the library or on the stand that will not endure the tests I have put before you this morning, then take it—do not give it to some one, for that might despoil a soul—do not sell it, for the price of it would be *the price of blood;* but kindle a fire on your kitchen hearth, or in your back yard, and when it is well kindled drop in the poison, and keep stirring the blaze until all is gone to ashes from preface to appendix.

We must not forget that in addition to all these other things I said, there is an eternity behind us, and there is an eternity before us, and anything that will unfit us for the coming eternity is a very bad investment; and alas! for that man or that woman who, going away this morning resolved to adhere to iniquitous literature or sinful amusement, goes right on in that way. The Lord will stop you after a while. The day is coming.

A GAY WOMAN'S DEATH.

A woman who had gone the whole round of gayety, and who had dived into all sorts of literature, came to her last day on earth, and she said in the morning, "At six o'clock to-night I am going to die; my day of grace is ended, and I will be lost." "Why," they said, "you are not sick; why do you talk in this way?" "Well," she said, "my day of grace is ended, and at six o'clock to-night, I shall depart, and my soul will be lost."

Noonday came. They insisted upon calling in medical advice. "Oh, no," she said, "it is all settled with me!" Four o'clock came, and five o'clock, and she said: "Destroyed spirits, it is five o'clock, not six—it is five o'clock, not six. You have me not yet: it is five o'clock, not six." Then the shadows of the evening began to gather, and the clock struck six, and while it was striking six her soul sped away into the next world.

I cannot tell at what time you and I will have to go. It may be six o'clock this evening, it may be three o'clock this afternoon, it may be one, it may be this moment. What will be our destiny? Eternity behind us. Eternity before us. What has been my influence? What has been your influence? What have we read? What have we talked? What have we said? How have we preached? Oh, that God in the closing moments of this service might roll over on this audience the importance of the theme that I have this morning presented, that at the last we may not be put to confusion! It may be to-morrow. It may be now. *Will we be ready?*

TOUCHES OF REAL LIFE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Lady Hope, of Cariden.

(*Continued from page 103.*)

The House of Prayer on Fire—What to do to an Enemy—In the Rectory—The Clergyman's Daughter—"What is a Prayer-Meeting?"—Who Wears the Surplice?—The Gardener's Explanation.

IN the mean time the pipe lightings thrown by the men on the wall of the room where the prayer-meeting had been held had done their work. The wood of the shed smouldered on for some time, until a column of smoke began to rise, and a flame forked out its angry tongue.

Then the smoke, and flame, and crackle, and roar awoke an old woman who lived in one room of a cottage not very far off. Shrieking with terror, she emitted her night-capped head as far as it could protrude from her bedroom window, and raising her shrillest of voices to its very highest pitch, she invoked the aid of the police; interlarding her cries with remarks such as these:

"Pleece! Pleece! The place is afire. Come quick, quick, quick! or we shall all be burnt to our deaths. Come here, you good-for-nothing old slow-coaches, you! You ain't worth your salt—you ain't. Come h—e—r—e!" she shrieked in prolonged screams.

But no sooner did she behold the policemen flying to the scene of action at the most rapid pace that their heavy feet could carry them, than her vituperations knew no bounds.

"You rascals, you! I'll warm ye! I'll teach ye to come when ye're called! You rogues! You battle-axes!" (she thought the latter was a very bad name, though haply it was as innocent as it was original). "You old kettledrums!" This was addressed to one of the firemen, who, running at a rapid trot, was preceding his fire-engine, which after a time he had valiantly ordered to be brought forth.

So saying, she emptied over the head of her most valiant protector a large jug of cold water from the window—which she usually kept reserved for boiling in her kettle, with a view to tea. Her excitement was so great that she unfortunately needed a vent for it, and still more unfortunately found the vent on the head of the valiant fireman. No one could have been more surprised than he was at this sudden and unexpected douche.

He raised his helmeted head toward the window, contented himself with shaking his fist at the little white nightcap above him, and proceeded on his way, his ardor decidedly cooled. By this time happily the fire had begun to die out, and its few remaining threats were quickly extinguished by an accession to the police force of excited neighbors, who threw unlimited pails of water over the ruins until the last spark was extinct.

"That comes of praying too much," said the old woman, as she retired under the sheets again.

"It is the burning of Jerusalem," said Mike in all gravity, when to his woe he beheld the scene of wreck the next morning. "An enemy hath done this," he added in an undertone, soliloquizing after a pause, "Whatever shall we do?" and then answering, "We'll find him out and love him. That's what the Master says."

"Everybody" was talking about the fire. "Who did it?" "How did it happen?" "Where was it?" These were the questions that passed down the electric line of local curiosity that morning, answers being provided according to the imagination or information of the referee.

The rector's child was coming down the broad carpeted staircase to breakfast, when she saw her father in front of her in the hall.

"Papa," she called out, "there's been a fire! It was in the night, and a great roaring flame came up over the tops of the houses."

"A fire, my child!" said her father, stooping down to bestow his good-morning kiss. "How did you hear that?"

"Hopkins told Anne, and Anne told Julia, and Julia told me," she replied, following him into the dining-room. Here a pile of letters lay on the snowy tablecloth, which set off to advantage the china and silver that lay ready placed for the morning meal.

A stout old lady with gray curls was attending to her teapot duties at one end of the table.

"Good-morning!" said the rector, as he entered. She was his maiden sister, who had kept house for him since his wife's death some years ago.

"Good-morning, my dear," said the aunt to the child, thus economizing her greetings, as waste of words was a thing she considered quite as culpable as any other kind of waste; and she generally thus addressed the two in one at this particular hour of the day.

"Have you heard that there was a fire in the town last night?" she asked.

"Yes," Mr. Habershon answered, "so this young person has just told me. Come here, Aleth," and he sat down in his chair, extending an arm into which the child instantly folded herself.

At this moment a servant entered with a tray containing the principal elements of the rector's breakfast. There were eggs ready boiled, a couple of hot dishes, and some toast. As he placed these on the table, his master said:

"Hopkins, what is this about a fire?"

"It was down in the Black Alley, near South End, sir," replied Hopkins; "so they say."

"Was there any mischief done?" the rector inquired, adding, "I am glad it wasn't close by."

"Why, papa?" asked Aleth innocently.

"The wood-yard and the haystacks," he replied, parenthetically, while he looked up for Hopkins' answer.

"It was an old shed, I believe, sir," answered the butler. "There wasn't any more damage done, as I could hear of. The people living thereabouts was a good deal frightened, I fancy."

A funny twinkle flashed into Mr. Habershon's eyes as he heard this, and when the man went out of the room he released Aleth, bursting into a most hearty fit of laughing, and rolling about in his arm-chair.

"Papa, what is the matter?" asked Aleth, gazing upon him. Then, quite infected with the fun, she laughed too.

"I was just wondering," he said, looking across the table to his sister, "whether by any possibility it could be that tumble-down place where those old fools 'go to prayer-meetin',' as they call it. It really would be a lucky thing if it were. Ha! ha! ha!" and he went off again into fits of laughing.

"What's prayer-meetin'?" asked the child.

"Oh, do be quiet, child. You don't understand anything about it," said her aunt. Then addressing her brother, she remarked, "A kind of low Dissenters, aren't they?"

"I'm sure I don't know what you call them," replied the rector. "They come to the church almost every Sunday, but they are not content with the ordinances there provided apparently, it would seem; for in a singularly independent spirit, they must needs conduct in solitude their midnight devotions, and in a building that can scarcely be called *ecclesiastical*." His own joke was too much for him, and he collapsed again, greatly to Aleth's delight, who shouted and clapped her hands as he laughed once more.

"Don't!" said her aunt. "A righteous judgment I should call it."

* * * * * * * *

When Aleth went up-stairs, she said to her nurse while she took off her smart pinafore and clothed her in a school-room one:

"Nursie, what is a prayer-meetin', and judgment, and 'zastical, and 'dependent'?"

"Dearie me!" said the nurse, holding up her hands. "Did you ever! Whatever *has* the child got hold of? I am sure I don't know, my dear. You shouldn't be getting hold of things like that."

"But I want to know, nurse," repeated the child. "I think I'll ask Mr. Hutton when I go out."

Hutton was the gardener, who, if the truth were known, was rather a friend and confidant of Miss Aleth's.

Accordingly, when she had done her lessons with the daily governess, who usually arrived at ten o'clock, and instructed her till twelve, when she had either a walk, or a scamper on her pony, or a ramble about the garden, she sallied forth in her gray gypsy hat tied under her chin with red ribbons, and soft warm jacket trimmed with fur.

First, she went to the study-window, peered in at her father, as he sat by the great study-table full of drawers, writing his letters, tapped on the window-pane, kissed her hand to him, and then she proceeded along the narrow path between the massive brier hedge that concealed the "back regions" from public view and the piece of ground that was generally denominated the old kitchen garden. This path brought her to the fowl-house. Here she searched for eggs, found some fresh ones, placed them in her tiny basket, carried them back to the Hall, where on a sort of oak settle she carefully deposited them.

Then she returned to the lawn, where she was met by a woolly poodle, who capered about on his hind legs in front of her. Her delighted pats on his soft back were interspersed by grave admonitions as to his unfortunate tendency for black and muddy paws, whereas, as she continually reminded him, he "ought to be white all over."

At this moment a broad-shouldered, stooping figure, with loose brown coat, that always depended deeply at the pockets, was seen in the distance threading his way amid the empty flower-beds and toward the glass houses.

"Gardener! gardener! Mr. Hutton!" she called out, running toward him.

"Good-morning, Miss Aleth," said the man. "I've got a tiny little fern for you. Look! here it is in a pot, all ready waiting."

So saying, he opened the greenhouse door, and showed it to her.

Aleth's joy over this acquisition was so great, and her chatter on the various subjects of interest between them so merry, that the time flew as she ran and returned, and prattled, and romped with Fido, and searched for old nests in the laurels, and helped to weed, and helped to tie up the plants. Suddenly she remembered "the fire" which had formed the subject of her father's morning conversation *and* amusement. So she inquired:

"What's a prayer-meetin', Mr. Hutton?"

"Well, Miss Aleth, it's just a lot of people coming together to pray."

"Oh! like church," said Aleth.

"Well, my dear—no, Miss Aleth, it ain't *exactly* like that. But it's something the same too."

"What do they do?" said Aleth.

"They prays to God, and reads in His word, and talks to one another a bit," Hutton explained as best he could.

"Prays to God!" said Aleth, opening her brown eyes; "and does Mr. Long go?"

Mr. Long was the curate.

"Oh, my dear, no!" said the gardener.

"And who wears the surplice?" asked Aleth.

"Really, Miss Aleth, I don't know what you mean, or what you are talking about at all," responded the unfortunate and puzzled Mr. Hutton.

"You know Hopkins said there was a fire last night somewhere in the town, and then he said something about a shed; and papa laughed so very much and said something about a prayer-meetin'."

"Well, Miss Aleth, you know it says in the Bible, 'Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them.' That's why some of us likes to go and pray together. Old Bateman, he always comes, and some more besides."

"And does Bateman have the surplice?"

This idea was too comic even for the grave Hutton to resist, and his thoughtful features widened into a smile.

"No, Miss Aleth, there's no surplices in heaven—leastways not that I can hear tell of; and there's none down at the praying-place. Poor old shed!" he said to himself more than to her, "it's all burnt now!"

"What a pity!" said Aleth, sympathizingly. "But that wasn't funny. It must have been something else." She pondered for a moment, and then, as if a bright idea had struck her, she suddenly put her gypsy hat under his grave face, as he stooped over a flower-pot, and said, "Perhaps

it was something else. What does '*zastical* mean? Can you tell me?"

Happily for the bewildered brains of the gardener, at this moment the luncheon bell was heard in full operation at the garden door, ringing for Miss Aleth's express benefit, as she was the only person likely to be gamboling about at that hour of the day in those sedate precincts.

(*To be continued.*)

BALM IN GILEAD.

A Sermon by the Rev. W. M. Punshon, LL.D.

(*Continued from page* 109.)

"Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of My people recovered?"—JEREMIAH 8 : 22.

II. The blessing of

A DIVINE REMEDY.

Seeing, then, the disease, the question comes now to be asked, "Why is not the health of the daughter of My people recovered?"

1. And now, in the first place, I say that whatever the reason is, it is *not because there is no cure.* There *is* a remedy—sovereign, specific, universal. Balm there *is* in Gilead; there *is* a dexterous and infallible Physician there. There are many diseases, you know, which baffle all human healers, and oftentimes remedies are only partially successful; or, in their action, they develop a latent weakness in another part, and so become means of injury rather than of benefit; and the sadness of the wounded spirit many a time beclouds the dying hope, and with a smart no words can tell, the eye looks to the vacant place in the chair, and the open grave in the cemetery, and there is in the heart a void, a void of most unutterable aching.

2. Ah! but *there need be no mistrust* of this kind, no dark, fearful bodings of this kind in spiritual maladies, if there be only a timely appliance to the Physician of souls. His "Ephphatha" can cause any blind to see; His anointing can ravish any deadened soul with celestial music; a touch from this King of Salem—not fabled, but in fact—can charm the deadliest ulcer away; a word from this Healer can bring life unto the very dead. To dilate upon the disease, upon its terrible loathsomeness, upon its rapid spread, were useless, it were cruel, if we had not a remedy—a remedy commensurate in extent, a remedy which has never been known to fail, and that remedy is here, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

Sinner, here is your hope, your *only* hope, but your all-sufficient hope. Your disease may be very malignant, but it can be healed; you may but recently have become conscious of its ravages, but it can be healed. You imagine it too innate, too deeply ingrained in your nature to be cured, but it can be healed. It may be of long standing, it may be of angry type, it may be of rapid spread, it may be of acute pain, but it can be healed: apply the balm. Come now to the dexterous Physician; have faith in Jesus; He can heal thee, heal thee thoroughly, heal thee now; and if thou sincerely comest to Him He will.

There is no complication of disorder which He is powerless to heal, there is no solitary sinner—surely God has sent me with this message to some heart in His presence—there is no solitary sinner, however foul and loathsome and self-abhorred; there is no solitary sinner out of hell, whom His blood cannot subdue and save. If the health of the daughter of My people is not recovered, then it is not because there is no Physician. Let us look into some of the reasons by which the recovery is retarded. I take it that if there be an infallible specific, and if there be a dexterous and kind Physician, and if still the people die, the fault must be in themselves.

III. Reasons

WHY THE REMEDY FAILS.

There are *three* reasons which strike me as the principal reasons why, with all these unfailing appliances of cure, the health of the daughter of My people is not recovered.

1. In the *first* place, there are many among us *who will not admit themselves ill;* many among us who will not admit they have need of the Healer at all. There are physical maladies, you know, that are insidious in their approach—the sappers of the great destroyer's army, who work on in darkness, and seize the heart's citadel, or ever the watchers are aware. Tell such individuals that they are in danger, impress upon them the necessity of watchfulness and attention if they would preserve their health, and their only answer is a look of wonderful incredulity, or perhaps a careless laugh, which bodes not of the coming peril. What! I, *I* in danger? Why, life is all before me. "Youth is at the prow, and pleasure at the helm." "There are roses on my cheek; my imagination leaps up in many a bounding dream. I sing of summers and not of sepulchres, and of the triumph, not of the struggle: don't talk of danger to me; go and tell such things to the weary, and the ruined, and the desolate!"

There are multitudes who speak to us thus when we tell them of their *spiritual* danger, and when we urge them to decision for Christ. So thick is the veil of darkness around the heart of the unconverted man, that there are many, not only among the aliens, but among those whom education has brought into the temple, until the temple has become a necessity to them, who are deluded as to their real condition before God. They join in the confession of the worshippers; they tell the Lord, Sabbath after Sabbath, that they will not dissemble nor cloak their sins before Him, but they have no feeling about the words, they have but a dim and very transient sense of the meaning of the expressions they use; they are not convinced of sin.

Oh! it is terrible to think of the carelessness with which men put away from themselves all that is personal and searching in the truth: and the arrows fall blunted from the conscience that is thus seared as with a hot iron. Oh, it is terrible that men can talk fluently of the peril of other people while the plague is in their own bodies, and, shorn of their own strength, they are just ready to die.

Brethren, it is to *you* I speak—rich, but destitute of real penitence before God; or poor, and smitten into a deeper poverty because of your heart's hardness and rebellion — you, with your heart unbroken; you that in your own conceit fancy yourselves secure; of understanding wilfully blind, it is no wonder that publicans and harlots, whose sin has been opened, and whose confession was wrung from them in the agony of remorse, should pass into the kingdom of God before you. The first need of your spirit is *conviction of sin.* You must fall contrite before the Saviour. Oh, may the hammer of the Word break your hearts to-day!

2. And then there is *another* class. There are men who will acknowledge that they are guilty, that they are diseased, but *who vainly seek elsewhere for the remedy.*

Here, we have not so much an analogy as a contrast. In the maladies of the body it is perfectly legitimate to choose one's own physician; and, amid the world of opinion around us, there is so much uncertainty, and

SO MUCH EXPERIMENT,

and so much empiricism, even in the soundest medical science, that the remedy which is approved curative in one case, will be absolutely destructive in another; and the same remedy may be a benefit or an injury to the same person suffering from the same disease, only in a different physiological condition of body.

But in the cure of the soul's ailment, there is but *one balm,* there is but *one Physician;* that cure of the wound original if permitted at all is of the free grace of God. God was not bound to allow it; He would have been just, inflexibly just, if He had abided by the Adamic covenant, which made no provision for recovery after lapse and loss had occurred. All our rights were forfeited to the justice of God. But He has foregone His claim; He has declared that the sinner shall have another chance, that the wickedness of the wicked shall not at once destroy him; and surely *to Him alone belongs the prescription of the terms* by which the salvation shall be offered unto the sinner. He has offered these terms: *the sprinkling of the blood, the balm of Gilead, the dexterous Physician.* He has proclaimed that there is no other name under heaven given among men whereby they can be saved.

All other physicians are physicians of no value. Like the enchanters of Egypt, they are skilful to multiply plagues, but they are powerless to remedy them. They may mask the horror, they may numb the sensibilities, but they cannot heal the wound, they cannot recover the plague. It is not in natural contemplation, it is not in scientific research, it is not in outward reformation, it is not in rigid rubrics that the soul can save itself. It is in Christ, the law's victim; it is in Christ, the soul's virtue; it is in Christ, the world's only Substitute and the world's only Saviour. Brethren, need I impress upon you that there is no other salvation but in Jesus? All efforts to obtain pardon, and purity, or heaven, apart from Christ, must be utterly, absolutely in vain.

3. Then there is *another* class, a class who feel their danger, who come to the remedy, but *who do not obey*

THE PRESCRIPTIONS

which the Physician has given. It is common enough, you know, in ordinary life, to consult a physician, from aroused fear or from the anxiety of friends; but to hold his opinion lightly, and to suspend his treatment after a very brief and imperfect trial.

Alas! are there not multitudes who, under the influence of some roused anxiety or of some precious impression, manifest a desire for spiritual teaching, and thrill the hearts of the godly with hopefulness and promise; but the morning cloud vanishes, and the early dew is exhaled by the fierce heat of the world's brilliant summer. Oh, it would be a melancholy narrative if I could come down from the pulpit and converse with individuals among you that are yet unsaved; what would the record be?

A CEMETERY OF DEAD SOULS.

Will you tell me the biography, the memories of your dead impressions of religion? Dare you go into that cemetery? Dare you walk amid those graves? Some of them have no tombstones; you have no cherished recollections of them; you would rather that they would die out in oblivion and decay. Some of them have inscriptions upon them: "Died of lingering decline;" "Slain by some sudden onslaught of temptation." Drowned, alas! alas! in the ocean of intemperance. Smitten suddenly after years of wasting, by ossification of the heart—until, sickened with weeping, we turn away from our pilgrimage in this *necropolis of souls.*

Oh, in reference to many of you, would it not be yours, to have to borrow the title of a work of modern times, "Passages from the History of a Wasted Life?" You began in the Spirit, why did you end in the flesh? You did run well—why, oh, why did you linger? You were not far from the kingdom of God—why, oh, why are you not in? Christ waiteth to be gracious. He will not upbraid you, and if you will come to Him you may be healed of whatsoever disease you have.

Brethren, the invitation is very solemn indeed to *you.* There are those here now to whom it applies, conscious of disease, deeply feeling the wound of the Spirit, and not yet restored by the power of the balm of Gilead.

Why, if you want health—why is it that you delay? Is it to gaze upon your wound, marking its festering, looking at the corruption, seeing how the livid blueness passes across and spreads along your frame, while, all the while that death is busy with you, close by your side, uplifted, there is the brazen serpent, upon which whosoever looks may live? Why, oh, why do you delay? Until you are better? Until you are worse? Until you can merit salvation? Until you can share with the Redeemer? Oh, vain and profitless hope—a hope which, like that of the hypocrite, shall perish! Why do you delay? Until you are worse? Until the last gasp comes? Until the great and terrible danger approaches? Until the film of the mortal darkness gathers upon the eye? Until the cheek is pale with the last struggle, with the last enemy? Surely you will not wait till *then!*

Now, in my Master's name, and with solemnity and affection of spirit for the salvation of you all, now I invite you. I invite you, without money and without price, to come unto this Physician that you may live. May God help you to come, and save you. Amen.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Senate has Rejected the Amendment to the Refunding Bill, by which the Finance Committee fixed the rate at three and a half per cent. The vote was taken on Thursday, February 17th, when 22 votes were cast for the amendment and 34 against it. The bill is now practically in the same condition as when it left the House. Rumors were current last week that the President would veto it, but well-informed persons denied the report, believing that Mr. Hayes would prefer to allow the decision of Congress to be fairly tested in the money markets.

If capitalists will lend their money to the government for three per cent it is obviously unnecessary to pay a higher rate, but should it be found that they are unwilling to do so, *a heavy loss* will be entailed on the nation, as the present high rate must be paid until the new bonds are substituted for those now in circulation. The risk is manifestly serious, for money may be readily employed in many ways so as to produce a higher return than three per cent, and although many lenders prefer lending to the government in preference to other borrowers, an inconsiderable portion of them are disposed to sacrifice much money for the privilege.

The question, therefore, is, Will a sufficient sum for refundng purposes be offered at the rate fixed? Mr. Sherman, Senators Bayard, Thurman, Davis, of Illinois, Edmunds, and Allison, and Comptroller Knox believe that the bonds will not be taken at that rate, and they are *men of both parties* who have given considerable attention to financial questions. The majority of both the Senate and the House are of a different opinion, and the responsibility therefore has devolved upon them. The result will show which opinion correctly indicated the state of the market.

The House of Representatives Passed the River and Harbor Appropriation Bill on Thursday last without material amendment. The final vote was 163 to 84. Many members who voted for the bill did so, admitting that it contained many appropriations to which they were opposed, but feeling that it would be a national calamity if no appropriations for the purpose were made, and believing that the present bill was the best it was possible to pass the House as it is now constituted. It is expected that alterations will be made on it in the Senate even if it is not rejected altogether.

The House Committee on Indian Affairs had under consideration on Friday the Ponca question, and decided, owing to the lateness of the session, *not to report a bill to the House for their relief.* It is obvious that unless persistent agitation is made, and public opinion clearly and forcibly expressed, the wrongs of the Poncas will still go unredressed.

In a letter on the subject by the Washington correspondent of a New York journal, there is quoted the opinion of a prominent official in the Indian Bureau, who said: "I gave up thinking of the Indian question years ago, for its *abuses and horrors are so sickening and hopeless.* I remember when those poor Poncas had their home in Iowa. Think of the moving they have had to do, between that place and the Indian Reservation. I have known Indian agent after Indian agent who, with a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year, in an incredibly short space of time amassed a fortune of *hundreds of thousands of dollars.* All out of the Indians, of course. I had an Indian friend, who said, referring to a new Indian agent 'A good man. He take *only half*' (measuring it on his fingers), 'only half for himself; the other half he gives the Indians. *He good man.*' Of another he said, 'he is a bad man. He gave only so much to Indian' (measuring his finger-nail). 'Took all the rest himself.' The point is that *all belonged to the Indian.* The man who robbed him of but half, by comparison, was the Indian's 'good man.'"

The Bill to Regulate and Improve the Civil Service which was introduced by Senator Pendleton, was reported back without amendment on February 16th by the Civil Service Committee. As already explained in this journal, it provides for a commission of five persons to have general control of examinations and appointments in the Civil Service, within certain limits laid down in the bill.

A society has been organized in Boston to agitate for Civil Service reform, of which the first meeting was held on February 18th. The leading principles are similar to those of the New York society and are as stated on the society's platform: "That while certain officers of the government should be in sympathy with the policy of the administration, the routine business should be conducted on business principles; that officers should be appointed on account of fitness for the work to be done, and should be *continued in office* as long as they do that work well; that offices *should not be used for partisan purposes.*

The Neutrality of the Isthmus of Panama and the independence of the United States of Colombia have again been the subject of diplomatic arrangement on the basis of the treaty of 1846. The protocol now signed determines the way in which the United States Government shall interfere to guarantee the independence of Colombia and the neutrality of the projected canal. One of the conditions of such interference is that Colombia *must first ask for it*, and that without such request or demand the United States shall not intervene. The promoters of the Lesseps scheme consider this protocol favorable to the success of their plans.

The Results of the Census have been Tabulated by the Census Bureau, which announces the following approximate distribution of the total population of the country among the several classes: Males, 25,520,582; females, 24,632,284: natives of the United States, 43,475,506; foreign born, 6,677,360; whites, 43,404,877; colored, 6,577,151; Indians and half breeds not in tribal relations on reservations under the care of the government, 65,122; Chinese, 105,463; other Asiatics, 255. The number of colored persons to each 100,000 whites is 15,153, against 14,528 in 1870. The number of females to every 100,000 males is 96,519, against 97,801 in 1870. The number of foreign born persons to every 100,000 natives is 15,359, against 16,875 in 1870.

The Death of Fernando Wood at Hot Springs, Ark., on February 13th, removes from the political sphere a figure which has been very prominent there for over *forty years.* Mr. Wood was first elected to Congress in 1840, as one of the four members-at-large for New York. After serving one term he devoted his energies to private business, and succeeded in amassing a considerable fortune. In 1854 Mr. Wood was elected Mayor of New York, and on two subsequent occasions was again elected to the same office. In 1862 he was elected to Congress, and has sat in every Congress except one since that time. During the last session his health was observed to have broken down, and he was urged to take temporary rest; but he was interested in the refunding question, and would not leave Washington until the bill was through the House. His persistent refusal to take the advice of his physicians is believed to have hastened his death.

An interesting incident in Mr. Wood's Congressional life is that when Professor Morse was leaving Washington, disappointed by his failure to induce Congress to adopt his invention, Mr. Wood met him and took up his case. He persuaded the House to allow a wire to be laid to the Senate Chamber to test the invention, and that test demonstrating its value the success of the enterprise was assured.

Mr. Wood was a clever man, bold and unscrupulous, with an active and vigorous constitution. He was very popular among certain classes in New York whose confidence is not easily gained, but whom he swayed at his will by his ready and magnetic eloquence. He was in his 69th year.

Gov. Murray, of Utah, in the course of a recent interview, expressed his fear of the social and political danger to be dreaded from the spread of Mormonism. He said: "It overshadows everything. It is capable of accomplishing its purposes, whatever they may be, by means of the extension of the suffrage to married women. Under the alien laws of the United States a man must be a resident of the country for a certain number of years and have attained a certain age before he is entitled to citizenship and to the franchise. Under the laws of Utah a man, the next day after naturalization, may marry as many wives as he chooses, and then *they may all vote.* He may, for instance, marry *a Chinese girl twelve years old*, who hasn't been in the country a month, and the act will entitle her to vote."

Accounts of a Wholesale Lynching come from Springfield, Tenn. A party of about two hundred armed men, well disciplined, waited outside a court room on February 18th, while five negroes were being tried for murder. The judge's charge to the jury was concluded, and the prisoners were brought out by the sheriff for conveyance to the jail to await the verdict of the jury, when the mob surrounded them, and taking the five prisoners from the custody of the sheriff hurried them to an upper story of the court-house and hanged them from the veranda. The lynchers remained on guard until they were satisfied that all the men were dead. Two men had previously been lynched for the same crime, and since then two others have met the same fate, and one man died in jail from injuries received at the hands of the mob. Thus *ten men have been killed* for the murder. The crime for which they suffered was a murder of sickening barbarity, but the action of the mob in a community in which law and justice reign is an insult to civilization which ought not to go unpunished.

The Fight of the People against Rings and bosses has been successful in Philadelphia, where as in New York the interests of the many were being sacrificed for the benefit of the few. The election held last week resulted in the defeat of the ring by a large majority. The remarkable feature of the contest was that the defeated candidates were all good men who, had the election turned on their merits, would have been elected, but an organized effort had been made to break the power of the ring, and it was believed that the nomination of unexceptionable candidates this year was only a device to allay opposition and perpetuate ring rule.

Chief Joseph, who Translated the New Testament into the Iroquois language, died a few days ago after a short illness. One of his last acts was to revise the proofs of an Iroquois edition of Moody and Sankey's Hymns. His work of translating was chiefly *performed in prison.* The priests of the Roman Catholic Seminary of St. Sulpice claimed possession of certain lands which the Oka Indians contended had been granted to the priests in trust for the Indians. Chief Joseph's imprisonments were occasioned by his entering these lands, for which he was arrested and charged with trespass. He was able when not in prison to engage in active Christian work among his people and the kindred tribe of Caughnawaga Indians.

A Deputation from the Society for the Suppression of vice waited on Mayor Grace of New York last week to call his attention to the numerous haunts of vice with which the city is infested. Mr. Whitney told the mayor that the city was *overrun with gambling-houses* and other places of crime. The police made no attempts to enforce the law, although their attention had been frequently directed to the matter. Mr. Whitney himself had given a long list of gambling-houses to one of the inspectors, but nothing had been done. The Excise law was continually being *violated on Sundays*, and not only did the police fail to enforce the law, but he had often seen policemen standing in front of open drinking resorts on Sunday talking with the proprietors. A detailed list of gambling-houses had recently been sent to the Police Commissioners, but they paid no attention to it. The society, therefore, asked the mayor to do what he could to have the law enforced. Mayor Grace said he was heartily in sympathy with every attempt to put down gambling and other vices. His powers were limited, but *he would do what he could.* He must have something tangible to act upon, and asked that a copy of the gambling-house list sent to the Police Commissioners be sent to him. Dr. Crosby promised to comply with this request.

The Fatal Results of Carelessness in Small matters were seen in New York on February 12th, when two young ladies were found dead in their bed from suffocation. An examination of the room in which they died showed the cause of their death. There were two gas-burners in the room, one of which had been turned on all night, but had not been lighted. It was evident that when the girls went to their room the preceding evening, both taps had been turned, and in a moment of forgetfulness one only had been lighted. On their retiring to rest, that had been extinguished and the other had been left open, and the escaping gas had done its fatal work. Constant care and watchfulness are necessary in all the affairs of our lives, not less in our spiritual than in our physical concerns, lest evil come upon us.

A Living Register of Ownership was Discovered near Augusta, Ga., a few days ago. A civil engineer was marking the lines of a lot of land below the city, and used as assistance a deed to the property drawn one hundred and twenty-one years ago. In one section of the deed it is recorded that the line touches a certain point where stands a beech-tree, and upon which a cross-mark had been made with an axe. The engineer ran his line to an old beech tree, and, concluding that this was the point in question, looked for the mark, but could not find it. Taking an axe he cut into the tree at a point he thought the mark might be, and, to his surprise, after cutting into the tree, he chipped out a block, and there was *the identical mark* referred to in the ancient document of one hundred and twenty-one years ago. The mark was perfect, but had been covered up. The rough testimony thus borne for more than a century by the old tree with its mark of the cross is an illustration of the Christian's life. When, in the "Pilgrim's Progress," Christian saw the cross his burden rolled off his shoulders: it was the boundary-mark in his life, it was the turning-point when an indelible mark of ownership was made to be borne not for a century only, but throughout the ages of eternity.

A Letter from the Winnebagoes to their Presidential "Father" in Washington, quoted in the *Independent* evinces the desires of this Indian tribe, and shows how deep is the responsibility now resting on the government, the churches, and all Christian citizens. The letter signed by thirty-eight chiefs of the tribe presents the following quaintly worded petitions: "Father, some years ago, when we had our home on Turkey River, we had a school for our children, where many of them learned to read and write, and work like white people, and we were happy.

"Father, many years have passed since our school was broken up. We have no such schools among us, and our children are growing up in ignorance of those things that should render them industrious, prosperous, and happy, and *we are sorry*. Father, it is our earnest wish to be so situated no longer. It is our sincere desire to have again established among us such a school as we see in operation among your Omaha children. Father, as soon as you find a permanent home for us, will you not do this for us? And we would like our children taught the Christian religion."

Thirty-Six Hours Under a Log.—Near Lake George, N. Y., a man, while cutting wood in the mountains, was knocked down, and a log twenty inches thick rolled upon one leg, securely holding him to the ground. The weather was intensely cold, and he was miles from any human being. His leg froze, and he suffered greatly from his cramped position. He worked until dark and all through the night endeavoring to cut the log in two with his *pocket knife*. After thirty-six hours' hard work, with his hands blistered and bleeding, he was found and liberated. In a similar manner do sinners often make strenuous efforts to effect their own salvation, but after all their labor have to be saved by the Saviour. Those are most happy who turn at once to the Saviour, who is never far off, and who receives them no matter how great their sin is.

An Apple-tree that Never Blossoms is Described by the *Times*, of Hartford, Conn. It is called by the villagers the "No-blow apple-tree." It is on a farm at Harwinton, Conn. The tree derived its queer name from the fact that it *always fruited* but never blossomed. The fruit had a sweet flavor, though the size was below the average, and when fully matured was sufficiently open at the blossom end so that the seeds might be easily shaken out. In the autumn the fruit buds set similar to the surrounding trees. In the spring the bud swelled, and threw out its feelers; but what we recognize as blossom was minus, and it took close observation and a studied acquaintance with its habits to detect anything even in the matured bud that would foreshadow fruitage. The tree is one of Nature's eccentricities and probably is unique in its characteristics; but in spiritual matters a similar peculiarity is often met with. The opening of the divine life in some souls differs so widely from the usual course that doubts arise in the mind of the subject and of other Christians as to the genuineness of the life itself, but if it bears the fruits of the Spirit there need be no doubt of its origin (Matt. 7: 16).

A Beard Valued at Five Thousand Dollars is the subject of a law-suit in Vermont. A man named Cox was committed to prison at Rutland for an offence under the liquor law, and according to the rules of the prison was shaved on his admission. He had worn his beard for fifteen years, and it was a very full one. Being suddenly deprived of it he caught a sore throat and his life was endangered, and he is now suing the superintendent of the prison for five thousand dollars damages. Owing to an alleged technical irregularity it is thought probable that Cox will recover that sum. The estimate thus placed on the value of a beard is a novel one, but there are many cases in which the loss of a limb are as highly appraised. It is remarkable that while men thus value their bodies they appear from their actions to attach a very trivial value to their souls, which in value outweigh all earthly things and which Christ died to save.

At a Meeting, held in Tremont Temple, Boston, on Sunday, February 13th, of the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, the Rev. H. L. Morehouse, D.D., of New York, said that $300,000 would be needed this year in order to enable the society to prosecute its work in the forty-one States and Territories in which it has missionaries. This money would, if received, be distributed as follows: $150,000 for enlarged missionary operations; $50,000 in grants to 150 feeble societies in the West for the erection of meeting-houses; $45,000 for educational work among the freedmen and Indians; $50,000 for additional school buildings and improvements; $5000 for poor freedmen and Indians who are studying for the ministry. The society now supports 10 schools among the freedmen and one among the Indians, with 52 teachers and 1500 pupils. The total number of missionaries and teachers is 281.

SILVER SOCKETS;

OR,

REDEMPTION THE FOUNDATION.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

TEXTS, EXODUS 30: 11-16 and 38: 26, 27.

The Half Shekel Redemption Money—An Emblem—Must be Brought Individually—No Exceptions—In Standard Money—Its Assured Efficacy—What Became of It—A Foundation for the Tabernacle—The Half Shekel a Type—I. Of God's Relation to Man—Necessary to Meeting—To Abiding—To Communion—To Accepted Service—II. Of Christ's Divine Person—As Redeemer—The View from the Cross-Foot—A Precious Foundation—The Mercantile Idea—III. Of the Church—The Foundation Safe—Invariable—This Sensible Century—Microscopic Faith—IV. Of the Gospel—Practical Divinity—Personal Hope.

WILL you kindly first open your Bibles at Exodus 30, for I must commence my discourse by expounding that passage. When the account was taken of the number of the children of Israel, the Lord commanded that every male over twenty years of age should pay half a shekel as redemption money, confessing that he deserved to die, owning that he was in debt to God, and bringing the sum demanded as a type of a great redemption which would by and by be paid for the souls of the sons of men. The truth was thus taught that God's people are a redeemed people; they are elsewhere called "the redeemed of the Lord." If men reject the redemption which He ordains, then are they not His people; for of all His chosen it may be said, "The Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and ransomed him from the hand of him that was stronger than he."

Whenever we attempt to number up the people of God it is absolutely needful that we count only those who at least profess to have brought the redemption price in their hands, and so to have taken part in the atonement of Christ Jesus. David, when he numbered the people, did not gather from them the redemption money, and hence a plague broke out among them. He had failed in obedience to the Lord's ordinance, and counted his subjects, not as redeemed people, but merely as so many heads. Let us always beware of estimating the number of Christians by the number of the population of the countries called Christian; for *the only true Christians* in the world are those who are redeemed from iniquity by the blood of the Lamb, and have personally accepted the ransom which the Lord has provided, personally brought their redemption money in their hands by taking Christ to be theirs and presenting Him by an act of faith to the great Father.

THE TYPE.

Observe that this redemption, without which no man might rightly be numbered among the children of Israel lest a plague should break out among them, must be *personal and individual.* There was not a lump sum to be paid for the nation, or twelve amounts for the twelve tribes; but each man must bring *his own half shekel* for himself. So there is no redemption that will be of any use to any of you unless it is personally accepted and brought before God by faith.

It was *absolutely essential* that each one should bring the half shekel of redemption money; for redemption is the only way in which you and I can be accepted of God. If birth could have done it, they had the privilege beyond all doubt; for they had Abraham to their father: they were lineally descended from the three great patriarchs, and they might have said, "We be Abraham's seed, and were never in bondage to any man." Nay, but salvation is not of blood, nor of birth, nor of the will of the flesh: salvation is by redemption, and even the true child of Abraham must bring his redemption money.

So must you, you child of godly parents, find salvation by the redemption which is in Christ Jesus, or be lost forever. Do not believe the falsehood of certain modern divines, that you children of godly parents do not need to be converted because you are born so nobly and brought up so tenderly by your parents. You are by nature heirs of wrath even as others. "Ye must be born

again," and ye must be personally redeemed as well as heathen children, or else you will perish, though the blood of ministers, martyrs, and apostles should be running in your veins.

There were many, no doubt, in the camp of Israel who were men of station and substance; but *they* must bring the ransom money, or die amid their wealth. Others were wise-hearted and skilful in the arts, yet must they be redeemed or die. Rank could not save the princes, nor office spare the elders: every man of Israel must be redeemed, and no man could pass the muster-roll without his half shekel, whatever he might say, or do, or be.

Note well that every Israelitish man must be *alike redeemed*, and redeemed with the like, nay, with the same redemption. "The rich shall not give more and the poor shall not give less than half a shekel." Every man requires redemption, the one as well as the other. Kings on their thrones must be redeemed as well as prisoners in their dungeons; the philosopher must be redeemed as well as the peasant; the preacher as much as the profligate, and the moralist as certainly as the prostitute or the thief. The redemption money for every person must be the same, for all have sinned and are in like condemnation.

And it must be *a redemption that meets the divine demand*, because, you see, the Lord not only says that they must each bring half a shekel, no more, no less, but it must be "the shekel of the sanctuary"—not the shekel of commerce, which might be debased in quality or diminished by wear and tear, but the coin must be according to the standard shekel laid up in the holy place. To make sure of it Moses defines exactly how much a shekel was worth, and what its weight was—"A shekel is twenty gerahs." So you must bring to God the redemption which He has appointed—the blood and righteousness of Christ—nothing more, nothing less. The ransom of Christ is perfection, and from it there must be no varying. The price must satisfy the Divine demand, and that to the full.

Note that the price appointed did effectually redeem so far as the type could go. Some rejoice in a redemption which does not redeem; for the general redemption by which all men are supposed to be redeemed leaves multitudes in bondage, and they go to hell despite this kind of redemption. Therefore do we preach a particular and special redemption of God's own chosen and believing people: these are effectually and really ransomed, and the precious price once paid for them has set them free, neither shall any plague of vengeance smite them, for the redemption money has procured them eternal deliverance.

This type is full of instruction: the more it is studied the richer will it appear. Every man that is numbered among the children of Israel, and permitted to serve God by going out to war, or to take upon him the duties of citizenship, must, as he is numbered, be redeemed. So must every one of us, if we are truly God's people and God's servants, find our right to be so in the fact of our redemption by Christ Jesus our Lord. This is the joy and glory of each one of us: "Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth."

Now we turn to the second of our texts, and there we learn a very remarkable fact. In the thirty-eighth chapter, verse twenty-five, we find that this mass of silver which was paid, whereby six hundred and three thousand five hundred and fifty men were redeemed, each one paying his half shekel, came to

A GREAT WEIGHT OF SILVER.

It must have weighed something *over four tons*, and this was dedicated to the use of the tabernacle: the special application of the precious metal was to make sockets into which the boards which made the walls of the tabernacle should be placed. The mass of silver made up one hundred talents, and these upheld the fifty boards of the holy place.

They were in a wilderness, constantly moving, and continually shifting the tabernacle. Now, they might have dug out a foundation in the sand, or on coming to a piece of rock where they could not dig, they might have cut out foundations with great toil; but the Lord appointed that they should carry the foundation of the tabernacle with them. A talent of silver, weighing, I suppose, close upon one hundred pounds, was either formed into the shape of a wedge, so as to be driven into the soil, or else made into a solid square plate to lie upon it. In the wedge or plate were made mortises into which the tenons of the boards could be readily fitted. These plates of silver fitted the one into the other, tenon and mortise wise, and thus they made a compact parallelogram, strengthened at the corners with double plates, and formed one foundation, movable when taken to pieces, yet very secure as a whole. *This foundation was made of the redemption money.*

See the instructive emblem! The foundation of the worship of Israel was redemption. The dwelling-place of the Lord their God was founded on atonement. All the boards of incorruptible wood and precious gold stood upon the redemption price, and the curtains of fine linen, and the veil of matchless workmanship, and the whole structure rested on nothing else but the solid mass of silver which had been paid as the redemption money of the people. There was only one exception, and that was at the door where was the entrance to the holy place. There the pillars were set upon sockets of brass, perhaps because, as there was much going in and out of the priests, it was not meet that they should tread upon the token of redemption.

I do not for a moment bring before you the type of the text as a proof of doctrine, but I intend to use it simply as an illustration. It seems to me to be a very striking, full, and suggestive emblem, setting forth most clearly certain precious truths. I feel I am quite safe in using this illustration, because it is one among a group of acknowledged types, and could not have been given without a reason. I do not see why they could not have made the foundation sockets of iron, or why they could not have been content with tent-pins and cords as in other cases of tent building: I see no reason in the necessity of the case why they must be sockets of silver; there must have been another reason. Why was that particular silver prescribed? Why must the redemption money be used, and nothing else? Surely there is teaching here if we will but see it.

I. First, I want you to view this illustration as teaching us something about

GOD IN RELATION TO MAN.

The tent in the wilderness was typical of God's coming down to man to hold intercourse with him: the fiery cloudy pillar visible outside, and the bright light of the shekinah, visible to him who was called to enter once a year into the innermost sanctuary, shining over the mercy-seat—these were the tokens of the special presence of the Deity in the centre of the camp of Israel. The Lord seems to teach us, in relation to His dealing with men, that *He will meet man in the way of grace only on the footing of redemption.* He treats with man concerning love and grace within His holy shrine; but the basis of that shrine must be atonement.

Rest assured, dear friends, that there is no meeting with God on our part except through Jesus Christ our Redeemer. I am of Luther's mind when he said, "I will have nothing to do with an absolute God." God out of Christ is a terror to us. Even in Christ, remember, He is a consuming fire, for even "our God is a consuming fire;" but what He must be out of Christ may none of us ever know.

> "Till God in human flesh I see,
> My thoughts no comfort find;
> The holy, just, and sacred Three
> Are terrors to my mind.
>
> "But if Immanuel's face appear,
> My hope, my joy begins;
> His name forbids my slavish fear,
> His grace removes my sins."

There can be no coming of God to man on terms of peace except through the one great sacrifice: that must be the foundation of it all.

Nay, and not only God's coming to us, but *God's abiding with us is upon the same foundation;* for the tabernacle was, so to speak, the house of God—the place where God especially dwelt among His people, as He said; "I will dwell in them, and walk in them." But He never dwelt among them in anything but in a tent that was based upon the silver of the redemption money; and you, dear friend, if you have ever walked with God, can only maintain your fellowship by resting where you did at first, as a poor sinner redeemed by your Saviour.

They have asked me to rise sometimes to *a higher platform*, and come to God as a sanctified person. Yes, but a rock, though it may be lower than the little wooden stage which some erect upon it, is safer to stand upon; and I do believe that those who walk with God, according to their attainments and imaginary perfections, have climbed up to *a rotten stage*, which will fall under them ere long. I know no mode of standing before God to-day but that which I had at first. The Lord will only abide with us in that tabernacle whose every board is resting upon the silver foundation of redemption by His own dear Son.

There can, beloved, be no sort of *communion* between God and us except through the atonement. Do you want to pray? You cannot speak with God except through Jesus Christ. Do you wish to praise? You cannot bring the censer full of smoking incense except through Christ. It is only within those foundations of silver that you can speak to God, or hear Him speak comfortably with you. Would you hear a voice out of the excellent glory? Do you pray that the great Father would speak with you as with His dear children? Expect it through Jesus Christ, for "through Him we have access by one Spirit unto the Father." Even unto the Father, though we be children, we have no access except through Jesus. The tabernacle of communion even to him that lives nearest to God must be built upon the redemption price. Free grace and dying love must be the golden bells which ring upon our garments when we go into the holy place to speak with the Most High.

The tabernacle was the place of *holy service*, where the priests all day long offered sacrifices of one kind and another unto the Most High. And you and I serve God as priests, for He has made us a royal priesthood. But how and where can we exercise our priesthood? Everywhere as to the world; but before God, the foundation of the temple wherein we stand, and the ground of the acceptance of our priesthood, is redemption. The priests offered their sacrifice not in groves of man's planting, or on high hills, which were the natural strength of the land, but within the space marked out by the silver slabs of atonement money; and so must we worship and serve within redemption lines. If we come under the idea of legal merit and suppose that there is a natural goodness in our prayers, or in our praises, in our observance of Christian ceremonies, or in almsgiving, or in zealous testimony, we make a great mistake, and we shall never be so accepted.

II. I think we may, in the second place, apply this illustration to

CHRIST IN HIS DIVINE PERSON.

The tabernacle was the type of our Lord Jesus Christ, for God dwells among men in Christ. "He tabernacled among us, and we beheld His glory," says the apostle. God dwelleth not in temples made with hands, that is to say, of this building; but the Temple of God is Christ Jesus, "in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily."

Our Lord is thus the Tabernacle which the Lord hath pitched and not man; and *our first and fundamental idea of Him must be in His character as Redeemer.* Our Lord does come to us in other characters, and in them all He is right glorious; but unless we receive Him as Redeemer we have missed the essence of His character, the foundation idea of Him. As the tent in the wilderness was founded upon the redemption money, so our idea and conception of Christ must be first of all that "He is the propitiation for our sins;" and I say this, though it may seem unnecessary to say it, because Satan is very crafty, and he leads many from plain truth by subtle means.

I remember a sister, who had been a member of a certain denomination, who was converted to God in this place, though she had been a professed Christian for years. She said to me, "I have hitherto believed only in Christ crucified: I worshipped Him as about to come in the second A-

vent to reign with His people, but I never had a sense of guilt, neither did I go to Him as putting away my sin; and hence I was not saved." When she began to see herself as a sinner she found her need of a Redeemer. Atonement must enter into our first and chief idea of the Lord Jesus. "We preach Christ *crucified*;" we preach Him glorified, and delight to do so; but still the main point upon which the eye of a sinner must rest, if he would have peace with God, must be Christ crucified for sin.

Some say they admire Christ *as an example*, and well they may; they can never find a better: but Jesus Christ will never be truly known and followed if He be viewed only as an example, for He is infinitely more than that. Neither can any man carry out the project of being like Christ unless he first knows Him as making atonement for sin, and as giving power to overcome sin through His blood. Some writers have looked upon Christ from one point of view and some from another, and there is no book that is more likely to sell than a life of Christ, but the most essential view of Him is to be had from *the cross-foot*.

Let this then be your

BASIS IDEA OF CHRIST:

"He has redeemed us from the curse of the law." Indeed, in reference to Christ, we must regard His redemption as the basis of His triumphs and His glory—"the sufferings of Christ and the glory that shall follow." We cannot understand any work that He has performed unless we understand His vicarious sacrifice. Christ is a lock without a key, He is a labyrinth without a clue, until you know Him as the Redeemer. You have spilt the letters on the floor, and you cannot make out the character of the Wonderful till first you have learned to spell the words—atonement by blood. This is the deepest joy of earth and the grandest song in heaven. "For thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us unto God by Thy blood."

I beg you to observe, in connection with our text, that as the foundation of the tabernacle was very valuable, so our Lord Jesus as our Redeemer is *exceedingly precious to us*. His redemption is made with His precious blood. The redemption money was of pure and precious metal, a metal that does not lose weight in the fire. "The redemption of the soul is precious." What a redemption price hath Christ given for us; yea, what a redemption price He is! Well did Peter say, "Unto you that believe He is precious:" silver and gold are not to be mentioned in comparison with Him.

To me it is very instructive that the Israelites should have been redeemed with silver in the form of half-shekels, because there are many who say, "These old-fashioned divines believe in *the mercantile idea* of the atonement." Exactly so: we always did and always shall use a metaphor which is so expressive as to be abhorred by the enemies of the truth. The mercantile idea of the atonement is the Biblical idea of the atonement. These people were redeemed, not with lumps of uncoined silver, but with money used in commerce. Paul saith, "Ye are not your own: ye are bought"—listen—"*with a price*"—to give us the mercantile idea beyond all question. "Bought with a price" is doubly mercantile. What say you to this, ye *wise refiners*, who would refine the meaning out of the word of the Lord?

III. Time fails me, and yet I have now a third thought to lay before you very briefly. The tabernacle was a type of

THE CHURCH OF GOD

as the place of divine indwelling. What and where is the church of God? The true church is founded upon redemption. Every board of shittim-wood was tenoned and mortised into the sockets of silver made of the redemption money, and every man that is in the church of God is united to Christ, rests upon Christ, and cannot be separated from Him. If that is not true of you, my dear hearer, you are not in the church of God. You may be in the church of England or of Rome, you may be in this church or some other; but unless you are joined to Christ, and He is the sole foundation upon which you rest, you are not in the church of God. You may be in no visible church whatever, and yet, if you are resting upon Christ, you are a part of the true house of God on earth.

Christ is *a sure foundation for the church*; for the tabernacle was never blown down. It had no foundation but the talents of silver; and yet it braved every desert storm. The wilderness is a place of rough winds—it is called a howling wilderness; but the sockets of silver held the boards upright, and the holy tent defied the rage of the elements. To be united to Christ by faith is to be built on a sure foundation. His church will never be overthrown, let the devil send what hurricanes he may.

And it was *an invariable foundation*, for the tabernacle always had the same basis wherever it was placed. One day it was pitched on the sand, another on a good piece of arable ground, a third time on a grass-plot, and to-morrow on a bare rock; but it always had the same foundation. The bearers of the holy furniture never left the silver sockets behind.

Now, the learned tell us that the nineteenth century requires "advanced thought." I wish the nineteenth century was over; I have heard it bragged about so much that *I am sick of the nineteenth century*. We are told that this is too sensible a century to need or accept the same gospel as the first, second, and third centuries. Yet these were the centuries of martyrs, the centuries of heroes, the centuries that conquered all the gods of Greece and Rome, the centuries of holy glory, and all this because they were the centuries of the gospel; but now we are so enlightened that our ears ache for something fresh, and under the influence of another gospel, which is not another, our beliefs are dwindling down from alps to anthills, and we ourselves from giants to pigmies. *You will want a microscope* soon to see Christian faith in the land, it is getting to be so small and scarce.

IV. Fourthly, and lastly, I think this tabernacle in the wilderness may be viewed as

A TYPE OF THE GOSPEL,

for the gospel is the revelation of God to man. The tent in the wilderness was the gospel according to Moses. Now, as that old gospel in the wilderness was, such must ours be, and I want to say just two or three things very plainly, and have done.

Redemption, atonement in the mercantile idea, must be *the foundation of our theology—doctrinal, practical, and experimental*. As to doctrine, they say a fish stinks first at the head, and men first go *astray in their brains*. When once there is anything wrong in your belief as to redemption you are wrong all through. I believe in the old rhyme:

"What think you of Christ? is the test
To try both your state and your scheme,
You cannot be right in the rest
Unless you think rightly of HIM."

If you get wrong on atonement you have turned a switch which will run the whole train of your thoughts upon the wrong line. You must know Christ as the Redeemer of His people, and their substitute, or your teaching will give an uncertain sound.

As redemption must be the foundation of doctrinal divinity, so it must of *practical divinity*. "Ye are not your own: ye are bought with a price," must be the source of holiness, and the reason for consecration. The man that does not feel himself to be specially "redeemed from among men" will see no reason for being different from other men.

Certainly redemption must be the foundation of *experimental theology*; for what is an experience worth that does not make us every day prize more and more the redeeming blood? Oh, my dear friends, I never knew, though I had some idea of it, what a fool I was till of late years. I tell you that those dreadful pains, which may even make you long for death, will empty you right out, and not only empty you, but make you judge yourself to be a hollow sham, and cause you to loathe yourself, and then it is that you cling to Christ.

Nothing but the atoning sacrifice will satisfy me. I have read plenty of books of modern theology, but none of them can heal so much as a pin's prick in the conscience. When a man gets sick in body and heavy in spirit he wants the old-fashioned puritanical theology, the gospel of Calvin, the gospel of Augustine, the gospel of Paul, the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Our theology as a matter of experience must be based upon redemption.

Ah, brethren, and not only our theology, but *our personal hope*. The only gospel that I have to preach is that which I rest upon myself: "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree;" "for the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed;" "He bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors." Oh, dear hearers, build on that and you will never fail; but if you do not take Christ's redemption as the foundation of your hope—I do not care who you are—you may be very learned, but you know nothing at all. The Lord make you to know that you know nothing, and then you will know something: and when you have learned as much as that, may He teach you the redemption of His Son, and reveal Christ in you.

This, beloved, is henceforth *the burden of our service, and the glory of our life*. Those silver sockets were very precious, but very weighty. I dare say the men who had to move them sometimes thought so. Four tons and more of silver make up a great load. O blessed, blissful draught, to have to put the shoulder to the collar to draw the burden of the Lord—the glorious weight of redemption! You, young brethren that preach, mind you always carry *your four tons of silver*: preach a full and rich redemption all of you. You who go to the Sunday-school, do not let the children have a place to live in that has no foundation: the first wind will blow it over, and where will they be? Left naked under the ruins of that in which they had hoped. Lay Christ for a foundation. You cannot do better, for God Himself has said, "Behold, I lay in Sion a chief corner-stone, elect, precious." Lay this silver foundation wherever you are.

Ay, but though the ingots were heavy to carry, every Israelite felt proud to think that that tabernacle had a foundation of silver. You Amalekites out there cannot see the silver footing of it all; you Moabites cannot perceive it. All you can see is the badger-skins outside—the rough exterior of the tent. You say, "That tent is a poor place to be a temple: that gospel is a very simple affair." No doubt it is to you, but

YOU NEVER SAW THE SILVER SOCKETS,

you never saw the golden boards, you never saw the glory of the inside of the place lit up by the seven branched candlesticks, and glorious with the presence of God. Brethren, redemption is our honor and delight.

"In the cross of Christ I glory
Towering o'er the wrecks of time:
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime."

This the first and this the last: the bleeding Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world, and yet living and reigning when earth's foundations shall dissolve. That blessed Lamb of God is in the midst of the throne, and His people shall all be with Him, forever triumphant. He is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, the foundation and the headstone. O Saviour of sinners, glory be to Thy name! Amen and amen.

[PORTIONS OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—1 Peter 2: 1-10; Exodus 26: 15-25; 30: 11-16; 38: 25-28.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

TALES OF THE GROG-SHOPS.

By a London Clergyman.

BETSY TROLLOPE'S JUG.

(A Tale in Two Chapters.)

CHAPTER II.

NOT that Betsy expected to be done good to, oh dear, no! She didn't want any enlightenment on the subject of strong drink. For a man or a woman who didn't know where to stop, a temperance meeting was the very thing. And she hoped from the very bottom of her soul that some of these folks who did take too much, would just see the error of their ways, and turn sober.

With these and other like thoughts Betsy listened and applauded time after time; the thumping of her umbrella after a good speech or a well-rendered song being especially noticeable.

Never was Betsy so benevolently inclined as at a temperance meeting. It was astonishing how many of her neighbors came in for her good wishes on these nights.

"I hope Tom Trotter won't forget that," she would say to herself at one remark.

After another—"That's a wipe for Mary Tubbs. I trust it'll do her good."

After a third—"Poor Susie Tripp, that's you to the life. How I pity you."

While after a fourth, she would indignantly remark, "Them poor children! Shame on you, Bill Stocker, shame on you Mary Stocker, drinking away the dear little things' wittels."

Do not think, my readers, from Betsy Trollope's behavior that she always came away as she went. There were times when *Betsy was hit* like the rest, and hit hard too; and when in spite of her benevolent wishes toward the naughty people around her, she could not help feeling that there might be a very little to blame in her own conduct. Not that she ever gave shape to her feelings, or put them into words. Nobody would have known from Betsy's speech or even her looks that she was wounded. "How then do you know?" I think I hear some curious reader ask. I will tell you how. Let me sketch a little word-picture by way of explanation.

Place—Betsy Trollope's kitchen.

Time—Five minutes to eleven in the morning.

Person—Betsy herself.

Attitude—Betsy thoughtfully gazing at the white jug with blue spots in a state of great perplexity. The clock strikes eleven; Betsy still gazing. Five minutes past eleven; a hesitating movement on the part of Betsy's hand, as she reaches to take down the white jug with blue spots. And lastly, Betsy's vanishing form, and—*the jug under the shawl.*

That is the picture; and if it does not speak volumes to my readers it is because they must be deficient somewhere.

See Betsy Trollope's form as she moves quickly along. Mark that. She used to walk slowly and deliberately. See Betsy's sharp look, first up and then down the street, as though if she espied anybody she knew she would have darted into the milk-shop opposite, instead of into the public. Mark that. Betsy used to stand on the public-house step. See the bunch under Betsy Trollope's shawl as she moves to and fro. There was a time when the jug was outside. Mark that too.

Well done, temperance meeting! If you have done nothing else, there is one thing you can be proud of: you have put the jug *under* Betsy Trollope's shawl.

THE JUG ON THE SHELF.

Why, what ever can be the matter with Betsy Trollope? She seems to have lost all spirit, and goes about the house in a sad, weary way, as though she cared to live no longer. Though never given to much talking she is more silent than ever. Everything seems an effort to her. And to see her throw herself upon a chair, and look straight upon the ground as though she were too miserable either to stand up or look up, was sad indeed.

Instead of getting better she seems to get worse. Her face becomes whiter and sadder every day. And now when she casts herself down upon a chair, after doing a little household work, she lifts her apron to her eyes and sobs as though her heart were breaking. Poor Betsy! Poor Betsy!

And more than this, she has lost much of her old relish for her beer; and, although fetching the same quantity at the same old time, was even known to have left some at the bottom of her jug. There must be something very wrong with Betsy for such an unheard-of thing as this to happen. There was something very wrong. And not only was, but had been for a long time past; and Betsy had just begun to find it out. And it was because she was finding it out more and more, that she got sadder and sadder every day. What was it? Why, simply her sins.

Time was when Betsy Trollope had an extra good opinion of herself, and as she said, "Could lift her head with the best of 'em."

"She didn't do anybody any harm. She could keep a quiet tongue in her head. She was ready to do a neighbor a good turn; and she went to the services at the Mission Room with scarcely a miss for years. And if that wasn't enough to give a soul a good chance when they came to die, she should like to know what would."

It was at one of the temperance meetings that she began to see her true self.

It may be as well to say here, that the temperance meetings at the Oatfield Mission Room were not like a great many, mere entertainments. Not a speaker but pressed home the Gospel; not a song but set forth some spiritual fact. And while bright and lively, there was never a meeting without a downright effort to lead poor sinners to Christ, and to make the weak ones strong in strength not their own.

Betsy Trollope was one of the fruits of it. One of the speakers drew a bow at a venture, and the Holy Spirit sent the arrow into Betsy's heart, where it rankled for days. And now she saw that not only had she been a sinner in the matter of strong drink, but in a thousand other ways besides. And the more she looked at herself, the more she grew out of love to herself, until she began to loathe herself as a wicked wretch who deserved to be lost forever.

I have often referred to Betsy's silence, and I now refer to it again. In one way she was still true to her nature, for she told none of her trouble, although she often longed to do so. But in another way she was not true to it; she was not silent to God.

One day, when she was sitting over her Bible, hardly able at times to see the words for the tears that would run down, she found her attention fastened to the words, "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."

"*Is that true?*" asked Betsy of herself. "It must be, because Jesus said it. "Then if it's true," she continued, "surely it's true for me."

For a few moments the very thought of its being true for her made her heart beat and bound furiously. Her mind was in such a whirl that she could scarcely think at all. Then she said,

"Lord Jesus, I'm a poor sinner, and you did die for me. You said you did, and now I'm come."

And Betsy did come. And the tears flowed faster and faster, and the heart beat quicker and quicker, and the head bent lower and lower. But the tears were tears of joy now; the heart was beating with delight now; and the head was bent, that in lowliest adoration her praises might stream forth. Betsy had come to Jesus, and He, true to His word, had not cast her out.

Leaning back in her chair, Betsy Trollope gave herself up to her happy thoughts. Saved; forgiven; God's child; heaven her home; no fear of the judgment; how beautiful! how beautiful!

While so thinking, the clock struck out the hour of eleven. Betsy started. She always heard the clock strike eleven; that was the time for her beer. Jumping to her feet she approached the dresser, and took down *the white jug* with blue spots. Pouring out some hot water she immersed the jug in it, turning it round and round with great energy. Betsy had never washed a piece of crockery with such pains and care before. After rubbing it briskly inside and out with a towel, she smelled it. Apparently the smell was not altogether satisfactory, for, beginning again, she gave it another washing and another rubbing. This time it was quite satisfactory.

What next?

Taking up the white jug with blue spots—*she hung it up again.* And from that time forward that jug had a wonderfully easy time of it. There it hung, day after day, as idle a piece of crockery as was ever made. Before, it was always being taken down and hung up again. It had no rest. If it had been at all sensitive Betsy would have worried its life out; but all this was past now, for Betsy had got something better than beer. She had learned to trust and love her Saviour, and had within her "a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

But if Betsy did not worry the jug, the jug worried Betsy. For don't think, dear reader, that Betsy Trollope hadn't to fight to keep her hand from taking down that white jug with blue spots. It sometimes itched to do it. But at such times, if you had been by, you would have seen Betsy's eyes close, and her hands go together, and her lips open with a "Jesus, help me." Indeed, had it not been for this course of action, Betsy Trollope would have been off to the public times out of number. Her "Jesus, help me," and her belief that He would help her, did it.

OTHER PEOPLE'S JUGS.

It will doubtless be remembered in Betsy Trollope's history that one of her most indignant protests against the interference of others was, "You mind your business, and I'll mind mine." Betsy preferred not being meddled with. She only wanted to be permitted to carry her jug to the public-house without any insulting remarks being made thereon.

When, however, she had been led to hang her jug upon the shelf, and had determined that strong drink should never again stain it, a revolution immediately took place in her views of the subject of interference and meddling. Betsy herself became one of the most interfering, meddling women that ever lived. What did she meddle with?

Other people's jugs.

Not offensively, however. Not with bitterness. Sharp words were no weapons of Betsy's. No, nor sharp looks either. Betsy Trollope's religion taught her that "the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God."

No, when Betsy interfered, it was with great kindness and gentleness; for she remembered the time, not so very long before, when either outside or inside her shawl she was wont to carry the white jug with blue spots.

Wonderfully keen was Betsy in finding out the offenders. Some women are so sharp in concealing their jug that it requires a very old hand to detect it.

"Bless your heart!" Betsy would explain to her husband, who doubted the existence of a jug at all under a particular woman's shawl, "d'ye think I don't know? *What if it don't bulge out?* What if the shawl does fall all natural like? Bless your heart, you can't take Betsy Trollope in like that."

But while Betsy pleaded with such women to give it all up, and to hang their jug on the shelf, she never failed to tell them too what a glorious Saviour she was trusting in.

"Taste of His love, my dear," she would say, "and you won't want to taste anything else. Only try Him now. Give Him your heart, and if you don't give up the jug, my name's not Betsy Trollope."

A Revival of Religion is in Progress, of which Surrey Chapel, London, is the centre. An English journal says twenty-three services are being held in the chapel every week, and some of the worst characters in South London have been saved. The special open-air meetings, held every evening, are made a great blessing to the neighborhood. A picture of this chapel and a portrait of its pastor appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of January 20th.

DR. TALMAGE'S FRIDAY EVENING TALK,

February 18, 1881.

Cabinet-Making—Politics a Heart-Breaking Profession—The Political Light-houses—St. Valentine's Day—The Festival Cannot be Spared—The Joy of Youth—A Reserve of Vitality—The Uses of the Valentine—A Slander on the Festival—Marriage not a Lottery—The Control of Divine Goodness—Whence a Good Wife Comes—Spiritual Awakening—People Awaiting the Simple Gospel Call—The Old-Fashioned Revival—Work for Laymen—One Universal Panacea.

FOR three or four years I have on Friday nights been discussing the events of the week, learning lessons of more or less importance. I think the whole tendency of such discussion has been to make one more observant of the occurrences of every-day life, and to make us better acquainted with the meaning of God's Providences.

This has been a great week for

PRESIDENTIAL CABINET-MAKING.

People rushing to and fro. The whole nation wondering, hoping, guessing. Tens of thousands of people on the verge of political disappointment. For each position innumerable applicants. The most popular time in General Garfield's life will be the next two weeks. After the 4th of March look out for anathemas.

Blessed is the man who expects no political preferment. No life on earth is so full of perturbation as the politician's life. More changeable than the wind are the prospects of such an one. Better get an industrious occupation or trade, and stick to it. The most illustrious politicians that this country ever saw, all died of *broken hearts*—Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Benton, William H. Seward.

The vast majority of successful men in politics are accidents. The great lighthouses of American statesmanship merely show others the way into the harbor, while they themselves get no nearer the wharf than Barnegat. Yet how many men doing well in other occupations are hankering after politics as a trade. They gradually absent themselves from their law office of successful practice, and from the storehouse of profitable traffic, and give themselves up to wirepulling and caucuses and lounging around political headquarters, pick up a few crumbs of political reward, and drop into dissipation, and a life that ought to have been grandly rounded ends a dead failure. While we must have the ship of state manned with a skilful crew, and some have had enough integrity and strength to bear the stress, my advice to you is to *keep out of politics*.

This week has had what is known all the world over as

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY,

established in honor of a bishop who lost his head, a festal observed on both sides the sea, admired and denounced, arousal of sport and implement of disgust. It was celebrated long before we were born, and will be observed long after we are dead. Though different from all other holidays, it has its practical uses. Fourth of July for patriotism, Thanksgiving Day for review of national mercies, Christmas celebration of the great advent, but 14th of February administrative of tenderest sentiment and crackling fun.

I hail it not so much because I care particularly about the bishop in whose honor it started, but because it stirs our youthful populations with such wild glee. All the door-bells ringing. Mysterious postmen vanishing down the steps before you have time to recognize them. About six million valentines fluttering in the excited grasp, and thirty million people wondering where they came from.

Do not allow your interest in this annual holiday to lessen. We cannot spare it from the calendar. You may have cultured your taste until nothing short of a Bierstadt, or a Kensett, or a Raphael can please you, but you are to remember that one hundred thousand dollars' worth of such paintings would not please the children so well as two or three *grotesque pictures*. Mirth above one's capacity is no mirth at all. There can come no harm to the childish mind from the caricatures that enter your house in such celebration. The doggerel which they read with such boisterous gyrations will not hinder in their future poetic taste. Let the missives fly, and let all our cities resound with the laughter.

The more joy our children have before ten or fifteen years of age, the better will they be able to stand the pressure of severe life when it comes upon them. They who begin the hard work of the world without having back of them seventeen years of merriment, begin under a disadvantage from which they will never recover. Alas! for those whose life is a sweltering August day, preceded by no May time of blossoms.

St. Valentine's Day has its uses in expression of higher and very tender sentiment. There comes a time between eighteen and twenty-five years of age when one does not know exactly what is the matter. You get dreaming. You sit looking at the figure in the carpet for half an hour, as though you had never seen it before. You dare not write a letter expressive of your feelings, for you do not want to commit yourself, and at just that time are

THE USES OF THE VALENTINE.

The selection is made reckless of expense, and with glistening eye and throbbing heart, which the merchant understands, and of which he says nothing. In that purchase good poetry takes the place of doggerel, and the design is suggestive of hearts in various stages of surrender. At such crises of feeling the valentine is a necessity. The old bishop, who in founding this day *lost his head*, becomes a great service to those who have *lost their heart*.

But some say that Valentine's Day, instead of being commemorative of a bishop, is only the carrying out of a custom prevalent in ancient Rome at the festival of the Lupurcalia, where the names of young women were placed in a box, from which they were taken by young men as chance directed. That I take to be *a slander on St. Valentine's day* by some one who wanted to intimate that marriage was a lottery, and that any one who proposes it only puts his hand in a box, from which he may chance to draw a fortune or a misery. There is no lottery about it. In the vast majority of cases, those are affianced who ought to be affianced. You denounce some marital engagement as unfit because the parties are unlike. That is the very way it ought to be. If one is sanguine, the other needs to be lymphatic; if one is frivolous, the other needs to be gay; the one poetry, the other prose.

Most wonderfully does God set *the solitary in families*. I see no more the goodness of God in anything than in the fact that the vast majority of domestic arrangements are the very best arrangements that could have been made. It is not putting your hand in a box where there are a thousand ballots, but in most cases a matter of divine selection. It appears to just happen so that they met on some excursion or in some parlor, or in some street, or in some church; but there was nothing accidental in that meeting. By eternal goodness the whole affair was arranged. If God controls the smaller affairs of our life, will He leave hap-hazard the most important affair?

If you think it is all a lottery, the selection of one's chief companion, you pay but *a poor compliment* to your own home. The Bible says a good wife is from the Lord. If you got yours through a lottery, I am very sorry. I violently reject the idea suggested by some that St. Valentine's Day was the prolongation of the Roman festival where the names of young women were placed in a box to be drawn forth by young men in chance. Rather I refer this celebration to the old bishop distinguished for love and charity.

So let St. Valentine's Day be observed from century to century, and a hundred years after we are dead, and the world is brighter than it is now, children's voices will greet its coming and young men and maidens will sit looking from the adorned and reticular missive to the meaning beyond. Let your holidays be multiplied rather than decreased until the jubilee of nations shall whelm all lesser joys in the oceanic gladness of a world redeemed.

The religious event of the week is the

SPIRITUAL AWAKENING

in many churches. All over the land there seems a readiness for Gospel influence. In those churches where especial services have been held there have been marked awakenings. Last Sabbath night about *a hundred rose for prayers* in this building, and in the especial meetings Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, souls were saved.

The fact is, there are in this country hundreds of thousands of people ready to accept the simple Gospel call. They will not hear the voice of dogma or didactics, but warm-hearted invitation will do the work. The Church of God needs to get down off its stilts. Among the mightiest obstacles of the Gospel are the metaphysics and the fastidiousness, and the namby-pambyism of the Church of God. Let our Christian laymen go forth in earnest commendation of our glorious religion.

The only way this work will ever be done, will be by spontaneous and widespreading old-fashioned revival of religion—meetings in which the rhetoric and the conventionalities of the church shall not be allowed to freeze out the spirit—meetings in which the prayers shall be all aflame, and the exhortations as earnest as those of men and women escaping from a foundering steamer into a manned lifeboat.

I have

ONE PANACEA

for all political, social, domestic, and individual needs, revivals that shall sweep all before them, the surges overriding house-top, and City Hall, and Capitolean buildings, and the nation—revivals that will set the continent to praying—revivals like that of 1857 multiplied by twenty, opening theatres for religious worship, turning storehouses into anxious seats, making the telegraphy of business information halt for messages of salvation from city to city, the Lord Almighty doing by one sweep of His hand more work than all the churches as yet have done in a century.

From what we have seen during the past few days, we know *God is willing* to open the flood gates of saving mercy. Let all obstacles be heaved out of the way. Come, O north wind! and blow thou south upon this garden of God. While in some places ministers of religion are assembling to discuss the low state of religion in the country, I am glad that there are many Christian pastors who, looking over the flock that God has given them, and the field the Lord has called them to culture have cause for great rejoicings because of the evidence that God presents by His grace to save. *Let us all arouse* a work for each one to do. No one able to do that work for you or for me and a very short time in which to accomplish it. Eternity behind us, Eternity before us, and God all around us.

A Missionary's Camp Life in Buenos Ayres is thus described by Mr. Harry Smith, from Mr. Guinness' Missionary Institute in England:

"The most joyful portion of my life in the missionary service has now commenced. At Mate Grande I met, and in the surrounding neighborhood visited, a great many Englishmen, the majority of them being educated men, university men, sons of clergymen, etc. What a contrast camp life is to the life they have been accustomed to lead at home! To maintain a Christian life out here is no easy task. I am *appalled* at the fearful amount of open sin all over the camp. Cheating, lying, and robbing are quite the order of the day; nor are cases of stabbing, or even murder, few or far between. Brother Fletcher and myself retire about dusk every night to the monte (wood) for prayer. The houses are built of mud, with mud floors. The rule is two meals a day in the camp: breakfast about eleven or twelve, dinner at six. I breakfasted with a native the other day, in *a mud hut*, about fourteen feet square, with a hole for a doorway each side, a horse-skin serving as a door, being suspended whichever side the wind blew; an iron pot (such as gypsies use at home) in the centre, cooking the breakfast (the room meantime, of course, full of smoke, which makes the eyes smart so much that I have great difficulty in bearing it). Furniture there is none; we seat ourselves round the iron pot on boxes or anything; my seat was an inverted sheep-trough."

A CHOICE VINDICATED.

(*Continued from page* 111.)

Mr. Stanley's Disappearance Explained.

LORD MORETON was a tall man, and I thought him very handsome indeed, in spite of the slight cast in his eye of which Evelyn had complained so much. But it was so very slight that it was not at all unpleasant, and I wondered that she had considered it such a drawback to his face.

He came up to us as soon as we entered the room, and seemed very pleased to meet Sir William and Evelyn. But we had little time for conversation till the work of the evening was over.

After tea came Lord Moreton's address. It was very simple and very much to the point, and I could see that the poor people felt it. He spoke to them of the love of Jesus, and how He was longing and yearning to save them; how He was following them like the shepherd after the lost sheep, seeking them by night, seeking them by day, seeking them in sickness, seeking them in health, seeking them in their sin and trouble and misery, ever seeking them, ever longing for them to turn round and let Him find them.

And then Lord Moreton begged them to turn round to Him that very night, to leave drink behind, to leave sin behind, to leave shame behind, to turn their back on Satan and all his ways, to turn round to the Good Shepherd, and to say to Him, "Lord Jesus, save *me*."

There were very few dry eyes when Lord Moreton had finished. He did not show his nervousness at all when he was speaking. I fancied that his hand trembled a little but his voice was clear and steady, and he spoke so naturally and unaffectedly that you forgot the man altogether, and became engrossed only with what he was saying. There was something in his quiet, persuasive, pleading manner which it would require a hard heart to withstand. I could see that Evelyn felt it very much, though she made no remark upon it afterward.

When the poor people had left, and only the helpers remained in the room, we had more time for conversation. Then, for the first time, I saw that Lord Moreton was indeed a *very* nervous man. He was so shy and reserved when he first came up to us, that I could hardly believe he was the man who had spoken so easily and naturally to the poor people.

But Sir William soon set him at ease, by telling him of our journey to the East and of some of our adventures while we were there.

"You met a friend of mine in Jerusalem, I think," Lord Moreton said.

"Oh, yes, you mean Mr. Stanley," said Sir William, as if he had never doubted, for a moment, Mr. Stanley's friendship with Lord Moreton. "He proved a capital guide to us; we were sorry he had to leave so abruptly."

"Yes, poor fellow," said Lord Moreton; "it was a very great shock to him."

"What was a great shock to him?" asked Sir William; "we never heard why he left Jerusalem so suddenly."

"Oh, did you not?" said Lord Moreton; "he told me that he had written to you, and I think he was a little disappointed that he did not get an answer. It was on account of his father's illness. I sent him a telegram to tell him how dangerously ill his father was, and he left Jerusalem immediately he received it. But he was too late; his father had been dead some days when he arrived. Poor fellow, it was a terrible time for him!"

"I am really very sorry," said Sir William; "I had no idea that he was in such trouble; it seemed strange to us, as you may imagine, his disappearing so suddenly, and without any reason, so far as we knew."

"Yes, of course it would," said Lord Moreton; "he will be very vexed when he finds his letter did not reach you. He is *such* a nice fellow; he is just like a brother to me. The Stanleys' place is close to ours, so we see a great deal of each other, and of course we shall be more than ever together now that Howard has come into the property; for he will be still more at home now."

"I am very sorry to hear of his father's death," said Sir William again.

"Yes," answered Lord Moreton; "and you would have felt it very much if you had seen his grief when he arrived, and I had to tell him that his father was gone; it was very sad. His mother died a few years ago, and there were no other children, so he and his father have been all in all to each other. Howard was very unwilling to go abroad this year, for he fancied his father was failing a little; but the old man insisted on his going, for Howard had a severe illness just this time last year, and the doctors said he would not be strong again until he had had a complete change. It was very sad, was it not, that it ended as it did?"

"Poor fellow!" said Sir William; "can you give me his address? I should like to write to him, and express my sympathy, and explain why I did not write before."

"Yes, I will give it to you at once," said Lord Moreton, as he took a leaf from his pocket-book, wrote the address, and handed it to Sir William. "Stanley is very busy now, of course, settling his affairs, but in a month's time I have persuaded him to go with me for a run in the Highlands; I am sure it will do him good."

"In the Highlands!" said Sir William; "then you will, of course, come to us on the way, both of you. And remember, we shall not be content with a three days' visit; you must spare us a week or ten days at least."

"Oh, thank you," said Lord Moreton; "that will be very nice!"

"I will write to Mr. Stanley about it to-morrow; just name your own day when your plans are formed; we are expecting no visitors at present."

So it was all settled, and Lord Moreton said good-by to us, for he was to leave town by the early train the next day.

"Well, papa," said Evelyn, as we drove home, "Mr. Stanley was not an escaped convict, after all."

"I never said he was, my dear; I always thought him a remarkably nice fellow; only, of course, his sudden disappearance was a little puzzling and somewhat mysterious. If we had only got his letter it would have been all right!"

Then Sir William changed the subject, by complimenting Miss Irvine on the success of her entertainment, and speaking very highly of Lord Moreton's forcible address.

We went back to Alliston the following week, and, to my great joy, Sir William proposed that I should go at once to the old Manor House at Branston to see Maggie. The aunts were delighted to have me, so I went there the day after I had received their letter. I found everything in the house and around it just the same as when I had left it. The same neatness and order and punctuality and regularity reigned everywhere, and the same kindly feeling pervaded the whole place.

My dear little Maggie was on the platform to welcome me, and John and the comfortable horses were waiting for me at the entrance to the station. The sisters received me with open arms, and with tears in their eyes, and Miss Jane returned thanks at family prayers that night, "for the marvellous escapes, and wonderful preservation in the midst of many and great dangers, which had been vouchsafed to one of their number, during her residence in the land of the infidel and the heretic."

I had much to tell and they had much to hear, and the fortnight passed away all too quickly.

During the second week Maggie and I went for a two days' visit to the Parsonage at Acton. Miss Richards was very anxious to see us again, and wrote me a very touching letter, saying, that if we would not mind spending a quiet day or two with her she would feel it a real kindness, and it would be a great cheer and comfort to her. She did not think her time on earth would be very long, she said; the doctor had told her that she might linger for a few months, but that she was suffering from a complaint which must end in death. "So he says, my dear," wrote the good old lady; "but I would rather say, it must end in *life*—life in His presence, where alone is fulness of joy."

We found Miss Richard very much altered, weak and ill, and fearfully thin; yet still able to go about a little, to look after her housekeeping, and to sit in her easy chair in the garden, with her work or her book.

We had many quiet, happy talks together, and I felt it a great privilege to be speaking to one who was, as it were, close on the threshold of heaven itself.

Mr. Ellis was very much aged, and looked careworn and depressed. He was exceedingly kind to us; but he seemed as if a heavy weight were resting on him, which he could not shake off.

While we were at Acton, Maggie and I went and peeped through the gate of our old home. It looked just the same; it was not altered at all. The rabbits were nibbling the grass on the lawn, the stream was trickling peacefully along, and every bush, and tree, and flower-bed looked just as they had done on that memorable day when I had sat by my bedroom window with Claude's unanswered letter in my hand.

But the home was no longer ours, and even as we looked at it little children's faces appeared at the window of my old room and reminded me of this.

I thought of Miss Irvine's words as I turned away: "What a comfort that there is one home where there will be no parting, and no going away."

That evening, after Maggie was in bed, Miss Richards called me into her room and spoke to me about Claude.

"May, dear, you remember our last talk together before you went away," she said; "you were indeed right, and I was wrong. I would not have you Claude's wife now for the world. You had, indeed, a very happy escape."

"I think I told you we met them in Jerusalem, Miss Richards."

"Yes, and they are still abroad, spending what money they have. It will all be gone soon, and then they will be obliged to return home, and the crash will come."

"What do you mean, Miss Richards?" I asked; "I thought they were very rich."

"So we thought, my dear, and so they thought; but Alice's money has proved a mere bubble. Her father has speculated a great deal, and the whole of her money has gone now, every penny of it. They did not know that when you saw them in Jerusalem; it has come out since. And Claude, you know, has not very much money of his own. It would have been a nice little sum yearly if he had been careful.

"But, oh, the bills, my dear! Scores of them are waiting for him; they send a great many here to be forwarded. I believe that is why he does not come home. But he must come, some time or other; and then his father thinks that more than the whole of Claude's capital will be swallowed up in order to pay his debts. And what will they do then, my dear?"

"I am very sorry to hear it," I said.

"Yes," said Miss Richards, "and this trouble is just crushing the life out of his poor father. I try to comfort him; and I tell him that I hope this trial will be the means, by God's blessing, of bringing Claude to the Saviour. But, though I tell Mr. Ellis so, my dear, I feel very doubtful about it, for Claude has so hardened his heart against all religion, and has so shut his eyes and refused to believe the truth, that I am very much afraid there is not much hope for him. I don't tell his father so; but I have great fears myself that even this trouble will not bring him any nearer to God."

"I was afraid his views were the same," I said, "when I met them in Jerusalem."

"Oh, yes, they are even more pronounced," said Miss Richards; "and he has made his poor little wife almost as great a doubter as himself. She is a nice little thing, very affectionate and good to me; and I feel for her terribly in this trouble. I am afraid it will make great unhappiness between them. I quite dread their coming home."

That was the last time I ever saw Miss Richards. She took a loving farewell of me the next morning, and we both of us knew that, when next we met, it would be in the land where partings are unknown.

I heard of her death, or rather of her entrance into life, only a few weeks after our visit to Acton.

Maggie's aunts were very anxious that I should spend another week with them, before going back to Alliston Hall; but Evelyn had written to me, saying that Lord Moreton and Mr. Stanley were expected on the very day that I had already fixed to return, and she hoped that I should not fail to appear, as she wanted us all to have a good talk together about Jerusalem and our adventures there. I told Maggie and the aunts that I did not like to disappoint Evelyn, but felt that as she wished it I ought to go back at once. I did not say anything of my own feelings in the matter.

I arrived at Alliston Hall just as Evelyn was dressing for dinner. She welcomed me with great joy, and told me that the visitors had arrived, and that I must get ready with all haste, as the gong would soon sound for dinner.

When I was dressed I went into the library, thinking that I was late, and that every one would have assembled, but I found no one there except Mr. Stanley.

I do not know how it was, but I suddenly turned very shy and nervous, and, after shaking hands with him, I was on the point of making an excuse about wanting to get my work, and by this means leaving the room, when he began to ask me many questions about Jerusalem, and I was obliged to stay.

"So I was put down as a suspicious character," he said, smiling, "when I disappeared so suddenly."

"Sir William thought it very strange," I said; "and he began to doubt a little if you were what you said you were." Mr. Stanley laughed.

"And you?" he asked.

"Oh, I knew it would be all right."

"*You* did not doubt me then?"

"No, not at all," I said.

"Thank you."

There was a pause after this, and then he said gravely, "The chisel has been very busy since I saw you last."

(To be continued.)

WITNESS OF JESUS TO JOHN.

S. S. Lesson for March 6th, Luke 7:19-30. Golden Text, John 5:35. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

OUR blessed Lord continued His mission of teaching and healing. In Capernaum He had healed the servant of the centurion without even needing to be present with him; the next day, in the city of Nain, when His disciples were with Him, "and much people," He had raised the widow's son from the dead. "And there came a fear on all: and they glorified God, saying, That a great prophet is risen up among us; and that God hath visited his people." Everywhere the report spread, everywhere men spoke of these wonderful works and of Him who had wrought them, and lips which had long been silent in praise were forced to glorify God; the fallen glory of Israel seemed to be returning, and a great and wide impression was made upon the people.

There was one, however, to whom the cause of God was dearer than life, and yet he was held back from rejoicing with the multitude. John the Baptist had testified of Jesus, "There standeth One among you, whom ye know not. He it is who, coming after me, is preferred before me, whose shoe's latchet I am not worthy to unloose." (John 1:26, 27, 29, 30). How comes it, then, that when his disciples came to him in the prison where Herod had thrown him, to tell him of the works of Jesus, that he sent two of them to Him, saying, Art thou he that should come? or look we for another? How could it be that the faith which had been so strong was now wavering?

Probably John began to reason, "If this were the Christ, He could not be in ignorance of my faithful testimony, He is all powerful, He can do works which I have never done, and His first thought would be to liberate and unite with Him in His work the one who has His cause so much at heart; surely this is a great Prophet, but not the Christ." O how mistaken we may be, when we judge of our Lord by our own experience, when we make our experience the criterion of His faithfulness! It is only as we renounce ourselves and put ourselves out of the question that we can understand the heart of our God. He cares for us even to numbering the very hairs of our heads, but the moment we recommence to care for ourselves, our consciousness of His care, and our experience of it fails, we are like a railway engine run off the rails, and until we are replaced in our true position of nothingness in ourselves, and of being all in Christ, nothing can go well with us.

"When the men were come unto him [Jesus], they said, John Baptist hath sent us unto thee, saying, Art thou he that should come? or look we for another? And in that same hour he cured many of their infirmities and plagues, and of evil spirits; and unto many that were blind he gave sight. Then Jesus, answering, said unto them, Go your way, and tell John what things ye have seen and heard; now that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the gospel is preached. And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me." It had been written, "Be strong, fear not; behold your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense; he will come and save you. Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart; and the tongue of the dumb sing" (Isa. 35:4-6). It was for John to judge whether the credentials of Christ in the works which he did were sufficient to identify Him as the expected Messiah. But how explain the burden which lay upon John's heart that the Lord Jesus passed him over, and seemed, in the exercise of His power, to ignore his case? Jesus gave but one hint, "Blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me." As though to say, "Trust on John, even though it is in the dark, only give place to no doubt whatever thou doest, be not offended in me."

John's mission was completed. He came to prepare the way of the Lord, not to share His ministry. He said himself, "He must increase, but I must decrease" (John 3:30). And now the bitter school of suffering through which he was passing was fitting God's precious instrument for service in another world. It is a blessed thing to serve God, to go hither or thither, "bound in the Spirit" (Acts 20:22), to do a work to which God calls us, but when He no longer has need of us in that special line of service, it is good to know when to draw back, and to be the nothing before men that we know we are before God. He will still employ us, perhaps in a less visible way, perhaps in the ministry of prayer. Any way, let us be at His disposal to do or not to do, and never be offended in Him, because His way for us does not tally with our preconceived plans or ideas.

No sooner were the messengers of John departed, and out of hearing than Jesus "began to speak unto the multitude concerning John. What went ye out into the wilderness for to see? A reed shaken with the wind?" There was no feebleness or vacillation about the strong man who stood in the desert with the axe of the Spirit of God, in the midst of a bowed multitude who were constrained by an irresistible impulse to confess their sins; who hewed down with relentless hand the pretensions of all whose hearts were not right with God, and who did not bring forth fruits of repentance; he was no reed shaken with every blast. "But what went ye out for to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? Behold, they which are gorgeously apparelled, and live delicately are in kings' houses." One might have gone to many kings' courts in vain to find the Baptist, he was no courtier. "The same John had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins; and his meat was locusts and wild honey" (Matt. 3:4).

"But what went ye out for to see" continued our blessed Lord, a "prophet? Yea, I say unto you, and much more than a prophet. This is he of whom it is written, Behold, I send my messenger before thy face which shall prepare thy way before thee" (Mal. 3:1). "For I say unto you, Among those that are born of women, there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist: but he that is least in the Kingdom of God is greater than he." Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Elijah, Daniel, none of these were greater than John the Baptist; the Lord's forerunner takes a first place among the saints of the old covenant.

What, then, does it mean, that he which is least in the Kingdom of God is greater than he? It cannot mean that salvation is more safe, or the forgiveness of sins more sure under the New Testament than under the Old. "The just shall live by his faith," is the teaching of both covenants (Hab. 2:4; Heb. 10:38). The forgiveness of sins, because they are not imputed unto us, is as clear in Ps. 32:2, "Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord will not impute sin," as in 2 Cor. 5:19, "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." Only in the latter passage the light is clearer on the work of Christ, but the superiority of the Christian dispensation does not lie in the forgiveness of sins. In the New Testament we read of "being made partakers of the divine nature" (2 Pet. 1:4), of being begotten and born of God (1 John, 3:9; 5:1, 18), of living not unto ourselves, but unto Him which died for us and rose again (2 Cor. 5:15), of fellowship with His sufferings, of being conformed to the image of Christ, of being crucified with Christ of living, "yet not I but Christ liveth in me." He who knows these things by blessed experience lives in the light and power of the Kingdom of God, and he is greater than John the Baptist.

Alas, instead of humbling themselves before God that they might learn the lesson which the Lord would teach them, we see that although "all the people that heard him and the publicans justified God, being baptized with the baptism of John," yet the Pharisees and lawyers rejected the counsel of God against themselves (or in themselves). not being baptized of him." Not having submitted themselves unto the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins, they would not receive any testimony of God which condemned them. In fact, they would justify themselves at the cost of God's truth, and would reject every doctrine and every witness for God, with which or with whom they had not had personally to do. Oh, how many do thus in our days, measuring every truth and every preacher by their own limited experience! How unwilling is human pride to humble itself and to acknowledge its ignorance, how few there are who love God's truth for its own sake, or rather for His glory's sake, and make themselves an offering and a sacrifice for it!

"The Lord said, Whereunto, then, shall I liken the men of this generation? and to what are they like? They are like unto children sitting in the market-place, and calling one to another, and saying, We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned unto you, and ye have not wept. For John the Baptist came neither eating bread nor drinking wine; and ye say, He hath a devil. The Son of man is come, eating and drinking, and ye say, Behold a gluttonous man, and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." The resources of God Himself were exhausted in the appeals which He had made to such as would not come unto Him that they might have life. Every message was met with an excuse, every messenger received with criticism, there was no bowing of the heart before God, no recognition of the relative positions, which He and His creatures should bear to one another. The holy asceticism of John was attributed to the devil, and when the Lord Jesus was not equally ascetic they blamed Him for not being so, and stigmatized the love which caused Him to enter into the usual habits of men around Him, as being gluttony and drunkenness. And meanwhile their own doom was creeping slowly forward; by every word of reproach against Christ and against His forerunner, they were making more inevitable that casting out into outer darkness which is the portion of those who will not have Christ to reign over them. "But Wisdom is justified of all her children." Wisdom in the Book of Proverbs is but a name for Christ, the children of Wisdom are His disciples. And "if any man be in Christ he is a new creature, old things have passed away, behold, all things are become new."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

A Profound Sensation in Ireland has been produced by a manifesto issued by Mr. Shaw, who was formerly the leader of the Home Rule party, and is Member of Parliament for Cork County. Mr. Shaw is also the head of a banking firm largely trusted by Irish farmers, and is known to be a far-sighted and sagacious patriot. The manifesto he has issued, calls the attention of Irishmen to the situation produced by Mr. Parnell's management, and the *disastrous results* which it has effected. He points out that the agitation Mr. Parnell and his lieutenants stirred up, alarmed the English people, and caused the introduction of a Coercion bill more stringent than any legislative act ever passed; that at a time when, owing to the recent distress in Ireland, an opportunity occurred for obtaining valuable concessions from England in a really good Land bill, Mr. Parnell's conduct, in preventing the payment of rents and intimidating the people, irritated the English upper classes, whose consent and aid were necessary to the enactment of such a measure; and finally when a government was in office composed of statesmen more anxious to do justice to Ireland than any politicians ever in power, Mr. Parnell has done his best to embarrass them and discredit their efforts on behalf of Ireland.

While thus mercilessly exposing the mischievous effects of Mr. Parnell's tactics, Mr. Shaw also gives the Irish people sound practical advice. He earnestly desires the same results Mr. Parnell *professes* to be seeking, and he indicates the course he believes best adapted to secure them. He advises that all illegal acts should be discontinued out of Parliament, and that in Parliament obstruction should cease, and every effort be concentrated on making the Land bill to be introduced, a really beneficial measure. That secured, he would commence an agitation for further reforms, and proceed by gradual steps toward gaining for Ireland complete legislative independence. Whatever may be thought of the object aimed at, and whether it would, if attained, really be beneficial to Ireland, it is clear that Mr. Shaw's plan has in it more wisdom and less hazard than the course pursued by Mr. Parnell.

The Speech of the Emperor of Germany to the new Reichstag dealt principally with the Socialist agitation. The Emperor said the remedy for Socialist excesses must be sought not only in repression, but equally in a positive attempt to promote the welfare of the laboring classes. His Majesty expressed the hope that a measure devised in the interest of mechanics, and called the Workmen's Accident Insurance Bill would be welcomed by the Reichstag as a complement to the legislation against social democracy. In the same category is a bill to regulate the constitution of trade guilds by affording means for organizing the isolated powers of persons engaged in the same trade, thus raising their economic capacity and social and moral efficiency. The attention of the governments of the whole world is directed to movements which like Socialism in Germany, Communism in France, and Fenianism in Ireland, threaten the overturn of society, and are a conspicuous sign of the nearing approach of the end of the present age.

The Pope and James Stephens the Fenian Head Centre, two authorities popularly supposed to exercise a potent influence in Ireland, have both expressed unmitigated disapproval of Mr. Parnell's procedure. Mr. Parnell has offended the Pope by seeking the alliance of M. Victor Hugo, M. Rochefort, and *the French Communists* and anti-clericals. It appears that the Roman Catholic bishops have represented to the Pope that the Land Leaguers are the only true patriots, and are therefore entitled to his sympathy. When, however, the Pope heard of Mr. Parnell's overtures to the Communists of Paris, he obtained a clearer idea of the real principles of the Land League, and expressed "his indignation."

The Fenian chief disapproves of the conduct of the Land League leader on other grounds. He considers "the obstructionist manœuvres in the House of Commons as unworthy of an Irish party, *undignified*, *impolitic*, and calculated to alienate rather than to attract the sympathies of the people. He thought that, having consented to become members of the House, it was their duty to conform to the ordinary rules and not to get up an obstructive opposition which could do *no practical good to the Irish cause*, nor prevent the ultimate action of the government."

Stephens is right in his criticism, but when he proceeded to develop his scheme for the advancement of Ireland he displayed his folly. He expressed his conviction that no benefit will ever be gained from the British Parliament, and that the only remedy for Irish woe was in "a stand-up fight."

Ireland is suffering now, and has suffered for many years, under heavy grievances and national misfortunes, but not the least among these evils are the men who are perpetually agitating for the adoption of impracticable schemes, and rendering her people impatient and discontented.

The British Forces in South Africa have been reinforced by the regiments sent out under Sir Evelyn Wood; but it has been decided not to advance farther into the country until the arrival of other troops expected daily from Cape Town. Hopes are entertained that the war may soon be ended, as the British government is disposed to grant the principal demands put forward by the Boers. Mr. Bright and the Radical members of the cabinet are known to chafe under the charges of inconsistency brought against them by their supporters; both ministers before they took office having denounced the annexation of the Transvaal. The more aristocratic members of the cabinet, on the other hand, insist that the credit of British arms must be retrieved before negotiations for peace can be entertained. The propositions put forward as a basis for negotiation, are that the part of the Transvaal to which the Boers have a fair claim be declared independent, and the remaining and larger part continue to be governed by British administration, and that a British resident be appointed at the capital of the Boers.

Queen Victoria is understood to be strongly opposed to the peace negotiations, and is said to have telegraphed to Sir George Colley, urging him to prompt action. A sudden visit of Mr. Gladstone to her Majesty is believed to have been made with the object of remonstrating with her on the subject.

Rumors of War come From Afghanistan, where the new Ameer is threatened by an armed rebellion under the ex-Ameer Ayoob Khan. It appears that the intention the British Government expressed to abandon Candahar, combined with the successes achieved by the Russian army at Geok Tepe and the advance of the Russian general toward Merv, have been interpreted by the Afghans as an evidence that the power of Great Britain is waning. Ayoob Khan won some popularity by defeating the British troops under General Burrows last year, and his followers have encouraged him to take up arms. He has seized Maimund, and in his alarm the ameer has sent an urgent dispatch to the British government, whose assistance it is supposed he solicits. That disastrous results would probably follow the evacuation of Candahar by the British was foreseen by Lord Napier, who warned the Government that by the act England "would throw the district open to competition, and in case of the return of Ayoob Khan, the nucleus of an opposition to Abdurrahman would be formed and the settlement of the Cabul Government very possibly overturned." The intelligence prompts the opinion that if England proposes to interfere at all in Afghan affairs, she will be obliged to annex the country and hold it by the sword.

A Deadly Foe.—The Rev. W. Taylor was sitting at the table of an Irish merchant in Sligo some time ago. He had eight beautiful children. He had his wine and brandy on the table, and of course asked his guest to drink, and he had to assign his reasons for declining. In the course of his reply, he made the remark: "I would like to see the man who could truthfully say, 'No relative or friend of mine ever fell through intemperance.'" Mr. Taylor saw that this had startled the gentleman, for he remained silent for some seconds.

"Well," said he at length, "I am not that man. My first Sunday-school superintendent was a man of genial spirit and noble mien. He went into the wine-trade, and died a drunkard before he was forty. My first class-leader, I believe, was a good, intelligent, and useful man; but he, too, yielded to the habit of intemperance, and died a drunkard. My own father also suffered through intemperance."

An Outbreak of Turkish Fanaticism is Reported from Beyrout in Syria under date of February 16th, as follows: A Turk murdered a Christian on Sunday last, and a number of Christians thereupon left town and went to their villages, where they were met by Turks, and ten persons were killed in a fight which ensued. There was reewed fighting on Monday, but the result at present is unknown. *Business in Beyrout* is suspended and the bazaars are closed.

Some Curious Financial Arrangements have been disclosed by an inquiry raised in the British Parliament about the Pension list. It appears that pensions are still being paid to the heirs of persons, who many years ago established a claim on the government. Among others, the descendants of William Penn are entitled to an annual pension of $20,000, in compensation for the loss of their *proprietary rights in Pennsylvania*; and the daughter of *the Attorney-General of Florida* drew up to last year a pension in compensation for her father's loss of office when the colony was ceded nearly a century ago. The representatives of the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Marlborough, and other distinguished generals, also draw large pensions in recognition of the services of their ancestors.

Canadian Prosperity, according to a Lecture delivered in London last week by Sir Alexander Galt, a member of the Canadian High Commission appears to be advancing rapidly. He said that the correct imports were equivalent to $87,500,000, the exports, $90,000,000, and that the debt of Canada, on the 30th of June, 1880, was $200,000,000.

A Convicted Counterfeit Coiner was One Day kindly accosted by a well-known London philanthropist in a prison ward, who handed him a tract to read. The convict held down his head as though ashamed, and said, "I knew your voice as soon as I heard you, sir; I have heard you before to-day, sir." "After a few words of explanation, says the gentleman, "I found that we had been at one time members of the *same* congregaton, and had sat under the *same* faithful ministry. I anxiously inquired how it was that he had fallen so low as to become an inmate of a prison. 'A glass of ale, sir, was my ruin, he replied. 'How could that be?' I inquired. 'I was at one period of my life, sir, very intemperate, but was happily led to give up drinking entirely, although I did not sign any pledge, which I now lament. I became a regular attendant at a place of worship, and went on very happily for some years, until one evening I was returning from home, when I met with some friends from Hull. They prevailed upon me to go to the public house to have but *one glass*. Conscience reproved me; but having entered upon the enchanted ground I was readily induced to take more liquor, until I became overcome by it. The next morning I was ashamed to show myself, and left home for Leeds. My old appetite for drink had been rekindled. I became reckless, and joined a set of counterfeit coiners. We were discovered, and now I am about to be transported. Oh, that I had never touched that *one glass*!"

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HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Born in 1811—College and University Career—The "Oxford Union Society"—His Opposition to the "Tracts for the Times"—Appointed to Succeed Dr. Arnold—His Marriage—Accepts the Deanery of Carlisle—Reminiscence of Carlisle—Bishop of London—Archbishop of Canterbury.

Dr. Archibald Campbell Tait, the chief ecclesiastical dignitary of Great Britain, whose portrait appears on our frontispiece, is the youngest son of the late *Crawford Tait, Esq.*, Writer to the Scotch Signet. He was *born* in Edinburgh, on December 22, 1811, and is therefore in his seventieth year.

He was first placed at the famous Edinburgh Academy, and subsequently at the High School, where he showed an aptitude for study beyond the majority of his fellows. In 1827 he went to the University of Glasgow, and by close application, gained an exhibition to Balliol College, Oxford. A number of young men annually proceed from the Scottish to the English universities. There is especially a close connection between Balliol College and Glasgow University. The Glasgow professors have in their gift ten wealthy exhibitions to Oxford; each exhibition is sufficient for a fair academical subsistence, and is tenable for an unusual number of years. These exhibitions have been the means of recruiting Oxford with some of its best scholars, and of introducing into public life many able and celebrated men. The Glasgow career of Mr. Tait was remarkable for its industry, and the success with which that industry was rewarded.

His Oxford course was equally brilliant. He became "scholar" of Balliol, graduated "First Class" in honors, and in due course became Fellow, College tutor, and public examiner. He took his B.A. degree in 1833, and M.A. in 1836. He also for some time became a member of a third university, that of Bonn, on the Rhine. During his residence at Oxford Mr. Tait was one of the most prominent members of that famous institution, the "Oxford Union Society," where, in common with many illustrious statesmen, he gained a clear, accurate, forcible debating style, which has ever since characterized him on the platform and in Parliament.

At the close of his university studies he was *ordained*, and for a time discharged the duties of the *curacy* of Baldon, near Oxford.

When the famous "Tracts for the Times" threw all Oxford, and the whole country, into commotion, and excited the apprehension that many clergymen were abandoning the good old paths, and bending their steps toward the bondage of Rome, Mr. Tait came courteously but fearlessly into the conflict. He was one of the "four Oxford tutors" who drew the attention of the university to "Tract 90," and procured the condemnation of its doctrines. The author of that Romanizing Tract was *John Henry Newman*, now a cardinal, who, by his own perversion, and the perversion of many, through his efforts and example, proved that there was unhappily reason for the fears entertained.

In the midsummer of 1842, on the death of the great and good *Dr. Arnold*, the Headmaster of Rugby School, Mr. Tait was appointed to succeed him. He continued in this important sphere for seven years, and fully maintained and confirmed the exceptional reputation to which this great public school had attained through the beneficial influence of his predecessor. It was while at Rugby that he *married Catherine*, daughter of the late *Archdeacon Spooner*, and a cousin of Bishop Wilberforce, an estimable lady, who until her death, two years ago, entered into the ardorous duties of her husband with zeal, and pursued her multitude of good works for the poor and ignorant with unostentatious generosity.

In the year 1849 Mr. Tait was seized with a severe illness, and *resigned* the Headmastership of Rugby. In the same year he was appointed by *Lord John Russell*, who was then premier, to

THE DEANERY OF CARLISLE.

The parting from Rugby took place with many manifestations of affection and honor. The headmaster took his leave of the school by publishing a volume of sermons which he had preached in the chapel, entitled "Lessons for School Life." In it he said: "The chief reason for my publishing the sermons is that I may leave some memorial of my teaching to those for whose training, during so long a time, I know that I must be called to account. . . . For all connected with the school I can scarcely have a better prayer than that they may be enabled to love Christ, and truth, and goodness with the simplicity of Dr. Arnold."

Whatever a deanery may be to some deans, it was certainly no sinecure to the new Dean of Carlisle. His successor, Dr. Close, afterward declared that he found it hard work to keep pace with all that Dr. Tait did in Carlisle. A dean's chief ostensible duty lies with the fabric of his cathedral. During Dr. Tait's residence there $75,000 was spent in restoring the venerable pile. In delivering a lecture on the subject the dean said: "God knows fine buildings will never compensate for the want of the preaching of the genuine Gospel, and fervent, acceptable prayers may be offered anywhere; but it is not seemly that while great care is taken of our own houses the house of God should be defaced, and speak of ruinous neglect."

The dean and his amiable wife sought to exemplify in their practice the lofty principles which had been indicated in reference to the cathedral. The material fabric of the church was important, but they felt it infinitely more important to build up the living stones of the spiritual Church of Christ. There was a large industrial population at Carlisle, which gave ample scope for evangelistic work. Dean Tait was incessantly among them, praying, exhorting, and preaching with an ardor not excelled by the most laborious parish minister.

Carlisle is associated with the memories of various illustrious dignitaries, such as good Bishop *Percy*, the friend of Johnson, to whom we owe the "Reliques of Border Minstrelsy," and Archdeacon *Paley*, whose "Horæ Paulinæ," and "Evidences" opened up the great argument from coincidences, and the holy, learned *Usher*, the chronologist who, "with his failing eyes, followed the sunset from room to room." The latest memories connected with Carlisle are not unworthy of such associations.

In 1856 *Dr. Bloomfield* resigned

THE BISHOPRIC OF LONDON,

and the Dean of Carlisle was appointed in his stead. The important positions he had already filled so successfully naturally prepared the way for this elevation, while grievous family calamities in the loss of various children by malignant fever (five of his daughters died in five weeks), had obtained for him the sympathies of the Queen and country, and made his appointment peculiarly acceptable. As bishop, *Dr. Tait* showed great zeal for the better spiritual provision of his diocese, and in ten years the "Bishop of London's Fund," through his perseverance, raised no less than a sum equivalent to five million dollars for building and endowing churches in the metropolis. At the death of Archbishop *Longley*, in 1868, Bishop Tait was translated to the see of Canterbury, which he now fills.

Of Dr. Tait's work as bishop and archbishop we have no space to enter into detail. In 1858 he delivered his primary charge, which occupied five hours in the delivery, and the scene in the cathedral was a memorable one. One part of it related to the importance of open-air preaching, and, while bishop, he himself repeatedly preached in the open air, sometimes to weavers at Bethnal Green, and at other times to drivers of cabs and omnibuses at Islington.

As a private gentleman, the archbishop is well known to be most courteous, affable, and sincere. While his Grace resided at Fulham Palace, one of the residences of the Metropolitan Bishop, he gained the esteem and affection of very many of the poor in the Parish of Fulham, and in Lambeth he won golden opinions from its rough but well-meaning inhabitants.

The death of his only son, in June, 1878, and of his wife in December, 1878, evoked much sympathy for him in the more than ordinary domestic afflictions that have beset his path through a long and chequered life.

The archbishop is an effective preacher, earnest rather than eloquent, and seems to use, or omit to use, his manuscript at pleasure. He is, according to his own admission, a "moderate" man; and he has had to arbitrate amid many conflicting interests of *High*, *Low*, and *Broad* Church, and to understand many opposite minds. It has always been his tendency to dwell on the points on which men agree rather than those on which they differ, and by a peculiar and happy eclecticism he has been able to sympathize with what is best in men of all shades of theological opinion.

THE LATE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

Incidents of His Childhood and Youth—Career at Cambridge—First Ministerial Charge—Literary Toils—Narrow Escape—Popularity as a London Preacher—Appointment to the Deanery of Canterbury—Thrilling Incident of Travel—Character as an Author—Death in 1871.

Henry Alford, D.D., the late honored and beloved Dean of Canterbury, was *born* in London, October 7th, 1810, and died January 12th, 1871, at the deanery, Canterbury, having thus attained the age of *sixty* years. He had the inestimable advantage of being the son of pious parents, who were themselves descended from a God-fearing ancestry. Henry knew little of his mother,* for she died when he was about four months old, but the testimony of all who knew her is that she was an amiable, accomplished, and exemplary lady. The meditations and prayers found in her journal indicate no ordinary degree of piety. Who shall say how largely the prayers which ascended from that mother's heart influenced the career of her gifted son?

Henry's father, at the time of his son's birth, was a special pleader of considerable eminence, but shortly after the death of his wife he decided to leave the Bar and enter the Church. Young Henry is described as "a tender, delicate plant," of extreme sensibility. When about four years old, while staying with his maternal grandfather, Mr. Paget, at Cumberford Hall, near Tamworth, he had a *very narrow escape*, to which he often referred in after life. As he was standing on the lawn the scythe of the gardener cut through his little shoe, without touching foot or sock. This shoe was carefully preserved by his aunt as a memento of the providential escape.

Many stories are told of his wonderful precocity as a child. One of his amusements was to make little books, in which, when between five and six years old, he wrote histories or copied texts of Scripture. One of these books was called "The Travels of St. Paul, from his Conversion to his Death, with a Book of Plates," containing three drawings of St. Paul, the Stoning of Stephen, and Saul's Conversion. Under the tuition of his father he appears also at an early age to have made considerable progress in Latin and other studies.

In his eighteenth year he matriculated at Cambridge, and at once, as throughout his university course, gave himself with the utmost earnestness to his studies, and in due time took a wranglership. He was, however, keenly alive to the temptations of his position, as appears in one of his letters to a friend in October, 1829. He says: "It is not so much the gross outward temptations of this or any other place that I have to fear; my inmost feelings recoil and turn with disgust from the brutality and sensuality of many men whom I see around; but it is the insidious undermining, if I may say so, which study and literary habits carry on against the work of God in the soul—the pride of intellectual, philosophical or classical acquirements—it is these I have to dread. Oh, *the chilling influence of literary pursuits and literary society!*" In another letter he says: "What a delightful thing it is, after all the doubts and controversies of science and philosophy to turn to the pure simple truths of Scripture. 'We have all sinned. Jesus died for sinners. Believe and thou shalt be saved.' It is like turning from the flickering and dancing of a meteor to the pure fixed stars that beam forever, and are of a brightness that fails not."

* His mother was aunt of the Rev. M. Baxter, who is, consequently, first cousin to the dean.

On October 27th, 1833, he was ordained in Exeter Cathedral. The feelings with which he entered upon the solemn duties of the ministry, as disclosed in letters to his friends, at this period, and in the entries in his journal, are every way honorable to his heart and to his understanding. Such was his industry that besides attending faithfully to his curacy at Ampton, he found time to instruct a number of pupils, and read for a fellowship at Cambridge, although he regarded the latter as almost hopelessly beyond his reach. His misgivings, however, were not realized. He got his fellowship, and in the following year was presented to the living of Wymeswold, Leicestershire.

Shortly afterward he was married to his cousin, Miss Fanny Alford, to whom he had long been engaged. As the value of the living of Wymeswold at the time of Mr. Alford's appointment was but $550, with an exceedingly poor vicarage, he found it necessary to take pupils and live with every regard to economy.

In February, 1847, he had another

PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

Travelling to Nottingham on horseback, he had proceeded about six miles on the road from Wymeswold, when the horse, which had been recently bought, stumbled on some loose stones and threw his rider over his head. Though much shaken and disfigured, especially about the face and head, he persisted in his intention to give a lecture which had been announced in that town, and accomplished it, notwithstanding the pain. He was, however, compelled to put himself under medical treatment for several days afterward, and his face bore a mark of the accident for the rest of his life. His idea of

WHAT A CLERGYMAN OUGHT TO BE

comes out in a letter, in which he describes the kind of curate he desired to find, when his increasing duties rendered him no longer capable of doing without help: "I want him to teach and preach Jesus Christ, and not the Church; and to be fully prepared to recognize the pious dissenter as a brother in Christ, and as much a member of the Church as ourselves. . . . Above all, he should be a man of peace, who will quietly do his own work and not breed strife."

Having been appointed in 1853 Incumbent of Quebec Chapel, near Portman Square, Mr. Alford removed with his family to London. Here he won great popularity as a preacher, continuing to attract large congregations by his able, eloquent, and soul-stirring discourses, until 1857, when, upon the death of Dean Lyall, he was appointed by Lord Palmerston

DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

It was felt on all hands that his solid learning, chaste eloquence, unbroken integrity, sound churchmanship, and dignified yet courteous bearing, marked him out as specially fit for high ecclesiastical office. His whole career at Canterbury entirely justified the expectations and hopes of his best friends.

In 1861 he made a tour in Italy, during which

A THRILLING INCIDENT

occurred, which is thus described in his journal: "After sleeping at Susa, where we arrived from Genoa at midnight, we started at 9 A.M. to cross the mountains. There had been during the night a tremendous hurricane, accompanied at Susa by rain in torrents, and on the mountains by a deep fall of snow. We had five miles in our carriage, winding up by steep ascents, with splendid views of the valley and Susa, to the first relay. A mile or two higher exchanged our carriage for a sledge, as we were now on the edge of the snow. We very soon came to large drifts quite obstructing the road, and in some cases rising twenty or thirty feet above it; the passing over these was certainly formidable enough, the road itself being *only a ledge; the precipice* cut in zigzags; a great drift had spread itself down over the brow, covering all the zigzags. Along the steep surface of this snow a track had been extemporized, generally sloping considerably outward, and sometimes covering itself by new drifts.

"To keep our sledge from falling over, we had two wild but most efficient fellows from among the Cantoniers of the road to hold us up; and, but for them, we should certainly have been over more than once. At one place just past the barrier at the summit, *we hung partly over the edge*, and the men showed some anxiety, calling out to warn the postillion, and it was not until they had fastened both traces to one side, and pulled us round sideways, that we got right again. At last we began to descend over great plains of snow and through forests of zigzags, which, with our horses reduced to one, we trotted very rapidly down, and arrived mercifully at Lans Le Bay, where we slept at a nasty inn, glad enough and thankful, especially when we heard that last night's diligence, which preceded us, had got into the worst of the storm, and had been turned over down one of the slopes by the force of the wind. It fell sixty or seventy feet, and then rested on the snow, no one being badly hurt."

Some idea of the extent of Dean Alford's

LITERARY LABORS

may be gathered from the fact that the mere list of the works he published occupies sixteen pages of the appendix to his "Life" edited by his widow—a volume of 551 pages, published at Rivington's, London. His fame as an author mainly rests, of course, on his "Greek Testament"—anoble monument of consecrated talent and unwearied industry, which he completed in 1860, after eighteen years of research and toil. It is perhaps not generally known that the dean was a gifted poet, and as such received the high encomiums of no less a judge than William Wordsworth.

On January 8, 1871, he preached as usual in Canterbury Cathedral. On the following Monday he presided over a meeting for organizing a relief fund for the poor. On the Tuesday he was attacked by influenza; congestion of the lungs rapidly supervened, and on Thursday, the 12th, his work was done, and he fell quietly asleep in Jesus. The funeral service, which was of a most affecting character, took place on the following Tuesday, the procession being headed by the mayor and corporation of the city, which never witnessed a more largely-attended funeral. His death caused great sorrow in Canterbury, for he was admired and beloved by all denominations of Christians and all classes.

His sudden death called forth expressions of the deepest respect and regret in every rank of life, from the queen, who sent a most kind expression of sympathy with his widow, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who warmly esteemed him as a friend and fellow-laborer, down to the humblest of those who knew him. A very conspicuous feature in his character was his large-hearted charity toward Christians of other denominations. For Dr. Stoughton, Dr. Allon, Dr. Angus, and other eminent dissenters, he cherished feelings of the most cordial friendship, and lost no opportunity of removing as far as he was able the misunderstandings by which good men of different churches are separated.

THE REVISION OF THE AUTHORIZED VERSION

of the Scriptures, of which the New Testament is now completed, was strongly advocated by him. Dean Stanley says "it is largely due to him. He advocated it while it was still deemed rash and premature. He gave himself to it with all his energy when its necessity was recognized. He was, perhaps, of all the members of the Company for the Revision of the New Testament translation the one that could least be spared."

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

Originally Designed by Lanfranc in 1073—St. Martin's Church—History of the See Before the Time of Lanfranc—The Bible Chained up—Thomas a Becket's Shrine—The Reformation.

THIS splendid edifice as depicted on our frontispiece, was in its present form designed by Archbishop *Lanfranc*, a learned monk of Milan, in the year 1073. Its nave is 514 feet in length, and its transept 130 feet. It has been conjectured that a Christian church stood on the site of the present cathedral during the time that the city was under the dominion of the Romans, and was frequented by such of the soldiery as had embraced the Christian religion; and that *St. Augustine*, on his arrival in 596, found the edifice standing near the palace of King Ethelbert.

The church, which is called

ST. MARTIN'S,

is represented between the two portraits of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the late Dean Alford, on the upper portion of our frontispiece. Its original appearance is not materially altered. It still has a great number of Roman bricks incorporated in its walls, but the interior has been restored, and stained-glass windows have been inserted. It contains a stone coffin or sarcophagus, in which it is said Queen *Bertha*, wife of Ethelbert, lies; and the font—of which the tradition is that in it King Ethelbert was baptized—is a marvellously preserved specimen of Saxon antiquity, surrounded with sculpture.

The *interior* of the cathedral is most striking—the lofty vaulted nave; the long vista of columns lining the aisles; the simple magnificence and vast extent of the Anglo-Norman choir; and the rich effect of the stained-glass windows, filled with the records of prophets, saints and martyrs, and embellished with heraldic emblazonings of princes, priests, and nobles—benefactors to the church—cannot fail to produce feelings of an exalted and sublime nature.

For three hundred years after the consecration of this fabric nothing material is recorded of it, except that the revenues had gradually increased by the successive donations of princes and nobles. The invasion of England by the Danes involved both its civil and ecclesiastical affairs in confusion, and during this period the cathedral fell into decay, for in 934, when Archbishop *Odo* succeeded to the see, many parts of the building and the surrounding walls were in a ruinous state. Three years were occupied by this ecclesiastic in repairing the edifice. In 1011 it was burned to the ground by the Danes, and by the successive labors of the two prelates, *Livingus* and *Ethelnoth*, was rebuilt after the lapse of several years.

In 1043, much of this building was destroyed by fire, and was permitted to continue in the state the fire left it for some years. At the Norman conquest in 1066, Archbishop Lanfranc, rebuilt the cathedral in the Norman style; and, according to early historians, it was made a pattern for succeeding ecclesiastical structures throughout England. In early troublous times a massive wall completely encircled the building; for there was a large monastery in connection with it, and the cathedral was, as it were, a fortress within a fortress, and in the old Saxon times, many quarrels and disputes used to be settled in the church porch. As we stand upon the threshold of

THE NAVE,

there may be seen in the distance the numerous steps leading to the choir. No wonder writers have spoken of "the height and grandeur of the piers branching up from the pavement like some natural forest of stone."

Erasmus tells us that when he visited the nave in his day, he saw sundry *books fastened to the pillars*. In the chapter library, there are some ancient manuscripts and Bibles preserved, of great value.

The *greatest* historical event in the history of the cathedral is associated with the assassination of

THOMAS A BECKET

in 1170. Fifty years after his death the body of Becket, who had been canonized by the pope, was removed from the crypt to the shrine which had been prepared. Two years' notice of the event had been given throughout Europe, and there was such an assemblage on the occasion as had never been known in England. The shrine rested on marble arches, and when its wooden canopy was removed it appeared blazing with jewels and gold. The spot where the shrine stood is exactly ascertained by the mosaic of the pavement. For many years the concourse of *pilgrims* from all parts of Europe was immense, and well-nigh incredible. In 1520, Henry VIII. and the great *Emperor Charles V.* of Spain visited the shrine.

THE REFORMATION

came, and then this monstrous mass of superstitious observances crumbled away.

CROSSING THE RIVER.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached on Sunday Morning, February 27, 1881.

"And the priests that bear the ark of the covenant of the Lord stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground, until all the people were passed clean over Jordan."—JOSHUA 3 : 17.

The Passage of the Jordan—Associations of that River—I. Obstacles Touched, Vanish—A Beautiful Indian Tradition—The Jordan of Death—Dying Grace—John Livingston's Death—II. The Completeness of Everything that God does—The Tree of the Universe—A Complete Bible—The Kiss of God on the Soul—A Complete Saviour—III. Rivers of Difficulty to be Crossed—The Grapes Always on the Other Side—Illustrious Examples—The Last River Crossed One by one—Barefoot—Comfort for the Bereft—"Would You Call Them Back?"—Echoed Answers.

WASHINGTON crossed the Delaware when crossing was pronounced impossible; but he did it by boat. Xerxes crossed the Hellespont with two million men, but he did it by an extemporized bridge. The Israelites crossed the Red Sea, but the same orchestra that celebrated the deliverance of one army sounded the strangulation of the other. This crossing in my text is different from all those. It was without the loss of a human life. It was without the loss of so much as a linchpin. It seemed as if the waters were driven away. As the priests, who were the vanguard of the army, came down and touched the brim of the river the waters fled away, and then it was as if all the dampness had been sponged off, as though the road by a towel had been wiped dry. The streets of Jerusalem were not more dry than the depths of that river.

Yonder go the army of the Israelites, the armed men in front, followed by the wives, the children, the flocks, and the herds. As they come down into the midst of the river, and the waters pile up in crystal wall, the passing multitudes look up and think of the peril if that wall should fall before the march is completed, and the people get to the other side the bank amid the tamarisks and the oleanders. And so I think the mothers hugged their children closer to their hearts and hastened their pace. Quick now, get up on the other bank, all the host, the armed men, the wives, the children, the flocks, the herds, lest this which seems to be a triumphal march, end in awful catastrophe.

Seated this morning on the shelving of limestone we look off upon the river, this wonderful river that Joshua crossed under rainbow arch woven out of the spray—the river which afterward became the baptistry where Christ was sprinkled or plunged—the river in which the borrowed axe-head miraculously swam at the prophet's order—the river illustrious in the world's history for heroic faith and omnipotent deliverance, and typical of scenes to transpire in your life and mine, scenes enough to make us from sole of foot to crown of head thrill with gladness.

I. Standing this morning by the affrighted and fugitive river of Jordan, we learn in the first place that

OBSTACLES TOUCHED VANISH.

The priests came down at the head of the Israelitish host, and they did not wade in chin deep, or chest deep, or knee deep, or ancle deep; they just with the foot touched the rim of the water, and Jordan fled. So it is with a great many of the obstacles in your life and mine. They are tremendous in the distance, but when we advance upon them, when we touch them with our courage, they are gone.

Paul and John in the Scriptures seemed to have especial antipathy to *cross dogs*. Paul says in Philippians, "Beware of dogs;" and John seems to shut the gate of heaven against all the canine species, when he says, "Without are dogs." But I have been told that when those ferocious animals come upon you, if you can keep your eye upon them they retreat. Whether that is so or not I cannot say, but this I know, that many of the troubles and annoyances of life which hound you, if you will only turn upon them, and as they advance upon you, you advance upon them and you keep your eye of courage upon them and cry, "Begone!" they will slink and cower.

There is *a beautiful tradition* among the American Indians that Manitou was travelling in the invisible world, and that he came upon a hedge of thorns, and after a while he saw wild beasts glare upon him from the thicket, and after a while he saw an impassable river; but as he determined to proceed, did go on, the thorns turned to be phantoms, the wild beasts a powerless ghost, the river only the phantom of a river. And it is the simple fact of our lives that the vast majority of the obstacles in our way disappear when we march upon them. Jordan touched vanishes.

You see some duty in the future you do not want to perform. "Oh," you say, "I haven't the physical courage for it, I haven't faith in God for it, I can't do it, I am not competent for the circumstance!" Go right on and do your whole duty, and the obstacles will be gone. The waters touched vanish. What is true when we are well and in great prosperity, we imagine may not be true in the last hour of life. How many there are who are afraid of *the Jordan of death!* If I should ask all those Christians in this audience, who have no fear or agitation about the crossing from this world into the next—if I should ask all such persons to rise up, there would not be twenty persons in the house rising up. Why, it is not your time to die. God never gives dying grace until you are going to die. We might as well expect martyr's grace when we are not called to be martyrs. It is in the Jordan in the distance that is so terrible. When you come up to it it will depart. That is going to be true in all your histories—not one exception—of those who are the children of God.

Good John Livingston used to have a great horror of leaving this world. He was in a sloop coming from Elizabethport to New York, and there came a sudden gust of wind, and the probability was that the sloop would be destroyed, and the most affrighted man on board was John Livingston, and many were surprised that so good and gracious and glorious a man as John Livingston should be affrighted under such circumstances; but when at last that man was called to die, he was as calm as a child asleep on a bank of flowers. It is death in the distance, not death close by, that affrights the Christian. Jordan touched vanishes.

So it will be when your last hour comes. I say it in utter confidence. I know it will be so. Christ, your priest, with bruised feet, will go ahead of you. He will put his feet to the brim of the water, and you will follow. The waters will fly and you will go through dry shod on beds of coral and flowers of heaven and paths of pearl.

"O! Could we make these doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes,

Could we but stand where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er
Not Jordan's stream, or death's cold flood
Could fright us from the shore."

II. Looking off upon this strange crossing of the river, I also learn

THE COMPLETENESS OF EVERYTHING THAT GOD DOES.

When the Jordan was bidden to halt, you would have supposed it would have overflowed and devastated the country. That would be the natural law. Halt a river in its march to the sea, and you destroy the country. But when God built an invisible dam across the Jordan so it halted, he built at the same time an invisible dam on either side the Jordan, so that the context says the waters stood up—stood up—they reared in their march. It was *a complete miracle*, complete in every respect, just like God's work, always complete.

But you would have said, "If the waters of the Jordan are drawn off it does not make any difference though there be two or three feet of water, the Israelites can easily wade through, and they will come up with saturated garments on the beach as people came up from a shipwreck." No, it was better than that. You would have said, "If the waters of Jordan are drawn off, then there will be a bed of mud and slime through which the Israelites must pass. Draw off the waters of the Connecticut or the Hudson, and there would be a bed of mud and slime impassable. It would take days and weeks for it to dry up." But lo! the completeness of the divine miracle. The waters fly. The bed of the river is perfectly dry. They go through dryshod.

Oh! the completeness of everything that God does. Does He build a universe, it is a perfect clock running ever since it was wound up. Fixed stars the pivots, constellations the intermoving wheels, and ponderous laws the weights and mighty swinging pendulum. The stars in the dome striking midnight, and the sun with brazen tongue tolling the hour of noon. The wildest comet has on it the chain of a law it cannot break. The thistle-down that flies before the school-boy's breath is controlled by the same law that controls a whole universe. The rose-bush in your window is controlled by the same law that controls *the tree of the universe*, on which stars are ripening fruit, and on which God will some time put His hand and shake down the fruit. It is *a complete universe*. No astronomer has ever suggested an amendment.

Does God make a Bible, it is

A COMPLETE BIBLE.

Standing amid its dreadful and delightful truths, you seem to be in the midst of an orchestra, where the wailings over sin, and the shoutings over pardon, and the martial strains of victory, sound like the anthem of eternity. It seems like *an ocean of truth* on which God walks, sometimes in the darkness of prophecy, and sometimes in the splendor with which He walked on Galilee—apostle answering to prophet, Paul to Isaiah, Revelation to Genesis. *A complete book*. It is the kiss of God on the soul of lost man.

Does God provide a Saviour, He is *a complete Saviour*. God, man—divinity, humanity. He set up the starry pillars of the universe. He planted the cedars of Lebanon. He quarried the sardonyx and the chrysolite and the topaz for the wall of Heaven, putting down jasper for the foundation, and heaving up amethyst for the capstone, and made the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. A mighty Saviour, and yet a sympathetic Saviour. In one instant He thought out a universe, and yet, held by His mother's hand. All Heaven adoring Him, yet on earth called "this fellow." Angels folding their wings over their faces and bowing before Him, holy, holy, holy, yet called a sot and a blasphemer. Rocked in a boat on Genessaret, and yet He it is that undirks the lightning from the storm-cloud and dismasts Lebanon of its cedars. Rubbing His hand over the place where you have an ache or a pain, and yet the stars of Heaven the adorning gems of His right hand. Holding us in His arms when we take the last look at our dead; sitting beside us at the tombstone, and while we plant roses there, He plants consolations in our soul. Every chapter a stalk. Every paragraph a stem. Every word a rose. A complete universe. A complete Bible. A complete Saviour. A complete Jordanic passage. Everything He does is complete.

III. Again: I look off upon the wonderful scene of my text and I learn that between us and everything bright and beautiful and useful and prosperous, there is

A RIVER OF DIFFICULTY

that we must cross. "Oh!" said the Israelites to Joshua, "I wish I could get some of those grapes." "Well," said Joshua, "why don't you cross over and get them." The grapes are *always on the other side*. You have got to cross over to get them. That which costs nothing is worth nothing. God puts everything valuable a little out of our reach, that we may struggle for it. For the same reason He puts gold deep down in the mine, and pearls deep down in the sea, to make us dig and dive. We all understand that in worldly things. Would God we understood it in religious things.

Nobody is surprised to read that Cornelius Vanderbilt blistered his hands rowing a ferryboat. Nobody is surprised to read that A. T. Stewart used to sweep out his own store. You can think of those who had it very hard who have now got it very easy. Their walls blossom and bloom with pictures. Carpets that made foreign looms laugh now kiss their feet. The horses neigh and champ their bits at the doorway, the gilded harness tinkl-

ng with silver, and the carriage rolling away like a eautiful wave on New York life.

Who is it? It is the boy who had all his estate lung over his shoulder in a cotton handkerchief. he silver on the harness of the advancing span is etrified sweat drops. That beautiful dress is the aded calico that God ran His hand over, and it ecame Turkish satin or Italian silk. Those dia-nonds are the tears which suffering froze as they ell. There is always a river of difficulty between is and anything that is worth having.

There was a river of difficulty between Shake-speare, the boy holding the horses at the London Theatre for a sixpence, and Shakespeare, the world's dramatist winning the applause of all nations by his incomparable tragedies. There was a river of difficulty between Benjamin Franklin, with a loaf of bread under his arm trudging along the street of Philadelphia, and Benjamin Franklin, the philosopher, outside of Boston, playing kite with the thunderstorm. An indolent man was cured of his indolence by looking out of the window at night into another window, and seeing a man turning off one sheet of writing paper after another sheet of writing paper until almost the daybreak. Who was it that wrote until the morning? It was Walter Scott. Who was it that looked at him from the opposite window? Lockhardt, afterwards his illustrious biographer.

It is push and struggle and drive. There are mountains to scale, there are rivers to ford. Lord Mansfield, pursued of the press and pursued of the populace, said, "if a man die in behalf of the law and liberty of his country, he cannot die too soon." And there has been struggle for everybody that gained anything for themselves, or gained anything for the Church, or gained anything for the world. We all understand it in worldly things. Why can we not understand it in religious things?

You think it is a mere accident that that old Christian knows so much about the Bible. Why, he was studying his Bible when you were reading your primer. He got strong by running the Christian race. In fifty Solferinos he learned how to fight. In a shipwreck he learned how to swim. It was by pounding at the anvil of trouble that he became swarthy. Then when this Christian goes on and gets across all these other rivers of difficulty there is the River of Death still.

Lieutenant Molineaux explored the Jordan, and he said he had several boats all split to pieces *in the rapids of the Jordan*. Some parts of the river are very dangerous, and he had his boats completely destroyed in trying to explore the river Jordan. And the River of Death has destroyed many, many, many. There is a gurgling in the water, there is a moaning in the air, there is a thunder in the sky, and God seems to write, "I will tread them in My wrath and trample them in My fury."

To some it seems a dreadful river to cross, but now here is the Christian coming. It is time for departure. He has crossed all the other rivers and here is

THE RIVER OF DEATH.

His priest, the Lord Jesus Christ, with bruised feet, goes right on ahead of him, and he comes to the water, and his breath gets shorter and shorter, and his last breath is gone as he touches the wave. But then all the billows toss their plumes and begin to sing: "O! death where is thy sting? O! grave, where is thy victory?" God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more sea, and there shall be no more death.

What a matter of congratulation it must be to those Israelites that they not only got through themselves but their families with them. Here are the fathers and mothers climbing up the other bank, and here are their families coming right on with them. O! my brother, my sister, will it not be grand, will it not be glorious, if we pass through ourselves in safety, and all our loved ones besides!

I was some time ago seated at *my table at home*, and my family were all there, and I said, "What a beautiful thing it would be if we could all get into one boat, and I could be the oarsman, and we could just pull away across the River of Death; all start together, all go together, and all land in Heaven together." That is not the way. It would not do to substitute our ignorance for God's wisdom. It is one by one, one by one. *My mother*, in her dying moments, said to my father —they had been married sixty years—"father, wouldn't it be pleasant if we could both go together?" But no: it was two years apart. It is one by one.

Some of us who were brought up in the country remember when the summer was coming, warm summer weather, in our boyhood we used to ask mother to let us go barefoot, and we remember just the sensation when we put our uncovered foot upon the soft dust and the cool grass. And the time will come when we will cast off these sandals which we must wear because there are so many sharp places on the road of life, we will cast off these sandals, and with unsandalied foot we will step on the soft bed of the river. Then with one foot in the bed of the river, with the other we will spring up on the other bank, and

THAT WILL BE HEAVEN.

It will not be a breaking down; it will be a lifting up, it will be an irradiation as was beautifully illustrated when the Christian husband was dying and he said to his wife, "how that candle flickers, Nellie; put it out. I shall sleep well to-night and waken in the morning."

Oh, how much comfort there is in this subject for all the bereft! You see our departed are not swamped in the waters, are not submerged. They have crossed over. That is all crossed over. The Israelites were just as certainly alive on the eastern bank of the Jordan as they were on the western bank af the Jordan, and our departed Christian friends are just as certainly alive now as they were before they crossed the River of Death. The respiration easier. The sight keener. All their aches and ailments left this side. An impassable barrier put between them and all human and Satanic pursuit.

Crossed over. Not sick, not dead, not obliterated, not blotted out, but crossed over. Ought I not congratulate you, the bereft, at the thought that your friends are safe in Heaven?

I see by the papers last night that the *Australia* has been out now a good while, and I believe is nine days over due, and there is a great deal of apprehension about the *Australia*. And I remember a few years ago there was a great deal of apprehension about the *City of Brussels*. She was overdue. She left New York harbor for Liverpool. I think there were eight or ten days that she was overdue, and there was a great deal of apprehension on the part of the friends here about their friends on board that ship. The general impression was all through New York and in England, that the *City of Brussels* had gone down. But one day the news flashed from Liverpool: "the *City of Brussels* is coming up the harbor."

What a time of rejoicing it was in New York! Did we not do well to congratulate the people who had friends on board that they had got across safely, that they landed in Liverpool safely? How heartily we shook their hands in congratulation, and am I not right in congratulating you. O! Christian bereft, that your friends have got safely over? They have not gone down. They are harbored, crossed over. You would not call them back, would you? If you had the capacity would you call them back? Would you call your aged parents back? Did they not have a struggle long enough? Was not the journey tedious enough? Did they not have ailments and sicknesses enough? Would you call your Christian father, your Christian mother back, if you could? You would not, you would not.

WOULD YOU CALL YOUR CHILDREN BACK?

Perhaps it would not be safe for the Lord to trust us with the power. But I do not think we could afford to call our children back, to call them back to temptation and struggle, for life under the very best circumstances is a struggle. We could not afford to call them back. What, would we have our departed friends cross the Jordan three times? Is not once enough? In addition to the crossing they have already made, would we have them cross back again? And then after many years had gone they would have to cross over again to the other side, for surely you would not want to keep them forever out of Heaven. You would not want them to cross three times. The poet says:

"Pause and weep, not for the freed from sin,
But, that the sigh of love would bring them back again."

I ask a question and the answer comes back in heavenly echo, "Will you never be sick again?" "Never—sick—again." "Will you never be tired again?" "Never—tired—again." "Will you never sin again?" "Never—sin—again." "Will you never weep again?" "Never—weep—again." "Will you never die again?" "Never—die—again."

O! ye army of departed kindred, I hail you from bank to bank. Wait for us. When our work is done meet us half way between the willowed banks of earth and the palm groves of heaven. There is one old hymn that rings through your soul to-day while I am preaching, words consecrated by many a dying lip, words we tried to sing at my father's departure, but all the voices broke down at the close of the first verse, broke in emotion:

"On Jordan's stormy bank I stand
And cast a wishful eye to Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie,
O! the transporting, rapturous scene that rushes on my sight,
Sweet fields arrayed in living green and rivers of delight."

A Queen Forbidding Rum.—The Christian Queen of Madagascar has taken a strong position on the temperance question. Under a former treaty with France importations of rum were allowed. She has now forbidden her people to drink it, and faithfully warned them of the evil consequences; and, in their presence, she caused the barrels of rum assigned to her as *revenue* to be broken, and the contents poured out upon the sand. "*I cannot*," she says, "*take a revenue from anything that will debase and degrade my people.*" What a lesson her conduct furnishes to professedly Christian governments who derive millions of dollars annually by revenue from the sale of intoxicating liquor.

"Mad" Sailors.—**Miss Hendenstrom, whose** work for Christ among Swedish sailors is well known, relates the following interesting incidents: Carl Lundelius, a young Swede of twenty years of age, has been converted lately. An old shipmate had been in the habit of going to the casino called "Jolly Sailor" for the sake of the dancing, and one evening found himself without money to pay for going in; so strolling along the highway he was passing the "Strangers' Rest," and went there. He was much impressed, and the following morning went to the ship and said to Carl Lundelius that he knew of a place a thousand times better than the "Jolly Sailor," and invited him to go there with him. After some discussion it was arranged that they should go to the Rest that same evening, as it began at seven o'clock, and he was told he could come out in time for the dancing at eight o'clock. They went, but when eight o'clock came neither moved from his place, and on leaving, when passing the "Jolly Sailor," Carl Lundelius wondered how there could be such a place, and on going on board prayed that God would show him Himself. He afterward told me that the words I had quoted from the story of the Prodigal Son, "I will arise and go to my father," had first led him to ponder. We prayed together, and he then and there decided for Jesus. On his return to the ship he immediately began to bear witness, but stood quite alone, and was pronounced *mad*. He asked me if there were not a Christian man in the Home who could accompany him, and when I said "No," he said, "But why not pray that one may be converted?" which we did, and the prayer of faith was answered *on the second day*. He then suggested that we should pray that his captain should take the new convert, and this also was answered, the captain testifying to the efficiency of Carl Lundelius, but regretting that he was *mad, because he spoke so much of Jesus*. Carl wrote to his father and mother, telling them of the change, and urging them to trust in Jesus.

TOUCHES OF REAL LIFE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Lady Hope, of Cariden.

(*Continued from page* 119.)

Mrs. Hutton's Forebodings—A Prayer for Etta—The Family Gathering—The Empty Seat—The Influence at Work—A Knitted Shawl—Bible Study—A Spiritual Tonic.

THE Rector's gardener was spared the difficulty of a reply to Miss Aleth's comprehensive question; for before the bell had stopped ringing the fleet-footed child was at the doorstep, and in less than five minutes seated at the luncheon table.

When the gardener went home to his dinner he said to his wife:

"It is a rare pity about the shed. I don't know whatever the master has been saying in the house about that there fire last night. Little Miss Aleth has been talking about it, out there at the houses."

"My dear, I do wish you wouldn't have nothing to do with it at all. It will real vex the rector some day; and you know you've been here such a many years; and the cottage is very comfortable an' all. I don't know *what* I'd do if you was to get yourself into trouble."

Thus the wife replied. She was a thin, careworn, anxious-looking woman, who gave one the idea of hanging always half over the edge of misfortune before she came into it, instead of resting, as her husband did, in the fields of content on the other side.

"You ought to be called Mrs. Fearing," said her husband; "nobody ever did be so frightened about a thing as you are. Poor old dear!" he added consolingly, "I hope you won't be like this in heaven, and all the bright angels singin' and praisin' round you. 'Twould be a shame!"

To this sally she made no answer; while he continued more gravely:

"They went to Him '*without* the camp, bearing *His* reproach.' *He* was a poor man, wife. Our Jesus was that; and He didn't have only a garden, or a mountain, or a upper room to meet *His* friends in, and have a bit of prayer like me."

Thus the colloquy ended. Both continued in the same mind, which, as the usual result of argument, was not to be wondered at. But the gardener went back to his work strengthened and refreshed by the precious verse he had himself quoted. Chiming like a peal of hope, these words remained with him that November afternoon and many a long day after.

While Mr. Clemence of Ferncroft had been in his seat at the School Committee, his wife was sitting in her pretty drawing-room with her Bible and her knitting. Presently she laid down her knitting, and covered her face with her hands. She was praying.

"Lord!" she said, "if it be Thy will that I should help that dear girl or any other member of her household in this time of their sorrow, I am ready to do it. 'Here am I, Lord! send me.' Oh, reach their hearts! Grant them Thy grace to love and serve Thee. Give them light in the midst of this dark cloud, and use them for Thy glory!"

At the same hour old Mike was praying also. By both she was remembered; but she did not know it. It was the hour of the usual family rendezvous after dinner, when, in happier days, Arthur's voice had added its deep, rich tones to many a song, and his pleasant conversation and genial manner had been the source of so much delight to those who now, clothed in their sable garb, met night by night without him. Sad indeed it was! each felt the blank.

While the heartless sympathy of many a frivolous acquaintance would use the words in writing or personal address, "Sad loss!" the pain of bereaved hearts resented the intrusion, from the sense of inadequacy in such empty sentences to express the real blank from which they were suffering. The old songs had lost their sweetness, the duets and solos sounded harsh and cold, and rang out funeral notes that cost so many tears and so many painful thoughts, that by common consent the evenings had lost their pleasant garniture, and were dull and quiet enough.

Mr. Fennicker would read out bits from the newspaper. The girls would subside into a sofa or easy-chair, with an absorbing novel or fancy needlework; while their mother generally held in her hand some soft wollen garment in process of creation for one or another of her sons or daughters. But generally now the needles lay idle, and her husband would try to rally her with a sad smile, calling her industry "a figure of speech."

On this night, a strong impulse seemed to draw Etta away from the drawing-room party and up into her little room. There, closing her door, she yielded to the fascination of solitary thought. It was food to her—comfort; and these were so precious, so utterly necessary to her, that, almost unconsciously, at any price she would secure them.

As her heart was drawn into its nearest approach to communion with God, sitting there in her armchair this evening, by the light of the fire, how little she knew that a mighty influence was being exerted for her in two different parts of the little town at that very moment—an influence to which she was herself then succumbing, and beneath which she was finding both strange and novel sensations. It was an influence, too, that was descending from a Higher Heart—a Heart of Infinite Love, who had seen those solitary sighs, and knew the grief, for He had borne it once; and HE had imparted His own intercessions to each of those praying ones.

"Come down and make tea, Etta!" called a voice at the door, after an imperative knock.

Etta went downstairs, filled her post, and then retired to the farther end of the room, where she was seen diving into a huge ottoman, which was known as a family store of wools of various kinds.

"What is Etta doing?" asked one of the sisters.

"Looking for some fleecy wool," was the reply; "or, if there is none of it left, for some yarn or Scotch fingering."

"There must be some of that," replied pretty Marion, the father's special pet; "for there was some left the other day when I made papa's cuffs. How much do you want?"

"Oh, just a little," said Etta.

"Etta's replies are indefinite," interposed Fred.

When Etta returned to her seat she was asked, as she expected, the next question—

"What do you want it for?"

"Oh! just to try if I could make something," was her evasive answer.

In her head, or rather her heart, an idea was fluttering, that surely *something* warm and comfortable might be created from the superfluous contents of the great ottoman, by her own hands for the troubled family that had enlisted her sympathies that afternoon.

Before she went to bed something like a square knitted shawl had got into shape on her ivory needles. Counting her stitches, and closely following the directions of an old knitting-book that she had also rummaged out, the evening passed much quicker than usual; and, for the first time since Arthur's death, she almost sighed when stern half-past ten broke up the party, and bedtime asserted its sway.

By her own fire Etta drank deeply into the Living Word that night, and the early hours of morning found her engrossed in the same study.

These were some of the thoughts that clustered like precious gems about the pages of the Book she read—

"Occupation!" she had thought, as she opened it. "I can no longer waste my time; nor can I spend an objectless eternity. I have been 'redeemed' myself. I am commanded to 'redeem the time, because the days are evil.' But what occupations shall I choose? How shall I spend my time?"

And then she searched, like a wise servant, for her Master's directions on that point.

Taking the word "Occupy" as her starting-point, Etta found to begin with at least *one* very simple direction.

"Occupy till I come," the lord had said, as he gave the talents in charge to his various servants before he left their sight. Here *length* of service was accurately given—"till I come," said the Master—but its *kind* was not touched upon! How strange! she thought, that it should be so direct a precept, and yet so undefined! For want of some human friend at her elbow, feeling sorely her lack of knowledge—"a babe in spiritual wisdom," as she often called herself—she fell on her knees, and asked in simplest words—

"Lord! teach me this. How can I tell Thy will? How can I know it?"

And then, as she looked and read again, the evident reality flashed full upon her, as though some dark lantern had been suddenly opened over the verse; or as though a curtaining fog had been as suddenly lifted, and the all-luminous rays of a golden sun had been shed over the sacred landscape, and it was plain.

"Clear as daylight!" she soliloquized, and covered her face with her hands.

There it was, in all its *indefinite definiteness* that is so peculiar to the writings of our Divine Teacher.

She saw it now! though she could not have put her revelation into words.

"He has left a blank for *me* to fill up!" she softly whispered. "Occupy—what? My time? Yes. He shall have it all. I yield it now, *completely*, to my Saviour, who has the highest right to it, because He purchased me."

"Occupy—what?" she continued, following her new line of thought, "my thoughts? Yes. He shall so dwell in my heart, that my very *thoughts* become His own—the passage-way for His footsteps, the channels for His blessing." And then the lovely verse she had discovered lately in her Bible stole into her memory, "Ye have the mind of Christ." Memory, imagination, affection, plans for the future, sad and joyous thoughts, hopes and fears—must they all become His? Yes, Lord, I give them all to Thee, because Thou hast loved me better than Thy life! and I love Thee in return."

How powerfully the Lord of her choice was drawing her heart to Himself that night! It was, indeed, one of the many green oases she had stumbled upon lately in her solitary chamber. But she had not yet exhausted the full nourishment of her new-found plot of "green pasture," nor had she sipped away the entire honey of this tiny blossom that grew so freshly for her in God's great garden.

"Occupy," she still pondered, "my desires with Him. 'One thing have I *desired* of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in His temple.' I do *desire* to know more of Jesus. I want to see His face, and to understand His will, and He will surely satisfy me. Nothing is so painful to me as restless cravings, or wishes unfulfilled. Oh, how often I wish I had Arthur here to help me! Dear Arthur! . . . or even any kind friend. Lord, teach me to occupy my desires with Thee!" Thus she prayed.

Tired though she was with the simple effort of yielding to strong spiritual impulse, all unaccustomed as her heart had been to its exercises until within the past few months, she could not but turn one glance to the thought—

"Occupy—what? My home for Jesus. Yes; and my neighbors' homes, too! God grant it my be so!"

In spite of her fatigues to-night, Etta laid down to rest with the exquisite sense of nearness to God upon her that she had never before so clearly enjoyed.

Her awaking the next morning was under the influence of a strong tonic, so invigorated and refreshed did she feel, and so ready for a speedy return to those pages.

The morning light flooded her Book with fresh promises, casting a halo of brightness about the newly-born day, that she had not hitherto experienced.

Thus Etta's days passed on with their varying, chequered lights and shadows. But each was now tinged, though sometimes very faintly, by that brightness which emanates from the Sun of Righteousness.

(*To be continued.*)

Vol. III. of the Christian Herald and Signs of our Times, bound in cloth, containing all the numbers for 1880, with a complete index, is now ready. Price, $3, including postage.

THE LATE REV. DR. JOBSON.

THIS esteemed Wesleyan minister, whose portrait we give this week, expired on January 4th, at the age of sixty-nine. He was born in the cathedral city of Lincoln in the year 1812. He received a good early *education*, and was designed for the profession of an architect. He was articled to Mr. Willson, gentleman in Lincoln, England, and during the time he remained in his house received much literary instruction from the Roman Catholic clergy, who were on intimate terms with Mr. Willson's family, but he remained intelligently stanch and true to the Protestant faith. His course in life was presently diverted by *conversion* to God through the instrumentality of a pious mother, who was a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Society.

This change of mind and heart led to his entering the ministry in 1834, and for nearly half a century was most indefatigable in the preaching of the Gospel of Christ. His ingenuous character and conspicuous gifts were early appreciated, and as a striking proof of the high estimation in which he was held, nine out of the fifteen years of service which he rendered in London circuits were spent at City Road Chapel, the archiepiscopate of Methodism.

He was universally distinguished as a powerful *preacher*. He had a well-modulated voice, and delivered his message with an earnestness which has been described as irresistible and overwhelming. One who often heard him during his first term in the City Road circuit has said that though his sermons were not then so mature as they afterward became, yet they were richly evangelical, and were delivered with much pathos and with great tenderness of appeal. He was even then a man greatly beloved. He had not been long in the ministry when he was admitted to the counsels and the friendship of the leading men of the Connection. He was a worthy and loyal disciple, in whom there glowed a true love for Methodism, and that love was increased by his early contract with the fathers of the Connection.

In the year 1856 he was selected from among his brethren to accompany his fellow-citizen, Dr. Hannah, as a deputation to the General Episcopal Methodist Conference in the United States. He afterward published, in a volume of great interest, an account of what he heard and observed in this country, which was illustrated with graphic sketches from his own facile and graphic pencil. Such was the impression produced in America by his sermons and addresses that one of the universities conferred upon him the honor of a doctor's degree.

Dr. Jobson has also been officially connected with chapel building and schools for ministers' sons, the Theological Institution at Didsbury, relief and extension funds, and day-school education, and has acted as clerical treasurer for the Foreign Missionary Society, and Book Steward. He was in some respects a remarkably old-fashioned Methodist ; and was opposed to the introduction of laymen into the Conference. During his last paralytic attack the grace of God abundantly sustained him ; and the joy which had been his in life was his also in death.

SOME RECENT CABLEGRAMS; Viewed in the Light of Prophecy.

Ireland's Separation Foreshadowed—Mr. Parnell's Visit to France—The Land League and the Commune—A Mighty Army—The National Contingents—Secret Societies—A Powerful Engine—Adapted to Napoleonic Traditions—Degraded Imitation of Christ.

ONLY a few weeks of the year have passed away, yet during that time the intelligence the cable has brought of events occurring on the other side the Atlantic, cannot fail to have impressed the thoughtful Christian observer with the conviction that some of the most remarkable changes predicted in the Bible are close at hand. Not the least conspicuous of these items of news, relates to the state of Ireland. Many years ago the Rev. M. Baxter, in his pamphlet entitled *Coming Wars* expressed the belief, founded on his study of prophecy, and confirmed by the conclusions of other prophetic students, that Ireland would eventually be legislatively separated from Great Britain.

Although that separation has not actually taken place, we have seen that the British Parliament after *sitting eight weeks* has not been able to give any attention to pressing affairs of state. Irish members have obstructed its proceedings, and the affairs of Ireland have monopolized its attention. Many intelligent Englishmen have in consequence been prompted to ask the question, whether the interests of the kingdom would not be promoted, and greater harmony secured, if the legislation exclusively Irish, were referred for consideration to a legislative assembly in Ireland, subject to the confirmation or veto of the queen.

A second noteworthy incident considered in the light of prophecy is the visit Mr. Parnell recently paid to Paris. We are led to expect as a sign of the approaching crisis a rapid development of socialistic communism, one of the three unclean frog-like spirits proceeding from the mouth of the dragon (Revelation 16 : 13). The mission on which the leader of the Land League went to the French capital was practically the formation of an alliance between the Irish Land League and the French Communists. While in Paris Mr. Parnell had several interviews with the editors of communistic journals, among them M. Rochefort. The negotiations have not been published, but that they were successful, may be inferred from the fact that articles appeared in those journals, soon after Mr. Parnell's visit, espousing the cause of the Irish agitators and denouncing British rule.

It had been suspected from the outset that

THE LAND LEAGUE AND THE COMMUNE

were nearly identical in principle ; both being an organized movement against the rights of property. The mode of operation differed ; the Communists preferring open insurrection and a desperate fight at the barricades, while the mode adopted by the Land League is Boycotting and connivance at, if not instigation to, cowardly assassination. The difference was believed to be mainly one of circumstance and temperament, and not of principle. The fact that Mr. Parnell, casting about for allies, finds them among French Communists confirms that belief. Socialistic communism may now therefore be regarded as *the banner of a large army*, of which one wing is composed of German Socialists, a second of French Communists, a third of Russian Nihilists and a fourth of Irish Land Leaguers.

A third characteristic of the present day is one which has not attracted much observation. Lord Beaconsfield, who is a close observer of men and things, has, however, both orally and in his published works called attention to it, as an ominous sign of the times. It is the rapid spread of

SECRET SOCIETIES.

It is a startling fact that in all lands exist, societies whose proceedings are kept a profound secret, and to which members are only admitted under solemn oaths of secrecy and fidelity—oaths which if broken render the perjurer liable to a horrible death. In some of these societies the door of the room in which they meet is always guarded against intrusion by a man *armed with a drawn sword*.

There is no doubt that the object of many of these societies is purely beneficent. They are designed to render help and succor to members in adversity and to their families if bereft of their head. But there is no guarantee that such societies may not be perverted to other and far different purposes. They are now independent of each other, though they bear so close a resemblance that they might be combined or federalized under one executive by a carefully-prepared scheme.

More than one student of prophecy has asked the question, whether, in the existence of these secret societies, flourishing side by side with the political and social movement of Communism, there is not the key to the mystery of the rapidity of development we are led to expect, in that incarnated principle of consummate evil, Antichrist? Whether or not that may be the means used, it is obvious that a cunning daring genius, such a one as the two specimens already furnished by

THE NAPOLEONIC RACE,

might find there an engine of irresistible power. Could he, by craft, centre in himself, on the Napoleonic principle of plebiscite, the executive power of all these societies, orders, and organizations, scattered all over the earth, his power would surpass that of any living potentate. By constituting himself first a servant, then a representative, and finally a master, as Napoleon I. and Napoleon III. did in their plots against the French Republic, he might eventually exercise world-wide sway, interposing, as the Popes of Rome once did, between subject and sovereign in every land. His edicts might be registered and executed in every clime, from pole to pole, and from east to west, and he might by an extension of the Boycotting principle (in which one branch of the mighty army is already proficient), prevent any man buying or selling who had not "the mark of the beast" (Rev. 13 : 17).

Such a scheme too would not be inconsistent with at least one characteristic of the prophetic description of Antichrist. Prophetic expositors believe that he will be a degraded imitator of the Saviour ; a being who to deceive the people will adopt the plan of Christ's kingdom, prostituting it to unholy ends. Christ gathers to Himself a people out of all lands, who give allegiance in temporal affairs to their respective temporal sovereigns, but consecrate their supreme fealty, the homage of their souls, to the King of kings. Antichrist might follow the same principle, until his power became consolidated and tested. He might at first wield the sceptre of a kingdom within a kingdom, until in the fulness of time he considered the hour had come for the revelation of himself in his true diabolical character.

While students of prophecy differ on this obscure subject of the rise and development of Antichrist, now that the signs of the times indicate the approaching end of the age, attention is naturally drawn to that strange potentate of the last days. Suggestions more or less plausible are constantly being made, and it is certainly by no means the most improbable, that the variety of secret societies now existing, and the attempted alliance of revolutionary schemes, such as the Land League of Ireland with the Commune of France, constitute a means which Antichrist may utilize to gather up the scattered strands of power and weave them into a cable wherewith to girdle the entire world.

Mrs. M. Baxter, together with some Lady-helpers, is holding meetings in Cologne, Germany, where the densest ignorance prevails as to the sin of man, and redemption through Jesus Christ. The city has a population of 135,000, most of whom profess Roman Catholicism. Mrs. Baxter's meetings are largely attended by women and girls, some of whom are factory girls, who come for the most part with the intention to disturb by loud laughing, shouting, pushing, bad language, etc,

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Re-apportionment Question in the House of Representatives was referred on, February 25th, to a joint committee of five members of each party in the hope that a basis of compromise might be arranged. The committee, however, has hitherto failed to come to any agreement. The subject was also discussed at a Republican caucus in Washington, at which it was resolved to oppose any scheme which fixed the number of members at a lower figure than 319. Mr. Cox's bill fixes the number at 307. Considerable expense will be incurred if the matter is not settled before the State Legislatures adjourn. *The River and Harbor Appropriation Bill* as amended passed the Senate on February 26th. The sum appropriated for the purpose of the Bill is eleven and a half millions.

Vigorous Efforts were made by an Influential section of the Republican party at Washington last week to amend the features of the Refunding Bill, to which the banks and business men are opposed. The Senate amendments were under consideration in the House Committee on Ways and Means, but an impression prevailed that it would pass in substantially the same state as when it previously left the House. The section which encounters the most determined opposition is the fifth, which requires national banks to replace the bonds now on deposit, which are paying the high rate of interest with *the new bonds*, which will only pay three per cent, and refuses them permission to deposit greenbacks instead. It is thus an enactment making the purchase of the new bonds compulsory on those banks which have a bank-note circulation. Should it pass in its present state an effort will be made to induce the President to veto the bill, although it is thought improbable that Mr. Hayes will venture on such a step at this juncture of affairs.

Intense Excitement in Wall Street was Produced on Friday last by an unusual financial stringency. The supply of money in the market was so small that the rates asked for advances were higher than at any time since the panic of 1873. The scarcity was caused by the action of national banks in various parts of the country who, alarmed by the provisions of the Refunding Bill as it now stands, desired, while opportunity remained, to deposit large sums in the treasury, to enable them to curtail or wholly withdraw their bank-note circulation. Over twelve million dollars were thus deposited in six days. The city banks for their own protection were compelled to call in the money they had lent to dealers, and to reject applications for new loans. Offers were freely made of a commission of one per cent per day in addition to the ordinary rate of interest. So stated, the rate does not convey a clear impression of the crisis; but when it is realized that the offer meant 371 *per cent interest for the use of money* and that that amount was actually paid in the New York market for advances, the stringency may be appreciated.

The difficulty of obtaining money prompted a general desire to realize securities at any price, and quotations fell with ruinous rapidity. Apprehension of serious financial disaster was prevalent, and rumors were circulated that heavy failures were imminent. The Secretary of the Treasury was notified by wire from New York that the financial situation was very threatening, and that, unless a large purchase of bonds was authorized, the result would probably be disastrous. Mr. Sherman had no desire to see his administration, now so near its close, associated with a panic, and although he has little sympathy with the action of Congress in the matter, he promptly took measures to relieve the prevalent anxiety. A dispatch was published at the sub-Treasury stating that the government would redeem bonds to a large amount on presentation, and the worst features of the situation were gradually allayed.

The actual relief effected by Mr. Sherman's announcement was not large, but its moral influence was enormous. It was accepted as an evidence that the Secretary would use all the means at his command to counteract the action of the banks, and a feeling of confidence soon took the place of alarm. The magnitude of the danger thus temporarily averted will doubtless operate as a warning to Congress against lightly experimenting with financial questions.

The Laws of South Carolina Indicate that a desire for social and moral reform is prevalent in that State. There are many Northern States in which such laws as have been passed in the Palmetto State might be introduced with advantage. Among these reforms are stringent laws against duelling, the restriction of the causes for which divorces may be obtained; the prohibition of all liquor licenses outside of incorporated towns and villages; and the discontinuance of railroad trains on the Sabbath, so that the railroad employés there are allowed to enjoy their rest day. If these laws are faithfully executed, South Carolina will be one of the model States of the Union.

Senator Carpenter of Wisconsin Died in Washington on February 24th. He had been suffering from "Bright's Disease" for more than a year, but had been able to attend to his professional and Senatorial duties until about three weeks ago, when he was prostrated by an attack of pneumonia, which aggravated his chronic complaint and ultimately proved fatal. Mr. Carpenter was born in Moretown, Vt., in 1824. He was first elected Senator from Wisconsin in 1869, but was not re-elected at the end of his term. He was again chosen after a severe electoral struggle in 1879. He was a man of very brilliant abilities, and many of his speeches elicited the commendation of our most eminent men. One of his best known efforts was when, in February, 1877, he appeared before the Electoral Commission as an advocate of the legal election of Mr. Tilden to the Presidency, giving his attention particularly to the Louisiana election. He disclaimed all political sympathy with Mr. Tilden, saying that he had voted against him and would do so again if he were a candidate, but he "*believed that he was elected, and therefore appeared in the case.*"

A Gift of Two Hundred and Forty Thousand dollars was made last week in money and real-estate by Mr. George I. Seney, President of the Metropolitan Bank of New York, for the purpose of founding a hospital in Brooklyn. Mr. Seney placed the gift at the disposal of the Methodist Episcopal Church, wishing the new institution to be a Methodist General Hospital, but he stipulated that its benefits should not be confined to members of that Church, but be open to Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Roman Catholic, heathen and infidel on the same terms. Mr. Seney said, in the course of conversation with a reporter: "I suppose that other gentlemen will come forward in time and lend their hand in organizing this charity. I have given this money *because I wanted to do good* and because I believed that the time had come for our Church, in addition to building churches and endowing educational institutions, to do its share in hospital work. This is only one instance of Mr. Seney's well-known munificence. Only four weeks ago he gave $50,000 to found a library in Brooklyn, and he has previously given away enormous sums for other public purposes.

The Obelisk brought from Egypt to this country by Lieutenant Gorringe, was officially presented to the city of New York on Washington's Birthday by Secretary Evarts on behalf of the United States. It was presented to the government by the Khedive of Egypt, and the expenses of removal and erection in New York, amounting to $102,576, were defrayed by Mr. William H. Vanderbilt. On the medals struck to commemorate the occasion, the inscription states that the obelisk was "quarried at Syene, and erected at Heliopolis by Thothmeus III., and was re-erected at Alexandria under Augustus." Thothmeus III. is said to have flourished 3500 years ago, but the obelisk bears an inscription by a Pharaoh of later date, believed to have been *the Pharaoh of the time of Moses.* The companion obelisk to the one erected in New York was given to England, and three years ago was erected on the banks of the Thames. The obelisks were originally set up to commemorate the victories of the Egyptian monarchs.

An Effort to Suppress New York Gambling-houses has been inaugurated by President French, who called all the police inspectors and captains together at Police Headquarters on February 24th, and told them plainly that they must suppress gambling in any form in their precincts or take the consequences. Mr. French informed the captains they must make up their minds to do one of two things—either secure the evidence to convict gamblers or make their life such a burden that they would be glad to leave the city. The captain who failed to carry out this programme "might hereafter *expect to get hurt.*" He would, in the judgment of the Board, have proved conclusively his unfitness for his position.

The Mormon Question has been Pressed upon the attention of the President-Elect by Governor Murray, of Utah, ex-Governor Woods, of San Francisco, and Judge McBride, of Salt Lake City, who went to Mentor at the invitation of General Garfield to give him full information regarding the state of affairs in Utah. Governor Murray is said to have presented his views clearly and strongly. General Garfield invited him to come to Washington after the inauguration for another conference on the subject. Governor Murray was a comrade-in-arms with General Garfield in the war for the Union, and their relations are those of cordial friendship.

An Interesting Effort to Promote Temperance reform has been made by the Selectmen of Brockton, Mass., who during the past year tried the experiment under the Excise law of controlling the sale of intoxicating liquors. One member of the Board took out a license, and no other licenses were granted. The licensed store was entitled "*the Dispensary;*" a competent person was engaged to carry on the business, and the establishment was opened under the direct supervision of the Board. No sales were made to be drunk on the premises, nor to drunken, partially drunken or irresponsible persons.

The report of the result issued by the Selectmen, states that drunkenness has decreased, and that the town has profited by the sale of liquor to the extent of $4505. There is no doubt that this and similar measures of modified reform prevent many of the evils of the drink traffic, but the cancer is too deeply rooted to be cured by any but thorough and more radical measures. The system tried at Brockton is a pet project of the English minister, Mr. Chamberlain, who has advocated it ineffectually in the British Parliament, and in his native town of Birmingham, England.

The Widow who a few Weeks ago Asked the prayers of the readers of the CHRISTIAN HERALD in behalf of her wandering and almost ruined son, begs leave to return thanks to God for the return of that dear son in answer to the prayers offered. She also asks prayer that the lad's mind and health may continue to improve, and that he may again be a comfort and honor to his family, and be able to resist every temptation to sin.

A Sunday-school Teacher Died in his class Trenton, N. J., on February 13th. The First Presbyterian School of Trenton had just been opened with the usual devotional service when Mr. Wesley Titus, for many years a leading merchant in the city, died suddenly from heart disease. He had gone to the school, where he had been a teacher for many years, and just as he was about to commence teaching, *he expired* in the presence of his class. He was about sixty years of age.

Locusts in 1881.—The Following Curious facts in reference to these pests are given in the New York *Observer:* "There are two breeds of periodical locusts, one appearing once in seventeen years and the other once in thirteen years. The earliest appearance of the seventeen-year locusts in this country, so far as the records go, was in 1634, at Plymouth, Mass., and they have never failed to appear once in *seventeen years* ever since. Both breeds will appear this year, but not in the same localities. Professor Riley, the entomologist, says that the locusts will abound about June in Wisconsin, West Virginia, and probably in Maryland, Virginia, and the District of Columbia. They may also appear, he says, in North Carolina, in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Westchester County, N. Y. The professor says that the thirteen-year brood will probably be seen in Southern Illinois, in Missouri, Louisiana, Arkansas, Indian Territory, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, North and South Carolina. The two kinds of locusts differ very little in appearance.

Four Lunar Dogs is the Strange Subject of a telegraphic account of a spectacle visible at Denver, Col., on February 14th. The "dogs" are mock moons, an illusion produced by the light shining through a fleecy cloud in which are suspended multitudes of minute ice crystals. The first noteworthy appearance was that of a corona caused by the diffraction of the rays of light in passing between the globules of condensed vapor in the cloud, and the "dogs" appeared where the circles intersected. Four years ago, on December 23, 1876, a similar phenomenon was observed at Denver, except that it was then *a solar halo*, consisting of two concentric circles, with nine "dogs" or mock suns, and the spectacle was the admiration of the entire population.

A Gigantic Enterprise has been Undertaken, according to a telegram from Jacksonville, Fla., by a firm of contractors. They propose to reclaim *twelve million acres* of lake bottom and marsh land in Florida, and adapt it for sugar plantations. The Everglades, covering 3600 square miles, and Lake Okechobee, covering 700 square miles, form part of the region to be drained. The magnitude of the undertaking may be estimated by the fact that the area in question is nearly fourteen times the size of that which was reclaimed in the Netherlands of Europe by a system of dykes which is the wonder of the world.

Dancing as a Road to Vice.—A Methodist preacher recently stated at a ministers' meeting in Cleveland, O., that "a Roman Catholic bishop of New York, in conversation with a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, made the startling statement that the work of the confessional revealed the fact that *nineteen out of every twenty women* who fall and are lost can trace the beginning of their sad state to the modern dance."

A Minister's Degradation.—In an Address Dr. Fulton recently delivered, he said: It is not two years ago since he was invited to preach in a certain church in Jersey City. While in the company of the pastor he noticed that the latter's breath smelled of wine. He confessed that he had in disobedience to St. Paul's injunction to Timothy taken "a little wine for his stomach's sake." He was a most brilliant scholar and in every sense an ornament to the Church. But he had gone on from small beginnings till he had broken down the barriers of prudence and discretion one by one, and the end was not far off. He was soon reduced to a mental and physical wreck and went to San Francisco. Three weeks ago this unfortunate man called on Dr. Fulton begging for $5 to get his overcoat out of pawn. For months previously he had been sleeping in the very lowest and cheapest lodging houses in New York. Hundreds of other cases could be cited, Dr. Fulton said, were it not a work of supererogation. He did not think that any one was so inexperienced with the habits of man not to perceive the danger that lurked in the wine cup. The only safeguard to be found against its polluting power was to let it severely and entirely alone, and not by homœopathic and infrequent doses at the beginning to familiarize one's system and constitution with its stimulating sway, and in that manner lay the foundation for a life of misery, degradation and ruin. There should be no compromise tolerated with such a poisonous habit. A man should not tempt fate, and those who would lead abstemious lives should put the wine cup out of sight and out of mind completely and forever.

A Series of Revival Services will Commence at the Brooklyn Tabernacle on March 14th. Dr. Talmage announced on Sunday last that arrangements had been made with Mr. Philip Phillips, the singing Pilgrim, who has *sung his way around the world*, to assist in the work. There will be a corps of exhorters from the Tabernacle congregation who will deliver addresses and aid Dr. Talmage in the services, and Mr. Phillips will be assisted by a choir of two hundred voices. The first service will be held at a quarter to eight on March 14th, and will be repeated every evening as long as the Lord may indicate. This remarkable religious campaign will, it may be hoped, receive the blessing of God, and many earnest prayers are being offered that His Spirit may be poured out abundantly.

An Interesting Reminiscence in Connection with the late Hon. Fernando Wood, related by Rev. Joseph McKee, appears in *The Christian Intelligencer*. Mr. McKee was leaving his church in Sixth Avenue, New York, one Sunday after morning service during Mr. Wood's Mayoralty, when an elderly lady, who had been waiting on the sidewalk, stepped hastily up to him; and, said with deep emotion: "Reverend sir, I feel that I must stop and thank you for praying for my son to-day." Mr. McKee did not know the lady and asked for an explanation. She replied, "Why, my son—the Mayor of the city. Your prayer for him was such a comforting and strengthening reinforcement of my own. Oh, sir, *if the ministers and Christian people would only all pray for him*, I am sure it would strengthen him for his great responsibilities and temptations. *He is the child of many prayers.* And I want to thank you again, and to ask you to keep on praying for him."

An Ocean Patrol.—The Perils to which ocean steamers have been exposed during the present season, from which the utmost care and the best seamanship could not exempt them, leads the *New York Times* to suggest the preventive measure of placing steamers to patrol the great highway between this city and Liverpool. England and the United States, whose commercial interests are so greatly involved, could easily afford some such expedient to diminish the risk of ocean travel, and to relieve unexpected casualties, as well as the anxieties of those who have committed friends or treasure to the treacherous deep.

Another kind of patrol might also do much good. The frequent loss of precious souls in the busy life of our great cities suggests the thought of *a city Christian patrol.* Young men come from the country to make their fortune, but who suffer eternal loss, who might by the blessing of God be rescued if some kindly Christian man became their friend.

A Party of Children, One Hundred in Number, have been furnished with homes in the West by Mrs. John Jacob Astor through the agency of the Children's Aid Society. Seventy-six of them were sent to Iowa, Missouri, and Kansas, and the remainder, who were large boys, were placed with farmers in Virginia. The whole number of homeless little ones thus provided for by Mrs. Astor is 813. The expense to her has been over $11,500.

A Portrait and Life of the Rev. Professor Broadus, D.D., of the Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky., will appear in next week's CHRISTIAN HERALD. Copies should be ordered through newsdealers, not directly from this office.

THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT: JOY.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, delivered on Lord's-day Morning, February 6, 1881.

"But the fruit of the Spirit is joy."—GALATIANS, 5 : 22.

A Right Royal Virtue—Total Abstainers from Joy—Despondency the Fruit of Indigestion—Joy the Genuine Fruit of the Spirit—I. It is Brought Forth—Ourselves, Witnesses—Proved by Church History—II. It is of a Singular Character—Ripens Under Remarkable Circumstances—Consistent with Conflict—Indescribable — Rational Joy — III. Experienced under Various Forms—In Hearing the Word—In Doctrine—In God—In Ordinances—In the Salvation of Others—In the Divine Will—A Joy in Rheumatism—In an Easy Conscience—In Anticipating the Coming of Christ—IV. Its Growth may be Checked—By Competing Joys By Unbelief—By Little Sins—Joy Lives at No. 2—V. It Should be Carefully Cultivated—Cruet-carriers—A Grandfather's Christmas Day.

OBSERVE, "the *fruit* of the Spirit," for the product of the Spirit of God is one. As some fruits are easily divisible into several parts, so you perceive that the fruit of the Spirit, though it be but one, is threefold, nay, it makes three times three—"love, joy, peace; longsuffering, gentleness, goodness; faith, meekness, temperance," — all one. Perhaps "love" is put first not only because it is *a right royal virtue*, nearest akin to the divine perfection, but because it is a comprehensive grace, and contains all the rest. All the commandments are fulfilled in one word, and that word is "love;" and all the fruits of the Spirit are contained in that one most sweet, most blessed, most heavenly, most God-like grace of love.

As for joy, if it be not the first product of the Spirit of God, it is next to the first, and we may be sure that the order in which it is placed by the inspired apostle is meant to be instructive. The fruit of the Spirit is love first, as comprehensive of the rest; then joy arising out of it. It is remarkable that joy should take so eminent a place; it attains unto the first three, and is but one place lower than the first. Look at it in its high position, and if you have missed it, or if you have depreciated it, revise your judgment, and endeavor with all your heart to attain to it, for depend upon it this fruit of the Spirit is of the utmost value. This morning, as I can only speak upon one theme, I leave *love* for another occasion, and treat only of joy.

I know some whom I am very far from despising, but whom on the contrary I greatly value, whose religion, sincere as I know it is, is sadly tinged with gloomy colors. They are afraid of assurance, for they dread presumption; they dare not speak of their own salvation with the certainty with which the Bible saints were wont to speak of it; they always say "I hope" and "I trust." They would seem to be *total abstainers from joy;* they are suspicious of it lest it should be carnal excitement or visionary hope. They hang their heads like bulrushes, and go mourning all their days, as if the religion of Christ knew no higher festival than a funeral, and all its robes were the garments of despair. Brethren, *despondency is not the fruit of the Spirit.* Make no mistake: depression is frequently *the fruit of indigestion*, or of satanic temptation, or of unbelief, or of some harbored sin, but "the fruit of the Spirit is joy."

Constantly looking within your own self instead of looking alone to Christ is enough to breed misery in any heart. I have also known gloomy expressions to be the fruit of affectation, the fruit of the unwise imitation of some undoubtedly good person who was of a downcast spirit. Some of the best of men have had a melancholy turn, but they would have been better men if this had been overcome. Imitate their many virtues: take the pot of ointment and pick out *the dead fly.* O my brethren, look well to it that ye bring forth the genuine, holy, sacred, delicious fruit of the Spirit, which in one of its forms is "joy."

I. In speaking upon this joy I shall notice, first, the fact that

IT IS BROUGHT FORTH.

We know this to be the fact because *we our-*

selves are witnesses of it. Joy is our portion, and we are cheered and comforted in the Saviour. "What!" say you, "are we not depressed and sorrowful at times?" Yea, verily; and yet what Christian man or woman among us would make an exchange with the gayest of all worldlings? Your lot is somewhat hard, my brother, and sometimes your spirit sinks within you; but do you not count yourself to be, even at your worst, happier than the worldling at his best? Come, would you not take your poverty, even with your mourning, rather than accept his wealth with all his hilarity, and give up your hope in God? I am persuaded you would: you would not change your blessed estate for a monarch's crown. Well, then, that which you would not change is a good thing, and full of joy to your heart.

Brethren, we experience extraordinary joys at times. Some are of an equable temperament, and they are almost to be envied, for a stream of gentle joy always glides through their spirit. Others of us are of a more excitable character, and consequently we fall very flat at times. Ay, but then we have our *high days and holidays*, and mounting times, and then we outsoar the wings of eagles. Heaven itself can hardly know more ecstatic joy than we have occasionally felt; we shall be vessels of greater capacity there, but even here we are at times full to the brim of joy—I mean the same joy which makes heaven so glad.

Besides our own witness, the *whole history of the Church goes to show that God's people are a joyful people.* I am sure that if in reading the history of the first Christian centuries you are asked to point out the men to be envied for their joy, you would point to the believers in Jesus. There is a room in Rome which is filled with the busts of the emperors. I have looked at their heads: they look like *a collection of prize-fighters* and murderers, and scarcely could I discover on any countenance a trace of joy. Brutal passions and cruel thoughts deprived the lords of Rome of all chance of joy. There were honorable exceptions to this rule, but taking them all round you would look in vain for moral excellence among the Cæsars, and lacking this thing of beauty they missed that which is a joy.

Turn now to the poor,

HUNTED CHRISTIANS

and read inscriptions left by them in the catacombs; they are so calm and peaceful that you say instinctively—a joyous people were wont to gather here. Those who have been most eminent in service and in suffering for Christ's sake have been of a triumphant spirit, dauntless because supported by an inner joy: their calm courage made them the wonder of the age. The true Christian is a different type of manhood from the self-indulgent tyrant; there is almost as much advance from the coarseness of vice to the beauty of holiness as there is from the chimpanzee to the man.

Now, if in the very worst times God's people have been a happy people, I am sure they are so now. I would appeal to the biographies of men of our own day, and challenge question as to the statement that their lives have been among the most desirable of human existences, for they possessed a joy which cheered their sorrows, and sustained them in the hour of death.

With some Christians this fruit of the Spirit is perpetual, or almost so. I do not doubt that many walk with God as Enoch did throughout the whole day of their life, always peaceful and joyful in the Lord. I have met with some dear brethren and sisters of that kind whose breath has been praise, whose life has been song. How I envy them, and chide my own heart that I cannot always abide in their choice condition. It is to be accomplished, and we will press forward till we are "always rejoicing." But with others joy is not constant, and yet it is frequent.

David had his mourning times, when tears were his meat day and night, and yet God was his exceeding joy. How thankful we ought to be for the portrait of David's inner self, which is presented to us in the Book of Psalms. With all his down-castings, what joys he had: David was, on the whole, a joyous man. His Book of Psalms has in it lyrics of delight; the gladdest hymns that ever leaped from human tongues. David is, I believe, the type of a great majority of the people of God, who if not "always rejoicing" are yet often so.

Please to recollect that the utmost fulness of joy could hardly be enjoyed always in this mortal life. I believe that the human frame is not in this world capable of perpetual ecstasy. Look at the sun, but look not too long lest you be blinded by excess of light. Taste of honey, but eat not much of it, or it will no longer please the palate. Let your ear be charmed with the Hallelujah chorus, but do not dream that you could endure its harmonies all the hours of the day; before long you would cry out for *eloquent pauses*, and sweet reliefs of silence.

I was struck with the remark of Ebenezer Erskine when he was dying, and some one said to him, "I hope you have now and then a *blink* to bear up your spirit under affliction;" he promptly replied, "I know more of *words* than of *blinks*;" that is to say, he had rather trust a promise of God than his own glimpses of heaven; and so would I. The word of God is a more sure testimony to the soul than all the raptures a man can feel. I would sooner walk in the dark, and hold hard to a promise of my God than trust in the light of the brightest day that ever dawned. Precious as the fruit is, do not put the fruit where the root should be. Please to recollect that, Joy is not the root of grace in the soul, it is the fruit, and must not be put out of its proper position.

II. Secondly, this joy is

OF A SINGULAR CHARACTER.

It is singular for this reason, that *it often ripens under the most remarkable circumstances.* As I have already said, the highest joy of Christians has often been experienced in their times of greatest distress. Tried believers have been happy when smarting under pain, or wasting away with disease. Sick-beds have been thrones to many saints; they have almost feared to come out of the furnace, because the presence of the Lord in the midst of the fire has made it none other than the gate of heaven to their souls. Saints in poverty have been made exceeding rich, and when they have eaten a dry crust they have found a flavor with it which they never discovered in the dainties of their abundance.

It is a singular joy, too, because *it is quite consistent with spiritual conflict.* He that is an heir of heaven may cry, "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" and yet, ere the sigh is over, he may sing, "I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; struggling, yet always victorious; cast down, but not destroyed; persecuted, but not forsaken; troubled, and yet all the while triumphant; such is the mingled experience of the saints. Oh, this is the wondrous grace, this joy which can live side by side with conflict of the sorest sort.

This joy is special because *at times it is altogether beyond description.* One who was of a sober disposition called it "joy unspeakable and full of glory." "Full of glory!" That is a wonderful expression. A drop of glory is sweet, but, oh, to taste a joy that is full of glory—is that possible here? Ay, and some of us bear witness that it is so: we have felt joy that we dare not tell, and could not tell if we dared: men would turn again and rend us, condemning us as utterly fanatical or out of our minds if we were to cast these pearls before them; but, oh, if they could guess what delicious draughts are held within the jewelled chalice of divine communion they would be ready to wade through hell itself to drink from it. Our joy is altogether unspeakable joy at times.

One more singularity there is in it, for *it is all the while solid, thoughtful, rational joy.* The joy of the ungodly is like the crackling of thorns under a pot, noisy, flashy, but soon over. The ungodly man feels merry, but really if you come to look into his mirth there is nothing in it but flame without fuel, sparkle without solidity; but the Christian's joy is such that he has as much reason for it as if it were *a deduction from mathematics.* He has as just a right to be joyful as he has to eat his own bread: he is certain of his pardon, for God has told him that a believer in Christ is not condemned; and he is sure of his acceptance, for he is justified by faith. He knows that he is secure for Christ has given him eternal life, and said that His sheep shall never perish. He is happy, not for causes at which he guesses, but by infallible reasons plainly revealed in God's Word. This makes him joyful in the Lord when others wonder that he is so, for he perceives arguments for happiness which are unknown to the thoughtless crowd.

III. Thirdly, I would now refresh your memories, and by the help of the Spirit of God bring back former joys to you: this joy is

EXPERIENCED UNDER VARIOUS FORMS.

Sometimes he experiences it in *hearing the word:* it is written concerning Samaria there was great joy in that city because Philip went down and preached the Gospel to them. Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound. However, joy of hearing lies in *believing* what you hear. We get joy and peace in believing. When you get a grip of the word, when the glad tidings becomes a message to your own soul, and the Spirit speaks it to your own heart, then you say, "Go on, man of God. Your sermon will not be too long to-day, for the Lord is laying it home to my soul." *The reason why people grumble at long sermons* often is because they do not feed on them. Very seldom the hungry man murmurs at having too big a meal.

But what joy there is, dear friends, in *the salvation of God* when we heartily receive it. Oh, how we bless the God of our salvation, and how we praise him that he hath saved us from our sins and from the wrath to come, by giving us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace, by the sacrifice of His dear Son. Frequently we revel in *the privileges of the covenant.* The joy of my heart when I think of the doctrine of *election* is quite inexpressible. That hymn which begins—

"In songs of sublime adoration and praise,
Ye pilgrims to Zion who press,
Break forth, and extol the great Ancient of days,
His rich and distinguishing grace,"

is often with me, and makes my heart merry.

Then the doctrine of *redemption*, of which I tried to speak last Sabbath-day: how joyous it is! What bliss to know that the Redeemer liveth.

"Unto you that believe He is precious," and a fulness of joy flows forth at every remembrance of Him. Then that doctrine of *justification* is the marrow of joy. Oh, to think that we are just in the sight of God through Jesus Christ. All the doctrines of grace, especially that of *final perseverance*, are joyful truths. I protest that if you take final perseverance from me, you have robbed the Bible of one of its crowning attractions. Jesus has not given us a transient salvation, but His salvation shall be forever.

But, brethren, our grandest joy is in *God* Himself. Paul says, "and not only so, but we joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Oh, to think of the great Father! What a melting of spirit comes over the child of God if at midnight he looks up at the stars, and considers the heavens and cries, "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him!" To think that He is not only mindful of us, but that He has taken us to be His sons and daughters! To feel the Spirit within our heart crying, "Abba, Father! Abba, Father!" Oh, this is joy in the profoundest sense.

How sweet to think of Jesus Christ the Son, the glorious incarnate God, the surety, the satisfaction, the representative, the all in all of His people. We joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Nor do we miss the joy of the Spirit, when we know that He dwells in us. He sanctifies us, comforts us, and guides us in the road to heaven. Oh brethren, this is a sea of bliss, the infinite deeps of the Eternal Godhead! Leap from all your miseries into this sea of glory. Plunge into the joy of your Lord.

This being so, we have a joy in all God's *ordinances:* "with joy do we draw water out of the wells of salvation." What a joy prayer is: I hope you find it so. The Lord hath said, "I will make them joyful in my house of prayer." And what a joy it is to get answers to our petitions, even as our Lord says, "Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." Has not your joy been full, till

your eyes have been dim with tears and you have not hardly dared to tell how wondrously God has answered you? The mercy-seat is lit up with joy. What a joyous ordinance is that of praise! The amount of happiness felt in this Tabernacle when we have been singing unto the Lord can never be measured. For my own part, I have seemed to stand just outside the wall of the New Jerusalem joining in the hymns which are sung within the gates of the eternal city.

But I have scarcely begun the list yet, for we have a great joy in *the salvation of other people.* Perhaps one of the choicest delights we know is when we partake in the joy of the good Shepherd over His lost sheep, when He calls us together, for we also are His friends and His neighbors, and bids us rejoice that He has found the sheep which was lost. Especially do we joy and rejoice if the poor wanderer has been brought back by our means. The jewels of an emperor are nothing compared with the riches we possess in winning a soul for Christ.

Brethren, if we ever become perfect in heart, we shall joy in *all the divine will,* whatever it may bring us. I am trying, if I can, to find

A JOY IN RHEUMATISM,

but I cannot get up to it yet. I have found a joy when it is over—*I can reach that length*—and I can and do bless God for any good result that may come of it; but when the pain is on me it is difficult to be joyous about it, and so I conclude that my sanctification is very incomplete, and my conformity to the divine will is sadly imperfect. Oh, the splendor of God's will! If a man were as he ought to be, God's will would charm him, and he would not wish for the smallest change in it. Poverty, sickness, bereavement, death, are all to be rejoiced in when our will is merged in the will of God.

What! Would you alter God's infinitely wise appointment? Would you wish to change the purpose of unerring love? Then you are not wholly reconciled to God; for when the head gets quite right the heart climbs where Paul was when he said, "We glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience." It needs a Samson to kill the lion of affliction, and you cannot get honey out of it until it is conquered; but we might all be Samsons if we would but lay hold on the strength of God by faith.

Dear brethren and sisters, the list of joys, which I am even now only commencing, contains the joy of *an easy conscience,* the joy of feeling you have done right before God, the joy of knowing that your object, though misunderstood and misrepresented, was God's glory. This is a jewel to wear on one's breast—a quiet conscience. Then there is the joy of communion with Christ, the joy of fellowship with His saints, the joy of drinking deep into Christ's spirit of self-sacrifice.

There, too, is *the joy of expecting His glorious advent,* when He and His saints shall reign upon the earth, and the joy of being *with Him forever.* The joy of *heaven,* the joy of which we have been singing just now. These joys are countless, but I will pause here and leave you to make a fuller catalogue when you are at home. May the Holy Spirit not only refresh your memories concerning old joys, but bring forth out of His treasury new delights that your joy may be full.

IV. I must notice, in the fourth place, that this fruit of the Spirit may be

CHECKED IN ITS GROWTH.

Some of you may have muttered while I have been speaking of this joy, "I do not know much about it." Perhaps not, friend—shall I tell you why? Some people are too full of the joy of the world, the joy of getting on in business, the joy of a numerous family, the joy of health, the joy of wealth, the joy of human love, or the joy which comes of the pride of life. These joys may be your idols, and you know the joy of the Lord will not stand side by side with an idolatrous delight in the things of this world.

Our joy is sadly diminished by *our unbelief.* If ye will not believe neither shall ye be established. Ignorance will do the same to a very large extent. Many a Christian has a thousand reasons for joy which he knows nothing of. Study the Word and ask for the teaching of the Spirit of God that you may understand it; so shall you discover wells of delight. Joy is diminished, also, by walking at a distance from God. If you get away from the fire you will grow cold: the warmest place is right in front of it, and the warmest place for a believing heart is close to Christ in daily fellowship with Him.

It may be that sin indulged is spoiling our joy. "This little hand of mine," as Mr. Whitefield once said, "can cover up the sun as far as my eyes are concerned." You have only to lift a naughty, rebellious hand, and you can shut out the light of God Himself: any known sin will do it. Trifling with sin will prove a kill-joy to the heart.

I believe that many lose the joy of the Lord because they do not put it in the right place. See where it lives. Look at my text: "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, and peace." There joy stands in the centre; "love" is on one side and "peace" on the other. Find a man who never loved anybody and you have found a joyless man.

He does not live in *the right house for joy.* Joy dwells at No. 2. "Love" is No. 1; "joy" is No. 2; "peace" is No. 3; and if you pull down either of the houses on the side, No. 2 in the middle will tumble down. Joy is the centre of a triplet, and you must have it so or not at all: "Love, joy, peace." Thus have I shown how the growth of joy can be checked. I pray you do not allow such an evil thing to be wrought in your heart.

V. But, lastly, it ought to be

CAREFULLY CULTIVATED.

There is an obligation upon a Christian to be happy. Let me say it again: there is a responsibility laid upon a Christian to be cheerful. It is not merely an invitation, but it is a command—"Be glad in the Lord and rejoice, ye righteous." "Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, Rejoice." Gloomy Christians, who do not resist despondency and strive against it, but who go about as if midnight had taken up its abode in their eyes, and an everlasting frost had settled on their souls, are not obeying the commands of God. The command to rejoice is as undoubted a precept of God as to love the Lord with all your heart.

In this joyfulness you shall find many great advantages. Rejoicing will nerve you for life's duties. "The joy of the Lord is your strength." Hear how the sailors when they pull the rope will shout and sing, and work all the better for their cheery notes. I do not believe our soldiers would march to battle with half their present courage if they tramped along in silence. Beat the drums! Let the trumpet sound forth its martial note! Every man is eager for the fray while soul-stirring music excites him. Let your heart make music unto God, and you will fight valiantly for the kingdom of your Lord.

Holy joy will also be *a great preventive.* The man who feels the joy of the Lord will not covet worldly joy. He will not be tempted to make a God of his possessions or of his talents, or of anything else. He will say, "I have joy in God; these things I am very thankful for, but they are not my joy." He will not crave the æsthetic in worship, for his joy will be in God and his truth, and not in external forms. Some people's idea of joy in religion lies in fine singing, charming music, pretty dresses, splendid architecture, or showy eloquence. *They need this* because they do not know the secret joy of the Lord, for when that holy passion reigns within you may sit inside four whitewashed walls, and not hear a soul speak for a whole hour and a half, and yet you may have as intense a joy as if you listened to the most earnest oratory or the sweetest song.

Joy in God is suitable to our condition!

"Why should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?"

What are we at now, some of us? We have been hanging our harps on the willows: let us take them down; the willow boughs will bend. Thank God, *we did not break the harps,* though we did hang them there. Let us get into our right position; children of the happy God should themselves be happy.

Joy is certainly the best preparation for the future. We are going where, if we learn to groan never so deeply, our education will be lost, for melancholy utterances are unknown up there. We are going where, if we learn to sing with sacred joy, our education will be useful; for the first thing we shall hear when we get into heaven will undoubtedly be, "Hallelujah to God and the Lamb;" and if we have been joyful on earth we shall say,

"AH, I AM AT HOME HERE."

To enter heaven with a joyful soul is only to rise from downstairs to the upper chamber where the music knows no discord. It is the same song in both places, "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His blood."

Joy in the Lord will be very helpful to you as to usefulness. I am sure a Christian man's usefulness is abridged by dreariness of spirit. What nice Sunday-school teachers some Christians I know of would make! "Come ye children, hearken unto me, I will teach you the miseries of religion;" and the dear brother begins by telling the children about the Slough of Despond, and Giant Despair, and the Valley of the Shadow of Death. He wonders when he gets home that the dear children are not attracted to the ways of godliness. Are they likely to be?

A member of a church who has no joy of the Lord is little likely to encourage or influence others: they edge off from him. Even those who try to comfort him find it is to no purpose, and so they give him a wide berth. You hear him stand up to address an assembly of believers, to tell his experience, and after a very little of it you feel you have had enough. Those who drink wine will tell you that half a dozen drops of vinegar are more than they want in a glass of wine, and

THOSE WHO CARRY THE CRUET

about wherever they go are not choice company. I do not find fault with gloomy souls, but they might be more useful if they could live more in the sunlight.

The joy of the Lord is the most injurious to Satan's empire of anything. I am of the same mind as Luther, who, when he heard any very bad news, used to say, "Come, let us sing a psalm, and spite the devil." There is nothing like it: whenever anything happens that is rough and ugly, and seems to injure the kingdom of Christ, say to yourself, "Bless the Lord, glory be to His name." If the Lord has been dishonored by the falling away of a false professor, or the failure of the ministry in any place, let us give Him all the more honor ourselves, and in some measure make up for all that has happened amiss.

And, lastly, holy joy is very pleasing to God. God delights in the joy of His creatures. He made them to be happy. His first and original design in the creation of all beings is His own glory in their happiness. When His people rejoice He rejoices. Some of you spent Christmas-day in the bosom of your families. Possibly you have a large family; ten or twelve were at home on that day, with a grandchild or two. I will tell you what was your greatest joy on that day: it was to see the happiness of your children, and to mark how they enjoyed what you had provided for them. They are only little children, some of them, creeping about on the floor, but they pleased you because they were so pleased themselves. The crow of a little child delights your heart to hear it, for it gives us joy to behold joy in those we love.

Suppose your sons and daughters had all come marching in on Christmas-day in a very gloomy state of mind, cold, loveless, joyless; suppose that they did not enjoy anything, but grumbled at you and at one another, you would be quite sad, and wish the day to be soon over, and never come again for the next seven years. Thus in a figure we see that our heavenly Father delights in the delight of His children, and is glad to see them grateful and happy, and acting as children should do toward such a Parent.

Now, brethren, rise as one man, and sing—

"Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry,
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high."

[PORTIONS OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Psalm 142; Philippians 4: 1-13.]

TALES OF THE GROG-SHOPS.

By a London Clergyman.

JOHN BOWLING, COACHMAN.

(A Tale in Two Chapters.)

CHAPTER I.

WHAT a neat little turn-out it was, to be sure! I can see them now, though they passed up the road a good hour ago. It is not very often, out of half a hundred carriages and pairs, that one will cling to your memory beyond all the rest.

And John Bowling was conscious of it too, though, sly dog that he was, he pretended to be thinking of another subject altogether, and sat on the box with his eyes fixed straight before him, wholly engrossed in the management of his pair of horses.

I say, John Bowling, don't think to take us in like that. *We* know that a more self-conscious coachman never sat behind his horses. *We* know that with all your pretended ignorance you are not at all in the dark as to what folks are saying when they stop short and look so hard at your fine carriage, your splendid horses, and your grand portly self perched up there on the box. No, no, John; we know all about it—trust us.

And, to tell the truth, we are quite of your opinion, John, that if ever horses and carriage were made to match the coachman, yours are the horses, and yours the carriage. And since I fear we can't put any more conceit into you than you already have, we may as well out with it, and confess that for skill in handling the reins, few, if any, coachmen could surpass you, John Bowling; and if your master and mistress don't know it, they ought to be told of it without any delay. You're of more importance to their dignity, John, than they know, and it's only right they should thoroughly understand that you're a treasure—*a perfect treasure*, and a coachman not to be picked up every day of their life, though they have got so much money that they scarcely know what to do with it.

Who is John Bowling?

I will try to answer that question as briefly as I can, because it does not matter very much to my story who he was. Well, in the first place, he was the son of Tom Bowling, another coachman; the grandson of Phil Bowling, another coachman; and great-grandson of Nat Bowling, also a coachman. Indeed, tradition spoke of the attachment of the family to horses as dating much further back than this—even to the extent of saying that the very first of the race of Bowlings was a coachman: so is it any wonder that the last of the race should have been such a noble ornament to the box of a carriage?

In the second place, John was a bachelor. Of course he might have been married times out of number, and indeed would have been but for the difficulty of selection, since it was from no dislike to the matrimonial state that he kept single. The fact was, out of such a multitude of likely females, he felt utterly unable to make up his mind, and so finally gave it up in despair.

In the third place, he was entirely without relations. Few men can say that. He had had some in the coachmen line at one time, but they all seem to have met with an untimely end. One got thrown off the box and was killed; another died from the kick of a horse which, strange to say, had never before been known to lift his leg viciously; a third, caught cold while waiting for the family one bitter night outside a theatre; while the fourth and last got run over in some way never ascertained, as he never lived long enough to enlighten folk's minds. It may be worthy of remark that the only sympathy John Bowling got in his trouble was from his horses, who, in some strange way, seemed to know that their friend was low-spirited, for they rubbed their noses against him, and endeavored with special energy to express their sorrow for him.

Perhaps, if John had had relations, or had been a married man with a family of little children, he might have been saved from the public-house, *the one great snare* of his life. Mind, I don't say that it would have been so, for too many instances crowd in upon one's memory, telling quite an opposite story. I only say it might have been so.

When I say that John Bowling was a frequenter of the public-house, I wish it to be clearly understood that it was a very rare thing indeed that he was drunk. He was a drinker, but not a drunkard, at the exact period to which we are now referring.

Now my purpose in writing about John Bowling is not to give a sketch of his whole life, interesting though it would be, but to show from the various incidents of his daily life how his favorite public-house round the corner affected him, *short* of making his head reel and his legs give way under him. So, in a series of short chapters, I will endeavor to pursue this object.

"Drat these 'osses! what plaguy critters they are this evening. What's come over 'em I don't know. They're more perwerse than women, that they are; and here am I in a awful hurry too. Get up, here!"

John's helper was laid up with a bad hand, so that he had some extra work to do. It had made him very hot, and had compelled him to go round the corner at spare moments. He had just come in from such an errand, and was cleaning the horses preparatory to going out again.

To tell the truth, the horses weren't perverse a bit. When they did move in an unfavorable position for John, it was only natural, considering the rough treatment they were having. Poke a sponge into John's eye, and see how he would like it. Pull John's hair, as he was pulling the horses' manes and tails, and trust him for not starting and getting a bit angry.

Steady, John, steady!

"Well, I never," continued John; "they're getting quite wicious, I declare," when one of the horses, whose leg had come against the edge of the pail, gave a start of pain. "Come, I say, if you're rough, I'll be rough. I'll have none of yer nonsense. If yer think to come over John Bowling, you'll find yerself in a wrong box altogether. Get up, you brute!"

I'm sorry to say John's temper got so much better of him here, that he gave the poor horse a violent kick. Of course this only made matters worse; for, starting back, and coming in violent contact with the other horse, what wonder that he should give a plunge or two? John's passion now rose high, and grasping the whip which stood near, he belabored the second beast most unmercifully.

"You wixen, you—take that, and mind and behave yerself better for the time to come."

I say, John, how is it that your horses give you so much trouble only after your visits to the public, I wonder? How is it when you've got nothing aboard that they're so quiet and gentle and steady? Come, tell us now. Don't you think it possible, ever so little possible that a little bit, a very little bit, of the fault rests with you? Come, be honest. Depend upon it, John, it's *the man's nasty temper*, not the poor beast's, that makes the difference.

By and by John has to harness the animals. He has paid another visit to the public since, so that he finds this as difficult a task as the cleaning.

"What! in a temper still, you reptiles!" he exclaimed, as he rattled the straps and buckles under the senstive creatures' very noses, and ordered them here and there in the roughest manner possible.

No, John, your temper still, I'm sorry to say. Put a bit in your mouth and jerk it as you're now doing, and I wonder how you would take it.

By this time John was looking fiercely into the horse's eyes, trying, I suppose, to convict them of their extreme guilt; but with the real effect only of making them still more unsteady. A sharp blow on the nose of the most restless did not improve matters; or his "Ha! you brute," uttered as an accompaniment to the blow, for the horses pranced about wildly, vigorously shaking their heads.

John, John, you're the brute, not the horses. What do you mean by it? It's your own fault, every bit of it. Keep out of the public-house, man. That's the secret of it all.

As may be easily supposed, there can be but little said about John and his carriage. What is there to aggravate a man in a carriage? A carriage cannot answer back; a carriage cannot get obstreperous; a carriage cannot oppose anybody's will. So, from such a quiet, silent, easy-going thing as a carriage, whatever provocation could John Bowling receive?

But haven't my readers yet discovered that men in certain curious moods will fall out—and that rather than not fall out at all they will get into a passion with a carriage even? This was the kind of mood John often used to get into after a visit or so to the public.

Take just an instance. John's helper would *not* provoke him on this particular day, and would insist on doing everything in the most prompt and obedient manner possible. He could not therefore quarrel with him.

John's horses, too, had been most gentle, and had stoutly refused, too, to do anything to put John out, bearing their insults most meekly. John therefore could not pay them out with any show of justice.

But John's carriage gave him the opportunity, and set the gunpowder on fire. Would you believe it would *not* go into the coach-house? First one wheel would strike against the door, and then the other; and more than one attempt failed to make that carriage go where it was wanted.

Then came the explosion. John's temper rose with a vengeance, and vented itself, I am sorry to say, in a shower of oaths. As I cannot repeat them, I must leave John Bowling and his temper, simply saying,

"Poor John. Stupid John. Wicked John. What a sad pity you love the public so, John!"

"Well, this is a rummy place I've got into. I've heerd tell of such places afore, but never in all my born days have I seed it till now. It's always, 'John, drive here; John, drive there.' And, as if a man hadn't got enough to do in the driving line, they must go and make a postman of me, and be ever a sending me about delivering o' their letters. How ever I'm fool enough to stay, I don't know."

When John Bowling first took the "ribbons," a more obliging man never breathed. He was ready, aye glad, at a moment's notice, to do any mortal thing. And so little did he stand on ceremony that, however far removed from the coachman's duties any order might be, he did not scruple to do it. Sometimes men called him a fool for so doing, and urged him to stand up for his rights like a man; but instead of making him despise his own goodness of heart, this advice led to his despising his advisers.

"No, no," he would say, "it makes a man feel comfortable to do as much as he can. Folks as is for ever standing up for their rights, are *rayther apt to be in the wrong* sometimes."

This went on for a long time; and instead of getting less and less obliging he seemed to grow more and more so. The turn came all of a sudden, for, as soon as he took up with the public-house, he began to think of himself. And the more he took, the more he changed. His master could not understand it at all. And no wonder, for John was a puzzle even to himself. But so it was, as we have remarked, his disagreeableness, unwillingness to oblige, and discontent, were traceable solely to the contents of certain pint pots he had grown accustomed to raise to his lips at short intervals.

Once, when he had accompanied his master to the country where there was no public-house, he returned to his old self again, and was at everybody's beck and call without a murmur or a frown. That those were happy days too, even John had to confess; for say what men will about one's dignity, self-assertion, when carried too far, does not add a fraction to one's happiness. But no sooner had he returned to town, and dropped in at his old haunt round the corner than his bad temper returned too, and his grumblings recommenced with renewed energy.

"Here's these 'osses," he would say, "a being drove off their legs. Shame on it! How I'm going to keep 'em well, and make 'em look nice and natty with this everlasting drive, drive, drive, I should like to know very much. *Put master and missus in harness*, and I wonder how they'd look after a bit of this 'ere kind of work."

DR. TALMAGE'S FRIDAY EVENING TALK.

February 25, 1881.

MONUMENTS.

Fernando Wood—Malediction Hushed at Death—Senator Carpenter's Death—The Cypress Sprigs in the Coronal—Death the Great Leveller—The Celestial Inauguration Day—The Erection of the Obelisk—Imperishable Monuments—The Material of Construction—Peter Cooper's Monument—Monuments Possible to the Poor—Two God-inscribed Epitaphs.

SINCE my last Friday night lecture on current events *the body of Fernando Wood*, Member of Congress from New York, has found its pillow of dust. There is something beautiful in the fact that at the decease of our public men the voice of detraction stops. My boyhood ears rang with anathematization of Fernando Wood. I cannot now remember what it was all about, and it makes no difference to my present purposes; but the lips, now smitten and unable to answer back, all common decency demands that no assault be made upon the departed.

It is only swine that uproot a graveyard. All good-hearted men agree that if you have anything to say, say it while arm and voice and foot are competent for retort. Indeed, it is a eulogy on our whole slandered human nature that a halo is very apt to gather around the departed as they recede. We begin to put generous construction upon actions for which we once had only malediction, and after a while we contribute generously to build a monument to those who were the subjects of our bitter denunciation.

If we thus sometimes have to eat our words off the marble tablet of our public servants, perhaps we had better be a little more lenient in our criticism of the living. The discord between our *ante-mortem* scarification and our *post-mortem* eulogy would not be so remarkable. Fine monuments of polished Aberdeen granite cannot correct injustices done to public men. You see the departed cannot get up to read the complimentary epitaph overhead. By all means repudiate the wrong-doing of public men, but remember that the difference between them and you may be a mere difference of opinion, and do not conclude that the fact that a man votes opposite to you, and acts opposite to you, is overwhelming proof of his scoundrelism. Did it ever occur to you that he no more differs from you than you differ from him. But it is well that if detraction will not cease before, it shall at any rate stop when against its hard visage slams the iron gate of the tomb.

Hardly had the obituary of the member of the Lower House of Congress been written than the telegrams of the Associated Press announced the decease of a distinguished Senator, Matthew Carpenter. At the time that Washington is building its triumphal arches for the new President, another chair in the national councils is draped in black. So they come, and so they go. Death is a jealous old tyrant, and he will not consent to allow the living to have all the honors. There shall be *sprigs of cypress* amid the coronals. The huzza shall be preceded by the lamentation, and the grand march by the dirge.

We shall be brought down to the same level after a while—czar and serf, emperor and coolie, senator and the plainest voter, president and citizen. The inequalities of this life are struck through with brevity. It is only a question for the clocks and watches to decide. So many revolutions of the wheel, and so many strokes of the hammer. But the inequalities this side are not more brief than the inequalities on the other side are prolonged. In proportion as in this world we have been unselfish and useful and Christ-like, we shall there take precedence.

The Bible says as one star differeth from another star, Mars from Jupiter, so shall we differ hereafter. But many a man with one talent will outshine those with five talents, and seven talents, and ten talents. God will take into consideration what our capacity was, and how near we came to doing the best we could. Many of those who were at the head here will be at the foot there. Some of those who stood in pulpit and chancel here will be fortunate if there they get the last seat back by the door. Some who on earth were considered nobodies will there take the place of celestial chiefs.

"*Where are you going?*" we will say to some one whom we on earth considered perfectly insignificant, and the soul will reply, "I am going up to take one of the thrones to which I have just now received an invitation." And we will stand and look and see him moving on and up, and on and up, until he has gone clear out of our sight in heavenly preferment. That will be *Inauguration Day* surpassing in pomp all that will be seen next Friday at the National Capital. Some of you will be the heroes and the heroines.

Among the events of the week is

THE PLANTING OF THE OBELISK,

which, having come across land and ocean, and by long teams drawn, has at last reached its destination, where it will remain an adornment to Central Park, a suggestion to the scholarly, and a signet of international brotherhood. I think it will do us all good to feel that past ages from the top of this obelisk are looking down upon us. In this country we have but little of the venerable in architecture, or painting, or sculpture, or monument. That which has stood a hundred years excites our awe; but lo! here is something that has the solemnity and the impressiveness and the majesty of thousands of years. The Government of Egypt did well to present it, Commander Gorringe did well to transport it, William H. Vanderbilt did well to advance the means for the completion of the undertaking, and the $85,000 expended were a grand investment in behalf of the historical intelligence of this nation.

But where are the quarrymen who hewed it out of the earth? Where are the sculptors who cut it into shape? Where are the scholars who ordered the inscriptions? Where are the orators who proclaimed at its first uncovering. Once it was insensate stone, and they were living men. Now they are the speechless, and it is the eloquent. It tells of the passing generations, of the evanescent nature of human authority, of imperial ambitions now forgotten.

Solemn old obelisk! The waves of eternity past strike against one side the cold column, and the waves of eternity to come beat against the other side the column. But even that shall crumble away. Time has a chisel with which he will obliterate every inscription and clip away all symmetry, and the mandate which has left the Coliseum in ruins, and the Pantheon only a guess of what it once was, shall say to the obelisk, as it will say to those who last Tuesday celebrated its coming into right position, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return."

But there are

MONUMENTS THAT NEVER PERISH.

The longer they stand the grander their proportions and the mightier and brighter their inscriptions. I mean the monuments built out of hearts comforted, out of sorrows appeased, out of hunger fed, out of tyrannies demolished. When that white and holy shaft is uncovered it will be amid an orchestra of nations saved, and the eulogy of Him who will say: "I was hungry and ye fed me, I was naked and ye clothed me, I was sick and in prison and ye visited me; inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it to me." Higher or lower, we all have opportunity of building for ourselves such a monument. It will not have the coldness of granite, but the warmth of eternal sympathies. Ten thousand years, instead of erasing, will only augment its grandeur. The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance.

What were the obelisks and the pyramids as monuments to commemorate the Pharaohs and Rameses of the earth, compared with *the monument of culture* and benevolence on Eighth Street, New York, built by the munificence of *Peter Cooper*, the ninetieth anniversary of whose birthday has just been celebrated. The most venerable and honored man of New York. At the time when such charities were not common, he did for the education of the poor that which has inspired innumerable charities all the land over.

He will need no monument in Greenwood. He will require no statue in the public square. He will ask no favor of obelisks. He has opened the gate of New York to many who have passed into useful lives, and he will keep the golden gates open for multitudes to come. All benedictions on his name. May the Lord permit us to celebrate his centennial. Heaven can do without him a good while longer, for it has many of the useful and good; but New York has only one Peter Cooper. Far distant be the day when we shall miss him from our banquets and our charitable platforms! I do not know what his religion is, but a religion that educates the ignorant and blesses the poor, and elevates the morals of a city is a good enough religion for this world, and I think will have a brilliant prospect for the next. Cooper Institute is worthy fifty Egyptian obelisks.

But do not let us be discouraged because we cannot build our monuments of usefulness on a large scale. If, according to the divine announcement, he who gives a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, shall receive a disciple's reward, then every encouraging word uttered, every Gospel invitation given, every lift of the helpless over hard places, every prayer offered, every deed done, however insignificant to human sight, will be everlastingly honored and remembered by the Lord long after the granite of the cemeteries has fallen, and the obelisks of antiquity shall have been swallowed up in the last earthquake of a foundering world.

As far as I remember, God in the Bible wrote only two epitaphs, the one over a man who had lived for himself—"Thou fool;" the other over a plain woman, whose tribute of love to Him offended His disciples, "She hath done what she could." *

MR. MOODY ON CHURCH FAIRS AND THEATRE-GOING.

DURING his recent meeting in San Francisco, Mr. Moody made answers to written questions that were submitted to him. We quote two of the questions and answers from the *Watchman:*

QUES. *Do church fairs and suppers help the finances of the church?*

ANS. In the long run they don't; they hurt them. I never knew a church fair in my life that some one didn't get his feelings hurt. I believe they grieve the most spiritual of every church, and you can't afford to grieve those who have the most power with God. They bring in a profane element. Men of the world—scoffers—will tell you they have paid fifty cents to help the church. They have probably paid fifty cents for an oyster stew that cost the church forty cents, and the Church of God has made ten cents on the operation. I think it is very small business.

Then the way they are conducted is very objectionable. The idea that you can go around to the sanctuary, and by giving twenty-five cents vote who is the handsomest lady in town! And this in the house of God! I tell you we have gone so far in this respect that we don't know where we are. In one place I remember its being given out that any man might go in and kiss the handsomest woman there for twenty-five cents. And yet you wonder that the world scoffs at the church!

QUES. *What do you think of a Christian's going to theatre?*

ANS. Go, if you can do it for the glory of God. You can go to the theatre, dance, or anything else that you can do to the glory of God. That is the test. If you are sincerely converted and filled with the regenerating influence, you won't want to go. God don't set any of these things before you and say you shall not go; but he offers you something better, so that you don't want them. I never desire these things, because God gives me something that makes me happier than they could, and if you are His child, you won't want these things.

A question in regard to *dancing* was answered in the same way. A man in Scotland, who was a distiller, asked me to prove from the Bible that his business was wrong. I quoted to him the requirement to do all to the glory of God. I told him that if he could kneel down by each barrel of whiskey and ask God to make it a blessing to the world, then his business was right. But if he couldn't do that, then his business was wrong.

* Luke 12:20; Mark 14:8.

A CHOICE VINDICATED.

(*Continued from page 127.*)

The Sceptic's Sick Wife.

"WE must not be sorry when God's chisel is at work upon us," Mr. Stanley said, gently; "for him it is great gain, and for me—"

"For you?" I asked, for he seemed as if he did not like to go on.

"For me it is a hard bit of discipline; the Master Builder's tools have cut very deep, but it is all right. I ought not to be sorry, ought I?"

"I see what you mean," I said; "but are we not told to be 'sorrowful, yet always rejoicing?' Don't you think it is a comfort that the two are put together?"

"Yes," he said, thoughtfully, "I see; He does not blame us for being sorry, so long as we sorrow not as others which have no hope. 'Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing;' thank you so much for the thought."

I fancied that he had a tear in his eye as he spoke, but I could not be sure, for a minute afterward Sir William entered the room, and then he seemed as cheerful and full of spirits as he had always been while we were travelling together.

"So you never got my letter!" he said to Sir William. "I am very sorry; but I gave it to a dragoman whom I knew pretty well, and whom I met at the Jaffa Gate. He was not a Jerusalem dragoman, but one who had come with some people from Cairo, and he promised me to deliver it at once. He must either have forgotten it, or, Arab-like, he conveniently lost it, but took care not to lose the 'baksheesh' I gave him at the same time. Well, it does not signify now."

"Oh, no," said Sir William, "of course not; only that fellow deserves to hear of it again. But how was it they knew nothing of your telegram at the Convent?"

"I met the man in the street bringing it, just after I left you, Miss Lindsay. He knew me by sight, and handed it to me at once, and then I just hurried back to the Convent and told them I must leave that morning; but I had neither time nor inclination to enter into particulars with them."

When the gentlemen came into the drawing-room after dinner, Mr. Stanley brought out a number of splendid photographs of Jerusalem and its neighborhood which he had bought in London, and had brought with him to show us.

Sir William was engrossed for some time in an interesting debate which he had just found in the *Times* newspaper; but Evelyn explained the Jerusalem photographs to Lord Moreton, and Mr. Stanley sat by me and pointed out the different places that we had visited together.

There was one beautiful view taken from the Mount of Olives, just at the turn of the hill where we had stood to look down upon Jerusalem.

We looked at this photograph a long time; I thought it more beautiful than any of the others. Jerusalem stood out clear and bright in the sunshine; each house, each mosque, each dome was standing out before us almost as distinctly as we had seen it on that lovely evening when, like our Lord and Master, we had beheld the city and wept over it.

"I shall never look at that photograph," said Mr. Stanley, "without thinking of those words: 'Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which I had lost.' Do you remember who said them to me there?"

"Yes," I said; "that was a very pleasant ride."

"Are the olive-leaves safe yet?" he asked, in a low voice.

"Oh, yes," I said; "did you think I would lose them?"

"No, I did not think so; but I wanted you to tell me, that was all."

How much there was to talk of during those few days, and how many times we said the words, "Do you remember?" I have heard it said that when we use those three words it is a proof that we are talking to friends and not to strangers. To strangers we can never say, "Do you remember?" but to friends, to those who have gone side by side with us along any part of the pathway of life, how often we say to them, "Do you remember this?" "Do you remember that?" And how pleasant it is to recall first one thing and then another in the past, and to talk it over together!

I think this will be one of the pleasures of heaven. We shall often there, I think, use those three words, "Do you remember?" as we go over together in memory all the way that the Lord our God has led us, and as we recall the many proofs of His love, His goodness, and His wisdom, that we enjoyed together on earth.

It was the last evening of Lord Moreton's and Mr. Stanley's visit; the next day they were to leave us for the North.

We were wandering about the lovely gardens of Alliston Hall, gathering fresh flowers for Evelyn's sitting-room, for I would never let any one else arrange the flowers there.

Lord Moreton was very anxious to see a new and very rare shrub that Sir William had had planted at the other side of the gardens, and Evelyn went to show it to him.

Mr. Stanley and I stopped behind, for he complained of feeling tired, and I had not finished gathering my flowers.

"I am so sorry we are going to-morrow!" he said.

I did not answer him, but bent over the bed to gather a beautiful white lily of the valley.

"But I shall not disappear so suddenly and mysteriously this time," he said.

"No, that is a comfort," I said, involuntarily, and then felt very angry with myself for having said it.

"Why is it a comfort?" he asked; "was my leaving Jerusalem any trouble to you?"

"Yes," I said; "of course I was sorry. I did not like Sir William to doubt you."

"I am very glad you trusted me through it all," he said.

I was gathering some more lilies, so I did not look up till he spoke again, and then he only asked me a question, and I do not remember that I ever answered it:

"Will you trust me through life, May?" he said.

We often speak of "learning by contrast;" and, surely, some of our most forcible lessons, those which we never forget, are learned in this way.

I had been about three months in my new home, and I had always felt that it was the happiest place on earth, and yet, although I thanked God for giving it to me, every morning and evening, when I said my prayers, still I do not think I ever realized how happy it was until that Monday night.

For Monday morning's post had brought me a letter, written in pencil and almost illegible. I did not recognize the writing, and therefore glanced to the end, and I was very much surprised to see the signature—Alice Ellis.

Yes, the letter was from Claude's wife. It was a very short one. I turned to the beginning, and read as follows:

"MY DEAR MRS. STANLEY: I want to ask a great favor of you. Will you come and see me, as soon as you can after you get this letter? I want very much to speak to you; there is something that I want to ask you.

"I am very ill, so please forgive this untidy note, for I am writing it in bed. Do come *at once*, if you can.

"Please forgive me for asking you.

"Believe me, dear Mrs. Stanley,

"Very sincerely yours,

"ALICE ELLIS."

We do not live very far from London; it is only about an hour's journey, so I went by the next train. I wondered very much why Alice had sent for me, and what she wanted to ask me.

When I arrived in London I took a cab to the address she had given me on the letter. The cabman drove for about a mile through a dirty and dismal part of the great city, and then he stopped before a high dismal house, in the midst of a row of high dismal houses, which was confronted, on the opposite side of the street, by another row of houses just as high and just as dismal.

I dismissed the cabman and rang the bell. The door was opened by an untidy servant, with no cap or collar on, but wearing a very dirty, ragged apron. She showed me into a room the windows of which looked out into the narrow street, and asked me to sit down while she went to tell "the folks up-stairs" that I had come.

The room was shabbily furnished and smelled strongly of tobacco, and the atmosphere was close and stifling, as if the windows had not been opened for a long time.

Was it possible that Claude and Alice were living here, or had I made a mistake in the address? I referred to the letter in my pocket, and found I was correct as to the name of the street and the number of the house, and, certainly, the girl who had admitted me had said that Mrs. Ellis lived there.

But oh, how forlorn and dreary everything looked! I was quite glad when a slipshod footstep was heard on the stairs, and a sullen-looking girl of about fourteen years old came in, and asked me to come up-stairs to "missus." She took me into a bedroom at the very top of that high house, and there, lying in bed and looking fearfully ill, I found Claude's wife, Alice.

She welcomed me very warmly, and thanked me, again and again, for coming so soon; but I could hardly hear what she said, for her baby, who was lying on the bed beside her, was crying so loudly, and her every effort to pacify him was in vain.

"Jane, you can take baby into the next room," she said to the girl; "he is so fretful! Does not he look ill?" she added, turning to me.

I took the child in my arms; he was dreadfully thin, and had a careworn, wasted face, more like that of an old man than of a baby three months old.

"Poor little fellow!" I said.

"Yes," she said, with a sigh; "I almost wish sometimes that he would die."

"Oh, Mrs. Ellis," I exclaimed; "you don't mean that."

"Yes, I do," she said bitterly; "I had rather that he died before I do. Take him into the next room, Jane!"

The girl took the child from me and went away, leaving the door open behind her.

"Would you mind shutting the door?" said Mrs. Ellis; "she always will have it open. And then I can talk to you comfortably; we shall feel quite safe. I have been wishing to see you for more than a week," she went on; "ever since I knew that I was so ill. Oh, Mrs. Stanley, I am so utterly miserable."

"I am very sorry to find you so ill," I said.

"Yes," she said, "I am very ill, and I shall never be well again. The docor says I am in a rapid decline. It is trouble which has brought it on; you will have heard what trouble we have had."

"Miss Richards told me something about it, when I was with her, a few months before she died," I said.

"Yes, all my money has gone; every farthing of it. My father made some mistake about it, and the investments failed, and we lost it all. And Claude is so angry about it; he says my father has deceived him, and he is just as vexed as if it were my fault; he has not seemed to care for me a bit since then. But I did not mean to speak of that. I don't want to complain. It is natural, I suppose, that he should be vexed. He thought we were rich, and we went on spending a quantity of money, and then, when this came out, all the people sent in their bills, and now all Claude's money has gone too. I don't know what will become of us!"

"And you look so ill," I said; "you ought to be taken care of, Mrs. Ellis."

"Oh," she said, "I don't mind so much for myself; it is poor little baby that makes me so unhappy. He cries so much, and that girl is so very careless with him. Old Mr. Ellis is very kind; he wants me to go there, but Claude won't hear of it: I don't know why. We could not live at all if it were not for Claude's father; he is always sending him money."

"But could you not be moved into a more comfortable lodging than this?" I asked.

"I'm afraid not. It *is* very dirty and untidy; but you see they are good in one way, they do not

hurry us about paying them, so it seems a pity to move. But I did not send for you to tell you all our troubles, Mrs. Stanley," she said; "I wanted you, if you could, to help me to get a little comfort."

"In what way?" I asked, for I wanted to hear what she would say.

"Do you remember a conversation we had together when I stayed at Alliston Hall, Mrs. Stanley? I told you then that I always tried to laugh trouble away, and you said—do you remember what you said?"

"What was it?" I asked.

"You said that there were some troubles that could not be laughed away. Those troubles have come to me now; I can't laugh now, Mrs. Stanley. But I wonder if you remember what else you said that day; you told me that you never tried to laugh troubles away, but you always prayed them away. Oh, if I could only do that!"

"Do you believe in prayer, Mrs. Ellis?" I asked.

"Yes, I do," she said earnestly; "I do now. I used to laugh at it when Claude laughed at it, and I used to try to think it was all nonsense. But the other day the doctor was here, and I said, 'Doctor, please tell me the truth; shall I ever get well again?' And the doctor said, 'I am afraid not, Mrs. Ellis.' Then I asked him how long he thought I should live, and he said, 'perhaps a month or two.' And then he went away.

(To be concluded.)

THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

S. S. Lesson for March 13th, Luke 7: 36–50. Golden Text, Luke 19; 10. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

OUR golden text for to-day indicates Christ's vocation upon earth, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." It is just in proportion as we recognize ourselves to be "that which was lost, that we understand the greatness and the sureness of Christ's redemption. All which sin has touched has been lost, the eyes, ears, tongue, hands, feet, which have served under sin are lost members, diverted from their true purpose. The Son of Man is come to seek them again and save them for His use. He stands between fallen man and perdition, fallen man and despair. Wherever we are conscious that anything or any person is lost, there is the place, the willingly chosen place of the great Redeemer. In their ignorant sinful pride, men have trodden on those whom they have thought to be lost, those who are morally lost to society, the drunkards, criminals, and the fallen, and common opinion gives them no hope of rising again, but treats them as utterly hopeless. And it is these whom Jesus came to seek and to save.

Speaking to the shepherds of Israel God speaks as He well might speak to spiritual and temporal rulers in our own day, and says, "The diseased have ye not strengthened, neither have ye healed that which was sick, neither have ye bound up that which was broken, neither have ye brought again that which was driven away, neither have ye sought that which was lost; but with force and with cruelty have ye ruled them. And they were scattered, because there is no shepherd: . . . and none did search or seek after them" (Ez. 34: 4–6). But later in the same chapter He says (ver. 11), "For thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I, even I, will both search my sheep, and seek them out." "I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away, and will bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen that which was sick."

Blessed be God He made the world out of nothing, and when a poor lost soul is willing to be nothing, God is at no loss to create that soul anew, and His workmanship in terrestrial or in spiritual things is ever perfect; "And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold it was very good" (Gen. 1: 31). Thus we need never to look upon a fellow-creature, however degraded, as being beyond all hope; "With men this is impossible; but not with God, for with God all things are possible" (Matt. 19: 26). Let a few Christians filled with the Holy Ghost go out in God's Name among the lost ones, and bring them in contact with Him who is come to seek and to save them, and the most hopeless cases are conquered by the mighty power of an almighty God. The results of the Salvation Army work is proof solid of this.

Jesus had just repeated the reproach made to Him that He was a friend of publicans and sinners, the imputation was that their sin was an attraction to Him, that His tastes accorded with theirs, for they who accused Him had no conception of doing anything, or of seeking the society of anybody, except for self-interest. Knowing their thoughts of Him, the Lord Jesus entered into the house of a Pharisee who had desired Him to eat with him. Scarcely was He entered when a well-known sinner of the city, knowing that He was there, came and sought Him out. A man who lived for himself might have thought, "How unfortunate that this poor woman should come just now, it will justify the untrue remarks which are made about me," and he might have avoided her. But it was Christ's vocation to seek and to save the lost. Jesus never avoids those who make a claim on Him. He says "Him that cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast out."

The poor woman sought only Jesus, was occupied with none other, neither the Pharisee nor the other guests were anything to her. Remarks were going round, she heard them not, glances were cast, but she saw them not. She was lost, this she knew, and in Him there was salvation for such as she. What was all the world to her by the side of the Saviour? "Oh," you say, "if we saw other sinners as far advanced as that we could believe they would be saved." Brethren in Christ, are we bringing Jesus near to them by the Christ-like position which we take in respect to them? Do they see in us nothing but love and a heart yearning to shelter them from their sin? or do they find us full of suspicion and of condemnation? Oh, it is too true that often these degraded ones are so untruthful we know not what to believe of what they say. But it is a fact that the more we approach them in the spirit of the Lord Jesus, the more God gives us discernment that we may discover when they are untrue, and more power of His presence to awe them into reality. Were not the degraded ones with whom Jesus had to do, at least as degraded as those whom we meet with? But in His presence, all must be real. Let us, by our habitual standing before Him, make them conscious that He is present, and it will become impossible for them to deceive us.

The poor sinner stood at Jesus' feet behind Him weeping, and she perceived a service which she might render Him, she began to wash His feet with her tears, and to wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed His feet and anointed them with the ointment. He did not draw His feet away. Others might have thought that the tears of such an one tainted them, they might have considered what would be thought and said of their proximity to such an one, but the Master put Himself and His own reputation out of the question. He saw and rejoiced over the broken heart, and maybe there was more of oneness between her who wept for her own sin and Him who wept for the world's sin, than among any other members of the company.

The Pharisee's only idea of a sinner was to condemn him. Tenderness or pity toward those who had erred would never occur to him, he would think it an encouragement to sin. Forgiveness was far from his thoughts, his religion consisted in just retribution; the woman was a sinner, an outcast, let her be treated as one; and he judged that Jesus was no prophet because He tolerated the woman's presence. But He to whom the hearts of all men are open, answered the thoughts of Simon by the parable of the two debtors, as though to say, "Simon thou thinkest that thy debt to God is tenfold less than this woman's, that she owes five hundred pence, and thou but fifty. Yet if thy debt and hers are both forgiven which will most love Him who extends you pardon? In this woman there is proof of love, "I entered into thine house, thou gavest Me no water for My feet; but she hath washed My feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. My head with oil thou didst not anoint: but this woman has anointed My feet with ointment. Wherefore I say unto thee, Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much; but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little."

What words for the broken-hearted sinner! "Her sins which are many are forgiven," the lost one was found and saved. The coming fact of Jesus' death for her sin was already accomplished in the eyes of a God who sees the end from the beginning. Her sin met with its retribution when the Son of God cried in the anguish of His soul, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me." The lost one, because she was nothing, came nearer to God than the man who had never sinned so deeply, because her cause was undertaken by the great Redeemer. He said unto her, "Thy sins be forgiven thee, and she had the word of the Son of God for it, against all condemnation of her own heart, against all the horrors of her past experience, against all doubts which the wicked one might inject she could say, "Jesus said to me, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee.'" She believed in His authority over sin, and He added "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."

Oh, how slow man is to believe that we are saved by grace through faith and that not of ourselves (Eph. 2: 5)! "Now to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace but of debt," *i. e.*, so much wages for so much work: "But to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." How could this poor lost woman by any human means restore the evil she had done, how undo it, how make satisfaction for it? Impossibility meets us at every step. But when He whose law she had broken, undertook to make the satisfaction demanded by the law which He had made, what appeal could be made from His decision? They that sat at meat with Him could not understand the grace of the Lord Jesus, tens of thousands among nominal Christians do not understand it now, but the poor sinner understood it, and she left the Pharisee's house whiter than snow, for the blood of Jesus Christ had cleansed her from all sin. Can we believe that she went forth to sin again? or can we believe that henceforth she would be in a position to boast? The link of necessity which existed between her hopeless helplessness and the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, was her security. She was pledged by her nothingness, and He by His fulness, that she should not continue to sin. Had she been left to her own resolutions or her own efforts there would have been little hope of her leading another life, but another power had entered into her life, a power which had grappled with sin and conquered it, Christ lived in her, and He was her Guarantee against sin, and the world, and the flesh.

When Jesus said to her, "Go in peace," He never could have contemplated her return to the slavery of sin; and therefore, dear reader, if you think that some power of sin which binds you is too strong to be broken, if you think that because of some extenuating circumstance you are not very culpable, or if you try to persuade yourself that sin is not sin, you are alienating yourself from the world's Redeemer, and ensuring your own failure; because you withold you case from Him who "came to seek and to save that which was lost." There is no reason why any foreign power should retain dominion over us, since Jesus is mightier than all the power of the enemy, but oh, how many there are who idly pray about their sins, without fairly having the matter out with Him, they never come to a point in which they let Him show them where the hindrance lies, they fight shy of coming to close quarters, it is more to their interest to avoid coming to a point, because they are not quite decided to abandon all sin, or even to allow that it is sin, they dread letting the reins of their life out of their own hands, and thus they never fairly put their case into the hands of Jesus; it answers their purpose better to pray, and then to have it to say that the Lord does not answer them, because they have no real intention to break definitely with their sin. Should such be among my readers, let me say that although Christ is the Friend of sinners, He is not the Friend of sin, and as long as you take the part of your sin against the Saviour you hinder Him from being your Friend.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

A Crushing Disaster has Fallen on the British army in South Africa. General Sir G. P. Colley telegraphed on Saturday night, February 26th, that he had occupied Majela mountain, a position overlooking the Boer Laager. Another telegram followed, saying that with six companies he had taken possession of Spitzkop, a position to the left of Laingsnek. This was followed by another telegram, dated Sunday, which said: "A severe engagement took place to-day between the Boers and General Colley's force and the latter was driven from its position at Spitzkop. There was great loss on both sides. Many British officers were killed and wounded." A later telegram from Colley's camp said that all the wounded coming in agree in reporting that *General Colley has been killed and that only* 100 *British have escaped.* The Boers charged up the hill four times and were about to retreat, when the British were forced to retire because the reserve ammunition had not been taken to the extreme summit.

"The Experience of a Landlord who has Undergone the process of "Boycotting," is published in the London *Standard.* Mr. Bence Jones, writing to that journal, details the miseries of the infliction, which, he says, "no one who has once experienced will face again." He purchased an estate and sunk a large amount of capital in its improvement, and his arrangements with his tenants were of the most amicable character. He refused some of the demands of the local Land League, and was Boycotted in consequence. He fought the battle with the League, and baffled its plots, but the ordeal was a very severe one.

He asserts that not only large proprietors but numbers of small ones are *leaving the country*, and is confident that the reform measures contemplated by the Government will put a stop to all landlords' outlay of capital in Ireland and to the residence there of all who can get away His conclusion is that "more industry and more honesty can alone improve the condition of the tenants, and that to fix bad tenants in their farms—idle, indolent, drunken men—is to fix more firmly the worst evils we have." Mr. Jones states that the leaders of the League which Boycotted him, were *two priests*, and these men induced his laborers to leave his employ by threats and promises.

An Accident to the British Premier Occurred on the night of February 23d. Mr. Gladstone, in alighting from his carriage on his return home from the House of Commons, slipped and fell backward, *cutting the back of his head severely* on the iron step of the carriage. A doctor dressed the wound, and Mr. Gladstone was ordered to remain in bed. The traffic in the street where he lives has been stopped. The wound, though not serious, is regarded with anxiety, as the Premier's restless temperament, and his desire to attend to public business, tend to induce fever. Mr. Gladstone's anxiety arises to some extent from the consciousness of the two opposing elements in the Cabinet. The Marquis of Hartington, who represents the aristocratic element in the Cabinet, is Mr. Gladstone's deputy in his absence.

A Royal Marriage was Solemnized in Berlin on Sunday, February 27th. Prince Frederick William Victor Albert, eldest son of the Imperial Prince of Germany, was married to Augusta Victoria, daughter of the Grand Duke of Schleswig-Holstein. The bridegroom is a descendant of two royal houses; his father is the eldest son of the Emperor of Germany, and his mother is the eldest daughter of the Queen of England. The marriage ceremony was performed with the utmost magnificence, and the Prince of Wales and other royal personages attended. The aged Emperor was visibly affected by the unusual circumstance of being present at *a grandson's wedding*.

The Coercion Bill in the British House of Commons reached its final stage on Friday, February 25th, and was sent to the House of Lords. An attempt was made by the Irish members to prove that the delay in passing the act had not resulted in injury to Ireland, and that it was consequently unnecessary. Mr. Forster, the Secretary for Irish affairs, in reply, said that January of this year had been worse in respect of outrages than any month since 1844, excepting November and December last. He admitted that there had been an improvement in the condition of Ireland since November, 1880, but believed it was due to the knowledge that the Protection bill would certainly become law, and that the Irish were beginning to perceive that offences could no longer be committed with impunity; that the intimidation of witnesses and of juries would no longer be successful. "Private letters," says the correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, "show considerable improvement in Ireland in other respects. 'Boycotting' fails; the reign of terror is reduced to narrower limits; tenants are beginning to pay rents long withheld, while the hold of the League on the people is already loosened." It is reported that when the bill becomes law *more than a thousand evictions* will be made. Process-servers will then be protected in their work, and landlords will be anxious to get rid of undesirable tenants before the Land bill is passed. It is feared that the next few months will be a period of sore distress for the Irish people, whom Mr. Parnell and his associates have duped into the belief that the Land League could protect them from eviction.

Mr. Parnell's Advice to Irish Tenants in danger of eviction, given at a meeting at Clara, Ireland, on Sunday, February 20th, when ten thousand persons are said to have been present, was, to plough up the land so that the landlord could not graze cattle thereon. He subsequently wrote to the Secretary of the Land League at Clara retracting his advice, not because of its wickedness, but because he had learned that "unjust and barbarous laws make such an act punishable by seven years' penal servitude." Mr. Parnell's speech had been made the subject of interrogation in the House of Commons; a member asking whether it was not an incitement to illegal acts. In reply it was stated that the Government were seriously considering the speech. Mr. Parnell went to Paris again last week to consult his new allies, and also it is believed to avoid the danger of arrest. The English correspondent of the New York *World* asserts that Mr. Parnell's power over the Irish tenantry is waning. If that report is correct, the Government are unlikely to arrest him, as that act would give him the opportunity of posing as a martyr and excite the sympathy of the people.

Conjectures as to the Character and Scope of the reforms in the Land laws of Ireland, which the British Government are about to propose, are very vague. It is expected that they will be very radical and sufficient to satisfy the more moderate of the Irish tenants. There will be some difficulty in passing an efficient measure in the House of Commons, where many Irish land-owners have seats, and there will be still greater difficulty encountered in the Upper House, for the same reason. An English journal predicts that nearly the entire strength of the Conservative party will be arrayed in opposition to it, reinforced by many old Whigs and the Liberals who are against any forcible interference with the private rights of landlords. The introduction of this bill will be the beginning of a new and formidable agitation throughout the whole country.

The Secret Papers Discovered in Cabul, the capital of Afghanistan, when the British conquered it have been made public, and prove that Russia while professing amicable feelings toward England was secretly inciting the Ameer to war. One of the articles of a treaty drawn up between Russia and Afghanistan is as follows:

"The Russian Government engages that if any foreign enemy attacks Afghanistan and the Ameer is unable to drive him out and asks the assistance of the Russian Government, the Russian Government will repel the enemy, either by means of advice or such other means as it may consider proper."

The Russian general in a letter of advice to the Ameer said: "Make peace openly, and *in secret prepare for war*, and when God reveals His order to you declare yourself. It will be well when the envoy of your enemy wants to enter the country if you send an able emissary, possessing the tongue of a serpent and *full of deceit*, to the enemy's country, so that he may, with sweet words, perplex the enemy's mind and induce him to give up the intention of fighting with you." Russia deserte the Ameer when England made war upon him, an the old man died broken-hearted at the breach faith. So the original treachery toward Englan was supplemented by treachery toward the Amee

The Ambassadors of the European Courts a Constantinople are endeavoring to arrange a peac able settlement of the questions in dispute betwee Turkey and Greece. It is expected that both Pow ers will be formally invited to join in a conferenc when the foreign ministers will attempt to arbitra between them. Meanwhile in the Greek Chambe of Deputies on Feb. 23 a Royal decree was submi ted, calling to arms all men above twenty-one yea of age who have served three months or more i the army. Decrees were also presented empowe ing the government to admit foreign officers int the Greek army, provided they will become Gree citizens, and modifying the organization of th financial department of the army. This announc ment conveys the impression that Greece has b little hope of war being averted.

A Religious Reform in Egypt has bee initiated by the Khedive, who has given orders t the Grand Chief that the ceremony known as th "Dossa" must henceforth case. The "Dossa was a procession which took place annually Cairo in the national ceremony known as "Mewlc el-Nabi" and consisted of the passage of a Shei on horse-back over the backs of his co-religionist who prostrated themselves on the earth on the faces and the horse walked over them as on a li ing highway. The measure has received the fu approbation of the native notables, of learned me attached to the University of l'Ashar, as well as all high society in the capital, and addresses thanks have been presented to the Khedive. Th devouring of serpents and poisonous fire an sword-wounding, etc., is similarly fobidden.

Earthquakes are Occurring in Various Part of Europe with portentous frequency. A ver severe shock was felt a few days since at Bologna Florence, Venice, Padua, Ferrara, etc. Account from Switzerland show that the earthquake whic occurred there on January 29th, extended over much wider area than was at first supposed. It intensity may be judged from the fact that th chimes in the church clocks were made to strik and the bells to toll, books were thrown from the shelves, and pictures detached from the walls while in Berne alone more than one hundred chim neys were thrown down. Children and teacher ran pell-mell from the schools, and all study ha to be given up for the day. This is the *twenty fourth* earthquake that has been recorded i Switzerland since November, 1879, and probabl the most severe.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon gives the following Extract from a letter recently received from a minis terial friend: "Your first sermon in Belfast cause me to decide finally to enter the ministry. Sinc then I have given ten years to mission work i Damascus, where I built the first church eve erected for the spiritual worship of the true God i that city. I built two churches on Mount Hermon and in these churches again and again I hav preached your sermons in Arabic. I preached on of your sermons on the top of Mount Hermon at picnic given to our different villagers. Mr. Spur geon is now sufficiently recovered to resume hi labors. He preached at the Tabernacle mornin and evening on January 30th, and February 6th.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) for February may be obtained at the offic of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Price six cents.

The Following Works by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon are for sale at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Office at prices much below what they can be obtained fo else where! Remittances must accompany orders *John Ploughman's Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; i cloth, 60 cents. *The Treasury of David*, a homileti cal exposition of the book of Psalms, five vols., as fa as Psa. 118, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon Birth-Day Book* This popular gift-book contains a suitable passag selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every da in the year, with a blank space opposite for auto graphs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeo appear at their respective birthdays. The book i gorgeously bound, and the price is 75 cents. Remit tances should accompany orders.

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The Rev. Dr. BROADUS, of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

JOHN ALBERT BROADUS, D.D., LL.D.

To Every Man His Work—The Value of Learning—The God of Revelation the God of Creation—Dr. Broadus a Testimony—His Family—Andrew Broadus—A Sermon Cut Short—Dr. Gessner Harrison—Declining a Grand Invitation—His Labors—His Character—His Death—Dr. Broadus's Success at the University—His Subsequent Appointments—Called to the Southern Baptist Seminary—His Work There—The Love of His Students—Appreciative Testimony—His Written Works.

THERE is an important significance in the parable our Lord delivered near the close of His ministry, when, in describing the period which has covered over eighteen centuries he likened the world to a house which the householder had left in charge of his servants. He "gave authority to his servants and *to every man his work*" (Mark 13 : 34). The absolute and infinite wisdom of our Lord has been in nothing more conspicuous than in this appointing discrimination. Not only has every servant had his work given to him, but it has been work for which he was specially fitted ; and when the Church and the world have been in need of any particular kind of skill, that skill has always been provided. There is a diversity of gifts, but for each kind there is a sphere in the service of Christ.

Thus He could use the unlettered Peter and the cultured Luke ; the poor uneducated tinker, John Bunyan, and the erudite Joseph Butler. To every man his work, and the faithful disciple gladly lays at the Master's feet all he is and has, thinking it nothing worth except as it is utilized in his Master's service. The preaching of the simple Gospel unadorned, by men who know no language but their own, and scarcely any book but the Bible, has in the history of the Church over and over again been so successful that the lack of secular knowledge can never be justifiably pleaded as an excuse for silence when the call of God has come to a Christian to carry the message of the cross to the perishing.

But while learning is not indispensable to active work in the service of God, it is not on that account *to be despised*. When Paul preached on Mars' Hill he enlisted the attention of his refined and cultured audience by a quotation from "certain of your own poets" (Acts 17 : 28). Thus showing his own acquaintance with a literature foreign to his own. In the present day, when it is the fashion to assail Christianity with "opposition of science, falsely so-called" (1 Tim. 6 : 20), and the young believer is patronizingly informed that if he understood the results of modern research he would not hold the faith of his fathers, it is more than ever important that some among us should be men of learning.

Holding as we do

ETERNAL TRUTHS

on which the incomplete discoveries of scientific teachers are powerless as waves on a rock, we are yet concerned that our young men should not be left under the impression that Christianity is the offspring and ally of ignorance ; but that they should know that men of learning and culture are firm believers and zealous workers under Christ's banner. More than that, that men who have studied and thought have found that their belief in the doctrines of the Bible has grown more steadfast as they advanced in knowledge. It is the superficial thinker, the man whose studies have only touched *the outer surface of things* who is most likely to be a sceptic or unbeliever, and that because he has discovered only *half truths*.

The character of Dr. Broadus, the learned professor of New Testament Interpretation and Homiletics, whose reputation not only is spread abroad in this country but is well known in the halls of learning across the Atlantic, affords a case in point. That a man whose ability and acquirements would fit him to take a high position among the world's teachers in a secular capacity prefers rather to devote his talents to the work of religious culture, is a plain proof that Christianity has no reason to fear education. When men like Dr. Broadus, who could win name and fame and fortune in the world give their lives to Christian work, satisfied to lose the objects the world holds in highest esteem, if they may but labor successfully for Christ ; then the humble Christian may point to them as *irrefutable proof* that there is nothing in science or learning to discredit Christianity, and nothing in the pursuits of the world at all comparable in value with the prize of "the high calling of God in Christ Jesus" (Phil. 3 : 14).

The work Dr. Broadus has done in the Church has been of *a twofold character*. He has attained a wide popularity as a preacher, and he has long been known as an active and efficient laborer in the work of preparing young men for the ministry. We will now give our readers a brief sketch of the man's uneventful but influential life. We are indebted for several of the facts to "The Baptist Encyclopædia," edited by William Cathcart, D.D., and in course of publication at Philadelphia, by Louis H. Everts ; a magnificent standard of reference of the Baptist denomination in all parts of the world, complete, accurate, and copious, enriched with contributions by about sixty able writers, and with more than four hundred new engravings.

John Albert Broadus was born in Culpeper Co., Virginia, on the 24th January 1827. His family is of Welsh extraction, and the name was formerly spelled *Broadhurst*. His father was a prominent member of the Virginia Legislature for a number of years. Another near relative was the Rev. Andrew Broadus, of the same State, the distinguished Biblical scholar and preacher of the early part of the century, who declined repeated calls from the prominent Baptist churches of Boston, Philadelphia, New York, and Baltimore, and whose collections of hymns were extensively used at that time.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT

is related of Mr. Andrew Broadus in his early days when an extreme nervousness sometimes interfered with the delivery of his sermons. Having been appointed to preach on a notable occasion, he went through the preliminary services in his usual felicitous manner ; but when the large audience had settled itself to enjoy a spiritual feast, he came to *a sudden pause* and said, "The circumstances of the case—I mean my case—make it necessary to excuse myself from proceeding with the discussion." The thought had probably seized him that the expectations of the people could not be met, or he had recognized in the congregation some one whose criticism he dreaded.

Dr. Broadus was educated at the grand old University of Virginia, and his principal instructor was one of its principal ornaments—Dr. Gessner Harrison, who, during his thirty-one year's Professorship of Ancient Languages, toiled so patiently, conscientiously, and thoroughly that Charlottesville became, in that single generation, one of the foremost seats of learning of the New World. The pupil carried his devotion to his master so far that he *became his son-in-law ;* and long after the master died, and the pupil had attained to equal fame, he thus spoke of him in a memorial address delivered before the Society of *Alumni* of the university : "*He fell amid the storm of war*. Three years earlier, and the death of Gessner Harrison would have stirred the whole South. The journals of every State would have contained tributes from many an admiring and grateful pupil.

"In Virginia, especially, we should have been told in eloquent terms how much he had done to raise the standard of education throughout the State, and the story of his laborious life would have been lovingly connected with the history of that great university which was the pride of all educated Virginians. But he died when the war-tempest had long been raging, when the darkness was deepening and many hearts were beginning to shudder lest all things we most loved should go down together ; and he fell almost as unnoticed as falls a single drop into a stormy sea."

This Gessner Harrison before he became a teacher was, with his brother, a student in the university ; and it was noticed as a peculiarity of the two young men that they *would never study on Sunday*. That observance of the Fourth Commandment was carried out in all respects. For instance, it used to be a practice of Thomas Jefferson, the venerable founder of the university, to invite the students to dine with him on Sunday ; and in due course an invitation came to the two Harrisons. But they courageously returned a note stating that their father had trained them to observe the Sabbath with great strictness ; that not even their having had the honor and pleasure of dining with Mr. Jefferson, would console him for their having committed a violation, as he would conceive, of the Sabbath ; and that therefore, out of respect for their father's convictions, to say nothing of their own, they felt constrained to deny themselves the happiness tendered to them.

The noble ex-President sent them a reply in which he said it gave him the highest gratification, and was a consolation to his old age, to meet such an instance of filial piety ; to find young men showing such *respect for their father's opinions*, at a time when too many of the young were inclined to disregard the counsels of age and the wishes of parents. And he ended by particularly requesting that on a certain day of the next week they would dine with him, and saying that he could take no denial.

The same overruling force of principle showed itself when the student had grown to middle life. "His daughters—and that is one test of a man's character—regarded him not with mere ordinary filial admiration and affection, but with an unutterable reverence, and, at the same time, a passionate fondness. . . . If a foreigner without introduction was slighted and suspected, and yet seemed to have good in him, Dr. Harrison would take pains to give him countenance. When wounded United States soldiers were brought to the university after the first battle of Manassas, and many people, in the first flush of indignation, were inclined to shrink from them, Dr. Harrison. . . . went promptly and repeatedly to their dormitories, caring for their wounds and *reading to them from the Bible*."

THE LAST END

of this faithful Christian is touchingly described by Dr. Broadus : "In the autumn of 1861, the first year of the war, pecuniary difficulties, deep concern for the country, and yearning anxiety as to the welfare, in body and soul, of his three sons who were in the army, together with the labor of teaching, told upon his health. He did not seem to be sick, but his appetite became capricious and he appeared to be depressed. Later on one of his sons was brought home very ill with camp-fever, and he would insist on nursing him and spent nights in watching beside the sick-bed. He had never known what it was to spare himself when there was a demand for toil and sacrifice, and in spite of remonstrances he continued this course. He saved his son's life, but himself caught the wasting fever. He took to lying, with a weary yet patient look, on the lounge, and the family had no idea how ill he was.

"One morning there came on him suddenly a violent chill, and he lay unable to speak. He looked longingly at his wife and children, strove vainly to speak, then turned his gazing eyes straight up to heaven, and in a little while he was gone. The day was the 7th of April, 1862."

We have made this digression for the twofold purpose of depicting the mind and heart that did so much in forming the character of the subject of our sketch, and of showing the susceptibilities of Dr. Broadus by pointing out what he most loved in Gessner Harrison.

DR. BROADUS GRADUATED

as A.M., in 1850, with such distinction that in the following year he was offered and accepted the position of Assistant Professor of Ancient Languages in the university ; and so for two years he was occupied in imparting classical lore to the students. Then work of a more distinctively religious character was offered him ; and forsaking the fascinations of college life with its ease and learning, and freedom from care, he entered upon *the pastorate* of the Baptist church at Charlottesville and held it till 1855, when he was elected chaplain of the university. There he officiated two years, and then returned for two years more to the pastorate. But he possessed talents and learning which fitted him for the responsible duty of training young men for the ministry, and when a vacancy occurred in that sphere of labor none was found as worthy to fill it as he. That happened in 1859. The Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, which was then at

Greenville, S. C., invited him to the Chair of New Testament Interpretation and Homiletics, and he has remained in that connection ever since, moving to Louisville, Ky., when the institution was transferred to that city.

An acquaintance and admirer of Dr. Broadus's says of him: "The Doctor's position in the Seminary at Louisville is that of Professor of Preparation and Delivery of Sermons, and of New Testament Interpretation; but his

PERSONAL INFLUENCE

gives so much character and reputation to the institution that strangers sometimes imagine that he is the president. It is, however, unnnecessary to tell those who are aware of the able direction of the seminary, and especially of *its financial prosperity*, that the president is the Rev. Dr. Boyce.

"Dr. Broadus is a man of deep and varied scholarship, and of commanding ability in the pulpit. In his knowledge of the Greek of the New Testament, he is without a peer in the South. There are frequent calls upon him to preach in the churches in Louisville, and the announcement of his name does not fail to draw a large congregation. Even his own students, who attend his daily lectures, consider it a privilege to hear a sermon by him and to come under the sway of his power, which is remarkable in the lecture-room, but is far more so in the crowded assembly. The Baptist denomination in America has no man to-day of whom it is rightly more proud, and there is probably no man in the denomination who has done more for it than Dr. Broadus.

"Dr. Broadus is a man of a most genial disposition, affable, kind, and courteous in his manners. He wins the love and confidence of every one into whose society he is thrown. His character is intensely emotional and sympathetic, and with that quality is combined a high degree of magnetism. *His students* love him as a father, for he manifests a father's interest in them, and is their truest and wisest counsellor. It is a treat to see him in his home, which is as nearly a paradise as any home in this world, and his unsurpassed powers of conversation afford a continued feast to guests and visitors. At the same time his modest, unassuming nature, as refined as a woman's, is seen to full advantage in the unrestrained freedom of his delightful family circle. But whenever he steps into his study, the secret of his public success is found in the regularity and system of his habits."

Dr. Broadus was bereaved of his first wife, whom he courted under the interesting circumstances we have mentioned, and he afterward married her who now brightens his home, Miss Sinclair, of Charlottesville, Va.

The spirit in which the professor performs his duties may be inferred from the following

REMARKS FROM HIS PEN:

The materialist in education asks, Why study dead languages and *ancient* history? On the same principle, why travel, abroad or at home, except as a commercial traveller? Why listen to the aged? Why ever talk to your neighbor, unless it be in driving a bargain? Such people—and, alas! the world is full of them now—do not know the difference between getting an education and learning a trade." And again, with reference to enthusiasm in the pursuit of science: "Beautiful enthusiasm! The would-be wise, the boastfully practical world will sneer. But there is hardly anything so much needed in America to-day, *save honesty and the fear of God*, as this very enthusiasm for pure science; as the spirit that will toil, no matter how long, to find out something, and will then break forth into its joyous *Eureka*, in the dear delight of added knowledge, not yet stopping to ask how far the discovery will be of practical utility."

In 1863 Dr. Broadus preached as a missionary in General Lee's army, and for the next two years he was Corresponding Secretary of the Sunday-school Board of the Southern Baptist Convention. In 1870 he published a work on the Preparation and Delivery of Sermons, which was reprinted in Great Britain, and has been adopted as a text-book in several theological seminaries. Besides various articles for reviews and magazines, he has published a series of papers in which he gives an account of a tour he made through Europe, Egypt, and Palestine in 1870–71. In 1876 he published lectures on the History of Preaching, which he had delivered in the Newton Theological Seminary, near Boston. His only publication in the principal department of his professorship is an elaborate review of the American Bible Union's version of the New Testament, contributed to the *Religious Herald* of Richmond, Va., in 1867–69.

Dr. Broadus's services as a preacher are eagerly sought when he leaves his own city for a Sunday, and he has had the honor of declining more than one call to be the pastor of a large church. He is doing a great work where he is, and we hope he will be long spared in life and health to prosecute his labors. Many a mighty Baptist preacher of the next generation will acknowledge his obligations, under God, to the Louisville Seminary.

"I WANT TO BE GOODER."

THE Rev. George F. Pentecost tells the following story in *The Independent*: It was at the close of a preaching service in connection with a series of Gospel meetings in a manufacturing town in New England. As I walked toward the platform, where my wrappings were, I noticed seated alone on one of the benches what seemed to be a little boy. As I passed him, I thought to myself: *Why is that boy sitting there alone and at this late hour?* So I went back to him, and sat down by his side. On this closer inspection I found him a lad of perhaps fifteen years. He was very dirty, face and hands grimmed with factory-grease; hair uncombed; mouth defiled with tobacco. Meantime, he was chewing his "quid" vigorously. I put my arms kindly about his shoulders and said:

"Well, my boy, what are you waiting here for?"

The reply was the laconic "I dunno."

"What did you come in for at all?"

"I just wanted to see what was going on and to hear the singing."

"Well, why do you stay longer, now that nearly everybody has gone?"

"I dunno. 'Cause I don't feel good."

"Do you want to be a Christian?"

"I'd'no. I dunno what that is."

"Why, it is to be saved from your sin and become God's child. Would you not like to be God's child? That is to be a Christian."

"*I'd like to be gooder.* That's what I like to be."

"Well, my boy, that is what Jesus will do for you if you will take Him for your Saviour. He will not only make you 'gooder,' but He will forgive all your sins and give you a new heart."

"I dunno what you mean by that."

And therein he was like Nicodemus. Indeed, he was a young Nicodemus come to Jesus by night. He knew that he wanted to be "gooder," but he did not know how he was to be made so. I talked with him a little while about Jesus, but he did not seem to understand how Jesus could be "*away up* in heaven," and yet know anything about him; and particularly he did not know how he was to give himself to Christ. Nevertheless, I went on preaching or talking Jesus to him, trusting *the present Holy Spirit*, who had awakened him and detained him in the inquiry-room, to enable him to understand these things. At length he said:

"I don't know what you mean by believing on Jesus Christ."

Apparently dropping the subject, I turned to him abruptly and said:

"Where do you work?"

He looked up, evidently surprised, and told me that he worked in a certain factory.

"What do you do in it?" I asked.

"I works in the picking-room."

"Is it a good job?"

"No, sir; 'tain't! It's long hours and poor pay."

"How long do you work?"

"Oh! different. Sometimes ten hours and sometimes fourteen, according to the way the mill runs."

"And what pay do you get?"

"Only but fifty cents a day."

"Well," said I, "now, Johnny, suppose Mr. So and-so," naming the manager of a large mill in another part of the town, "should come to you, and say: 'Johnny, I want a boy to work for me in my mill, and I will tell you what I want him to do. I want him to work four hours a day in the mill with two of my own boys, that I am bringing up to know the business. Then I want him to go to school a half day. I will give him a dollar a day, and he shall eat at my table and live in my house with my boys; and, indeed, I will be a kind father to him and take good care of him.'"

The little fellow listened with amused incredulity; but when I had finished, and asked him "Johnny, if such an offer was made to you, would you accept it?" with a smile that spread all over his face, and even up out of the grime and dirt, and far quicker than I can record it, he answered:

"*You bet I would!* And mighty quick!"

"But, Johnny, what would you do with the old job?"

"I'd throw it up, higher'n a kite."

"And then what would you do?"

"Why, of course, I go to work for the new boss. But, say, Mister, you are 'chaffing me' now."

"No, Johnny, I am not chaffing you. You are working for a hard master now, and are having long hours and poor pay. Every one who is living in sin is serving the Devil, and the only pay you will get by and by is death. But, my boy, God loves you, and He has sent Jesus into the world to tell you so and to offer to make you His child, put you to work for Him, and finally take you to heaven. Now, Johnny, will you accept this new situation and become God's child? That is what I mean by believing on Jesus Christ and accepting Him. Will you take him for your Saviour and new Master?"

Once more the smile came back into his face, and, with straightforward, honest love in his eye, he said:

"Is that it? Then I'll take Jesus Christ for my Saviour."

"But, Johnny," said I, "what will you do with *the old job of sin?*"

Still another ray of light came into his face, and, with compressed lips and firm and determined voice, he said, evidently remembering his other answer: "I throw it up."

"That's it, my dear boy. That is what it is to become a Christian. It is to take Jesus for your Saviour, who forgives all your sin, and for your new Master, and God for your Father in heaven, and throw up the old job of sin. And now will you kneel down here with me, and tell Jesus that you have taken Him in your heart, to be your Saviour and Master?"

"Yes, sir." And, with that, he fell upon his knees beside me, and, after I had offered a prayer, I asked him to pray, which he did, substantially in these words: "Lord Jesus, I take you for my Saviour, and I throw up sin. Help me to be *gooder* than I am and to serve you right." I said the "Amen."

* * * * * * *

I was in that city months afterward, and asked the pastor after "Johnny," and he told me he was walking uprightly. Among other things, he had "thrown up his tobacco."

Dr. Livingstone, the Explorer of Africa, had conceived the idea over twenty years ago of the coffee-room scheme. In the interesting "Personal Life of Dr. Livingstone," by Dr. Blaikie, just published, we find a letter written by Dr. Livingstone in July, 1857, in which he said: "I am thinking of giving, or trying to give, a lecture, by invitation, at the Glasgow Athenæum. I am offered thirty guineas, and as my old friends the cotton-spinners have invited me to meet them, I think of handing the sum, whatever it may be, to them, or rather letting them take it, and fit up a room as *a coffee-room*, on the plan of the French *cafés*, where men, women, and children may go, instead of to *whiskey-shops*. There are coffee-houses already, but I don't think there are any where they can talk and read papers just as they please.

HELP FOR ALL.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, delivered on Sunday Morning, March 6, 1881.

"In me is thine help."—HOSEA, 13 : 9.

German Vandalism at Versailles—An Awakened Sinner's First Impulse—The Gospel has no War with Morality—Trouble at the Root—A Man in a Quagmire—The Legend of a Roman Fountain—How God Helps the Sinner—I. The Holy Spirit Enlightens Him—A Reminiscence of Belleville—II. Repentance Given—III. Faith Implanted—A Horseman's Conversion in the Night—IV. Pardon and Peace Given—What We all Want—Help in Life—Help in Death—The Princess Alice and the German Sceptic—A Christian Mother's Sudden Death—A British Officer's Perilous Slumber.

THOSE of you who have visited Versailles know that the picture-galleries were full of representations of the Napoleonic victories. It was Napoleon at Austerlitz, Napoleon crowned, Napoleon here and Napoleon there. When the Germans, a few years ago, took Versailles, the first thing they did was to *cut out of the canvass* all the representations of those Napoleonic victories. They wanted nothing that showed the defeat of the Germans and the triumph of the French. I would to God that this morning all trace of sinful victory in our soul might be obliterated, and that nothing might be left but the triumphs of grace.

The first thing that a man does after waking up to his sinful condition is to try to help himself. He looks over his character. "Now," he says, "here I have some bad habits I must get rid of. I'll stop this, and I'll stop that. I have been given to profanity; I'll stop swearing. I have been given to over-reaching my neighbors in bargaining; I'll be honest. I have been in the habit of Sabbath-breaking; I'll observe the Lord's day, and whatever I did wrong I'll do right."

There is no war between

THE GOSPEL AND MORALITY.

We must give up our evil habits if we are going into the kingdom of God; but if you have the idea that by changing your habits you can change your nature, you have made *an awful mistake.* A pomologist goes into his orchard, and he sees a valuable tree dying, and he knows that it has a worm gnawing at the root. Does he begin by chopping off branches in order to get the health of that tree? No; he begins to dig in the earth, and he comes down until he is able to destroy the worm at the root. Now, how are we to come to moral and spiritual health? Will we accomplish the thing by chopping off this bad habit and chopping off that bad habit, chopping off this evil proclivity and chopping off that evil proclivity? No; there is *trouble at the root.* "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." As long as the heart is wrong the life will be wrong.

Now, in a great many things, it is well for people to help themselves. If you want to get the favor of the world, go to work and win it. If you want to get a fortune, go to work and earn it. If you want to be a geologist, delve with your own crowbar; or a mineralogist, smite with your own hammer; or a surgeon, cut with your own knife; or a poet, chime your own cantos; but if you have any idea that you are going to change your heart and hew your own way into Heaven by your own strength, you are attempting an impossibility.

You know very well that if a man be sinking in a quagmire, the more he struggles the deeper he sinks. If you are now in the depths of your sin, struggling by your own power to get out, you will only sink deeper. You want a strong arm on the outside to clutch you and lift you up, and plant you on the rock. In other words, you want someone to cry out from the solid land, "In me is thy help."

Well, there are those in this audience who not only feel they have a sinful nature, but that they are helpless. I congratulate you, I am glad of it that you feel you are helpless. You say: "That isn't brotherly; that isn't humane." Well, I say that in the same spirit in which Lady Huntington said it to a man who exclaimed, "I am a lost man." She said, "I am glad of it." He said, "That's a most unkind remark." "Ah!" she said, "I am glad of it. Because you must first feel you are lost before you will win salvation." And so if there are those here this morning who not only know that they have a sinful nature, but that they are helpless, I congratulate you. For now comes the clarion voice of my text—it comes like ten thousand thunders bursting from the throne: "In me is thy help."

There is *a fountain in the city of Rome* about which is the superstition that if a man once drinks of it he will some time certainly come there to drink again. He may be gone fifty years, he may wander all the world over; but the superstition says that that man will certainly come back and drink again of the fountain. He cannot help it. But it is no superstition for me to say that when a man drinks of this fountain of grace he is sure to come again, and coming this morning, some of you the hundredth time, the thousandth time, you will come yet again and yet again—this morning perhaps with more joy than when you came the first time. Drinking once, you drink again.

Now I feel the great heart of God, the great heart of a loving and sympathetic God, throbbing against the heart of this assembly, and every word is a throb: "In me—is—thy—help."

I. God, in the first place, is willing to help you *by giving you the Holy Spirit* to show you and me just the position we occupy. "Now,

WHAT IS THE USE OF CONVICTION?"

some one says. "If God is going to save me, why not save me? What is the use of my being harrowed up by the sense of my past deficits? I am ready now to begin a new life; why be bothered about the past?" My brother, I will tell you the use of conviction.

You go out into the street, and there is a gay equipage dashing past, and you rush out and take the horses by the bit, and you stop them. The occupant of the carriage says: "Why do you stop me, sir?" and you offer him fifty cents. He throws the money back in your face. He says: "Do you think I am a beggar? How dare you stop me? Get out of the way, or I will ride over you. Drive on!" Next morning you are coming out of your front doorway, and you see a poor man on the steps, hungered and in rags, and you give him fifty cents. He says: "Thank you. God bless you! I was near unto death for lack of bread. Thank you, thank you."

In other words, the Gospel of the Son of God is *a charity to our impoverished race.* You offer that charity to a man who deems he is in need of nothing. He says: "Why do you offer me deliverance? I am not incarcerated. Why do you offer me pardon? I am no sinner. I want none of your help. Drive on!" Another man, by the power of the Holy Ghost, is persuaded that without Jesus Christ he is pauperized, impoverished, and beggared for eternity. You offer him the Gospel. He says: "God bless you for this offer. Hear all the earth and all the heavens that I am to be pardoned and blessed. Thank you, thank you." In other words, without conviction a man does not want Christ and his salvation. The Holy Spirit coming on the heart, a man wakes up to see his true state. If the Holy Spirit should come in this assemblage this morning with unwonted power—we all feel His presence now; but if He should come with unwonted power, what a scene!

I remember in the first year of my pastorate in the little village of Belleville I was very much discouraged because there were so few conversions, and one Sabbath morning I went into the pulpit utterly disheartened, and preached what it seemed to me was a very lame sermon. The next morning, passing down the street, a lady of one of the first families of the village said to me, "I wish you would come in and see my family." I said: "Are any of them sick?" I passed in and I found the Holy Ghost was mightily working upon all their hearts, and before that nightfall that whole family were in the kingdom of God. Moreover, it was the beginning of a great awakening, and the Holy Spirit moved on scores of hearts.

If the Holy Spirit should mightily appear this morning, there is an aged man who would drop his head and say: "O! Lord, though it is the eleventh hour, have mercy on me." And there is a worldling who would say: "O! God, give me a better portion than this world offers." There is a young man who would say: "Lord, I have been a wanderer, I would like to come home." Did I not hear a whisper going along from seat to seat? I think it was a prayer, a prayer: "God help me!"

I look into your faces this morning, my beloved people, and I ask you the potent question which Paul asked of the Ephesians: "have ye received the Holy Ghost?" Pliny says that the first three days of the young lion's existence it seems to be dead, and the lioness is in seeming grief at the unconsciousness of her young; but on the third day the lion lifts up his voice and at the roaring the young lions seem to wake out of death. O, that the lion of Judah's tribe would this day utter His arousing and resurrectionary voice until all the dead should rise!

II. Again, I remark that God is ready to help you by giving you

REPENTANCE.

There is a great difference between seeing my sin and turning from it, there is a great difference between finding my lost condition and getting out of it, there is a great difference between finding myself on the wrong road and getting on the right road. I explode the delusion that conviction and conversion are the same thing. Thousands of people get convicted who never get converted. I will illustrate the difference.

A man is picked up from a scene of riot and debauchery and thrust into a prison at night. In the morning he wakes up and he sees walls, he feels his own wretchedness, he says: "aching head, aching feet, aching heart, miserable, miserable." He sits down and mourns. That same night another man is picked up from a scene of riot and debauchery and thrust into prison, and in the morning he wakes up and sees only walls, and feels his own wretchedness, and says: "aching head, aching feet, aching heart. Miserable, miserable. I can't endure it," and he raps on the wicket of the prison, and he calls the jailer. He says, "come here, come here. There is a man on such and such a street who is my friend, and he knows the Governor. You just ask that friend to go to the Governor's office and get a pardon for me, and get it right away." The message is carried, the pardon is obtained, the prison doors are swung open, the man comes forth. In the first case it was conviction; in the last case it was conversion.

Now, where are we to get this repentance from? From God. "Prove it," you say. I will prove it. "Him hath God exalted to be a prince and a Saviour." What for? "To give repentance unto Israel." Oh, that this morning the Lord would help us all to repent. Rowland Hill says, "when I put down my pilgrim's staff at the gate of Heaven, if I drop a tear it will be because I have to part forever with the sweet and pleasant companion, repentance." You hear about the sorrows of repentance. This morning I tell you of the joys of repentance.

III. Again, God is willing to help you by enabling you to exercise

FAITH IN CHRIST.

Now, you say, we have come to a technicality. There is *no technicality* about it. You tell me that a man can believe as easily as turning his hand over. You make a misstatement. I often hear Christian men in prayer-meeting say: "It is easy to believe, perfectly easy to believe." I deny it. The most exhausting undertaking to which I ever put the energies of my soul, the most exhausting undertaking to which you ever put the energies of your soul was to believe in Christ. I go further, and say it is so great an undertaking that no man can accomplish it of himself. "Prove it," you say again. I will prove it. "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves. It is the gift of God."

"Well," you say, "if it is a gift of God, that discharges all my responsibility. If God is the only one who can give it, and doesn't give it, I have no responsibility in the matter." Ah, you make a mistake, my brother! A farmer plants the corn. He knows he cannot raise the corn; he cannot make the corn grow. He knows the sun and the shower do that. The farmer does his work; the sun and the shower do their work. God's

work is to give faith. What is your work? To ask for it, to implore it, to agonize for it until you get it. If you could exercise that faith this morning my brother, my sister, what a revolution in your feelings!

At a religious meeting a man heard the Gospel and he mounted his horse and rode homeward during the night. While riding homeward Christ spake peace to his soul. The man believed, and the burden was gone, and he was so overjoyed he could not contain the joy. He knew if he rode on to his home there would be no one there to sympathize with this spiritual joy, and so he turned his horse about and he rode back through the darkness to the pastor's house. It was quite late. He called the pastor out, and seizing him by the hand he said: "Oh, what a God we have!" And if this morning you could only trust Him that man's exclamation would not seem at all extravagant, and as you went out of this house to-day you would take some Christian by the hand, and with all the concentred emotion of your soul you would cry: "Oh, what a God we have!"

IV. I remark again, God is willing to help you by giving you the

PARDON AND PEACE

of the Gospel. God is not a King hard to get at. Earthly kings are sometimes almost unapproachable. You have got to go with a certain style of dress, and you have got to come at certain hours. Not observing those rules, the guard will roughly thrust you back from the castle gate, and will say to the officers of the law: "Take that man into custody; he has no business here in that attire."

History tells us of a man who, having offended a king, had to stand barefoot on the cold pavement in front of the palace day after day, doing penance before the king would admit him. Our King is not of that sort. He throws open the palace door and He says: "Come in; never mind the court dress; come in your rags, come in your poverty, come now. Come any hour of the day, come any hour of the night. You cannot come any time when I won't be glad to see you. Come in, come in." And while He is calling all the bells of the tower begin to ring, and they chime just one thing: "Come, come, come, come."

Oh, what a tremendous thing it is to have God put His hand on your shoulder and say: "As far as the east is from the west, so far I will move your transgressions from you, I have loved you with an everlasting love. The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee."

Oh, that unhorses the last terror, that sheathes the last sword, that raptures the soul with a great joy, that turns the face of God, the full face of Christ on you. He can do it. He can save you. He hushed Gennesaret and He can quiet your perturbation. He gave sight to Bartimeus, and He can fill you with irradiation. He restored Malchus' hearing, and He can make you hear the glad tidings of great joy.

Do not look back, it is all sin—do not look down, it is all destruction; but look up and see written over the mangled brow, printed on the bleeding hand, punctured in the pierced side, and hear dropping from the lips: "In me—in me is thy help." O! God, that is what we want, that is

WHAT WE ALL WANT.

It is help. Help for that formalist who is depending upon his ceremonies. Help for that moralist who is depending on his good deeds. Help for that wanderer who is so discouraged. Help for the young. Help for the old. Help now—infinite, instant, and everlasting help. Hear it ringing from the throne. Hear it in the multitudinous chorus of the white-robed choristers. Hear it in the jarring of the wide-open gate of Heaven. "In me is thy help!" Oh, yes, my friends, we want help. We want help while we live, and we want help when we die.

There is no need of my fooling away the time this morning, or you fooling away time in flatteries. What we want is help. You have perplexities the world cannot sympathize with. You have annoyances the world cannot help you in. When some great trouble comes you have sympathizers, but there are annoyances in your life that nobody understands. Now, you want God to help you just at that point. When the doctor told Walter Scott he must stop worrying, stop fretting, he said: "Ah, doctor, Molly might as well put the kettle over the fire and tell it not to boil as for you to tell me not to fret, when I have so many things to fret about!"

Yes, you want God in those things where the world cannot give you sympathy. It is a rough path, it is a rugged path, it is a very narrow path many of you have to travel. I know, I know all about it. God only can guide you and strengthen you. I speak right to the mark now in talking to you.

When a man came in a stormy night, and during a great freshet and rapped at a farmer's door, the farmer opened the door and said: "why, what are you doing here to-night? How did you get across the river? *the bridge is down.*" "Oh, no," said the man, "the bridge isn't down; I just came across the bridge." "But the bridge is down," said the farmer; "it fell this afternoon and was washed away in the freshet." The man said, "the bridge isn't down, I just rode over it." Then they went out with their lanterns, and just one timber remained. The man's horse had cautiously walked that timber. A few inches either way and it would have been death; but God helped that man right across. And it is a narrow path some of you walk, a dangerous path. God only can help you, and He will help you. "In me is thy help."

Then we will all soon want help when we leave the world. Scepticism does very well, or seems to do very well while we live and everything goes brightly; but it fails at the last as it did *Princess Alice* when she wrote to Strauss, the world-renowned sceptic, saying to Strauss: "I am about to leave the world and I want you to send back all my letters, all my infidel letters; for I am dying now, and I am going to die in the faith of Christ, and I want to burn my letters." Ah, your scepticism may do a little while longer, but it will not do all the way through. "In me is thy help."

I would rather have the experience of that good woman who a few Sabbaths ago sat in this house, and a day or two afterward stood at the head of the stairs in her house, and said: "Come, come, my daughter." The daughter came and the Christian mother, putting her hand on her head, said—standing at the head of the stairs—"If this be death, I am satisfied," and fell senseless, and in a few moments was with God on high. I shall be satisfied when I wake in His likeness, and so will you. I would rather have that experience than all the experience of the brilliant sceptics of the world.

I would rather have the experience of the young man who on his dying bed had such enrapturing views of the world to come that he wanted to go, and after the physician had said some encouraging words about convalescence, the mother took the doctor into the next room and said: "Doctor, don't discourage him by telling him he is going to get well." Oh, yes; in that hour we will want help,

WE WILL WANT CHRIST.

I pray God that the effect of this service may be eternal. We will depart in a few moments now. Let those of us who are children of God be earnest. Let there be nothing in our conversation to indicate that religion is a trivial thing, that this divine help is of no importance. A Christian father with his impenitent son passed out the church, passed down the street, and the Christian father said to the impenitent son: "My son, that was a good sermon, that was a very good sermon, one of the best sermons I ever heard." And in a few moments he whistled and he laughed. Getting to their home, the son went to his room and said: "The Gospel is a lie. If father thought I was on my way to a judgment, and I was unprepared for the great future, and I was in infinite peril, he couldn't have whistled and laughed all the way home, if he knew I wasn't a Christian. *The Gospel is a lie.*"

God forbid that we should throw dishonor upon a religion which is a tremendous reality—tremendous. Let me say to this vast audience, in which there are many earnest souls who have not yet found God, but they are in earnest now—let me say, decide the matter quickly and now. Adjournment is perilous. More souls lost through adjournment and procrastination than in any other way.

When Sir Colin Campbell, with his army, retreated from Lucknow, there was *one man left.* Captain Waterman overslept himself in a place where they did not see him and did not arouse him. At two o'clock he wakened, and lo! the English army was gone, and he was surrounded by fifty thousand savages. He said his horror was indescribable, and he sped away as rapidly as he could, until he came to the rear guard of the English army, and he was insane with excitement.

God forbid that it should be said of any man in this house, while multitudes march on into the kingdom of the Gospel, you have overslept in sin, waking up amid ten thousand spiritual enemies, the everlasting captive of your own somnolence. Awake thou that sleepest, and rise from the dead.

"Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's Heavenly gates,
Believe, and take the promised rest,
Obey, and be forever blest."

A Car-Fare Paid.—A Poor Old Woman, bowed with age and infirmity, and almost crippled with rheumatism, was helped into a seat in a car by the conductor. The car soon filled, and started on its way. In a few minutes the man came in with his customary "Fares, please," and collected from each his pence. But before he reached the old lady a benevolent-looking gentleman first put his own fare into the collector's hand, and then adding to it the same amount, he said, "That is for the old lady opposite, *if she will accept it.*" As the man passed her by, he said, "You are paid for, ma'am." And the gentleman hastened to add, "*If you will accept it.*" But no doubts troubled the poor needy woman. Freely as the gift was offered, she accepted, with only a simple, grateful "Thank you." How like to the gift of God! The liability met by another—One who, owing nothing Himself, was in a position righteously to discharge the debt, to meet the need; our blessed Substitute, the one to whom God imputed our sins upon whom He laid the iniquities of us all!

Hindoo Incantations.—The Rev. F. W. Ainley, in some published reminiscences, says: "In the country of Travancore, where I was living, we had very few highroads, but many beautiful rivers, up and down which we used to travel in boats rowed by ten or twelve natives. One day I was with another missionary, and we halted at a place where many trees grew near to the river. I got out of the boat and walked in among the trees, to be sheltered from the blazing mid-day sun, and as I walked I came on *a strange sight.* Five or six men were sitting in a circle, cross-legged, on the ground; their long black hair was loose and streaming; they were beating small drums with their hands, and singing a shrill chorus. I asked them the reason of their doings. 'Oh, sahib! there is a child there (pointing to a house a little distance off) that has got a devil, and we are driving it.' Leaving them, I approached the house, and outside, on the grass, a father held in his arms his suffering child, who was screaming with pain. The father told me that his little boy had been in this state for six hours, and thought some god was angry with him, and had sent a devil into his son. He had called for these priests, hoping that they might be able to do something for him."

A Living Man Almost Dissected.—A Man named Klein was found during the late frost apparently frozen to death in the neighborhood of Golothern, Switzerland, and there being nothing about him to give a clue to his identity he was handed over to the Cantonal hospital for dissection. When the supposed corpse had been laid on the dissecting-table the mistake was discovered, and means were taken to infuse new life into him, which succeeded so well that he is now in his usual health. In like manner men have despaired of the *spiritual life* of others, who were dead in trespasses and sins; and yet the Spirit of God has been at work, quickening and raising them up to newness of life in Christ Jesus.

TOUCHES OF REAL LIFE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Lady Hope, of Cariden.

(*Continued from page 134.*)

King Hal the Foreman—National Blunders—The Builder's Order—A Visit to the Ball and Anchor—Beer as a Sedative—The Saloon-Keeper's Tactics.

It was on one of those cold days in November that, at five o'clock, a drizzling fog unceremoniously set in to announce an evening still more cold and dreary than even that November day had been. The church clock of another town in the same county as that in which Etta lived was on the stroke of five, and the chimes had begun to ring out their herald of the laborer's rest, when, at some distance off, an experienced ear might have detected a harsh clanging, something in sound like the noise you could make with a poker upon a tea-kettle.

This unmusical performance resulted from a succession of blows upon a metal plate, given by the hammer of a broad-shouldered, black-whiskered man, of good height, and bearing an appearance of considerable power. Bodily power he certainly had, and mental abilities, though untrained, he must also have possessed to some degree; for the very act we have mentioned bespeaks his position as foreman over the large gang of workmen who are already scattering, like so many school boys, from the quaint red brick walls of the house at which they have been working.

His loose corduroy trousers, spattered all over with lime and water, and his thick fustian jacket, are the honorable signs of toil, of "good hard work," as he would say; "no finikin little jobs like *them* there!" he is thinking, as with a sideway shake of his head, he casts a glance at the rickety cart that is passing along the high road, at this moment followed by a little man, who, with his hand to his mouth, screams, like a door on its hinges, "Scissors to mend; grind 'em neat."

Certainly King Hal—as our friend the foreman is called by his mates, because his name is Henry King, and, by the nickname fashion, the said name has, through some natural process, become reversed—is a finer specimen of humanity than the tramp. Indeed, if you look from one to the other you will see there is no comparison. They belong apparently to a different race of beings. Hal is in the prime of life, strong, hearty, with a wrist like iron, and legs that think nothing of his seven miles' walk daily, to and from his work, in addition to the eleven hours' standing, which constitutes a larger proportion of the duty of his life, and which admits of the meal intervals as its only parentheses from early dawn to sunset.

If you sum up year by year of labor like this, and recollect that a life cast in such a mould, and expended thus, is really the representative of vast masses of lives similarly expended, you will surely recognize the fact that, in the aggregate, these form the "Atlas" of our country. On these broad shoulders rest the burden and the toil of the day. Without these men, we, who from sheer incapacity could not touch their life-work with the tip of our fingers, would soon be paupers.

Depend upon it, our remedy for the strikes and drunkenness which are the two national afflictions that are cutting away the foundations of our prosperity, does not lie in the introduction of a foreign element. We have mouths enough to feed already. Rather let us make a better use of the materials God has given us. We have treated our workingmen too much as beasts of burden. We have forgotten that they have hearts, minds, bodies; that they are made of better stuff than we are, and, if looked at only in a monetary point of view, worth gold to their nation.

This is, however, a very low view to take of the true value of these noble fellows, generous, faithful, self-sacrificing, unalterable in loyal devotion to you, if once you win their hearts. "Narrow-minded" do you say? *Narrow!* they don't know what it means! Broad-souled, frank, trusting creatures are the sons of our soil; *so* broad—and this in the right sense of the word too—that we may be put to shame, who, in our higher education, have become trammelled into many a petty line and crooked warp. If you want to find unselfishness, large-heartedness, visit among the dwellings of those who, by bodily labor, earn the scanty sum weekly that we can afford to squander in minor enjoyments, as unnecessary often as they are unreal.

But to return to King Hal in his retreat from the scene of his day's work. The men have divided themselves off in various directions, and are betaking themselves to their homes by various paths. Some have jumped over the little brick wall that separates the rising pile from the adjoining field, and are pursuing the muddy path that will eventually land them in the village from whence they had emerged at sunrise that morning.

Others are ascending the long steep hill that rises at the back of their scene of labor. When they have crossed this ridge, they will find themselves in the small suburb of a rural town. Some of this group are bachelors, and live "in a bed"—that is to say, they have no house, only a shake-down, which they share with another lodger, making the sum total of their habitation, as far as they can call it their own by the right of payment, *half a bed;* for the rest they must "make shift" as best they can.

Another large party are wending their way down a narrow lane, the mud splashing over and into their heavy boots as they walk. They are tired, and a little cross, too, if the truth were known, as we may judge from their voices. They are passing opinion on various matters as they shuffle along in the direction of "home." King Hal is among them, and *his* voice, low and deep, complains the most bitterly.

The fact is, they have all been a little unhinged by an interview they have just had with the builder. As they were coming into the lane he rode up to them on his horse, accompanied by his son on another steed, and shouting, "King!" in his usual rough tone—or rather *the* rough tone that he always employed in speaking to his workmen—he swore a round oath, saying, "What on earth were you up to to-day, I should like to know, putting that blockhead Dan Holmes on the mason's job at the east front?"

"Dan?" Hal answered questioningly. And then, remembering "a thing or two" which had occupied his recollection evidently, he said apologetically, touching his hat, "Beg your pardon, sir; but Dan did the bit round the farther window, and I thought he'd do for the job. He's been badly lately, and off work, but he was round again to-day, so I told him on."

"Have done with your nonsense!" was the builder's reply. "Dan may walk. I am not going to have *him* loafing about the place. Do you hear?" This last query was roared, shouted, or describe it as you please—the extraordinary method of affirmation that this exalted personage generally considered necessary for the enforcement of his wishes, when those wishes were to be carried out by Hal or his subordinates. So saying, Mr. Eldridge had touched up his horse and ridden away, muttering unutterable things.

This little episode, though one of too frequent occurrence to present much astonishment to any of the parties concerned, yet hardly carried with it a salutary influence, or one likely to soothe the weary spirits even of a party of strong working-men who had been toiling all day at labor the builder now considered far beneath himself, though at one time he had been thankful for jobs of a similar kind.

"What's the row?" asked one of the group, as on they trudged again.

"Dan and he ain't nowheres together. That's how it is," answered Hal. "They had a bit of a difference one day, something about pay, or that; our governor, he don't know nothin' 'bout lookin' easy on a chap, when he thinks he's once gone agin 'im. No one never can give no satisfaction to *'im*. There ain't no pleasin'. Work, work, work, and you'll be paid. I like that! Yes, and you *are* paid, too. Oaths and curses! Why, this swearing beats the 'Cat and Dog' hollow. Never hear nothing like it there. And then treated just as if you *were* a dog."

"And it's all the year round alike!" chimes in another. "Wet and fine, hot and cold. *He* don' change."

"He's a *bear*, he is," says one with fair curly hair and brown cap, as he pushes the said cap of his hot brow.

By this time the whole party have reached a di in the road, where they see two or three small cot tages flanking one stiff, square little building, con taining the inevitable two windows covered by brown wire blind, divided by a door, and sur mounted by a swinging signboard, that proclaim it to be the depôt of alcoholic liquors, and secure its individuality by the title "Ball and Anchor."

Alas! directly this little roof is in view, Hal an his companions begin to think they feel thirsty Hal, for one, had fully intended going straigh home to-night, but being slightly ruffled by th preceding conversation, he replies to the query fron men on both sides of him, "'Ave 'alf a pint?' "'Ave a drop?" by the curt reply, "Think I will;' and in they all go, disappearing one by one int the smoky little parlor. The rubicund landlor rubs his hands together, nods his head, accost them with "Foggy night!" and retires behind th bar to serve the liquor. "Here!" he shouts fo another attendant, and a smiling, tinsel-decked, be fringed barmaid appears, closely followed by Mrs Chart, the lady of the house.

All make themselves instantly the essence o amiability. Jocose words, loud laughter, kind in quiries, politics, gossip—all pass in turn round th entrapped circle, each theme being initiated by th host and his allies. There is an object in this They know that it is rather an honor, becaus somewhat rare an event, that King Hal and *all* hi colleagues should walk in at once. Mrs. Char guesses that something has gone wrong, and soo the matter is out.

Then Mr. and Mrs Chart take their line fron their customers, and loudly agree with all they sa about "the guv'nor," crying him down for th time being with great spirit. They have an eye t business, and while the talk goes round the glasse are refilling. Presently Hal has the sense to knov that things are going a little too far, and so make an effort to escape.

"You coming, Curly?" he says to the fairhaire man.

"In a minute," answers the man addressed.

"Take a drop of something *neat*, to warm yo up a bit, first!" says the wily landlord—truly th most veritable foe in disguise that poor Hal eve had or ever will have!

"I think I'll go!" says Hal. He shuffles hi cap on his head, pulling it well over his eyes an goes out. But once outside, his social nature per suades him that it would be better to wait a minut or two for the others. And so he does.

(*To be continued.*)

THREE GREAT COMING EVENTS.

By P. W. E.

I. THE COMING OF THE LORD FOR HIS SAINTS AS THE BRIDEGROOM.

Three Great Events Before the Church—Th First—The Coming of the Lord for His Saint —The Bride in the Old Testament—Cut Off fo Her Unfaithfulness—Her Hope of Restoratio —The Bride in the New Testament—Christ' Coming—Her Present Hope—Her Union wit Christ—To Judge, Rule, be Glorified, an Reign with Christ—Enoch, a Type—Isaac, Type—The Duty of the Church—The Functio of the Holy Spirit—The Burden of the Promise —One Verse in Twenty-five—"I Come Quick ly"—Walk, Work, Watch.

THE Scriptures speak of three great event that are before the church and the world. Thes are (1) the coming of the Lord *for* His saints (2 "the hour of temptation," or "the great tribula tion," which occurs after the saints are taken t heaven; and (3) the coming of the Lord *with* Hi saints. It is very important that the distinction between these events should be carefully noticed as to time and character.

The coming of the Lord *for* His saints is *the present hope of the church.* When that takes

place, as it may at any hour, all believers from the foundation of the world, who have not been raised, will be caught up to meet the Lord in the air. The Church, as the body of Christ, consisting only of true believers, will then cease to exist on the earth.

After the coming of the Lord *for* His saints, and before His coming *with* His saints, God will be occupied in preparing the way for the establishment of Christ's earthly kingdom, and in making ready a people who shall receive Him as their earthly sovereign. These objects are both accomplished by means of *sore judgments* inflicted on the earth, judgments by which His enemies are punished and His people purified. "The hour of temptation," or "the great tribulation," is the period during which these judgments are poured forth. The coming of the Lord *with* His saints will take place at the end of this "hour of temptation," or "the week of tribulation," as it is sometimes called, after the preliminary judgments have been brought to a close. It is the event described as "the coming of the Son of man," "the coming of the day of the Lord," and "the appearing of Christ with his saints." At that coming Christ will execute judgment on His enemies, deliver His chosen earthly people, and establish His dominion in righteousness over the world.

We propose to bring out some Scriptural truths respecting these three events, in the order named. The first of the three will be the subject of this article. The coming of the Lord

FOR HIS SAINTS.

The Scriptures teach us that there is an *earthly* as well as a *heavenly* bride. The difference, however, is most marked. Jeremiah writes, "Go and cry in the ears of Jerusalem, saying, Thus saith Jehovah; I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals" (Jer. 2 : 2). This espoused wife proved herself unfaithful. Christ came to her according to promise, but she received Him not. She took counsel how she might put Him to death. But God declares that after many days of visitation He "will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness and speak comfortably unto her . . . and she shall sing there as in the days of her youth" (Hosea 2 : 14, 15). That is, in due time *she shall be restored* and made glorious *in the earth.**

On account of her unfaithfulness she was cut off, or set aside. *Who then is the wife of the Lamb*, spoken of in Revelation? We find no reference in the Old Testament to the Church of Christ, this heavenly bride. This was "the mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations, but now is made manifest to his saints" (Col. 1 ; 26). No intimation was ever made respecting the Church of God, until after the Jews took counsel how they might destroy Jesus. They being set aside, Christ said to Peter, "I *will* build *my* church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it" (Matt. 16 : 18). Up to that time there was no Church of God. From the day of Pentecost the Church has been and is being gathered "out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." The Holy Ghost is *the gathering power;* and Christ is *the centre of gathering*. Those who belong to the Church of Christ have been born of God; set apart according to the gracious will or purpose of the Father; sanctified by the blood of Jesus; and chosen "to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth" (2. Thess. 2 : 13).

Paul, in speaking to the Corinthians, says, "I am jealous over you with godly jealousy; for I have espoused you to one husband, that I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ" (2 Cor. 11 : 2). In another epistle he writes, "Husbands love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church and gave Himself for it . . This is a great mystery; but I speak concerning Christ and the Church" (Eph. 5 : 25–32). These passages show that the heavenly bride is the Church. She has

NEVER BEEN CAST OFF,

but is to be taken to be with Christ and to receive glory in heaven.

When our Lord was on the earth He gathered about Him a few disciples, who on the day of Pentecost were baptized into one body, called the Church. The night on which the Lord was betrayed He said to them: "I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go and prepare a place for you, *I will come again* and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also" (John 14 : 2, 3). Up to that time there was no place prepared for those who would constitute this heavenly bride. Here He not only assumes that He will prepare a place for them, but that He will also come again and receive them to Himself. On the day of our Lord's ascension, while the disciples were looking steadfastly toward heaven as He went up, "behold two men stood by them in white apparel, which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, *shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven*" (Acts. 1 : 10, 11).

No language can be more clear or explicit than this. Our Lord is to come again, in the same manner that He went on high. He is the Head of the Church—thus the Church must be raised and associated with its Head in everything: in suffering, in life, in judgment, in dominion, and in glory. "He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken their (your) mortal bodies" (Rom. 8 : 11). And they being thus associated with Him, He makes them sharers of all He is and has.

When He judges the world and angels, the Church will judge the world and angels with Him. When He rules the nations with a rod of iron, the Church will rule them with the rod of iron also. When He appears in glory to the world, the Church "shall appear with Him in glory" also. When He reigns, the Church will also reign with Him. When He comes forth with a sharp sword out of His mouth, to tread "the wine-press of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God" (Rev. 19 : 15), the saints as the armies of heaven will come forth with Him. Christ must take His inheritance as "Head of the body, the Church." He is not *perfected for His inheritance* until the Church is thus associated with Him; for *it is* "the fulness of him that filleth all in all" (Eph. 1 : 23). In one sense, indeed, the Church is thus associated with Him now; but the time for its full, perfect recognition will not occur till He comes to take her to Himself *before the judgments are poured upon the earth.*

Enoch, the type of the Church, "by faith was translated that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him; for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God" (Heb. 11 : 5). He was not left to see the world reach the climax of its wickedness and the judgment of God poured out upon it. He saw not "the fountains of the great deep broken up," nor "the windows of heaven opened." He was taken away before any of these things occurred; and he stands before the eye of faith as a beautiful figure of those who "shall not all sleep, but shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye" (1 Cor. 15 ; 51, 52).

TRANSLATION, NOT DEATH,

was the hope of Enoch; and as to the hope of the Church, it is thus briefly expressed by the apostle, "To wait for his Son from heaven" (1 Thess. 1 : 10). The Church knows that her entire justification is through the death and resurrection of Christ, and she waits for the day when He shall come and receive her to Himself. She through the Spirit waits for the hope of righteousness by faith (Gal. 5 : 5). She does not wait for *righteousness* inasmuch as she by grace has that already; but she waits for the *hope* which properly belongs to the condition into which she has been introduced.

We are assured that "the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and *the dead in Christ shall rise first;* then we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord" (1 Thess. 4 : 16, 17). And again, "Behold, I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed" (1 Cor. 15 : 51, 52). These passages show that the first resurrection takes place when the Lord comes *for* His saints; and that His coming is *the present hope of the Church.* Hence our Lord says, "Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that *wait for their lord* when he will return from the wedding; that when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately" (Luke 12 : 35, 36). And Paul commends the Thessalonian saints because they had "turned to God from idols, to serve the living God, and *to wait for his Son* from heaven."

Jesus, the Head, is in heaven; the body, the Church, is here. By the Holy Ghost constant communication is maintained between the Head and its members. By the same Spirit are ever flowing from the glorified Lord, life, joy, peace, and every other spiritual blessing.

Isaac, of old, in type, as if risen from the dead, came forth to meet his bride, Rebecca, escorted by Eliezer; so the Holy Ghost is the guide of this heavenly bride homeward. And when God's time has fully come, that same Spirit by whom our dead spirits have been quickened will also quicken our mortal bodies, and lift us one and all up to meet the Lord in the air. *Here is our hope.*

Many passages of Scripture can be quoted from the New Testament referring to the coming of the Lord, either *for* or *with* His saints. On an average, *one verse out of every twenty-five* refers to Christ's coming. Some of them are very significant indeed. In the last four addresses to the seven churches in Revelation, chaps. 2 and 3, the Lord's coming holds

A PROMINENT PLACE,

either in the shape of encouragement or of warning. Till the rapture, *the Church should be watching* and waiting, looking and longing for the Bridegroom to come.

It is well to notice, in the last chapter of Revelation, "I come quickly" is said three times, and is designed for our consideration; first, to see well to our *walk;* secondly, to see to our *work;* and thirdly, for our *hearts* to watch for Him. The first time, seventh verse, he adds, "Blessed is he that *keepeth* the sayings of this book." Then the practical application is given in the twelfth verse, "My reward is with me, to give every man according as his *work* shall be." But in the twentieth verse, the third time the words are uttered, there is nothing said about our *walk* or our *work.* Here He assumes that He Himself is to us "the chiefest among ten thousand" and the One "altogether lovely." So this cry is for our *hearts*, yes, for our *all;* as He has loved us, has died for us, has sanctified us, has cleansed us, has nourished us, has cherished us, and soon He is to present us to Himself as His bride.

What an exalted, what a blissful destiny awaits the children of God! Oh, that our hearts were more moved by this fact now! Are we looking for the coming of the Bridegroom? Do we long to be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump? May our hearts be established in His love, and we be encouraged and cheered with the prospect of His coming and of our change, that we may forever be with the Lord! "For yet a little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry" (Heb. 10 : 37).

* It is not the method in Holy Scripture to predict two events as if they were naturally consecutive, when in reality the failure of the first is to be the occasion of the second. The hope held out to the Bride, up to the time of Christ's rejection, was that of earthly union with her Lord. But when the Lord "came unto his own, and his own received him not," then the "mystery" which had been hidden was revealed, and a higher glory than had been set before the seed of Abraham was presented to the Church. Nevertheless, all the promises made to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and to their children, will be fulfilled when they who rejected Christ turn again and say, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord" (Matt. 23 : 39). This is indisputably proved by Ezek. 20 : 34, 42; 34 : 13, 14; Zech. 12 : 6; 14 : 11; and other passages which may be found by means of the marginal references.—ED.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Inauguration of Gen. J. A. Garfield, on Friday, March 4th, as President of the United States was accompanied by a stately and imposing ceremony. The weather was extremely unpropitious, but in spite of that circumstance an assemblage rarely equalled in numbers and character gathered to witness the inauguration of the twentieth citizen who has been called to the highest position in the gift of his country. Among the distinguished personages present General Hancock was conspicuous. It argues a high degree of personal good nature and nobility of spirit that the man who only missed the high honor of the Presidency by so small a margin, should voluntarily unite in the rejoicings and festivities of his rival's induction to office.

Expressions of regret were heard in many quarters that the severe simplicity of the inaugurations of our earlier Presidents had given place to martial display and a procession in which the military element was conspicuous, thus giving the ceremony a character more in accord with the monarchical coronations of Europe than with republican institutions. It may, however, be remarked in extenuation if not in defence of the innovation that the occasion was one calling for exceptional rejoicing. For more than twenty years the inaugural ceremonies have been marred by depressing circumstances. The condition of the South prior to 1877, and the fears of a civil outbreak in that year, owing to the peculiar circumstances of Mr. Hayes's elevation to office, rendered the quadrennial celebration somewhat gloomy. But this year, through the goodness of God, the nation has entered on more auspicious times, and the unwonted pageantry may be regarded as an expression of national delight and gratitude.

The New President's Inaugural Address has been received with general satisfaction. It is not eloquent nor ornate, but it is marked by strong common-sense, and by a clear perception of what is right and best for the nation. If the policy of the ensuing four years is an embodiment of the principles the President laid down in his address, it is safe to predict that his administration will have earned, and will receive the cordial good-will of the vast majority of the people

Mr. Garfield opened his remarks with a rapid review of the events of the century of American independence. "Even from this brief review," he said, "it is manifest that the nation is resolutely facing to the front, resolved to employ its best energies in developing the great possibilities of the future. Sacredly preserving whatever has been gained to liberty and good government during the century, our people are *determined to leave behind them all those bitter controversies* concerning things which have been irrevocably settled and the further discussion of which can only stir up strife and delay the onward march."

Having thus indicated the general principles he intended to be the guiding forces of his administration the new President dealt with particular questions, including the currency, the civil service, the tariff, and the Mormon question, on all of which he reiterated the doctrines he held when in Congress. The President concluded with the following solemn words, to which, especially to the final reverent invocation, every Christian citizen will add a responsive amen :

"Finally, acting always within the authority and limitations of the Constitution, invading neither the rights of the States nor the reserved rights of the people, it will be the purpose of my Administration to maintain the authority and in all places within its jurisdiction to enforce obedience to all the laws of the Union in the interests of the people ; to demand rigid economy in all the expenditures of the Government, and to require the honest and faithful service of all executive officers, remembering that the offices were created not for the benefit of incumbents or their supporters, but for the service of the Government.

"And now, fellow-citizens, I am about to assume the great trust which you have committed to my hands. I appeal to you for that earnest and thoughtful support which makes this Government in fact, as it is in law, a Government of the people. I shall greatly rely upon the wisdom and patriotism of Congress and of those who may share with me the responsibilities and duties of administration. And above all, upon our efforts to promote the welfare of this great people and their Government I reverently invoke the support and blessing of Almighty God."

Mr. Hayes Signalized the Last Day of his administration by a prompt veto of the Funding Bill. In justification of a step so decisive as that of vetoing the measure which has occupied more of the time of Congress during the session than any other question, Mr. Hayes said : "While in my opinion it would be wise to authorize the Secretary of the Treasury in his discretion to offer to the public bonds bearing 3½ per cent interest in aid of refunding, I should not deem it my duty to interpose my constitutional objection to the passage of the present bill, if it did not contain in *its fifth section* provisions which, in my judgment, seriously impair the value and tend to the destruction of the present National banking system of the country." Mr. Hayes urged Congress in view of the importance of the measure to pass a new bill even on the last day of its existence ; but such a procedure was clearly impracticable. Congress was pledged to the three per-cent rate, and that being settled, the fifth section was a necessity. The banks might not have taken the new bonds at all, unless compelled to do so by the fifth section.

The Close of Mr. Hayes's Term of Office ought not to pass into history without a reverent acknowledgment of God's overruling loving-kindness and watchful care. Four years ago we stood on the brink of a period which even faithful Christians could not anticipate without apprehension and foreboding. The administration came in with a doubt on its title, with but a wavering support from its friends, and with the bitter hostility of enemies, exasperated by the methods employed to place it in office. The national bark was among breakers, and there was mutiny among the crew. But God averted the threatened disaster, and the nation has during Mr. Hayes's term of office received from the Divine Giver of all good an abundant blessing. She stands to-day happier and more prosperous than at any former period of her history.

The administration made many mistakes, and is responsible for acts its friends deplore, but its record judged now that it passes from the present into the past is one of a generally creditable character. Under it, *the wounds of civil war* have healed rapidly; *Resumption* has been achieved, and the National Debt largely reduced ; *Civil Service Reform* has advanced through its most critical initial stage ; and a general freedom from grosser forms of corruption has been manifested. In addition to this, Mrs. Hayes inaugurated a *Temperance Reform* in the White House, which has given countenance and encouragement to other reformers, and has given an impetus to the advance of total abstinence principles in other official residences. For these blessings, as for the abundant harvests God has given us, a nation's thanks go up to the Almighty Ruler of the World, and in spite of the odium which attached to the administration, it will be associated in the memories of the people with recollections of not a few good deeds and the dawn of returning prosperity.

The Cabinet Nominations sent to the Senate on Saturday, and promptly confirmed, indicate how difficult a task cabinet-making is in the present condition of the Republican Party. Not only had geographical considerations to be taken into account, but the divisions of the party into Grant and anti-Grant men had to be remembered. President Garfield had no desire for a repetition of the scenes which agitated the early days of Mr. Hayes's administration, and which down to the very last day of his term threatened to burst out in flame. The President has endeavored to please everybody by selecting his men impartially from different places and sections of the party, so that each name may be taken as representative not so much of special ability as of political associations. The task of constructing the Cabinet being so beset with dangers and difficulties it is not surprising that some of the appointments recall the aphorism of a great General about *square pegs in round holes.*

Mr. Blaine takes the portfolio of Secretary of State, the office of Premier having probably been offered to him on account of his having been the principal rival of Mr. Garfield at Chicago. Mr. Windom, of Minnesota, becomes Secretary of the Treasury in spite of some utterances which have caused a feeling of uneasiness in business circles. It is said that the appointment was endorsed, if not recommended, by Mr. Sherman, which fact, if true, may tend to allay anxiety. Mr. William H. Hunt, of Louisiana, is Secretary of the Navy, an appointment which the South will probably accept as a recognition of its claims. Mr. Robert T. Lincoln, of Illinois, the son of President Lincoln, becomes Secretary of War, and is spoken of as an able man of strong Grant proclivities. Mr. MacVeagh, of Pennsylvania, a relative of the Cameron family, becomes Attorney-General, and Mr. Samuel J. Kirkwood, of Iowa, undertakes the arduous duties of Secretary of the Interior.

The claims of New York on the new President were strong, for to the vote of that State he owed his election. He has, however, recognized them in a somewhat "left-handed" fashion by making Mr. Thomas L. James Postmaster-General. There is no doubt that Mr. James will be the most efficient Postmaster-General it was possible to select, and New York will feel the loss of his services more than the honor of his selection. It was hoped that the principal commmercial centre of the Union might have furnished the Secretary of the Treasury, but from the first, the President decided for some inscrutable reason, that that office must go to the West.

The Cabinet so made up has been accepted with moderate satisfaction by the organs of public opinion. It is not particularly brilliant nor strong, but it has political ability in Mr. Blaine and administrative ability in Mr. James, and is entitled to ask that the country wait for results before deciding on its merits.

Ex-President Hayes in a Railroad Disaster,— The train by which the ex-President travelled from Washington toward his home at Fremont, O., was wrecked soon after passing Baltimore on March 5th. It was travelling at the rate of forty miles an hour, when on rounding a curve near Severn Station, eleven miles from Baltimore, the engineer saw a train approaching in an opposite direction, and moving at the same rate of speed as his own. He immediately shut off steam and reversed his engine, but it was too late to avert the collision. The two trains came together with a terrific crash, and the three engines with several cars were turned into a heap of ruins. Two men were killed on the spot, and twenty others were so severely injured that it is thought some of them cannot recover. The occupants of the ex-President's car were thrown from their seats and sustained a few bruises but were otherwise uninjured. Mr. Hayes hurried from the car as soon as the disaster was realized, and assisted in extricating the injured passengers.

Twenty Thousand Dollars for Sunday-school work.—The Rev. W. P. Paxson, superintendent at the South-west for the Sunday-school Union, in a recent address at Boston, stated that Mr. George Bennett, now living in Massachusetts, formerly of St. Louis, had given $1000 a year for twenty years for the support of Sunday-school missionaries at the West, and that by means of this money it had become possible to organize 3290 schools, with more than 140,000 scholars.

A Man Lost his Life at Pittsburg, Pa., through an inadvertence of his fellow-workmen on February 19th. He was an employé in Messrs. Robinson & Rea's foundry, and during an interval of work he entered a large oven on the premises to warm himself, as the weather was bitterly cold. Some of the workmen seeing the door of the oven open and not knowing of their companion's presence in the oven, closed it. The entrapped man could not open the door from the inside, and although he cried loudly, his voice was drowned by the noises of the foundry. When the workmen went to the oven again in the course of their duties he was found almost unconscious, baked into a hideous spectacle, and he died in a short time. The incident, singular as it is, in the affairs of life has many parallels in the affairs of the soul. Men go into places apparently harmless for the sake of a little fleeting pleasure, and suddenly discover that they are where "none that go return again."

A Desperate Struggle between a Tramp and a man delirious from suffering occurred at Reading, Pa., on February 23d. The sick man was a small-pox patient, and was insane and *frantic from pain*. A telegram to the New York *Herald* says: "His face and body were literally covered with small-pox sores. His clothing was muddy and torn. The inmates of the farmhouses barred their gates and doors in terror and prevented his coming among them. The community was in absolute terror. No one would venture near the man. He was tall and well built, and seemed to be extremely powerful. He tore down several fences enclosing front yards so as to enter the houses. Finally a tramp, who gave his name as Henry Borden, came along the road. Borden was also a very powerful man. Fully aware of the ailment of the madman, Borden seized him by his right wrist and commanded him to go with him. He struggled desperately, but the tramp succeeded in dragging the sufferer more dead than alive to the poorhouse, where he was admitted to the small-pox ward. The tramp's courage and determination not only prevented the spread of the infection, but may result in saving the man's life." Though physical force has no place in the campaign of the Gospel against sin, yet to the poor sin-sick souls the Christian is sent with the command, "Compel them to come in."

A Brutal Exhibition, in the Way of a Dog fight, took place *on Sunday*, February 27th, on Long Island, between two imported bull-dogs, an Irish one, owned in Philadelphia, and an English one, owned in this city. The fight lasted *over five hours* and was savagely contested. It was witnessed by about one hundred persons. For the first two hours little advantage was gained by either dog, though both were terribly injured about the head and throat. At the end of the third hour the Philadelphia dog seemed to have the advantage, but suddenly the New York dog caught hold of the other's jaw and held on for over an hour. The one hundred persons who found pleasure in witnessing an exhibition so brutal must have sunk to a very low and degraded level of humanity. Satan may be supposed to delight in the spectacle of the horrors of mortal combat, and it would seem that men exist who partake largely of the diabolical character.

Seven Weeks under a Snowdrift is the Explanation given of a disappearance which has occasioned agonizing suspense at a farm near West Chester, Pa. On Christmas night a young man and his sister returned to their home in a sleigh. The young lady went into the house while her brother drove on to the barn to unharness the horse. That was the last that was seen of him. As he did not appear after some time the sister went to the barn, but found neither her brother nor the horse. The sleigh, detached, stood near. In the morning the horse was found in the stable, quite wet, particles of ice and snow frozen to him, and his feed little eaten, as though he had been there only a short time. The young man was nowhere to be found. Parties of men searched the fields, and dug into the deep drifts, until at length the quest was abandoned.

On February 12th, as the farmer looked from his window he saw a fragment of clothing in a drift near the house, and on examination the body of his son was found there, having lain seven weeks there undiscovered. Water running under the snow had encased the body in ice, and it lay at full length on its face, frozen stiff, and perfectly preserved. The discovery overwhelmed the family with grief. Similar sorrow has been caused in other houses by spiritual catastrophes. Young men full of promise, almost Christians, have gone into city life, and under its chilling, benumbing influence have fallen into a state of spiritual death.

A Mysterious Poisonous Plant Caused the death of two youths in Pennsylvania recently. They resided in a suburb of York, and went out together on February 12th to catch driftwood on the Codorus Creek. One cake of ice which floated near the shore was observed by the boys to have embedded near its surface a root which they supposed to be sweet amaria. This root is sweet, succulent, farinaceous, and palatable. The lads hooked in the ice, secured the root, and dividing it began eating greedily. In an hour afterward they were seized with violent fits of vomiting, headache, and convulsions, causing both most terrible misery. They ejected from the mouth quantities of white frothy matter, deeply tinged with blood, and neither seemed possessed of any of his faculties after the convulsions set in. Medical aid was promptly summoned, but the active workings of the poison would not admit of any emetic or antidote. Their bodies and facial muscles were contorted into every conceivable shape, and their suffering increased constantly until death.

The name of the plant is unknown, and the boys were too ill to give any clue to its appearance. The sad event will however make other boys in the neighborhood more careful in eating such things. Would that the fate of those who go to eternal death through their fondness for poisonous literature, might deter young people from perusing it.

Dr. Deems wore an Eastern Headdress Something like a Turkish fez, when he landed in England on his return from his tour in the Holy Land. In this guise he inquired from a Londoner what omnibus he should take to convey him to a distant suburb, where a minister lived on whom he wished to call. The Londoner, assuming from the Doctor's headgear that he was a native of an Oriental clime, said to him, "*You speak English very well.*" When Dr. Deems arrived at his destination he received a warm welcome, the Christian minister recognizing in him a closer bond than the faultless pronunciation of their common tongue, that bond of brotherhood which unites all lovers of the Lord Jesus. Writing of him in an English journal the minister said, "We were not long in discovering that Dr. Deems is a man of remarkable intelligence and peculiar devoutness of spirit; he is, moreover, able to combine all that is most delightful in social relationship with the preservation of a deeply sacred feeling. We were struck with this thought again and again, for though we often laughed at his wit, we were constantly reminded that he was a devoted minister of the Gospel."

A Portrait of Mr. Philip Phillips, the Singing pilgrim, will appear in the next number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with a sketch of his life. This renowned worker in the Christian field who, as Dr. Talmage said in a recent announcement, "has sung his way clear around the world," has spent a very eventful life, the details of which are exceedingly interesting, and include incidents of visits to the Sandwich Islands, New Zealand, Australia, Ceylon, British India, Palestine, Egypt, Italy, Austria, and Great Britain. Mr. Phillips commences an engagement on March 14th at the Brooklyn Tabernacle where he will assist Dr. Talmage in his revival services.

CHOICE FOOD FOR PILGRIMS TO CANAAN.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"And he said, My presence shall go with thee and I will give thee rest."—EXODUS 33 : 14.

Will God go with Sinners?—The Mediation of Moses—The Divine Presence Promised—I. The Benefits Derived from it—1. An Acknowledgment of the People—2. Implies Preservation and Protection—3. Direction and Guidance—Judicious Stupidity—4. Real Worship—5. Communion—II. Its Demands—For Reliance—For Use—Care Lest it be Lost—III. The Blessing Appended to it—Rest—Will You Rest in the Grave?—The Rest of the Tired Laborer—Present Rest Given—The Chained Enemy.

MAY the inexpressibly precious promises of our text be fulfilled to every one of you throughout the whole of your lives. What could heart desire, or mind conceive beyond the heaped-up blessedness of my text? God's presence and God's rest—a ring of finest gold set with the choicest pearl. The benedictions are worthy of God Himself, and such as only His boundless love could have uttered. Think them over, and use them as food for your souls; with them you may well be content even if the preacher's lips should be as a spring shut up, a fountain sealed. You do not need any sermon: only let the Holy Spirit speak these words with power, as coming directly from the great Father's lips to you, and your inmost soul will be satisfied as with marrow and fatness.

"Enough, my gracious Lord,
Let faith triumphant cry;
My heart can on this promise live,
Can on this promise die."

"*My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.*"

It is instructive to remember that a very short time before this promise was given, the Israelites had greatly grieved their God by setting up an image of gold, before which they prostrated themselves, saying, "These be thy gods, O Israel." They had seen the greatness and glory of God at the Red Sea, and during their journey in the wilderness up to that time, and yet they were so be sotted that they bowed in worship before the image of an ox which eateth grass.

We do not marvel that the living God was angry, but we are filled with astonishment that, after such wanton provocation, He should, nevertheless, turn away His wrath from them and say to them—for the promise was not to Moses only, but to them as a people—"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." *Will God, then, go with sinners*, with those who have provoked Him so grossly, with those who have sinned against light and knowledge in so shameful a manner? Will He put away the iniquity of great offenders, and speak comfortably unto them? Yes, He will, for He is slow to wrath, and bears with our ill manners for many a day.

There is a *secret*, which must never be for gotten—namely, that Moses had made mightily prevalent intercession for the people, crying with many tears, "Oh, this people have sinned a great sin, and have made them gods of gold. Yet now, if thou wilt forgive their sin—; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written." He had gone up into the fiery mount, even up into the eternal presence; and there he had in will—though it was not accepted in deed—offered himself as a sacrifice for the nation in that memorable sentence, "If not, blot my name out of the book which thou hast written."

If then we should carefully search to the bottom of things we shall find that it was *by virtue of the Mediator* that this promise was given to Israel, and God thus spake to Moses and the people. Atonement had been made, intercession had been offered, and hence

THE LORD'S PRESENCE

was guaranteed and rest was promised. This is the only ground upon which God can dwell with you and with me and give us rest: an Advocate, one of a thousand, has stood in the gap, presented His life for our life, obtained favor of the Lord, and turned away indignation by the power of His

intercession. God in Christ Jesus has come down to dwell with sinful men; and that presence will never be removed from us, for He saith, "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come unto you."

It may be that I am addressing some who are about leaving this congregation for other assemblies at a distance; and, if so, I hope I may be the bearer of seasonable comforts. I have spoken to some just now whose faces we may not perhaps see again, who are going far away, to their great sorrow, and to our intense regret. I saw the tear when they bade good-by to us, and to the house they have loved so well. Go in peace, and God be with you, my beloved. What more can I say? You are going to leave your native land: whether you shall ever return to it again is written in the decree of Providence, but is all unknown to you. Little need you mind, for we are all exiles, and are journeying toward the dear fatherland, where we shall be at home forever.

Others, it may be, are now making a very important change in life: shifting their habitation, or looking out for another occupation altogether. Many of us here who are serving the Lord are going forward to fresh work, planning new service for the Lord. At such a time this word will be peculiarly precious to all in a changing state, if the Holy Spirit will lay it home to their hearts: "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." Come, then, ye who bid farewell to old England's shores, ye who move to a strange family, ye who in any sense remove your tents and advance toward the unknown land—come, I say, and listen to these gentle accents, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

We will think of the subject in this way: First, *what are the benefits of this presence?* Secondly, to be practical, *what are the demands of this presence if we come to enjoy it?* And then, thirdly, *what is the choice blessing which is appended to this presence*—"I will give thee rest?"

I. First, then,

WHAT ARE THE BENEFITS

of the divine presence which is here promised? "My presence shall go with thee."

1. The first is manifest in the chapter. It is *the acknowledgment of the people as being peculiarly the Lord's.* Notice, Moses puts it thus, "Wherein shall it be known here that I and thy people have found grace in thy sight? Is it not in that thou goest with us? So shall we be separated, I and thy people, from all the people that are upon the face of the earth." This clearly shows that the presence of God with His people is *God's way of acknowledging them*, and saying to all mankind and to themselves, "These are my people, and I am their God."

Now, my dear fellow-believer, what clearer acknowledgment of you by God can you conceive of than that God should be present with you? I think you cannot ask a surer, better seal than this; and if you have it not I cannot see what can be a token of peace to you at all. Is God never with you? Are you never conscious of His presence? Let me ask you to judge your case as if it were mine: can I be a sheep in His fold if the shepherd never comes to me? Can I be a child of the family if I have never had my heart warmed with my Father's love, and have never heard my Father's voice speaking comfortably to me? The saints are married unto Christ, but that were a strange conjugal union in which there was no sort of converse or communion whatsoever.

If I go forth to the business of the day and never recognize God; if I come home at night and have never seen God's hand with me; if I go to my bed and never, ere I sleep, have a kind word from Him, then, surely, I cannot be one of His: I lack the acknowledgment which the great Father must and will give to His own children.

2. Secondly, it is *by that presence that we are preserved and protected.* When Israel came out of Egypt the Egyptians followed hard behind them. Pharaoh was fierce to slay them or to drive them back again; but he could not touch them. They came not nigh one another all that night, because the Lord descended and like an impenetrable shield of darkness turned Himself upon the enemy, while like a sun He turned the brightness of His glory upon His people. The presence of God enabled Israel to pass through the sea on dry foot, and that same presence brought down the floods upon their foes and swept them away.

I think every child of God must acknowledge how safe he has been when he has enjoyed the divine presence. When you get out of that presence you are liable to temptations which in the divine presence scarcely come to you, or, if they come, they are shaken off as trifles which have no power over you. When we dwell in God the baser passions lie still—like the beasts in Noah's ark, they cause no uproar; but when God is gone those baser passions rush to the front, and the inferior appetites and propensities try to get the mastery over us, and cause us all sorts of trouble.

In the commonest transactions of life we shall blunder and transgress if we move without the Lord, for the presence of God is the sole protection of saints. Our sanctity depends upon communion with God. Like the moon, we are bright while the sun shines on us; all our glory is borrowed from our Lord. Oh, how blessed is the promise, then, if we view it in that light, for we all wish to be preserved from the defilement of the world, and this is the one golden method of sanctity, "My presence shall go with thee."

3. There is a third privilege which the presence of God brought to Israel, and brings to us: it is that of

DIRECTION AND GUIDANCE.

Their route lay through a wilderness without a track-way, and they could not have known which way to go except the fiery cloudy pillar, which was the index of the presence of God, had gone before them. Their path was a very strange one as it was, winding in and out, backward and forward; but "He led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation." Such is our pathway to the skies, a maze, a tangle, to ourselves; but all plain to the All-wise. You and I know nothing of what is going to happen to us between here and heaven; nay, we cannot tell what will occur within an hour; but some amazing blessing may come.

I have no doubt you, my brethren, have had in your own lifetime *days of surprises.* You have been jogging along the ordinary road of life pretty comfortably, you never thought of what was going to happen; but you have come to a place where the road suddenly diverged, and from that instant new scenes have opened up before you. You hardly knew whether you were to go to the right or to the left, and you were at your wits' end as you pulled up, for there was no sign-post, and no mark to guide you. At such times, if the presence of God has been with you, you have not been left to ask the way; but that ancient promise has become true in your experience. "Thine ears shall hear *a voice behind thee* saying, This is the way: walk ye in it."

If God were not there it would have been superstition; but as God was really there, and you are one with whom He has become so graciously familiar that He gives to you the Urim and the Thummim, and reveals to you his light and his truth to guide you, there was no superstition or fanaticism in it. Oh, the soft, sweet guidances of the royal presence; they have made my life radiant; like all His other gentlenesses, they have made me great. "He leadeth me," and yet again "He leadeth me," is one of the most joyous notes of my song of loves.

Ah, if the Lord be not with us, it is extraordinary *what muddles we make.* I have sometimes had very, very difficult things to do, and I have accomplished them with ease under the Lord's own eye, but if I am without my Lord's presence I give very bad advice, and I *most judiciously do very stupid things*, and most prudently follow a course which everybody would say was prudent, but which turns out to be imprudent. I have noticed—and I often have to bless God for it—that when I have felt myself to be quite done over and nonplussed, I have simply asked guidance, and something has occurred to me which I had never thought of before; or something which I had thought of and rejected, but which was the best, has occurred strongly to my mind again; or somebody else has come in and taken the leadership and put me aside; but somehow or other God has been glorified, and I have been happy when I have had His presence.

I am sure that every believer will find it so in daily life; wherein the first thing is not to have common-sense and to be wise, as some say, but to have a sense of God's presence, which is *better than common-sense*, and to trust in Him for guidance, which is better than being shrewd. He will make the young men wise and prudent; He will give to babes knowledge and discretion, if they are but willing to be led by His divine instruction. You will find it so if you have His presence with you; but if you have not, you will do just as the Israelites did about the matter of the Gibeonites, which seemed too simple to pray about. You will be taken in with those mouldy crusts and those clouted shoes, and those crafty rascals that say, "We come from a far country," and without taking counsel with God you will find yourself in fellowship with a brood of scheming Canaanites, who will entangle you and do you no end of harm. You will say, "Oh, but they are such nice old people, and it is wonderful how religiously they talk, and how nicely they persuade me to their side." Yes, when Satan would deceive, his traps are very simple ones, such as you would never think to be traps at all.

When you are quite clear about a thing pray about it: when you are in difficulty do as you like. I believe in that fine piece of advice—"When it is a fine day in this country carry an umbrella with you. When it is raining hard do just as you like." I put it into another shape, and beg you to remember it. "Why," you say, "the matter is as plain as the nose on my face." Then pray to God about it, for *the nose on your face* may bring you trouble. He that trusts to his own understanding may turn out to have very little understanding to trust to. Take plain matters to God. Get into the presence of God, and keep there, and see all things in the light of that presence: that will be to you instinct, common-sense, judgment, wisdom.

4. We have thus seen that rich blessings are found in the presence of God—divine acknowledgment, divine protection, and divine direction; but there was another thing that Israel had by virtue of the presence of God, and that was,

REAL WORSHIP

in the wilderness. Their sacrifices could not have been presented if God had not been among them. There would not have been the tabernacle, with all its appurtenances, if God had not been there. God would not have commanded them to build Him a house that He did not intend to inhabit, and He would not have instituted ordinances which He did not mean to fill up by His presence. If it be imaginable that there should be a tabernacle with all the outward gear of it, and sacrifices even until rivers of the blood of fed beasts should be poured out, yet it would have been all an empty, hollow sham if God had not Himself been there.

No worship will do us good, or can be accepted with God, except the Lord be present with us in it. When you live in the presence of God how delightful worship is! You can wrestle with the angel and hold him when you are sure he is there; but if he is not there you cannot wrestle with him, or even hold him. You can go forth to preach right bravely when you go in the strength of the Lord God to make mention of His righteousness, even of that only; but if the Lord go not with the minister what a vain-glorious place the pulpit is and what empty stuff our talk must be.

5. Once more, If God had withdrawn from Israel there would have been *no communion with Him.* God's presence meant communion with God. The Israelites could speak with God through their priests when He was in the midst of them, but if He had departed all fellowship would have closed. And is not that one of the greatest enjoyments of a child of God—that he can speak to his Father whenever he desires it? No child, I think, as a rule asks leave to speak to his father, but feels an unquestioned freedom on that point.

I did go some time ago into a house where I sat with the head of the family, and heard a hum

ble knock at the door: it was his wife, who asked if she might come in, but her lord and master spoke somewhat sharply, and she went away. I heard afterward one of the girls come to knock at the door to know whether she might come in, and I wondered at it, because it is rather unusual nowadays for a man to be lord enough, but this gentleman was *lord too much by a long way*. I thank God that I have never seen more than one instance in which a wife or a child was called upon humbly to knock at the door before she could come into the majestic presence of her husband or her father.

I have always enjoyed the respect of my sons, but it has never occurred to them to ask leave to speak to me. Yet many professed Christians treat their heavenly Father in that way: they are afraid of Him, and dare not tell Him all their hearts. But this is just the sweet privilege of a dear child, that he may turn his eye to the great Father whenever he pleases, and have a private audience with the King of kings at any hour of the day or night.

Strangers may not do this; strangers must get an introduction; strangers must come with a great deal of ceremony if they want to see a king, but the little prince does not need any usher of the black rod to introduce him to his sire. The believer's relation to his Father is a key which opens every door. We are on familiar terms with the great God, as it is written, "I will dwell in them and walk in them, and I will be their God, and they shall be my people." In another place He puts it thus: "They shall be My sons and daughters." Oh, sweet word—"My sons and daughters." This is a privilege which is secured to us by the presence of God.

That is the first point.

II. The second head shall not occupy much time, but I hope that it will be hammered out into a lifelong sermon, preached by yourselves. What are

THE DEMANDS OF THIS PRESENCE?

Supposing that the divine presence shall go with us, what then?

Why, first it is needful that *we rely upon it*. Beloved, if the presence of God be with us, do not let us act as if it were not with us, or as if it were not worth much although it is with us. If God's presence is with us, what have we to be afraid of? Where is the excuse for our spirit being cast down? If God's presence be with us why do we talk about difficulties? That word should not be in our dictionary now that omnipotence is at our right hand. If God's presence be with us, why should we speak about fears? Whom shall we fear? "Thou art the strength of my life. Of whom shall I be afraid?"

Oh, let this presence of God be real to you, if you are enjoying it. Do not talk about it, and then speak as if you were all alone, and go forth to your work, saying, "I am not strong enough." What, not if the Lord is with you? Do set down your God at a right figure in all your calculations; that is to say, if you can find a figure that will represent Him. What is your strength? A unit. Well, if you like, you may make a cipher of it, for that is nearer the truth. But what is God's strength? Oh, you may carry it up to the *n*th, as we say in algebra. You may work it out to the utmost conceivable limit, but you will never get a figure that will come near expressing the power of the presence of God.

"I am with you"—"*I*," and the universe echoes to the voice, as the words "I AM" roll in thunder peals along the heavens. "I have formed the earth and laid its foundations, and upreared the arches of the sky. I am with you, with My omnipotence, omniscience, all-sufficiency." Well, if that be so, rely upon it; stay yourself upon God, and do not play the fool by being dismayed and cast down.

In the next place, if we have His presence, *let us use it*. Every now and then we meet with persons who have thousands of pounds, and yet are half starved. We have heard of two great lords who were spending the evening together at a coffee-house, and the bill came to an odd sum and they quarrelled about who should pay the odd farthing, till one of the waiters said, "Come up here! Here are two lords worth fifty thousand a year each, and they are quarrelling about a farthing." That was a strange sight; but have you not seen Christian people behaving quite as inconsistently? They have the revenues of the universe to spend, and yet they starve themselves by the little enjoyment that they dare to take? Of heavenly food they live upon a crumb a day.

They are just like the elder brother who said to his father, "These many years do I serve thee; neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment; and yet thou never gavest me a kid that I might make merry with my friends." You remember his father's answer. He said, "Thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. If you have not eaten all the goats, it is your own fault. You might have been as merry with your friends as you liked, for all that I have is thine."

And so may the Lord often reproach His people. "I am with you, but you do not use me. You do not exercise faith in me as to the mountains which lie before you, which should become plains if you left them to me. You do not leave me your sycamine trees, for me to pluck them up by the roots. I can do all things, and here you are using this poor feeble arm of yours with all its wasting, aching sinews, when there is an everlasting arm which would be made bare for your defence, and which would shake heaven and earth rather than fail to bring you deliverance." Why, brethren? Why are we so slow to believe? Oh, if you have the presence of God, utilize it.

And then, next, if you have the presence of God, do not grieve Him: *do not lose it*. In the presence of a king men behave themselves. Have you never known, as a boy, when you have been up to some little trick, some one has said, "Hush, here is father coming;" and you have stopped your game at once. Oh, how reverently, how cautiously, how jealously, how holily ought we to behave ourselves who are in the presence of God!

And, oh, when you have the presence of God, do take care to *glorify Him all that you possibly can*. Does He deign to dwell in you? Then lay yourself out for His honor. Seek out those who have lost His company, and go and cheer them. Find out all the daughters of sorrow, all the backsliders and wanderers, and all the poor sinners that are on the wild mountains, and seek to bring them where you are yourself—into the presence of the gracious Three in One. I think that if we do not work at any other season, we certainly should do so when we are abiding in the light of His countenance.

Thus you see that the presence of God has its demands.

III. My time has gone, and therefore I must say only two or three words about that last word of promise. What is

THE CHOICE BLESSING

which is appended to this presence? "My presence shall go with thee, and *I will give thee rest*."

In this particular text we must confine the "rest" to the end of the journey, for Israel were to have their *rest* in Canaan; and so the promise was, "My presence shall go with you through the wilderness, and I will give you *rest* in the land that floweth with milk and honey."

Beloved, it were no narrowing of the promise if we were to limit it to that sense to-night. If God's presence be with us here, we shall be in God's presence hereafter, and there we shall have rest. To those who work very, very hard, as some of you do, the thought of an everlasting rest is very pleasant. But perhaps some of you have never been converted. I want to put this thought into your mind: Will you rest? Will you rest at last? They will lay your bones in the cemetery, and apparently you will rest; but *will you rest?*

OH, WILL YOU REST?

Do you think you can rest if you die with unforgiven sin? Can you rest if you die unreconciled to God? Ah, no. "There is no peace, saith my God, unto the wicked. They are like the troubled sea, which cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt." Only think if that should be your portion forever and ever—never to rest, but to be like the troubled sea, foaming, raging, and tossed about throughout eternity! God grant, dear hearer, that such a fearful unrest may not be your portion. But oh, if you will trust in Jesus, and value His presence with you here, what sweet rest there will be above!

I have heard some people speak about the rest of heaven as though it were only a bribe to lazy people. They sneer at the idea of rest, but those people who do not desire rest are unacquainted with hard work. I am persuaded of that. Your lackadaisical ladies and gentlemen, who never did a stroke of work in all their lives, and could not if they tried, may despise

HEAVEN AS A REST,

but to many of us that Scripture is most pleasant, "There remaineth a rest for the people of God."

The idea of service is, undoubtedly, very sweet—eternal service—very sweet to the strong, active young Christian; but I tell you that when you get older, and when your heads often ache with anxious care, and oftentimes you are worn down in the service of your Master, you will get more inclined to look upon heaven as a place of rest, and you will thank God that the Holy Spirit was not quite so hard as these fine ladies and gentlemen, but did speak to us of heaven as a place where the saints shall rest from their labors and their works shall follow them.

We do not know where we shall go between now and heaven, but we shall get *home at last*, and then we shall rest. We do not know how much more work we have to do, we cannot tell how often the burden will press our shoulder; but we shall rest one day. "I will give thee rest." Here is a "*shall*" and a "*will*." "My presence *shall* go with thee, and I *will* give thee rest." Ah, poor toiler, you shall rest. O poor aching eyes, ye shall rest when ye shall see the King in His beauty. O poor aching brain, thou shalt rest when thou shalt have nothing to do but to joy in God, and praise Him day and night in His temple.

But I think that under the Gospel dispensation we may take this promise in a far wider sense. "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest," *even now*; for "we which have believed do enter into rest." While we are believing we obtain rest, and this is the kind of rest. We have not the rest of inactivity, but that of peace: the Israelites kept journeying on, and yet the Lord was their dwelling-place.

We rest in this way: we are perfectly at ease about everything. As to the future, what have we to do with that? We have not come to it yet. God arranges things to come. As for the present, we "cast our care upon him, for he careth for us." As to our sins, they are gone, dead, buried, lost, and never will be seen again. They cannot be found, for God Himself has cast them behind His back. As for the devil, he is *a chained enemy*. As for the world, Christ has said, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." As for the needs of the body, He has said, "Thy bread shall be given thee, and thy water shall be sure." As for the needs of the soul, Christ is ours, and all things are ours in Christ. As for our eternal safety, "Whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called them he also justified: and whom he justified, them he also glorified." He will glorify us as certainly as He has justified us.

"All that remains for me
Is but to love and sing,
And wait until the angels come
To bear me to the King."

"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

[PORTIONS OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Exodus 32 : 30 to end, and 33 : 1–16.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

TALES OF THE GROG-SHOPS.

By a London Clergyman.

JOHN BOWLING, COACHMAN.

(A Tale in Two Chapters.)

CHAPTER II.

IT is well worth remarking that when John's temper was up, and he thought himself badly used, it was a common practice of his to grow violently benevolent. It wasn't that he thought anything of himself—oh dear no! it was the horses, poor beasts, and their feelings. Opponents of temperance had better make a note of that. Perhaps they would write a tract, entitled "Beer and Benevolence; *or Kindness Kindled by the Cup.*"

I fear, however, that in John's case, his benevolence to his beasts was too often immediately connected with too great a want of it to his master to carry great weight with it. Sometimes, indeed, he was wont to attribute great vindictiveness of spirit to his employers, and to think that they were harboring deadly designs on the poor animals. Neither should it be forgotten that when John was in a good temper, which is only another way of saying that he was unaffected by strong drink, he was wont to give his master a much better character; going so far as to say that he had a good place and intended to stick to it.

Indeed, it must have been so, for John was the most trying of servants when a little overbalanced. At such times he would act in the most self-willed manner. Nothing could please him. And to see John in a fit of the sulks, obeying his master's commands under protest, as it were, and throwing out dark hints as to what would happen if his judgment were overlooked, was a caution. It did try his master exceedingly.

Poor John! he was very miserable; and never more so than when he looked back on his past ill-temper and his moods of grumbling. But he stuck to the cup. Who will be surprised to hear therefore that one fine day John received his dismissal, and with the lamest of characters to help him to another place?

"Cab, sir? Cab, sir?"

I had just come back from my summer holiday, heavily laden with luggage, when the above cries from many lips reached my ears. I ran my eye along the cab-stand in order to pick out, if possible, an obliging face. Who does not know the red-faced cabby, and the dispute which is pretty sure to occur with that beer-drinking individual when you have reached your destination? Before, however, my eye had travelled very far, a tall, portly figure attracted my attention by its seeming familiarity.

"Surely, that's John Bowling," I said to myself.

Though stripped of all livery, and dressed with great meanness, I was not mistaken in the man. It was really John Bowling.

"What a come down!" I thought.

Of course I hired John, who at my call at once recognized me, though somewhat sheepishly, as if he were greatly ashamed of being found sitting upon a cab-box, and driving *one sorry-looking nag*, apparently used up long ago. Poor John! One could see with half an eye that he had seen better days. The way in which he handled the reins, and grasped the whip, told that plainly enough.

As I was alone, I determined to ride on the box by the side of John, in order that I might hear a part of his later history if he would tell it me.

"You see, sir," said John, after a little drawing out, "when I left the squire's, I left with rayther a poor sort of character, don't you see? So I had to drop down to one 'oss, and to be thankful for that. That didn't improve my temper as you may suppose, sir, and as I couldn't keep out of the public, why, I suppose, I got a regular bear of a fellow. So 'twa'n't very long afore I got turned off there too. In my next place I got down another step. I'm sorry to say I got the sack there too. I gave the 'oss ('twas always wanting medicine, that 'oss; I never seed such a rattle-bones), well, I gave that 'oss *wrong stuff*, and nearly killed 'im. After that I couldn't get a place at all, and had to take to this line; and this is the biggest tumble of all. 'Tain't my own, sir; I hires it at so much a day, and what I gets over I keeps. 'Tain't much of a living though, sir."

"Bowling," I said, "why on earth don't you give up the drink? It's been your ruin. Come, now, do make up your mind. Although you are not strong enough, there's one who will help you—the Lord Jesus, I mean."

"Well, sir, I've tried; but I'll try again. 'Tain't much good though, I fear."

Here a sudden thought struck me. "You're off on Sundays, I hope, John?"

"Yes, sir; I'm glad to say I am."

"Well, I want you to go every Sunday evening to the hall, near the place your cab was standing to-day. There's preaching going on there, and I'm sure it will do you no harm to drop in. Besides, you can wear any clothes you like, and nobody will notice."

"I'll go, sir," he said emphatically; and after-results showed that he meant it.

What were these after-results? I will tell you.

I was standing one day, about twelve months after, near the same spot where John Bowling was first introduced to my readers, when who should I see, resplendent in *the brightest of livery*, and seated behind two horses more magnificent if possible than the ones already noticed, but John Bowling. I could hardly believe my eyes at first. The figure was, however, unmistakable. There could be but one John Bowling in the land.

Ascertaining, with some little difficulty, whose was the carriage he drove, and the mews in which he put up, I bent my steps thither at the time he would likely be at home.

I was met by John's old hearty smile, which, before a word had been uttered, spoke volumes for his sobriety. I confess, however, I was not altogether prepared for what he did say.

"I thank God you ever directed me to that preaching place," he said. "I went on the wery Sunday after I met with you, and it was good, sir. Leastways, I call it good now. For, you see, it made me wretcheder than ever at first. There was *a little chap* there who did all the talking, and as he went on, if he didn't go and turn me inside out. Such regular back-handers I never had in my life. They were regular floorers that little 'un gave me. I tell you, sir, I never thought of the drink being a sin afore. I'd thought it to be a misfortune—a sort of crack-brained thing, but that God ever took any notice of it was quite a revelation to me. I seemed to see it all so clear that night.

"Well, of course I went again; I couldn't help it. And then, sir, the little feller did take on so much 'cause we'd treated the Lord so shameful, and did beg so hard we wouldn't do it again, and show'd us how to keep from doing it, that I just gave in. I say, sir, it was rare good of the Lord Jesus to think about me, wasn't it now? I can't understand it at all, but I believe it, sir. And, somehow, now He's allers coming into my thoughts, and I'm allers hearing His voice a saying, 'John Bowling, *I love you;* John Bowling, I died for you;' and it make me so happy to think He died for my sins. Do I believe it? Bless you, sir, how can I help it when He said it with His own lips? Aye, I do believe it; and intend to believe it to the end of my days, I do.

"Well, sir, to go on with my story, when I got what folks call 'converted,' I began to look up a bit. I asked God to send me a place, and here I am. Do I take any drink now? Why, sir, rayther not; I'd be *a born idiot* if I did. No, no, sir; I thinks I knows a thing or two better than that. No, I've told the Lord I'd give it up, and I have given it up; and, God help me, I don't intend to have anything whatsomever to do with it to the end of my days.

"I says now to my brother coachees, says I, 'Give up the drink. It's a bad thing for the temper, and makes you as cantankerous as two sticks. If you care for your character, and wants to keep a good place when you've got it, give up the drink.' And I tells 'em too, says I, 'If you don't mind, drink'll not only lead to losing your place down here, but when you come to die you'll lose a place up in heaven too.'"

THE SEVENTH WEEK.

By T. B. Baines, Esq., of Leeds, England.

The Beginning of the Week—The Treaty with the Jews—The Crowning Iniquity—Paul's Characterization—Identity of the Prince—The Outer Court Unmeasured—The Middle of the Week—The Closing Half.

At the beginning of the last "week" (Daniel 9:27) the prince who governs the final phase of the revived Roman Empire makes a treaty with the mass of the Jews, who have then returned to Jerusalem, rebuilt their temple, and reinstituted their sacrifices. A minority, however, the saints or the elect, refuse to join in this treaty, and are subjected, therefore, to fierce persecution. After three and a half years the prince stops the sacrifice, speaks blasphemies against God, and changes times and laws. False Christs also arise, working great wonders, and deceiving all but the elect.

The crowning act of the prince's wickedness is the setting up of some abomination, or idol, which brings down desolating judgment. Then the saints flee, without a moment's delay, from the city. The three and a half years of untold tribulation follows, a time which, if prolonged, must end in the total destruction of the race. But for the elect's sake it is shortened. After a fearful shaking of the nations, the Son of Man appears, and the pre-appointed judgment overtakes the prince, "the desolator." Then follow the other judgments on the Gentiles and the apostate Jews, the gathering of the elect Israelites yet scattered over the earth, and the final establishment of the Messianic kingdom, together with those elect, or saints of the Most High, whom the prince had recently persecuted.

A passage in Paul's epistles helps to throw still further light on this subject. The Thessalonians, passing through a period of severe trial, thought "that the day of the Lord was come" (2 Thess. 2:2). I give what is admitted to be the true rendering of the passage, though widely differing from the authorized version. The apostle assures them that "that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition, who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God or that is worshipped; so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God. Remember ye not, that, when I was yet with you, I told you these things? And now ye know what withholdeth that he might be revealed in his time.

The person here described is identical with the little horn. He is like him in wickedness and blasphemy, he lives at the same epoch, before the advent of the day of the Lord, and is cut off at the same time, destroyed "with the brightness of His coming." He sits in the temple of God, which, as already seen, is at this period rebuilt in Jerusalem.

The Roman Empire in its last stage will be renewed in a ten-kingdomed federal form under the presidency of the personal antichrist energized by Satan. He will be assisted by another agent, called a "two-horned beast" or "false prophet," described in Revelation 13 as persuading "them that dwell on the earth that they should make an image to the beast, which had the wound by a sword, and did live. And he had power to give breath unto the image of the beast, that the image of the beast should both speak, and cause that as many as would not worship the image of the beast should be killed" (13:14, 15). Where this image is set up does not appear, but as the man of sin sits in the temple of God, as he is a false Messiah, and therefore in connection with the Jews, as the presence of Christ in His temple at Jerusalem was what the Jews expected, and as the beginning of the beast's blasphemies and diabolical power is contemporaneous with the setting up of the abomination of desolation in the holy place, it seems more than probable that this miraculously speaking image is the abomination, or idol, foretold by the prophet, at the erection of which all the saints were to make their escape from the city.

Then the personal descent of Christ takes place at the end of the final three and a half years, and the beast and the false prophet are destroyed and Satan bound for 1000 years.

DR. TALMAGE'S FRIDAY EVENING TALK, March 4, 1881.

A Scene in Washington—Depressing Weather—A Radiant Inauguration—Lincoln's Inauguration—God Manipulating the Nation—Gen. Hancock's Noble Conduct—God Can Spare Men and Parties—Revivals of Religion—Precursion of Glorious Results—A Minister's Contention in New England Tranquillized—A Noted Scoffer Received into the Church—"Oh! for More Prayer."

AT half-past ten o'clockthis morning I left Washington, coming through from Petersburg, Norfolk, and Richmond. Our National Capital never saw such inauguration crowds as to-day, or so much good humor under so much disadvantage. The weather was *a meteorological monstrosity*, the coronation of discomfort, the carnival of slush, the apotheosyation of mud, the jubilee of sleet, the desolation of fine broadcloth, the consternation of millinery. Thirty-six triumphal arches adrip with drizzle drozzle.

I wish you could have seen the piled-up cords of humanity asleep in the depot at Washington, as I arrived from Richmond at two o'clock this morning. Yet universal disposition to make the best of everything. The depots, the sheds, the barns, the hallways turning out upon the streets a vast multitude, bloodshot from sleeplessness this morning. Many hungry, more tired, all wet. I congratulate those who had the opportunity of being there. I still more heartily congratulate those who were not there. Military and civilians, old and young, black and white, men, women, and children, Republicans and Democrats, all caught in the rapids of this quadrennial excitement.

But notwithstanding the stress of weather, it is the

MOST RADIANT INAUGURATION DAY

the country ever witnessed. Compare it with the time that Abraham Lincoln rode to the capital under General Scott's anxious guardianship by the United States troops, the new President having just before entered into the disguise of the Scotch cap and muffler in complete *incognito*. Compare it with four years ago, when it was uncertain whether Hayes or Tilden would stand in the White House, and the whole air was portentous with stories of apprehended bloodshed. This nation, during your life and mine, never saw the 4th of March in such grand, complete, and magnificent good humor. No one last Monday night suspected that anyone would be tempted to throw the President's train off the track. No one to-day was listening for the crack of Booth's pistol.

This tempestuous March day has been full of national sunshine. Praise God for the pacification of our national perturbations. New York and Ohio and South Carolina and Louisiana troops I saw on Pennsylvania Avenue, marching in the same battalion. Now let us put off our hypercritical habit in regard to public officials, and give the incoming administration a fair chance. We will ourselves be happier for expecting that all things will come out well. It is evident that God has this nation under manipulation and guidance. If He could take us safely through 1776 and 1812 and 1864 and 1876, He can take us through anything.

All the adverse prophecies have failed, and on the 4th of March, 1881, the two political parties of the country joined in one inauguration, the defeated candidate for the Presidency in the line doing honor to the successful candidate. There was never anything more beautifully done than when General Hancock to-day rode in the line. It only remains for us to commend to God the incoming administration. We are commanded to pray for all in authority, and let us as individuals and as churches discharge this solemn duty. God is on our side, and the important question is whether we are going to be on God's side.

Every man, every party, every nation has a mission to perform. Refusing to perform it, down he goes, and down it goes. God said to the House of Stuart: "Make the English nation free, God-fearing, and happy." House of Stuart refused. Down went House of Stuart. God said to the House of Hapsburg: "Rule Austria in righteousness and open the prison doors until all captives shall go free." House of Hapsburg refused. Down went House of Hapsburg. God says to political parties in this day: "By the principles of Christianity, remodel, govern, educate, and save the people." Refusing to do this, down must go the political party, burying in ruins its disciples and its advocates.

God can spare all the politicians of this day, and can raise up another generation who shall do justice and love mercy. If God could spare Luther before the Reformation was done, and if He could spare Washington before free government had been fully tested, and if He could spare Howard before more than one out of a thousand dungeons had been alleviated, and if He could spare Robert M'Cheyne just as Scotland was gathering to his burning utterances, and if He could spare Thomas Clarkson while yet millions of his fellow-men had chains rusting to the bone, then He can spare any man, and He can spare any party. That man who through cowardice, or blind idolatry of party, forsakes the cause of righteousness, goes down, and the armed battalions of God march right over him.

Oh, Christian men, in the light of this brightest 4th of March in all our American history, make up your minds what it is your duty as citizens to do! Remember that the highest kind of a patriot is a Christian patriot. Massachusetts had its Governor Briggs, Ohio had its John M'Lean, New Jersey had its Theodore Frelinghuysen, and God hasten the day when in all our departments of public service there shall be men who love God and hate unrighteousness. Consecrate yourselves first to God, and then you will know how to consecrate yourselves to your country. There is opening before us such a scene of national prosperity as we have never yet imagined. God hath not dealt so with any nation, and there is no country under the sun that stands to-day in so much sunlight as this American nation.

The grand and the glorious religious event of the week is the discussion which I hear everywhere in regard to

REVIVALS OF RELIGION.

I heard it in Washington amid all the turmoil of politics; I heard it in Richmond, I heard it in Norfolk, I heard it in Petersburg. Moreover, in all those cities religious services are to-night being held, and were last night held, and are every night held. This expectancy of great results, this longing for the coming of the Holy Ghost, this looking for a great shaking of the dry bones is the precursion of grand and glorious results.

Now I think the time has gone by when people ought to be afraid of revivals. I remember the time when if more than five or ten persons connected themselves with the Christian Church at one time it was considered alarming. It was considered a far better state of things if at Holy Communion, which would come once in three months, there were one or two or three souls. Indeed, there were those who would throw overboard all the results of Christian revivals, because they feared that some chaff might be among the wheat. As though a sea captain with five thousand bushels of wheat on board should throw everything into the sea because into the five thousand bushels of good wheat there had somehow got a peck of chaff.

Now, when a man tells me he is afraid of revivals, I come inwardly to the conclusion that he knows nothing about the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. I have more faith in conversion in revivals than in a cold state of religion in the Church. If a man comes in when the religious feeling is down to zero, he never gets warmed up. I have noticed that those who come in during great awakenings are more apt to be permanent in their religious impressions, and more earnest in the Christian service. So if you should bring me two men, the one brought in during a great religious awakening, and the other at a time when there was no especial religious zeal in the Church, I would choose the former if I wanted some great mission discharged, some hard service performed, some exhibition of heroism for God.

There is one grand anticipation arising from the fact that the ministers of Jesus Christ seem to have got done quarrelling. There is nothing that so hinders the Christian religion and the advancement of the Church of Christ as belligerent ministers of religion. In New England, many years ago, there was a large company of clergymen present at some ecclesiastical court, and there was great contention, and the pastor of the church where the meeting was being held felt that the convocation, instead of being an advantage to his church, would be a damage, stood up in the back part of the church, and while the contest was most angry, cried out: "Brethren, let us sing, let us sing salvation." And they all joined in the words:

"Salvation, O! the joyful sound,
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears."

And when they got through with their singing, they had got through with their contention.

Now we want in all the churches of Jesus Christ in this land, and in all lands there is wanted, a great shout of salvation. Ministers of religion need to see eye to eye, and to be sympathetic in Christian work, each man feeling that he has in his own field a tremendous responsibility, and that after he has done all his duty he still finds a great deal of work left undone. But

HOW ARE WE TO FORWARD RELIGIOUS INTEREST IN OUR CHURCHES?

We are to forward it by a realization of the superior value of the next world to this, and additional appreciation of the fact that time is short and eternity is long, that what happens to us in this world is of very little importance compared with what shall happen to us in the next world. We need to measure the height, and the depth, and the length, and the breadth of all these considerations. We need also by earnest prayer to implore God for His mercy upon our churches—earnest, continuous, faithful, old-fashioned prayer. There are those who scout the idea of any religious advantage coming to the world, or any advantage of any style, through supplication of God's people; but those who scoff at such things after a while are themselves brought to prayer.

Tyndall has joined the Episcopal Church! After scoffing at the Christian religion, or holding it up in a scientific way to derision, and wanting a prayer test, and demanding of all the Christian Church that they come up to that prayer test, and if certain prayers were not answered in a certain way, therefore he was disposed to conclude there was nothing in prayer and nothing in religion—that man, whose whole influence has for years been antagonistic to the Christian religion, and especially antagonistic to the idea of prayer. in the Episcopal Church now every Sabbath, I am told, says: "Good Lord, deliver us."

Ah! my friends, there comes a time when people are compelled to pray; if not in one style of service then in another. The time will come when we will have to pray, and blessed be God there are so many who once scoffed at prayer who are now offering up supplications before the Lord, day and night, for the coming of His blessing. What religious influence is in reserve for us I know not. In this large assemblage to-night I take intimation that God is coming to bless and to save. In a little meeting in Philadelphia one young man arose and said: "Pray for me;" and from that one desire for supplication a great interest broke out, and a hundred souls flocked into the kingdom. And if there is a person in all the house to-night who feels an anxiety to find the religion of Jesus Christ and to start on a better life, it is a bright and beautiful intimation of the coming of the Holy Ghost.

O Lord revive Thy work in the midst of the years make known, in wrath remember mercy. There are two hundred thousand souls in Brooklyn to-day waiting for the simple invitation of the Gospel, and when the Church of Jesus Christ shall be able in full confidence and faith to go forth and preach the Gospel in all its simplicity, and present the invitation of Christ to the hearts of the people, there will be a flocking in of thousands and tens of thousands, and all the churches of the city will be incompetent to hold the multitudes.

Oh, for more prayer! Oh, for more consecration to the divine service! Let us all begin to-night with new zeal to serve the Lord. The time going so rapidly away, "what thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

A CHOICE VINDICATED.

(*Continued from page* 143.)

The Vindication.

"I TOLD Claude what the doctor had said, but he answered: 'Oh," said Alice, "that doctor is a fool, don't believe him; you have nothing the matter with you; you will be all right when the warm weather comes.' And then Claude went out, and he did not come home till past midnight; he is always out till quite late every night. I do not know where he goes; he never will tell me, and he is always so tired and cross when he comes in. Well, that night I lay awake thinking the whole time, and oh, Mrs. Stanley, I was so frightened. I knew the doctor was right, I felt that I had not long to live, and then I asked myself, 'where am I going?' I must be going somewhere. Oh, Mrs. Stanley, I felt that night, and I feel now, that the Bible *is* true; my own heart tells me so. I cannot *doubt*, now that I am dying. I made up my mind that night that I would send for you, but since then I have been putting it off. I was afraid you would not like to come, we have seen so little of each other; but then, yesterday, I thought I would just write and tell you, for there is no one else I can think of who would be able to help me."

"I am very glad you have sent for me," I said, taking her thin hand in mine; "and now, what was it you wanted to ask me?"

"I want you to tell me very simply," she said, "how to be saved; tell me what I must do to get rid of my sin—oh, Mrs. Stanley, I have been so very wicked, what must I do? I will do anything I can, if I only know what it is."

"There is nothing to do," I said, "nothing at all; if you feel your sin, and long to get rid of it, there is nothing to do."

"Nothing to do!" she said incredulously; "oh, yes, Mrs. Stanley, there must be something to do!"

"No," I said, decidedly "there is nothing to do; but there is something to take!"

"Something to take!" she repeated, in somewhat of her old manner. "I suppose you mean that I am to take salvation; but that is so very indefinite, Mrs. Stanley. I know all those set phrases so well; but they mean nothing to me. What is salvation, and how am I to take it?"

"You are quite right," I said, "have nothing to do with set phrases; they are hollow and worthless. You have to deal, not with dead words, but with a living Saviour, Mrs. Ellis. It is the Lord Jesus whom I want you to take—as your own Saviour. I want you to take Him as the One who can alone save you from the guilt and power of your sin, and who can alone give you the right to enter heaven. He comes to you, and He says: 'Take Me, take My love as your own; look upon Me as the One who has died to save you, and then you need not fear.' You understand how it is that He is able to save you, Mrs. Ellis, that He has been punished instead of you; that your sins have been laid on Him, and that He has suffered the penalty that your sins deserved!"

"Oh, yes," she said, "I know all that with my head; *I know it theoretically*, but I want to be able to put it into practice. How am I to be quite sure that Jesus has done that for me; how am I to know that He has taken my sin away?"

"Because God's Word tells you so," I said; and I took my Bible from my pocket and read, "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."

"Then what is there left for me to do?" she asked.

"Only to accept the Lord Jesus as your Saviour," I said. "Go to Him and say to Him, 'Lord Jesus, I do thank Thee for bearing my sins; I trust myself to Thee to be saved. I want to be forgiven through Thy death, and because Thou hast been punished in my place.'"

"Is that all?" she said.

"That is all!" I answered; "you cannot do more. One of my husband's tenants was in great trouble a few months ago; he was not at all a rich man, and he had got into some rather serious difficulties with a neighbor of his. My husband heard of it, and when he had been told the whole story he felt that the man was to be pitied. The poor wife came and pleaded with tears in her eyes that he would help them, so my husband went to the trial to see what could be done. The sentence was pronounced—the man was to pay £20, or failing that, he was to go to prison. The poor man could not have paid even £5, for he was very badly off, so he was quite prepared to be led off to prison. But at that moment my husband stepped forward, and laid down the £20. *What was left for the man to do?* Nothing, but to come forward and to say with tears in his eyes, 'Mr. Stanley, I thank you kindly, sir; I shall never forget it as long as I live!'"

"I see," she said; "I see it all now; and is that just what *I* have to do?"

"Exactly," I said; "you must go to the Lord Jesus and say, 'Lord, I have nothing with which to pay. I am a great sinner, and owe a great debt, but Thou hast paid it all; I look upon Thee as my Saviour, and I shall never forget it as long as I live.' It is quite touching to see that poor man's love for my husband now; he tries in every way he can to show his gratitude."

"I see," she said; "and we love Him because He first loved us. Oh, Mrs. Stanley, thank you so much!"

I did not leave the house until I had reason to believe that Alice had indeed taken the Lord Jesus as her own Saviour, nor until she could tell me with a smile on her thin, wasted face, "I am not utterly miserable now, for I have a sure hope for the future; He has forgiven me."

I did not see Claude once, though I was with Alice for several hours. Perhaps he purposely kept out of sight, and, I must confess, I was glad, under the circumstances, not to meet him, for I felt very angry with him for his heartless neglect of his poor little wife.

I returned home by the evening train, and then came the contrast. My husband was at the station to meet me, and we drove back together to our happy home. On the way I told Howard of my visit to Alice, and of the conversation I had had with her. He was very much interested in all I told him, and when we had talked it over for a little time he said:

"I have a letter for you in my pocket, May, which came by the evening post, and I think I have been very good not to open it, for I am most anxious to hear the news contained in it."

The letter was from Evelyn Trafford. I took it from him and opened it.

"Oh, Howard," I exclaimed, as I glanced at the contents, "I am so very glad!"

"Yes, and so am I," he said; "I know what it is about. There was a letter for me from Charlie by the same post. He has been staying at Alliston Hall for a week, and it seems to be quite settled now. How nice it will be for you to have your friend Evelyn so near. Carrington Hall is only five miles from us; you will be able to meet as often as you like."

"Evelyn is so very happy," I said, as I handed him the letter, "and she seems to have quite forgotten that she said she would never marry any one who squinted; I have no doubt now that she would agree with me, that in spite of it, Lord Moreton is a very handsome man."

"I am very glad it is so nicely arranged," said my husband. "More than one good thing came out of our journey to Palestine, little wife! Do you remember that it was my conversation with Miss Trafford near the Damascus Gate which first made her look more favorably upon poor Charlie—the 'stupid, uninteresting man!' she called him then."

As he said this we turned in at the gate, and drove through the shrubbery to the house.

How beautiful everything looked that evening! The rhododendrons, the lilacs, and the laburnums were in bloom, and the evening sunshine was streaming across the distant hills, and casting a golden light over everything.

"Oh, what a contrast, Howard!" I said, as we stood together at the window that evening.

"A contrast to what?" he asked.

"A contrast to the wretched lodging I have been in to-day. I always felt that mine was the happiest home in the world, but I feel it more than ever to-night."

"Are you really happy, little wife?" he asked.

"Happy! oh, Howard," I answered, "what a question! You know, surely, you know how very happy I am!"

"You are not more happy than I am, May," he said; "I little thought when I met you first on the roof, at Brindisi, what bright days were in store for me!"

"Oh, Howard," I said, after a pause, "just think if that wretched lodging that I saw to-day had been my home! And it might have been!"

He knew what I meant, for I had told him of Claude's letter.

"Yes," he said, "it might have been, if you had not resisted the temptation put before you that day, and gained a victory over yourself. But you are not sorry now, May, that you decided as you did; you think you were right, do you?"

"Right! oh, Howard," I said, "I feel as if I could never be thankful enough that I chose as I did; God has been very good to me!"

"Yes, little wife," he said, "the Lord never overlooks or forgets any self-denial for His name's sake. You chose His love, His favor, His smile, in preference to an earthly affection; you chose to forsake an earthly love for His sake, and He did not forget it. I am sure those words of our Lord's are true, May: 'There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands' (in short, anything dear to his heart), 'for *my* sake, but he shall receive an hundredfold in this present time;' or, as another Gospel has it, 'manifold more in this present time.'"

"I have indeed received the hundredfold, Howard," I said.

"And then that is not the end," he said, "for, after all, the second part of the promise makes the first part sink into insignificance. 'And, in the world to come, life everlasting.' Yes, May, there is a brighter home in prospect. Earth's homes, the dearest and best, are only for a time—Heaven's homes are for an eternity. I came across a verse to-day, which I thought very beautiful:

"'What joys are lost, what promises are given,
As through this death-struck world we roam,
Awhile we think that *Home* is Heaven,
At last we find that HEAVEN is HOME.'"

"And we shall be together there, Howard," I said, "with no fear of separation."

"Yes, thank God!" he answered; "this bright, little earthly home is to us a faint foreshadowing of our heavenly home, where we shall be together with the Lord."

"Yes," I said, "a happy, earthly home *now*, in this present time, and a brighter, more glorious home awaiting me above, to be mine throughout eternity; was I not indeed right in my choice?"

THE END.

Too Late for the Leap.—Some Time ago a ship's crew stood with speechless terror upon a rugged rock in the midst of the sea. A lifeboat, rowed by strong hands, approached the rock, but was kept at some little distance by the beating surf. It was only by leaping at the precise moment when the boat rose on the swell of the wave that there was any chance of escape. Among the shipwrecked crew was a woman, who stood prepared to leap. "Quick! quick!" was the cry. "Leap now, leap now!" She hesitated for a moment, and then sprang off; but in that moment the boat was drawn back by the retreating wave; she sank into the sea, and was never seen again.

The position of sinners is like that of the shipwrecked crew, and is one of great peril. Their state is justly described as "one that lieth down in the midst of the sea." They are exposed to the billows of the divine wrath, and are in danger of perishing; but, thank God, the lifeboat has come to the rescue, and there is room on board for all who accept the deliverance which it offers.

REVIEW OF THE QUARTER'S LESSONS.

S.S. Lesson for March 20. Golden Text Luke 1 : 78. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

ST. LUKE in his Gospel treats of the Lord Jesus as Man, while St. Matthew represents Him as King, St. Mark as Servant and St. John as God. The human side of the Lord is set forth in St. Luke, all the parables in this Gospel concern "a certain man," not "a certain king" as in St. Matthew (Comp. Luke 12 : 16 ; 14 : 16 ; 15 : 11 ; 16 : 1, 19 etc., with Matt. 18 : 23 ; 22 : 2). Thus it is only natural that St. Luke should dwell more upon the details of Jesus' birth and of that of His forerunner John the Baptist.

We find grouped around the cradle of our Lord, several who may serve us as examples of faith and of faithfulness. Zacharias, Elizabeth, Simeon and Anna, with "all them that looked for redemption, in Jerusalem," formed a little band of faithful believers, true to their God in the midst of a religious people whom John the Baptist called a "generation of vipers," and the Lord Jesus called "hypocrites," "blind guides," "fools and blind," "serpents," "generation of vipers ;" and of whom He testified "they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders ; but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers. But all their works they do to be seen of men." And again, "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites ! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men ; for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in. . . . ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers," etc. (Matt. 23).

This little group must have lived very near to God in order to resist the dulling, deadening influence of the majority of professing believers in their day. They took part in the temple services which were ordained of God for the whole people, but to them alone were they a reality ; they sung the Psalms of David in common with others in the congregation, but the deep communing with God which their author knew, and which is expressed in them, was shared by these alone, while the voices of the other singers fell cold and meaningless upon the ear of faith. And yet they did not separate themselves—the outward Jewish church was crumbling to ruins, they saw its decay, and knew they had no power to stop it, but they looked for redemption and for the Redeemer. In the midst of a dead externalism they walked with God ; among those whose thoughts were filled with the things of time and sense, they lived a life apart and unknown to those who surrounded them. Their one idea was God's Redeemer.

"Fear not, Zacharias : for thy prayer is heard." The answer to his prayer was the birth of Christ's forerunner. "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, and whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come unto me." Both Zacharias and Elizabeth received communications from God with regard to His coming Son. To Simeon it was revealed "by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ," and Anna was divinely guided to enter into the temple at the very moment when the child Jesus was presented unto the Lord, and Simeon was in the act of blessing His parents. Each of these waiting ones had distinct and individual intercourse with God about the great subject which the angels desire to look into, but which was neither understood nor desired by those around them. They thought, spoke, acted and lived in another world than theirs, apart in spirit perhaps from those in their own houses and families.

We are fast approaching the time of the second coming of our Lord, and the external church in our day is falling into ruins. Simeon "waited for the consolation of Israel," we are waiting for the Church's Bridegroom. Those who have studied the construction of the great Pyramid in Egypt believe that there is ground to conclude, from measurements which they believe to indicate the length of the several dispensations under which men have lived, that the very next year, 1882, will be the one in which Christ will take away His people. Some historical expositors of prophecy, who have much studied the Scripture dates, make the coming of our Lord to be in the decade of years which we have already commenced. In any case "the Lord is at hand," in any case let our souls cry out to Him, "Come Lord Jesus."

The expectation of their Redeemer had left its mark upon these four precious souls. Zacharias and Elizabeth were "both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless ;" Simeon "was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel ; and the Holy Ghost was upon him ;" Anna "departed not from the temple, but served God with fastings and prayers day and night." To such souls could God make known, not only that which they might share with the shepherds, "Unto you is born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord," but He could also reveal to them that which Christ should be to Israel and to the Gentiles. The communications of our God to us are in proportion to our capacity to receive them. The shepherds were seekers perhaps for personal salvation, and God revealed it to them in the birth of a Saviour. Zacharias bore the burden of his fallen nation upon his heart, he knew the Messiah was coming, but how should the "disobedient" people be prepared for Him and be turned "to the wisdom of the just." God's revelation to Zacharias was that his own son John should be the instrument to effect this work. Simeon seems to have had a wider area upon his heart ; he saw God's salvation to be "prepared before the face of all people ; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of My people Israel." Instead of wasting their words in complaining of the fallen condition of the Jewish worship, instead of condemning the priests and Levites, these faithful ones remained silent to men, but they bore the burden of their God in secret, and they were permitted to behold the dawn of the Sun of Righteousness arising with healing in His wings.

In all the details which St. Luke alone gives us of the birth and boyhood of the Lord Jesus, we see that His outward circumstances were exceedingly poor : announced only to a few shepherds, born in a stable, laid in a manger, His mother poor, although related to the High Priest's wife, His presence not missed during the space of three days by the company with which He had come up to Jerusalem, all this speaks of an external nothingness. Paul wrote to the Galatians, "My little children, of whom I travail in birth *again* until Christ he formed in you" (Gal. 4 : 19). If Christ is really formed in us, if His divine nature transposes and replaces our own old nature, there will be something analogous to Christ's birth in our experience. We shall learn to regard ourselves, our person, as a very stable, as the most unworthy place for the dwelling of such an Inmate ; pride, self-conceit, must give way when Christ is formed in us. To the world we shall be as He was, "with no form or comeliness," with no beauty which they can desire, for God recreates us after His model and tastes and not after man's.

In our course of lessons for the past quarter, after those which treated of the circumstances immediately surrounding the birth and childhood of our Lord, we considered the preaching of John the Baptist and the preaching of Jesus. Taking the two examples which we have had in our lessons from Luke 3 and 4, we might have said that John the Baptist was a more successful preacher than the Lord Jesus. Multitudes who came out into the wilderness to the austere preacher of the desert, yielded to the influence of the Holy Ghost, "confessing their sins." At Nazareth, on the contrary, although for a time His hearers were under deep impression, yet "they resisted the counsel of God against themselves," and they sought to slay Him who came to save them. There He was, waiting to be trusted ; ready to do His mighty works, and they would none of Him. But Jesus preached elsewhere than in Nazareth and it was testified of Him, "Never man spake like this Man" (John 7 : 46), for "He taught them as one that had authority and not as the scribes" (Mark 1 : 92). But Jesus, who never bore witness of Himself (John 5 : 31), yet bore witness of John, as we have seen in one of our late lessons, saying of him, that among those that are born of women there hath not arisen a greater than he.

But it was prophesied, "Unto you that fear My Name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings" (Mal. 4 : 2), and truly our blessed Lord manifested Himself as the great Healer. Of all the many sick who came to Him, who was sent away unhealed? His path was marked by the restoration of all who came in His way. We read, "When the sun was setting, all they that had any sick with divers diseases, brought them unto Him ; and He laid His hands on every one of them, and healed them. And devils also came out of many, crying out, and saying, thou art Christ the Son of God" (Luke 4 : 40, 41). In our course of lessons we considered the healing of the leper, of the paralytic, of the woman who touched the hem of His garment.

We learned in our last lesson but one, how our beloved Lord made Himself, and was reproached for being, "the friend of . . . sinners." Are we learning to obey His command, "Follow Me," so that we too are the friends of sinners in His name? Does our presence, do our words, speak life and hope to souls which are dead in trespasses and sins? Do they learn from us, not only that they ought to, but that they can, lead new lives by the power of a crucified and risen Christ? Do they turn to us with confidence, because they see that what we say is a living reality to us? If we truly live as lights in the world, our very presence must drive away the darkness.

An Injured Limb Healed in Answer to Prayer. The following incident is related in *The Herald* of Camden, Me., by Mr. Henry F. Thurston, who is indorsed by the Rev. C. E. Libby as a gentleman of character and good standing, and a member of the Free Baptist Church in Rockport :

In the spring of 1880, Mrs. Sylvia Thurston, (the step-mother of the narrator), while returning home from church, stepped into a hole in the road, and was thrown with such violence to the ground that her back was severely injured and the bones of her ankle and foot were wrenched out of joint. The injury sustained by the foot was so great that it was almost impossible to replace the bones in any kind of position. For two months she suffered intensely from a fever brought on by the injuries to her back, and it was three months before she could sit up. But when she had recovered from the fever she was unable to walk save by the aid of crutches. The broken leg was useless and never ceased to pain her. It was swollen from the toes to the knee and was colored a dark purple. The circulation was almost stopped, and the leg and foot became cold. The foot was bent out of position so that only the toes touched the floor.

The doctor said it must be cut off or it would mortify, or else wither away and die. About this time her stepson came from Rockland to take care of her. One day he was telling her of a lame man down East who was healed by the prayers of Fred McKenney, evangelist, from Portland. They determined to pray for the restoration of the impotent limb, and both kept their determination. That night the foot was so bad that even the drawing of a sheet over it gave her intense pain. In the morning the foot, ankle, and leg were in all things like the other, and as strong.

A Scotch Sailor's Experience.—At a Recent meeting in Edinburgh, Scotland, in connection with the revival services of Major Whittle and Mr. and Mrs. MacGranhan, a man about forty years of age rose and said : "I am a sailor, and have been a drunkard all my life. On being paid off from a ship a few weeks ago I received over £35, all of which had gone in drink and vice. I came into the meeting on the previous Friday, and was convicted of sin. Just there," he said, pointing to a place in the hall close to where he stood, "I accepted Christ as my Saviour, and I got deliverance from the drink. God took away the taste for it ; but I have been much on my knees praying for grace to be still delivered, and I humbly ask the prayers of God's people that I may continue to be kept." Other testimonies followed ; and a lady at a subsequent meeting said to a Christian worker, "That man's experience was just like mine."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

More Detailed Reports of the Disaster to the British army in South Africa on February 27th have been received. They show that the cause of the defeat sustained, was not, as was at first alleged, negligence in not taking up to the summit of the Magela mountain a sufficient supply of ammunition, but that General Sir G. P. Colley was outmanœuvred and fairly beaten. The British troops had taken up a position on the crest of the hill, and were confident that their position was impregnable. The Boers adopted the desperate course of storming the position, and were met and repulsed with the bayonet. They re-formed, and falling upon a weak place in General Colley's line, penetrated it, and were thus able to attack their former antagonists from the rear. The British troops were smitten with panic, and rushed in disorganized condition down the hill. The slaughter was not so great as was reported. Thirty-five officers and 693 men were engaged. Three officers were killed, nine wounded, and seven taken prisoners. The total of the killed was 83; wounded, 122, and taken prisoners or missing, 50. The Boers had the courtesy to send into the British camp, under the protection of a white flag, a letter of condolence to Lady Colley on the death of her husband, expressing their regret for the bereavement they had inflicted upon her. General Sir Frederick Roberts has been appointed to succeed Sir G. P. Colley in command. He is an experienced officer, having distinguished himself in the Indian Mutiny in 1857, and in the recent Afghan war. His portrait and a sketch of his life appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of November 13, 1879.

Preparations for Enforcing the Coercion Bill in Ireland indicate that the power intrusted to the Irish executive will be judiciously used. Mr. Forster, the Secretary for Ireland, has himself visited Dublin to assist in the consultations on the subject of proclaiming districts and arresting individuals. While some of the law officials deem suspicion fairly pointed at an individual to be sufficient to justify his arrest, Mr. Forster insists that evidence must be adduced such as would influence his mind in the capacity of juror, and that a prima facie case be established against the accused. The Dublin *Gazette* contains proclamations for the counties of Clare, Cork, Galway, Kerry, Leitrim, Limerick, Mayo, Roscommon, and Sligo.

A Sensation in the British Parliament was produced on March 3d by a speech from Mr. Dillon, one of the Land-League leaders, who defended his advice to the Irish to resort to armed insurrection. He said, If he were an Irish farmer he would keep a *rifle to shoot landlords*. He wished the Irish had proclaimed civil war. It is expected that Mr. Dillon will be arrested under the Coercion Act, for violent speeches delivered at meetings of the Irish farmers of which the remarks he made in Parliament give but a faint idea.

The Difficulties in which the Gladstone Ministry in Great Britain is laboring are increased by the war in the Transvaal. There is a general demand in Great Britain that the prestige of the army should be restored by decisive victory before propositions of peace are entertained, yet the policy advocated by Messrs. Gladstone, Bright, and Chamberlain when they were not in office requires a speedy close of the war, and a concession of the liberty and independence the Boers demand.

Sincere sympathy with the victorious Dutch farmers is expressed in many quarters, which is evoked by the conviction that they are a brave people fighting for their homes and liberty against a tyrannical foreign power, but there is evidence that they have been troublesome neighbors to the British in South Africa for a long time, and that England would not have interfered with them had they refrained from molesting the Colonists. Dr. Livingstone, the missionary explorer, suffered at their hands when in South Africa, his house being wrecked by the Boers and his property entirely destroyed. Another complaint against them is that though they fight for liberty, they engage extensively in the slave trade. Dr. Livingstone, in 1852, addressed a memorial to the British Government on the subject, in which he described an attack made by them upon the Chief Sechele, which resulted in the carrying off into slavery of 200 *women and children*. The Doctor stated: "Of the women and children captured, many of the former will escape, but the latter are reduced to a state of *hopeless slavery*. They are sold and bought as slaves, and I have myself seen and conversed with such taken from other tribes and living as slaves in the houses of the Boers." He also stated that he saw in captivity among the Boers large numbers of Bechuana children, who had been *educated in his own Sunday-schools*, and afterward torn from their homes by the ruffians who composed the Dutch commandes.

An Earthquake is Reported from Ischia an island in the Mediterranean Sea belonging to Italy. A cable despatch says: The loss of life by the earthquake is appalling. One hundred and two bodies have been found at Casamicciola up to the present, and many others are under *the ruins of the buildings*. In the village district of Lacco alone thirteen houses were destroyed and five persons killed. Three hundred houses have fallen at Casamacciola. The government is sending relief. The *News'* correspondent at Naples says 110 corpses have been recovered, and 67 wounded have been sent to the hospitals.

The Spanish Authorities appear Determined to suppress gambling in their capital. Count Xiquena, the new Governor of Madrid, having ascertained the locality of the disreputable haunts took the precaution *to lock up ten district inspectors of police in his office* to prevent the gamblers getting warning of the projected movement against them. He then, with the Chief Constable, went out in the dead of night and surprised twenty-four gambling-houses, seized all the money visible and arrested the players and owners of the establishments. Xiquena then sent a stern warning around to all the clubs and casinos in Madrid, threatening the occupants with the penal code unless gambling was instantly stopped.

The President of the French Republic has administered a rebuff to Mr. Parnell. M. Grevy's name was placed on the list of a Committee of Congratulation appointed to wait on the French author Victor Hugo, but when he found that Mr. Parnell's name was also on the list he declined to allow his own name to remain or to act with the Irish agitator. Marshal MacMahon, the ex-President, has also turned a deaf ear to Mr. Parnell's appeals for sympathy. Meanwhile M. Rochefort, the Communist editor, lauds the movement in his columns, and Victor Hugo gives it his approval, believing that "through Ireland, *socialist ideas* would find their way into England."

A Sunday Desecration Bill was Moved in the British House of Lords on February 23d, by the Irish Earl of Dunraven. Its object was the opening on Sundays of all national museums and picture-galleries. The argument urged for opening museums and galleries of pictures, was that such places were preferable as places of Sunday recreation to drinking-saloons. This attempt to do evil that good might come, like all such schemes, is foolish and wicked. The frequenters of the saloons would not be drawn away from their accustomed haunts by the attraction of pictures or museums filled with curiosities, whether ancient or modern. But the vendors of drinks under the name of refreshments would be multiplied in the vicinity of such places of resort on the Sunday, and many would be drawn away from churches, who would thus lose the benefit of public worship. The amount of labor necessary to watch over the picture-galleries and museums would, moreover, add much to Sunday toil, without any countervailing advantage. The decay of religious influence on the masses is sufficiently alarming, without any aid from the British Legislature. The House of Lords very properly rejected the bill.

Anarchy Reigns in Peru. The Chilians, find no one in Lima with whom they can negotiate a treaty of peace. A telegram dated February 24th, says, "Two or three efforts have been made to hold a meeting of distinguished citizens to discuss matters and form a provisional government, but they will not attend. The majority of the Peruvians acknowledge they are badly beaten, and that they cannot hope to make headway against the Chilians, but false pride prevents their stepping forward and acknowledging this fact, and making the best terms they can in order to prevent the country suffering further loss. Perhaps, also, fear has a little to do with their hesitancy. Many of them think the lives of those who sign a peace will be in danger directly after the Chilians leave."

All persons holding property belonging to the Peruvian Government have been ordered to send in inventories of such property. All arms and ammunition are to be delivered to the Chilians. They are blowing up all the forts and such guns as are not of recent manufacture. Admiral de Petit Thouars, of the French Navy, as senior officer of the station, and in command of the foreign squadrons, has had a somewhat warm discussion with General Baquedano, at which he had occasion to repeat to him the determination of the foreign powers to prevent at all hazards *the destruction of Lima*, in which so many millions of foreign capital are interested.

The Arcot Mission, India, which has Been established for twenty years, has been requested by the patrons of the high caste school for boys in Vellore to assume the management of it. Those high caste gentlemen not long since despised the missionaries, and regarded social intercourse with them as contamination. Now they commit their children to their care. Recently a still more signal triumph has been won. Gentlemen of the highest caste requested the missionaries in charge at Vellore to organize a school for their daughters. The invitation was accepted and the school was opened, a large number of native gentlemen being present. On that day twenty girls were enrolled as pupils, and in one month the number rose to one hundred and four. Many of these children had had no intercourse with Europeans, and "were not a little frightened when left for the first time by their parents or friends." Twelve of these girls are Brahmins. This movement is very significant, for these girls of the highest caste have been most jealously secluded from all intercourse with foreigners, even from many of their own race. The mission is not asked to visit and teach them in the guarded privacy of the Zenanas, but to instruct them openly in a public school.

An Engine Driver on Fire.—On February 18th the driver of a train was approaching the platform of the Wimbledon station in England, and was attending to his duties before the furnace, when the fire suddenly burst forth and enveloped him in flames. His clothes, being greasy, blazed fiercely, and the passengers waiting at the station were horrified to see the driver hanging over the side of his engine shrieking for help. The brakes were applied, and one of the guards going to the engine managed with his cloak to put out the flames. The driver was then carried to a hospital, where he was carefully treated, but without much hope of saving his life. Is not this an illustration of the way in which destruction shall overtake the wicked? "Behold, they shall be as stubble; the fire shall burn them; they shall not deliver themselves from the power of the flame" (Is. 47 : 14).

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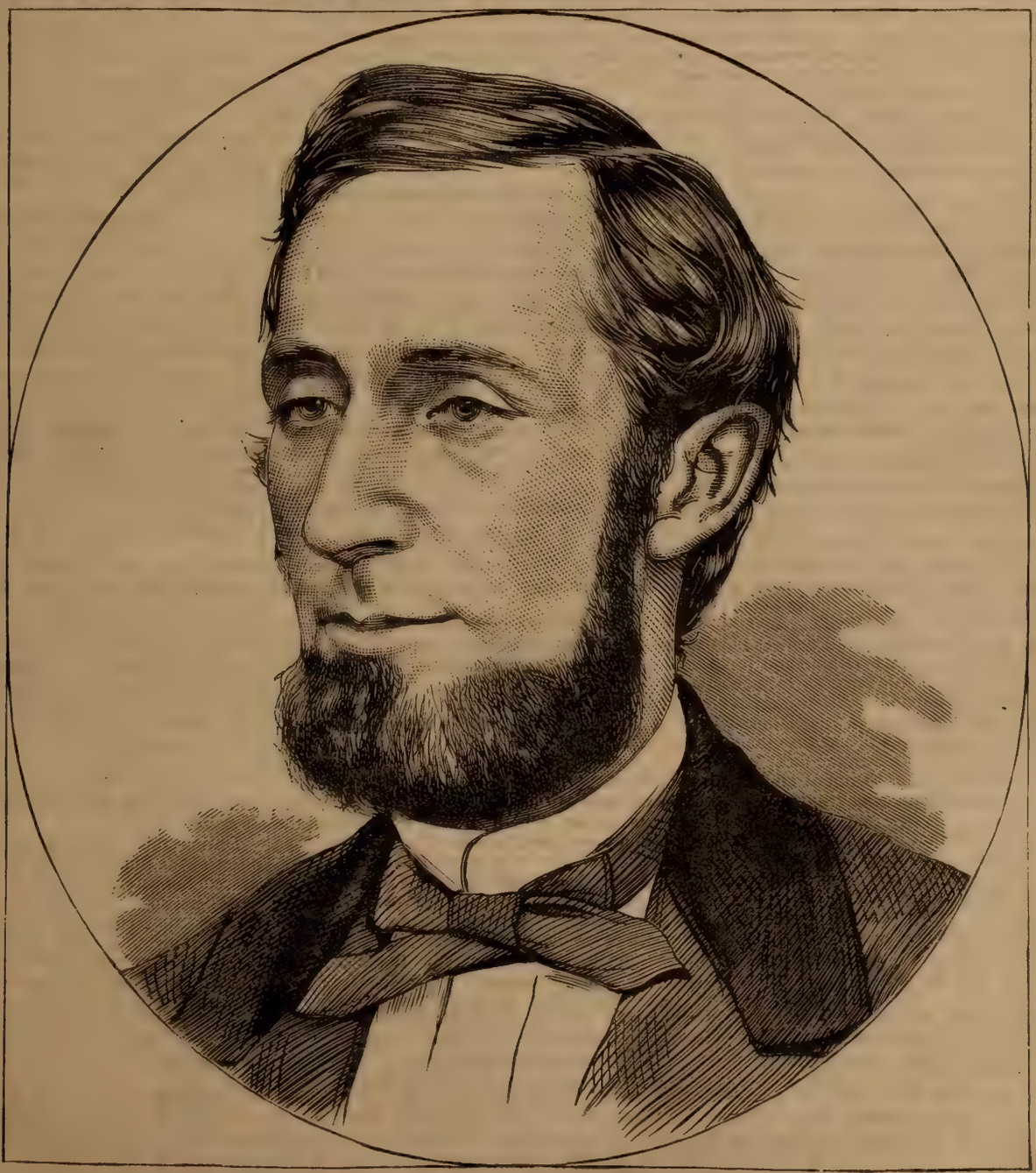

Mr. PHILIP PHILLIPS, "The Singing Pilgrim."

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The Influence of Gospel Song—A Christian Mother—Work on the Farm—First Revival Services—Work in the West—Authorship—Labors in Europe—Around the World—Australia—A Magpie's Song—Ceylon—India—Singing in Jerusalem—Third Tour of Song in England—A Valuable Testimonial.

"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" said the group of prisoners of war, who, sitting dejected on the banks of the Babylonish river, laid aside their musical instruments and gave themselves up to melancholy. But the task, too exacting for the exiled Jews, other men in these last days, rejoicing in the liberty wherewith Christ makes His people free, have voluntarily undertaken. They have been glad to carry to those who sit in darkness the glorious message of light and life, and to preach and sing the praises of Him whose entrance to this world of sin and sorrow was celebrated by an angelic choir, singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good-will toward men."

In the Kingdom of God there is opportunity for the exercise of that "diversity of gifts" which emanate from "the same Spirit," and if one were called upon to point to the distinguishing characteristics of the era in which we are living, one of the most prominent would be, the influence Gospel singing has had in the great religious movements which have swept over the Church. Not only has the sweetly solemn, inspiring song softened and prepared the heart for the reception of the word preached, but God has often blessed the song alone, to the conversion of sinners. In this country and in Great Britain, wherever Messrs. Moody and Sankey have gone, the singing of Mr. Sankey has been blessed almost as signally as the preaching of Mr. Moody.

Mr. Philip Phillips, the pioneer in the work of attaching the graceful courser of music to the Gospel chariot, has also enjoyed an abundant measure of God's favor and blessing. Not content with the harvest of souls God gave him in America and Great Britain, he has carried the melodious message to less favored lands, and under southern skies, and in tropical climates; in countries newly settled, and in lands famous before America was discovered or Britain had emerged from barbarism, he has raised his voice in celebration of the triumphs of the cross. In very deed singing "The Lord's song in strange lands."

The story of Mr. Phillips's life is one as full of interest as those detailed in the pages of romance. It is a constantly moving panorama, and as we follow his footsteps we tread the streets of great cities such as New York, Boston, Cincinnati, New Orleans, and San Francisco, and the rural ways of western villages; we see the strange scenes of the Sandwich Islands, and the busy young life of Australia and New Zealand; on to London, Liverpool, Edinburgh, and Dublin, and the centres of Old World civilization, on again to Rome and Jerusalem and Egypt, and the classic lands of bygone days, and still further to the unfamiliar Asiatic scenes of Calcutta, Delhi, and the banks of the Ganges, where idolatry and superstition still exercise their malign influence. Space forbids even the most imperfect description of such a life, so full of activity and change, we can but indicate briefly some of its more salient features.

Philip Phillips *was born* in Chautauqua County, New York, on August 13th, 1834. He was the tenth of a family of fifteen children.

HIS FATHER AND MOTHER

were distinguished for their earnest practical piety. Of his mother, who died one year after the birth of her fifteenth child, and when Philip was under ten years of age, he speaks in words of tender loving recollection. Her teaching and her prayers, he assures us, are to this day fresh in his mind, and he remembers distinctly her taking him, as she did each of her children, separately to her room and asking God's blessing upon him.

One *memorable incident* illustrates the ready tact with which this devoted woman seized any opportunity offered her, to impress on her offspring the nearness of God and the privilege of prayer. Philip when a little child was playing on the lot, and gambolled into the circle one of his father's men was mowing. The scythe struck his foot, inflicting a wound from which the blood flowed freely. He was carried into the house and his mother quickly bound up the injured member, but the little fellow, overcome by the sight of the blood, tremblingly asked: "Mother, how soon will I die?" "I don't know, Phillie," she said, "*but don't you think we had better pray?*" and there and then the mother and her little boy knelt in prayer to God. Her death was a bitter affliction to the large family of young children, and none felt it more than little Philip. He was sent with one of his brothers to the house of an uncle, but the divorce from the old farm only aggravated his grief, and he was allowed, in response to his piteous entreaties, to return to his loved but now desolated home.

In 1849, Philip being then fifteen years of age, he was apprenticed to a farmer who engaged to "instruct him in the art of farming and dairying," to clothe him and provide him with food and send him to school three months in each year. He also covenanted in the indenture to give Philip, at the end of his term of six years, "a new Bible and two suits of clothes; one to be of a common quality and one to be *a handsome suit.*" Philip appears to have fulfilled his part of the agreement to the satisfaction of the farmer, for, observing his passion for music, the farmer resolved to gratify it. Returning to the house one evening, Philip found a melodeon in the sitting-room, and on making eager inquiry as to the instrument, he received for answer: "Well, Philip, what is the use of having money if you cannot use it? We have bought this melodeon for you, but you must not neglect your work on account of it." The boy's heart was full to overflowing.

But a more memorable event in the young man's life, even than the possession of his first musical instrument, was one that occurred soon afterward. Protracted meetings were held in the Baptist Church of Delanti, N. Y., where the farmer and his family attended. Philip was first attracted by the singing, but after a few meetings the Holy Spirit awakened him to anxiety about his soul. His bashfulness kept him from accepting the minister's invitation to go to the seat where other anxious souls were prostrated in prayer. He put it off day by day, every night resolving that the next evening he would go to the front, but still he struggled on alone, his courage failing him as the time came. One evening after the last hymn had been sung the minister said: "Let us repeat that verse; I feel that some persons here to-night are grieving the Spirit." The verse was repeated, and Philip, feeling himself indicated, walked up to the minister's platform and asked for prayer. Before he went home that night he had given his heart to God.

The Good Templar movement was about this time attracting public attention, and Philip Phillips entered with energy into the work. His fine voice was in request, and he was invited to assist at the formation of many new lodges. Additional stimulus was thus given to musical studies, and his employer became conscious that Philip's proper place was not at the drudgery of farm work. He suggested that the young man should take up the profession of music teacher, and with the product of his efforts to pay a man to take his place on the farm. Philip accepted the offer gladly, and in 1853 he opened his first singing-school at Allegheny, N. Y. The engagement was carried out, and at the end of the term, when Philip was twenty-one years old, he discharged the obligation, and started in life with his knowledge of music as his only capital. During the next few years his time was given exclusively to his profession.

THE FIRST REVIVAL WORK

in which Mr. Phillips engaged, was at the Baptist Church of which he was a member, and of which Rev. A. Wheelock, D.D., was pastor. The services lasted many weeks, and during that time Mr. Phillips presided at the organ and was busy among the awakened souls. He went from seat to seat talking with the young men he knew, and in cases where he believed an impression had been made inviting them to his rooms for further conversation and prayer. Many souls were born again under his instrumentality.

An invitation was sent to Mr. Phillips at the conclusion of these engagements to sing in Ohio. He accepted, and his first service in that State was held in the Baptist Church at Marion. Here he met with Miss Olive M. Clark, the lady who afterward became his wife. Mr. Phillips's first published work, "The Cantata of Esther," was brought out during his Ohio visit. This was followed in 1860 by "Early Blossoms," of which upward of *twenty thousand copies* were quickly sold. This success encouraged him to settle in Ohio, and he accordingly opened premises in Cincinnati. In the Queen City success attended him, and he brought out "Musical Leaves," a book which reached a circulation of 700,000 copies. It penetrated everywhere, and its chords might be heard in churches and schools, on the city street, and in the military camp. Next appeared the "Singing Pilgrim," founded on John Bunyan's inimitable allegory. The book was enthusiastically received, and Mr. Phillips acquired by the authorship of the work the name by which he is known, the world over, of "The Singing Pilgrim."

Besides his ordinary professional engagements and his literary labors Mr. Phillips, during his Cincinnati residence, devoted himself to active Christian work. He sang gratuitously in Sunday-schools, in Soldiers' Hospitals, and in connection with the United States Christian Commission. When the close of the war came, he sang at the final anniversary of the Christian Commission in the House of Representatives at Washington, D. C. *President Lincoln* was present, and at the conclusion of the service he sent up a note to Mr. Phillips asking him to repeat one hymn which had particularly impressed him. The concluding words were:

"Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere."

God had other work for Mr. Phillips to do than the mere acquisition of wealth and fame, and as often happens, He turned his attention to that work by a series of events which the world names misfortunes. In the year 1865 all Mr. Phillips's property was destroyed by fire, and subsequent attempts to renew a business career ended in disappointment and disaster. Thus detached from commercial pursuits, Mr. Phillips gave himself unreservedly to the Lord's work, and in that work held himself ready to go wherever he might be called.

In 1868 Mr. Phillips visited

GREAT BRITAIN

for the first time. There he found his fame had preceded him. His books were on every music-stand, and his melodies were sung everywhere. His first invitation was from the Sunday-school Union Committee, and for them he sang in the London Jubilee Hall. Subsequently he sang at the Crystal Palace Temperance Fete before an audience of forty-two thousand people, again, at Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, which was crowded to its utmost capacity, and in the Mission Halls of the British metropolis, notably among the outcasts in Whitechapel. From London he went northward, and during his visit he gave sixty-seven evenings of sacred song.

During this visit, also, he compiled, at the request of the Sunday-school Union, his "American Sacred Songster," of which over a million copies have been sold. So thoroughly were Mr. Phillips's services appreciated by the British public that a pressing invitation was given him to continue his work, and four years afterward he complied, giving one hundred and fifty services for the benefit of the Continental Sunday-school Union Fund for establishing Sunday-schools on the Continent of Europe. The fund was increased by the profit on these services to the extent of *five thousand dollars.*

An urgent invitation was forwarded to Mr. Phillips while in England to visit the Pacific coast, and on his return to America he crossed the Continent and making San Francisco his headquarters, he went from place to place, returning to San Fran-

sco each week for his Sunday services. He orked during this visit in connection with Mr. oody, who was at that time preaching on the Pa- fic coast. Tours followed his Californian labors, the Western and Southern States and in the ritish Provinces, in all of which he was received ith enthusiasm, and where the songs were instru- ental in the conversion of souls.

AROUND THE WORLD.

A pressing invitation to visit Australia had been nt to Mr. Phillips by persons who had listened him in Great Britain and who were anxious that s voice might be heard in that new country. he invitation was accepted, and Mr. Phillips de- rmined to make his visit an opportunity for visit- g the Mission stations which form *a belt of light* ound the world. He sailed from San Franciso arch 8th, 1875, and the following three years ere passed amid constantly changing scenes and varying circumstances.

The first halt was at *the Sandwich Islands*. he vessel remained in port only twenty hours, t during that time a service was arranged by the issionaries, one of whom, Mrs. Webb, was found be a sister of Dr. Hastings of New York. *An vitation was received from the King*, and Mr. hillips visited his Majesty, who had but recently re- rned from his visit to the United States. At the rvice of song a large and intelligent audience was thered, and the mission fund was increased om the proceeds to the extent of one hundred llars.

Thence the voyagers sailed for New Zealand, here a short stay of eight hours was made id a service of song held. Melbourne, Australia, as the next city visited. A very cordial recep- on was tendered Mr. Phillips in this rapidly im- roving city, and during the whole period he re- ained in Australia the enthusiasm with which he as received was unbounded. A visit was paid to allarat, Creswick, Geelong, Castlemaine, and her large cities. At Sydney, the capital of New outh Wales, Mr. Phillips found himself, on the h of July, face to face with a large audience iefly composed of English people. The associa- ons of the day, no American citizen can forget, herever he may be, and Mr. Phillips after briefly lling the attention of his audience to the glorious niversary, sang our national anthem, the audi- ice joining in the chorus, and then, with beauti- l significance and propriety, followed the triumi- ant strains of the hymn which may be called the hristian's national anthem :

" Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run,
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more."

Sydney has a population of 100,000 inhabitants, id song services were held with success in several arts of the city. In the market of the city during r. Phillips's visit an amusing interchange of per- nal criticism occurred. A colonial dealer of im- ense corpulence excited in the American visitor astonished smile. The man resented the implied dicule, and retaliated by some uncomplimentary marks about the dimensions attained by the ankee nose. National credit being thus defend- d, good humor was restored. The American trav- ler was much gratified and amused a few days ter when, after a drive out in the bush, he alighted t an isolated house many miles from any town, and as greeted by the strains of " Yankee Doodle," histled by a magpie who had spent a day or two me time with some American visitors, and had cked up the national air, which he whistled cor- ctly and with spirit.

Mr. Phillips prolonged his visit to the colony un- l October 7th, at the urgent request of his friends, nging almost every day in one or other of the laces of worship. The next place visited was the sland of Ceylon where the visitors were entertain- d by the Superintendent of Missions. Here some f the peculiarities of the climate were brought to te notice of the party by the advice of the mis- onary when the time for retiring came, to look round the room before going to sleep and espe- ally under the pillows, as a deadly cobra had a few venings before located itself in an adjoining cham- er. An appreciative audience of three hundred people was gathered for the song service and man- ifested evident pleasure. Three days' sail brought the travellers to Madras, where a Sunday was spent to the mutual pleasure of singer and hearers.

At Calcutta old friends in the Missionary Amer- ican Home extended a cordial welcome to the visi- tors, and arrangements were made for a singing cam- paign in India. During the campaign many sights were seen distressing to the Christian's soul, and reminding him how much yet remains to be done for Christ in that land of superstition. A wretched fakir was visited on one occasion, who every day for sixteen years had tortured himself by sitting over a slow fire. Idolatrous observances of other kinds bore witness to the prevailing spiritual darkness. The natives could only be induced to attend the services with difficulty, but would stand without the building listening to the music which could be heard through the apertures left under the over- hanging eaves for ventilation; but Mr. Phillips was glad to learn before leaving the country that in more than one of the Mission stations at which he sang, his gospel songs had been the means of doing good.

From India the party set out for the Holy Land, where Mr. Phillips made an extended tour, singing in Jerusalem, Joppa, Nazareth, and other places of sacred associations. From Palestine the route lay through Egypt, thence to Italy and Austria, Germany, and Holland, and so to Great Britain where a third singing tour was made.

So appreciative were Mr. Phillips's British friends of his services and so large were the pecuniary re- sults various religious organizations achieved through his efforts, that a testimonial, consisting of a handsome silver tea-set, was presented to him, accompanied by an address setting forth the esteem in which he was held. The following day, July 13th, 1877, Mr. Phillips and his family em- barked for home from which they had been absent over three years, thankful to God for the preserving mercy which had kept them from danger and harm, and had enabled them to labor successfully for Him.

Mr. Phillips, as already mentioned in these pages, commenced on Monday last a series of song services in Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle. We may hope that the blessing of God on his efforts, so signally manifested elsewhere, will attend him there, and many souls be won for Jesus.

THE LATE HENRY MOORHOUSE.

By John Hambleton.

DURING the great awakening and revival in Lancashire, beginning at Liverpool, 1854, when Reginald Radcliffe, Edward Usher, and John Hambleton were thrust into the vineyard of Christ, and laborers in hundreds were being pressed into the work, under the power of the Spirit of God, the two latter were sent on to Manchester and the surrounding districts, working always in the open air and any open door which presented itself. Richard Weaver, John Street, and many others, were carried as by force into the great evangelistic work, moving on like a mighty tide through the various Lancashire towns. Halls, theatres, cir- cuses were afterward engaged, and the work rolled on like as though Heaven had let down a great net for the ingathering of souls.

At this time (about 1859–60), two lads, one named Thomas Castle, a little pugilist, the other, his companion, Henry Moorhouse, were, uncon- sciously to themselves, watched and known by the Spirit of God as two young fishes in the ocean of sin, shortly to be caught in the great Gospel net. Richard Weaver was preaching at the Free Trade Hall, when Thomas Castle was there without his companion Henry, and was there brought under conviction of sin, and then led to Christ. His heart immediately went out after his companion, Henry Moorehouse, whom he endeavored to bring to the various rooms and places in the town where the Gospel was preached. He found him at one time in a public-house, and brought him up to Weaver's house to be prayed for. Henry soon after this enlisted in a militia regiment, but his father bought him off.

One evening he was passing a room where a Gos- pel meeting was being held; he went half-way up the stairs, and listened to the service; he turned back under conviction, and was in deep trouble of soul for three weeks. His former companion, Thomas Castle, found him in this state, and led him to another room, where he was fully brought to the Lord.

These two again became companions for a short time in the Lord. They wanted now to find employ- ment and to live honestly, and provide things hon- est in the sight of all men, but it was several weeks before they could get anything to do.

The natural business qualities of Moorhouse now began to stir in his mind. He said—

" Tom, how much brass [money] have you got in your pocket?"

" Just a halfpenny," said Tom.

" Well," said Henry, " I've got twopence-half- penny; that makes threepence. We'll set up in business; let's go to the swag-shop in Shude-hill."

So they went with their small capital to a shop which supplies hawkers of thread, tape, scissors, etc., at wholesale prices. This gives it the desig- nation of " swag shop." The swagman took the threepence and gave them their goods, each taking a part of the stock. Henry's stock was soon sold, but Tom had no gift for business, so Henry took the other part, and soon sold out, bringing a profit of ninepence. Away to the swagman again. Nine pennyworth of goods were soon sold again, at a profit of eighteenpence. Thus they lived and worked, buying and selling, and at the end of the week they had thirty shillings each, after all ex- penses.

At this time, one of the brethren who had en- gaged the room for preaching, and whose business was a bazaar and toy shop, with Birmingham jewelry, etc., offered Henry a situation as salesman in his shop, which he took joyfully, leaving the pedler business to his companion, who soon failed in it, not being gifted in buying and selling. He, however, found work at a sawmill, and lived a con- sistent Christian life for about two years, but was suddenly killed by a piece of wood thrown from a circular saw. Henry in a very short time increased the business of his employer, who had all confi- dence in him, trusting him with everything.

But Moorhouse soon developed talents for speaking the simple Gospel, and at the circus he began to tell of Jesus who had saved his soul. His affectionate manner and his boyish appearance were a power in the hands of the Lord for the win- ning of souls.

It was under the following circumstances that Henry Moorhouse left Manchester for Liverpool: His employer took out a license to sell goods by auction, and night after night Harry kept a crowd of people in the shop, selling, and entertaining them with witty words, which was hurting his testimony for Christ. One evening T. B——, a man of short sentences and strange action, entered the shop just as Henry was knocking down some article. He cried out, " Thou ought to be out with thy Bible for souls, and drop that hammer for the devil!" He instantly left the shop, and his words fell as a hammer on the heart of Henry, who became con- scious of being switched off the true line, and con- vinced that he must forsake all and follow Christ.

This was his last auction. The Spirit of God impressed him to go at once to Liverpool, and he came to my house and slept there. He told me the circumstance, and how he had left his situation; but his employer had paid £10 for the license, and would it be right to leave him thus? I inquired if there were any wages due to him. He told me there was about £10 due to him. Then I said, " It is plainly from the Lord that you are called to leave all secular work, and go into the Lord's work. Let your employer keep your wages and do as he please about the license. 'Go thou and preach the kingdom of God.'"

Moorhouse obeyed the call with the result so well known. Besides the good done through his Bible carriage movement, his evangelistic services in London and country towns received the blessing of God, and many a poor outcast, bankrupt in purse, in character, and in hope, is now rejoicing in Jesus through the blessing of God on the plain but earnest appeals of Henry Moorhouse.

OUTSIDERS.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, Delivered on Sunday Morning, March 13, 1881.

" Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold : them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice."—John 10 : 16.

No Monopoly in Religion—A Reminiscence of Boyhood—Christians not Reckoned in Statistics—The Heavenly Shepherd Finding His Sheep—I. Among Non-Church-goers—Churches Like Skeleton Leaves—Like Armories—Mr. Ancient and the Wrecked Steamer—II. Among Rejecters of Christianity—An Experiment Invited—The Testimony of Laymen—The Sahara of Doubt—The Calm Land of the Gospel—III. Among Those Flung of Evil Habit—Prodigals too Easily Given up—The Only Limit—Put Your Trust in God—The Gospel-hardened Sinners—The Bars of the Fold Falling—A Dying Nobleman's Lamentation.

There is *no monopoly in religion*. The grace of God is not a nice little property fenced off all for ourselves. It is not a king's park, at which we look through a barred gateway, wishing we might go in and pluck the flowers and look at the deer and the statuary. It is a father's orchard, and there are bars to let down, and gates to swing open.

In my *boyhood days*, next to the country schoolhouse where I went, there was an apple orchard of great luxuriance, owned by a very lame man who did not gather the apples, and they went to waste by scores of bushels. Sometimes the lads of the school, in the sinfulness of a nature inherited from our first parents who fell through the same temptation, would climb over the fence and take some of these apples, and notwithstanding the fact that there was a surplus, and all going to waste, the owner of that orchard, reckless of making his lameness worse, would take after these lads, and shout, " Boys, drop those apples, or I'll set the dog on you !"

Now there are Christians who have a severe guard over the Church of God. They have a rough and an unsympathetic way of treating outsiders. It is a great orchard into which God would like to have all the people come and take the richest and the ripest fruit, and the more they take the better He likes it. But there are those who stand with a hard and severe nature guarding the Church of God, and all the time afraid that some will get these apples when they really ought not to have them.

Have you any idea that, because you were baptized at eight months of age, and because you have all your life been surrounded by hallowed influences, you have a right to one whole side of the Lord's table, spreading yourself out so nobody else can sit there ? You will have to haul in your elbows, for there will come a great multitude to sit at the table, and on both sides of you. You are not going to have this monopoly of religion. " Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

McDonald the Scotchman has on the Scotch hills a great flock of sheep. McDonald has four or five thousand head of sheep. Some are browsing in the heather, some are on the hills, some are in the valleys, a few are in the yard. One day Cameron comes over to McDonald and says, " McDonald, you have thirty sheep ; I have been counting them." " Oh, no !" says McDonald, " I have four or five thousand." " Ah !" says Cameron, " you are mistaken ; I have just counted them ; there are thirty." " Why," says McDonald, " do you suppose that is all the sheep I have ? I have sheep on the hills and in the valleys, ranging and roaming everywhere. Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

So Christ comes. Here is a group of Christians, and there is a group of Christians ; here is a Methodist fold, here is a Presbyterian fold, here is a Baptist fold, here is a Lutheran fold, and we make our annual statistics, and we think we can tell you just how many Christians there are in the world ; how many there are in the Church, how many of all these denominations. We aggregate them, and we think we are giving an intelligent and an accurate account ; but Christ comes, and He says, " You have not counted them right. There are those whom you have never seen, those of whom you have never heard. I have my children in all parts of the earth, on all the islands of the sea, on all the continents, in all the mountains and in all the valleys. Do not think that these few sheep you have counted are all the sheep I have. There is a great multitude that no man can number. Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

Christ, in my text, talks of the conversion of the Gentiles as confidently as though they had already been converted. He sets forth the idea that His people will come from all parts of the earth, from all ages, from all circumstances, from all conditions. " Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

I. In the first place I remark, the Heavenly Shepherd will find many of His sheep among those who are

NON-CHURCH-GOERS.

There are different kinds of churches. Sometimes you will find a church made up only of Christians. Everything seems finished. The church reminds you of those skeleton plants from which by chemical preparation all the greenness and the verdure have been taken, and they are cold, and white, and delicate, and beautiful, and finished. All that is wanted is a glass case put over them. The minister on the Sabbath has only to take an ostrich-feather and brush off the dust that has accumulated in the last six days of business, and then they are as cold and beautiful and delicate as before. Everything is finished : finished sermons, finished music, finished architecture, finished everything.

Another church is like an armory, the sound of drum and fife calling more recruits to the Lord's army. We say to the applicants, " Come in and get your equipment. Here is the bath in which you are to be cleansed, here is the helmet you are to put on your head, here are the sandals you are to put on your feet, here is the breastplate you are to put over your heart, here is the sword you are to take in your right hand and fight His battle with. Quit yourselves like men.

There are those here, perhaps, this morning, who say, " It is now ten, fifteen years since I was in the habit, the regular habit of church-going." I know all about your case. I am going to tell you something that will be startling at the first, and that is, that you are going to become the Lord's sheep. " Oh," you say, " that is impossible ; you don't know my case ; you don't know how far I am from anything of that kind." I know all about your case. I have been up and down the world. I know why some of you do not attend upon Christian services.

I go further, and make another announcement in regard to you, and that is, you are not only to become the Lord's sheep, but you are going to become the Lord's sheep to-day. God is going to call you graciously by His spirit ; you are going to come into the fold of Christ. The sermon this morning shall not be so much for those who are Christians. I have preached to them hundreds and thousands of times. The sermon that I preach this morning is going to be chiefly for those who consider themselves *outsiders*, but who may happen to be in the house of God this morning ; and the chief employment of the Christian people in the church this morning will be to pray for those who are not accustomed to attend upon Christian sanctuaries.

When the steamer Atlantic went to pieces on Mars Rock, why did that brave minister of the Gospel, of whom we have all read, go out in the lifeboat ? Why did he not stay and look after the passengers that got ashore, wrapping flannels around them, and kindling fires for them, and preparing them food ? There was plenty of work to be done on the shore for those who had already escaped. Ah ! that brave man knew that there were others who would take care of those, and so he said, " Man the lifeboat ! Pull away, my lads, pull away ! Yonder is a man ; there is a woman freezing in the rigging. Pull away !" I see the oar-blades bend in the strong pull of the oarsmen. Then they come up to the wreck. The woman is frozen. She drops into the wave—alas ! poor woman—and washes out to sea. But then Mr. Ancient says, " There is a man yet hanging to the rigging. Pull away, my lads ! pull away ! They come up, and he says, " Hold now there f minutes, and we will save you. Steady ! stead Now give me your hand. Leap ! Thank God is saved ! Thank God he is saved !"

So there are men in the breakers. They h made shipwreck of life. While we come out save them, some are swept off—swept off bef we can reach them—and there are others still ha ing on. Steady there among the slippery plac Steady ! Leap into this lifeboat ! Now is y chance for Heaven ! This morning some of y are going to be saved. Far away from God, y are going to be brought nigh. " Other sheep h I which are not of this fold."

Christ says that ministers of the Gospel are be fishers for men. Now when I go fishing I not want to fish in anybody else's pond. I do want to go along Hohokus Creek, where there ten or fifteen men fishing, and drop my line j about where they are dropping their lir I should like to get in a Newfoundland fishi smack and push out to sea fifty miles beyond breakers. I do not think the Church of God ga a great deal when you take sheep from one f and put them in another fold. It is *the lost sh* on the mountains you want to bring back—the sheep on the mountains. And they are com to-day.

You are now this morning in the tide of Ch tian influences. You are going to be swept your voice is going to be heard in prayer ; you going to be consecrated to God ; you are going live a life of usefulness, and your death-bed is gc to be surrounded by Christian sympathizers ; devout men will carry you to your burial w your work is done, and these words will be chise for your epitaph : " Precious in the sight of Lord is the death of His saints." And all history is going to begin to-day. " Other sh have I which are not of this fold."

II. Again I remark, the Heavenly Shepher going to find many of His sheep among those v are now

REJECTERS OF CHRISTIANITY.

I do not know how you came to reject Christian I do not know whether it was through hea Theodore Parker preach, or whether it was r ing Rénan's Life of Jesus, or whether it through some sceptic in the store or factory. it may be—probably is the case—that you v disgusted with religion and disgusted with Ch tianity because some man who professed to b Christian defrauded you, and he being a mem of the Church, and you taking him as a repres ative of the Christian religion, you said, " V if that's religion, I don't want any of it."

I do not know how you came to reject Christ ity, but you frankly tell me you do reject it ; yo not think the Bible is the Word of God, altho there are many things in it you admire ; yo not think that Christ was a divine Being, altho you think He was a very good man. You " If the Bible be true, the most of the Bible be t I nevertheless think the earlier part of the B is an allegory." And there are fifty things th believe you do not believe. Nevertheless they me in regard to you that you are an accommo ing, you are an obliging person. If I should c to you and ask of you a favor you would gran if it were possible. It would be a joy for yo grant me a favor. If any of your friends cam you and wanted an accommodation, and you c accommodate them, how glad you would be.

Now I am going to ask of you a favor. I a you to oblige me. The accommodation will you nothing, and will give me great happiness. course you will not deny me. I want you as an periment to try the Christian religion. If it not stand the test, discard it ; if it does, receiv

If you were very sick, and you had been give of the doctors, and I came to you and I took *a tle of medicine* from my pocket and said, " I is medicine I am sure will help you ; it has c fifty people," you would say, " Oh, I haven't confidence in it ; they tell me all these medic will fail me." " Well," I say, " will you not, matter of accommodation to myself, just try " Well," you say, " I have no objection to tr

f it will be any satisfaction to you I will try it." take it.

ow you are sick in disquietude, sick in sin. You not happy. You laugh sometimes when you miserable. There come surges of unhapss over your soul that almost swamp you. are unhappy, struck through with unrest. will you not try this solace, this febrifuger, anodyne, this Gospel medicine? "Oh," you "I haven't any faith in it." As a matter of acmodation, let me introduce you to the Lord Je- Christ, the Great Physician. "Why," you say, haven't any faith in Him." Well, now, will not just let Him come and try His power on soul?

st let me introduce Him to you. I do not ask to take my word for it. I do not ask you to the advice of clergymen. Perhaps we clergy- may be prejudiced; perhaps we may be speakrofessionally; perhaps we may preach because ure paid to preach; perhaps we may give you ng advice; perhaps we are morbid on that sub- ; so I do not ask you to take the advice of gymen.

ask you take *the advice of very respectable lay-* , such as John Milton, the poet; as William berforce, the statesman; as Isaac Newton, the onomer; as Robert Boyle, the philosopher; as ke, the metaphysician; as Morse, the electri- ; These men never preached—they never pre- led to preach—but they come out, and putting n, one his telescope, and another the electri- 's wire, and another the Parliamentary scroll ey come out and they commend Christ as a ifort to all the people, a Christ that the world ds. Now I do not ask you to take the advice lergymen. Take the advice of these laymen.

t does not make any difference to me at this cture what you have said against the Bible; it s not make any difference to me at this juncture v you may have caricatured religion. Take the ice of men who are prominent in secular affairs, hese men whom I have mentioned, and others o immediately occur to your mind.

You see I do not scoff at scepticism. I never ffed at scepticism. I had a good reason for not ffing. I have been a natural sceptic. I do not ow what the first word was that I uttered after ering this world, but I think it must have been vhy?" There were times when I doubted the stence of God, when I doubted the divinity of rist, when I doubted the immortality of the soul, en I doubted my own existence, when I doubted rything. I have been through the whole curricm of doubt, and you can tell me nothing new out it. I have come out from *a great Sahara ert* into the calm, warm, sunshiny land of the spel. I know about the other land. *I have n there.* You can tell me nothing new about and I know all about the other condition of ich you do not know anything—the peace, the mfort, the joy, the triumph of trusting in God, d in Jesus Christ whom He has sent. So I am t scoffing in regard to it.

There are some things I believe you do not; t there are some things that I believe and you believe. You believe in love—a father's love, mother's love, a wife's love, a child's love. Now me tell you, God loves you more than all of them gether; and you must come in, you will come in. rist looks in all tenderness, with the infinite nderness of the Gospel, into your soul, and He ys, "This is your time for Heaven;" and then e waves His hand to the people of God, and He ys, "Other sheep have I which are not of this ld."

III. Again I remark, the Heavenly Shepherd is oing to get many of His sheep among

THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN FLUNG OF EVIL HABIT.

It outrages me to see how soon Christian people ve up the prodigal. I hear Christian people lk as though they thought the grace of God were chain of forty or fifty links, and when they had n out then there was nothing to touch the depth f a man's iniquity. If a man were out hunting r deer, and got off the track of the deer, he ould hunt amid the bushes and the brakes nger for the lost game than he will look for a st soul.

They say if a man has had the *delirium tremens* twice he cannot be cured. They say if a woman has fallen from integrity she cannot be redeemed. All of which is *an infinite slander* on the Gospel of the Son of God. Men who say that know nothing about practical religion in their own hearts. How many times will God take back a man who has fallen? Well, I cannot give you the exact figures, but I can tell you at what point He certainly will take him back. Four hundred and ninety times. Why do I say four hundred and ninety times? Because the Bible says seventy times seven. Now, figure that out, you who do not think a man can fall four times, eight times, ten times, twenty times, one hundred times, four hundred times, and yet be saved.

FOUR HUNDRED AND NINETY TIMES!

Why, there is a great multitude before the throne of God who plunged into all the depths of iniquity. There were no sins they did not commit; but they were washed of body, and washed of mind, and washed of soul, and they are before the throne of God now forever happy. I say that to encourage any man who feels there is no chance for him.

Good Templars will not save you, although they are a grand institution. Sons of Temperance will not save you, although there is no better society on earth. Signing the temperance pledge will not save you, although it is a grand thing to do. No one but God can save you. Do not put your confidence in bromide of potassium, or anything that the apothecary can mix. Put your trust in God! After the Church has cast you off, and the bank has cast you off, and social circles have cast you off, and all good society has cast you off, and father has cast you off, and mother has cast you off, at your first cry for help God will bend clear down to that ditch of your iniquity to help you out. Oh, what a God He is! Long suffering and gracious!

There may be in this house this morning some whose hand trembles so with dissipation they could hardly hold a hymn-book. I say to such, if they are here, "You will preach the Gospel yet; you will yet, some of you, carry the Holy Communion through these aisles, and you will be acceptable to everybody, because everybody will know you are saved and purified by the grace of God, and a consecrated man, wholly consecrated. Your business has got to come up, your physical health is to be rebuilt, your family is to be restored, the Church of God on earth and in Heaven is to rejoice over your coming. "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold." If this is not the Gospel, I do not know what the Gospel is. It can scale any height, it can fathom any depth, it can compass any infinity. I think one reason why there are not more people saved is we do not swing the door wide enough open.

Now there is only one class of persons in this house about whom I have any despondency, and that is those who have been hearing the Gospel for perhaps twenty, thirty, forty years. Their outward life moral, but they tell you frankly they do not love the Lord Jesus Christ, have not trusted Him, have not been born again by the Spirit of God. They are Gospel-hardened. The Gospel has no more effect upon them than the shining of the moon on the city pavement. The publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before they.

They went through, some of them, the revival of 1857, when 250,000 souls were brought to God. Some of them went through the great revival we had here immediately on the opening of this Tabernacle, 328 souls one day standing up here in these aisles to take the vows of the Christian. Some of them went through the great awakening of last spring in this church, the mightiest awakening I ever saw. Still unpardoned, unblessed, unsaved. They were merely spectators. Gospel-hardened. After a while we will hear that they are sick, and then that they are dead, and then that they died without any hope. *Gospel-hardened.*

But I turn away from all such with a thrill of hope this morning, to those who are not Gospel-hardened. Some of you have not heard, perhaps, five sermons in five years. This whole subject has been a novelty to you for some time. You are not Gospel-hardened; you know you are not Gospel-hardened. The whole subject comes freshly to your mind. I hear some soul saying, "O my wasted life! O the bitter past! O the graves I stumbled over! Whither shall I fly? The future is so dark, so dark, so very dark. God help me."

Oh, I am so glad for that last utterance! That was a prayer, and as soon as you begin to pray, that turns all Heaven this way, and God steps in, and He beats back the hounds of temptation to their kennels, and He throws all around the pursued soul the covert of His pardoning mercy. *I heard something fall.* What was it? It was the bars around the sheepfold, the bars of the fence around the sheepfold. The Heavenly Shepherd let them fall, and the hunted sheep of the mountain come bounding in, some with fleece torn of the brambles, and others with feet lame from the dogs, but bounding in. Thank God! "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

O WANDERER, COME HOME

to thy God this day, and although the storm be in the air and the day be dark, it will be the brightest day you ever saw. Come into the fold of thy God this day. Has no one given you this invitation before? I give it to-day. I have authority for doing so. In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ I offer pardon and peace and life of Heaven to this entire auditory.

God forbid that any of you should have the lamentation of *the dying nobleman*, who had had every opportunity of salvation but rejected all, and who wrote or dictated these words: "Before you receive this, my final state will be determined. I am throwing my last stake for eternity, and tremble and shudder for the important issue. Oh, my friend, with what horror do I recall the hours of vanity we have wasted together; but I have a splendid passage to the grave. I die in state, and languish under a gilded canopy. I am expiring on soft and downy pillows, and am respectfully attended by my servants and physicians. My dependants sigh, my sisters weep, my father bends beneath a load of years and grief; but Oh, which of these will answer my summons at the high tribunal? And which of these will bail me from the arrest of death? While some flattering panegyric is pronounced at my interment, I may be hearing my just condemnation at a supreme tribunal. Adieu!"

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

Mr. Moody Related the Following Incident at one of his San Francisco services:

There was *a celebrated preacher in the South* who went to a place where they told him if he dared to speak they would rotten-egg him. But he went right on. He said he wanted to tell them a story. A man in Texas went to town and sold a drove of cattle; he put the money in his saddle-bags, got on his horse, and started for home, his dog with him. He got tired after awhile, and laid down under a tree and went to sleep, laying the saddle-bags by him. After awhile he awoke, took up the bags, got on his horse and rode off. But his dog kept barking and running back, and would not go along with him and keep quiet. So he finally, in his anger, took out his revolver and shot the dog, and rode on. But the more he thought about what he had done the more he was troubled. He turned his horse and rode back, and found that the dog had dragged himself along until he reached the tree where he had slept. There he was dying, but by his side was his master's bundle of money, which he had dropped and was going off without, and which his faithful dog had lost his life in trying to save. "Now," said the minister, "I am here like that dog, to tell you of the treasure you are losing. Rotten-egg me if you want to." But they didn't: they heard him gladly.

FRED GREENWELL'S DEATH-BED.

George Henry Greenwell was an independent gentleman who many years ago occupied a substantial-looking house in the best part of a town, in Devonshire, England. In the hunting season he entered with great zest into all the excitement of the chase, and prided himself upon being as well versed in all the punctilios of polite society as any man in the country. Nor had he neglected more solid and valuable accomplishments. His library was one of the best in the district, and his judgment on any matters of literary or general interest was deemed worth consulting even by men of more than average shrewdness and culture. But he was a thorough worldling. Whenever he conversed on sacred themes he did so with a tone and manner which made it only too clear that he regarded them simply as matters to be talked about, but by no means to be treated as of any practical significance.

He had a clear, cold, logical mind; and, but for one fact, it might have been concluded that he had no affections whatever; that fact was the love which he bore to his only son Fred, a youth whose gifts and amiable disposition had greatly endeared him to his father's heart. He was often heard to say: "I don't know what I should do without that boy. Since the death of his mother he has been my main comfort; and the hope of his becoming an able man and doing credit to the family name is one of my most cherished possessions."

Mr. Greenwell had also manifested a strong desire to have his son kept free from *cant* and religious assumption, which terms, on the lips of Mr. Greenwell, were simply synonymous with Christian profession of any kind. Fortunately for the youth, one of his schoolmasters was a man who knew how to distinguish between divine realities and their base imitations; and the naturally open and receptive spirit of his pupil often led him to speak to the boy "of the one thing needful." Better still, the lessons of the schoolmaster were backed up by a singularly pure and blameless life which Fred could not help contrasting with the example he saw at home.

In one respect Fred decidedly resembled his father—viz., in the zest and spirit with which he entered into out-door exercises. A winter of more than usual severity having afforded many inviting opportunities to skaters, Fred, with all his usual ardor, had joined the throng that crowded a well-known sheet of water a few miles from his home. The ice was thick and the frost keen, but, by some means, a little boy had got into the water, and Fred, in his efforts to save the lad, received several cuts and bruises by collision with the sharp angles of the ice, and sustained such a shock to the nervous system as rendered him almost totally helpless.

A doctor was sent for, who pronounced Fred's injuries to be of the most serious kind, although he quite thought that the youth and natural strength of the patient would, with the aid of skill and care, carry him through. Two days after this hopeful opinion had been given Fred was evidently much worse, and the doctor was again sent for in the utmost haste.

In an agony of grief Mr. Greenwell said to that gentleman on his arrival, "Doctor, I fear your hopes about Fred are likely to be disappointed. He has passed a terrible night, and seems to be sinking. If you can save him, no reward which I could confer would be too great." Pale and agonized, the father could say no more. The doctor saw at a glance that the worst fears respecting his patient were only too well founded. Even he, though long accustomed to similar scenes, was deeply moved.

With great calmness Fred said to Mr. Greenwell, "Father, I know you love me, and have always been ready to do anything you thought likely to make me happy, but oh, father! how terrible would have been my position now, if I had had no advice but yours." Here the sufferer broke off, and for several minutes was unable to utter a word more. Presently, though with great difficulty, he added, "Father I am brought face to face with death and eternity. I can and do look forward to the future without alarm, nay, with unspeakable gladness, for I have learned what you never taught me, my need of Christ and Christ's love to me. I cannot ask you to pray for me, for you do not believe in prayer, but, father, will you not pray for yourself, that He who has given such a blessed hope to your son may open your eyes and be to you all that He is to me."

Mr. Greenwell was literally struck dumb. All his clearness of faculty, fulness of information, keenness of logic, and speculative daring availed him nothing in that supreme moment of anguish. Overwhelmed with grief and self-reproach, he withdrew into an adjoining room, where the question forced itself upon him, "Can it be that in a universe of such marvellous adaptations there is no reality corresponding to the awful want that now stands revealed before me?"

For the first time in his life Mr. Greenwell felt his utter helplessness. He went back to the chamber of death, and grasping the hand of his dying son, exclaimed, "Fred, Fred, are you *quite* sure that the love of Christ is a reality? Have you *no* misgiving? Is it really a fact that a loving Presence supports my boy now I can do nothing for him?" "Yes, father," said Fred, "my mind was never clearer than it is now, and I *know* whom I have believed." Then came a paleness yet more deathly, and a cold perspiration that told of the nearness of the end. Summoning all his remaining strength for a few more words with his father, he added, "I not only know that Christ has saved me, I am sure that He will save *you* and be your eternal portion *if you will let Him*." These words were almost choked in the utterance, but an expression of calm confidence and gladness on the face of the dying boy gave them unspeakable emphasis, and carried them home to the father's heart.

Many years have passed since Fred was carried to what was thought a premature grave; but "he being dead, yet speaketh." His solemn words of entreaty and of assurance were ever remembered by his father, who from that time never rested until he found rest in Christ. God blessed the testimony of the father as He had blessed that of the son, and the great hereafter alone can reveal how many have owed their first desire after God to the words and example of George Henry Greenwell.

THREE GREAT COMING EVENTS.

By P. W. E.

II. The Hour of Temptation; or, The Great Tribulation.

The Seventieth Week in Daniel—God's Day of Vengeance — The Seven Seals — The Seven Trumpets—Antichrist's Seven Years' Covenant with the Jews—The Covenant Broken in the Middle of the Week—War in Heaven—Antichrist's Usurpation of Divine Power on Earth—The Two Witnesses—Babylon the Great—Her Overthrow—End of the Tribulation.

THIS hour of temptation is the time intervening between the coming of the Lord *for* His saints and His coming *with* them. It is also known as the *seventieth week* in Daniel's prophecy,* therefore a cycle of seven years, commencing after the Church has been caught up into heaven. The Scriptures referring to this period occupy portions of the Psalms, Prophets, and the New Testament, especially the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew, and the most of Revelation.

During these seven years God, by means of very severe judgments, prepares the way for Christ's earthly kingdom. He subdues His enemies and purifies His people. With the end of the third chapter of Revelation the Church disappears from the earth, "The things which are" pass away and "the things which shall be after these" are presented to our view. After this, God is not seen in the character He has ever manifested toward *the Church*, but in that in which He reveals Himself in the Old Testament Scriptures. The Church and all the saints have been raised, and are glorified in the presence of God; the work of judgment is about to begin, and the "lightnings and thunderings and voices" issuing from the throne, announce that God is seated on *a throne of righteousness*, and not, as now, on *a throne of grace* through righteousness.† A sealed book of judgment is His hand, and no man is found worthy to open until Christ, the Man of God's counsels, appear the One to whom all judgment is committed "Son of Man."‡

As "the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root David," He is to execute God's judgments a carry out His government on the earth. This does under two characters—that as the slain Lam and as the Man of God's choice.

As long as the Holy Ghost is in the world, the is *a restraint laid* upon the power of evil. B when the Church is caught up to be with Christ t Holy Ghost no longer makes His abode on earth and then the "letting," or hindering power "taken out of the way:"‖ Thus man's self-will no longer restrained by the Holy Ghost, wh Satan's malice is aroused by the knowledge "th he hath but a short time." Human presumpti and rebellion against God now become a resistle torrent sweeping away all obstacles in its headlo course.

Christ first appears as the slain Lamb, and such he opens

THE SEALS OF THE BOOK

which he has received from God. See Rev chaps. 6-8, ver. 1. The *first four seals* usher judgments of conquest, bloody wars, famine, a widespread devastation and disease. The *fift seal* shows persecution to be raging; and a pray for judgment rises from the souls of the martyr saints, which announces that the day of grace over and the day of retribution has begun.

On the opening of the *sixth seal*, as if in answ to prayer, there is a general shaking of the powe of the earth, and universal consternation prevail There is no repentance, no cry for mercy, mere a terror of vengeance, and a frantic desire to e cape, as is shown by their hiding "in the de and in the rocks of the mountains," and sayin "to the mountains and rocks, fall on us and hi us from the face of Him that sitteth on the thron and from the wrath of the Lamb."§ This horr is premature, as the judgments of the great day wrath *have but begun*. All this corresponds wit the famine and wars, persecutions and pestilence foretold in our Lord's discourse as "the begi ning of sorrows."¶

Then *a pause of great significance* occurs. Th judgments that follow are of a more terrible cha acter, and a special election of God is signifie marking those who shall pass through them with out suffering death. *Twelve thousand* are seale in the forehead from each of the twelve tribes c Israel; and a countless multitude of Gentiles though not thus sealed, are shown as passin through "*The* great tribulation," and obtainin the victory, having "washed their robes and mad them white in the blood of the Lamb."¶ The lin between Israel and the Gentiles appears again which during the Church period was obliterated.

After this respite, the seventh seal is opened Rev., chap. 8. Then another and *more dreadfu series of judgments* fall upon the world. These ar introduced by seven trumpets sounded by seve angels, and during the time of these judgments Christ is no longer seen as the Lamb slain, bu *in angelic character* as "the Messenger of th Covenant." As such He offers up the prayers o the saints; and the answer is the fire of God consuming judgment cast on the earth, which also shows that the day of Christ's patience is over, and the day of vengeance has begun.

THE TRUMPETS

follow in rapid and dreadful succession. The first four announce wars, tumults, delusions, and anarchy, spread over a third part of the world, referring most likely to the Roman Empire, which has been revived. But the worst is still to follow, in the three last trumpets, which bring "woe, woe, woe to the inhabitants of the earth."**

The first of these woes seems to be infernal in character, spiritual darkness, accompanied with torment of conscience worse than death, *judicially*

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* Dan. 9 : 24.

† Rom. 5 : 21.
‡ 2 Thess. 2 : 7.
‖ Matt. 24 : 6-8.
§ John 5 : 22.
¶ Rev. 6 : 17.
¶ Rev. 7 : 14.
** Rev. 8 : 13.

let loose, for the judgment of the Israelites who have not the seal of God in their foreheads. "One woe is past; and behold, there come two woes more hereafter."* The second of the three woes falls apparently on the Roman Empire, and is called for by a voice from the altar of intercession. It is a fearful scourge, having a Satanic character, in inflicting horrible slaughter and misery on the region it visits.

During the course of this woe other purposes of God are manifested.† A strong angel, whom we recognize as Christ Himself, comes down from Heaven and takes possession of sea and land, and swears by Him who liveth forever that there shall be "time no longer;" but in the days of the voice of the seventh angel, when he shall begin to sound, the mystery of God should be finished."‡

Before the peal of the last trumpet, we see Jerusalem once more inhabited by Jews, with the temple rebuilt and the temple-worship re-established. For particulars on this point, let us turn to Dan., chap. 9. At the beginning of that week or cycle of seven years, there is to be a person who "shall confirm a covenant with many for one week. This covenant is to be made with the majority of the Jewish people. The person is "the prince that shall come," mentioned in the previous verse. That prince is the prince of the people that destroyed Jerusalem. The Romans destroyed the city; thus the prince must be *the head of the Roman Empire*, who is to appear upon the scene in these closing days of the times of the Gentiles.

A covenant is concluded between him and many of the Jews, who will then have returned to Jerusalem and revived their old sacrifices. There is a remnant, however, the elect Jews, who refuse to join in this treaty, and on account thereof are subjected to cruel persecution. In the midst of the week the prince stops the sacrifices and changes times and laws. This last half week, when wickedness and misery culminate, is three and a half years, or "a time, times and half a time," or "forty and two months," or "one thousand two hundred and three score days," expressions which frequently occur in the description of those fearful events, preceding the restoration of Israel and the establishment of the reign of the Lord on the earth.

The crowning act of the prince's wickedness is the setting up of some abomination, or idol, which brings down desolating judgment. Then the elect remnant flee, without a moment's delay, from the city, as told by the Lord in His discourse.§ This remnant, under the symbol of a woman, flees "into the wilderness, where she hath a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there a thousand, two hundred and threescore days."‖ The time has come to this remnant of which it is written, "Therefore, behold, I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her. And I will give her her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor (trouble) for a door of hope."¶ It is here, in the wilderness, in the deep valley of tribulation, that He unfolds to them the greatness of their sin, shows them the riches of His mercy and leads them to true repentance and faith in Him. Out of this they come purified and fitted for Jehovah's blessing.

About this same time,

A GREAT EVENT

takes place in heaven. "There was war in heaven; Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not. . . . The great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world; he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him. . . . And when the dragon saw that he was cast into the earth he persecuted the woman . . . . . and went to make war with the remnant of her seed, which keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ."**

We now see the dragon in direct antagonism to the woman. But he works behind the scene, through his agents; for Satan seeks to work by craft, and himself to remain unobserved. God has a people whom he purposes to place above all the nations of the earth; *Satan has a people too.* God has an anointed Ruler of the world whom He will invest with his own authority; Satan will have such a ruler also. God has His Christ, the Lamb, whom He will bring forth as the Deliverer of Israel; Satan will have his Antichrist, his false Lamb, who will pretend to be the deliverer of Israel, too. He whom Satan places at the head of the civil government is called in Revelation the Beast. This beast seems to be he who will be the head of the Roman Empire. These facts we gather from Rev. 13:13; 17:10, 11 and Daniel 7:2-7.

Satan and his human tool become the objects of religious worship. 'And they worship the dragon which gave power unto the beast; and they worship the beast, saying, Who is like unto the beast? Who is able to make war with him? And there was given unto him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies; and power was given unto him to continue *forty and two months.* And he opened his mouth in blasphemy against God, to blaspheme His name, and His tabernacle, and those that dwell in heaven. And it was given unto him to make war with the saints, and to overcome them; and power was given him over all kindreds and tongues and nations; and all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him, whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world."* We here see civil government is received directly from the dragon, and allegiance and worship rendered to him and his instruments.

But this is not all.

ANOTHER PERSON

is brought to the scene. And I beheld another beast coming up out of the earth; and he had two horns like a lamb, and he spake as a dragon" (ver. 11). Looking like a lamb; he bears the external appearance of the Messiah. But to those who know the voice of the true Messiah, there is a great difference. They recognize it as the voice of a dragon. There is *a hideous feature* about this new and degrading idolatry which at once marks Satan's power, and explains the greedy reception of the delusion by the multitude.

"And he," this second beast, "had power to give breath (not *life*) unto the image of the beast, that the image of the beast should both speak, and cause that as many as would not worship the image of the beast should be killed. And he causeth all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand, or in their foreheads; and that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, the name of the beast, or the number of his name."†

There is *a striking resemblance* between this false Christ here described and "the man of sin," mentioned by Paul. He informs the Thessalonians, that before Christ shall come with His saints, "that man of sin will be revealed, the son of perdition; who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God."‡

While this beast and this Antichrist are using their Satanic power and miraculous deception, God sends "two witnesses; and they shall prophesy a thousand two hundred and threescore days, clothed in sackcloth."§ These two witnesses have the characteristics of Moses and Elijah. They are Jewish, and have power over fire, rain, and can turn water into blood and smite the earth with plagues. "And when they shall have finished their testimony, the beast that ascendeth out of the bottomless pit shall make war against them, and shall overcome them and kill them. And their dead bodies shall lie in the street of the great city which spiritually is called Sodom and Egypt, where also our Lord was crucified."

While the people of the earth are rejoicing over the downfall of these two witnesses and sending "gifts one to another," "the Spirit of life from God entered into them," *i.e.*, the two witnesses—"and they stood upon their feet; and great fear fell upon them which saw them. And they heard a great voice from heaven saying unto them, Come up hither. And they ascended up to heaven in a cloud; and their enemies beheld them." Caught up to heaven, like Christ Himself, in a cloud, the express emblem of divine presence. "And their enemies beheld them." What a sight! More appalling than the handwriting on the wall at Belshazzar's feast, and pointing to *a still more terrible doom.* In the same hour was a great earthquake, the tenth part of the city fell and seven thousand men were slain. "The second woe is past; and behold, the third woe cometh quickly" (ver. 14).

Had we time and space, we might speak of *the seven vials*, but as they seem to be parallelisms with the seven trumpets, we will briefly refer to

THE MYSTIC WOMAN,

on whose forehead was written "*Mystery, Babylon the Great, the Mother of Harlots and abominations of the Earth.*"*

We first have *the beast*, who is a great Roman prince, and during the last three and a half years of his reign, he receives his power directly from Satan, and uses it to carry out Satan's persecution of the godly remnant of the Jews. We next have *the false Christ*, or Antichrist, a pretender to Divine character and worship; outwardly like a lamb, but with the voice of a dragon. He enters into league with this prince, which is described as "a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell;"† and finally, with his leagued help, puts down all Jewish rites, and exalts himself as an object of worship. This is the religious apostasy of the Jews.

And lastly, comes *Babylon the Great*, the mother of harlots, whose seat is not at Jerusalem, but at Rome. "The seven heads are seven mountains, on which the woman sitteth."‡ This woman is not a person but a system, which is the Roman Catholic Church; "the woman which thou sawest is that great city" (ver. 18). Out of the Roman Catholic Church all other churches have sprung, and here the Holy Spirit calls her the mother of harlots.

Thus at the close of this week of tribulation we have all the Satanic powers of earth combined against the Lord and His Anointed. "The heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing. The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord and against His Anointed, saying, Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us."§ All nations will gather against Jerusalem to battle, "and the city shall be taken, and the houses rifled, and the women ravished."‖ "Then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be."¶

All these events are included in *the hour of temptation.* Satan works, through his agents, "with all power and signs, and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness."** Such, then, is "the hour of temptation which shall come upon all the world." The *climax* will be, when the Son of Man comes in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory and all His saints with Him.

An American Missionary in China has Recently been placed in charge of a hospital. Some time ago the wife of the Governor-General of the Province of Chili, China, fell sick, and Miss Howard, an American missionary physician, as a last resort, was called to attend her. She was cured, and the Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, full of gratitude, opened a public dispensary, and placed Miss Howard and Dr. McKenzie in charge of it, with no restrictions. This movement, which is unprecedented in China, has developed into a hospital, which has just been opened in a fine building in the native style, costing $6000. The wealthy Chinese contributed freely. The ceremonies of the opening of the hospital were graced by the Viceroy and several nobles.

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* Rev. 9:12. † Rev., chap. 10.
‡ Rev. 10:7. § Matt. 24:16-18.
‖ Rev. 12:6. ¶ Hosea 2:14, 15.
** Rev. 12:7, 8, 9, 13, 17.

* Rev. 13:4-8. † Rev. 13:15-17.
‡ 2 Thess. 2:3-4. § Rev. 11:3.

* Rev. 17:5. † Isa. 28:18.
‡ Rev. 17:9. § Psa. 2:1-3.
‖ Zech. 14:2. ¶ Matt. 24:21.
** 2 Thess. 11:9, 10.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Efforts Were Made Last Week to Effect a compromise between the two great parties in the Senate, so as to organize the committees. Owing to the death of Senator Carpenter and the removal of Senators Blaine, Windom, and Kirkwood to the Cabinet, the Democrats are temporarily in a majority, but it is believed that when the vacancies are filled there will be a tie between the two parties. Each party fully appreciates the advantage of obtaining possession of the committees, who practically control legislation in that chamber, but it is obvious that the attempt of either party to monopolize the power would lead to a struggle which would be renewed whenever the absence of any Senator left the party to which he belonged in a minority. In order to avoid so undesirable a state of affairs as the time of the Senate being wasted in party skirmishes, a proposition has been entertained to arrange the forty committees on an equitable basis, which shall be maintained throughout the Congress. Senators Bayard and Allison are understood to have taken an active part in the arrangement.

An Extra Session of Congress is Advocated by an influential section of both parties. There are many reasons for the project, the principal one being that a refunding bill ought to be passed at the earliest moment possible, to avoid serious loss. As the late bill was killed by a Republican veto, Republicans especially are anxious that the responsibility for the payment of the high rate of interest may not rest on the party.

The Formal Unveiling of Mrs. Hayes's Portrait in the Executive Mansion, took place March 8th. It occupies the panel next to the one where the portrait of Martha Washington hangs. Miss Frances E. Willard, President of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union, was introduced to the President and Mrs. Garfield, after which, stepping forward with the President to the front of the picture, she turned, and, in a few appropriate words presented the picture in the name of *the women of the nation*. The President received the picture, saying, "I have observed the significance which you have given to this portrait from the standpoint you occupy, and in connection with the work in which you are engaged. What you have said concerning the evils of intemperance meets my most hearty concurrence. I have been, in my way, and in accordance with my own convictions, *an earnest advocate of temperance*, not in so narrow a sense as some, but in a very definite and practical sense. These convictions are deep, and will be maintained. Whether I shall be able to meet the views of all people in regard to all the phases of that question remains to be seen. But I shall do what I can to abate the great evils of intemperance. I shall be glad to have this picture upon these walls, and shall be glad to remember your kind expressions to me and my family, and in your efforts to better mankind by your work. I hope that you will be guided by wisdom, and that you will achieve a worthy success." The company were then presented singly to the President and his wife. Miss Ransom, on behalf of the ladies, asked for a meeting with *President Garfield's mother*, which was accorded.

The National Banks who, Prompted by alarm at the fifth section of the Funding Bill, deposited legal tenders to enable them to withdraw their circulation, have applied for permission to replace the deposits with the bonds they hold. The Cabinet, having considered the application, decided to reject it, and have informed the banks that the process of retiring that amount of currency legally begun must, under the law, be continued. The banks will therefore be compelled to suffer inconvenience; but this inconvenience will only be of a temporary character, and will not necessarily involve a permanent contraction of currency. It is true that the eighteen millions of lawful money which have been deposited will not be returned but, the banks can at any time deposit new bonds and take out additional circulation, or can even return the identical bonds they withdrew.

The Invitation Proffered to ex-Secretary Schurz, by a section of the citizens, to visit Boston, and the expressions of commendation they give of the policy he pursued while in office, must not be accepted by the public as an indication that Massachusetts has withdrawn from the position she occupied on the Ponca question. A letter was sent on Friday to Senators Dawes and Hoar, concluding as follows:

"In view of the fact that some of our eminent citizens have publicly addressed the Secretary of the Interior in approval of his entire administration of Indian affairs as well as of the other interests of his department, thereby taking issue with your action so far as you have felt compelled to oppose his course, we desire to say that their letter to him does not, in our judgment, represent the sentiment of Massachusetts."

The letter is signed by the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary of State, seven of the eight members of the Executive Council, the President of the Senate and Speaker of the House, and a large number of the members of both branches of the Legislature, *the Mayor of Boston*, and about four hundred other prominent citizens.

In Answer to Many Questions, and to Correct misunderstandings on the part of the public, the Bible Revision Committee make the following statement:

"1. The Revised New Testament will be published by the English University presses in May next, in different sizes and styles of binding, at corresponding prices.

"2. The American Committee give their sanction to the University editions as containing the text pure and simple.

"3. The Committee have no connection with any of the proposed reprints.

"4. The publication of the Revision will be precisely on the same footing as the present authorized version — that is, protected by copyright in England and free in this country.

"5. The American Committee will present to every old and new contributor of not less than ten dollars toward the *expenses of their work* a memorial copy of the best University edition in royal octavo, handsomely bound and inscribed. This offer holds good till next May, and the copies will be forwarded free of expense as soon as received."

The Revision Committee will not sell the book, but booksellers in all parts of the United States will have imported or reprinted copies for sale at prices varying from twenty-five cents to several dollars.

A Stringent Temperance Law, Designed to give effect to the constitutional amendment adopted in Kansas, has passed the Legislature. Under this law only druggists can sell intoxicating liquors, and they must give good and sufficient bonds that they will sell it only for "medical, mechanical, and scientific purposes." All evasions of the law by giving liquor away to customers are to be construed as selling, and all clubs for procuring liquors and dividing among the members are treated the same as places of common sale. All places where intoxicating liquors are sold are declared a common nuisance, and the proper officers are required to close them. It is made the duty of sheriffs, constables, and county attorneys to enforce the provisions of this act, and they render themselves liable to punishment if they neglect to do so.

The bill was passed by a large majority. In the House the vote stood 100 to 29; in the Senate, 29 to 9. In order to take no unfair advantage of those who have invested in the liquor business under the old law, the new law does not take effect until the first of May. An association of citizens has been formed, with branches throughout the State, to see that the law is effectually executed.

Of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's Work in San Francisco, a correspondent of a New York journal writes: "There has never been a revival of religion on the Pacific coast like the one now in progress. The work has extended to the interior towns and cities of California. Besides Messrs. Moody and Sankey, Mr. Hallenback and Mr. and Mrs. Stebbins have been constantly engaged in holding meetings. The congregations at the ordinary services of all the evangelical churches have greatly increased in numbers and devout attention. *The regular church prayer-meetings* in many localities are thronged with converts and inquirers."

Sunday Observance has not been Considered a prominent characteristic of the City of New York, but it appears there are limits to the forms in which the Lord's Day may be desecrated. Permission was asked from the superintendent of police for two regiments of soldiers from Washington to parade up Broadway to the regimental armory, with music, on Sunday, March 6th. The superintendent promptly returned answer that the law imperatively forbade such processions on Sunday, and that it must be obeyed; and forthwith took measures to enforce its obedience. The procession did not take place.

An International Sunday-school Convention will be held in Toronto on the 22d of June. Many European delegates are expected. The general subject to be discussed by the convention will be "The New Century in Sunday-school Work," the motto being, "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before." Reports will be presented from every country represented, of the progress of Sunday-school work.

A Day of United Supplication for a Revival of religion was recommended by many of the Brooklyn pastors, and was fixed for Wednesday, March 9th. The service was held in the First Baptist Church at Clinton and Pierrepont Streets, and lasted from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. The church, seating 2100 persons, was thronged. Addresses were delivered by various clergymen, and earnest prayers offered for the outpouring of the Spirit.

Two Railroad Accidents, One of Which was of a peculiarly distressing character, occurred on March 1st, on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railway, in which at least ten lives were lost and over thirty persons badly hurt. The first accident occurred to the west-bound passenger train from Chicago, which was behind time, and was running slow *in consequence of a bad track*. At a point six miles west of Macon a broken rail was encountered, and the engine, baggage car, two coaches and one sleeper were thrown from the track and badly demolished. It was dark at the time, and the cars, in leaving the rails, turned completely over.

As quickly as possible a huge fire was built and telegrams sent for assistance to Brookfield, where a wrecking train was immediately despatched for the scene of the passenger-train accident, with orders "to run wild."

The train carried doctors and helpers, and when about ten miles from Brookfield, in crossing Brusle Creek bridge, the structure gave way and the whole train was *precipitated into the creek*, the engine falling on the car and completely demolishing it. Every person on the train was more or less injured and several killed.

An Innocent Man was Lynched in Colorado cently. He was a member of a respectable family siding at Westminster, Md., and had gone to olorado on a prospecting tour. As no news was ceived from him after he set out for the West, quiries were made through a United States army aplain in Colorado. Intelligence has now been ceived that he was lynched by a so-called Vigi- nce Committee. He had purchased some mules nich had been stolen, and when the committee und them in his possession they condemned him death, and refused to listen to any explanations. e assured them he could easily establish his inno- nce, but they would not believe him, and he was nged on the nearest tree. In view of such a ime we may well cry as David did, "Let us fall to the hand of the Lord, and let me not fall into e hand of man" (2 Samuel 24 : 14). These self- nstituted judges rejected an innocent man's ap- al for justice, while the all-wise Judge grants rdon even to the guilty if they have accepted re- mption through Christ.

A Valuable Production Spurned.—It is Re- orted that a wild plant, called the Creole tea- ant, grows profusely on high lands in Loui- ana. The planters have tried for years to ex- rminate it as a pest, but it has lately been dis- overed that it yields a woody fibre closely resem- ling jute, but of a much finer quality. It is claimed at the process of preparation is very simple, and r less expensive than that of jute or ramie. It is ot the first time that men have been known to de- ise that which they afterward learned to be of al- ost priceless value. The majority of the world re so intent upon the acquisition of wealth or ume, which they can enjoy only in this life, that ey neglect the Gospel message that would insure eir happiness throughout eternity.

The Details of a Prayerful Struggle were elated last week at the Fulton Street prayer-meet- g. A minister said he was holding Gospel tem- erance meetings during the winter, in a city not r from New York. One of these services was at- nded by a young lady who was the daughter of ealthy parents moving in the best society. But is daughter had yielded to the fascination of rong drink, and sometimes would get away from ome unseen, and satisfy the awful cravings. lore than once she was seen to be under the influ- nce of liquor by police officers, who knew where he lived and took her home. Attending the Gos- el temperance meeting referred to, she was deeply mpressed, and going home she wrote out a solemn ledge on *the fly-leaf of a small Bible*, and signed . Passing the house soon after, the minister was urprised at being hailed from the window, and sked to come in. He entered the house, and in he parlor found mother and daughter in great nguish. The burning, awful thirst had come pon the daughter, a craving that she knew not ow to resist. She must drink or die. The minster roposed prayer, and they all knelt and continued heir supplications until victory was given, and the empted one said the craving had passed away.

Delegates from America to the World's Con- erence of Young Men's Christian Associations will eave New York on July 16th. Early notice is given f the fact because one hundred berths have been ngaged on the excursion steamer for the delegates, nd if more than one hundred intend going, and refer making the trip in company, the extra berths nay now be secured on advantageous terms. The onference will be held in Exeter Hall, London, August 3rd–8th. Applications should be addressed o Mr. H. B. Chamberlain, 52 East Twenty-Third Street, New York City.

Steering in the Fog is an Operation at- tended with danger, but an incident mentioned in the *Christian Intelligencer* indicates how even in a fog, dangers are sometimes avoided. A passenger on board a coast steamer, find- ing that Cape Hatteras had been passed during the preceding night, when the fog must have prevented any observations being taken from the stars, inquired how the ship's course had been so accurately followed. The captain explained that where sight failed, another means of ascertaining the proximity of danger existed. "We learned our position last night," he said, "by the lead. Our soundings told us when we were off the cape, and when we had passed it." So in the journey of life the believer often walks by faith and not by sight. He needs not to examine perilous places, such as the theatre and the ball-room, to ascertain whether he may safely approach them ; indications of their character are plentiful in their neighbor- hood, and the watchful Christian heeds the warning.

Mr. Railton, the Commissioner of the Salva- tion Army contingent in America, has been recalled by the chief of the army in Great Britain. Opera- tions have been commenced in Ireland, France, and Australia, and General Booth finds the strain on his mind so great in directing these movements that he is in sore need of assistance. Mr. Railton has been in the front of the battle from the com- mencement and General Booth feels constrained to call for his services at headquarters. As soon as a successor can be sent out the commissioner will return to England. The movement in this country, in spite of the severe weather, which renders open-air meetings impossible and entails a heavy expenditure for heating the halls, is making progress. Difficulties within and without the force have been raised by the enemy of souls, but the army make light of them and say that they meet with similar obstruction everywhere.

While New York, Brooklyn, and Other Large cities are deploring the fact that a large proportion of the inhabitants never attend a place of wor- ship, a city in the South presents a record which deserves notice. It appears that Richmond, Va., has a population of 63,000, of whom about 26,000 belong to some one or other of the churches. Of these about 20,000 are Baptists —over 14,000 being colored Baptists. The lead- ing colored church is the largest in the country, having a membership of between three and four thousand. While we know that the mere fact of regular church attendance is not sufficient evidence of vital godliness, yet it is obvious that religion is more likely to be found among church-goers than among those who habitually stay away. It is therefore worthy of record that in at least one of our cities a large proportion of the population are identified with some religious community.

The Rev. J. S. Inskip, Who is Now on His tour round the world, thus describes an annual meeting of the Methodist Conference of North India in the month of January : "It was somewhat sin- gular to listen to *debates in the Hindoostanee* and our own language alternately. Occasionally the entire proceedings were conducted in the vernacu- lar of the country. All the brethren have acquired a sufficient knowledge of the language to speak it fluently. It was not a little amusing to see Bishop Merrill giving the most patient attention to the de- bates, and adding, as the contest ended, 'I pre- sume you are all in order and have been speaking to the question, which if the brethren please we will now take.' We frequently thought we could discern an indication of great satisfaction in the countenance of the bishop whenever the perform- ances, in what to some of us was an unknown tongue, ended."

A Saloon-keeper in Chicago is Being Sued for *twenty-five thousand dollars* by the wife of an inebriate. A few years ago the husband ranked among the best of American painters ; now he has wrecked his reputation, art, and fortune through dissipation, and has twice recently been sent to the Bridewell for drunkenness. His wife claims that the defendants sold him the liquor which resulted in that drunkenness and the subsequent imprisonment and shame. She has brought suit for a sum which at first sight appears large, but is moderate when consideration is given to the sum her husband might have earned and to the degradation in which his dissipation has sunk his family.

A New Pledge has been Added to those already in use by the Business Men's Society for the Encouragement of Moderation, in New York. It has issued a pledge binding the signer not to drink liquor *when absent from home*. This is another step in the direction it was hoped the society would take; the final goal being total ab- stinence.

THE HEROIC IN CHRISTIANITY.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, delivered on Sunday morning, February 20, 1881.

"For if ye love them which love you, what thank have ye? for sinners also love those that love them. And if ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? for sinners also do even the same. And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? for sinners also lend to sinners, to receive as much again."—Luke, 6 : 32–34.

A Practical Subject—A Supreme Standard—Grace Beyond Law—A Bosom Friend and a Stranger—I. Excellence Falling Short of the Standard—Kindly Feeling—Grateful Return—Neighborly Help—Religious Actions—II. The Requirements of the Standard—Love to Enemies—Gentleness Under Indignity—Joy—Fearlessness—Freedom from Temporal Anxiety—Humility—Faith—Delight in Service—III. The Means of Attaining the Standard—Prompted by Grace—By the Reward Brought—By Ambition—The Elder Brother's Example.

Brethren in Christ, every word which proceeds out of our Master's lips is precious to us. We make no distinction between His promises and His precepts, but prize every syllable above rubies. A doctrine from him we value beyond the much fine gold, and a command is equally high in our es- teem. Whether His teaching be practical or doc- trinal, whether it be intended to guide the feet or to encourage the heart, we are equally rejoiced at it.

"All his words are music, though they make us weep ;
Infinitely tender, infinitely deep."

All the discourses of Jesus are the words of God to our soul, whether they convey to us instruction, warning, rebuke, invitation or consolation. As *all* His garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, so are all His words most sweet to our taste.

We have not so learned Christ as to be pickers and choosers when the fruits of His lips are before us. Yet have I known professors of that sort, who would fain rend the Master's vesture that they might have only *the softest part of it* to be a pillow for their idle heads. "That," they say, "was a Gospel sermon, sweet food for our souls," because it happened to tell of what Christ has done for us ; but on the next occasion they cry out, "That was not a Gospel sermon ; it was legal ; it laid a burden upon our shoulders," because it dared to tell of what Christ has commanded us to do for Him.

Such men, it seems to me, accept Christ for a servant rather than for a Master. They are glad that He shall do this or that for them—that He shall, in fact, gird Himself and wait at their table while they sit down to meat ; but if they had learned better they would have chosen Christ for a Master, and would have been willing to gird them- selves at His command and wait on their Lord, counting it their honor to be servants of so divine a Prince. Feeling certain that you are not of that order of religious cavillers, but that you will accept anything that comes from Christ, I am glad to have a practical subject this morning.

Brethren, in the matters of which I shall have to speak in the name of the Lord, taken, as I am quite certain, from His own words, there will be some *things strange and unusual* which may possibly sound harshly in your ears. Be not as- tonished, for the Gospel is one of those thoughts of God which are not our thoughts : the whole system which Christ has ushered in is foreign to men, being as far above them as the heavens are above the earth. Our Lord's kingdom is not of this world, else would His servants do many things which now they forbear to do.

The conduct of the subjects of that kingdom must not be measured by the manners of others ; for they are a people as peculiar as the kingdom to which they belong. We have heard persons say, "I do not see it to be my duty to be so precise ; it is not customary." What have you and I to do with custom? If things are right, but not in fashion, let us start the fashion ; and when it is the fashion to do wrong let us be desperately unfashionable. Our Master, evidently, from the verses before us, did not come into the world to teach us to conform

to the ways of our fellow-men ; but He would have us go far beyond the ordinary conduct of our fellows. He asked in His sermon on the Mount, "What do ye more than others?" He ordains a standard far above the common standard of mankind when He says again and again, "What thank have ye? for sinners also do even the same."

I allow in other men what I would denounce in myself. I could approve in some men actions which to me also would be lawful but would not be expedient, upon the higher rule of glorifying God in all things. When I have heard of certain deeds of unconverted and unenlightened men I have excused them, saying, "Poor souls, considering who they were, and where they were, their conduct is not so heavily to be blamed;" and yet if I had behaved one half as badly there would have been rebellion and presumption in the deed. For favored children there is a different law from that which governs common subjects ; that which is passed over in strangers is atrocious when it comes from a bosom friend. You are not under law, but under grace ; and being under grace, you feel the force of a constraint even holier and higher than mere law could put upon you.

If you are what you profess to be, my brethren, more is expected from you than from any other men beneath the sun, and therefore I shall throw aside all hesitancy in setting before you

A SUPREME STANDARD

and asking of you what we never can get from sinners, nor from men of the world. Know ye not that your Lord has said, "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter the kingdom of heaven?"

If I were called to address an ordinary company of men and women upon feats of valor, I might speak with bated breath if I exhorted them to heroism in war ; but if I had lived some thousands of years ago, and had been called upon to talk to Spartan warriors, all equipped for battle, men graved and scored with the scars of conflict, I should set no bounds to my exhortations ; I would bestir them as a lion arouses the young lions and urges them to the prey. I should tell them that their name and parentage should not be disgraced by the idea of defeat, but that they must expect victory, and seize it as their right. No orator would have spoken to Spartans as to Bœotians : it was their very life and business to fight, and deeds of prowess were therefore to be looked for from them.

Is it not so with you, ye followers of the Crucified? Your martyrs and confessors call upon you to lead a life beyond that of common men. I say all this, because to certain of you a sort of apology may seem needful for the strong things that may be said before you at this time. May God's Holy Spirit come upon you, and make you strong enough for all the strong things, glorifying himself in your weakness.

EXCELLENCE BELOW THE STANDARD.

I. Our first observation in plunging into our discourse is this. *Much that is naturally good may fall far short of Christian character.* Do not make the mistake of saying that moral excellence is not good. I could wish that some who call themselves Christians were in certain respects as good as others whom I know of who have never borne the Christian name. It is always right to speak the truth, and truth obliges me to say as much as this. This ought to make professors very seriously in earnest to judge themselves, lest they should mistake natural amiability and morality for the fruit of the Spirit of God. If the question be whether our character is the offspring of nature or of grace, it will be a sad thing if the verdict should turn out to be that it is the dead child of nature finely dressed, but not the living child of grace divine.

Observe the three things mentioned in the text against which there is no law, but of which much is to be spoken in commendation. These acts are good, but they do not come up to Christ's standard. The first is, "If ye love them which love you." It is very proper and seemly that *kindly feeling* should awaken kindly feeling in return ; that to those who are friendly to us we should be friendly also. We say "Love begets love," and it is natural that it should do so. Yet I am sorry to say that, though this is no more than a natural excellence, it is not by any means so common as to be universal. There are children who do not love parents who toiled and slaved for them in their childhood, but who grow up to exhibit a strange hardness of heart to the authors of their existence. I know brothers who do not love the most affectionate and amiable of sisters, and it is grievous to have to add that there are many husbands, brutal husbands, who do not love their wives, who are sacrificing their lives out of love to them and their little ones. I blush to think of the many instances which I could quote, but there is no need ; you know it is so.

Thousands have never reached so high as this standard. "If ye love them which love you." But even if we reach as high as that it is by no means a great attainment : is it? Our Lord says that sinners also love those that love them. Grace is not needed to make a man the loving husband of a tender wife ; grace is not needed to make affectionate sons and daughters ; we see them all around us. I am sure it does not require grace in the hearts of the bulk of you to make you feel kindly toward those who treat you in a friendly manner ; "sinners also love those that love them." You have all come as far as that, and such feeling is good, the more of it the better ; yet it is not up to the mark of Christ's teaching if it stands alone : it is not that for which the Holy Spirit has begotten us again : it is not that for which Christ has shed His precious blood.

HIGHER VIRTUE

exists than that which loves them that love you ; here it is—we are to love them that hate us, and despitefully entreat us. Can you love those who will not mention your name without grinding their teeth in envy, or sneering in scorn? Can you love those who have belied your character, who have done the best they can to ruin you, and who will do the same again? Can you feel toward them an earnest desire for their present and eternal welfare? If you could do them good would you delight to do it, and repeat the deed until you had made them too happy to be malicious, too much indebted to continue at enmity? This would be glorious indeed, especially if you could keep clear of all selfish motive in such a contest of love, and should do it all, not because you want to seem a hero or to be something great, but simply because you delight to do good, and feel it to be a pleasure to do that good where it is most needed, namely, where the spirit of enmity has the greatest power.

The next thing, in the verses before us, is *grateful return.* "If ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye?" It is a very right thing that if persons have served us we should endeavor to repay the benefit. By common consent "one good turn deserves another." I am sorry to say that though this is a very ordinary sort of virtue it is not the commonest thing in the world, for you may help others if you like, but I have heard that they do not always help you in return.

It is certainly a horrible thing that men should be ungrateful ; but yet supposing that you, dear hearer, are grateful, and have lately taken special pains to do good to one who aforetime was good to you, what thank have you? You have done what you ought to have done, and no more ; you have paid an old debt as every honest man should do, but this does not prove you to be a Christian, for Christianity includes this and rises above it, like an Alp above the surrounding plain.

Followers of Jesus are called upon to do good to those who have done them harm. You know the old saying, evil for good is devil-like, evil for evil is beast-like, good for good is man-like, good for evil is God-like. Rise you to that God-like point. If a man has taken the bread out of your mouth, seize the first opportunity to help him to a livelihood. If he has bespattered you, be ready to forgive him, but say not a word against him. Watch for a time, when by great kindness you may heap

COALS OF FIRE

on his head. "Hard teaching," says one. I know it is, and harder doing, but it is blessed doing. It is a high virtue ; nevertheless, to this we must come if we are to be the followers of Christ.

Again, you note in the thirty-fourth verse that mention is made of *helping others in a neighborly way* with the expectation of their returning the friendly deed. "If ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye?" Temporary help is often rendered in the expectation that, if ever we are in the same need, we shall only need to ask and receive like aid. A neighborly sort of barter, which goes on all around, and ought to go on ; but there is nothing very wonderful in it, for, after all, it is a sort of laying by in store, making your neighbor your banker for awhile. I help you and you help me—a very proper thing to do, and the more of such brotherly and neighborly co-operation the better, but still there is nothing so very virtuous in it. "What thank have ye, for sinners also lend to sinners to receive as much again."

You as a Christian are to rise to something higher than this—namely, to be ready to help without the expectation of being helped again, ready to aid those who, you are certain, could not help *you*, who are too poor ever to come to your rescue ; ay, and ready to help those who would not help you if they could, who may even return your kindness with words of falsehood and acts of unkindness. Can you rise to this? for this is to be a Christian, this is to be like your Heavenly Father, who sendeth His rain upon the just and upon the unjust, who causeth His sun to shine upon the field of the churl as well as upon the garden of the liberal ; who gives, and gives, and gives, and receives nothing in return.

Thus, brethren, I think I have shown you that there are certain good things in the world which, nevertheless, do not reach to the standard of Christian virtue. This holds good of *all religious actions.* You go to the house of God ; so do the heathens go to the house of their god. You spend certain times in prayer ; so do the Mohammedans. You are very devout ; so are Parsees. You are known to be a religious man ; so were a great many who have turned out to be rogues. You are a deacon, or other church officer ; yes, so were certain bank directors, who were none the more honest for that. But you are a preacher, yes, and so was Judas, who hanged himself, and so went to his own place. Religious acts count for nothing unless there is a true heart at the back of them. These things ought we to have done, but if we leave heart work undone nothing is done.

REQUIREMENTS OF THE HEROIC STANDARD.

II. Secondly, dear friends, I want you to notice that *Christian virtue is in many respects extraordinary, and might be called heroic.* To illustrate this, I will confine myself to the Gospel according to Luke. In the passage that we have been reading we have evidently a form of virtue which is quite out of the ordinary range of men's thoughts. It concerns *love.* "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you." In the point of love, kindness, consideration for men's needs, and desire to do good, the Christian life is to rise above every other, till it becomes sublime.

Heathen moralists recommended kindness, but they did not suggest its being lavished upon enemies. I have been somewhat amused by the caution of Cicero. He says, "Kindness must not be shown to a youth, nor to an old man : not to the aged, because he is likely to die before he can have an occasion to repay you the benefit ; and not to the young man, for he is sure to forget it." Those of us who are middle-aged may value the orator's generosity as we like, but we may reflect that he only recommends its exercise toward us because we are likely to be good debtors, and pay back what we receive, perhaps with interest. That gentle laugh which ripples over the congregation is the best refutation of such barefaced selfishness. Our Lord bids us seek no reward from men, and He assures us that then a greater reward will come. We shall by shunning it secure it. We shall find a reward in being unrewarded.

Next read Luke 9 : 54, 55, and you will see that the Christian is to rise above human passion in the matter of *gentleness.* James and John, when Christ was not received by the Samaritan villagers, said, "Wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them?" But Jesus rebuked them and said, "Ye know not what

manner of spirit ye are of. And they went to another village."

A Christian should be ready to give way; he should be quiet, peaceable, gentle. If in trying to do good, he wishes to bless certain people, and they refuse to hear him, let him not grow indignant and denounce the offenders, but let him change the scene and carry his message to those who perhaps are hungering for it. He may go round again very shortly to those who repulsed him and find them in a better mind. Be gentle, brother; soft words are hard to answer. They refused you at first, try them again; at any rate, be not provoked, for then they will have conquered *you*.

In the elevation of *his joy* the Christian is also to rise above all other men. He may rejoice as they do in the common bounties of Providence, but that joy is to hold very secondary rank. Even in his own success as a Christian worker he takes but measured satisfaction. Read Luke 10 : 20, and see what is the source of his truest delight: "Notwithstanding in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you; but rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven." Is not a believer a wonderful being, since even spiritual power and victory over the devil do not excite him, but he finds his joy in a fact which is quite out of himself and fixed by the unchangeable decree of God?

The Christian is heroic, next, in his *fearlessness*. Turn to the twelfth chapter, verse 4, and there find Christ saying to His disciples: "Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do. But I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear; Fear him, which after he hath killed hath power to cast into hell." The genuine Christian stands not in fear of public opinion, and dreads not the frown of those whom God frowns upon.

The true believer is to be willing to bear reproach; ay, and to bear much more than reproach, as saints of God have done time out of mind. So far from flinching from suffering, we are not even to give it a thought as to how we shall speak if we are brought before kings and rulers, for a part of the Christian's heroism is to lie in his calm self-possession. The same man who is so gentle that if men will not listen to him he goes elsewhere, is so steadfast that he cannot be silenced: bold as a lion he stands before his accusers, and he is not troubled as to how he shall put his words together, for he relies upon the indwelling Spirit whom the world cannot receive because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him. Relying upon that Spirit he speaks when the time comes to speak, and it is the right word, as his adversaries are compelled to confess; or he is silent while it is time to be silent, and even in that silence there is an awe which is felt by those round about him. After this fashion is he to play the man.

See how far the true believer is lifted up

ABOVE THE WORLD,

as you turn to Luke 12 : 22, where the Lord bids us cultivate a holy *ease of heart* as to all temporal things. The rich man finds his wealth in his bursting barns, but the believer finds his treasure in the all-sufficiency of his God. The Saviour says, "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for the body, what ye shall put on. The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment. For all these things do the nations of the world seek after: and your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things."

See, brethren, the Spirit of God is to lift us up above all fretful cares: we are to feel that the Father will provide for us in this world, and that Jesus will never leave us comfortless. Because He is our Shepherd, and we cannot want, we are to dwell at ease, and lie down in green pastures, like a peaceful, restful flock. Covetousness is not to approach us, for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. The desire to heap together a vast mass of wealth prevents the enjoyment of that which is already gained, and this must not come near an heir of heaven. As to temporal things, we are to be constantly calm, content, grateful, and trustful, relying upon the bounty of our God. This freedom from anxiety constitutes a main part of the Christian character, and is so uncommon as to lift its possessor far above men of the world.

Another point in which Christian heroism is seen is in *humility* and in delight in service. Turn to the fourteenth chapter and see our Lord's directions to His disciples not to seek out the highest, but rather the lowest, room, for, saith he, "whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Habitually a Christian man is to have a modest esteem of himself. He is never to be known as one who is forward, self-seeking, self-asserting. Men who are highly esteemed by themselves are seldom justified by the verdict of their fellow-men. No, a Christian man is to be one who is ready to do anything for the good of others, however lowly the service.

That is not the Christian spirit which turns even the kingdom of heaven into an arena for ambition, but that man has the mind of Christ who becomes the servant of all for Christ's sake. That is not the Christian spirit which, under pretence of seeking liberty in the Church, craves after lordship and self-display. Those who are under this influence will have no rule in the Church of God except their own rule: they are too heady and high-minded to submit themselves to those who are over them in the Lord. The spirit of Christianity is lowly, yielding, easily to be entreated, seeking not itself. This is a chief point in the peculiarity of the peculiar people.

Furthermore, there should be about the Christian *a faith* which there is not in any other (See Luke 17 : 6). He should have an eye to see that which is invisible, and an arm to lean on that which he cannot feel. He should act upon facts which others may accept as theories but would never dream of risking a shilling upon it. Believers, ye are to be the men who can say to mountains, "Become plains," and to sycamine trees, "Be ye plucked up by the roots." Ye are to work miracles, not physical and material, but spiritual and mental, which are not less, but even more marvellous than wonders of healing or resurrection.

The next verse of this seventeenth chapter shows us that Christians are to be men of *service*. They are not to think that they came into the world to sit at a banquet, but they are to wait on their Master while he sits at the table. Too many appear to consider that the services of the sanctuary are intended merely to *feed* them: they never look upon the house of God as a barracks for soldiers, or a place where workmen come together to sharpen their tools; they only regard it as a sacred buttery, *a spiritual larder*, or a heavenly refectory, where much is to be received and little or nothing returned.

Servants are not supposed to spend their time in doing their own pleasure and seeking their own profit. A man-servant whose whole time was taken up with watching his own health would be of small value to his employer Even so we have something else to do beyond watching over our own inward feelings. To snatch a brand from the burning is better than to warm your own hands; to feed a hungry soul with the bread of heaven is a far higher deed than to eat the fat and drink the sweet yourself. There is more joy in plunging your arm up to the elbow in the mire to find a jewel for Christ than in washing one's idle hands with *the scented soap of respectable propriety*.

INCENTIVES TO THE EFFORT.

III. I will now close with the reflection that *the Christian religion supplies due nourishment for the most heroic life*. Bear with me while I show you this in a few sentences. First, *the economy of grace* requires it. You and I must have been chosen to lead a life higher than that of ordinary men, or else why all this noise and stir at all? We see heaven and earth and hell in motion; God vacates His throne and becomes a man; immortality puts on flesh and blood and dies; the Holy Ghost comes to dwell in these bodies of clay, while angels look on and wonder; surely here is the groundwork and argument of something supremely good.

Think again, brethren, we are helped to holy heroism by *the reward* which it brings: for our blessed Master, though He bids us spurn the thought of reward on earth, yet tells us that there is a reward in the thing itself. Just follow my text in the thirty-fifth verse: "Love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great." What reward? Why, the reward of having done good. This is quite enough. Therefore do not be so mercenary as to expect to be paid in dirty bronze and tarnished silver, but ask to find your recompense in the spirit by which you are led to do good, and in the smile of your Heavenly Father.

Then, mark you this to fire your ambition: you shall be children of the Highest. Those who can rise into the heroic life shall *be as God*. The gentle, patient, peaceable, kind, loving, forgiving, affectionate, these shall be known to be the sons of God; and is this nothing? Oh, if there is a grain of nobility in your natures you will make this the highest ambition of your lives, to be like God. What is more than that?

We are expected to be like God because we are His children. "Ye shall be the children of the Highest: for He is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil." We expect to see something of the father in the child. If we are children of God we ought to do what others never think of.

If you are the children of God remember what *a Brother* you have, and what an example He has set you. He disdained to live unto Himself, for He left the throne of glory to come down to Bethlehem's manger, to a carpenter's shop, and to a servant's life. The other night I heard read at family prayer the story of our Lord at the supper-table: Jesus knowing that He came from God, and went to God, took a towel and girded Himself and began to wash His disciples' feet. Ah, when I thought of Him whom all heaven worships, our blessed, blessed Master, actually coming round with a basin to wash the disciples' feet, I felt my eyes fill with tears, and I sympathized with Peter when he cried, "Dost thou wash my feet?" It seemed a stoop too great for our Lord and King thus to act a menial's part. Is there anything which can seem too mean for you and me after beholding such condescension?

If that sight touch you not, let me remind you of a further scene: he went into Gethsemane, and there He knelt and prayed for you and me until He was covered with a gory sweat, and great drops of blood followed each other to the ground. Is there any pain that we would not face, is there any reproach we could not bear after this for His dear sake? Does not that rouse you? Will you after this be proud and claim honor of your brethren, and grow angry if it be refused?

Come with me once again, for He goes to the cross, and there He hangs. It is your Lord, remember! See, the iron passes through His hand: it is your Lord who is thus maimed! The nails tear through his feet: the feet of your Lord! He wears a diadem as monarch, but it is a coronet of thorns: it is your Lord who is thus crowned! He wears crimson, too; but it is His own blood; and He is your own Lord! He has not a rag else, for they have stripped Him; yes, stripped and scourged your Lord! And they are hissing at Him, jesting at His prayers, and scoffing at His cries—all this at your Lord!

AND WHAT OF YOU?

The other day you were ashamed to own that you were His disciple. Are you not disgusted at such cowardice? You were silent the other day when sinners were blaspheming Him: you were niggardly when His poor people needed help; you refused to give when His Church and His cause knocked at your door. You would not forgive a fellow Christian the other day, and you parted company with one who had been your friend for years, and all for a hot word; and yet you call yourself a Christian!

Yes, and I, too, am a Christian, and have my own private cause for self-humiliation; and that is our Master bleeding there. How can we bear to look Him in the face? What sorry disciples we are! O blessed Master, let thy blood drop on us till thou hast blotted out these many faults of ours and made us like thyself. Amen and amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Luke 6 : 12-49.]

GIDEON'S GOOSE.

A rough, ignorant man was Gideon Green; and it may be supposed that an inveterate love of liquor, and habitual indulgence therein, did not improve his manners or intelligence. Not that there was nothing good left in Gideon. There is a soft, sweet place often lying beneath the rough, hard surface of the coarsest nature. Some one has said, "Every man, like a screw, has a head by which he can be turned, if you know how to find it."

But certainly Gideon was "a hard case." He could earn a fair livelihood at his craft, but then he kept so many "saints' days," in anything but a sanctified fashion. Sunday, as a matter of course, was given to lazy lounging in the morning, idle wanderings in the afternoon, and tap-room boozing in the evening. Idleness and indulgence kept him miserably poor, though his family were by far the greater sufferers. As a boy he had occasionally attended the Sunday-school and the house of God; but for years now his foot had never crossed the threshold of the sanctuary. For observe this fact—a man never attends the public house and God's house on the same day. There is a lingering sense of consistency even among godless men. And even if the man were not, in his own opinion, disqualified for attendance at God's house by reason of his clothes, his companions—yes, even the associates of the pot-house—would never tolerate the hypocrisy of spending the Sunday partly in the tavern and partly in the temple.

Gideon's Sunday clothes were the same as those he wore on working days. His recreation consisted of dog-running and pigeon-flying *and* drinking. His home was bare of all comforts, and his wife hardly pressed to find food and clothing for herself and two or three little ones.

Then came bad times. Next, a lowering of wages under the pressure of stagnant trade. Then, as a matter of course, a strike against the reduction. The sequel, the almost invariable result, when under evil counsel working men make war against capital at times when the labor market is glutted—surrender after weeks of idleness and loss, the men far worse off than if they had at first bowed to the inevitable. Gideon at last knew what it was to feel hunger. Not only had he and his fellows entered upon the contest at the worse possible time, so far as trade was concerned, but winter was advancing, and all were suffering under its severity. For the first time in his life Gideon Green went hungry, and that in the week before Christmas Day, when provisions were plentiful enough to the eye, and when the prudent and industrious were enjoying "enough and to spare."

Christmas morning came, and with it a sprinkling of snow. The cupboard empty at home, the house barer even than it had been ordinarily, Gideon strolled out across the common.

He came to a turnip field. His mouth positively watered for a taste of the raw vegetable. Looking round to see that he was not observed, he pulled a turnip, and with a positive relish devoured it, and that was Gideon Green's Christmas dinner in 1877.

He strolled on with his hands in his pockets and thought of his condition. Christmas Day! He could hear the sound of bells floating across from the neighboring town and from the church-tower in his own village. The smoke of cheery Christmas fires was rising from a hundred homes around him, and he almost fancied he could smell the appetizing odor of many a tempting and satisfying Christmas dinner. And Gideon Green had feasted upon a Swede turnip! And that, Gideon, that you *stole*.

The reflection was by no means pleasant, but it was true. Gideon said to himself, "Too proud to beg, but not too proud to steal!"

And then he thought of what might have been. Some of the men who had worked in the same trade were, notwithstanding all difficulties, enjoying their Christmas dinner, surrounded by happy children, well-clothed and well-fed.

If Gideon had but worked industriously, laying by for "the rainy day" that comes sooner or later in every working man's history, he would not have been absolutely penniless and starving on Christmas Day. But "the sluggard will not plough by reason of the cold, therefore shall he beg in harvest and have nothing."

A great enlightenment of Gideon Green's mind took place that wintry day. As the short afternoon sank into night he returned to his home. His wife had somehow or other provided a cup of tea, and a kind neighbor had sent in some food, and oranges and nuts for the children. As Gideon saw the happiness of his children, in the possession of what a few pence had purchased, and thought how utterly indifferent he had been to his own offspring, a new pang smote his heart.

The good impressions thus wrought in the mind led Gideon to resolve that henceforth the "Sportsman" should be abandoned, and that he would spend upon his family that which heretofore he had wasted upon himself and worthless companions.

It was in the first week of the new year that Gideon heard singing in the little village chapel, and crept in just by the door. A tiny place, not holding a hundred persons, lighted by petroleum lamps, and warmed by a stove which was then "fired-up" to a red heat.

The hymn ended, the minister announced his text in these words: "In whom the God of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them" (2 Cor. 4 : 4).

Though Gideon did not take away with him much of the sermon, he could not forget those words in the text, "Blinded the minds!" He saw himself in the mirror of God's Word that night. How blind he had been to his own character, to his interests, to his Saviour!

Reflection was followed by conviction, conviction by prayer. And soon the man who had been led first of all to abandon drink was found seeking the Saviour. The pot-house was abandoned, the sanctuary frequented. The wife and children rejoiced in the change, and shared in the blessing.

And now comes the incident which gives its title to these pages. Some seven or eight weeks before the next Christmas, Gideon went to a farmer who was fattening a number of geese, and said he wanted to begin subscribing for a goose. The farmer did not usually transact business in such a fashion, but he had marked with pleasure Green's improved course, and he kindly replied, "Nay, lad, if thee will only go on as thee hast done thou shall have a goose at Christmas and welcome!" "No, no," said Gideon, "I must pay for it, or I shan't enjoy it; and if you will let me pay you a little at a time, I shall get a goose for dinner on Christmas Day. What do you think, farmer, I had for dinner last Christmas?"

The farmer guessed and guessed, but, as may be supposed, all in vain. Then Gideon told how he had dined upon "a yellow turnip, and that I stole!"

The payments were kept up, and the time came for Gideon to claim his bird.

"You'll let me have it alive?" said he.

'Oh, take it as you like," said the farmer.

"I want it alive, because I want to make it *speak* when I go through the village," said Green.

And the goose was made to *speak*, so that all Sedgebrook knew that the Greens were going to have goose on Christmas Day.

"And won't I make it *speak* when I get against the 'Sportsman,'" said Green gleefully. And so the goose told landlord and clients at the public house that Gideon Green had "bought his own goose!"

There was a royal feast in the Greens' cottage that Christmas-tide. "And," said Gideon, with that touch of humor which was native in him, "I invited my old aunt, and when the door of the room was opened, and she saw the goose on the table, she lifted up both hands in wonder, and I could hardly make her believe she hadn't *come to the wrong house!*"

Now Gideon is trying to pursue a humble, straightforward Christian course. And how many a man might know so glad a change! Happy the change that placed Gideon's goose on the table that was bare a year before; happier still the change which has made Gideon—the idle, godless sot—a humble, sober Christian man.

WHAT A SOLDIER DID FOR HIS COMRADE.

George Clay was a brave and hardy British soldier, who distinguished himself in the last war with China. Though no man could have been more alive to those features of a soldier's life which render it so unfavorable to the maintenance of Christian principles and habits, he had, in the face of great temptation and discouragement, held fast that which is good, and been true to Christ ever since his conversion. To one of his comrades, named Henry Field, as a fellow-townsman and an old playfellow, he was specially drawn.

There was little that was congenial between the two, for Field was godless, prayerless, and wild, while Clay was what we have described him to be. The question often arose in his mind whether he was justified in allowing himself to be known as the friend of a man whom every one knew to be a random scapegrace, without one spark of religious principle, and whose foolish boast it was that he cared for nobody, and that nobody cared for him. As a man is known by the company he keeps, George Clay had many misgivings that his being so much with Field would lower him in the eyes of his fellow-soldiers.

Nor was this a merely selfish consideration. He thought of the religion he professed, and trembled lest any folly or unguardedness of his own should bring reproach upon it. With these motives he had almost made up his mind to have as little to do with Field as possible, and, in fact, to treat him in all respects as a stranger, when his attention was specially drawn one morning, as it had never been before, to the words, "God commendeth his love toward us, in that *while we were yet sinners* Christ died for us" (Rom. 5 : 8). He felt at once that that passage settled the matter. It was not for him to turn from Field because he was a notorious sinner. Nay, *that* he now felt to be an additional reason for treating him with every possible kindness, and losing no opportunity of reaching his heart.

There was about Henry Field a good deal of morose arrogance, which made it very difficult for his comrade to broach an unwelcome subject to him; but the redeeming love of Christ had so filled the heart of George Clay that what might otherwise have daunted and repelled him did but strengthen his determination to persevere. He was a conspicuous and impressive example of the truth of the great saying, "Believe in love and you will love and be loved." So many acts of disinterested kindness which could bear no other intepretation had he shown Field, that even his hard, rough nature began at length to respond to the appeals thus constantly made to it. He gradually gained the conviction that George Clay was, in the best sense, *his friend*, and from the time the conviction took full possession of him he was a ready and attentive listener to all that Clay had to say to him. Daily instruction and exhortation, backed up by a holy life and unfailing personal kindness, by and by gained the victory. Field, as a repenting sinner, fled to Christ as his refuge, and found in Him pardon and peace.

It was not long before the two comrades had special cause for profound gratitude that the change had taken place. While in active pursuit of the enemy, about a month afterward, Field receved a wound which soon proved to be fatal. He could not utter a word, but the soldiers who observed the fatality knew that it would be his wish to see Clay, who was accordingly sent for at once. When the latter arrived on the spot Field had, for the moment, sufficiently recovered to be able to address a few words to his friend. He said: "Thank you, thank you for all you have been to me. This would, indeed, have been a terrible hour but for what I have learned from you. Tell my dear old mother that I died in peace, and that the change she so long prayed for had taken place."

Thus did George Clay, like a good soldier of Jesus Christ, successfully battle with temptation and sin, and thus did Henry Field, in words that will never be forgotten, repay a thousandfold in the hour of nature's extremity the love which had won his soul to Christ.

THE SONG OF THE ANGELS.

A Sermon by the Rev. W. M. Hay Aitken, M.A.

"Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, goodwill toward men."—LUKE 2:14.

The Announcement of the Saviour's Birth—What did the Angels Feel?—Fighting a Losing Battle—I. The Supreme Object of the Incarnation—God's Glory—Infinite Greatness Transcended—The Highest Glory of God's Nature—The Grandest Revelation—Man's True Destiny—II. "Peace on Earth"—The Pacific Reign Already Begun—III. "Goodwill Toward Men"—Highest Proof of Divine Love.

SUCH was the outburst of triumphant acclaim with which the hosts of heaven greeted *the announcement of the Saviour's birth*. The long-expected moment had at last arrived—that point in human history toward which men had looked for many a long, dark, weary age at length was reached, the Desire of all nations had come, and, as the blessed angels looked down upon the plains of Bethlehem, they beheld in the birth of that Infant in the oxen's stall a pledge of the fulfilment of God's grand and mysterious design toward humanity. Already, in their joyful anticipation, they beheld the colossal empire of evil shaken to its very foundation, the supreme and final victory of good already attained, and the reign of the Prince of Peace established on earth.

May we not endeavor to-day to enter into the holy joy of these bright intelligences as they sped down on their mission, and sang this song of triumph?

WHAT WAS IT THE ANGELS FELT?

For surely we may form some conjecture on the subject, although nothing is absolutely revealed. I suppose, in the first place, they were swayed by those emotions which are necessarily excited within us when we witness some grand and splendid undertaking. We can understand what must have been the feelings of the hosts of Israel when they beheld the stripling David going forth toward Goliath of Gath. Some *enthusiastic admiration* of a similar nature, I suppose, must have been the feeling of those bright hosts of heaven as they gazed upon that Infant in Bethlehem, and contemplated the stupendous purpose of His birth.

And, in the next place, they could judge, I suppose, as we cannot judge, of that *strange contrast* which must have filled them with wonder. They knew what the imperial glories of the everlasting Son of God had been from all eternity, and they could contrast, as we cannot, His *royal state* in the presence of the Father with His *strange humiliation* in the stable of Bethlehem. One moment they saw Him lifted up on high; the next, humiliated and helpless, content to become an Infant of days, a Child but newly born, wrapped in swaddling bands, everything about Him bespeaking poverty, weakness, and humiliation. And, as they contemplated this wondrous contrast between His heavenly greatness and dignity, and saw what His humiliation had been, no wonder that these sons of God burst forth into a song of adoring rapture.

But there was more than even this to inspire their song. They no doubt felt that *interest in humanity* which is invariably ascribed to them whenever they are mentioned in Scripture. These bright intelligences, of whom we know so little, know a great deal about us, and they take a great interest in us. They hover over us unseen, watching the course of human events, and furthering those great designs of their Sovereign Master, God, by which His own glory is to be revealed and the well-being of humanity secured.

Hitherto they had seen man fallen and helpless—

FIGHTING A LOSING BATTLE—

endeavoring, so to speak, to cover a disastrous retreat, but totally prostrated by defeat, and unable to cope with the forces arrayed against him. They had heard the groans of the down-trodden captives, they knew something of that smothered cry of anguish which through long dark ages rang up from a weary world, while still hope deferred made the heart sick, and He for whom men were longing delayed to come. They saw by how many a frail and feeble effort men had endeavored to break the yoke of bondage which still kept them fast. And now the moment of deliverance was drawing nigh. The battle was no longer to be unequal. The Prince of Life has undertaken the conflict, and descends to the arena; and now the great issue is to be decided. A hero has at last been raised up for humanity, and that Champion lay an infant in the stall at Bethlehem, and they worshipped the God who had undertaken the task.

But I suppose it was more than even this. They not only saw at last a Saviour provided for humanity—a Champion to fight man's battle for him—but in their prophetic spirits—we know not how far they are allowed to gaze into the future, but this amount of foreknowledge surely the angels possessed—they *already anticipated triumph*. They knew that this omnipotent Being whom they worshipped as God had never lost a battle yet and they could trust Him to win this; and so they looked onward to the conflict whatever it might be, with feelings of calm assurance.

The triumph, they were sufficiently enlightened to understand, was not to be won with drawn swords and crushing thunderbolts, but by meekness and humiliation, by sorrow and anguish, by weakness and death; but this much they could believe, and no doubt did believe, that He in whose hands the issues of the battle were placed, and by whom the conflict was to be decided, had never yet been foiled, and never would be. And so, although the campaign had only just opened, and although the first act of the infant Saviour had not yet been performed, they knew the dawn of victory was at hand, and they shouted, "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

But, if these were the feelings of the angels,

WHAT OUGHT TO BE MAN'S FEELINGS?

For, after all, these angels were not *directly* concerned in the momentous issue. It is quite true that they take an interest in all that concerns us, but their interest in such matters is *only indirect*. We ourselves are the persons directly concerned. Surely it behoves us to endeavor to grasp something like an adequate idea of what was that stupendous undertaking which our Lord Jesus Christ at this time was content to engage in, and what the result has been so far as concerns us personally. And we cannot do better than take our key-note from the angelic song, dwelling upon the various characteristics of our Saviour's enterprise, and His triumphant achievement.

I. The chief thought before us in this song is the supreme

OBJECT OF THE INCARNATION.

The first and foremost object, to which all else is subservient, is described to us in the words, "Glory to God in the highest." Yes, God must come first. Yet does it not seem strange, when first we begin to think of it, that these angels should shout, "Glory to God *in the highest*," at the very moment when that God was abasing Himself to the lowest depths of humiliation? Surely we might have been disposed to think that they had more cause to shout, "Glory to God in the highest," as they beheld Him taking His seat amid the starry hosts on heaven's central throne.

But no, the thing which called forth the burst of acclamation was the contemplation of the weakness and helplessness of the Infant, and the strange condescension which made the Son of God the Son of man. It was when they looked upon the Infant lying in the manger that they cried out, "Glory to God in the highest!" Surely there is something meant by this; and when we come to turn it over in our minds we see that *God is glorified* by that Infant—in other words, by the incarnation of His own blessed Son—in a way in which He had never been glorified before, and, so far as we know, *could not* otherwise have been glorified before. The eternal glory of God would be exhibited, as nothing could exhibit it, by the incarnation of His own Son.

For, observe, however much we may be dazzled by the splendor of some of the Divine attributes, for us there is *something higher and grander in God than His omnipotence*. His infinite power and majesty had been revealed to the angels from all eternity, or at any rate, from the moment of their own existence, and to these—His majesty and power—no doubt had been offered their tributes of homage and praise. But that which makes them now shout "Glory to God in the highest," is not the exhibition of His power, or splendor, or royal majesty. There is something in God even

GRANDER THAN INFINITE GREATNESS,

and it was for this that the chorus of angels sang His praise. It was this that was exhibited in yonder cradle in the stable of Bethlehem. Surely, it is in the moral character of God pre-eminently that His true glory lies; and as these angels gazed upon that Infant lying there in weakness and helplessness, found in fashion like a man, they understood that by that mystery of the Incarnation the moral character of God was to be revealed to those who had lost sight of it, and the love of the Father's heart was to be made known to those who had ceased to believe in it.

More than this, they foresaw that *the eternal equity of God* was to be exhibited in some mysterious way to all the intelligences of the wide universe, while at the same time His mercy flowed forth in a tide of healing. There was to be provided, through the person of the Incarnate Son of God, as in a wondrous object-lesson, *a demonstration of God's eternal and unchanging hatred of sin*.

In the history of that Infant, God was about to offer the most stupendous proof of His supreme and unalterable detestation of sin, and of His determination to visit it with a severe and overwhelming penalty. The sin of a world, which had alienated it from God, and cursed and blighted it all through its history, was to come under the judgment of God in the person of Him who was now voluntarily coming forward to take it upon Himself, and who was in a position to do so, first, because He was One with the eternal Ruler and Lawgiver in His own nature, and next because, by the assumption of humanity, He was one with us.

To principalities and powers in the other world, as well as to men on earth, was to be read a lesson from this that should silence forever all slanderous questionings of the righteousness and wisdom of the Divine Government, and vindicate the sanctity and authority of the law by the very act that opened the door of mercy to the sinner.

But that was not all. The glory of God's justice was to be revealed, but His glory would have been but incompletely revealed had this been the only element manifested. The mere exhibition of justice so far shows forth God's moral glory as to justify such an exultant ebullition as burst forth from the angels' lips, but there was more in their song of triumph than this. For after all,

THE HIGHEST GLORY OF GOD'S NATURE

is to be found in the fact stated by the Galilean peasant, who only learned it from his Master's life and his Master's death—"God is love."

Here is *the brightest ray* of all the glories which have their centre in God. Men have speculated about God, and the result of the speculations of some has been a doubt as to whether such a Being existed, while by some He has been clothed in strangely repulsive characters. In our own times the car of Juggernaut has been drawn over the helpless bodies of the crushed and lacerated victims. God has been described even among nations not so barbaric as being devoid of sympathy with man, and always envious of human happiness and well-being.

In one way or other God has never left Himself without witness; but no ancient prophet, however bold, no leader or lawgiver, however wise and devoted, no Grecian philosopher, however broad the grasp of his intellect, ever dared to utter that splendid aphorism, "God is love," until it was revealed from the cradle at Bethlehem and from the cross of Calvary. The angels knew it. They had basked under the smile of His favor; they had heard the voice of His love; they had seen what was going on behind the scenes; they understood the purposes of mercy toward the race of man; and when they saw their actual fulfilment drawing nigh, and in the fulness of time

THE GRANDEST REVELATION

of all about to be made, when they perceived that the Father's heart was to be bared by the incarnation of His Son, no wonder, then, that they sang, "Glory to God in the highest."

To be concluded next week.

TOUCHES OF REAL LIFE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Lady Hope, of Cariden.

(*Continued from page 150.*)

The Brewer's Carriage—Comment on the Traffic—Return to the Cup—A Helping Hand—Job's Prayer—The Builder's Son—The Tact of Love.

LEANING up against the wall, Hal becomes absorbed in a carriage that is passing by; a handsome carriage it is, its blue surface picked out in silver attracts his attention. The liveried coachman and footman sit bolt upright on the high box. Inside lolls a gentleman, muffled up to his ears in a great-coat of thick cloth, beside a pretty young lady, whose soft, fair hair lies crimped over her white brow, and covered by a little mushroom velvet hat. Very picturesque she is, and she knows it quite well. Her rich sealskin jacket and fur rug contrast very well with her dainty features and bright complexion.

This is the brewer's carriage. He owns the little public-house, and many scores of others like it. Their revenues have brought him his carriage, and have given him his mansion, his park-like grounds, and his young wife. He—or rather his "firm," he would wish you to say—are making beer by the ocean every year. It is carted away in casks and barrels, and perpetually the ceaseless stream pours from his warehouses into the ever-receptive public-house.

He meets bundles of rags as he drives magnificently through the town, who stagger, totter, reel; for they *are* human beings, looking forward to an endless eternity of miserable woe. God created them in *His* image; the brewer, the distiller, and the public-house keeper having, by the aid of the great Adversary of men, turned them into the distortions we now behold. But he is accustomed to these sights, and congratulates himself that his business is such a profitable one, "much better than most," as he always says.

Now, looking patronisingly across the road through his gold eye-glass at Hal, as he stands outside the "Ball and Anchor," he says to his wife, "Working man's friend! a very good name for those places. Poor fellow! you see he has got his beer there after a hard day's work. Look at him."

"Is that a regular public-house?" asks the young wife. "Don't the men ever get tipsy in them?"

"Tipsy! what trash. Beer is the best drink a man can have, if he does not take too much," is his immediate reply; and then, by mutual consent, the subject is changed for a more agreeable one.

Hal, after staring hard for a minute or two at the dashing equipage, doubles up that iron fist of his, and three times distinctly he repeats, "Curse him! *curse* him! curse him!"

By this time Curly has appeared on the scene, and hearing the imprecation, asks, "Whatever is the matter with *you!* Talking to the daisies? Eh!"

"*Daisies*, man! it was that there brewer going by. Drove me pretty near wild to see him. Look at his toggery, and this, and that—and all straight off the backs and out of the mouths of *hundreds* of our poor chaps!" So says Hal.

Poor fellow! he does not know that he is already himself somewhat under the influence of the liquor he has been drinking. The beer was not as simple as it looked. The landlord, finding so good a fish in his net, had gratuitously drugged the draught with strong drops of gin. In this, as in everything the landlord did, there was a purpose. Hal had more money in his pocket than many of the customers. Compared to the "old hands" he was positively rich, for he had not been often the worse for drink. The landlord craved his very soul; he thirsted to catch him in his net.

You say, "there are not many publicans like him." Find me *ten* that are *un*like him, and you have created an anomaly. Could men and women spend their lives as an innkeeper and his wife *must*, without some strong propelling force, without some ulterior object in view? They want to get what they can out of these men, and therefore they must make them wicked; for good men will not spend their time and money in the bar-room.

In muttered, hissing tones, Hal says, "I am out of sorts," and turns in again to the little den. Curly is wiser, and goes home.

But while Hal was in the wily "spider's" parlor, what was his wife doing? A polished grate she had burnished until it could shine no more. An arm-chair was at the fire, shoes placed ready beside it, for those tired, wet feet. The kettle singing on the hob made all *look* bright, but she was uneasy. Turning to the clock over and over again, she wondered what had become of "her man," as she appropriately called him.

"It *can't* be them public-houses again!" she said; and then turned away from the heart-sickening thought, to quiet the dark-haired little boy, with deep, lustrous eyes, who stood adorned in his white pinafore beside her.

"Come on mother's lap, darling," she said; and then she nestled him fondly to her bosom, while she sang—

"Father! come home to your bonny boy;
Tell him of sunshine,
Tell him of joy;"

and all the time, with one foot outstretched, she rocked the cradle in which the sleeping baby had been housed for the rest of the night; for father generally carried the cradle with baby in it through the doorway into the next room, and placed it on two chairs beside the bed. But to-night, the tea was spoiled, the bacon got cold, the candle burned to the socket, and "father" did not come. Then she *knew* what it meant, for a terrified instinct told her, and, like a hunted hare, she crouched, and hid, and waited for the footstep she ought to have loved.

If we trace Henry King's history from his return to the parlor, we shall not find it an enviable one. Taproom scenes, though they ought to be looked into more than they are, certainly are not pleasant to describe, and if they *were* described, perhaps the description would not be read. He came out after some time, staggering. He walked along *somehow*, until he reached the corner of the road. There he sat down for a time, then got up again and walked into the street.

Then he turned into the "Wise Acre" public-house. Those foul resorts met him at every few yards of every street now. How should he ever get home? Presently, as he tottered across the market square, a hand was laid on his shoulder. Hal turned round with a growl, thinking it was the "police;" but, no! it was only Job Wilks, who worked at the iron foundry close by.

"Come along, old chap," Wilks said; "never mind me. I am only Job. There, that's my arm, I'll steady you home a bit." And so he did. We shall hear more about Job; but at present we only know that in perfect silence he led the disabled foreman to his home, and, opening the door, said to the poor wfe, "Take it easy, missus. Don't let on to him, not just now. I'll call to-morrow. Put him to bed. They've reg'lar *done* him up there at the 'Ball and Anchor.'"

"Oh!"—it was only a groan—a sigh—of which millions are echoed every night in the British Islands. But what does it matter to *us?*

It mattered to Job. For he went straight home—straight to the sympathizing heart that shared with him every sorrow, and he said to her, "O wife! do you know the foreman up at the big works? He has gone and got hisself drunk to-night. Whatever will his poor gal do? Let's have our prayer a bit earlier to-night, for my heart aches for 'em, it do. He's been going on so nice and steady lately."

Down they knelt by the cosy fire, and in earnest broken words Job prayed:—"O God! our Father, we thank Thee for this day's good mercies, and we ask Thee to fill us more and more with the Spirit of our Heavenly Master. Make us like Jesus! O Lord! *do* make us like Him! He never did no wrong. He was *so* good; and we are *so* bad." Here poor Job quite broke down. . . . but presently he continued, "Do make me holy, and Anne too.

"And then, O Lord! there's poor old Hal. He's been up at the public again. Do make him a 'stainer. He ain't worth nothing 'thout it; and we do *want* him to be good. We want him to be a follower of Jesus, and we want Thee to bless his poor missus, too; for it do look bad for 'em to-night." He sobbed on his earnest prayer till his wife interrupted him by saying, "Now let's give thanks, Job; for I know it'll be all right. *He's heard us;* and it says, 'We know that He heareth us;' and if we know that He heareth us, we know that we *have* the petitions we desired of Him. We'll sing a bit of praise. Shall we?"

"Do!" said Job, wiping his eyes, as he rose from his knees. "*You're* a rale 'un," which meant the highest praise that can pass from husband to wife. It meant, "*You are a treasure.*"

So, with quavering voice, Job's wife began to sing—

"I love thee, my Jesus,
I know Thou art mine;"

and with like encouraging words she proceeded until Job's voice had fully formed the needed bass, and the simple doxology was ended.

The next morning Hal was late at his work, and so were some others. They were cross, moreover, and totally disinclined for the usual oath and overbearing manner in which the builder was too fond of introducing himself among them. We need not enter into details, but the greeting was not pleasant. It was scarcely like the salutation of Boaz when he entered the harvest-field, "The Lord bless thee!" answered by the reapers' happy echo, "The Lord be with thee!" Work went on. A scene took place about Dan's employment, which ended in his services being secured by "the master," in spite of all the threats of yesterday, simply because "good men are scarce," and Dan was too valuable in his capacity as mason to be dispensed with just yet.

But as the men came home from work that night Hal and Curly—whose friendship seemed as close if not as well founded as that of David and Jonathan—were walking on in front of the rest of the gang, when a voice called "Henry King!" and close beside the men rode the builder's son. Throwing he reins over his horse's neck he alighted beside them. "You have given me a long chase," he said; "I wanted to catch you up. How are *you*, King? and how's William?" looking hard at Curly as he spoke.

"All right, I thank ye, sir," replied the individual in question.

Albert Eldridge, the builder's son, was neither unlike his father in feature nor in ability, but in moral character and in Scriptural principle he was his opposite. The responsibilities which the older man so lightly threw from him, were taken up by the younger on his very heart; and from the very fact of their utter rejection in the one quarter, they became a double burden in the other. So much was this the case, that Albert, who had learned his way by the shortest road to the Great Mercy Seat, found his only relief in casting his responsibilities upon his God! There he laid the burden of each day; and, thus strengthened and refreshed, he was able to go forth to his varied duties, and, as he went, to lighten the burdens of others.

He was only a young man, and he had not long learned this secret, but he was an apt scholar, and to-day a new page of life's book had opened up before him. As he walked beside those men, leading his horse, he had set himself to master the task.

While his father was haranguing this group in his rough way the evening before, Albert *felt* that mischief was being done. He had known it often before, but had striven to deafen his ears. This morning, however, he had been told by a clerk in the office, that "King and his mates was drunk last night." Something must be done; and he had ridden on to the ground with a determination that this should not happen again to-night, if *he* could help it.

"Are we going to have much of this fog, do you think, King?"

"Don't know, sir. Never can't tell much about the weather in these 'ere parts. I was brought up near Crawley way; and we didn't have them fogs and rains and that kind o' thing down there."

"They say it's going to be a bad winter," chimed in Curly.

"So they say," replied Albert. "And if they're right, what then? or wrong either? What's your advice, Mr. King?"

"'Vice?" repeated Hal. "I'm sure, I donno. I ain't got much of *that* 'ere article to throw away. I wants it mostly for myself, I think;" and he chuckled, emptying his pipe, and looking sideways with a knowing but rather sheepish smile at Curly.

"Do you?" said Mr. Albert. "Then you and I are in the same box. For so do I."

"Ha! *that* there place ain't good for nobody and a bad winter coming," said Hal, as they passed at this moment the swinging signboard that had done all the mischief the night before, and which brought with its view anything but pleasant recollections.

"You are right," said Albert decidedly, but with that hopeful smile on his face that told of a heart at peace with God and full of love to man; that told, too, of an expectation of victory because of that steady inner consciousness, through faith (notwithstanding his inexperience), that the Almighty Friend was on his side, because he was striving for the right. Such a smile does wonders, and it was going to serve Albert in good stead while carrying out, by God's grace, his self-chosen work, or rather, let us say, the work to which God had called him.

"Couldn't we all agree to *give up* going in to them altogether!" he continued brightly, as if he saw a new prospect before them.

That little "*we*" did wonders! It associated him with Hal, placing the trio on the same level. A *reproof* Hal would not have brooked. He was not in a humor for "a talking to," as he would have said, and especially from the son of his master. Anything approaching to this would have brought a parting touching of his hat, and a quickened footstep, and Albert would have lost his man. But by the tact of love and interest, the opprobrious was avoided, and for the moment, at any rate, Hal was won.

After a moment's pause, Hal replied, "But, what's a feller to do? He don't want to go in 'em"—and then, recollecting to whom he was talking, he "shut up," as he would have expressed it, "tight enough," replaced his pipe in his mouth, stuffed his hands into his pockets, and looked at the weather!"

(*To be continued.*)

PREACHING THE KINGDOM.

S. S. Lesson for March 27th, Luke 9: 1-6. Golden Text, Luke 9: 2. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

EVERY Christian ought to be a missionary. "Let him that heareth say, Come" (Rev. 22: 17). Still the call to the ministry, either as missionaries, evangelists, or pastors, is a special one. It was God Himself who called Jeremiah and ordained him "a prophet unto the nations," and who said unto him, "Behold, I have put my words in thy mouth" (Jer. 1: 6-9). Amos said to Amaziah, the time-serving priest of Bethel, "I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son: but I was an herdman, and a gatherer of sycamore fruit: and the Lord took me as I followed the flock, and the Lord said unto me, Go prophesy unto my people, Israel" (Am. 7: 14, 15). When God has called a man to the ministry, and he has solemnly answered to the call, neither outward discouragements nor his own sense of unfitness need have power to make him turn back.

The Lord Jesus chose His twelve disciples for two purposes, that they should "be with Him, and that He might send them forth to preach" Mark 3: 14): "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder." The Roman Catholic Church has put asunder those two parts of the apostolic vocations, she looks upon a life of prayer and seclusion as one special vocation, and a life of activity in service as another, while God has made the one a necessity for the other. The ideal of a monastery is beautiful, it is that of living sacrifice; but because there is no natural outlet for the spiritual forces which should there be gathered in seclusion, the very self which is supposed to be crucified, reigns in the strongest measure, and even with those who live such a life from the purest motives, personal advancement in holiness is the one idea, and self, not Christ, is the centre. On the other hand, the ideal of a true evangelist is lovely, one who is consumed by zeal for the cause of God and for the salvation of souls, whose earnestness causes him to work without interruption. But after a time, for the want of a more close life with God, either his work suffers and becomes shallow, or the Lord is obliged to take away his physical strength lest in his activity his own soul should suffer. A true minister, a true Christian worker, needs much stillness, that his words may be with power; and God's remembrances need active work that the spiritual power which is engendered by close communion with God should be put to its true use, that God and His kingdom, not themselves and their state may become their life's centre.

Jesus "called His twelve disciples together, and gave them power and authority over all devils, and to cure diseases." There are some who stand strongly upon apostolic succession; let us come to facts. Do these men evidence a power over all devils, and do they cure diseases? if not, what proof have they that apostolic succession is theirs? "The tree is known by its fruit." Paul said, "Truly, the signs of an apostle were wrought among you in all patience, in signs, and wonders, and mighty deeds" (2 Cor. 12: 12). We look for this patience, for signs, and wonders, and mighty deeds, and when we see them not can we recognize the signs of an apostle, for the Bible speaks of none other? Notice here, the Lord gave both power and authority to His apostles, they had both the right and the might to cast out devils, would that this power were manifest among us now! God has not withdrawn it, "the gifts and calling of God are without repentance" (Rom. 11: 29); the Church of Christ possesses still in her living Head, all the power which He has bestowed upon her, but her members are paralyzed and dead. Oh, for the living breath of the Holy Ghost to circulate the life-blood in Christ's body, that she may again become a power for Him in the world!

Jesus sent His disciples then "to preach the kingdom of God and to heal the sick;" He has sent His disciples now to do the same, and His command has never been recalled, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." The substance of this command was spoken, not to the twelve apostles alone, but also to the little church of a hundred and twenty souls which waited for the Holy Ghost (Comp. Luke 24: 33, 46-48 with Mark 16: 15-18; Acts 1: 13-15). And it is most striking how, in the Gospel of St. Mark, and after the resurrection, the Lord continues, "And these signs shall follow them that believe. In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

The casting out of devils and the healing of the sick were made parts of one ministry by our blessed Lord, and it is only the unbelief of His Church which has caused them to be separated. He who bore our sins, took also our infirmities and bore our sicknesses (Mat. 8: 17), and wherever a man of God has the faith to bring the sick in contact with their Lord, and wherever the sick turn from all other help to His immediate healing, there the Lord proves that He is unchanged, and that He has not recalled either the power or the authority to cast out devils and to cure diseases. We hear of blessed healing work by simple faith in Christ, in Sweden, France, Germany, and Switzerland; in China, Bulgaria, and Australia as well as in England and America. The preaching of the kingdom and the power of the kingdom ought to go together, and it is the experience of many, if not all of those who have been healed by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, that with the conscious contact with God which brought about the physical healing, an intense sense of nearness to Him and of belonging to Him has followed, leading the healed one to a life of consecration and devotion which the sickness had never produced.

The Lord Jesus laid before His apostles a life of absolute dependence upon Him for all their needs. He would have them a standing proof in their own lives of the real intervention of God in all the details of life. "Take nothing for your journey," He said, neither staves nor scrip, neither bread, neither money; neither have two coats apiece." In the Gospel of St. Matthew He adds (10: 10) "for the workman is worthy of his meat." "But," some may say, "suppose difficulty should arise, that they should need to travel over a road so rough that the staves were a necessity; suppose they should not be well received in some place, and no one should give them bread, suppose some demand for money should be made upon them, and they had none, suppose their one coat should be torn?" Faith never supposes, but counts on God. They were to go forth counting on the resources of Him who brought 603,500 people (not counting the Levites) out of the land of Egypt, and "there was not one feeble [sick] person among their tribes" (Comp. Num. 2: 32, 33 with Ps. 105: 37). They were counting on the God who had fed His people with bread from Heaven, and who fed Elijah by the ravens. They went forth at the command of Him who, when the tribute money was demanded, sent Peter to cast a hook into the sea and to take the first fish that should come up, and He said unto him, "When thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money, that take, and give unto them for thee and me" (Matt. 17: 27); they were reckoning on the same God who reminded the children of Israel at the end of their journey, "Thy raiment waxed not old upon thee, neither did thy foot swell these forty years."

Later He said unto them, "When I sent you without purse, and scrip, and shoes, lacked ye anything? And they said, Nothing" (Luke 22: 35), and then it was that He reversed the command for the same disciples; they had already learned a lesson of absolute confidence in Him for every need, and if they had now a purse, scrip, or sword, they must take it. But we may conclude if they did not possess these things, they were not to forget that God was pledged to supply the needs of all who were sent of Him to do His service. God would not have his servants cumbered with care, anxiety, or fear about those things which are needful for the body, our Father which is in Heaven knoweth that we have need of all these things.

And He would have His apostles quiet, "Whatsoever house ye enter into, there abide, and thence depart." They were not to seek their own convenience and think, "If I go to such and such a house, I shall have more comfort and convenience than I have here," they were to have no will of their own, no choice, and to accept all the circumstances which surrounded them as coming from, and arranged by God. That house was to be their parish, their care for the time being, they must salute the house where they stayed (Matt. 10: 12), and a salutation in the name of Jesus must be in the power of that holy name, and must bring the whole house under His influence.

But however great and real may be the power of men who are sent of God, He does not compel an involuntary submission to Him, the will of man must be exercised to receive or to reject Him. Thus the Lord says, "And whosoever will not receive you, when ye go out of that city, shake off the very dust from your feet, for a testimony against them." The authority to do this can only exist with those who can prove by patience, signs, wonders, and mighty deeds that they are sent of God, those who cannnot call upon God to bear witness by incontrovertible proofs that they are sent of Him, can have no right to shake off the dust of their feet against those who reject them. God sends the living faith, the power, the holiness of the first apostles upon our evangelists, ministers, and missionaries, and men must be aroused to take their part unmistakably for God or against Him. "And they departed, and went through the towns, preaching the gospel and healing everywhere." So let it be, O Lord, among us "Grant unto thy servants, that with all boldness they may speak thy Word, by stretching forth thy hand to heal, and that signs and wonders may be done by the name of thy holy child Jesus" (Acts 4: 30).

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Czar of Russia was Assassinated on Sunday, March 13th. While returning from a parade about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, in company with his brother, the Grand Duke Michael, a bomb was thrown under his carriage, but its explosion did no further damage than to shatter the back of the vehicle. The Emperor and the Grand Duke immediately alighted, when another bomb was thrown, which exploded at the Emperor's feet, mutilating his legs below the knees in a terrible manner and inflicting other serious injuries. The wounded monarch was conveyed to the Winter Palace, where, in the course of an hour and a half, he expired, surrounded by the members of the Imperial family.

Intense excitement prevailed in St. Petersburg, and a general rising of Nihilists was expected. Prompt measures were taken to repress an insurrection, and vigilant watch was kept for the appearance of fires. The Nihilists, however, were apparently satisfied with the success that had attended this, which is the sixth attempt on the life of the Czar, and no outbreak occurred. The men who threw the bombs were arrested, and did not attempt to deny their act. The bombs used were made of thick glass and filled with nitro-glycerine; they are known as Orsini bombs, and were similar to that used by Orsini when he attempted to assassinate Napoleon III. in 1858.

This diabolical crime will have an important effect in Europe. The government of Russia being despotic, the character of the sovereign has a more potent influence there than in other countries, and it is expected that both the foreign and domestic policy of the empire will undergo a transformation in the hands of the new Czar.

The Arrests in Ireland Under the Coercion Act are not so numerous as was anticipated, and none of the prominent leaders of the Land League have as yet been committed to prison. Those who have been seized have also been treated with kindness and consideration; they are placed on the same terms as imprisoned debtors, and are allowed to communicate with their friends and to purchase any luxuries they may desire. Michael P. Boyton, one of the men arrested, claims that he is a naturalized citizen of the United States, and has written to Mr. Lowell, the American minister, claiming the protection of the United States Government. Mr. Lowell is inquiring into the case, and it is probable that Boyton will be released on condition that he leaves the country and does not return to it without the permission of the British Government.

A Clergyman Boycotted.—Canon Fleming, an eminent minister of the Church of England, who was recently fired at, has been "boycotted" on account of sectarian animosity. He has endured the infliction for a long time, and on Friday last a relief party, consisting of seventeen laborers engaged by the Emergency Committee, set out from Broadstone to his assistance. The laborers are armed with rifles and revolvers, which they are allowed to carry by a special Government license. Canon Fleming was one of the original missionaries of the Irish Church Mission Society, and his reports on the progress of Protestantism among the Catholics of that part of Connaught have often been attacked in the Dublin and London press by Archbishop McHale and others. The correspondent of the New York *World* telegraphs that since the League agitation set in he has written somewhat violent appeals to the Government and to the Orangemen of the north, calling upon the latter to "maintain Protestant principles."

An Armistice has been Arranged Between Great Britain and the Boers which may lead to the proclamation of peace. Many English journals protest against treating with a victorious enemy, and believe that the loss of prestige will seriously injure British supremacy in Africa. The Liberal journals, on the other hand, contend that the annexation of the Transvaal was wrong, and that England is morally bound to concede the demands of the Boers. At the interview between the British and Boer commanders when the terms of the armistice were settled, M. Joubert said that the Boers are ready at any time to return to their homes provided their leaders are granted a full amnesty, and that the complete independence of the Transvaal for all time is guaranteed by the British Government.

The British proposals are said to be that the country shall be governed under a constitution similar to the confederation under which Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick were merged into the Dominion. Each state to elect its own legislature and to return a certain number of members to a Federal Parliament, which shall have supreme power, subject to the Colonial Office. The Governor of the colony to be appointed by the Imperial Government, the Federal House to have control of the defences of the colony and of the enactment and administration of the criminal law. It is feared that the Boers, intoxicated by their late victory, will reject the British terms, and insisting on their own, cause a renewal of the conflict.

A Ministerial Crisis has Arisen in Portugal out of the British war with the Boers. The Portuguese Government negotiated a treaty with Great Britain, granting that country jurisdictional and tariff rights in the colonies of Portugal on the east coast of Africa, besides the right of passage for troops and railway material free of duties for ten years. This concession would enable the British to penetrate to the heart of the Transvaal by a much shorter distance than they now have to traverse, and facilitate the operations in the present war. The ministry have rendered themselves unpopular by the imposition of a heavy income tax, and the people who sympathize with the Boers are exasperated by the treaty with England. When the subject was under consideration, on Friday, March 11th, there was a formidable manifestation in the streets of Lisbon and in the lobbies. In the courts of the Chamber of Deputies troops had to charge the mob, which uttered republican cries and protested against the treaty and the Cabinet. The ministers' carriages were hooted. Similar manifestations and monster meetings have been held in Oporto, Faro, Coimbra, and other towns, to protest against the income tax and British influence.

The Rupture Between Spain and the Pope of Rome continues to increase. The Papal minister at the Spanish court protested in the name of his master against the appointment of anti-Catholic and republican professors to schools and universities, and the proposed extension of *tolerance to Protestants*. The Cabinet has informed the Nuncio that while desiring the friendship of the Pope it is determined to maintain its sovereign right to "decree reforms." This is a very significant piece of intelligence, for Spain has long been the abject slave of the Papacy, and has in consequence sunk in the scale of nations.

In Spite of the Peace Negotiations in Progress at Constantinople, both Turkey and Greece are actively preparing for war. The Porte is preparing *four squadrons* of war vessels, one of which, in the event of war, will blockade the Greek ports, and the others will protect the Turkish ports. A cartridge manufactory has been opened, provided with American machinery capable of turning out 50,000 cartridges daily. A dispatch from Bucharest to the London *Times* says: "The Roumanians are evidently convinced that war is imminent, and quiet military preparations are the order of the day. The Turkish delegates and the Foreign ambassadors have held their second meeting on the Greek question. They had under consideration the frontier line proposed by the Berlin Conference, the line claimed by Greece and the Ottoman proposals of October last."

An International Monetary Conference is to be held in Paris next month. Germany, Spain, Great Britain, and other European nations have accepted the invitation. Two propositions among others are to be submitted to the convention; one of them is that in all nations there shall be unlimited coinage at the rate of fifteen and a half of silver to one of gold; the other, that silver coin shall be made legal tender. Francs would not be legal tender in the United States, nor our dollars legal tender in France, but American dollars might be taken to the French mint and coined into francs, or francs sent to the American mint and coined into dollars. So with the coins of all other agreeing nations. Ex-Secretary Evarts and ex-Senator Thurman and Howe have been appointed by the President to represent the United States. The principal difficulty to be surmounted is that the value of silver fluctuates, and the relation of fifteen and a half to one of gold is liable to be changed at any moment, and the coins would not then be of their face value.

An Outbreak of the Plague in Mesopotamia is reported. There have been eighteen deaths at Nefer and thirty at Cuaaro. The most energetic measures have been taken to prevent the spread of the disease. It is also officially announced in Rome, Italy, that a disease supposed to be the plague has appeared in the province of Bagdad, and in consequence vessels from Turkish and Egyptian ports would be examined before being allowed to disembark passengers or cargo in Italian ports. Thirty-five persons have died of the plague in Kerbela, Nedjeff, and Djagra, in the province of Bagdad.

Mr. Bradlaugh, the Infidel Member of the British Parliament, has made himself liable, according to the decision of a justice of the Queen's Bench, to a fine of $250,000. Under an existing statute, any person sitting and voting in the House of Commons without taking the oath is liable to a penalty of $2500 for each offence. It will be remembered that Mr. Bradlaugh was permitted to sit without taking the oath, under a law which allowed the substitution of an affirmation for the oath. An information against Mr. Bradlaugh was laid by a gentleman named Clarke, and the decision of the court was announced last week. The judge said that the act under which Mr. Bradlaugh took his seat applies only to courts of justice, and not to the House of Commons. Mr. Bradlaugh having sat fully a hundred times is therefore liable to pay a fine of $250,000. He has appealed to a higher court, and in the mean time has been advised to absent himself from the House.

Mr. William Noble, the eminent Temperance advocate, whose work at the Hoxton Hall in London, in the blue ribbon movement, has been so specially blessed, has been suffering from inflammation of the lungs, and brain fever, resulting from overwork, which has greatly prostrated him. He was thought to be dying, but felt great joy in the prospect of being with Christ. He is ordered to take a voyage to Cape Town, Africa, for his Health.

A Beautiful Girl, Known in Paris as "the Comet," on account of her wealth of long golden hair, died two weeks ago in a hospital, absolutely destitute. She was notorious in Parisian society when Napoleon III. was emperor, for her splendor and lavish extravagance. At that time she owned one of the finest mansions in the fashionable quarter, had twelve horses in her stable, and a heap of valuable diamonds in her dressing-case. Some years ago one of the French dukes made her an offer of marriage, which she declined. Since that time all her property has been squandered in dissipation, and when she was stricken with the disease which has terminated fatally, she had neither friend nor a coin to pay a physician. Those who are attracted by the glitter of a vicious life should study the end of one of its queens.

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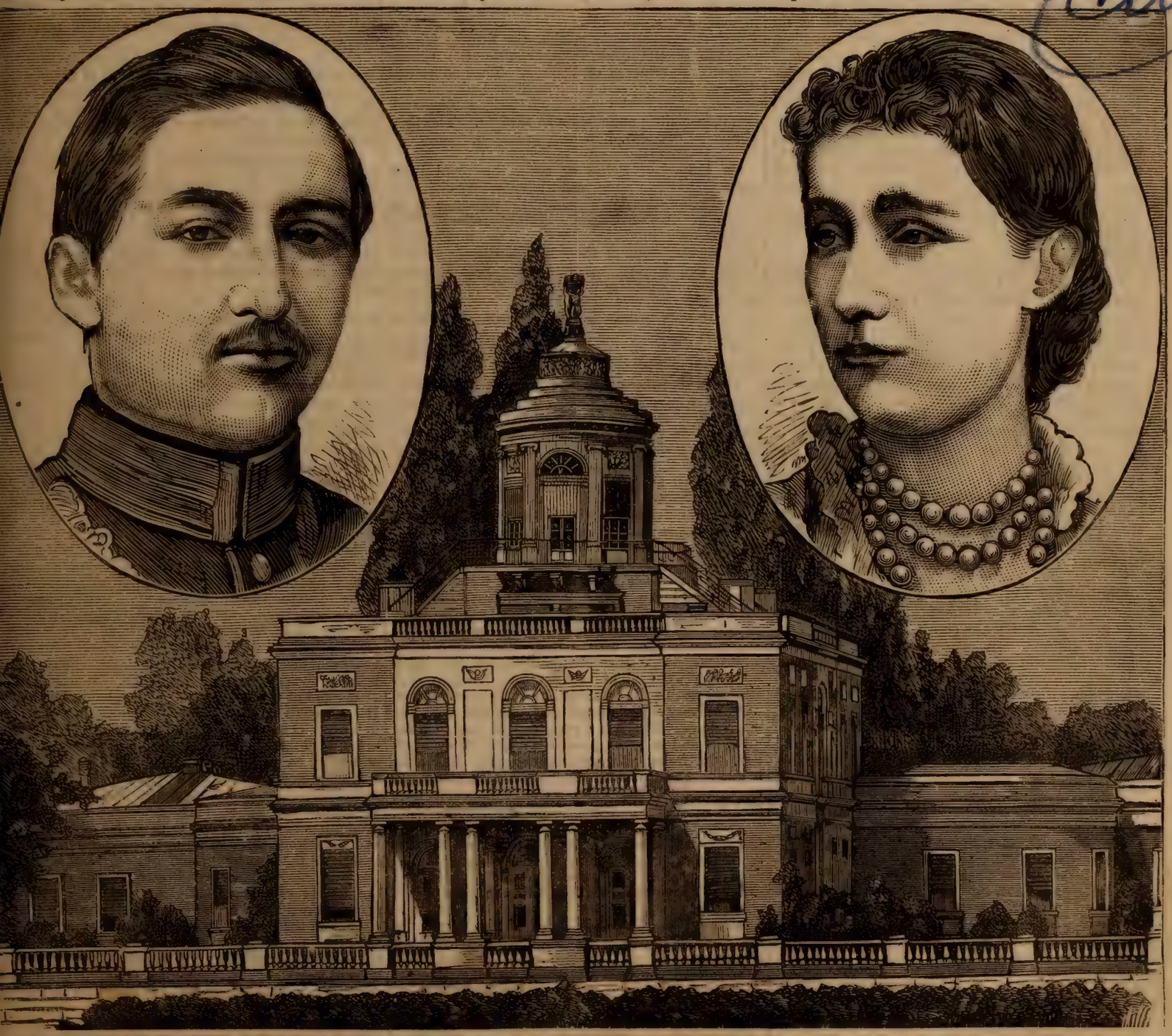

Prince FREDERICK WILLIAM and the Princess AUGUSTA VICTORIA.—The Marble Palace at Potsdam.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE AT BERLIN.

Royal Responsibility—The Royal Marriage of 1858—Prince Frederick William—Birth and Training—The Bride's Family—Berlin's Welcome—State Entry on Feb. 26th—The Wedding on Feb. 27th—Description of the Chapel—Festivities—Future Residence at Potsdam.

The tendency of the times toward Republicanism, and the growing development of the power of the people, even in European lands, have robbed the matrimonial alliances of royal houses of the absorbing interest they once possessed. Two centuries ago the whole policy and destiny of a nation might be changed by the marriage of a king or his heir; the grave question of peace or war was then involved in the choice of a bride; but in our day the personal influence of the monarch has become a matter of much smaller account, and the people have claimed, and in many cases have acquired, a controlling influence in national affairs.

There is still, however, a high degree of social interest evoked by a royal marriage, for the influence of royalty on the moral life of a nation is potent and it is always important that that influence should be exerted on the side of virtue and purity. The king who, like the despicable creature George IV. of England, makes vice fashionable in his realm, incurs a responsibility absolutely appalling, which, while it relieves none of his imitators of their individual guilt, adds a thousandfold to his own. It is, therefore, not a matter of indifference to a nation, even when its liberties are hedged about by constitutional defences, what is the personal character of its king. A corrupt king has usually a corrupt court, and a corrupt court has in it seeds after its kind, which it scatters broadcast over the nation. We cannot wonder, therefore, that German patriots feel an interest in the character of the young man who is heir to the throne of the Fatherland, and of the young lady who has become his bride.

It is now twenty-three years since the eldest

DAUGHTER OF QUEEN VICTORIA

was united in marriage with the present Crown Prince of Prussia. The occasion was one of general festivity. Rejoicing, genuine and spontaneous was caused throughout Great Britain by the auspicious event, and the enthusiastic loyalty of the English people to their Queen was manifested in every conceivable form. Not much was known of the young princess, then in her eighteenth year, whose marriage constituted the first separation in the royal circle; but it was known that all that careful and judicious training could do for the young princess and her brothers and sisters, had been done under the watchful eye of their father, and the tender, loving care of their devoted mother. It was with the hearty good wishes of the British people that the Princess Royal departed from British shores to her new home in Germany.

THE BRIDEGROOM.

On January 27th, 1859, was born to the young pair Prince Frederic William Victor Albert, the first grandson of the Queen of England and of the King of Prussia. In accordance with the traditional custom of the German court the young prince has received an eminently thorough and practical education. Not only has he passed with credit through the University of Bonn, where he acquired a knowledge of the higher branches of knowledge but he has been taught a mechanical trade in which he has displayed considerable skill. His conduct at the university was marked by the absence of that hauteur which often characterizes young men of distinguished parentage, and he won the esteem of his fellow-students by his genial good nature and of his professors by his application to study. When he left the university at the end of his curriculum, the Academic Rector, in the course of a farewell address, said of the royal student that he had shown all those good qualities by which his ancestors had become great. The students signified their appreciation of his character by proposing his health with the usual honors, to which the prince replied: "Gentlemen, I thank you first of all for the salamander you have so heartily drunk to the health of my grandfather, and then of me, and I cannot but express the deep pain I feel at the thought of having to leave your joyful ranks."

THE BRIDE.

When the young man's father, the present Crown Prince, was studying at the same university there was among his fellow-students a young man who has since died, who was heir to the Dukedom of Schleswig-Holstein, and an intimacy was formed between the young men which has now resulted in the union of their children. The duke's daughter, Princess Augusta Victoria, was well known in Berlin, and her union with the young heir to the throne has been greeted with popular approval. She was born on October 22d, 1858.

Fifteen years ago there seemed few events less probable than that the daughter of the Duke of Schleswig Holstein should enter the German royal family. Prussian troops had overrun the territories of the Duke and fierce war was being waged between Prussia and Denmark over these identical duchies. Finally they were absorbed into the German Empire and the duke took his place in the ranks of "sovereigns out of business." He died at Baden last year, but his wife still lives and has the gratification of seeing her daughter become by her marriage heiress to a far loftier throne than that of Schleswig-Holstein, and thus peacefully regain the inheritance of her ancestors lost in the fortune of war.

It is an interesting fact that the firmest friends in 1866 of the bride's father were the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia. They advocated the establishment of an independent Dukedom under the Augustenburgers, while Prince Bismarck insisted on their annexation to Prussia. The then Minister-President, however, prevailed.

STATE ENTRY INTO BERLIN.

On Saturday, February 26th, the royal bride entered Berlin in state, and the necessary civil contract was on that day signed in the presence of the Registrar of the House of Hohenzollern. The capital was in gala dress. The magnificent thoroughfare—one of the finest in Europe—called Unter den Linden was quite gay with Venetian masts and *triumphal arches*, and despite the season of the year was made brilliant with innumerable garlands of flowers. Flags floated from every window, and the main streets for miles were enlivened by artistic designs of gas-jets, which at night were lighted with splendid effect.

The bride was met at the gate of the imperial city by a guard of honor, *commanded by the bridegroom* himself, and the demonstrations of welcome were most affecting. The Princess rode in an old gilded coach only used on occasions of solemn state, and entering by the Brandenburg Gate passed along the Unter den Linden to the Grand Schloss, where she was received in a most affectionate manner by the Empress. The troops and uniforms added greatly to the general effect along the whole line of route.

THE WEDDING.

On Sunday, February 27th, the wedding was solemnized in the chapel of the Schloss. The old Protestant churches of Berlin are architecturally peculiar. They are simply round, or with four walls, roofed over with a large dome—the dome apparently being the principal part of the structure. The chapel of the Schloss, although constructed within the building, is simply an octagonal wall, of very large dimensions, covered with the usual dome. There is a great deal of marble in the interior, and on it are painted pictures of evangelists, patriarchs, prophets, and saints. The altar is on the eastern side, and is made of alabaster. On it is a gold cross, with a candle on each side, and in front of it a Bible. This is surmounted by a canopy of Greek architecture, supported by Corinthian columns. The whole is surrounded with a marble enclosure, with reading-desks at each corner for the Gospel and the Epistle, and three marble steps lead down to the floor of the chapel.

Before these steps, in front of the altar, the bride and bridegroom stood during the marriage ceremony. In a large semicircle behind them were ranged the whole of the imperial and royal personages, including the Emperor and Empress of Germany, the King and Queen of Saxony, the mother of the bride, the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Prince and Princess Christian, and others—comprising in all about sixty personages. There were *sixteen bridesmaids*, dressed in white cashmere costumes, the back of the skirt being richly draped, and having a long round train with a white satin *ruche*. Behind this circle of royal rank were all the high civil and military dignitaries of the empire, including Prince Bismarck, Field-Marshal Moltke, etc. On one side were the members of the Diplomatic Corps, and the rest of the chapel was filled up with persons of rank and officials of State. The officiating clergyman was Hofprediger Kœgel, and the ceremony took place in the evening about half-past six o'clock.

The imperial and royal personages then adjourned to the White Saloon, which is close at hand, and when they were seated, the remainder of the wedding spectators passed through, and made their obeisances to the newly-married couple. This piece of etiquette discharged, a grand banquet was given in the Rittersaal of the Schloss, at which none but members of imperial and royal families sat down, and were served according to ancient custom by the young princes. The bride and bridegroom were placed between the emperor and empress during the dinner. The hall was richly decorated, and was full of massive and costly plate.

A QUAINT CEREMONY

was observed at a ball given in honor of the newly married couple. This was the famous *torch dance*, conducted according to rules which have been observed at German royal marriages from the most remote times.

The royal personages having disposed themselves on and around the throne, twelve Cabinet Ministers, carrying *lighted torches*, preceded by Gold and Silver Stick, stepped up to the bridal pair to the notes of a polonaise. Bowing deferentially, and being bowed to, they moved on with the bride and bridegroom behind them. Thus they walked round the hall solemnly and silently, with stately gait.

On their return to the throne the bride, approaching the emperor, bowed to him deeply, by way of invitation to dance, and again the procession made the circuit of the hall, this time accompanied by his majesty. Next the bridegroom made the tour of the hall with the Queen of Saxony, and the bride with the King of Saxony. In the remaining stages of the elaborate dance the princess performs each of her many circuits between two of the princes present, the young husband following her with two of the princesses. All the while the Silver Sticks and Cabinet Ministers march in front torch in hand, while the polonaise resounds from the orchestral gallery.

THE ROYAL HOME AT POTSDAM.

After two days of fêtes in Berlin the newly married pair made a grand entry into Potsdam accompanied by the Emperor, the Crown Prince and Princess and all the royal personages. A suite of apartments have been prepared in the Schloss at Potsdam for Prince William and his bride. They will occupy these till the Marble Palace, which is also at Potsdam, has been thoroughly repaired, when it will become their permanent residence. It was built at the end of the last century by Frederick William II., King of Prussia. It is a small but pretty building, constructed of white marble and red brick, decorated with sculptures and works of art around it, as well as within.

It is interesting to learn that the marriage is not one of those to which in past days royal heirs were forced to enter for reasons of state. The bridegroom has been permitted to make his own choice, and if the good word of all men and women is any criterion, the young prince has chosen wisely. They are said to have been drawn to each other by the bonds of mutual affection, and the young prince wooed and won his bride in the fashion that obtains in the lives of less-distinguished mortals.

They will occupy a position in which, though spared from the troubles and anxieties that mar the lives of many couples, they must endure trials incidental to their station in life. Brilliant as is their lot, it cannot be free from the ills of our common humanity, and when they come to the final close of their career, if they pass from an earthly to a

shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him; and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him. Even so, Amen."* "And His feet shall stand in that day upon *the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east;* and the Mount of Olives shall cleave in the midst thereof toward the east and toward the west, and there shall be a very great valley; and half of the mountain shall remove toward the north and half of it toward the south."†

The Son of man now comes as the Stone which Daniel saw in vision, cut out without hands, and falls upon the image, which represents civil governments, and breaks it to pieces, so that it becomes like the chaff of the summer threshing floor; and the stone that smites the image becomes a great mountain and fills the whole earth."‡ This is the end of all that which is called civil government on the earth, governments which so many Christians are trying to build up and make better—the Lord *utterly destroys them.* "And the Lord shall be King over all the earth; in that day shall there be one Lord, and His name one."§

This is

THE GREAT CATASTROPHE,

the end of man's daring machinations when he madly raises his puny hand against God. "And I saw the beast and the kings of the earth, and their armies gathered together to make war against Him that sat on the horse and against His army."‖

Man dares to defy God now; but how fearful the arrogance to which his pride will reach, when he goes forth to make war against Him that sitteth on the horse!" Yet "these are the true sayings of God" (ver. 9). This is what men *surely will do.* But how speedy and terrible will be the end! The armies of the beast are slain and given to the fowls of heaven. The slaughter is to be so great that it will take *seven months to bury the dead* and cleanse the land.¶

"And this shall be the plague wherewith the Lord will smite all the people that have fought against Jerusalem; their flesh shall consume away while they stand upon their feet, and their eyes shall consume away in their holes, and their tongues shall consume away in their mouth. And it shall come to pass in that day that a great tumult from the Lord shall be among them; and they shall lay hold every one on the hand of his neighbor, and his hand shall rise up against the hand of his neighbor."** "The great winepress of the wrath of God was trodden without the city, and blood came out of the winepress, even unto the horse bridles, by the space of a thousand and six hundred furlongs."††

But *a more awful fate* awaits the beast and the false prophet. "And the beast was taken and with him the false prophet that wrought miracles before him: with which he deceived them that had received the mark of the beast, and them that worshipped his image. These both were cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone."‡‡

Enoch and Elijah were taken to heaven alive; and these two men will be "cast alive in a lake of fire, burning with brimstone." A thousand years are to pass before the wicked dead are to be judged, and a thousand years before Satan is finally punished; thus the leaders of man's guilt and blasphemy are to be cast alive into the lake of fire. "And I saw an angel come down from heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand. And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the devil and Satan, and bound him a thousand years, and cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more *till the thousand years shall be fulfilled;* and after that he must be loosed a little season."§§

Satan is "the god of this world," "the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience." He has infused his poisonous corruptions into Christianity, and will at last bring in that iniquity and blasphemy which occasion so dreadful a doom on the beast, false prophet, and all who love not the Lord Jesus Christ. At the establishment of Christ's reign on the earth he is bound and allowed to deceive the nations no more during the thousand years. The enemies of God being all overcome, Christ will establish His kingdom, and He, with His saints, will reign over the earth.

Then all those *promises* recorded in Isaiah and elsewhere will be fulfilled. It is to be

A REIGN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Peace on earth will be again established. "After those days, saith the Lord, I will put My law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and will be their God, and they shall be My people. And they shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for they shall all know Me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord: for I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more."*

Believers are said to be "heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ." When Christ reigns, therefore, He will not be alone, but in company with His fellow-heirs. This is *the feature of the reign* brought before us: "And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them . . . and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years. But *the rest of the dead* lived not again until the thousand years were finished. This is the first resurrection. Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection; on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with Him a thousand years." †

The ferocity of the wild beasts will be restrained and man's supremacy established. Hence "the wolf also shall dwell with the lamb and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den."‡

The *sterility of the soil* shall be removed. "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."§ So too, "the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." "Then shall the earth yield her increase, and God, even our own God, shall bless us."‖ "This land that was desolate is become like the garden of Eden."¶ And Amos speaks of the days when "the ploughman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed; and the mountains shall drop sweet wine, and all the hills shall melt."** Joel also prophecies of the days when God "will cause to come down for you the rain, the former rain and the latter rain etc."††

Again, *longevity* will be restored; and death, save as the punishment of sin, seems to be abolished, and the age of man prolonged to the full period of Christ's reign. "I will rejoice in Jerusalem, and joy in My people: and the voice of weeping shall be no more heard in her, nor the voice of crying. There shall be no more thence an infant of days, nor an old man that hath not filled his days: for the child shall die an hundred years old; but the sinner being an hundred years old shall be accursed."‡‡ Now that the Lamb of God has borne the sin of the world, God can *remove the curse,* and reconcile the disordered creation to Himself. This He does however only partially in the kingdom of glory and blessedness of his anointed Son.

And the Lord Jesus Christ "shall set up an ensign for the nations, and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel, and gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth."§§ "And they shall bring all your brethren—the Jews —for an offering unto the Lord out of all nations upon horses, and in chariots, and in litters, and upon mules, and upon swift beasts, to My holy mountain Jerusalem, saith the Lord."*

"And it shall come to pass, that every one that is left of all the nations which come against Jerusalem, shall even go up from year to year to worship the king, the Lord of hosts, and to keep the Feast of Tabernacles. And it shall be, that whoso will not come up of all the families of the earth unto Jerusalem to worship the King, the Lord of hosts, even upon them shall be no rain. And if the family of Egypt go not up, and come not, that have no rain; there shall be the plague, wherewith the Lord will smite the heathen that come not up to keep the Feast of Tabernacles. This shall be the punishment of Egypt, and the punishment of all nations that come not up to keep the Feast of Tabernacles. In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses 'Holiness unto the Lord.'"†

This reign of righteousness is to last one thousand years; and still there will be much *feigned obedience.*‡ "When the thousand years are expired, Satan shall be loosed out of his prison and shall go out to deceive the nations which are in the four quarters of the earth, Gog and Magog, to gather them together to battle; the number of whom is as the sands of the sea. And they went up on the breadth of the earth, and compassed the camp of the saints about, and the beloved city; and fire came down from God out of heaven and devoured them. And the devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever."§ So many being deceived by Satan shows that unless a man is born of God *he is not safe.*

After this a great white throne appears (Rev. 20 : 11), and

THE SECOND RESURRECTION,

that of the wicked, takes place, and they stand before God to be judged. "And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire."‖ Following this, there are to be "a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea."¶ "We, *according to His promise,* look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."**

Such, as we have traced out in the Word of the living God, are the prospects and events of the world. *All these changes* and dreadful judgments are before the world. Amid all the talk of modern progress and civilization, all the straining after improvements and education, all the efforts to Christianize the world, all the boast of the bright future in store for the nations of the earth, have unbelievers grasped the truth that God's judgments *are even now hovering* over the whole scene? Are they conscious that "the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ."†† In the intoxication of this world's banquet do they discern the fingers of the hand tracing on the wall the fateful words, "in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh?"‡‡

Soon, we know not how soon, the trumpet will sound, the shout will be heard by all true believers, and they shall be caught up together in the air and be "for ever with the Lord." The world, bereft of believers, will be nothing save a mere profession, given up to "strong delusion, that they should believe a lie;"§§ and to be destroyed "with the brightness of His coming." The coming of Christ to the child of God is his present hope. He longs to go and to be with Him who loves him and died for him and has washed him in His own blood. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come." And the Lord says, "Surely, I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

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* Rev. 1 : 7.
‡ Dan. 2 : 34—36.
‖ Rev. 19 : 19.
** Zech. 14 : 12, 13.
†† Rev. 19 : 20.
† Zech. 14 : 4.
§ Zech. 14 : 9.
¶ Ezek. 39 : 12.
†† Rev. 14 : 20.
§§ Rev. 20 : 1—3.

* Jer. 31 : 33, 34.
‡ Isa. 11 : 6—8.
‖ Psa. 67 : 6.
** Amos 9 : 13.
†† Isa. 65 : 19, 20.
† Rev. 20 : 4—6.
§ Isa. 55 : 13.
¶ Ezek. 36 : 35.
†† Joel 2 : 23—26.
§§ Isa. 11 : 12.

* Isa. 66 : 20.
† Zech. 14 : 16—20.
‡ Notice that during this thousand years Christ and the Church are to reign *over* the earth not *on* it.
§ Rev. 20 : 7—10.
‖ Rev. 20 : 15.
¶ Rev. 21 : 12.
** Pet. 3 : 13.
†† 2 Thess. 1 : 7, 8.
‡‡ Matt. 24 : 44.
§§ 2 Thess. 2 : 11.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Attempt to Effect a Compromise in the organization of the Senate committees, mentioned last week, proved abortive. Rumors were current early in the week that Senator Mahone, of Virginia, whose vote was the only one about which there was any doubt, would act with the Republicans; and when Senator Hill, of Georgia, boldly challenged the Republican party on the question of numbers, Senator Mahone stepped down to the area in front of the Vice-President's desk, and, amid breathless silence, broken at last by cheers from the floor and galleries, defined his position. Mr. Mahone described himself as "a readjuster," and said he owed nothing to the Democratic party. "I came here," he said, "without being required to state to my people what I am. They were all willing to trust me. I was elected by the people, not by the Legislature; for it was an issue in the canvass, and no man was elected to the Legislature by the party with which I am identified who was not instructed to vote for me for the Senate." The vote of the Virginia senator tied the Senate, and the casting vote of the Vice-President carried through the Republican committee list. The Senate has thus again passed into the hands of the Republicans, so far as the composition of its committees, the most important feature of its organization, is concerned. This result was not reached by means of a solid phalanx of Republican votes, but, in view of Senator Mahone's action, it is thought improbable that an effort to disturb the arrangement will be made.

The Washington Government, in Conjunction with the governments of several European nations, will, during the coming season, engage actively in Arctic exploration. Two expeditions are to be fitted out and sent north under the direction of General Hazen, the chief signal officer, for purely scientific purposes; the one to Lady Franklin Bay is to be under the command of Lieutenant Greeley, one of the most trusted officers of the Signal Corps; the other will sail from San Francisco, and will establish itself at Point Burrow, on the north coast of Alaska.

Lieutenant Greeley's expedition will consist of three officers of the army and twenty-one enlisted men. It will be assembled at Washington, not later than the 15th of May, and in St. John's, Newfoundland, about one month later. It is expected that the expedition will leave St. John's about the 1st of July, and, touching at Disco, will take on board Dr. Pavey, the naturalist of the expedition, who has been in Greenland during the last winter collecting dogs, sledges, and other material for the expedition. The vessel is expected to reach Lady Franklin Bay by the last of August, when, disembarking the party, it will return to the United States.

In addition to the scientific observations to be made by the permanent party, the northern coast of Greenland probably will be explored; and it is believed that the question as to whether Greenland is an island or a continent can be settled, and also whether land exists to the northward of Cape Britannia, the farthest point seen by the English expedition of 1865. The station is to be visited annually by vessels which will bring fresh supplies and a number of new recruits, in order that those unfitted for the work by reason of disease or otherwise may return to the United States. The steam whaler *Mary and Helen* has also been purchased by the government for $100,000, and will be refitted immediately, laden with supplies, and sent out to search for the missing Jeannette.

The Question of an Extra Session of Congress is anxiously debated. Mr. Blaine is said to be decidedly in favor of a spring session, and other members of the Cabinet are on the same side. Should it be summoned, it will probably be for about the middle of May, and its special business will be to pass a refunding bill. The opinion is now generally expressed in political circles that Mr. Hayes took an unwise course in vetoing the bill passed by the last Congress. The reasons alleged for this opinion are that, as the bill was passed by a democratic Congress, there would have been no harm in allowing it to be submitted to a practical test; its failure would not have injured the Republican party, who were notoriously opposed to some of its provisions, and if it succeeded, the country would have been satisfied. Its veto by a Republican President lays the party open to the charge that it forced the country to pay a higher rate of interest than was necessary. That charge may be baseless, and many of the best financiers of both parties believe that it is, and that the loan could not have been negotiated at par at the three per cent rate, but in the heat of a contested election such a charge, true or untrue would have a damaging effect on party interests.

A Meeting of Socialists was Held at Steuben Hall, New York, on Tuesday, March 15th, to consider the news received of the assassination of the Emperor of Russia. If any proof were needed of the assertion that the principles of Socialists are in harmony with those of the Nihilists, and that a spirit of lawlessness characterizes both, that proof would be furnished by the following, among other resolutions unanimously passed at the meeting:

"*Resolved*, That the following address be forwarded to our fellow workingmen in Russia, to *our best friends and most active partisans, the Nihilists:*

Fellow Workingmen of Russia:

"Brothers! your cause is that of tne oppressed against the oppressor. That cause is a holy cause; the cause not only of Russia, but of all countries. It is universal.

"Brothers! we approve your actions, *we approve your methods.* Between you and your oppressors there can be no truce. Kill, destroy, assassinate, annihilate, even to its very germ, your aristocracy."

There are no emperors or kings in the United States to fear the operations of these approvers of assassination, but as one of the city daily journals has pointed out, there are many millionaires here who have sufficient reason to dread the development of societies such as this. At present, while wages are high, the discontent is not dangerous; but if a season of depression came, and workingmen had nothing to do and nothing to eat, the presence in our midst of men holding these revolutionary doctrines would constitute an element of danger which might effect an overturn of society such as is predicted Jer. 25 : 32, 33.

A Meeting of the Citizens of New York, held in Cooper Union on March 18th, appointed an influential committee to consider the question of street cleaning. The subject has been forced on public attention by the unprecedented mortality of the past two months. New York, on account of its insular position, ought to be among the most healthy of the great cities of the world, yet its death-rate exceeds that of Paris, London, Vienna, or Berlin. Dr. Alfred L. Loomis attended the meeting as a delegate of the New York Academy of Medicine, and reported that the academy had passed the following resolution, and had instructed him to read it to the meeting at Cooper Union:

"*Whereas*, It is our opinion that the uncleanly condition of the streets of this city is an efficient factor in increasing the malignancy of many diseases, and thus contributes to the present alarming death-rate; therefore

"*Resolved*, That acting under a deep sense of our responsibility as members of a profession whose chief duty is to check the development of disease, we earnestly warn the public against the danger of allowing this state of things to continue."

To this solemn warning Dr. Loomis added, "We, as medical counsellors, have told you, over and over again, of these defects and the result they produce. Now we warn you again, publicly. If you allow the filth to remain in the present state, when next summer comes, *a pestilence will walk in the streets*, and a death-rate will follow that will arouse from their slumbers those who have slept over this matter of sanitary violations."

Several other physicians, clergymen, and citizens of eminence spoke on the subject, admitting that they had incurred a serious responsibility in keeping silence so long, while men, women, and children were dying around them from the effects of the poisonous gases exhaled from the heaps of filthy refuse in the streets. One of the most hopeful characteristics of the meeting was the unanimity prevailing as to the point at which the exertions of the committee in effecting a thorough cleansing of the city should commence. The speakers and the audience agreed that the first nuisance to be removed, that being the most dangerous, was the street-cleaning bureau itself, which has drawn the liberal appropriation New York annually makes to have its streets cleaned, but has demonstrated its incapacity, or worse, to perform the work.

The Proposed Exposition of Machinery at Atlanta in connection with the cotton industry has occasioned a spirited discussion in the Southern States. In the course of the inquiry, facts have been elicited which disprove the charge of want of enterprise so frequently brought against Southern men. Mr. Robert N. Gourdin, a prominent merchant of Charleston, S. C., furnishes the following facts, which also show the improved prospects of the Southern States: "It has been repeatedly said by Northern speakers that we do not encourage industry and improved methods of agriculture. It is a profound mistake. Before the war from 100 to 150 pounds of sea island cotton per acre were considered a good crop. At the close of the war and under radical rule the crops were very poor, because negro labor was inefficient; now, under a reform in government and improvements in agriculture *originating with ourselves*, we are raising from 250 to 300 pounds, and on some plantations 400 pounds, of sea island cotton per acre, and that on land which formerly produced only 150 pounds per acre as a large crop. We have introduced improved machinery, the negroes are prosperous and contented, and there is abundant evidence to show that we are not the idle, shiftless people which we have been written down to be by agitators of the North, and that we are not regardless of the interests and welfare of the freedmen."

A Serious Impediment to Mr. Moody's Work in San Francisco has been the infidelity and scepticism of the people. Large numbers there were who knew nothing of the Bible, but who, under the influence of the writings of Paine, Ingersoll, and others, had avowed themselves unbelievers. A San Francisco correspondent of the *Advance* says that some weeks ago Mr. Moody commenced a series of Bible readings. He did not attempt to meet any of the arguments of infidelity, but simply presented the Bible; what it claims for itself and the proof it gave of its authority: such as its harmony, *prophecies fulfilled*, &c. From this he went on opening the Bible, and day after day the people came, filling to overflow the largest churches. *The book-stores have sold more Bibles* than they have sold in years before. Many avowed infidels have been converted.

The American Missionary Association has received from Mr. Robert Arthington, of Leeds, England, a donation of fifteen thousand dollars, to be applied to a new mission to Central Africa. The English Church Missionary Society has received $25,000 from the same gentleman, also for missionary work in Africa.

An Important Evangelistic Movement is progressing in New York under the charge of Rev. F. Von Schlumenback, who is laboring successfully among German immigrants and residents, many of whom are infidels or sceptics. He belongs to a noble family and is a man of education. He came to this country from Germany about twenty years ago. He served in the war, where he won a reputation for courage, but he was a violent atheist and of dissipated habits. In Philadelphia *he was president of an infidel German society.* Some twelve years ago, going up to Mauch Chunk to spend the Sabbath with General Albright, under whom he served in the army, through the personal influence of the General's wife he was spiritually awakened and was subsequently converted. He has been earnest since his change of heart in conversing with his friends who knew him as an infidel, and has been so blessed of God that he has now devoted himself exclusively to the work.

The Words of a Prayer were sent by Telegram to Ocean Grove, N. J., on March 12th. Dr. Stokes, the pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church at that place, was absent at conference, and his pulpit was to be occupied on Sunday, the 13th, by Dr. Wythe. So Dr. Stokes telegraphed, praying that the preached word *might reach some soul.* The next day a man was converted at the service. During the millennium, when Christ is on the earth again, and the centre of worship is at Jerusalem, there will daily be intercommunication of religious matters over all the globe. The praise of God will be the absorbing topic of thought and speech, and as much money will be spent on telegraphic and telephonic messages of a religious character as there is now spent on messages about commerce and politics.

A Reader of the "Christian Herald" in Raleigh, N. C., writes: "The great temperance wave which is sweeping over our country has reached North Carolina, and is now the all-absorbing topic of conversation. There has never been any such excitement here on any subject since the memorable days of 1860. Notwithstanding that the movement was set on foot only about three months ago, the Legislature which has just adjourned was so persistently and unremittingly besieged by petitions from every section that they were induced to pass an act submitting the question of Prohibition or No Prohibition *to the voters of the State* at an election to be held in August next. Upon actual count it was ascertained that *one hundred and thirty-three thousand persons* had petitioned the General Assembly to pass a law to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in the State. The friends of prohibition believe that this sudden uprising of the people is the work of an overruling Providence, and they are encouraged. The liquor men, however, are organizing and will make a desperate effort to defeat the measure. And just here we desire to ask the earnest prayers of the thousands of readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, that the Lord will give us the victory and that this monster evil shall be expelled from our State."

A Broken Meerschaum Pipe has Testified to the sincerity of a Christian's desire for a higher degree of spiritual life. A minister in western New York had been preaching a sermon in which he denounced the habit of smoking, and at the close of his service a man approached him with the remark, uttered in trembling, tearful tones, "*You have struck the nail on the head,*" "You have struck the nail on the head." he said again, in a loud voice, and sobbed like a broken-hearted child. "Tell me, brother," said the preacher, "what you mean!" After a while he replied, "I have been praying for sanctification for five or six years; there has always been an ache in my soul—always something in the way—and you are the first man that has ever told me what it is. *It is my pipe.* When I have been praying in my closet for the blessing, something has raised me suddenly from my knees, and I have hurried to the mantelpiece for my pipe. Oh, my pipe has been stronger than God!" Then drawing his meerschaum from his pocket, dashing it in pieces on the steps of the church, straightening up with the dignity of a man and a Christian, he wiped the tears from his eyes, emancipated once for all.

We are told that Satan has power to blind the eyes of men so that they shall not perceive the truth (2 Cor. 4 : 4), and this smoker's experience forcibly illustrates the fact. When a man had become so infatuated by a habit that he was impelled to hurry through his devotions that he might indulge in it, he must have been blinded indeed to need a sermon to show him why he had "an ache" in his soul.

An Amusing Incident in which a Band of thieving Indians were sufferers, is related in the Boston *Post.* It appears that an Idaho mining-camp, intending to celebrate the Fourth of July, ordered a heap of fireworks to be sent to them. A whole wagon-load was forwarded, and while on its way, was captured one night by a band of Indians. The Indians did not know the nature of their booty, but the chief struck on the original idea that the fireworks were cigars, and distributing them around, the thieves sat down to enjoy a smoke. The result may be imagined. Burned and frightened almost out of their senses, the Indians learned a lesson they will probably never forget. A surprise more terrible, and a punishment infinitely more severe will one day fall on sinners who think that pleasure only will be the fruit of their sins (1 Thess. 5 : 3).

An Appeal from the South for Sunday-school books is published in a contemporary. It comes from Glenmore, Ga., and states that a large number of Northern people are in that section, and are pleased with its prospects. The writer reports that it is just the region "for all God's poor, it is so easy to make a living." He adds: "We need Sabbath-school books. If some good brother would help us to them, we will be most thankful."

The Work of the Rev. E. Payson Hammond at Peterboro, Canada, met with large success; the editor of the chief newspaper of the place observing, in review of what had been done, "No one dreamed that there would be such an extraordinary work of grace." He adds: "A gentleman from Belleville, who addressed one of the meetings a few days ago, stated that some of *the worst characters in that city*, who professed conversion when Mr. Hammond was there during a former year, were now consistent members of the churches."

Rev. A. B. Easle, of Massachusetts, has been conducting a series of very successful revival meetings in the First Baptist Church of Raleigh, N. C. (Dr. Skinner pastor). More than fifty souls professed faith in Christ and were baptized. Several of the converts were men whom the world would call "*hard cases,*" and some were men of wealth, a class who, it is popularly supposed, never think of their soul's salvation. One of the converts, between fifty and sixty years of age, is the sole owner of a railroad in the State of Florida. Truly, as it was proved in the case of the Apostle Paul, there are no "hard cases" with God. He can change any heart.

An Infidel's Dying Child Recently Made a request which led to her father's conversion. A correspondent of the New York *Observer* writes: "A circumstance has occurred here that has left a marked impression upon this community. A family which had lived in close proximity to a church, but had never suffered themselves to be brought under the power of the Gospel, recently suffered the loss of one of their number by death. The father was an avowed atheist. The child, just prior to her departure from this world, called her father to her bedside, and, taking his hand in hers, said: '*Father, I want you to pray with me.*' The man's hands fell to his side as if powerless and paralyzed, and, looking into the face of his child, he said: '*I cannot pray—I do not know how to pray.*' He left her bedside to search for one who could come and perform this service for her and satisfy his child's desire. A few hours after that, she died.

"That father could not shake off the conviction produced by his child's request. His son, on hearing of the death of his sister, hastened home, and was met at the door by the grief-stricken and convicted father with the exclamation: '*Joe, there is a God—I know now there is a God!*' His atheism was rebuked. '*And a little child shall lead them.*'"

HOLY LONGINGS.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, delivered on Sunday Morning, February 27th, 1881.

"My soul breaketh for the longing that it hath unto thy judgments at all times."—PSALM 119 : 20.

Heart-Longings a Test of Character—Prophecies of the Future—Shadows of Coming Blessings—I. The Absorbing Object—The Decisions of God—The Bible to be Reverenced—Studied—The Old Testament not to be Depreciated—The Bible as Spiritual Food—As a Rule to be Obeyed—As a Power Heart-felt—II. Ardent Longings—A Living Experience—Imply Conscious Imperfection—A Perfect Man who did not Need Prayer—Advanced Experience—A Bitter Sweet—III. Cheering Reflections—God at Work in the Soul—The Result very Precious—Leading to Something More Precious Still—Present Benefit—It Makes Christ Precious.

ONE of the best tests of a man's character will be found in his deepest and heartiest longings. You cannot always judge a man by what he is doing at any one time, for he may be under constraints which compel him to act contrary to his true self, or he may be under a transient impulse from which he will soon be free. He may for awhile be held back from that which is evil, and yet he may be radically bad; or he may be constrained by force of temptation to that which is wrong, and yet his real self may rejoice in righteousness. A man may not certainly be pronounced to be good because for the moment he is doing good, nor may he be condemned as evil because under certain constraints he may be committing sin. A man's longings are more inward, and more near to his real self than his outward acts; they are more natural, in that they are entirely free, and beyond compulsion or restraint. *As a man longeth in his heart,* so is he. I mean not every idle wish, as I now speak, but strong desires of the heart: these are the true life-blood of a man's nature.

You shall know whether you yourself be good or evil by answering this question, To which have you the greatest desire? Do you continually long after selfish pleasures? then are you evil, beyond all question. Do you sigh to be, and feel, and do that which is good?—is this the great aim of your life? Then in the core of your being there is some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel. So then, dear hearers, your heart-longings may furnish you with excellent helps for self-examination, and I beg you to apply them at once.

Moreover, heart-longings are *prophecies of what a man will be.* It is not always capacity, if we could ascertain it, which will certify us as to what a man will do; for many men of large abilities achieve next to nothing for want of inclination: their talents lie hidden in the earth, and, albeit they might have succeeded marvellously well in certain pursuits, they do nothing at all remarkable because they have no tendencies in that direction. An individual may have the means to relieve the poor, and yet never perform a charitable act from want of liberality; or he may have great mental powers, and yet never produce a line of useful literature, because he is eaten up with idleness. But other things being equal, the longings of a man are a pretty sure index of what he will be: they cannot create capacity, but they develop it, they lead to the use of means for its increase, and they make the mind keen to seize on opportunities.

By some means or other, a man usually becomes what he intensely longs to be, especially if those desires are formed in early youth while yet the world is all before him where to choose. Hence our proverb: "The child is father to the man." Even in little children tastes and pursuits have been prophetic—the young artist sketches his sister in the cradle, the youthful engineer is busy with his boyish inventions. If his longings deepen, strengthen, and become vehement with the increase of his years, the young man's character is being surely moulded from within, and this is often a greater force than that of circumstances acting from without. Thus is it in spiritual things: we may form forecasts as to what we shall be from our burning and pressing desires. Desires are the

buds out of which words and deeds will ultimately be developed.

Spiritual desires are

THE SHADOWS OF COMING BLESSINGS.

What God intends to give us He first sets us longing for. Hence the wonderful efficacy of prayer, because prayer is the embodiment of a longing inspired of God because He intends to bestow the blessing. What are thy longings, then, my hearer? Dost thou long to be holy? The Lord will make thee holy. Dost thou long to conquer sin? Thou shalt overcome it by faith in Jesus. Art thou pining after fellowship with Christ? He will come and make His abode with thee. Does thy soul thirst, yea, even pant after God as the hart for the waterbrooks? Then thou shalt be filled with all His fulness; for all these longings are prophetic of that which is to be, even as the snowdrop and crocus and anemone foretell the approach of spring.

I say not that it is so with all human wishes; for "the sluggard desireth and hath nothing," and many a man hath such evil cravings within his heart that it were contrary to the purity of God for him to grant them; but where there are intense, heart-breaking yearnings of a holy order, depend upon it they are tokens of good things to come.

In order that we may be helped to the right use of this text we shall handle it thus: first, we shall notice *the saint's absorbing object*—"Thy judgments;" secondly, we shall reflect upon *the saint's ardent longing*;"—"my soul breaketh for the longing that it hath:" and, thirdly, we shall mention *the saint's cheering reflections*, which he may readily draw from the fact that he does experience such inward heart-break. Of these we will speak as the divine Spirit shall enable us, for without Him we know nothing.

I. First, then, let us think of

THE SAINTS' ABSORBING OBJECT.

They long after God's judgments. The words "judgments" is here used as synonymous with the "Word of God." It does not mean those judgments of God with which He smites sinners and executes the sentence of His law, but it refers to the revealed will or declared judgments of God. All through this long psalm the writer is speaking of the Word of God, the law of God, the testimonies, the precepts, the statutes of God; and here the word "judgments" is used in the same sense. Perhaps I shall give you the meaning pretty readily if I remind you that the commandments and doctrines of the Word are God's judgments about moral and spiritual things, His decisions as to what is right and what is wrong, and His solutions of the great problems of the universe.

God's revealed plan of salvation is God's decision upon man's destiny, God's judgment of condemnation against human sin, and yet His judgment of justification on behalf of believing sinners, whom He regards as righteous through faith in Jesus Christ. The Bible may be rightly regarded as the book of divine judgments, the recorded sentences of the High Court of Heaven, the infallible decision of perfect holiness upon questions which concern our souls.

"This is the Judge that ends the strife
Where wit and reason fail;
Our guide through devious paths of life,
Our shield when doubts assail."

You may come to the Scriptures as men came to the throne of Solomon, where hard cases were at once met; yea, a greater than Solomon is here. Search God's Word, and you will have before your eyes the ultimate judgment of unerring truth, the last decree from the supreme authority, from which there is no appeal. The Bible contains the verdicts of the Judge of all the earth, the judgments of God, who cannot lie and cannot err. Thus God's Word is rightly called His "judgments." It is a book not to be judged by us, but to be our judge: not a word of it may be altered or questioned, but to it we may constantly refer as to a court of appeal whose sentence is decisive.

David in our text tells us how he desired the Lord's judgments, or His Word; by which we understand, first, that *he greatly reverenced the Word*. He was not among those who regard the Bible as a very important portion of human literature, but as being no more inspired than the works of Shakespeare or Bacon. Little as David had of the Scriptures, he had a solemn reverence for what he had, and stood in awe of it. I have no objection to honest criticism of the keenest kind, but I am shocked at certain divines who cut and carve the blessed Word as if it were some vile carcase given over to their butchery. When learned men handle the words of this book, let them not forget whose book it is, and whose words they are that they are examining.

There is a near approach to blasphemy against God Himself in irreverence to His Word. There is no book like this for authority and majesty; it is hedged about with solemn sanctions, so that it hath both a wall of fire round about it and a glory in its midst to make it distinct from all other writings. All other books might be heaped together in one pile and burned, as the Mohammedans burned the Alexandrian library, with less loss to the world than would be occasioned by the total obliteration of a single page of the sacred volume.

Oh sirs! the thoughts of men are vanity, the conceptions of men are low and grovelling at their best; and He who has given us this book has said, "My thoughts are not your thoughts; for as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My thoughts higher than your thoughts." Let it be to you and to me a settled matter that the Word of the Lord shall be honored in our minds and enshrined in our hearts. Let others speak as they may, "our soul breaketh for the longing that it hath unto the Lord's judgments." We could sooner part with all that is sublime and beautiful, cheering or profitable, in human literature than lose a single syllable from the mouth of God.

But more: inasmuch as the Psalmist greatly reverenced God's Word, *he intensely desired to know its contents*. He had not much of it, probably only the five books of Moses; but the Pentateuch was enough to fill his whole soul with delight. *Never depreciate, I pray you, the Old Testament*. Remember that the great things that are said in the Psalms about the Word of God were not spoken concerning the New Testament, which was not then written: although they may most fitly be applied by us to the entire series of inspired books, yet they were originally spoken only concerning the first five of them, so that the first part of the Bible, according to the Holy Spirit's own testimony, is to be valued beyond all price.

The various books of Scripture do not increase in real value, they only advance in their adaptation to us; the light is the same, but the lantern is clearer, and we see more. The treasure of the Gospel is contained in the mines of the books of Moses, and I do not wonder therefore that David, instinctively knowing it to be there, but not being able to reach it, felt a great longing after it. He was not so well able to get at the truth as we are, since he had not the life of Christ to explain the types, nor apostolic explanations to open up the symbols of the law; therefore he sighed inwardly, and felt a killing heartbreak of desire to reach that which he knew was laid up in store for him.

HE SAW THE CASKET,

but could not find the key. If he had not been sure that the treasure was there, he would not have cried, "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law;" but he was like a voyager on the verge of a discovery, who nevertheless cannot quite reach it. He was *like Columbus out at sea* with the fruits of an unknown continent floating beneath his keel; but the wind did not favor his reaching the shore. He was like a miner whose pick has struck upon a lump of metal, and he is sure that gold is there; but he cannot get it away from the quartz in which it is embedded. The more certain he is that it is there, and the harder it is to reach, the more insatiable does his desire become to possess himself of the treasure. Hence I see the reasonableness of the Psalmist's vehement passion, and I marvel not that he cried, "My soul breaketh for the longing that it hath unto Thy judgments at all times."

But I am sure that David did not merely want to know as a matter of intellectual pleasure, but *he wished to feed upon God's Word;* and what a very different thing that is, that feeding upon the Word, from the bare knowledge of it. You can teach a child many chapters out of the Bible, and yet it may not have fed on a word of it. I have known persons to be so foolish as to set it as a task to a child to learn a portion of Scripture. I call this foolish, and surely it is also wicked to make the Word of God into a punishment.

Our judgment must be daily more and more conformed to the judgments of God, which are laid down in Scripture, and there must, at any rate, be in our spirit a longing after holiness until we delight in the law of the Lord, and meditate therein both day and night. We shall grow to the likeness of that which we feed upon;

HEAVENLY FOOD

will make us heavenly minded. The word received into the heart changes us into its own nature, and by rejoicing in the decisions of the Lord we learn to judge after his judgment and to delight ourselves in that which pleases Him. This sense, I think, comes nearer to the explanation of David's intense longing.

Doubtless, David *longed to obey God's Word*—he wished in everything to do the will of God without fault either of omission or of commission. He prays in another place, "Teach me Thy law perfectly." Do you, my hearer, long after perfection in that same fashion? for all that truly know God must have a mighty yearning to run in the way of the Lord's commandments. He does not live before God who does not crave to live like God. There is no regeneration where there are no aspirations after holiness. The actual practice of obedience is necessary as a proof of the possession of true grace, for the rule is invariable, "By their fruits ye shall know them." No man knows the Word of God till he obeys it: "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine."

The Psalmist also *longed to feel the power of God's judgments in his own heart*. You know something about this, my friend, if the Spirit of God has had dealings with you. Have you not felt the Lord judging you in the chamber of your conscience? The Spirit comes by the Word, and sets our iniquities before us, our secret sins in the light of His countenance.

David desires that God's Word would come right into him, and hold its court and judge and try him; and he came to feel this process to be so necessary and so salutary, that his soul broke with the longing which he had to be dealt with by God after this fashion. This is wisdom and prudence when a man so desires sanctification that he is straitened till painful processes are being carried on by which his purity is to be produced. It is a wise child that will, for the sake of health, ever long to take the appointed medicine; God's children are not far from being well when they have reached such a point of sacred judgment.

This is the wish of all true believers—*to be perfectly conformed to the judgments of God*. Some of us can honestly say that we would not have a second wish for ourselves if our heavenly Father would grant us this one—that we might be perfect even as He is. We would leave all matters else with Him as to wealth or poverty, health or sickness, honor or shame, life or death, if He would but give us complete conformity to His own will. This is the object of the craving, yearning, and sighing of our souls. We hunger to be holy.

Here I must correct myself as to our one desire; for surely if the Lord would make us holy, we should then desire that all other men would be the same. Oh that the world were converted to God! Oh that the truth of God would go forth like the brightness of the morning! Would God that every error and superstition might be chased away like bats and owls before the rising of the sun! O God, Thy servants long for this. We ask for nothing save these two things: first reign, O Lord, in the triple kingdom of our nature, and then reign over all nature. Let the whole earth be filled with Thy glory, and our prayers are ended.

I hope that in this sense our soul breaketh for the longing which it hath toward God's judgments.

II. And now, secondly, let us think of

THE SAINTS' ARDENT LONGINGS.

First, let me say of these longings, that *they*

constitute a living experience, for dead things have no aspirations or cravings. You shall visit the graveyard, and exhume all the bodies you please, but you shall find neither desire nor craving. Longing lingers not within a lifeless corpse. Where the heart is breaking with desire, there is life. This may comfort some of you: you have not attained as yet to the holiness you admire, but you long for it: ah, then, you are a living soul, the life of God is in you. You have not yet come to be conformed to the precept, but oh! how you wish you were: that wish proves that a spark of the divine life is in your soul. The stronger that longing becomes, the stronger is the life from which it springs: a feeble life hath feeble desires, but a vigorous life hath vehement desires.

Next, recollect the expression used in our text *represents a humble sense of imperfection.* David had not yet come to be completely conformed to God's judgments, nor yet to know them perfectly, or else he would not have said that he longed for them. So it is with us. We have not reached perfection, but do not let us, therefore, be discouraged; for the apostle of the Gentiles said, "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect;" and *the man after God's own heart, even David, when he was at his best*, and I think he was so when he was writing this blessed psalm, says not so much that *he had obtained anything, as that he longed after it*, not so much that he had yet grasped it, but sighed for it: "my soul breaketh for the longing that it hath."

I do not envy

THOSE WHO HAVE NO MORE LONGINGS,

who have reached so divine a height that henceforth they can climb no higher. I heard of one who said his will was so perfectly resigned to the will of God that in fact he had no will, and so he had given up prayer, having nothing to seek. *This is fine talk.* When a man gets so full of life that he no longer breathes, I should say that he is dead. Prayer is the breath of the soul, and he that can do without it is dead in sin.

When a man thinks himself so good that he cannot be better, he is probably so bad that he could not be worse. That is the judgment which caution will pronounce upon him; for all good men long to be better, and better men desire to be best of all, that they may dwell in heaven. The more grace the saints have, the more they desire: sacred greed is begotten by the possession of the love of God: "My soul breaketh for the longing that it hath unto Thy judgments."

Furthermore, the expression of the text *indicates an advanced experience.* Augustine dwells upon this idea; for he rightly says, at first there is an aversion in the heart to God's Word, and desire after it is a matter of growth. After aversion is removed, there often comes an indifference in the heart; it is no longer opposed to godliness, but it does not care to possess it. Then, through divine grace, there springs up in the soul a sense of the beauty of God's Word and will, and an admiration of holiness; this leads on to a measure of desire after the good thing, and a degree of appetite for it; but it shows a considerable growth in grace when we ardently long after it, and a still larger growth when the soul breaks because of these longings.

The text represents the agonizing of an earnest soul. Such a state of things shows a considerable advancement in the divine life; but when a believer has those desires "at all times," then is he not far from being a full-grown Christian. "Oh!" say you, "he thinks so little of what he has that he is crushed under the burden of desire for more." Yes, and he is the very man who has most of spiritual wealth. The more full a man is of grace, the more he hungers for grace. Strange it is to say so, but the paradox is true, the more he drinks, and the more he is satisfied and ceases to thirst in one sense, the more is he devoured with thirst after the living God. It is an advanced experience, then.

And it is an experience which I cannot quite describe to you, except by saying that it is *a bitter sweet*; or, rather, a sweet bitter, if the adjective is to be stronger than the noun. There is a bitterness about being crushed with desire; it is inevitable that there should be, but the aroma of this bitter herb is inexpressibly sweet, no perfume can excel it. After all, a bruised heart knows more peace and rest than a heart filled with the world's delights. How safe such a soul is. "Oh!" said one, "I cannot go to hell, it is impossible, because I must love Jesus Christ and long after Him. It is not possible for Him to forbid me the privilege of loving Him, and to love Him and long for Him is happiness." Better to feel a heavenly hunger than a worldly fulness. Heart-break for God is a sweeter thing than content in sinful pleasures.

Still, those longings after God's Word may *become very wearing to a man's soul.* The sense of our text in the Hebrew is that of attrition or wearing down. Keble reads it—

> "My soul is worn and wasted quite
> Thy laws desiring day and night."

They wear out the man when they become so fervent as those confessed in the text. I believe that some of the Lord's holy ones have been worn down to sickness and depression by the passion of their hearts after God: their souls have become like sharp swords which eat through their scabbards, for they have destroyed the body by intense inner desires. At times holy men draw so near to God, and pine so greatly after His glory, that for half a word they would pass the frontier and enter into heaven. They are so fully in accord with God that the shell which shuts in their soul is almost broken, and the new-born spirit is ready for its fullest life and liberty.

How blessed to shake off the last fragment of that which holds us back from the freedom of an immortal life in perfect agreement with God. Oh to attain to this! One saint cried, "Let me see the face of God," and another answered, "Thou canst not see God's face and live;" to which he replied, "*Then let me see my God and die.*" So do we feel that our soul comes near to dying with her longings after her God; little would we tremble even if we knew that the joy of realization would be killing, and would pass us over the border into Immanuel's land, where we shall see the King in His beauty.

But I must not linger, though there is much to tempt me to speak on. Are you searching yourselves, brethren, to see whether you have such longings? If so, do you have them "at all times"? We are not to long for God's Word and will by fits and starts; we are not to have desires awakened by novelty or by excitement; nor are we to long for divine things because for awhile temporal things fail us, and we are sick and sorry, and weary of the world, and so in disgust turn to God. Brethren, I trust you long after God when all is bright in providence, and that you love His Word when all is pleasant in family affairs. It is well to desire the Lord's will when He is permitting you to have your own will as well as when He is thwarting you. God is to be always our delight.

III. And now I am going to close with a few

CHEERING REFLECTIONS.

Methinks this morning some heart has been saying, "There are comforting thoughts for me in all this. I am a poor thing, I have not grown much, I have not done much, I wish I had; but I have strong longings, I am very dissatisfied, and I am almost ready to die with desire after Christ." My dear soul, listen—let this encourage you.

First, *God is at work in your soul.* Never did a longing after God's judgments grow up in the soul of itself. Weeds come up of themselves, but the rarer kind of plant I warrant you will never be found where there has been no sowing: and this flower, called love-lies-bleeding, this plant of intense eagerness after God, never sprang up in the human breast of itself. God alone has placed it there. Friend, there was a time when you had no such longing. Ah! and if you were left to yourself, you would never have such longing again: you would decline till you became as content with the world as others are; you know you would.

Come, then, beloved, God is at work in your soul—let this comfort you. The great Potter has you yet upon the wheel—He has not cast you away as worthless: His work may pain you, but it is honorable and glorious. Your heart may swell with unutterable longings, and it may be torn by throes of desire, but life thus proves its presence, and reaches forth to something yet beyond. These pains of desire are the Lord's doings, and they should be perceived with gratitude.

The result of God's work is very precious. Come, though it be only a gracious desire, thank God for it. Though thou canst get no further than holy longing, be grateful for that longing. I would have thee strive for the highest gifts, but I would not have thee despise what God hath already given thee. I have known times when I thought myself in a very strange case, and I judged ill of myself, and yet a month or two afterward I have looked back upon that condition which I condemned, and I have wished that I could return to it. Has it not been so with you? You have been racked with sighs, groans, cravings, and other forms of unrest, and you have said, "O God, deliver me from this sore travail;" but when within a week you have had to lament insensibility and lukewarmness, you have cried, "Lord, put me back again into my state of desire! Lord, set me hungering and thirsting again, a fierce appetite is better than this deadness."

Hearken once again: not only is the desire precious, but *it is leading on to something more precious.* Hear ye that which is written:

"THE DESIRE OF THE RIGHTEOUS SHALL BE GRANTED."

What sayest thou to such words as these? "He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer." "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them." Do you think that God prompts us to desire a thing which He does not mean to bestow upon us? Is that the way you treat your children?

Meanwhile, *the desire itself is doing you good.* It is driving you out of yourself, it is making you feel what a poor creature you are; for you can dig no well in your own nature, and find no supplies within your own spirit. It is compelling you to look alone to God. Do not need much compelling. Come readily to your Lord. Be one of those vessels which can sail with a capful of wind. Come by faith to Jesus, even though you fear that your desires are by no means so vivid and intense as those of my text. Believe, and you shall be established. Rest assured of this, that there is in God whatever your soul wants. In Christ Jesus dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, and in that divine fulness there must of necessity be more than a creature can require.

Oh, this is the blessedness of this longing after God's judgments, that *it makes Christ precious;* and, with that remark, I have done. We see all God's word in Christ; we see all God's decisions against sin and for righteousness embodied in our Saviour; we see that if we can get Christ, we have then found the wisdom of God, and the power of God, and, in fact, the all-sufficiency of God. If we can become like Christ, we shall be like unto God Himself. This, I say, makes Christ so precious, and makes us long to get more fully to know Him and to call Him ours. Come, ye longing ones, come to my Lord Jesus even now! Come, ye that are bursting with wishes and desires, come and trust the Saviour, and rest in Him now; and may this be the hour in which you shall find how true it is, "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled" May you yet sing the Virgin's song, "He hath filled the hungry with good things. My soul doth magnify the Lord."

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Psalm 119: 17–24, 81–88.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

"LEFT ALONE."

By Dr. Barnardo.

"LOOK 'ere, sir, just look at 'er—I say it's a sight to make anybody that has feelin's pity her."

"The poor dear 'as bin left alone this long while."

"If it worn't for Old Magg I dunno what she'd a' done."

It is not possible or perhaps necessary that I should recall every vociferation which came from the group of squalid men and draggled women who sought, after a very earnest fashion of their own, to draw my attention to a small lone figure sitting on a distant settle near the fire, to which, with pitying eyes and outstretched hands, they pointed; but what I have quoted were among the most distinct of all the statements which reached my ears amid the mingled din of assertion, explanation, and description with which I was favored.

I had only just entered the kitchen of a lodging-house in Bethnal-green, London, when I was "pounced upon" by a dreadful-looking—I suppose I must call her a woman, but, alack-a-day! there was but little of womanliness to distinguish her from the woe-begone creatures, the other occupants of the den, whose voices uttered in divers keys the aforesaid appeals.

One thing was unmistakable—none present were in ignorance as to the nature of my errand, and although seemingly aware that I could not assist *them*, were clamorously solicitous that such help as I could afford might be given to another, more eligible if not more necessitous.

And to any person not entirely case-hardened by intercourse with such people, this was in itself an aspect of the question which had no little pathos in it. It was as if they themselves—poor souls!—having at some time or other fallen over the edge of *a dreadful precipice* adown which they had since been rolling, and recognizing the terrible fact that *they* were hopelessly ruined, all mangled as they lay (really as well as metaphorically), yet could not view with indifference that feeble mite of humanity, sitting forlorn and alone on the distant bench, who seemed, to their eyes, in imminent danger of a like fate unless rescued now.

But WHO could do it? What hand could rescue her? And whose strong grasp could reach the little one, and save her from so sad a fate? The answer to the social problem appeared written in the look of expectancy seen in every face, as they glanced from me, and pointed to the girl. Instinctively those looks declared that they *felt* help was near. And if ever, in my inmost soul, a tide of gratitude rose to heaven for the mercies and opportunities of my office, it was at that moment, when I beheld this forlorn and shipwrecked group of humanity forget, as it seemed, their own abject misery in the hopes newly awakened that struggled for expression in the scarred and battered visages turned to mine—which seemed to plead with confidence that this poor stray lamb might be gathered into some safe fold ere it could wander as *they* had wandered, and suffer as *they* had suffered.

"Left alone!" exclaimed the woman called "Old Magg," when describing the child's condition. But could that indeed be true? And my eyes wandered inquiringly over the group, in which not one face seemed to justify the hopes expressed by perhaps our most gifted poetess—

> "Trust me, 'tis a clay above your scorning,
> With God's image stamped upon it, and God's kindling breath within."

On the distant settle, raised some eighteen inches from the floor, and near the fire, sat *a frail and delicate child*, gazing intently into the glowing embers. She was a tiny girl, clad only in a few worn-out oddments, dark-haired, dark-eyed, with a face so pallid and wan that her eyes appeared larger and darker and more deeply sunk by contrast. I felt, as I looked at her, and noticed her curious abstraction, that she was thinking of things far away, and I too wondered what *her* thoughts were, and how long she had been sitting there gazing into the fire.

So there I stood, at some distance from her, still watching her; and she, seemingly unconscious of the presence of those who were so busy in discussing her fate, was, as it appeared to me, living for the time in some brighter world of her own creation, far removed from the squalid misery and wretchedness of the place in which she sat. Wherever her thoughts may have wandered, anyone who could understand the glow and flush that flitted over her face at times, must have gathered that, for a while at least, cold, hunger, cruel blows, and sad neglect were things forgotten.

The fragments of her brief history, as known to the inmates of the house, were quickly put together. The miserable child had been deserted by a still more miserable mother some time before, and but for the kindness of the poor creatures in this common lodging-house must have starved. A bit of broken victuals from one, a morsel of bread from another, a drink of cold tea from a third, kept body and soul together, and the "deputy," a coarse-looking fellow, who could have passed muster as a retired prize-fighter of not very creditable antecedents, had, with a rough feeling of mercy, which did him honor, kept the little waif for days in the house, not altogether without some risk to himself should his employer hear of it.

A curious fact is illustrated by this case. Not one inmate of the lodging-house—and there were some ninety-three individuals sheltered under this particular roof—had, it seems, ever thought of sending the deserted child to the poorhouse. An unreasoning dread stifled such an idea in the very birth, if it had ever risen in any mind. No! they would have gone on feeding her with scraps, the best they could spare, and giving her, for the present at all events, the run of the kitchen and of the streets. They would have sheltered her till she was bigger and older, as had been done, alas! in many other cases, until at length the girl, no longer a child, would somehow or other—one need hardly pause to inquire more particularly *how*—have gained a living for herself.

How can we account for this feeling, so widespread as all workers among the poor know it to be? Can it be that a popular writer and powerful delineator of things as they are, was right when he declared: "When we have got things to the pass that with an enormous treasure at disposal to relieve the poor, the best of the poor detest our mercies, hide their heads from us, and shame us by starving to death in the midst of us, it is a pass impossible of prosperity, impossible of continuance. It may not be so written in the Gospel according to Podsnappery; you may not 'find these words' for the text of a sermon in the returns of the Board of Trade; but they have been the truth since the foundations of the universe were laid, and they will be the truth until the foundations of the universe are shaken by the Builder. This boastful handiwork of ours, which fails in its terrors for the professional pauper, the sturdy breaker of windows, and the rampant tearer of clothes, strikes with a cruel and a wicked stab at the stricken sufferer, and is a horror to the deserving and unfortunate. We must mend it, lords and gentlemen and honorable boards, or in its own evil hour it will mar everyone of us."

I cannot attempt to discuss here the *pros* and *cons* of the vast problems suggested by these words, but need only briefly state that, as regards the one forlorn little girl I have described, the dwellers in this lodging-house were eagerly willing to commit her immediately to my care. Although regarded as the common property of all the inmates, the child seemed to be more particularly under the control of the woman who first spoke to me, and she gladly and at once surrendered the poor "waif" to me.

In the *Village Home* to which she was taken there are now not many less than five hundred other little girls happily sheltered, and although many of these have come to us from out of very different circumstances to those I have referred to in this paper, yet it may truly be said that orphanhood or destitution were the chief factors in the sorrows of their lives' histories.

What fate awaits the poor waif whose rescue I have described, when, after years of tender care and Christian instruction, she shall at length leave our Village Home to go out into the world, an industrious, respectable domestic servant, I need not anticipate, but I am sure no one who reads these pages will feel otherwise than glad that between midnight and 1 A.M., on a night in the early part of January, in the present year of grace, the writer met in a lodging-house in Bethnal-green this little maiden, eight years of age, who had been, in the words of "Old Magg," "left alone."

A MISSIONARY PARABLE.

By Mrs. H. Grattan Guinness.

A WEALTHY farmer, who cultivated some thousands of acres, had by his benevolence endeared himself greatly to his large staff of laborers. He had occasion to leave the country, in which his property was situated, for some years, but, before doing so, he gave his people clearly to understand that he wished the whole of the cultivated land to be kept in hand, and all the unreclaimed moor and marsh lands to be enclosed and drained and brought into cultivation; that even the hills were to be terraced, and the poor mountain pastures manured, so that no single corner of the estate should remain neglected and barren. Ample resources were left for the execution of these works, and there were sufficient hands to have accomplished the whole within the first few years of the proprietor's absence.

He was detained in the country to which he had been called very many years. Those whom he left children were men and women when he came back, and so the number of his tenantry and laborers was vastly multiplied. Was the task he had given them to do accomplished? Alas, no! Bog and moor and mountain waste were only wilder and more desolate than ever. Fine rich virgin soil by thousands of acres was bearing only briers and thistles. Meadow after meadow was utterly barren for want of culture. Nay, by far the larger part of the farm seemed never to have been even *visited* by his servants.

Had they then been idle? Some had. But large numbers had been industrious enough. They had expended a vast amount of labor, and skilled labor too, but they had bestowed it all on the park immediately around the house. This had been cultivated to such a pitch of perfection that the workmen had scores of times quarrelled with each other because the operations of one interfered with those of his neighbor.

And a vast amount of labor had been *lost* in sowing the very same patch, for instance, with corn fifty times over in one season, so that the seed never had time to germinate and grow and bear fruit; in caring for the forest trees, as if they had been tender saplings; in manuring soils already too fat, and watering pastures already too wet.

The farmer was positively astonished at the misplaced ingenuity with which labor and seed and manure, skill and time and strength, had been wasted for *no result*. The very same amount of toil and capital, *expended according to his directions*, would have brought the whole demesne into culture, and yielded a noble revenue. But season after season had rolled away in sad succession, leaving those unbounded acres of various, but all *reclaimable*, soils barren and useless; and, as to the park, it would have been far more productive and perfect had it been relieved of the extraordinary and unaccountable amount of energy expended on it.

Why did these laborers act so absurdly? Did they wish to labor in vain? On the contrary! They were forever craving for fruit, coveting good crops, longing for great results.

Did they not wish to carry out the farmer's views about his property? Well, they seemed to have that desire, for they were always reading the directions he wrote, and said continually to each other, "You know we have to bring the *whole property* into order." But they did not do it.

Some few tried, and ploughed up a little plot here and there, and sowed corn and other crops. Perhaps these failed, and so the rest got discouraged? Oh, no! they saw that the yield was magnificent; far richer in proportion than they got themselves. They clearly perceived that, but yet they failed to follow a good example. Nay, when

the labors of a few in some distant valley had resulted in a crop they were all unable to gather in by themselves, the others would not even go and help them to bring home the sheaves! They preferred watching for weeds among the roses in the overcrowded garden, and counting the blades of grass in the park, and the leaves on the trees.

Then they were fools surely, not wise men? Traitors, not true servants to their Lord!

Ah! I can't tell! You must ask Him that! I only know their Master said, "Go ye into *all the world*, and preach the Gospel to *every creature*," and that 1880 years afterward they had *not even mentioned that there was a Gospel to one half of the world!*

THE SONG OF THE ANGELS.

A Sermon by the Rev. W. M. Hay Aitken, M.A.

(*Continued from page 173.*)

"Glory to God in the highest'; on earth peace, goodwill toward men."—Luke 2 : 14.

The angels beheld the marvellous process in operation, which was to have its issue in the redemption of man from the dominion of sin, and the exaltation of poor frail and fallen creatures to a participation in the Divine nature (2 Peter 1 : 4). Perhaps even then they looked forward to the moment when

THE TRUE DESTINY OF MAN

should be attained, and the Bride of the Lamb should be presented by her Heavenly Bridegroom before His Father's throne, and as the wondrous vision rose before their eyes their hearts were filled to overflowing, and they made the welkin ring again with the cry, "Glory to God in the highest."

Wherever the Gospel message goes, and whenever the blessed truths which the Gospel was designed to convey are actually accepted by the human heart, there the same blessed results will follow, and *the echo of that song* will be heard when each of us personally fixes his gaze upon that which Christ has undertaken and achieved, and we taste in our own happy experience the peace which God's love through Christ has brought within our reach. We ourselves become His trophies, and while the sons of light are again constrained to sing for joy of heart, we too must blend our voices with theirs, and sing "Glory to God in the highest."

Have *we* yet learned the angels' song? If we know not how to sing it, is it not because we have not yet fixed our gaze on that object which provoked this outburst of holy exultation, "A Saviour, Christ the Lord?" Is He this *to you?* Have you grasped Him as *your* Saviour? Has *your* heart found its rest in the thought that a Saviour has been provided, my brother, for *thee?*

Let us talk *reasonably* on the matter. To what purpose is a saviour if he does not save? To what purpose is a physician if he does not heal? To what purpose is a governor who does not govern? We give people titles according to the occupations in which they are engaged. When we speak of the Saviour we speak of one who saves. Let us, then, press upon our hearts this inquiry, before we go any further.

It may be perfectly true that unto us there is born a Saviour, and it may be equally true that on yonder cross has died a Saviour by whose death salvation is brought within our reach; but has He saved *you?* Has that salvation been appropriated to *your* heart? It would be but little benefit to me if I were drowning in yonder canal, were a man with his breast decorated with

THE MEDALS OF THE ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY

to be there, and were I to be assured that he had saved many a dozen lives, while all the while *I* was drowning? But if that man plunged into the water beside me and offered his strong arm to stay *me* up, and I declined the offer—if, having such salvation quite within my reach, I failed to avail myself of it, he would be a saviour still, but my blood would surely be upon my own head.

Ah, my friends, the illustration but faintly depicts *the folly* of too many nominal Christians. The fact which made the angels sing for joy, that "unto you was born a Saviour," has been declared over and over again in your ears; has it made *you* sing for joy? How many are there here now to whom the Gospel of God's grace is the glad tidings of great joy? Have you cast yourselves at the feet of the new-born Saviour, and, carried away by a holy enthusiasm, exclaimed, "Unto me, the vilest of the vile, the least deserving of the undeserving, is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord?" If you have not gone so far as that, no wonder you have failed to join in the inspiring chorus of the angels, "Glory to God in the highest."

God designed that His glory should, if I may use such an expression, be augmented by the conquest of His love over the rebellious human heart. He designs to glorify Himself by bringing those, who without Him would sink into darkness and death, within the reach of His own omnipotent power, and lifting them from their degradation, and from the very chains of darkness and death, into the new and glorious liberty of the children of God. That is how God purposes to glorify Himself. Has He thus glorified Himself in *you?*

Observe, He might glorify Himself without you. He might turn us all into so many machines, and whether we would or would not, might insist on lifting us up from the low level of sin and pollution into the high level of purity and holiness; but, while this would have shown His sovereign power, it would not have exhibited His other attributes; for example, His sovereign wisdom—nay, it would have argued that there had been on His part defects in His original design, and weakness and vacillation in His purposes, which belong to poor frail man, but never to the Omnipotent, thrice holy and ever-blessed God.

But, while I speak of God's receiving glory from you and from me after this fashion, let us understand that, while it depends upon ourselves how that glory shall be given Him, in one way or other *glorified He will be by each of us.* Let us clearly keep in mind this tremendous fact, that in one way or other God will be glorified in every living creature that He has made—glorified as well by the *loss* of those who sink to perdition as by the *salvation* and exaltation of His saints.

THE PUNISHMENT OF THE LOST IN HELL,

brought upon them by their own perversity, the legitimate result of their own folly, will glorify the eternal justice of God. But, at the same time, His desire is that He should be glorified in our salvation. In this way He is most fully glorified, for as we yield ourselves to Him, His glory in all its completeness falls on us, and is, as it were, reflected back again.

Now, my friends, I want to ask you

A VERY PRACTICAL QUESTION,

and that is, have *you* yet begun to glorify God? How much glory has God got out of *your* lives? Understand, God is not glorified by hollow conventional formality, which often passes for religion. I tell you God is no more glorified by the barren routine of going to church once or twice a week than He would be by an Indian praying machine. There is as much blind superstition in many Protestant churches as there is in any pagan temple of China or India. People fancy that God is pleased by the process of *saying prayers.* I tell you that God can be mocked, and therefore displeased, by prayers that come from the false and hypocritical heart; God can only be worshipped when He is worshipped in spirit and in truth. We can only sing "glory to God" when we have received Christ as our Saviour, and when our spirits are rejoicing in His abundant and abiding salvation.

Let me ask you, When do we begin to glorify God? And I will answer, that we first begin to glorify God *when we trust Him to do what none but Himself can undertake*, much less accomplish. If I were dying, and all the doctors in this town had given me up as hopeless, and it happened to be known that in London, or somewhere else, there was one single physician, and that physician were to communicate to me that he was able to cure me, I should contribute my little to glorify that physician if I were to place myself entirely into his hands. I could do no greater credit to that physician than by that act.

HOW SHALL I GLORIFY GOD?

I glorify Him for the first time when, finding myself utterly unable to save myself, *I cast all my self-reliance to the winds*, and leave myself in all helplessness entirely to Him. Begone, self-righteousness! Begone, all ye efforts of my own will to improve my own position! Begone, all trust in my own performances, or even in my own faith! Now, Thou great Saviour of humanity, Thou Redeemer of a fallen world, I put myself into Thy hands. Thou art "a Saviour, Christ the Lord," and I trust Thee to do what none but Thyself can do—to save my soul. Ah! then I begin to glorify God. Have you begun to give unto the Lord the honor due unto His name? Let Him have that meed of honor, the glory of saving your perishing soul. And when this first great end, the glory of God, is insured, others follow in its train.

II. "PEACE ON EARTH."

It seemed a great thing *that* even for angels to anticipate, for this world of ours was a home of unrest and strife, a discord amidst universal harmony, a jarring wire in the vast harp of a well-strung universe. Were they wrong in their anticipations, those sons of light? Eighteen centuries have passed away, and still fields are drenched with human gore, and fierce debates and dissensions divide party from party, and man from man. Did their hopes outrun their prophetic vision, and is Peace still too shy and timid a guest to adventure her presence in this world of woe?

Nay, they were right, despite all appearances to the contrary; for *Peace began her reign when Christ appeared*, and even now she enters every heart that welcomes her Prince. Where He is received the inward tumult is stilled, and there is a great calm, and the more His presence is felt and cherished, the deeper and fuller the peace becomes; and by and by the angels' song shall be fulfilled altogether, when the Prince of Peace shall take His right, and reign without a rival in a ransomed world.

III. "GOODWILL TOWARD MEN."

So ends the wondrous song, and here begins the happy period of *filial confidence and love.* Man need no longer doubt the attitude of God toward him. The invisible is revealed in the person of the new-born Child, the disposition and will of the Father is to be read in the life and death of the Son. The vast storehouse of Divine benevolence is to be opened to mankind by that mystic key, the Cross. And the sons of men are to learn not that there is an indignant God to be propitiated and appeased, whom they well might regard with fear and suspicion, but that a benignant Father has given

THE HIGHEST PROOF OF DIVINE LOVE

to them, not in passing over their sins—for that might have done them harm—but in providing from His own bosom One who should Himself make satisfaction for them, and bring the blessed results of that satisfaction within reach of all. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, to the end that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Brethren, have you in your experience felt the truth of the angels' song? Do you know what it is to give glory to God, or is it charged against you, as against Belshazzar of old, "The God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified?" Have you tasted of that inward peace, the heavenly element that Jesus brought to earth with Him, and which He introduces into each heart that receiveth Him? Are you rejoicing in God's manifested goodwill, and trusting to it for every present and future blessing?

Oh, what are earth's fairest pleasures without this true celestial joy of which the angels sung? What but a mockery of the needs of your soul? "Unto you" who sit in darkness and the shadow of death, who have lived for a hollow, fleeting world, only to find it vain—"unto you is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord." Take Him as your Saviour, claim Him of God as God's best and loftiest gift to your own empty heart; and then, with all the company of heaven, you, too, will be able to sing, "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

TOUCHES OF REAL LIFE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Lady Hope, of Cariden.

(*Continued from page 175.*)

Lady Isabel's Inquiry—An Offer of Books—An Invitation to a Coffee Tavern—A Visit to Lucy's Home—The Burden of Love—Lucy's Father.

JUST as Albert was wondering what he could answer to a speech so incomprehensible, and at the same time not wishing to seem unsympathizing in the man's unknown difficulties, and at the first moment of his confidence too, they reached by a turn in the road two lines of shady trees, the first beginning of a pavement, and some straggling houses, which told the beginning of the town. Here, also, an open lodge gate, by which its keeper was standing, revealed a long avenue skirted by some fine old shrubs.

Down the avenue, at a rapid pace, came a low victoria, drawn by a couple of spirited ponies, and driven by a lady. Half turning, she said to her groom, "Who is that?" indicating by her whip that she had caught sight of Albert, his two companions, and the remainder of the working gang who had already almost reached them.

"Young Mr. Eldridge, my lady," answered the groom.

"A son of the builder?" she asked.

"Yes, my lady."

"I thought so," she said to herself, and, touching her ponies with the ivory-handled whip that she held so lightly, she drove up to the young man, saying, "Mr. Eldridge, may I speak to you for a moment?"

"Certainly," said Albert, knowing well the carriage, but not quite certain for the moment whether it was Lady Isabel who was speaking to him. It *was* Lady Isabel. She saw him leaving the men he had been walking with, to come to her side, so in her gentle, silvery voice she said, "Oh, no! don't let me take you away from them. I want to see them too;" and she drove on a pace or two.

"I have been wanting to see you very much," she said to the men rather more than to him, and then, turning to him again, "I am so glad I have met you. Don't you," she said to Hal, "go by the gate every day, and good many other men—all these perhaps!" she added, smiling, "to the large brick house that is being built? About a couple of miles off, isn't it?"

"Yes! my lady," said Hal, "we're all a-workin' up there."

"Then do you come in and out every day?"

"We does," said Curly; "'tain't much of a walk, not for us, miss—beg your pardon—my lady," he corrected himself, touching his hat.

"I was just thinking how tired you must be!" said Lady Isabel, smiling again. "I want to know if you would accept a little parcel of tracts and books and picture papers from me sometimes."

"That we should!" said many voices, "and like 'em very well too."

"Thank 'ee kindly," said one.

"I am so glad you would like them!" said Lady Isabel. A lovely, gentle woman she was, fair to look upon. Lady Isabel had with the simplest, though ever-graceful, attire the beauty of a true lady. But more than this, in herself she was lovely, in character and feature alike; and lately that added sweetness of refinement that is thrown like a halo about the heart wholly consecrated to the Saviour Himself, and a life truly enlisted in His most sacred service, had shone about her. This *reality* made all that she said thoroughly natural, simple, and genuine, as from her heart, while it gave a force and power to words that from other lips would oftentimes have sounded tame, and have proved ineffective.

"If you like to ask next Saturday and every Saturday at the lodge, you will find the parcel waiting for you when you pass. How many men are there of you, who go by this way every day to the works?"

A rapid counting up took place, and some one replied, "Ten on us there is goes by this way."

As they once more continued on their homeward journey, many were the smiles, nods, and "Thank 'ee kindlies" that testified to the gratitude and pleasure felt by these rough sons of the soil, at the young lady's announcement, and the kind interest, as a friend, that she had just shown in them. They were surprised too, for this sort of incident was not one that occurred every day. Indeed, such an interview, at this picturesque part of the road, which to them was prosaic and monotonous enough, had never cheered their lives before. And the uneventfulness of a workingman's life makes every little variety precious.

In this fact lies one of the strongest elements of temptation. The bait clothed in ever so coarse a gilding *is* a bait to him, because it is a change from the prose of daily life. Moneyed pleasures he cannot indulge in, therefore a certain round of enticements—very limited, it is true, but none the less real—have been provided for him by the Arch-enemy of souls. They have been cheapened, and thus put within his reach. But for this reason it is easy to give him pleasure. Like all evils, this can be overruled for good. A kind word, a pleasant smile, a trifling gift, a look of love, is of double the value to him that it would be to many another who is more favored, as far as the world's fortunes go.

And now Lady Isabel and young Mr. Eldridge were left upon the road together.

"The men are gone," she said, "and I only accomplished half of what I wanted to say to them. And then I have been keeping you waiting all the time too."

"Is there any message that I could give them, my lady?" inquired Albert. "I should be happy to do it for you."

Lady Isabel hesitated. Then, as she looked into Albert's honest, pleasant face, she suddenly said, "Perhaps you would help me! I was going to have invited them to come to the new coffee-house in the town some evening. Perhaps you would meet them, too; and then, if you were to *promise* them that, they would like to go; for I expect you are their friend. Are you not?" she added, with a sudden sympathy in her eye that showed that strong feeling lay somewhere in the direction of the simple word she had spoken.

"I *want* to be their friend," said Albert responsively. "But ——" and there he paused.

Then he added, "Would it be too much to ask you to meet the men here to-morrow at this hour, and invite them yourself? I would try to come too at the same time. And if I might suggest that they could be allowed to meet yourself at the coffee-room, I don't doubt that a good number of them would come in the evening—any evening you liked to mention."

"I will," said Lady Isabel, another gleam of sweetness flashing in her bright eye. "I will. Good evening! Many thanks to you for having had this talk with me;" and she was gone. Driving swiftly along the little street, up by a turn that led on to the common, and off into a narrow lane, where honeysuckles twined and wild rose tendrils now presented nothing but their wintry aspect of a series of dry, brown sticks.

At the farther end of the lane stood a cottage, rambling and gabled. Its thin wisps of curling blue smoke, generally so conspicuous on the horizon from the foot of the little ascent, were now lost in the deepening fog, but a pale light glimmered out from the latticed pane. At the little wooden gate Lady Isabel alighted from her low carriage, and disappeared within the creeper-covered walls. Here she found a kitchen-parlor, broad and square, its floor unevenly tiled but intensely clean, and its large chimney-corner, within which the fire glowed and burned and glowed again, presenting an aspect of homely comfort that could not but welcome the incomer.

"Lucy!" said Lady Isabel, "where are you? I can't see you to-night at all!"

"Oh! is it you, my lady?" replied Lucy. "I am here lying down. I was tired, so I am not in my corner to-night. But I hope you will come in and sit down."

Lady Isabel was soon in her accustomed place, and in her cheery voice lightening the shadows of a very tired life. Lucy had suffered long from painful and wearing disease. Unable, except in the brightest summer evening when the air was at its softest, to leave her cozy nook; deprived of every outer help, and many an inner solace, that those of superior means, education, and resource can so easily enjoy, she counted, with an intensity difficult to describe, on the precious visits from her friend.

"Lucy!" said Lady Isabel, "I have been thinking that you and I might '*agree*' to pray for our neighbors. I feel so differently about them now from what I used to. It constantly weighs upon my mind that I owe them a debt! Such an uncomfortable feeling, you would think. But no! it is not exactly that to me; only solemn, and a responsibility. I don't quite know how to describe it; for I think the feeling rather gives me pleasure, and adds an interest to my life.

"I will try to explain what I mean. I do not, when I speak of debt, mean the feeling that one would have if one had not paid any of one's bills in the town. It is something quite different from that. But suppose I had got into a great scrape, and owed a quantity of money, and knew that I could not possibly pay it now, or at any future time. At this juncture a great, noble friend steps in and pays it all for me, and leaves the next day for another country, saying he does not know when we can meet again; and saying I need not think of paying him, for that he knows it is impossible I ever can. The burden on me of gratitude and overwhelming unworthiness, after having been thus benefited by his friendship, and having received so priceless a boon, would be so great, that I should be almost unconsciously trying to *live* out the payment of my debt, seeking, striving, yearning to do anything that would be an equivalent to one-hundredth part of what I owed him."

"I know what you mean, my lady," eagerly interrupted Lucy. "I have felt it often. It is just the burden and debt of love. Jesus did so much for me—He is so much to me—what can I DO for Him?—what can I BE to Him? Isn't that it, my dear lady?"

Her visitor replied with streaming eyes. Her silence spoke. One word on that hallowed theme, one mention of that Name, to her so precious, was quite sufficient at any time to bring a rush of tears to those soft, blue eyes; and such an exact rendering of her heart's meaning, from lips that had brought her so many pure teachings, was indeed the unloosing of the tenderest fountain of her being.

Lady Isabel had feasted on the Divine Word alone in that room with the girl the neighbors called "poor Lucy." Lady Isabel could not call her so. She felt that this suffering one was rich—far richer than most of the gayly-adorned and sumptuously fed ladies of her acquaintance. She felt that the emptiness of their conversation and the hollowness of their lives proved a poverty of existence that surpassed words. Poor in mind, but too often, alas! not poor in spirit!

Lady Isabel sometimes shuddered as she went from a season of sweet, helpful communion with the inmate of the farm cottage, into an evening drawing-room, to hear the volume of vapid talk, polite scurrility, and senseless songs that could flow so ceaselessly from pretty mouths, lips formed for divine praise and fashioned by Love—that name by which the mighty Creator has announced Himself to His children.

When she recovered herself, Lady Isabel said, "Will you pray for our new coffee-house, Lucy? I *want* your prayers. Let us agree to pray twice a week, every Tuesday and Friday—alone or together, as the case may be—for our neighbors, rich and poor, and especially for the coffee-house. I want it to be made a centre of very great blessing in the place—a blessing to us *all*, you know!" she added brightly, as, after a few kind words, she gathered up her skirt, with her bag and gloves, and prepared to leave.

"Where is your mother?" she asked, as by an after-thought, just as her hand was upon the door handle.

"Mother has gone to help in some washing to-day, but father will be in directly. I heard his step just now."

So saying, "father" appeared at the door. A burly-looking man he was, clothed in his working costume, his hair ruffled, hot, and hands none of

he cleanest. Confronting Lady Isabel thus suddenly, whom he could see less as she stood with her back to the fire-light than she could see him, as they met in the doorway. Not very long ago Lady Isabel would have shunned such an encounter, but to-day her heart had been opened by her prayers and thoughts for the coffee-room, her kind reception by the gang at her own gate, and by her soul-stirring conference with Lucy. Instead of shrinking back from the stranger, she accepted with her sweetest smiles, and pleasantest offer of her hand, his rough and startled apology.

"How fortunate I am!" she said; and then added, "Everything happens right to-day. I was just thinking of you and wishing to see you, and—here you are!"

"Me! mum," said the man. "Beg yer pardon—my hand isn't clean. I've only just come off my job. Where's your mother, Luce?"

Something was not "straight" in the cottage when "the missus" was not there; and bluff though he was, and hard of speech, Jem leant upon his "better half," and missed her if she was absent, as many another strong man does in similar and unsimilar circumstances.

(To be continued.)

FOLLOWING JESUS.

S.S. Lesson for April 3d. Luke 9 : 49–62. Golden Text, ver. 57. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

FOLLOWING Jesus! this is our subject for to-day, and this is our life's vocation. "My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me," says our blessed Lord (John 10 : 27). It is the characteristic of His sheep, and the indispensable requisite of His disciples that they should follow Him. In the very commencement of His ministry, before He had chosen the twelve to "be with Him and that He might send them forth to preach" (Mark 3 : 14), He called Simon and Andrew and "saith unto them, Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men;" just afterwards, He called James and John, "and they immediately left the ship and their father and followed Him" (Matt. 4 : 18–22); so with Philip (John 1 : 43) and Matthew (Matt. 9 : 9), the Lord called them personally and they obeyed Him.

But following Jesus must always be at a cost; Andrew and Peter "left their nets," James and John "left the ship and their father," Matthew (also called Levi) "left all, rose up, and followed Him" (Luke 5 : 28); and Jesus says, "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be My disciple" (*i.e.* My follower). Jesus left all, forsook all that He had during the time of His sojourn upon earth, and to follow Him we must do likewise. That which He left for us was infinitely more than we can leave for Him. Thus the Lord Jesus says, "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me" (Matt. 16 : 24). The Lord Jesus put Himself out of the question when He was upon earth; His will, His convenience, His honor were not considered, and in denying ourselves we must learn to do likewise; for to deny ourselves is to put ourselves out of the question in all circumstances, and then instead of avoiding we can take up as our vocation every cross which is presented to us. This is a lesson which human nature rebels against, and self pronounces exaggerated and impossible, but this is the very meaning of being crucified with Christ, of living, not unto ourselves, but unto Him which died for us and rose again.

But to follow Jesus we must accept Him as our Leader, never forming our own plans, but waiting upon His directions. "He leadeth me beside the still waters," but not always, for sometimes His leading is "through the valley of the shadow of death;" but nevertheless this testimony is true of all those who have yielded to His leading: "He led them forth by the right way that they might go to a city of habitation" (Ps. 107 : 7). He led Joseph into slavery and prison, Moses into the wilderness, Elijah by the brook Cherith, Daniel into captivity, in order to fit them for the great work to which He called them afterwards. Bless God, it was the right way. How many more of such men there might have been if children of God who have met with trials and humiliations had denied themselves, taken up their cross and followed after Jesus! It is a Bible word but little understood, "Behold we count them happy which endure" (James 5 : 11). The majority even of believers are in a continued war and strife with circumstances; they are their own pioneers and have not learned to see God in all things, and they have not confidence enough in Jesus to follow Him without reserve.

Immediately preceding the verses chosen for our subject we read that there arose a reasoning among the disciples which of them should be the greatest. Jesus "took a child and set him by Him and said unto them, Whosoever shall receive this child in My name receiveth Me: and whosoever shall receive Me receiveth Him that sent Me: for he that is least among you all the same shall be great." The disciples were slow to learn that they were nothing in themselves, and that their only power and only worth was for His name's sake. Whosoever received either the disciples who were working miracles or a simple little child in His name equally received Him, and because He came in His Father's name whosoever received Him received Him that sent Him. The disciples naturally looked at the usefulness of their lives, at the marvellous things they were enabled to do, and they forgot that they were servants and instruments of the name of Jesus instead of being lords over and employers of that name of power.

The words of our Lord seem to have created a misgiving in the heart of John as to whether he had done rightly: "Master," he said, "we saw one casting out devils in Thy name: and we forbad him because *he followeth not with us*." O that this spirit had died with John! How many ministers there are in all Christian lands who condemn, and even forbid when they have the power, all lay work because the doers of it are not ministers! How many churchmen condemn the work of dissenters because they follow not with them, and dissenters equally condemn churchmen. How many baptized believers condemn the work of all who have not received adult baptism. State churches condemn free churches and free churches condemn State churches with even greater bitterness, and all this is among the so-called followers of Christ! O the grief of His heart: "They parted My garments among them and upon My vesture did they cast lots" (Matt. 27 : 35).

What said the Lord Jesus? "Forbid him not: for there is no man which shall do a miracle in My name that can lightly speak evil of Me. For he that is not against us is on our part" (Mark 9 : 39, 40). The party feeling of the disciples was wounded, they wanted to have a monopoly of the name of Jesus, and of the works of power which were done by it. This could not, and must not be. "He followeth not with us" was no sign that he did not follow Jesus. The test of a Christian worker is this: "Does he do miracles, does he win souls from darkness to light and from the power of Satan to God, and does he do them in the name of Jesus?" Eloquence, natural influence, latent learning are not powers which can work miracles.

We next see our blessed Lord "when the time was come that He should be received up," steadfastly setting His face to go to Jerusalem. "I have set My face like a flint" (Isa. 50 : 7). He knew all things that should happen unto Him, but He did not draw back. When He sent messengers into a village of the Samaritans that they should make ready for Him they "did not receive Him, because His face was as though He would go to Jerusalem." His heart was full of the fearful encounter with sin and death which He was going up to face, and here on the way He must meet with the miserableness of party spirit. If He would hold with the Samaritans, well, but His face was turned towards those who condemned them. James and John, full of party spirit on their side, and proud perhaps of the exercise of divine power which was entrusted them for healing, said, "Lord, wilt Thou that we command fire to come down from heaven, and consume them even as Elias did?" But he turned, and rebuked them, and said, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of. For the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them. And they went unto another village."

Retaliation, this is man's way, but Solomon says, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city" (Prov. 16 : 32). But how few there are who know how to endure! "This is thankworthy if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully." Our blessed Lord's life was one long endurance; here and there we get a glimpse of the burden of His heart: "O faithless and perverse generation! how long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you?" (Matt. 16 : 17). "Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life" (John 5 : 40). O how little did James and John know of their Master's spirit, how little did they know of their own! Christ came, not to destroy but to save, His followers must under all circumstances seek the salvation and the blessing of all whom they meet with, whether friends or would-be-enemies. "The servants of the Lord must not strive; but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves" (2 Tim. 2 : 24, 25).

The Master did not force His presence upon those who were unwilling to receive Him; "they went unto another village." But on the way "a certain man said unto Him, Lord, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest." So said Peter before God taught him to know his own heart, so say many who are full of natural zeal and energy. But the Lord said unto him, "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." The real follower of Jesus must make no stipulation as to what amount of earthly comfort and convenience may be his. And although we may always be truly grateful for every temporal blessing which we are given by the Lord, yet as followers of Christ we can *claim* none as our right, and therefore if for Christ's sake we are put to inconvenience, and humanly speaking our health is endangered by cold or damp rooms, by want of air or food, etc., let us remember that this is part of our vocation in following Him who had "not where to lay His head."

To another the Lord said, "Follow Me. But he said, Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father. Jesus said unto him, Let the dead bury their dead; but go thou and preach the kingdom of God." The man said, "Lord suffer me *first* to go and bury my father," my father first, the kingdom of God second. But Jesus had already taught His disciples, "He that loveth father or mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me" (Matt. 10 : 37). God does not teach us in His Word that we should neglect our family duties; on the contrary, it is written, "If any man provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." But all must be in its own order. If, for instance, the attendance at a funeral, where no good can be done to the dead, hinders some real service to the living, all care as to what may be expected of us must be set aside; the living God has the first claim upon us whether we are in office or not. This man, although he was neither one of the twelve (chap. 6 : 1, 2), nor yet one of the seventy (chap 10 : 1, 9), yet as being a follower of Christ, was charged to preach the Gospel.

Another said, "Lord, I will follow Thee; but let me first go bid them farewell which are at home at my house. And Jesus said unto him, No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." Many think, I will have one more dance, and then I will follow Jesus fully; I will have one more game at billiards, and then I will consecrate myself fully to the Lord; when our family gathering at Christmas is over, and I shall not be so subject to other influences, then I will give up all for Jesus; when I have finished the novel I am reading, then I will be fully decided—and it never comes to pass! If the following of Jesus is right, if it is worth our while, then the more abruptly we break from all other habits and all other influences the better. Reader, are you following Jesus?

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Engrossing Topic of the Week in all Foreign capitals has been the assassination of the Czar. The accounts of the crime received from St. Petersburg are disjointed, and in some particulars contradictory. It was at first asserted that both the men who threw the bombs were arrested; subsequently it was stated that only one was in custody, and that the other was slain in the explosion which killed the Czar. Another report has it that the thrower of the second bomb escaped. The plot seems to have originated at Geneva, and appears to have been more carefully and elaborately arranged than any which has heretofore been made. Assassins furnished with bombs were placed along the second route which the Czar might have taken on his return from the riding school, and a secret mine was prepared on another route, in case he should escape the bomb-throwers.

M. Rochefort, the Parisian communist, has gone to Geneva to obtain information about the plot, and asserts that the man captured could not have been one of the assassins, who, he says, were persons of high position. The Nihilist correspondent of an American journal relates that, three weeks before the assassination, the Czar had an interview with a deputation of the Nihilists, when an appeal was made to him to grant a constitution to Russia. The Czar emphatically and finally refused, and the correspondent says that arrangements for his murder were then promptly completed. The commission of such crimes is usually assigned to men selected from the Society by lot, but on this occasion more than thirty persons volunteered to undertake it, and a selection was made from the volunteers. It appears that the Czarevitch was to have been blown up with his father, and was only saved by the providential circumstance of having returned to his palace alone on the fatal day. A Nihilist manifesto issued since the assassination intimates that other startling crimes are contemplated.

The Funeral of the Late Emperor of Russia is arranged to take place on March 27th. Members of all the reigning families of Europe are expected to be present. The eldest son of the Emperor of Germany, the Crown Prince of Denmark, the brother of the Emperor of Austria, and two near relatives of the King of Italy are already on their way to St. Petersburg. The Prince of Wales will represent Queen Victoria at the obsequies, although he has been notified that he will do so at his peril. It is feared that, unless extraordinary precautions are taken, the Nihilists will take the opportunity of so many royal personages being in one place at the same time, to inflict a crushing blow which will be felt throughout Europe. The Princess of Wales, with the devotion which has always characterized her, has begged to be allowed to accompany her husband, and to share whatever danger may attend the journey. She is also anxious to express by her presence, her sympathy with her sister-in-law the Duchess of Edinburgh, the daughter of the late Czar, and to see her sister, who has now become Empress of Russia.

The Negotiations Between the British General and the Boers were still proceeding at last accounts. The reported disagreements are understood to relate to the form of government the Transvaal shall adopt. Great Britain insists, in the interest of her South African subjects, that she shall have the power to maintain order in the Transvaal, and to interfere in case of disturbances breaking out in that country, and to punish depredations on Cape Colony. The Boer leaders, on the other hand, demand complete independence. The British cabinet profess to entertain well-grounded hopes of a peaceful settlement being effected.

The Conference of Ambassadors at Constantinople has not at present arrived at a solution of the difficulty between Greece and Turkey. The London *Pall Mall Gazette*, a journal usually well informed on foreign affairs, says: "The news from the East is ominous of war. Crete is the maximum which the Turks offer to cede. The cession of Crete and Thessaly is the minimum which the Powers will accept. Unless means can be found to bring the minimum nearer the maximum, the Greeks will cross the frontier, and *a war will begin which may not close until it has spread far beyond the limits of the Ottoman empire.*" The London correspondent of the New York *World* telegraphs: "The ambassadors at the Constantinople conference are doing their utmost to bring about a peaceable settlement. Mr. Goschen, the British ambassador, has used all his influence with the Porte to induce it to make the concessions demanded by the other powers, but the Ottoman Ministry is stubborn to a degree, and it is believed in official circles that war is inevitable. The accession of the new Czar has greatly increased the difficulty of arriving at a satisfactory settlement."

A Lull in Irish Affairs has Followed the Enactment of the coercion measures. An attempt has been made to convey the impression that the U. S. Government are in sympathy with Mr. Parnell. The American embassy in London, as a matter of courtesy, forwarded to Mr. Parnell a telegram received from a society at St. Louis, expressing sympathy and confidence in that person. It has been made to appear that our Minister, by forwarding the message, endorsed its contents, but a prompt explanation from Mr. Lowell has dissipated the impression.

A serious riot broke out on St. Patrick's day at Aldershot, England, where several regiments are stationed, largely composed of Irish soldiers. The Irishmen of two regiments who had been celebrating St. Patrick's day by liberal potations raised national cries, and were soon joined by their countrymen belonging to other regiments. The guard were unable to quell the disturbance, and two regiments were called out who charged the rioters with fixed bayonets, wounding several and taking many prisoners. It is an ominous circumstance, in the present condition of Ireland, that so large a proportion of the British army are Irishmen.

A Box Containing Forty Pounds of Gunpowder, with a lighted fuse attached, was found in the London Mansion House, the official residence of the Lord Mayor of London, shortly before midnight on Wednesday, March 16th. A policeman passing the building noticed a light burning on one of the window-sills, and attempted to pull the burning stuff away. He found that it was attached to a box full of compressed gunpowder which must have exploded in a short time had he not noticed it and extinguished the fuse. An impression prevails that it was a Fenian plot against the Lord Mayor, who voted in Parliament for the coercion bill. The Irish party on the other hand, assert that the whole thing was a stupid hoax, concocted to excite the people against the Land Leaguers. It has, however, been deemed prudent to double the guard of soldiers at the Bank of England. Vigilant watch is also being kept on the Royal Exchange and the bank and insurance buildings which are in the vicinity of the Mansion House. The houses of Parliament, which were thoroughly explored the other day, are constantly guarded by a picked posse of detectives, besides the regular officers on duty there. It is not forgotten that a few years ago much property was destroyed, and many injuries inflicted, in an attempt of the Fenians to blow up one of the London prisons.

Dr. W. Morley Punshon, the Eminent Methodist minister, is ill. An English journal, says: "Dr. Punshon's many friends will learn with deep regret that this popular minister has been stricken down by severe illness. According to a statement made last Sunday by the Rev. R. Roberts, who fulfilled a preaching engagement for him, Dr. Punshon's nervous system has been completely shattered by the recent death of his son. This statement recalls to mind that Dr. Punshon was laid aside some years ago by a distressing nervous affection, from which however, his recovery appeared to be complete. The community will hope for better news of Dr. Punshon's condition."

The Romanists in Cologne have Adopted a novel way to annoy Mrs. Baxter, who writes the Sunday-school lessons for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. They have put a story into circulation that she would give eighty thalers ($75) to every person who would come over to her persuasion. One lad was asked who had told him so, and said it was *the Capelane*—i. e., Roman Catholic curate. Constantly the request for this money was made by letter and in person. Although in the meeting Mrs. Baxter read aloud one letter asking for it, and spoke of the awful sin of being willing to sell one's soul for money, and of the real cost at which sinners are saved, the people, who are *so used to lying* that they do not believe anything one says, continued to make the same demand, and were furious because they did not get it. Some of the priests, however, have spoken kindly of Mrs. Baxter's work.

The Ignominious Failure of Legalized Sabbath-breaking is announced at Maidstone, England. The town council of that place, after an experiment of three years, has resolved to bring to an end the Sunday opening of their museum and library. The reason is given by the Mayor, who said: "He believed it had been proved beyond contradiction that the museum had not been resorted to as had been expected. The people who were expected to go did not attend. It was used principally by a number of young persons who went there not so much to inspect and study the contents of the museum as to meet together to amuse themselves." Many philanthropists at Maidstone and elsewhere believed that the museum would attract the people from the drinking saloons. But they were mistaken. The scheme was one of "doing evil that good may come," and God does not bless such a principle.

A Gravedigger Buried Alive.—At the Islington Cemetery, in London, one of the gravediggers, a young man, was directed by the superintendent, on February 4th, to prepare a grave, and he obeyed taking the usual precautions of putting in boards and struts to keep up the sides and ends of the excavation as he dug down. He had reached to a depth of about fifteen feet, and was at the bottom still at work, when some of the other men at work in the vicinity heard a crash, and on going to the spot it was found that the whole of the sides of the grave had fallen in, burying the poor fellow at the bottom, who had thus actually dug his own grave. Several men were soon on the spot, and set to work to extricate him, but nearly six hours elapsed before *the dead body* was extricated. This circumstance is a type of the course many men are pursuing. By a life of dissipation and vice they are preparing their own graves.

Getting a Motto from a Sleeping Man.—The late Henry Moorhouse once set out in company with Mr. Hambleton to speak for Christ at some races. On their way they stayed at an hotel where they occupied the same bedroom for the night. Mr. Hambleton says: "Hour after hour passed while Henry was fast asleep; my mind was travelling through the Scriptures for an appropriate text for the second side of a board we took with us, no answer coming from the Lord to direct me to the proper one. When about giving up the matter till the morrow, Henry sat up in the bed (still fast asleep), and began talking as though he were relating an adventure at some place from which he had just returned, saying with great earnestness 'There I stood with a board on which was printed "Christ for me! Christ for me!" and the poor people were singing so happily.' He then said, 'Praise the Lord! Mercy's free!' breathed heavily, lay down quietly, and slept on till morning. But I had the appropriate words for the board—'Christ for me! Praise the Lord! Mercy's free!'"

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) for March may be obtained at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Price six cents.

The Following Works by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon are for sale at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Office, at prices much below what they can be obtained for else where. Remittances must accompany orders: *John Ploughman's Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 cents. *The Treasury of David*, a homiletical exposition of the book of Psalms, four vols., as far as Psa. 103, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon Birth-Day Book.* This popular gift-book contains a suitable passage selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every day in the year, with a blank space opposite for autographs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon appear at their respective birthdays. The book is gorgeously bound, and the price is 75 cents. Remittances should accompany orders.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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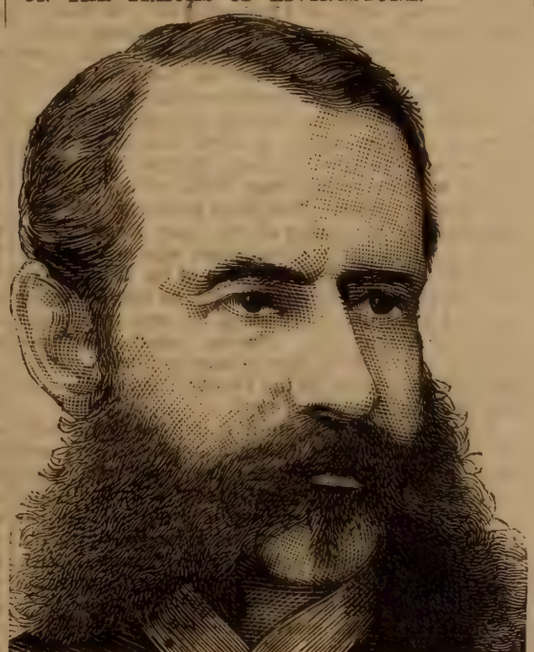

SIR F. S. ROBERTS, C.B., V.C.

GEN. SIR E. WOOD, K.C.B., V.C.

SKETCH-MAP OF SOUTH AFRICA, THE SEAT OF THE RECENT WAR.

GENERAL SIR G. P. COLLEY.

Killed in the Transvaal on Sunday, Feb. 27.

THE late Sir G. P. Colley, the British general who was slain by the Transvaal Boers at the battle of Majuba Mountain, on Sunday, February 27th, was the youngest son of the late Hon. G. F. Colley, of Fermoy, county Dublin. He was *born* on November 1st, 1835, and was therefore at the time of his death rather more than forty-five years of age.

He entered the army as an *ensign* in the 2d Regiment, on May 28th, 1852. In August, 1854, he received his commission as a *lieutenant*, and in June, 1860, attained the rank of *captain*. Between the two last-mentioned periods he had seen considerable service. Thus he was employed on special service on the Cape frontier in 1858-9 and 1861, in the occupation of Kreli's territory and the defeat and death of Tola, being twice thanked by the government, and receiving the brevet rank of *major* in March, 1863. He subsequently distinguished himself in other campaigns, and attained the rank of colonel in 1874.

When, in 1875, Sir Garnet Wolseley was despatched to Natal to administer the government of that colony, and to advise upon several important points connected with the management of native affairs and the best form of defensive organization, he selected Sir G. P. Colley as his *private secretary*, which office he held till Sir Garnet's return in the month of September, being shortly after his return to England appointed *assistant adjutant* and *quartermaster-general* at Aldershot. He did not remain long in this post, however—indeed, only two months, from January 1st to February 29th—when he was selected to go out to India as *military secretary* to Lord Lytton, the Viceroy of India, April 13th, 1876. In this important position he remained exactly two years, when he was transferred to the office of *private secretary*. This post he nominally filled until February 19th, 1880, though from July 9th in the preceding year, until October 7th following, he was *chief of the staff* to Sir Garnet Wolseley in South Africa, with the local rank of *brigadier general*, with which rank he took part in the concluding operations of the Zulu war.

On April 24th, 1880, Sir George Colley was appointed *Governor* and *Commander-in-chief* in Natal, and *High Commissioner* for South-East Africa, with the local rank of *major-general*, with his headquarters at Pietermaritzburg; but almost immediately after the breaking out of disturbances in the Transvaal at the close of the year, he started from Newcastle (without awaiting the reinforcements he expected from England) to relieve Colonel Bellairs at Potchefstroom and the other beleaguered garrison at Pretoria. His small column was, however, repulsed while attempting to force the Drakensberg range at Laing's Nek, and again, a few days later, near Mount Prospect, near the river Ingogo. At the battle of Majuba Mountain on February 27th he was shot through the head by one of the Boers, who fired at him at a distance of only four paces. The battle was described in our issues of March 3d and 10th.

SIR FREDERICK ROBERTS, C.B., V.C.,

MAJOR-GENERAL FREDERICK SLEIGH ROBERTS, who was sent to the Cape to replace the late Sir G. P. Colley, was the commander of the Koorum Valley column of the British army which entered the city of Cabul, during the Afghan campaign, in the month of October, 1879.

He has seen thirty years of arduous service, having entered the army as second lieutenant on December 12th, 1851, and was attached to the Bengal Artillery (now the Royal Artillery). Six years later, in 1859, when the sanguinary Indian mutiny broke out, his signal qualities as an intrepid soldier secured him promotion to the rank of First Lieutenant.

He was present at the siege and capture of Delhi. At the commencement of the siege, which lasted three months, he was wounded, and at the subsequent capture of the city *had a horse shot under him*. He also lost his horse in the engagement at Bolundshur and Kunoj, which quickly followed the fall of Delhi. At Bundhera he narrowly escaped capture by the mutineers while reconnoitring. He was present and took part in the storming of Meangunge and in the series of engagements which ended with the capture of Lucknow, for which he was thanked by the Governor-General of India, and received the Victoria Cross medal and three clasps, together with the brevet rank of *major*, on November 13th, 1860, when the Sepoy mutiny in India had been completely quelled.

He earned his Victoria Cross at the siege of Delhi. This is the high distinction which Queen Victoria confers only for deeds of peculiar and striking bravery, and in the case of General Roberts is a memento of his having at great personal danger sabred a Sepoy standard-bearer, and thereby caused great confusion in the ranks of the mutineers.

When the Abyssinian war broke out in 1868, he superintended the re-embarkation of the whole of the returning army, and was selected by Sir Robert, afterward Lord Napier, to carry his final despatches. For this service, which was discharged with characteristic skill, he received the brevet rank of *lieutenant-colonel* and another medal.

Upon the breaking out of the war with the Ameer of Afghanistan in 1878, Colonel Roberts was selected to command one of three columns of troops which marched from India to Afghanistan by different routes. The route his troops followed was that by the valley of the river Koorum, the same as that by which two years ago he returned to Cabul after the assassination of the British resident Sir Louis Cavagnari; in fact, he had not really reached Indian territory when he was ordered to return to Afghanistan. He was raised to the rank of *major-general* for the decisive and brilliant victory which he won in the Peiwar Pass against the hill tribes in December, 1878.

He completed his return march to Cabul with about 5000 soldiers, through a hostile country and surrounding great dangers, on October 10th, 1879, only forty days after the massacre of Sir Louis Cavagnari. Upon entering the city the British standard was hoisted for the third time over the Bala Hissar, or royal palace, in which is the British Residency, where Sir Louis Cavagnari and some thirty others were massacred.

One of the most marvellous exploits in military annals was achieved by him in August, 1880, when, with nine thousand soldiers, he marched three hundred and thirteen miles in twenty-three days, from *Cabul*, to relieve General Primrose, who was beleaguered in *Candahar*, defeated Ayoob Khan and captured twenty-seven cannon.

When the news of the disaster at Majuba Mountain was received in England the Government turned to General Roberts as the officer on whom they could rely to retrieve their defeats of the army, and he was despatched to South Africa. Happily there will be no occasion for his services there in a warlike capacity, peace having been proclaimed while he was on his voyage out.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR EVELYN WOOD, K.C.B., V.C.

THIS distinguished officer has had a most *eventful life*, which has been spent in the interest of his country in both of the services—the navy and the army. He is a son of the late Rev. Sir J. Page Wood, Bart., and nephew to Lord Hatherley, who was Lord High Chancellor of England; he was born in 1838, and is now forty-three years of age. He *entered the Royal Navy* in April, 1852, and very soon displayed such marked merit that he was selected as aide-de-camp to the famous Captain Peel, who organized the Naval Brigade, and which he led with much bravery until he fell in India.

Under this intrepid commander Lieutenant Wood (naval), as he then was, served from October, 1854, to June, 1855, before Sebastopol, during the Crimean War. While carrying up the scaling-ladders, by means of which the troops were to storm the Redan fort, he was *severely wounded*.

At the close of the war he was, upon his return to England, *loaded with honors*. He received the Crimean medal and two clasps, was created a Knight of the French Legion of Honor, and received from Turkey the Order of the Medjidie of the fifth class, and the Turkish military medal.

About three months after his return he *changed his profession*, relinquishing the life of a sailor for that of a soldier. He found no difficulty, after his brave services, in obtaining a commission in a cavalry regiment as *cornet*.

His next steps, those of *lieutenant* in 1856 and *captain* in 1861, were purchased, but in 1858 he evinced capabilities which obtained for him the temporary rank of *Brigade-Major* in Somerset's Brigade, and throughout the Indian Mutiny he served most efficiently, being present at the battles of Rajghur and Sindwaho. For his bravery in these engagements he was again mentioned in the despatches of General Michel, and again at Kharee and Barode, and was gazetted as entitled to receive the Victoria Cross.

He was much beloved by his men for his great kindness and consideration of them, while as a soldier he was, and is, a strict disciplinarian.

When serving in the Ashantee war a large number of deserters came over to the British camp and offered their services to the general. These Colonel Wood organized, and made of them a very efficient corps, which bore the name of "Wood's Regiment."

He commanded the attacking force at Essaman, for which he received the expression of *Her Majesty's approbation*. Further on in the Ashantee campaign he commanded the troops which held the head of the road followed by the enemy from Mansu to the river Prah. With this mere handful at his command he successfully resisted every attempt to dislodge him until the European troops arrived to relieve his garrison.

Colonel Wood went out to the Cape before the Zulu War began in 1878, when several tribes on the border of the Transvaal were giving the Colonial Government some trouble. On the 30th of March, 1879, 20,000 Zulus attacked Colonel Wood's force. After a *desperate engagement*, which is considered to have been one of the most sanguinary engagements that have ever been fought in the colony, the Zulus were repulsed, but with heavy loss on the British side. In the course of the engagement Sir Evelyn Wood was in imminent peril, and displayed great intrepidity.

In the war with the Boers he has been actively engaged, and when Sir G. P. Colley was killed he, being the next officer in rank, assumed the chief command pending the arrival of General Roberts.

OUR MAP OF SOUTH AFRICA,

And History of the Colony.

PARAGRAPHS have appeared from week to week in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD describing the progress of a war, now happily at an end, between the British and the Boers in the Transvaal. The causes which led to the war have been but imperfectly understood in America, and even the country in which it has been waged is a region about which very little is generally known. The map which appears this week on our first page may furnish information which will be new to some of our readers, and the following brief sketch of the origin of the quarrel may correct some misapprehension which has found its way into the public journals, both religious and secular.

First, in

EXPLANATION OF THE MAP,

which represents the southern extremity of the great continent of Africa. The region to the south of the Orange River from the west coast to the dotted line running from the south east coast in a northerly direction between the words "Native District" and "Natal" on the map, is Cape Colony. This colony passed under British rule under the treaty of 1815, when it was ceded to England by the Government of Holland. The district of Natal, to the east of Cape Colony, was acquired by Great Britain in 1843, and was constituted a separate colony in 1856, being at that time peopled to a considerable extent by Dutch emigrants from Cape Colony. The Orange Free State, to the north of Cape Colony and on the west of Natal, is a republic, also largely populated by Dutch settlers.

self-sacrificing missionary pioneer, to whom it owes its present chance of being civilized and Christianized.

In January, 1878, immediately after it was known that this river was the mightiest and most navigable of all the waterways into Central Africa, the Livingstone Inland Mission was started, and shortly afterward the Baptist Mission to San Salvador, the old capital of Congo, and the former sphere of a Jesuit mission, which long ago collapsed. The first object of both these missions is to get past the thirty-two cataracts and rapids which bar the navigation of the river for 180 miles, from the Falls of Yellala to Stanley Pool, where it becomes navigable again, and flows for *nearly* 1000 *miles without interruption* through the populous, fertile, and healthy table-lands of Central Africa, receiving continually on either side great tributary rivers, which open up vast tracts of country both north and south of the main stream.

The Baptist Missionary Society proposes to work on the southern shores and tributaries of the Congo, and the Livingstone Inland Mission in the countries on its northern banks and on those of its northern tributaries. A glance at any modern map of Africa will show that *a very large portion of the continent*, from the south of the Soudan to the watershed of the Zambesi, is included in the area drained by the Congo or Livingstone River and its tributaries.

So difficult, however, has proved the task of penetrating through the belt of mountainous country lying between this immense and needy mission-field and the ocean that it has never yet been accomplished during the four centuries that have elapsed since the discovery of the mouth of the Congo. Neither merchants, explorers, slave-traders, nor missionaries have ever succeeded in breaking through this mountain barrier, or in reaching the great Central African plateau behind the rapids of the Congo. Stanley came down through its rocky gorges, it is true; but not even he has gone up, though he is now endeavoring to open the country on behalf of the International Association. In 1816 Captain Tuckey was sent out, at the head of a most carefully-selected and amply-provided government expedition; but he failed to get beyond the second or third cataract of the thirty-two, and he and most of the expedition perished in the attempt.

It is little wonder, therefore, that our brethren of the Livingstone Inland Mission have found it no easy matter, with very slender resources of both men and means, to make headway. Two of their number, Messrs. Telford and Peterson, have already laid down their lives for Christ's sake in Congoland in their efforts to get in. The rest have been preserved, some for nearly three years now; and though the progress made has been slow, and the expense involved considerable, yet we feel that, seeing the importance of the end in view, and the difficulties that had to be encountered, they have had no small success, and that there is much cause for devout gratitude in the fact that they are now at Manyanga, and thus more than half way through their task of reaching the upper river. They have got through 220 of the 300 miles between the ocean and Stanley Pool.

The main obstacles to progress are the fever-breeding climate, which renders life in those regions one constant struggle with disease and death, the superstitions of the natives, and, worst of all, the total absence of any money or portable currency. Heavy, bulky barter goods must be carried in order to purchase the necessaries of life; there are no roads and no beasts of burden; porters are the only resource, and they are difficult to get, expensive to hire, and very troublesome to manage. In spite of all these difficulties, however, our brethren have now built four stations, at considerable distances from each other, making a chain up the country; have learned the language, and commenced mission work. Manyanga, where their last station is situated, is a large market-town on the north bank of the Congo, and about five miles from the river, among the Babwende people—a place where the natives of a dozen different districts meet to exchange their wares, and consequently an admirable locality for a station.

We have now eight missionaries in Congoland (all former students in our institute). Three of them are married men and have their wives with them. Mr. Adam McCall is leader of the pioneer party and director of the mission in Africa; Mr. and Mrs. Craven, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, and Mr. and Mrs. Richards, together with Messrs. Harvey, Clarke, Lanceley, and McKergow, are distributed at the various stations or advancing up the country with Mr. McCall. It is expected that the next station (perhaps now in process of erection) will be at Msumbula, another market-place, fifty miles beyond Manyanga, in the midst of a thickly-populated district, and on the fine breezy hills 1500 feet above the river, and 2500 feet above the sea. Then the next will be Stanley Pool.

We commend this mission very strongly to the sympathy of God's people. It is undenominational and in real earnest; upheld by no great society, but depending wholly on God. The dear brethren and sisters connected with it are not only sacrificing all comfort and enjoyment, but risking health and even life itself. They are bravely enduring great hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. They receive no salaries, but go out prepared to support themselves as soon as possible and as far as possible.

THE FOUNTAIN OPENED.*

By Mrs. Julia M. Olin.

I WILL tell you a story about my great grandfather—a good old minister. Like many of the good men of that day, he walked with God, like some of the old patriarchs. Every act and event of his life was under the direction of that gracious Providence which ordereth all the steps of the good man. When calamities came, he considered them as the chastisements of his heavenly Father, and humbled himself under the mighty hand of God.

One memorable summer there was *a great drought* in the country. Day after day the heavens seemed as brass over their heads. Morning and evening the sun rose and set like a red ball; his rays being hidden by the haze that obscured the landscape—the meadows lost their verdure, and looked brown and sere, the leaves of the trees began to fade and fall before their time, the tufts of fern in the woods curled up tightly their graceful leaves, the earth with its heated surface was gasping for rain—and one imploring cry seemed to go up from all things inanimate and animate.

There were no brooks or fountains of water; the wells failed one after another, till at length there was water but in one well, to which all the country side resorted for water for their cattle. At length the waters of this well were becoming very low; and, when that failed, what was to become of the people and their cattle? It was like a time spoken of by the prophet Jeremiah: "Their nobles have sent their little ones to the waters; they came to the pits and found no water; they returned with their vessels empty; they were ashamed, and confounded, and covered their heads."

But the good minister remembered the blessed promise in the prophecy of Isaiah: "*When the poor and needy seek water*, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them; I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys: I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water" (chap. 41: 17, 18). And he called together all his friends and neighbors who sought water, and there was none; and invited them to spend the afternoon at his house, in humbling themselves before God, and praying to Him for help in this time of need.

Broken and contrite hearts were there in the place of prayer, and earnest petitions were offered to that merciful Being who hath said, "Ask, and ye shall have" and, at the close of these sacred services, there was an humble confidence in many a trusting spirit that God had heard, and would not forsake them.

The neighbors retired to their homes; and my great grandfather, old Mr. Birdley, taking his hat and his stick, walked out silent and thoughtful. Several hours passed, and the shades of evening began to gather, but still he had not returned. His daughter, watchful and apprehensive, prepared to follow him, to learn the cause of his prolonged absence. She had walked but a few steps from the house, however, when she saw his venerable form approaching. The sadness had passed away from his countenance, now lighted up with grateful joy. "*My daughter, I have found water!*" he exclaimed, as he drew near; and he related how God had heard the prayers of his servants, and directed his steps to a fountain of water.

He was wandering over the farm, still occupied by the humbling and holy thought which had found public expression that afternoon, when on a hillside he perceived a dampness on the ground. Calling a laborer who was at work at a short distance, he directed him to remove the earth with his spade. He did so; and he had not dug more than one or two feet in depth, when a copious stream leaped out from a hidden fountain into the face of the astonished laborer. The fountain was unsealed; and the clear, beautiful water flowed on in an abundant stream.

The old man gazed upon it with feelings of gratitude, deep as those which thrilled the hearts of the children of Israel, when the rock was struck and the waters gushed out; and he recognized the hand of God as distinctly in this signal answer to prayer. And there the stream flows on to this present time, keeping up with its babbling voice a remembrance of the day when its waters came to save those who were ready to perish.

Mr. Birdley lived till he was a hundred and two years old. On his hundredth birthday, the inhabitants of the neighboring town invited him to deliver an address in the chapel; and, with the frosts of a hundred winters silvering his hair, the venerable old man mounted his horse, rode four miles to the chapel, delivered his address, and returned home not wearied with his day's labor.

The Duke of Wellington's Thumb-nail Mark on a map in the possession of the Lennox family is sometimes shown to visitors. On the eve of the famous battles of which Waterloo was the crowning victory, the Duchess of Richmond gave a ball in Brussels to which the distinguished officers of the allied armies were invited. The festivities were broken up by the news that Napoleon was in the vicinity. At an earlier hour of the evening the Duke of Richmond was asked by Wellington for a map, and took him into an outer room to show him one. There the great captain, after studying it some moments, made a sudden mark with his thumb-nail, saying, "*I shall fight him there!*" The map so marked has been treasured as a relic by the Lennox family, and is the subject of much interest. This circumstance may remind us of a point about the Ten Commandments which is often overlooked. Those commandments are not only a part of the inspired Word of God, but were *written with the finger of God* upon two tables of stone.

No Man's Land.—Some Years Ago, a Traveller stood on the rock of Gibraltar, and looking toward the Spanish mainland, saw two lines of white tents with a considerable space between them. Upon asking the meaning, he was told they were the British and Spanish lines respectively, and the space between was "no man's land," or neutral ground belonging to neither kingdom; and any one standing upon it was neither in English nor Spanish territory. Some think that a similar kind of neutral zone, or "no man's land," exists between the kingdom of sin and the kingdom of grace. They are not in the kingdom of God, but they associate much with Christians and attend the services of the Church, and so do not consider themselves as Satan's subjects. Such people are deceived. There is not a hairsbreadth of neutral ground. The boundary line of the Kingdom of God is "the blood of Christ." Outside the line all are under "the power of darkness;" inside are those whom God "hath translated into the kingdom of His dear Son."

* From "Four Days in July:" published by Messrs. Phillips & Hunt, New York. A life and portrait of Mrs. Olin will be given in an early number of The Christian Herald.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Political Interest During the Past Week has centred in the subject of the Presidential appointments. There have been many prophecies uttered as to the course President Garfield would adopt in the distribution of official patronage, but they have all been falsified by the facts. Those who based their opinions on the reports of the interview known as "the treaty of Mentor," and predicted that the Conkling wing of the Republican party would control the appointments, were disappointment by the list sent to the Senate on March 23d. Among them was the name of Senator William H. Robertson to be Collector of the Port of New York, and Collector Merritt to be Consul-General in London. The significance of these nominations was fully appreciated in political circles. Neither Senator Conkling, Vice-President Arthur, nor Postmaster-General James could be expected to approve the principle on which they were made.

Judge Robertson, by his revolt from the unit rule prior to the Chicago Convention, incurred the displeasure of the section known as the stalwarts, and his nomination is therefore regarded as an act of defiance on the part of the President. An important section of the party, however, heartily approve the nomination, and the State Senate has passed a resolution thanking the President, and asking the Senate to confirm the nomination. There is an apparent effort on the part of the President to conciliate every section, but in alternately favoring one and another he has caused jealousy in all, which may result in factious opposition. President Garfield has a difficult and delicate duty to perform in exercising his nominating power, but though he may offend the different machines he will earn and receive the approval of the people if he makes the sole motive of selection the efficiency of the public service.

The National Subscription for the Benefit of General Grant, which was proposed and managed by Mr. George Jones of the New York *Times*, is now reported by that journal to amount to *two hundred and fifty thousand dollars*. This sum has all been received save $34,000 due from subscribers who are at present out of the country.

The Question of an Extra Session of Congress has been definitely settled by the President's announcement that it will not be called. The arguments for and against the extra session have been anxiously debated by the Cabinet, but the preponderance of opinion was against it. The chief reason for calling Congress together was to pass a refunding bill in the place of the one vetoed by Mr. Hayes, and so avoid the loss resulting from the payment of the high rate of interest. But the Secretary of the Treasury has, it appears, means at his disposal which will render the loss from that cause comparatively small. He can take up a large portion of the maturing high-interest bonds with unsold four per cent bonds, surplus revenue and the temporary three per cent certificates which he has the right to issue, and so reduce the amount of bonds bearing the high rate. Other reasons affecting the general tranquillity and business interests of the country are also believed to have weighed with the Cabinet in coming to a decision. Unless an unforeseen emergency arises, Congress will therefore not meet until December.

Ex-Secretary Schurz Outlined the Policy he believes best adapted to solve the Indian Question, in his speech at the Boston dinner on March 22d. He has had four years' experience in the Department of the Interior, and during that period he had opportunities for studying the question and ascertaining the actual facts affecting Indian life and character. The policy Mr. Schurz recommends is that of "promoting the transformation of the Indians from shiftless paupers into thrifty and orderly workers, as agriculturists, herdsmen, traders and mechanics—of extending their educational facilities to teach them how to learn and how to live, of stimulating their desire to become individual owners of lands and other property like white men: a policy, in a word, of preparing them for their ultimate absorption into the great body of American citizenship, with all its rights and duties," a wise and vigorous pursuit of these ends Mr. Schurz believes "will finally solve that Indian problem which in the past has so often proved a trouble, and sometimes a disgrace, to the American people, not as a matter of justice, but as a matter of fact."

The House of Assembly of Rhode Island sets a much-needed example to the Legislatures of larger States. Some friends of the Parnell agitation in Ireland introduced a resolution expressing sympathy with the movement. One of the members in opposing the resolution said it concerned a people over 3000 miles away, over which we have no control, and about whose laws we know very little; that the effect of its passage might be to *encourage assassination*, and that he could not vote conscientiously for the resolutions. He also stated that land was cheaper to-day in Ireland than it was in almost any country in Europe, but was poorly farmed. The House very sensibly adopted that view, and the State of Rhode Island is therefore not pledged to a resolution endorsing Boycotting and other lawless proceedings.

Another Suit Under the Civil Damage Act has ended in a verdict adverse to the liquor seller. A saloon-keeper appeared at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Court house last week as defendant in a suit brought by the wife of a drunkard. The woman saw her husband go to the saloon on a Sunday morning last fall, and she followed him and begged of the proprietor not to sell him any more rum. He refused her entreaties and her husband got drunk and went back to his home, where, maddened by liquor, he beat and kicked the poor woman in a most shameful manner, planting the heavy heels of his coarse boots in her side repeatedly. She suffered serious injuries and she sued the saloon keeper for damages, bringing her husband as a witness. The judge charged the jury that the fact of the illegal selling being admitted, and also that it occurred on Sunday, the statute gave the plaintiff a legal right of action. After a short absence the jury returned with a verdict for plaintiff of $525. A few more verdicts of this character will, it may be hoped, render the venders of the poison more attentive to the entreaties of distressed wives.

Over One Hundred Thousand Dollars Have been received from newsboys in New York for board during the time the Newsboys' Lodging House has been in operation. In the annual report of the Children's Aid Society, recently issued, the Manager of the Newsboys' Lodging House gives some interesting facts. He says that since its organization in 1854 he has had under his care 170,773 different boys, some of whom are now over forty years of age. "During those years," he says, "we have furnished 1,210,037 lodgings and 1,186,178 meals; 13,850 wandering and strange boys have been returned to friends and relatives. The expense of this work has been $283,571.25, of which amount the boys have contributed $100,300.80, and thus have paid 35 per cent of the expenses. During the entire period 18,405 have saved $50,-114.45 in our savings bank.

"It is cause of regret that our influence over the boys is greatly crippled by the fact that they remain only a short time with us. As soon as steady employment, or a quiet home in the country, is procured, they leave us, carrying with them kindly remembrances of our Lodging House. At times we are visited by well-dressed, respectable young men, who tell us that years ago they occupied our bunks. We endeavor to make the boys feel that the Lodging House belongs to them, and that its success, in a measure, depends upon their efforts and support. Some of our boys are farmers, others are merchants, others follow various mechanical pursuits, others are filling positions of trust, and some have become *ministers of the Gospel*."

The Trial of Rev. I. M. Kalloch of San Francisco for the murder of Mr. DeYoung has ended in the acquittal of the accused. There was no doubt as to De Young having been shot by Kalloch, but the jury apparently considered that De Young's previous conduct had contributed to the crime. It is deplorable that society has sunk to so low a state of morality as to condone a crime like that of the DeYoung murder. It is still more deplorable that a man holding the position of a Christian minister should have committed the lawless deed and so have brought reproach on the name of Christ.

An Interesting Bicentennial Celebration was held at Bedford, Westchester County, N. Y., on Tuesday, March 22d. The Presbyterian Church of that village was founded March 22d, 1681, and there was a general desire that its *two hundredth birthday* should be appropriately observed. At the anniversary meetings held in the church it was stated that the present edifice was presented to the society by Mr. Francis A. Palmer, President of the Broadway Bank, thus redeeming a promise he made when he left Bedford a poor boy, that he would build them a church when he became a rich man. The church is a tasteful Gothic structure of wood, finished in black walnut, with rich stained glass windows, and cost $50,000. The interior was beautifully decorated for the occasion with evergreens and flowers. On one side of the pulpit was the inscription: "In the place of the fathers are the children. 1681–1881."

The Sisters of the Stranger are Receiving Encouragement in their new work inaugurated by Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., on January last. The last published list of contributions amounts to $243, and includes a donation of $100 from Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. The charity was instituted for taking care of men who have been discharged from the hospitals, but are not quite strong enough to seek or enter upon employment. The "Rest" gives them quiet, a good bed, good food, and the requisite medicine, until they can go forth. There are no salaries. Up to March 1st thirteen applicants were received. To these fifteen weeks' board and lodging were given, medicines, extra comforts, and eighteen articles of clothing were furnished, with an outlay of only $83.28.

A Well-to-do Deacon in Connecticut was one morning accosted by his pastor, who said, "Poor Widow Green's wood is out. Can you not take her a cord?" "Well," answered the deacon, "I have the wood and I have the team; but *who is to pay me for it?*" The pastor, somewhat vexed, replied, "I will pay you for it, on the condition that you read the first three verses of the 41st Psalm before you go to bed to-night." The deacon consented, delivered the wood, and at night opened the Word of God and read the passage: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth; and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing: thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness." A few days afterward the pastor met him again: "How much do I owe you, deacon, for that cord of wood?" "Oh!" said the now enlightened man, "do not speak of payment: *I did not know* those promises were in the Bible: I would not take money for supplying the old widow's wants."

An Attempt to Promote the Comfort and religious and moral welfare of the people has been made at Kansas City, and has turned out a commercial success. The *Intelligencer* says: "Rev. Henry Hopkins, of Kansas City, has organized a mission among the laboring men in the 'Bottom'—a part of the city where several thousand people live, who work in the great packing-houses. Investing about $5000 in a good lot and building, he manages to furnish the people with a free reading-room, good board and lodgings at very low rates, and a chapel for *Sunday-school and religious gatherings*, all under one roof. This not only supports itself, but the income pays legal interest on the money invested and considerably over, each month, which will soon net enough to pay off the principal.

An Infidel Dancing-Saloon Keeper's Conversion was described by an officer of the Salvation Army last week. The members of the army in making a tour of the saloons, visited one the proprietor of which had been a Roman Catholic, but who had become an infidel by profession as well as by practice. His saloon was one of the lowest class, where men were enticed from theatres and the streets by dancing girls, drugged and robbed. They were anxious to have their visitors partake of refreshments, but they would not even accept the glass of water offered, having been forewarned. They were ordered away by the proprietor, who used profane language very freely, but they stayed, and sang "Just as I am, without one plea." The singing of this hymn produced such an impression on his mind that he was impelled to plead for salvation, and was ultimately converted. But before he could get pardoned for his sins, he had to send for a magistrate and marry the woman he was living with; and the next thing he did was to pour out the liquors and abandon the establishment.

Miss Ida Lewis, the Heroine of Lime Light Rock, whose bravery in rescuing shipwrecked people has won for her the name of the American Grace Darling, was presented on March 14th with a handsome silver medal, the gift of the Humane Society of Massachusetts. The presentation was made by Thomas Motley, vice-president of the society, who, with several members of the society, visited the lighthouse for the purpose. The medal is 2½ inches in diameter, ⅛ of an inch thick, and is of solid silver. On the rim are the words, "Reward of merit, courage, and perseverance." The face bears this inscription, "To Ida Lewis, the heroine of Lime Rock, for her many heroic and successful efforts in saving human lives." On the rim of the reverse are the words, "Humane Society of Massachusetts, 1791." In the centre is a raised emblem of the society; at the top is a representation of a small wooden hut, with the word "Refuge" on a scroll; underneath are two boats' crews, clasped hands, and a ship riding on the waves. It is very gratifying to observe brave deeds like those of Miss Ida Lewis so appropriately honored. A day is coming when self-denying men and women who have been instrumental under God in rescuing, from a fate worse than drowning, sin-enslaved men and women and leading them to the Refuge of Christ will be honored by Him who rewards His servants openly (Daniel 12 : 3)

A Peculiarly Melancholy Incident is Reported from Stone Ridge, N. Y. On Wednesday, March 16th, a little boy fell out of the schoolhouse window during recess. Not thinking the boy's injuries were of a serious nature, the teacher did not send him home. At the close of school, the boy started for home alone, taking a short cut across lots. Becoming weak and dizzy, as is now supposed, from the injuries received by the fall, he again fell while attempting to climb a fence, and was unable to proceed further. He took off his jacket, placed it under his head, and lay down. *All that night the poor lad remained by the fence.* His parents, thinking he had stopped over night with an uncle, as was his wont, felt no alarm; but next morning, finding he had not been seen by anybody, they started in search, and found him where he had lain down, still conscious. He was removed to his home, but, despite care and attention, he died that day. Possibly the boy's life might have been saved had his parents known of his accident a little earlier. The pathetic incident reminds us how many there are who fall morally and spiritually in the ways of life to whom a little timely help, a word of Christian encouragement spoken in faith might lead to recovery. God has given an explicit promise of reward for such work (James 5 : 19, 20).

A Striking Testimony to the Character of one of our Senators at Washington was once rendered by Senator Carpenter, who was president *pro tem.* of the Senate. Speaking of the Senator in question, he said, "You may put me in the chair blindfolded, and I can tell whether or no he is in his seat by *the character of the legislation* that is brought up. If it is known that he will be absent for a few days, every bill with a 'job' in it is brought to the front and pushed; whereas, if he is present, nothing is said about them."

A Town that is Dead is Described in an Atchison (Kan.) journal. It appears that some years ago a New England young man settled on the banks of the Lower Osage River, in Missouri. He set a large number of men at work getting out lumber in the forests that line the stream. He conceived the idea too of founding in the Missouri woods a New England village, and stores, mills, and many dwellings arose on a sloping hillside on the river, and the village was called, after a cliff on the opposite shore Castle Rock. The enterprising founder also built a little church. All went well until the outbreak of the war, when the people of the country were divided in sentiment. The New Englander joined a Missouri regiment and fell in one of the battles around Vicksburg. With his death a blight fell on his business and the village. No friendly hand took up his work. The sound of the ringing axe was heard no more along the Osage. The great business he had built up ceased. The mills were silent. Dusty and forlorn weeds encroached upon the highways, and the door of the deserted church swung idly to and fro. The Christian, as he looks at the desolate place, asks himself, "Would not this soon be the condition of the world if its Creator abandoned it?"

A Discovery in Connection with the Dreaded scourge, diphtheria, was accidentally made by a physician in the West. The facts, as related by the New York *Times*, are as follows: A young man whose arm had been recently amputated was attacked by diphtheria before the limb had healed. To the surprise of his physician, the matter incident to diphtheria appeared on the arm where it had been severed, in place of depositing itself as usual in the throat, and the case proved to be a very mild one. The doctor profited by this strong intimation from nature, and when next called to visit a diphtheritic patient, blistered his chest. There most of the deposits showed themselves, and the patient speedily recovered. It would appear from this discovery that the virus produced by the disease is attracted to the most tender part of the body, and may thus be drawn to a locality where it may be more readily treated than in its usual place, the throat.

The Plucked Flower.—A Gentleman's Gardener had a child in whom his affection seemed to be centred, and was overwhelmed with grief when it sickened and died. In one of his flower-beds was a favorite rose, the fairest flower he had ever seen on the tree, and he daily marked its growing beauty, intending when full-blown to send it to his master's mansion. One morning it was gone—some one had plucked it. Mortified at what he thought was the improper conduct of one of the servants, he endeavored to find out the culprit. He was, however, much surprised to find that *his master*, on walking through the garden, had been attracted by the beauty of the rose, and, plucking it, had carried it to one of the beautiful rooms in the Hall. The gardener's anger was changed into pleasure. He felt reconciled when he heard that *his master* had thought the flower worthy of such special notice. "Ah, Richard," said the gentleman, "you can gladly give up the rose, because I thought it worthy of a place in my house. And will you repine because your Heavenly Father has thought wise to remove your child from a world of sin, to be with Himself in heaven?

JESUS AT A STAND.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

Delivered on Sunday Morning, March 6th, 1881.

"And Jesus stood still."—MARK 10 : 49.

Killing Two Birds with one Stone—Christ's Character Unchanged—I. What Means the Pause? An Unusual Posture—Arrested by a Pleading Cry—Is the Power Lost?—Fear for England—Christ Crossing the Atlantic—II. Who, and what Arrested the Saviour?—A Blind Beggar—His Cry—A Cry for Mercy—The Inn of "The Broken Heart"—The Name as a Plea—An Opportunity to do Good—An Itinerant Saviour—III. The Characteristics of the Beggar—A Man Full of Need—Of Strong Desires—His Earnest Plea—His Faith—IV. What is Special for You—Good Works Like Forged Currency—Matthew's Account—"Ditto to Mr. Burke"—An Anonymous Suppliant—"Lord, Save Millions."

A FRIEND inquired of me yesterday, "Will you preach on Sunday morning to saints or to sinners?" I could not at the moment answer him; but I afterward thought within myself, If I preach concerning Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour, I shall *kill two birds with one stone*, and give both saints and sinners a profitable theme for thought. There is but one message of the Gospel, and it has a voice to all. Saints know no sweeter music than the name of Jesus, and sinners know no richer comfort than His person and His work. We preach to all when we preach Him who is all in all. Christ comes as life to the dead, and He is equally life to the living. I trust there will at this time be a word in season, both to those who fear God and to those who fear Him not, while I speak of the Saviour from these three words, "Jesus stood still."

Our divine Lord has changed His position, but He is Himself the same as ever, and therefore every truth which we learn concerning Him in the past becomes all the more valuable since it is still true of Him. Our Lord's name is "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." What his character was on earth such it is still; His pursuits on earth are His pursuits still; his main object when He was here is His chief aim even in the glory. We have not to say, "This is what Jesus *was*," and then to mourn that He has changed; for He is without variableness. His transit from the tree to the throne has not affected His nature so as to make him other than He was when here below.

I. First, let us answer this question,

WHAT MEANS THIS PAUSE

in the Saviour's progress, "Jesus stood still"? This was not His frequent posture; for He was ever on the move: "He went about doing good." He might have done much among men if He had taken up His station and remained in one place, so that the crowds could have resorted to Him to listen to His voice, or to be healed by His power; but Jesus was not an immovable statue of benevolence, He was active and energetic, an itinerant preacher who never wearied in His circuit. *One does not often see Jesus standing still.* His was the love which does not wait to be sought after by men; for it has come to seek as well as to save that which was lost.

In the Gospel we read that our Lord was going up to Jerusalem, with His face steadfastly set to accomplish His great work. Yet, though His thoughts were thus urgently preoccupied, and His whole heart engrossed, we find Him pausing in His steady progress to the desired end; "Jesus stood still." There was, doubtless, somewhat special about this recorded pause. What was it which fastened Him to the spot? It was not hesitancy—his resolve was too firm; it was not fear—the thought of drawing back never passed the Redeemer's mind. Onward, onward, was His fixed resolve. He stood still from no unworthy motive; all His movements and His pauses have a nobility about them and a fulness of meaning which no personal motive can account for.

Our Lord was beginning at the moment that triumphal procession which continued till He reached the temple amid the hosannas of the multitude. It is true He was advancing to the cross; but ere he reached his death he was to be proclaimed as the King, meek and lowly, who came

riding upon a colt the foal of an ass. His triumphal march has begun, and Jesus is in the midst of admiring listeners. Yet Jesus stands still; the whole procession halts; the twelve disciples and the company of the faithful are arrested, and the crowd tarries in the roadway of Jericho. For what great reason did it happen that Jesus stood still?

His eye is fixed in the direction whence had come *a certain pleading cry.* His ears are evidently open to hear the movement which follows His command to call the suppliant. The Saviour's thoughts are pausing too: he stands still mentally as well as physically, engrossed by one object to which he will attend before He takes another step. Ceasing from His discourse, however much His hearers regret His silence, He gives ear and eye and tongue to the petitioner whose voice reached Him above the trampling and hubbub of the crowd. "Jesus stood still": he was all there: ready, willing, able, too, to do for the poor man whatsoever he needed. He asked Him, "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" as if He stood at his beck and call, and could not take a step onward until He had answered the prayer.

How marvellous was the power which dwelt in that poor man's cry! Is such power to be found among men at this hour? Ah, there is the point. The Saviour is the same to-day as ever, and I believe, my brethren, that you and I have power at this time to make Him stand still if we act as Bartimeus did. Many a poor sinner here this morning, if God shall help him to cry after the style of the blind man, can command the Saviour's full attention, can command His power, and get from Him the grace which He is so willing and able to bestow. As for you who know and love him, be ye well assured that no blind beggar can have such power with Him as you have who are His friends. Pleading saints can cause Him to stand still even now.

I have feared and trembled for my country of late lest the Lord Jesus should depart from it and take away the candlestick out of its place. More than two hundred years ago George Herbert said, when he looked upon the declining state of godliness in England:

"Religion stands a-tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand."

He saw the Puritans flying away to the New England colonies, and he trembled for the ark of God in his own land; but, thank God, the prayers of Herbert and the prayers of other saints have constrained the Lord Jesus to abide with us, though "He made as though he would have gone further." Brethren, the Lord had thought, as it were, *to cross the Atlantic*, and fix His dwelling among a people who should be gathered in a newly-discovered land.

THANK GOD, HE HAS BUILT A CHURCH IN AMERICA;

but he has not left us without witness. Because of the tears of His saints, "Jesus stood still." Still, we hold Him, and we will not let Him go; He abides among our churches, still opening blind eyes, saving souls, and making men whole. O ye that love Him, take care that by your entreaties you still detain Him.

Whatever our Lord Jesus is doing He is never so occupied as to disregard earnest prayer. He would, if needful, put everything aside to listen to importunate and earnest pleading. To this day Jesus standeth still to hear the cry of the destitute. If at this moment we could withdraw the curtains of heaven we should see our Saviour waiting to be gracious, ready to hear our prayers, hearkening to every sigh, putting every tear into His bottle, answering every petition which comes up before Him from a sincere heart. What though He ruleth empires, He stands still to hear the wailing of distress; what though He inhabiteth the praises of Israel, He is moved by the sorrows of sinners; what though He hasteneth the day of His coming, and is ready to begin His triumphal advent to the New Jerusalem, yet will He pause when the poor and needy present their case before Him.

II. We will now enter upon a practical inquiry:

WHO AND WHAT WAS THIS

which arrested the Saviour? What made Him stand still? Herod could not have done it, nor Pilate, nor chief priests, nor scribes, nor the foresight of the bloody sweat, nor a vision of the cross. These would but have quickened His steps to enter upon the conflict and achieve redemption. What made Him stand still?

First, as I have already said, it was *a blind beggar.* I am afraid there are very few here this morning who are literally beggars; for nowadays we wear good clothes, and are so very respectable, that abjectly poor people do not like to come and sit with us. The more's the pity. Yet I know that many poor persons are here now, and I thank God that it is so. Those who are in the depths of poverty will, I hope, believe that they are welcome to the house of the Lord, who is no respecter of persons.

Bartimeus was a man of the very lowest order; he did not earn his own bread; he could not; he sat publicly by the wayside, and held out his hand for alms. Men give small honor to

A BLIND BEGGAR,

and are apt to pass him by without regard; but He to whom we owe all hope of heaven stood still at the cry of such as he. After this no one among you will dare to say, "I cannot be saved because I am so obscure, so poor, so homeless, so helpless." Tell me what you are at your very worst, and still I have good tidings concerning my Lord's condescending favor to the like of you.

Did you lodge in the casual ward last night? Yet are you welcome to Christ. Have you come from the poorhouse? Yet are you invited to the palace of grace. Do you labor very hard for very little, and can you barely pay your way? The Lord Jesus Christ wants no fee or reward from you; come empty-handed to His treasury. "I was depressed," says one; "I should have thought about better things, but really the grind of poverty was so dreadful that I could not rise from the dust." This is not true, for you are not poorer than the blind beggar of Jericho, and the sharp tooth of penury has not bitten you more severely than many of the Lord's suffering saints. Misery had eaten into the heart of this poor blind man, and yet his cry made the Saviour stand still. Now then, you that are the lowest, poorest, most afflicted, most despised in this house, I pray that you may be helped to appeal to Jesus for mercy, and He will stand still to listen to you, even to you.

But what was the art by which Bartimeus stayed the Lord? That which stopped the Saviour was *a blind beggar's cry.* The man did not sing a touching hymn to a melting tune, he only cried. Sometimes persons have such melodious voices that if they sing in the street you linger to hear them, and are in no hurry to go on with your errand; but this man did not sing; he had not even learned to intone his prayers as certain do in these odd times. I wonder whether the Lord ever listens to prayers when men turn them into sing-song and deliver them in an unnatural voice—*intoning* they call it. Why do men think it an improvement to say their prayers the wrong way upward?

This man *cried.* It was a cry, a ringing cry, which increased in strength each time it was uttered. Thus it uprose into the ear, "Son of David, have mercy on me! Son of David, have mercy on me!" The voice came from a heart burdened with misery, breaking with desire, weary of long years of darkness, pining for the light, and hopeful of obtaining it. "Son of David, have mercy on me," again the cry rose above all the hubbub of the throng.

The prayer was *a cry for mercy:* "Son of David, have mercy." If you ask our Lord for anything on the ground of merit, you will find Him deaf as a stone; if you think yourself a very good body, deserving favor at His hands, He will pass on and never regard you, for He has not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Change that plea for a better, for when your prayer is for mercy you will touch the Saviour's heart directly, and mercy shall be yours.

When the messenger of mercy was travelling through the world he asked himself at what inn he should alight and spend the night. Lions and Eagles were not to his mind, and he passed by houses wearing such warlike names; so, too, he passed by places known by the sign of "The Waving Plume" and "The Conquering Hero," for he knew that there was no room for him in these inns. He hastened by many a hostelry and tarried not, till at last he came to a little inn which bore the sign of "*The Broken Heart.*" "Here," said mercy's messenger, "I would fain tarry, for I know by experience that I shall be welcome here." "A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

Now, beloved friends, if you plead for mercy because deeply conscious that nothing but the grace of God can save you, even though you cannot put pretty words together or offer a long prayer, you shall prevail with God. You need not be an orator in order to be mighty in pleading with the Lord. Only appeal on the ground of free grace and dying love, and Jesus will stand still and listen to you.

There was another point about this cry which must not be forgotten: *the name of Jesus was used as a plea.* Is there anything in heaven, or out of heaven, more powerful than the name of Jesus? "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, He will give it you"; "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do." Father and Son stand pledged to recognize and accept every draft upon the exchequer of heaven which is indorsed with the name of Jesus, a name that makes angels rejoice and devils tremble: there is none like it anywhere.

The blind beggar of Jericho had learned to use the name of Jesus; and he called him "Son of David"—Prince, Messiah, the sent One of God, the Saviour of the world. Herein is wisdom. O dear hearer, if you know the name of Jesus, plead it; if you know what He is, what He came to do, what He has done, what He is doing; if you know anything about His character, His nature, His power, or His promise, plead it before Him in prayer. In humble faith say to Him, "Son of David, if Thou be indeed all this, be all this to *me*, I beseech thee; if Thou art a Saviour, save *me*; if Thou blottest out sin, blot out mine; if Thou dost open the understanding, open thou mine, for Thy great mercy sake." When we can thus reason together with the Lord we shall have good speed in His presence, and again it shall be said, "Jesus stood still."

I suppose the main thing which brought our gracious Master to a stand was the fact that He had now *an opportunity for doing good.* Jesus has come to seek His lost sheep, and when His eyes light upon one all torn and lame He stops to deal tenderly with it. Our Lord was

AN ITINERANT SAVIOUR,

and wherever he found that he was wanted there he stayed. The object of his mission is still the same:

"He comes, from thickest films of vice,
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

"He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of His grace,
To enrich the humble poor."

Certain people in His day boasted that they could see; our Lord did not tarry to argue with them; they did not want Him, and He therefore passed them by; but here is a blind man, and was it not said of the Messiah that He should open the eyes of the blind? Here is the opportunity for him, and before that opportunity He stands still until His illuminating work shall be done.

Believe me, the Lord of mercy looks not at merit, but at misery. The necessity of the case is its claim upon His tender heart. O sons of men, the Infinite Saviour cares not for your fulness; His eye of pity rests upon your emptiness. He turns indignantly from fancied claims of proud, self-righteous men, but He hastens to relieve those who confess their faults, and seek His face. This is the work and office of Jesus, and He loves to exercise His high calling; come ye to Him, and put your case into His hand. Be this your prayer:

"Since still thou goest about to do
Thy needy creatures good;
On me, that I thy praise may show,
Be all thy wonders show'd.

"If thou, my God, art passing by,
Oh let me find thee near!
Jesus, in mercy hear my cry,
Thou, Son of David, hear!

"Behold me waiting, in the way,
For thee, the heavenly light;
Command me to be brought, and say,
'Sinner, receive thy sight.'"

Thus I have tried to show what was the power which riveted the Saviour to the spot so that the Gospel saith, "Jesus stood still."

Under our third head we shall now inquire:

III. *What was there special about this blind man and his prayer?* An answer lies on the surface: there was this special about it, first, that

THE MAN WAS FULL OF NEED.

He had two loads to carry. He was poor—that is bad enough; but he was also blind—that is worse. Here was a man with double need, without bread and without light; and therefore his cries had a double loudness in the ears of the Sinner's Friend. I cannot so look around these galleries and over this area as to spy out those in direst need, or I would look their way and say,

"Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched;"

but I can make a few inquiries, and may the Lord find out His own by them.

Is there any one here who has *a double need*, who is doubly guilty, doubly helpless—a man who feels that, if Jesus does not save him, he will be doubly damned? Do I speak to one whose need is doubly pressing, so that his heart breaks for immediate relief? Ah, thou doubly lost one, Jesus will stand still for thee. You who are blind and poverty-stricken, too, shall have speedy audience. You that have nothing, and can see no hope of ever having anything, you are the favored ones whose pleading voices Jesus never disregards. Cry mightily to him at once. He waits at this moment.

"Why," says one, "you are preaching up our poverty, our beggary, our bankruptcy." Exactly so.

"'Tis perfect poverty alone
That sets the soul at large;
While we can call one mite our own
We get no full discharge.

"But let our debts be what they may,
However great or small,
As soon as we have nought to pay
Our Lord forgives us all."

But there was another speciality about this man besides his double need, and that was *his strong desire*. When he sought for sight he meant it, and there was no question about his sincerity and eagerness. His was no prayer which froze on the lips. His desire was, moreover, a very fitting and appropriate one. He sighed not for a luxury, but for a necessity.

Have you, dear hearer, a longing for salvation? What else should a sinner long for? Do you desire forgiveness of sin? It is of all things most fitting that a guilty one should desire pardon. Do you wish for an opened spiritual eye? Do you pray to be made whole? Do you pine to become holy? Oh, then, if your desire be real and fervent, its object is so suitable, so commendable, that you may be sure of its being granted; therefore, be of good cheer, and at this moment hope in the Lord.

Another thing that was special about the case was *the man's earnest pleading*, for his desire turned itself into prayer, and that prayer took up arguments and urged them earnestly. His prayer was so full of life that it could not be repressed. Many tried to silence his cry, but it could not be hushed. Important persons said to the man, "Be quiet." Apostles charged him to hold his tongue; but he heeded no one. I am sure that if an apostle were to say to some of you, "Do not pray," you would feel quite warranted in ceasing from praying; at least, it would serve as a good enough excuse for you. You would say, "I never mean to seek mercy any more, for Peter told me not to do so." Oh, but if in your heart there is a work of grace, fifty Peters could not stop your praying.

That, after all, which fastest bound the Saviour was *the man's faith*, for He said to him, "Thy faith hath made thee whole." What kind of faith was it? It was the best faith as to origin, for it was the faith of a blind man, and therefore was not adulterated by the confidence which comes of sight. Faith cometh not by seeing, or else it never could have come to this poor beggar; it cometh by hearing, and he could hear.

We have among us a certain sort of people who seem to imagine that faith comes by sight. Acting upon this, they work upon the eye in many ways. If you step inside the walls of their churches you see an enormous cross; the altar is sumptuously adorned, mystical letters and characters are here and there in abundance. Open your eyes and get a blessing, if there be one. See, here comes a man who on his back and all around him carries means of grace for the eye. He wears an embroidered cross, and all over he is *rigged out and ragged out*, so as to instruct and save all who are willing to study symbolical vestures. He that hath eyes to see, let him see. Watch what this successor of the apostles is doing; observe his genuflexions, his facings about, his noddings of the head—all these minister grace to the beholders. Faith of the High Anglican kind would seem to come by sight; but the faith of God's elect, the faith which saves the soul, "cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God."

IV. Thus have we thought over the peculiar forces which made the Saviour stand; may we know how to use them. Does any one inquire, What has this to do with us? This is my last point: "What is there

SPECIAL FOR YOU,

my hearer?" I think there may be much for you, for it contains much for me. I was a blind beggar once, as blind as the heathens' gods, of which we read, "eyes have they, but they see not;" and I was a beggar too, so penniless as not to possess a pennyworth of merits to bless myself with. I thought I had some good works once, quite a little cupboard full, but they bred worms and stank, and I had to sweep them all out and sweeten the place which they had defiled. I found myself worse than having nothing, for, like the Egyptians when the plague of frogs was removed, I had heaps of rubbish to get rid of. My former good works became, in my judgment, like forged bank notes or counterfeit money: I was afraid of being charged with the attempt to utter them.

Alas, my base good works, my proud good works, my deceitful good works pressed heavily on my conscience. By putting these into the place of Christ I had made them worse than my sins. I was in a worse state than a man who owns nothing, for I was over head and ears in debt, and I knew it. Then it was that I heard of one who would deliver me, and I cried to Him, and He delivered me speedily. Oh, how I wish that many others would feel that they too need the divine Saviour. Oh that men knew that they are poor, and blind, and that Jesus can give them eyes, and can supply all their wants!

It is *a very curious thing*—a very curious thing to me—that so much uncertainty hangs over this narrative. I am not so sure as to speak positively, but I believe that this story which Mark tells us is not the whole of what happened, for Matthew is certain that there were two blind men. Read what Matthew says about it. Surely it is the same incident, or one strangely similar. Matthew 20: 29–34. There were two blind beggars, though Mark only sees it needful to mention the principal one. If there were two, one of them is not known by name at all. We know the name of Bartimeus, and we know the name of his father, but we do not know the name of his companion. It appears from what Matthew says that this No. 2, whoever he was,

THIS ANONYMOUS BODY,

prayed in the same words as Bartimeus. Bartimeus was a man of force and energy, and he made the prayer as to its words, "Son of David, have mercy on me"; the other man followed suit, and adopted the methods of Bartimeus. He was like the poor orator who had to speak after Burke, and very wisely said no more than, "I say ditto to Mr. Burke."

Mark does not take much notice of him, because he was the echo of Bartimeus, and probably a poor, feeble-minded, shiftless body, whose only chance seemed to be in following the lead of a stronger mind. Here, then, is the mercy of it, that though we do not know the man's name he had his eyes opened quite as surely as Bartimeus, and though he could not make a prayer of his own, and only followed Bartimeus, he had sight of his own, and a word of comfort for himself from Jesus.

As soon as I saw that there were two beggars whose eyes were opened, I thought, "After preaching I will look to meet with a convert whose name and family I shall know, and with his tale of grace I will solace myself; but oh that my Lord would bless some whom I shall never know, some anonymous ones, some nobodies, some weak and shrinking souls. Are there any such here? Will not many such *read* the sermon? O that at their cry Jesus may stand still to bless them.

I must mention *a more curious thing still*. I am not certain, I am not clear, I am talking about things which must remain undecided; but it is very possible that there were *three* blind beggars healed. It may be that first of all one man, Bartimeus, applied to the Lord Jesus and had his eyes opened when Jesus was nearly out of Jericho; and then two others had their eyes opened when Jesus and the crowds were actually going out of the town. Many writers think that Matthew and Mark record two different incidents, and it is very likely to be so. Probably the two blind men, having heard of the success of Bartimeus, were encouraged to try for themselves, and carefully imitated his model, crying in the same language for the same boon. Thus there was a repetition of the incident on a doubled scale. I like that notion. I wonder whether No. 3 is here, whose name we do not know, and probably never shall know, but yet he is known to Jesus and His cry is heard. He has come here with poor No. 2, who is equally weak and trembling with himself:

GOD BLESS THEM BOTH.

Those of us on whom the Saviour has wrought a good work would speak well of him for the encouragement of the fearing ones. I bear my witness to the eye-opening power of the Gospel. "One thing I know, whereas I was blind, now I see," and no one opened my eyes but Jesus. I went to Him just as I was; I trusted Him, and He saved me. May there not be two more blind men or women sitting somewhere about who will follow our example? Just do as we have done, pray and trust, cry and believe. Say, "Lord, thou Son of David, have mercy on me!" Remember He that hath saved one can save two; He that hath saved two can save three; ay, it stops not at three; if there were three thousand there, who all cried for mercy, they should all have it.

I see this morning before my mind's eye Jesus standing before Jericho like a second Joshua. As you all know, the names Jesus and Joshua are the same. Joshua crossed the Jordan, and he stood with his sword drawn to capture Jericho, and commence his march through Canaan, conquering and to conquer. See, here is Jesus, and He must needs make captives in Jericho before He advances farther into the land. Even now I may say of Jesus Christ which was said of the son of Nun, "So the Lord was with Joshua, and his fame was noised abroad throughout all the country." I wish the Lord Jesus Christ this morning would make this place as the gate of Jericho, and begin on this spot a great revival of religion throughout the whole land, by opening the eyes of some that are blind. Let the prayer go up from many a heart, "Lord, open my eyes, and he will do it; and let that request be followed by another, "*Lord, save millions*," and he will hear us. Let us pray boldly and believingly in the name of Jesus. Hear thou us, O Lord. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON, Mark 10: 32–52.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

By Rev. George Müller, of Bristol, England.

The Apostles' Hope—Reality of Christ's Reappearing—A Great Distinction—Five Events at the Coming of Christ—1. The First Resurrection—Who Will Rise, and Who Not—2. The Restoration of Israel—3. The Binding of Satan—Satan at Large—4. The Separation of the Wheat and the Tares — Present State of the World—A Common Mistake—The Power of Evil—5. The Destruction of the Antichrist—The Antichrist Not the Pope—The Present Duty of the Church—To Wait and to Work—Mr. Müller's Experience—His Aim and His Hope.

IN the days of the apostles the disciples were comforted and encouraged by the prospect of the personal return of the Lord Jesus Christ. An angel had said to them as they watched the Lord depart from the earth, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." (Acts 1 : 11.) This, and not death, was the hope of the Church; and thus it ought to have remained up to His actual return. His coming should have continued to be the hope of the Church; but this, alas! for centuries has not been the case.

In confessions of faith the truth that the Lord Jesus will come again may still have had a place; but practically to by far the greater number of His disciples it has been *a mere doctrinal statement* that has not been enjoyed, and which has had no influence upon their lives. The Lord, however, desired it should be otherwise. He intended that His Church should look for Him, that she should watch and wait for His return. Again and again, during His personal ministry, the Lord Jesus foretold this great event; and after His ascension the apostles referred continually to it.

Very many passages of Scripture might be quoted in proof of this assertion, but I will only mention the following: "When the Son of man shall *come in His glory*, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory." (Matt. 25 : 31.) "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will *come again* and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also" (John 14 : 2, 3). "As it is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment; so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for Him shall He *appear the second time*, without sin unto salvation." (Heb. 9 : 27. 28.)

"The Lord Himself shall *descend from heaven* with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then (afterward) we, which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord." (1 Thes. 4 : 16, 17.) These quotations suffice to prove that the second coming of the Lord Jesus means that He will return *in person*, and has no reference to the gift of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost, nor to His manifesting Himself in an especial manner to the believer in the way of comfort, instruction, or help of any kind; nor has it reference to our death, when we, as believers, are taken to be with Him.

If, however, any one should say, "Why lay such stress upon this; is not our going to Him when we die the same thing?" The reply is, "There is

A VAST DIFFERENCE

between these two events."

(*a*) As *individuals* we shall at that time be brought only to a state of *partial* happiness; we shall have no glorified bodies *then*, but must await the hour when "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump, the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." Nor when we fall asleep do we reign with Christ and sit with Him upon His throne; because He will not then be manifestly reigning. Blessed therefore though it is for the child of God, when he departs, "to be absent from the body and present with the Lord," it will be unspeakably *more* blessed still to enter upon that *fulness* of glory which awaits us only at our Lord's return.

(*b*) Satan will not be bound until Jesus comes again, and for this reason, by the permission of God, he still has power here, both in the world and in the Church, though individuals are out of his reach who have fallen asleep in Jesus.

(*c*) The *whole Church* will at once be introduced to full eternal happiness and glory at our blessed Lord's return. Not only as *individuals* will our cup of joy be full to overflowing, but we shall rejoice throughout eternity with *the whole company of the redeemed*. What has been said therefore is, I trust, sufficient to show that the second coming of Christ will be His *personal* return, and that there is a vast difference between the death of individual believers and the coming advent of our Lord in glory.

I now proceed to consider briefly *some* of the events which will take place *then*.

1. The first resurrection, when the changed and risen saints together will be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, to be forever with Him. (1 Thess. 4 : 16, 17.) At this time those *only* will be raised who, as believers in the Messiah under the old covenant dispensation, or as disciples of the Lord Jesus under that of the new covenant, shall have fallen asleep in Him.

The commonly received opinion is, that at our Lord's return there will be a *general* resurrection, both of believers and of unbelievers, while the Holy Spirit teaches in the Holy Scriptures that they who are *Christ's*, and they *only*, will have part in the first resurrection. In 1 Cor. 15 : 22, 23, we read thus: "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order; Christ the first fruits, afterward *they that are Christ's* at His coming." Notice the words, "they that are *Christ's*." Not *all* who had previously died, but those only who through faith in Jesus are united to Him, and shall have fallen asleep as believers. The same truth is taught in 1 Thess. 4 : 16, 17, where we read: "The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God, and the *dead in Christ* shall rise first. Then (afterward) we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord." Notice that only of *the dead in Christ* it is said they will rise at that time.

In Rev. 20 : 4–6 we read thus: "And I saw thrones and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them; and I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the Word of God, and which had not worshipped the beast (the Antichrist), neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years. But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished. This is the first resurrection. Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with Him a thousand years." In the beginning of this passage, when it is stated, "And I saw thrones and they sat upon them," we have to understand that believers in Christ who are *with Him*, are here referred to; the armies in heaven mentioned in chap. 19, ver. 14.

Further, "The souls of them that were slain for the Word of God, and for the testimony which they held," spoken of in chap. 6, ver. 9, are next seen. Regarding the whole of the passage, it is obvious that believers *only* are referred to, and not the ungodly who had died previously. They indeed will be raised up also, but at the end of the millennium, a thousand years later, in order that having obtained *their* bodies (*not* glorified ones), they may be capable of enduring more abundant punishment. (See Rev. 20 : 11–15.)

Oh! how should the *solemnity* and *certainty* of these events come home to every one of us, and with what *earnestness* should each person who reads these lines seek upon Scriptural grounds to settle for himself that he is really *Christ's*; because by nature we are lost, ruined, and undone, and deserve nothing but punishment; but we have, at the same time, to accept God's *only* remedy, namely salvation through faith in the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, by whom *alone* spiritual life, pardon, and justification can be obtained. (See Eph. 2 : 1–9; Gal. 3 : 26; Acts 10 : 43; Rom. 5 : 1; John 3 : 16, and Rom. 8 : 16, 17.)

2. The conversion and restoration of Israel nationally; for in Scripture the glory and resurrection of the Church of the first born ones is always connected with the time when Israel again "shall know the Lord." (Psalm 102 : 16. See Jeremiah, chapters 30 and 31, Isaiah, chapters 11 and 12. Read also carefully Isaiah, chapters 24, 25, 26, and 27.)

3. Another event which will take place at the return of the Lord Jesus, is that

SATAN WILL BE BOUND.

"And I saw an angel come down from heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand. And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the devil and Satan, and bound him a thousand years, and cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more till the thousand years should be fulfilled, and after that he must be loosed a little season." (Rev. 20 : 1–3.) During the present dispensation, *before* the return of our Lord, Satan will not be bound: therefore sin and open wickedness will continue to the end of it; and instead of becoming better, things, according to Scripture, will *become worse and worse*. It is impossible to shut one's eyes to the fearful wickedness now around us everywhere; for murders of the most cruel character, and numerous other atrocious crimes are, even in this enlightened nineteenth century, continually being committed. How certainly does all this prove that Satan is not yet bound, that he is *even now* the god of this world, and has power *still*; and because he *knows* that his time will be comparatively short he manifests his hatred against God and against His people to the very utmost.

But this state of things will not always last; for, when Jesus comes again, he will *lose* his power in the earth, and will be shut up in the bottomless pit for a thousand years.

4. In connection with the return of the Lord Jesus is another event, namely, the separation between the wheat and the tares. Read carefully Matt. 13 : 24–30; also verses 37–43. In this parable, together with our Lord's own explanation of it, we see what is to be expected during this present dispensation, while Jesus tarries. Civilization, mental cultivation, and advancement in knowledge of every kind may continue to the utmost; but man, fallen man, remains *a ruined creature*, except he be regenerated by the power of the Holy Spirit, through the acceptance of the Gospel. Intellectually he may be improved and polished to the very highest degree, but he is a *sinner*, and, in his natural condition, remains lost, ruined, and undone. He may even possess natural religion and a form of godliness; but if he is not born again he is still at enmity with God, and as assuredly as he does not believe in the Lord Jesus Christ "the wrath of God abideth on him." (John 3 : 36.)

Sin is not, as some suppose, *a comparatively little thing*. It is a deadly spiritual disease, as the Word of God declares it to be; and no progress in education, no mental culture, can eradicate it from the heart, nor change depraved human nature. For, notwithstanding every effort at improvement, the heart *remains* "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." Until the return of the Lord Jesus, therefore, the present state of things will *continue*, and, as we shall see presently from the Word of God, will become worse and worse.

This, then, plainly shows the notion entertained by many godly, excellent persons, that the world will be *converted during the present dispensation* by the preaching of the Gospel, and that the millennium will thus finally be introduced, to be not according to the Holy Scriptures.

The Gospel, indeed, was to be preached "as a *witness* to all nations," but it was not to be the

means of the *conversion* of the world. (Matt. 24 : 14.) Moreover, from Acts 15 : 14 we learn the character of the present dispensation, which is, that God "*takes out* from among the Gentiles a people for His name," but does not *convert* all nations. This is confirmed by the parable of the wheat and the tares ; for if the whole world were to be converted before the return of the Lord Jesus, there would be no truth in the explanation given of it by our Lord Himself. *He* tells us that the tares (the children of the wicked one) were to grow together with the wheat (the children of the kingdom), until the end of the age, namely up to the time of His own return. This therefore, the word of the Lord Jesus, is in direct opposition to the common notion that the world will be converted previous to His coming again.

And in addition to this we find passage after passage in the New Testament in which we are expressly told, either by Christ or by the apostles, that at the close of the present dispensation *wickedness will abound* both among professed believers and in the world at large, in proof of which I will refer to one single passage of Scripture only. In 2 Tim. 3 : 1–5 we read, "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God ; having *a form of godliness* but denying the power thereof." Here we have particularly to keep before us that this is not a description of Pagans or Mahometans, but of the professed disciples of the Lord Jesus; for to such a state will Christendom, or the professing Church of Christ, be reduced at the end of the present dispensation.

Notice especially that of these persons it is said, they have a *form* of godliness. They wish to be considered Christians, they are not avowed infidels and atheists but professed *believers*. Are we, then, to expect that things around us will gradually improve, or rather, that as we approach

THE END OF THE AGE

the darker they will become? True it is that one day, "The earth will be filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea," but this will never be until Jesus Himself comes. In the meantime lawlessness will increase, and the socialism, the communism, the nihilism, etc., of which we now hear so much, will at last be headed up in the personal Antichrist, the man of sin. Which leads me to mention another of the events that will take place at the return of the Lord Jesus, namely :

5. The destruction of the Antichrist. In 2 Thess. 2 : 1–8 we read : "Now we beseech you brethren by (or, concerning) the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by (or, concerning) our gathering together unto Him, that ye be not soon (or, hastily) shaken in mind or be troubled, neither by spirit nor by word nor by letter as from us, as that (or, as though we had said) the day of Christ is at hand. Let no man deceive you by any means, for that day shall not come except there come a falling away (or, the apostasy) first, and that (or, the) man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition ; who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God and that is worshipped ; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God. Remember ye not that when I was yet with you, I told you of these things.

"And now ye know what withholdeth that he might be revealed in his time. For the mystery of iniquity (or, lawlessness) doth already work, only he who now letteth (or, restraineth) will let, until he be taken out of the way. And then shall that wicked (or, lawless one) be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of His mouth, and destroy with the brightness of His coming."

From this portion of the inspired Word of God (2 Thess. 2 : 3) we learn that the Lord Jesus will not come until after the manifestation of "the apostasy." Has the apostacy here spoken of taken place, and has the lawless one (or, the Antichrist) been revealed? The reply from Scripture is, the apostasy has *not* yet taken place, and the lawless one has *not* yet been revealed. This passage has not found its fulfilment either in popery or the popes. Fearful as the delusions of popery are, and awful as is the picture of what the popes have been, the apostasy here referred to will be far *more dreadful still ;* for it will be no less than an entire renunciation of all that is divine and the setting up as God of the lawless one himself. "For he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing *himself* that he is God."

He will be a king, a mighty monarch, whose might is obtained through the energy given to him by Satan, for "the dragon gives him his power and his seat and great authority." (Rev. 13 : 2.) This king, the Antichrist, will be at the head of the *ten kingdoms* of the Roman earth (that is, the ten kingdoms into which the countries which formerly constituted the Roman Empire will be finally divided), and the ten kings will agree to give to him their power.

During the period of his especial glory, which will be only forty-two months, he will blaspheme God, His tabernacle, and them that dwell in heaven. It will also be given unto him to make war with the saints and to overcome them ; and power will be given unto him over all kindreds and tongues and nations. And all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him, whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. (Rev. 13 : 5, 8.)

This then, and not the world's conversion, is the state of things towards which we are rapidly hastening. Do we all really *believe* what the Scriptures declare concerning the things that are coming upon the earth? that the time is speeding on when "no man may buy or sell save he that has the mark or the name of the beast (the Antichrist) or the number of his name?" (Rev. 13 ; 17) When whoever will not submit to *this* and worship him, must be prepared to lose his life? The *end*, however, of this lawless one is plainly foretold in Scripture : "For the Lord Jesus will consume him with the spirit of His mouth, and destroy him with the brightness of His coming."

We have now in the next place to consider that it is the will of the Lord that we, His disciples, should

WAIT FOR HIS RETURN.

A great many passages might be quoted from the New Testament in proof of this ; but, for the sake of brevity I will refer only to a few. In Titus 2 : 11–13 we read, "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world. Looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." Observe how it is laid upon the saints to *look* for the blissful hope and appearing of the glory of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.

In Matt. 24 : 36–41 our Lord Himself enjoins it upon us to wait for His return, and to *watch*. In Matt. 25 : 13 the Lord said to His disciples, "Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour when the Son of man cometh." Again in Mark 13 : 35–37 Jesus said, "Watch ye therefore, for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock crowing, or in the morning ; lest coming suddenly He find you sleeping. And what I say unto you, I say unto all, *watch*." Again in Rev. 16 : 15 the Lord says, "Behold I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked and they see his shame."

Now, are we, as believers, all *watching?* are we earnestly *longing* for the return of that blessed One? Do our hearts truly yearn after Him, and long for His glorious appearing? Are we also doing our part to hasten on His coming? And is it habitually our *prayer* that the Lord will be pleased to hasten the fulfilment of the events yet to *be* fulfilled before that day comes?

And now the last part of our subject remains to be considered, namely, the *practical* effect this truth should have upon our hearts. If it be really received and entered into, the child of God will say, "What can I do for my blessed Saviour before He comes again? How can I most glorify Him? His will concerning me is that I should occupy 'until He come.'" How then can I best use for Him the talents with which I am entrusted, my physical strength, my mental powers? How can my sight, my tongue, *all* my faculties of mind and body be best devoted to His praise? How should my time, my money, all that I am and have be used for Him? How can my whole spirit, soul, and body be best consecrated to His service?

These are deeply important practical questions which all believers in the Lord Jesus should ask themselves, seeing that we are not our own, but are bought with a price, even with His precious blood. Instead of indulging in inactivity and listlessness on account of the evil state of things around us, we should pray and work, and work and pray, as if it were in *our* power to stem the torrent of abounding iniquity ; for who can say *how much good* one single child of God who is thoroughly in earnest may accomplish ; and how greatly he may glorify God by walking in entire separation from all that is hateful to Him? We have especially also to guard against the temptation of slackening our efforts for the conversion of sinners, because the world will not be converted before Jesus comes. Rather should we say, "The time that He delayeth His coming may be short ; what therefore can I do to warn sinners, and to win souls for Him?"

When it pleased God in July, 1829, to reveal to my heart the truth of the personal return of the Lord Jesus, and to show me that I had made

A GREAT MISTAKE

in looking for the conversion of the world, the effect it produced upon me was this : From my *inmost soul* I was stirred up to feel compassion for perishing sinners, and for the slumbering world around me lying in the Wicked One, and considered, "Ought I not to do what I can to win souls for the Lord Jesus while He tarries, and to arouse a slumbering church? I determined consequently to go from place to place, in order to preach the Gospel and arouse the Church to look and *wait* for the second coming of the Lord from heaven.

I soon began this work, but in a short time saw it plainly to be the Lord's will that I should stay for a while at *Teignmouth, Devonshire*, in a pastoral position, and labor in Bristol in the same way ; but though I have now been a pastor for more than *fifty-one years*, my heart has always been true to these two points ; and by means of "The Scriptural Knowledge Institution for Home and Abroad," which the Lord has permitted me to found, I have for forty-seven years been aiming at the conversion of sinners, and have sought to awaken the Church of Christ at large to look for His appearing as her great hope.

Besides this, during the last six years, from March, 1875, to March, 1881, I have almost constantly been travelling about (having visited eleven different countries and preached about 1800 times), in order to preach the Gospel, to stir up Christians, and also to instruct them about the character of this present dispensation, with the end thereof. This I have been able to do, as I can now be absent from the church at Bristol for a considerable portion of my time, having left it in charge of instructed fellow-laborers, and the institution during my absence is under the direction of Mr. Wright, my son-in-law.

In conclusion I would direct attention to 2 Peter 3 : 11–14 : "Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hasting unto the coming (or, hastening the coming) of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat? Nevertheless we, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent, that ye may be found of Him in peace, without spot and blameless."

As assuredly as the practical character of the Lord's second coming is really apprehended in the power of it, the *most blessed* effects upon the life and deportment of Christians will follow. By means of it we are taught what awaits the world lying in the wicked one, and what will be the end of all this world's glory, pride, and pomp. The

future destiny of the children of God is also unfolded to us, even that we shall be perfectly conformed to the image of our risen Lord, both in soul and body, when we shall see Him as He is.

Then shall we enter upon the possession of our inheritance, which is incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away; and shall be seated with Jesus on His throne (Rev. 3 : 21), to judge the world in union with Him, and to spend a happy eternity together with our Lord in glory. "Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be." (Rev. 22 : 12.)

Mr. Müller, who has been holding services in the 13th Street Presbyterian church in this city for some weeks past, went to Newark last Saturday. He hopes to labor in parts of New Jersey, and perhaps of eastern Pennsylvania, for eight weeks. His passage to England is taken by the steamer Britannic, which sails on May 21. He is accompanied by Mrs. Müller.

TOUCHES OF REAL LIFE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Lady Hope, of Cariden.

(*Continued from page* 191.)

Hardman at Home—His Temperament—The Saloon-keeper's Tactics—The School-boy—A Brother's Sympathy—The Transformed Grog-shop—Lady Isabel's Effort.

THE man who came into the cottage as Lady Isabel rose, bore the name of James Hardcastle, and by the usual clipping process in vogue among those of his class, he had undergone an abbreviation from his companions, and was commonly called Jemmy Hard.

Lucy's explanation that "mother" was "out," was supplemented by Jem's dismantlement of his shoulders from their basket-load of tools with one hand, while with the other he pushed a chair in the direction of his guest.

"No, thank you! I have been sitting down a long time," she said. "But I am very glad I have seen you; for I want to ask you to come and see me at the coffee-rooms some evening. Will you come?"

Jem puckered his eyes together, steadied himself by leaning hard on the back of the tilted chair. "Coffee *what* did you say, please?"

"Coffee-rooms," repeated Lady Isabel more distinctly. "There will be singing and speaking, and games, and coffee, and a great deal more besides; and I shall be there too. I wish you could come in and see us there. Will you?"

Her winning voice and gentle manner, accompanied by a smile so sweet that her own father used to say it reminded him of "a sunbeam in March"—beautiful and rare!—so won upon the tired man that before she had taken her farewell and slipped out of the door, he had compromised his usual, undeniable shyness into a half promise that he "*would* call in that way some evening, if so be he could."

When she was gone, he took a long iron hook from off a nail in the chimney-corner, and began to poke up the fire, by way of producing something like a blaze for the illumination of the cottage—candles were a luxury not to be thought of, except just at tea time, or perhaps for an hour afterward, if "the missus" or "Luce" had any fine needle-work to do—and with every poke he uttered his feelings.

His feelings were warm and sensitive. Unfortunately, as with most of his laboring brethren, he usually found plenty of outside magnetism for the irritable in his nature, with as little for the better side of it. "Adding fuel to fire" with their words, smiles, or blows, was an art at which most of his acquaintances were adepts, and which it amused them highly to practise on a "red-hot chap" like Sandy Jem; while too often his inflammable tempers were heated to their utmost by the offer of the fiery draught from the wily saloon-keeper, who, seeing Jem a "little put out," and thinking it a good opportunity to turn a penny thereby, would hold the tempting glass before his face in the presence of his mates, saying, "Don't 'ee think twice about it, old chap! Now take it, and welcome."

Pray do not think Sandy was a drunkard, or that he called himself one, or that his mates considered him so! Far from it. But he *did* find it very hard to resist such a token of goodwill, thus offered, and before "company." The consequence of all this was that Jem's life was by no means lined with swan's-down. On the contrary, it was rough and hard, and full of sore recollections, and jagged edges, and unpleasant prospects too. The result was that he never liked to think, and he never liked to be alone, and he did not much like to be in society—the only society he knew of—and often his only refuge was his pipe, from which he whiffed fumes of cheap tobacco.

So, after all, if we penetrate Sandy's interior, it was hardly an enviable one. Nor was it a solitary one. If he had cared to look in Thornham, his own little town, he would have found many another life very like his. This fact had never occurred to him; his small gallery of ideas was very like the panorama exhibited in a small sea-side town, of a revolving order. The same old thoughts, and the same fixed ideas, came and went in one time-worn groove, with scarcely a variety. This could easily be accounted for by his lack of education, moneyed resource, opportunity for amusement or travel. As for the latter, "Thornham Upper" was the farthest view he had obtained of the world that surrounded him; and this walk of from three to four miles over the ridge he usually accomplished on a holiday, if it was a fine day, and if he was not too tired, and if he felt inclined so to do.

As he now vigorously poked the fire, he rammed a few disjointed thoughts into the reddish embers. "Coffee—coffee *room*, she said—nice kind of a one she wur. Wonder whatever makes her come *here*," while so saying he savagely worried a bit of coal that wouldn't break, continuing his soliloquy with a saddened mildness, as he pulled about the ashes.

"Ain't nothin' much to bring her—it's summat a poor place—heerd tell they have a sight o' things up at their place"—then turning round so sharply as to startle Lucy, who was in a meditative mood on her locker-couch, he asked, "Wherever's your mother, I wonder?"

"She'll be in d'recly father. Couldn't you fetch down the teapot, and let the kettle stand, father? I'm that bad to-night, and so weak that I've been good for nothing all day."

A growl from the chimney-corner showed Lucy that "the least said was soonest mended," and that he was by no means inclined to comply with that or any other request. "Who can wonder," she thought to herself, "that digging work must make them cross?"

Not many minutes elapsed before another shadow had crossed the doorway, and Lucy's mother was in the room. No word of greeting passed from husband to wife, no tender attention. Mrs. Hardcastle thought herself fortunate if she could get the tea ready and administer the steaming cup and thick bread and butter without a snap. *Yet he loved her.* You would not have thought it, no! But beneath that very crusty outside, she knew quite well that in some degree she was essential to his happiness, such as it was.

She was a meek little woman, thin and worn. "A very 'eavy fam'ly," she would say, by way of an apology for the jaded appearance of her exterior. She had brought up her children, and brought them out. The youngest was a boy at school. He would soon be in now, and consequently a stool and plate and cup were left at his corner of the small deal table.

At this instant, "The King of the Cannibal Islands" was whistled in a more vigorous than musical style along the garden path and past the window, only arresting itself at the door, as that aperture opened to its widest, to admit the family schoolboy. Bluish eyes and sandy hair presented themselves to view, capping a pair of somewhat rosy cheeks and plenty of sunburnt freckles; hands that would always find their way into very gaping trouser pockets, which latter looked as if they were constituted by long use to hold any quantity of material varying from the consistency of "rock" to marbles; and a funny button-hole mouth that looked as if it had grown into a whistling shape—these were the most striking features of the youthful scion of the Hardcastle house.

"My word!" he began in a voice rather louder than was necessary, "you never did see such a rumpus as there's carrying on down at Grasslands Corner. There's a whole lot of people down there, and comin' and goin', and such a fuss. And the lady from Lionel Court—she's been down there, and ever so many more besides. I can't think whatever's up. I'm goin' down again when I've got my tea."

"I know!" said the father, sagely nodding with one side of the head toward his wife. "I specs it's something about what she was saying when she comed in just now. 'Coffee-room,' I think she called it."

"Ah! you may be sure," the boy was beginning, much excited, when he suddenly interrupted himself—"Oh! I say, mother, where's Lucy's tea? Poor old Luce. How are you?" and standing in a stooping posture over Lucy's extemporized couch, he passed his scrubby, rough little palm right over her face, and smoothed her hair with it. "Poor Luce! are you better?" he said. "Can't you come to the table to-night?"

Lucy replied in the negative, as she patted the hard, broad little hand that had caressed her. "No, dear; not to-night. Sit down and have yours, and tell us all about what you saw down at the corner."

Between huge mouthfuls of bread and butter and cavernous gulps of weak tea, Ted continued his descriptions, without once being interrupted by an injunction to silence from his father, who on other occasions would have said at a much earlier period of the conversation, "Now, then, hold your row. That's enough of it;" but who said on this occasion, "She's a werry good 'un, I expect. If *she's* a-doin' of it, it's sure to do. She's nice-spoken, too—she is. Not like a lot of 'em, I expect. I'll look down that way some night."

His paternal share of the repast being completed, Jem turned round to the fire, placed his two feet on the corner of the fender, reached down his pipe from the mantelpiece, lighted it, and put it into his mouth. The mother began to wash up, assisted for a few minutes in a kind of a way by Ted, until his diligence ceased, and he went to pay his usual attentions to Luce.

In the mean time we may follow Lady Isabel Hamilton in her homeward drive. She turned, on leaving the cottage, down the steep bit of hill, entered one little street, and through it drove into a wider one. At the end of this was a new-looking corner house. It had been a grog-shop, well known by its distinguishing sign, "The Blue Boar," on which was depicted a monster that looked as if its cast had been taken by some drunken artist after a fit of *delirium tremens*. Now *reformed*, literally as well as morally, each dividing wall and partition had been removed, each outer wall strengthened, and the second story heightened. The first floor was already lofty enough, and, with the enlarging operations to which it had been subjected, and the ornamental ones that were being added, it looked very suitable for its present purpose.

Lady Isabel had long set her heart on having at least *one* good rival to the oft-repeated drinking-house that was her perpetual eyesore, her heart-pain, in driving through Thornham. Her wish had been granted, and as she drove her ponies up to the door where workmen were still lingering, putting a finishing touch here and there, she lifted up her heart in a true whisper of thanks to the "Father of lights," whom from her heart of hearts she felt she *could* acknowledge as the "Giver of every good and perfect gift," and whom she would soon begin to know as the One "with whom there is no shadow of turning."

Her heart's desire for the working people of her neighbor town had to-night advanced at least one step to its fulfilment. So she hoped, and so she thought; but she little knew how much farther than her hopes she had really advanced. The first step toward the success of her labors was already gained, and more than the first. Of this,

in her sweet humility, she was scarcely conscious. She had, by her pure, unselfish love, her consistent life, and her gentle sympathy won the respect even of those who had scarcely seen her.

So strong a hold had the gin-shop gained over the physique, mental and moral, of the workingmen, that it must indeed take "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together," before the tidal wave of so fatal an influence could be induced to surrender a victimized people, and the little craft of prosperous sobriety fairly launched in its stead. The echoes of so many a failure in this cause had reached the small circle of its supporters in Thornham, that we cannot wonder at some heart-quakings on Lady Isabel's part when she made her brave little venture. So far she had succeeded.

(To be continued.)

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

S. S. Lesson for April 10th, Luke 10:25-37. Golden Text, Lev. 19:18. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

FALSE inquirers are not among Satan's newest inventions. We complain sometimes in our work for God, that there is so little truth among those with whom we have to do, that their motives are so impure, that we can place so little reliance upon what they say; and we excuse ourselves often for the little effect of our work by saying that we are laboring on a hard soil. Let us not forget that God has an eye, not only to the work but to the workman; that in every difficulty which He permits us to meet with He is furthering our education, and affording us opportunities for carrying out in our lives the Divine precepts of Christianity. Our Blessed Lord's life in all its tiny details carried out His teaching, and if ours does not do the same, our spiritual children will be a poor, weakly, unsatisfactory class.

We have before us in our lesson a lawyer who came to Jesus, not to be taught, not to receive anything from Him, but to criticise, to "catch Him in His words," and if possible prove Him to be in error; he came "tempting Him." "Master," he said, "what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" Eternal life was the *new doctrine* which men were speaking against in those days, just as now some speak against *assurance*, others against *consecration*, others against *healing*. The only ideas of the lawyer were to do and to inherit. He spoke as a Jew, as one who was under the law and an heir of the promises. But he knew little of "eternal life." That which God has made to be a new creation was to him only a point of doctrine. The Apostle John says, "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the Word of Life; for the life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and shew unto you that eternal life, which was with the Father and was manifested unto us" (1 John 1:1, 2). Here we see that eternal life is the very life of the God-man, of God manifest in our flesh.

The Lord Jesus knew the heart of the man who stood there to judge and criticise the only sinless

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of His love to God, and who manifested only love to the would-be antagonist who catechised Him; and there stood the critic, who till now had never made his convictions a personal matter. And Jesus "said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live." The man was in the very act of transgressing this law; he would not willingly be questioned in the spirit in which he was questioning Jesus; the tables were being turned upon him; he felt that he had lost ground; and now, instead of continuing to tempt or try Jesus, he took up an attitude of self-defence.

"He, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbor?" No doubt there were many different views abroad among the Jews of that period about this essential question. A covetous man would find it inconvenient to make the circle of his neighbors a wide one, because he would be so unwilling to answer to any claims which such a relationship might make upon his purse. A proud man would limit the circle to those who held the same position in society. A Pharisee would not let Sadducees into the number, nor Sadducees Pharisees. And this exclusive spirit reigns now among professing Christians. The Lord Jesus had nothing at stake on earth, and therefore He could take an unbiassed view of things; and as we live His life, the atmosphere clears of all fog, and we can see things and persons as they are in the unclouded light of God.

The Lord, in the parable which follows, supposed an extreme case. "A certain man"—no relation, no friend, not even an acquaintance—went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead." The Lord does not tell us if he was a deserving man, or to which of the many sects among the Jews he belonged; he was in need, and every one who is in need desires to be helped. Who would do to him a neighbor's part? Do we know any who are in need—drunkards, criminals, prostitutes, gamblers? "They don't deserve to be helped," says the unpitying world which has made them what they are. They are in need: this is the only claim they have upon those who have been saved in their need by the sinners' Friend.

"By chance there came down a certain priest that way." Oh that this were the only case in which the recognized pastor of a flock came in the way of a distressed one, "by chance," instead of intentionally. "The Son of Man is come to *seek* and to save that which was lost" (Luke 19:10). He goes out of His way, and leaves the ninety and nine in the wilderness to seek after that which is lost until He find it. The work of men filled with the Holy Ghost is no chance work. The Holy Ghost led Philip in contact with the eunuch, and Peter to Cornelius (Acts 8:29; 10:19). Every real laborer in God's vineyard, whether an ordained minister or not, has a right to expect the most intimate and direct leading, if he has surrendered himself to the government of the Holy Ghost, and laid down his own will and way. The priest who came "by chance" was certainly not guided by the Holy Ghost to pass by on the other side. "And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him and passed by on the other side." What was become of the precious office of both priests and Levites, to "bless in the name of the Lord" (Num. 6:23; Deut. 10:8)? Did it exist in name only, or did these men feel that they did not stand in a direct line between the needy one and God, and so were conscious of their lack of power; or were they so loveless that they were actuated only by indifference?

One passer-by acted out the precept of our golden text, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." He it was from whom the least might have been expected—"a certain Samaritan." "The Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans" (John 4:9); but in the case before us the need of the poor sufferer was too strong a claim on the Samaritan for his religious prejudices to interfere, and he took the honored place of "neighbor to him who fell among the thieves." Once the rein given to his love, and the Samaritan spared no pains, no expense, no fatigue, no time, for the restoration of the stranger. There was no calculation as to how long the man would be a burden upon him, no shrinking from any sacrifice; compassion had taken possession of him. He had nothing to gain by it but the privilege of loving another as himself—a privilege not understood by the world; for "men will praise thee when thou doest well unto thyself" (Ps. 49:18).

Divine love is the very eternal life, Christ in us, which the lawyer in his ignorance inquired about; it is a fire which is independent of earthly fuel, for it gives all, and asks for nothing in return. Earthly love soon dies away when it receives no love or gratitude in return, or when its object is an unworthy one; it is so narrow that it cannot take in many objects at once, and when it gets a new object it must diminish its supply of love to the old one.

The Samaritan went to the poor stranger, and "bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine." "The Lord . . . healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds" (Ps. 147:3); and He says of His lost sheep, "I will . . . bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen that which was sick" (Ezek. 34:16). But how few there are of Christ's followers who understand the art of binding up a broken heart, or healing a wounded conscience. It is easy to condemn, but oh, how difficult to restore an offender; yet we are forbidden to condemn—"Judge not, that ye be not judged" (Matt. 7:1)—and commanded to restore our brethren: "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted" (Gal. 6:1). It is never by chance that we become acquainted with the sin of another, and it is our precious office, as the Lord's Levites, to bless and to restore in His name. But oh, how often is it that we have too little of the anointing of the Holy Ghost to be in a position to minister the Spirit to others, and to pour oil into their wounds; and too little of the new wine of the Kingdom, too little of Christ's nature, to cleanse the wounds without inflaming them.

The Samaritan did not expect too much of the stranger; he did not look for him to walk immediately after his wounds were dressed, but by walking himself provided means whereby he should be carried. This is a lesson for us. Sometimes, when some poor lost drunkard or prostitute is brought to Jesus, we expect of them a walk which is firmer and freer from sin than our own. Jesus carries us, we are borne by Him; let us bring these weak ones in contact not only with His forgiving, but His sustaining grace, and then we shall expect from Him, and not from them, that they will be kept. The Samaritan brought him to an inn, and nursed him, made himself a servant to the stranger; and as Jesus' followers, we are privileged to make ourselves servants to all, that we might gain the more (1 Cor. 9:19).

But oh, how this parable opens up to us the love of Christ! Have we not also fallen among thieves? Where are the early years of many of us; the precious time given us by God for His service, where is it? Robbed by the world, the flesh, and the devil; spent in another service, gone beyond recall. Where were all the precious gifts and graces provided for us in Christ during that lost time? Robbed by the unbelief and self which took for its own that which we might have held in partnership with God. And what have the outward institutions of religion done for us? What have the priests and Levites done? Passed by on the other side. But there was One who took our flesh upon Him, that He might come where we were—One who had compassion, who came to us when we were in no position to go to Him; who bound up our wounds with hands which had been first wounded for us, and poured in oil and wine, although in His sufferings for us none poured oil and wine into His wounds. And He came down that He might lift us up, and He has watched over and taken care of us. "On the morrow, when he departed, he took out twopence and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee." The Lord Jesus, too, is gone—gone to His Father—but He has left a provision for us, and made Himself surety for all our needs unconditionally; for He has said, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son" (John 14:13).

The Lord Jesus was always personal in His dealing with inquirers. He first made the lawyer condemn himself in his answer to the question, "Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor to him that fell among the thieves?" and then He who taught as one that had authority said unto him, "Go, and do thou likewise."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Close of the War in the Transvaal Between the British and the Boers was announced to the British Parliament by Mr. Gladstone on March 22d. The course the Government have taken in making peace with a victorious enemy has brought upon them the invectives of a large portion of the English people jealous for the honor of their flag. But the government believed that as the people of the Transvaal were opposed to British rule it ought not to be forced upon them. Having arrived at that conclusion it would have been wicked to sacrifice the lives of British soldiers and of the Boers merely to show the world that England was able to beat the Boers in battle. There is no doubt that had England put forth the power at her command the brave little army of Boers would have been overwhelmed, but Mr. Gladstone believed the reputation of his country was too well established to need a vindication of that character. The conflict has thus ended with honor to both parties, the valor of the Boers has been no less conspicuous than the magnanimity of the British.

A Royal Commission has been Appointed to arrange the details of the settlement in the Transvaal. The general principles having been agreed upon by the commanders of the two armies, there are questions of boundaries and the relations of the Transvaal with the Cape colonists and with the natives to be considered. Upon the wise arrangement of these details depends the permanence of the peace. It is understood that the main difficulty in the work of the royal commission will be, as it was in the past negotiations, to obtain guarantees from the Boers for the just treatment of the natives. The tribes are kept in a state of perpetual hostility to Europeans by the unjust conduct of the Boers, and England while conceding to the Boers complete independence and self-government, will retain a suzerainty over the Transvaal and maintain a representative there to protect the natives and adjust disputes between the two races.

Mr. Parnell is Endeavoring to Establish branches of the Land League in England. At a meeting held in London on March 25th, he said that although the English Land Question was not ripe for settlement he thought the English laborers would benefit by the Irish movement, and might aid it with profit to themselves. At the same meeting he stated that the subscriptions to the Irish Land League received from America amounted to *twenty thousand dollars* each week. If the tenant farmers and the laborers who are struggling to maintain themselves and their families could get some of that money instead of the agitators having it all to invest in France, they might be able to emigrate, or to purchase their farms, or at all events to improve their position.

The International Society has Attracted the attention of several European governments, and an attempt will be made to suppress it. The society is the result of an effort to unite the communists, socialists, and the secret societies of the whole world in a species of federation. A telegram from St. Petersburg says that the assassination of the Czar was planned by the International, and it is believed that the attempts on the lives of the Emperor of Germany, the King of Italy, and the King of Spain may all be traced to it. The initiative taken some time ago by Spain for effecting an understanding among the Powers with a view to united action against the common enemy, is now expected to have practical results. M. Rochefort and several other French communistic editors have been fined, and some of them sentenced to a term of imprisonment in addition to a fine, for writing articles applauding the assassination of the Czar.

The Difficulty Between Turkey and Greece has not advanced nearer a settlement during the past week. Newspaper correspondents at Constantinople regard the negotiations still dragging on as utterly hopeless, and express their conviction that only the united armed intervention of Europe can avert war. The terms offered by Turkey as the extreme concession she will make, the Greek Government will not accept. Indeed it is believed that the hopes of the Greeks having been raised by the decision of the Berlin Conference, and they having consented to abstain from joining in the war on the understanding that Europe would see to it that Turkey made a definite cession of territory, they would rise in revolution and overthrow the government if the king and his ministers accepted a smaller concession than was originally fixed. The territory offered by Turkey is less than one half of the size settled by the Berlin Conference. The negotiations have been still further complicated by a demand France makes on Turkey for the cession of Tunis. The process of dismemberment is thus pressing heavily on Turkey. She lost a considerable portion of her territory by the late war, she ceded Cyprus to England, and now the demand of France, and the Greek claims carry the same process still further. It is obvious that the prophecy of the drying up of the Euphrates is on the eve of fulfilment.

The Policy of the New Czar of Russia will, it is announced, comprise important benefits to the serfs emancipated by the late Czar. At the time they were set free, an arrangement was made with a view of securing to every freed man the house and land he occupied as a serf under the nobles. The value of these holdings was assessed, and they were purchased for the serfs. They were not intended to be a gift, but were to be paid for by the freed men. The Czar paid the nobles four fifths of the purchase money, and the serfs were to pay the other fifth, either by labor or by money, in full or in instalments. It was also arranged that the serfs were to repay the Czar the money advanced on their behalf in forty-nine annual payments of six per cent each. These payments have been a heavy burden, for the soil is in many districts very poor, and the means of transportation limited. It is now stated that a large portion of these annual dues will be remitted by Alexander III., who will thus complete the good work done by his father.

The Foreign Policy of Alexander III. is the subject of considerable anxiety. The close relationship and personal friendship existing between the Emperor of Germany and the late Czar, on several occasions prevented a rupture between the two nations, but Alexander III. has a strong aversion to Germany, which has increased since his marriage with the daughter of the King of Denmark. The hopes of France have in consequence been raised by hopes of a Franco-Russian alliance against Germany, which bodes ill for the peace of Europe. Prophetic expositors believe that ultimately France will wage a successful war against her old enemy across the Rhine. The accession of Alexander III., and his known antipathy to Germany, show how that event may be precipitated. The Czar's warm friendship with the Prince of Wales, whose wife is the sister of the Czar's wife, will, it is believed, allay the ill feeling which has existed for many years between Great Britain and Russia. It is reported that the advance of Russian troops toward Merv, which England regarded as a menace to her Indian Empire, has already been checked by command of the Czar.

An Attempt is Being Made to Induce the Czar of Russia to abolish the terrible punishment of banishment to Siberia. A member of the St. Petersburg Provincial Assembly of Nobles made a speech recently, in which he stated that between the years 1870 and 1877 63,442 persons had been exiled to that inhospitable land.

Sixty-Nine Corpses Have Been Taken Out of the ruins of the opera house at Nice, which was destroyed by fire on March 23d. The flames broke out on the stage, at the commencement of the performance, and the scenery being made of paper was quickly ignited, and the fire spread with fearful rapidity to other parts of the house. There were but three doors to the building, and one of those had not been used for years and could not be opened. The avenues leading to the other doors were soon the scene of a fierce struggle, in which men and women fought desperately to get out of the place. Besides those who perished in the flames many were suffocated, others were trodden to death in their struggle to escape, and some flung themselves from the roof into the street and were killed. The total loss of life is not accurately known, but it is feared that the sixty-nine bodies recovered do not represent the whole of the fatalities. Nice is the fashionable resort of the French aristocracy, and many American, Russian, and English visitors are always to be found there enjoying the breezes of the Mediterranean. French actors and actresses frequently run down from Paris when in need of change, and perform at one of the two theatres of the city. This terrible calamity ought to be a warning to the dissipated and careless people who resort to the gay city.

Arraigned and Acquitted Through her Child.—A poor, pale seamstress was recently arraigned for theft in Paris. She appeared with her baby of eleven months in her arms. She said: "The day I went to my employer's I carried my child with me. It was in my arms as it is now. I wasn't paying attention to it. There were several gold coins on the mantelpiece, and, unknown to me, it stretched out its little hand and seized three pieces, which I did not observe until I got home. I at once put on my bonnet, and was going back to my employer to return them when I was arrested. This is the solemn truth, as I hope for Heaven's mercy." The court could not believe this story, and it was proposed to renew the scene described by the mother. Three gold coins were placed on the clerk's table. The mother was requested to assume the position in which she stood at her employer's house. There was then *a breathless pause* in court. The baby soon discovered the bright coins, eyed them for a moment, smiled, and then stretched forth its tiny hand and clutched them with a miser's eagerness. The mother was acquitted.

Mrs. M. Baxter Writes from Cologne, the city of Germany best known for its *eau-de-cologne*: "After five weeks' work we have little to record in the way of visible fruits. Certainly, numbers have heard the Gospel in a very simple way, and a large number were from the very lowest ranks of the people, those who really have no religion—viz., some Protestants who never go to any church, and some Catholics who come to the meetings in spite of the threat that they will receive no absolution, many of them more from defiance than from a desire to know more of God's Word. At first the meetings were very unquiet—blasphemy, mockery, constant talking, singing, moving, during the whole time—but the last fortnight God gave us almost complete quiet during the meetings.

"But the scene outside was just the reverse. A rabble assembled every night to shout, scream, and yell at us as we came out of the meeting, following us sometimes for half an hour or more before we could be rid of them; and we were obliged to walk round and round the streets till they dropped off, to prevent their making an assault on the houses where we lodged. One unhappy old woman went out of the meeting mocking, and saying it was *much better to come to a dance* than to hear about salvation through Jesus' blood. Five minutes later she got a stroke in the street, and died in an hour or two, poor thing!" "He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck (*i.e.*, like an ox under the yoke), shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy" (Prov. 29:1).

The Following Works by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon are for sale at The Christian Herald Office, at prices much below what they can be obtained for else where. Remittances must accompany orders: *John Ploughman's Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 cents. *The Treasury of David*, a homiletical exposition of the book of Psalms, four vols., as far as Psa. 103, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon Birth-Day Book.* This popular gift-book contains a suitable passage selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every day in the year, with a blank space opposite for autographs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon appear at their respective birthdays. The book is gorgeously bound, and the price is 75 cents. Remittances should accompany orders.

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THE ASSASSINATION OF ALEXANDER II., CZAR OF RUSSIA, ON MARCH 13.

THE ASSASSINATION OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

The Scene of the Assassination—Result of the First Explosion—Arrest of the Assassin—The Second and Fatal Explosion—Medical Examination of the Czar and Death—Account by an Eye-Witness—The Arrested Assassin's History—The Conspirators' Nest—A Dangerous Mine Discovered.

The picture on the preceding page of the assassination of the Czar of all the Russias in St. Petersburg on Sunday, March 13th, with the fuller details we are now able to give of that lawless crime, complete the narrative which under the head of Foreign Topics we have already briefly presented.

Alexander II., it appears, had spent the morning of the fatal Sunday according to his usual habit, notwithstanding that a warning had been sent to his wife notifying her that he would certainly be assassinated before night. It was his custom to attend mass in the morning and to go from the church to the Riding School to review his troops. His wife begged him not to go to the review that morning, but he had received so many warnings that he had come to disregard them, and accordingly, having breakfasted with his family, he set out for the church. Thence after mass he drove to the Riding School, where the inspection of the troops was held promptly at one o'clock.

This great hall, *the largest riding hall in the world* except the one at Moscow, has a space of a little more than four acres under roof. It is well warmed by the great brick stoves along the wall, and it will hold about *three thousand troops*, with room for manœuvres. The various regiments of the guard stationed in and about St. Petersburg are here inspected in turn each Sunday morning during the winter. To this parade, the minister of war, the chief of the staff, the generals present in St. Petersburg, the members of the Imperial family and the military attachés of the foreign legations are invited. They all appear in full dress. Upon the Emperor's arrival, he, the foreign officers and the aide-de-camp on duty for the day mount their horses, all other officers remaining on foot. The troops are then inspected and reviewed. The detachment of cavalry or of Cossacks which happens to be present gives some exhibitions of fancy riding or sword exercise, and the Emperor moves his horse here and there through the troops, chatting and gossipping familiarly with them.

The parade usually lasts a little less than an hour; the troops are then dismissed with a "very well" from the Emperor, and he gets into his carriage or sleigh with one of his brothers or sons and drives back to the palace.

It was fresh from leaving just such a scene that the Emperor was murdered. The distance from the Winter Palace to the Riding School is a little less than a mile in a straight line, but following the streets the distance is about a mile and a quarter. The Emperor had travelled about one half the distance when, as he passed the Catherine Canal near the imperial stables, an explosion took place just behind the Czar's carriage, smashing in the back of it, wounding two horses, one of the six Cossacks forming the escort, and killing a soldier standing near.

The *Herald* of St. Petersburg says that the Czar immediately alighted. An officer ran toward him, and asked whether he was hurt. His majesty answered very calmly, "Thank God! I am untouched. Don't disturb yourself. I must see after the wounded." The Emperor ordered that all attention should be paid to the injured, and especially to the Cossack whose injuries appeared to be most serious, and then turning round, he saw the assassin a few paces from him, surrounded by a group of terrified people. A soldier of the Preobajenski Regiment of the guard held him fast by the arms. He had in one hand a revolver and in the other a dagger. The Emperor approached him with the utmost coolness, and ordered him to be removed.

At this instant another young man, an accomplice of the first assassin, threw something at the Czar's feet. A tremendous explosion followed. As soon as the smoke had cleared away, the Czar was seen to be lying in a pool of blood. Many other wounded persons were lying near him.

ACCOUNT BY AN EYE WITNESS.

An officer named Nowikoff, who himself was a witness of the terrible deed of blood, has given the folowing circumstantial recital:—

"I was walking home with two comrades from the Riding School, where the Emperor had been holding the parade, and had just reached the Razan Bridge when I heard a loud report. I hurried to the spot whence the sound proceeded and saw a group of people about thirty yards from me. A thick cloud of snow, mingled with splinters of wood, rose at the same time close to the place. Then came a second explosion. I thereupon ran all the faster, and when I arrived at the spot saw a sailor holding some one. The snow was thrown up in all directions, and on the ground lay a boy, killed; a Cossack, very severely injured; and one other person—the Emperor—without helmet or mantle, his clothes torn to pieces, his legs shattered, his blood dyeing the snow.

"I threw myself weeping at the Emperor's side, with the words, 'Good heaven! What has happened to your majesty?' The Emperor remained motionless, and I, with the assistance of some sailors, who had hurried to the spot, lifted him up, myself holding him round the body and breast, while the sailors, without leaving go of their carbines, held the feet. The Emperor then attempted to lift his hand to his bleeding brow, murmuring twice the word 'cold.'

"I was just about to take his handkerchief from his pocket to bind round the Emperor's head, when the Grand Duke Michael came up, and bending down close to the Emperor's face, said, 'How do you feel?' What his majesty replied it was difficult to catch. The Grand Duke ordered the sailors to throw down their carbines, and then, taking a cap from one of the bystanders, placed it on the Emperor's head. They then began to move forward. I asked the Grand Duke whether he would allow the bearers to carry the Emperor into the nearest house for the purpose of applying bandages to the wounded parts. The Emperor, who had evidently regained his consciousness, on hearing this, whispered in broken language, '*Carry—to—Palace; there—die,*' and some few more words which were unintelligible. The Emperor was then placed on Colonel Dvortjetsky's sledge and driven to the palace."

THE NUMBER OF THE WOUNDED.

The wounded and injured by the two explosions number eighteen, of whom two, a Cossack of the escort and a young man, have since died. The others are Police-Colonel Dvorjetsky, who received various, some say *sixty*, flesh wounds; a marine subaltern, wounded in the head and arms; three soldiers of the imperial convoy and two cossacks of the Tver Squadron, slightly wounded; also a subaltern of the suite and two policemen, three peasants, a soldier's wife, injured in the right hand; a captain of cavalry, not much hurt; and M. Capri, a French teacher of music, wounded in the face, eyes, and feet.

The Emperor, who was unconscious, was placed on the sleigh of Colonel Dvorjetsky, chief of police, who took him in his arms, resting his head, which was covered with blood, on his breast. The Emperor's helmet had been carried away by the explosion. He was slowly borne to the Winter Palace, which was close at hand, and undressed. An examination disclosed the most frightful wounds. One leg was completely shattered right up to the top of the thigh, and the other was severed below the knee, and connected only by a few filaments of skin. The abdomen was also torn open, the face was injured, and the left eye forced from its socket. The surgeons declared amputation to be impossible, and that there was no hope.

The Czarewitch and his children, and the Emperor's young children by his morganatic wife, with the Grand Dukes Michael and Vladimir, were immediately gathered at the Winter Palace, the Emperor's chaplain was called, and the communion having been administered, the Czar quietly expired at about a quarter to four o'clock, in the sixty-third year of his age, and the twenty-sixth year of his reign. The only words he uttered after being carried into the palace were "Sasha, Sasha," his pet name for his eldest son.

Crowds of people had, in the meantime, assembled around the Winter Palace, full of anxiety to know the state of the Emperor. Many believed that the reports of the extent of the wounds had been exaggerated. But when, at the hour mentioned, the imperial ensign over the palace was lowered, half-mast, as a sign that the Czar was dead, all hats were removed, and general sorrow seemed to prevail. A general officer at the same time advanced toward the crowd and made known the sad event.

The Princess Dolgorouki, the woman whose relations to the Czar embittered the last years of the late Empress, and whom the Czar married after the death of his first wife, fainted away when she heard the news of the assassination, and remained unconscious for two hours. That same evening, accompanied by her sister and Prince Albedirski, Governor of Warsaw, who is her sister's husand, she left St. Petersburg, being taken to the railway station in a public conveyance. *It is believed that she will remain in life-long exile.* The present Czar was hostile to her influence over his father, and protested during his mother's lifetime so energetically against the Czar's immorality as to offend his father. He was also opposed to the marriage, and the Princess Dolgorouki knew that under his government her continued residence in Russia would be unpleasant both to herself and to the Imperial family.

THE ASSASSINS.

Some doubt exists as to the man who threw the second bomb which actually killed the Czar. A man present who fell to the ground although unhurt was seized by the soldiers on suspicion of being the assassin, but he was able to prove his innocence and was released. Another man who was badly injured and was carried to a hospital where he died next day, it was thought might be the assassin, and the man who threw the first bomb and was captured was taken to see his body, and asserted that he was his accomplice, but the police think that he may have said so untruthfully in order to divert pursuit from the real criminal.

The name of the captured assassin is Nicolai Vanoff Rousakoff. He is nineteen years old, and comes from Tikhvin, a town in the province of Novgorod. He received his elementary education in the small town of Vuitegra, in the government of Olonetz, and Tcherepovetz, in his native province, respectively, and in 1879 entered the Institute of Mines in St. Petersburg, of which he was a member at the time of committing the crime. It is stated by the correspondent of a New York journal that Rousakoff was interrogated as to his accomplices but refused to divulge their names; that he was then subjected to *barbarous torture*, being placed under the influence of a powerful electrical battery and his whole frame racked with the shocks. Under the agonizing suffering he made disclosures which led to the discovery of

THE CONSPIRATORS' NEST,

which was entered by the police on the night of the 15th and a quantity of bombs similar to those used on March 13th were found there.

As soon as the party of police tried the door about midnight they heard the report of an explosion within. Forcing open the door, they came upon a man lying in the passage with his brains blown out and covered with blood. On entering the room a woman shouted, "Take care, gentlemen, there is dynamite here." Two large cans of that substance were discovered in the apartment. The police arrested the woman, who seems to have made no resistance, and at once proceeded to search the apartment. A number of explosive shells were found, and one copy of a revolutionary proclamation relating to the crime, and pointing out that two persons would perform the terrible deed. No one else was found in the place. The police then set a watch for others who might come to the house, and remained there all night. At 11 o'clock next morning a young man presented himself at the door, and immediately fell in with the police. He drew a revolver, and fired six shots, wounding three policemen. He was, however, soon overpowered and removed in custody.

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IHILISM, COMMUNISM, SOCIALISM, FENIANISM. By Rev. Hugh Hanna.
STRANGE AND THRILLING SIGHTS AT THE EAST OF LONDON—Madeline the Sewing Girl.
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THE ASSASSINATION OF ALEXANDER II., CZAR OF RUSSIA, ON MARCH 13.

THE ASSASSINATION OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

The Scene of the Assassination—Result of the First Explosion—Arrest of the Assassin—The Second and Fatal Explosion—Medical Examination of the Czar and Death—Account by an Eye-Witness—The Arrested Assassin's History—The Conspirators' Nest—A Dangerous Mine Discovered.

THE picture on the preceding page of the assassination of the Czar of all the Russias in St. Petersburg on Sunday, March 13th, with the fuller details we are now able to give of that lawless crime, complete the narrative which under the head of Foreign Topics we have already briefly presented.

Alexander II., it appears, had spent the morning of the fatal Sunday according to his usual habit, notwithstanding that a warning had been sent to his wife notifying her that he would certainly be assassinated before night. It was his custom to attend mass in the morning and to go from the church to the Riding School to review his troops. His wife begged him not to go to the review that morning, but he had received so many warnings that he had come to disregard them, and accordingly, having breakfasted with his family, he set out for the church. Thence after mass he drove to the Riding School, where the inspection of the troops was held promptly at one o'clock.

This great hall, *the largest riding hall in the world* except the one at Moscow, has a space of a little more than four acres under roof. It is well warmed by the great brick stoves along the wall, and it will hold about *three thousand troops*, with room for manœuvres. The various regiments of the guard stationed in and about St. Petersburg are here inspected in turn each Sunday morning during the winter. To this parade, the minister of war, the chief of the staff, the generals present in St. Petersburg, the members of the Imperial family and the military attachés of the foreign legations are invited. They all appear in full dress. Upon the Emperor's arrival, he, the foreign officers and the aide-de-camp on duty for the day mount their horses, all other officers remaining on foot. The troops are then inspected and reviewed. The detachment of cavalry or of Cossacks which happens to be present gives some exhibitions of fancy riding or sword exercise, and the Emperor moves his horse here and there through the troops, chatting and gossipping familiarly with them.

The parade usually lasts a little less than an hour; the troops are then dismissed with a "very well" from the Emperor, and he gets into his carriage or sleigh with one of his brothers or sons and drives back to the palace.

It was fresh from leaving just such a scene that the Emperor was murdered. The distance from the Winter Palace to the Riding School is a little less than a mile in a straight line, but following the streets the distance is about a mile and a quarter. The Emperor had travelled about one half the distance when, as he passed the Catherine Canal near the imperial stables, an explosion took place just behind the Czar's carriage, smashing in the back of it, wounding two horses, one of the six Cossacks forming the escort, and killing a soldier standing near.

The *Herold* of St. Petersburg says that the Czar immediately alighted. An officer ran toward him, and asked whether he was hurt. His majesty answered very calmly, "Thank God! I am untouched. Don't disturb yourself. I must see after the wounded." The Emperor ordered that all attention should be paid to the injured, and especially to the Cossack whose injuries appeared to be most serious, and then turning round, he saw the assassin a few paces from him, surrounded by a group of terrified people. A soldier of the Preobajenski Regiment of the guard held him fast by the arms. He had in one hand a revolver and in the other a dagger. The Emperor approached him with the utmost coolness, and ordered him to be removed.

At this instant another young man, an accomplice of the first assassin, threw something at the Czar's feet. A tremendous explosion followed. As soon as the smoke had cleared away, the Czar was seen to be lying in a pool of blood. Many other wounded persons were lying near him.

ACCOUNT BY AN EYE WITNESS.

An officer named Nowikoff, who himself was a witness of the terrible deed of blood, has given the folowing circumstantial recital:—

"I was walking home with two comrades from the Riding School, where the Emperor had been holding the parade, and had just reached the Razan Bridge when I heard a loud report. I hurried to the spot whence the sound proceeded and saw a group of people about thirty yards from me. A thick cloud of snow, mingled with splinters of wood, rose at the same time close to the place. Then came a second explosion. I thereupon ran all the faster, and when I arrived at the spot saw a sailor holding some one. The snow was thrown up in all directions, and on the ground lay a boy, killed; a Cossack, very severely injured; and one other person—the Emperor—without helmet or mantle, his clothes torn to pieces, his legs shattered, his blood dyeing the snow.

"I threw myself weeping at the Emperor's side, with the words, 'Good heaven! What has happened to your majesty?' The Emperor remained motionless, and I, with the assistance of some sailors, who had hurried to the spot, lifted him up, myself holding him round the body and breast, while the sailors, without leaving go of their carbines, held the feet. The Emperor then attempted to lift his hand to his bleeding brow, murmuring twice the word 'cold.'

"I was just about to take his handkerchief from his pocket to bind round the Emperor's head, when the Grand Duke Michael came up, and bending down close to the Emperor's face, said, 'How do you feel?' What his majesty replied it was difficult to catch. The Grand Duke ordered the sailors to throw down their carbines, and then, taking a cap from one of the bystanders, placed it on the Emperor's head. They then began to move forward. I asked the Grand Duke whether he would allow the bearers to carry the Emperor into the nearest house for the purpose of applying bandages to the wounded parts. The Emperor, who had evidently regained his consciousness, on hearing this, whispered in broken language, '*Carry—to—Palace; there—die,*' and some few more words which were unintelligible. The Emperor was then placed on Colonel Dvortjetsky's sledge and driven to the palace."

THE NUMBER OF THE WOUNDED.

The wounded and injured by the two explosions number eighteen, of whom two, a Cossack of the escort and a young man, have since died. The others are Police-Colonel Dvorjetsky, who received various, some say *sixty*, flesh wounds; a marine subaltern, wounded in the head and arms; three soldiers of the imperial convoy and two cossacks of the Tver Squadron, slightly wounded; also a subaltern of the suite and two policemen, three peasants, a soldier's wife, injured in the right hand; a captain of cavalry, not much hurt; and M. Capri, a French teacher of music, wounded in the face, eyes, and feet.

The Emperor, who was unconscious, was placed on the sleigh of Colonel Dvorjetsky, chief of police, who took him in his arms, resting his head, which was covered with blood, on his breast. The Emperor's helmet had been carried away by the explosion. He was slowly borne to the Winter Palace, which was close at hand, and undressed. An examination disclosed the most frightful wounds. One leg was completely shattered right up to the top of the thigh, and the other was severed below the knee, and connected only by a few filaments of skin. The abdomen was also torn open, the face was injured, and the left eye forced from its socket. The surgeons declared amputation to be impossible, and that there was no hope.

The Czarewitch and his children, and the Emperor's young children by his morganatic wife, with the Grand Dukes Michael and Vladimir, were immediately gathered at the Winter Palace, the Emperor's chaplain was called, and the communion having been administered, the Czar quietly expired at about a quarter to four o'clock, in the sixty-third year of his age, and the twenty-sixth year of his reign. The only words he uttered after being carried into the palace were "Sasha, Sasha," his pet name for his eldest son.

Crowds of people had, in the meantime, assembled around the Winter Palace, full of anxiety to know the state of the Emperor. Many believed that the reports of the extent of the wounds had been exaggerated. But when, at the hour mentioned, the imperial ensign over the palace was lowered, half-mast, as a sign that the Czar was dead, all hats were removed, and general sorrow seemed to prevail. A general officer at the same time advanced toward the crowd and made known the sad event.

The Princess Dolgorouki, the woman whose relations to the Czar embittered the last years of the late Empress, and whom the Czar married after the death of his first wife, fainted away when she heard the news of the assassination, and remained unconscious for two hours. That same evening, accompanied by her sister and Prince Albedirski, Governor of Warsaw, who is her sister's husand, she left St. Petersburg, being taken to the railway station in a public conveyance. *It is believed that she will remain in life-long exile.* The present Czar was hostile to her influence over his father, and protested during his mother's lifetime so energetically against the Czar's immorality as to offend his father. He was also opposed to the marriage, and the Princess Dolgorouki knew that under his government her continued residence in Russia would be unpleasant both to herself and to the Imperial family.

THE ASSASSINS.

Some doubt exists as to the man who threw the second bomb which actually killed the Czar. A man present who fell to the ground although unhurt was seized by the soldiers on suspicion of being the assassin, but he was able to prove his innocence and was released. Another man who was badly injured and was carried to a hospital where he died next day, it was thought might be the assassin, and the man who threw the first bomb and was captured was taken to see his body, and asserted that he was his accomplice, but the police think that he may have said so untruthfully in order to divert pursuit from the real criminal.

The name of the captured assassin is Nicolai Vanoff Rousakoff. He is nineteen years old, and comes from Tikhvin, a town in the province of Novgorod. He received his elementary education in the small town of Vuitegra, in the government of Olonetz, and Tcherepovetz, in his native province, respectively, and in 1879 entered the Institute of Mines in St. Petersburg, of which he was a member at the time of committing the crime. It is stated by the correspondent of a New York journal that Rousakoff was interrogated as to his accomplices but refused to divulge their names; that he was then subjected to *barbarous torture*, being placed under the influence of a powerful electrical battery and his whole frame racked with the shocks. Under the agonizing suffering he made disclosures which led to the discovery of

THE CONSPIRATORS' NEST,

which was entered by the police on the night of the 15th and a quantity of bombs similar to those used on March 13th were found there.

As soon as the party of police tried the door about midnight they heard the report of an explosion within. Forcing open the door, they came upon a man lying in the passage with his brains blown out and covered with blood. On entering the room a woman shouted, "Take care, gentlemen, there is dynamite here." Two large cans of that substance were discovered in the apartment. The police arrested the woman, who seems to have made no resistance, and at once proceeded to search the apartment. A number of explosive shells were found, and one copy of a revolutionary proclamation relating to the crime, and pointing out that two persons would perform the terrible deed. No one else was found in the place. The police then set a watch for others who might come to the house, and remained there all night. At 11 o'clock next morning a young man presented himself at the door, and immediately fell in with the police. He drew a revolver, and fired six shots, wounding three policemen. He was, however, soon overpowered and removed in custody.

young widow busily employed at her loom weaving black silk. On her husband's death, two years ago, she had the energy to get a loom (having learned silk weaving in her youth), and thus she supports herself and two little ones. In the small apartment the loom and the bedstead occupy the whole space save a narrow passage between the two, and here the three have to live as best they can. When first discovered, some weeks ago, she was sitting with her two little ones, without fire or food, having no work. At present she is happy, having a piece in hand, for which she is paid 7½d. per yard, and three yards is the utmost she can weave in a day; besides it takes a day and a half to prepare the woof, and for this there is no allowance, hence her earnings are about 1s. 6d. a day. We were glad to find that she is at present anxiously inquiring the way of life.

ONE OF THE LORD'S POOR.

Further on, we found match-box makers, unemployed laborers, laundresses, etc., in various shades of poverty, and we closed our day by visiting an aged saint, whose testimony and happy face were quite a cheer to us after our day's experiences. Sixty-eight years of age, she had had sixteen children, has survived all but three, two of whom are in a foreign land, and one is in the hospital almost a permanent patient. She never wants, for "the Lord's people are so good to me, and I thank Him for it." Although only a few yards from the Tabernacle, she can seldom venture out of her lonely room, but "I never weary, for oh! the Lord does talk to me."

So with a peep into this saint's upper chamber we concluded our painful day's work.

A FAITH ORPHANAGE IN INDIA.

THE lowest estimates put the number of deaths that occurred in the awful famine that devastated South India four years ago at *three millions*. For two years after the drought was over very many little children, Hindoos and Mohammedans, who had been made orphans by the famine wandered about the towns, exciting the sympathy of the benevolent. A gentleman in the Government service, by name Mr. A. C. Davis, who was stationed at Goolburga, in the Native State known as the Nizam's Dominions, took four of these little orphans into his charge. He was a man who feared God, and he remembered that "he that honoreth his Maker hath mercy on the poor." *

An American missionary, the Rev. C. B. Ward, who had gone out to the South India Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church from Chicago in 1876, had his heart touched by that example, and the two men decided, after prayer and consultation, that if the Lord would give them means they would do all in their power to rescue, feed, and clothe a larger number of the starving children.

That memorable step was taken on the 20th of February, 1879. We will give the rest of the story mainly in Mr. Ward's own words: "It was a precious time of waiting, during which our motives were thoroughly sifted and the will of God was more fully ascertained. One month ended March 20th, and on that date I received from an old friend and older missionary a letter containing ten rupees for this work, which was to my heart an evident token of the will of God. So I went to Adonee, where was a famine 'camp,' and there, beneath the trees and elsewhere, were a host of over 800 of all ages. About 200 were children, one half of whom were *parentless and friendless*. Bad feet, ulcered legs, diseased bodies, forms so emaciated as to be scarce able to stand or walk, were the rule.

"On the ground there was a little ridge of eight inches in height: I observed a large number moving over this ridge, but being unable to lift a foot so high, they would sit down and then *swing over*. The cries of this famishing throng were such as I care not often to hear. While I was there *five dead bodies* were rolled up in blankets and carried away.

"I decided to bring away five children, aged about five to eight. But my heart yielded: I took five more. I could not yet stop; so I selected four more. How to feed so many I did not know; but I thought of John 15:7, and led my fourteen orphans to the railway station, and brought them to Goolburga, where Brother Davis already had four. Afterward we got two more; and after much prayer and assurance received from the Lord, we resolved to increase the number of our orphans to fifty.

"So I visited Adonee again, and selected thirty more little children, ranging from three to nine years old. And yet there were more than as many more, all crying with outstretched arms, '*Take me.*' My heart bled because I could not.

"On the 17th of June we had 200 rupees—that is, $100—cash balance, and felt we were not being loyal to the Lord in not gathering a few more children. We hunted all through the Word of God concerning 'the fatherless,' 'the poor,' and 'God's possessions.' Our hearts burned over what we found. When we thought how easily God fed two millions for forty years in the wilderness, we were led to praise God and trust Him gladly for one hundred orphans.

"Nearly 800 rupees had been sent us by the end of June, mostly by unknown friends. We were by this the more certain the money came from God. We did not intend to amass money. So as God enlarged our supply, we felt led to enlarge our borders. We then asked the Lord to make it possible for us to gather two hundred orphans. I am not sure but that three times that number were to be found, hungry, naked, sick, and dying between Sholapoor and Bellary. One result of the work upon our people along the line was that several families were led to take one or more little ones to rear in their own houses.

"God gave these children a disposition somewhat unusual to appreciate what was being done for them. They tried to help themselves. They suggested the dismissal of the paid cook, and did all their own grinding and cooking, etc. Brother Davis spent an hour a day with them, explaining to them the Hindoostanee Testament. He sat down on the ground, and all these little creatures sat round him as eager to hear as ever I saw mission children at home.

"By the middle of October we had 116—48 girls and 68 boys—and we had *lost by death fifty-eight*. We rejoiced that they had died with us, having had Christian care and heard the name of Jesus, and many of them having learned His prayer, rather than that they had died among the heathen and without ever having heard the name of Jesus, had been bundled off and dumped indifferently into a hole sufficiently shallow for *the jackals* to uncover the first night. The survivors showed the lingering effects of famine on their little frames.

"Our hearts were sad to see the heathen trinkets many of the girls wore. Some of them had them when we gathered them; others had got them somehow since being with us. They were of no money value. But one Sabbath morning, when the children were all gathered for their usual Bible hour, Brother Davis began to talk of the necessity of being Christians out and out. The matter of *bangles, earrings, nose-jewels, etc.*, was barely mentioned when one of the noblest of our Adonee trophies, a girl about twelve years old, came to me with all she had and put them in my lap.

"The example was good. Without a word of exhortation every girl in the flock, save one, came and put her bangles, earrings, finger-rings, and nose-jewels into my hands. The other did so the following morning, just as freely as the rest had done.

"By the month of December over 1800 rupees had been sent to us in answer to prayer. On several occasions we had nothing, and a prayer-meeting had to be *held on the spot*; but deliverance always came. It is sometimes keen work to just let go and trust; but it is blessed to do so. Attempts were made by natives of the place to excite distrust in the minds of the children, and a few did run away. The children were told that we were fattening them up to make them into *carriage grease for the railway*.

"In the same month of December we received a letter from Brother W. Marrett, Executive Engineer, Department of Public Works, in the northern division of the Nizam's Dominions, inviting our orphanage and all to some point in his division, where he might get us *land for a plantation*. He said a Teloogoo mission was in his faith.* Right on this came orders from the Government for Brother Davis to proceed to Brother Marrett's division for duty.

"Now did my heart rejoice with new joy. That was to me a month of much examination of heart and thorough consecration to be led of God. On the 10th of January I presented to my presiding elder, W. B. Osborn,† a written offer of myself as *a pioneer worker* in a purely faith mission to the Teloogoo people of the Nizam's Dominions, in connection with our orphanage.

"My request was granted, and in my joy I asked God to justify my faith by a manifest token. It came in the form of 240 rupees from a man in Michigan, through Brother Hard,‡ about the last days of January. Satan tried hard to distress me with doubts on financial scores. But blessed be God who honoreth our faith, there is infinitely more danger of our getting short in *grace* than *bread*. We confess that our success depends on *the power of God*."

Such is the story of the Christian Orphanage established under a Mohammedan government, and now growing up and increasing without any endowment or any pledged financial support. The staff of faith workers has been strengthened by the addition of Miss Mary M. Miller, a consecrated young lady of Pennsylvania, who was sent out by the Rev. Wm. Taylor, the founder of the South India Conference. She studied homœopathy in Pittsburg, and is of great service in the Orphanage.

We will close with two extracts from Mr. Davis' diary:

"*June 12th.*—I have been preserving my own account separate from that of the Orphanage. The *grain-seller's bill* amounted to a larger sum than usual, and fell due to-day; and no Orphanage money on hand. The question at once arose, Was it to be met from my private funds? While praying over the matter it was made very plain that I should share my portion with the fatherless. I praise God His Word prevailed, and after paying a few bills of my own I was able to pay the bill to the last rupee.

"*August 24th.*—To-day one girl named Golar Numuckah, aged twelve, died. Her brother had died a few days before, much refreshed by her simple faith. Brother C. asked her where she was going, when she expressed a fear she might not live. She said, '*Into Mahdava's house*'—*i.e.*, God's house. 'How do you know you are going to Mahdava's house?' 'Because you told me,' she replied. A day later she passed away. Another one being questioned, said, 'I have asked God's forgiveness, and prayed that God may give me a better heart.'"

Six of the children were taken to Ellichpoor by the Rev. Mr. Sibley, formerly of Oberlin, Ohio. He says: "When they stopped at Budnaira, the station master was much astonished to see them get up and give thanks before eating. As hungry as they often are now, they wait patiently for grace. They reached here at one o'clock in the morning, and after we had put them to bed, I heard them praying, *little Murga leading*. It surprised me. I had thought of it, but supposed they knew nothing about praying. My heart glows with the thought that each of them may be a redeemed soul in glory."

* Prov. 14:31.

* There are three races of natives in that part of India; Moosulmans, Teloogoos, and Canarese. Mr. Marrett's division is in the Teloogoo territory. The orphans had been gathered from all the three races. Hindoostanee is the language of the Moosulmans.

† Formerly of Ocean Grove, N. J.

‡ The Rev. C. P. Hard of Buffalo, N. Y. Mr. Hard was for three years a missionary in India, and the Madras districts of the South India Conference grew up almost entirely under his labors. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will contain his portrait and an account of his great work in a few weeks.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Nomination to the Collectorship of the port of New York is still the prominent subject of speculation. The office is one of considerable pecuniary value as well as of political influence; but the office itself, and this particular nomination of the President's, is not so much the question involved as whether it is an indication of the policy of the administration. There appears to be no dispute as to the eligibility of Senator Robertson for the office, or about the probability of his efficient management of the strictly official duties pertaining to it; but the difficulty is as to the motive which prompted the nomination. If the President simply desired to reward a man who did him real and valuable service at Chicago, then there is little significance in it. If on the other hand it is intended as an act of defiance to the "stalwart" section of the Republican party on the part of the President or Secretary of State, then it bodes ill for the prospect of useful legislation for the ensuing four years; and we may again witness as under Mr. Hayes, personal and party contests absorbing legislative attention, to the exclusion of work of national importance. Patriotic citizens have no desire to see the President become the tool of a party or the section of a party, but they naturally hoped to have seen the President and those politicians who exerted themselves to secure his election working harmoniously together for the general good. It will be a national misfortune if the struggle over the spoils of victory produces discord and enmity between the administration and its ostensible friends.

The Effort of the Citizens of New York to Remove the hindrances to street-cleaning is being persistently followed up. A vigorous opposition has been encountered at Albany, which at one time threatened to defeat the movement and permit a continuance of the present system, with all the inconveniences and perils it involves. Besides the attack on the system now waged at Albany, two assaults have been made at headquarters. Mayor Grace has cited the Commissioners to appear before him on April 12th and show cause why they should not be removed from office, and the Grand Jury have made a presentment in which they say, at the conclusion of specific charges: "We are convinced that the administration of the Street Cleaning Department has been *inefficient*, and in some cases *corrupt*, and that upon the Commissioners of Police themselves chiefly rests the responsibility for this state of affairs."

The Mayor's citation is equally unequivocal and emphatic, and consists of eleven specifications, in which details of negligence are stated. The entire list is summed up in the final charge, which is that the commissioners have "*negligently, inefficiently, and illegally* administered the affairs of their office." It may be hoped that now there is a possibility of the long-anticipated reform being realized. The question is one having more than a merely local interest; New York is the centre of the nation's commercial life, and the dangers with which the city is menaced, would, if they overtook it, be felt throughout the land.

The Time of the Senate During the Past week was mainly occupied with debates growing out of the ill-feeling produced by the position assumed by Senator Mahone. A noteworthy feature of the contentions has been the assumption that Senator Mahone's course has been adopted in compliance with the terms of a bargain, in which the Senator undertook to support the Republican party in organizing the Senate in return for the control of a certain section of patronage. Whether such an arrangement exists or not, events may decide, but the fact of the suspicion existing at all is nothing less than a national humiliation. That the people and even Senators themselves should think it possible that a man occupying so distinguished a position as that of United States Senator—a position more honorable than any political office in the country below that of President and Vice-President—would be capable of bartering his vote, indicates how low is the prevalent moral standard at Washington. Such a bargain could only have been made with the consent of men whose character ought to be above suspicion, and patriots of all parties are reluctant to entertain it, in spite of the positive assertions of prominent politicians.

An Anti-Lynching Law which Strikes at the root of the evil has been passed by the Tennessee Legislature. It punishes with loss of office any sheriff who allows a prisoner to be taken from his custody and lynched; it also provides that the sheriff shall thereafter be *ineligible for any public office*. This bill, we may hope, will become law, and be strictly enforced. There is no excuse for the lawless proceedings which have become a national scandal. The culprits lynched generally belong to a class of criminals which the law would certainly punish, and it is better even that such a criminal should occasionally evade punishment than that the spirit of lawlessness should go on unchecked through society.

Secretary of the Treasury Windom Paid a Visit to New York last week to consult with the bankers and Wall Street financiers on refunding operations. The question debated, it was understood, related to the rate of the bonds to be sold in order to realize means to retire the six per cent outstanding bonds. There is some hesitation between four and a half per cent bonds and four per cents of a little longer period. An impression prevailed that the latter would have a better reception in the markets. It is difficult to see the advantage of selecting a Secretary of the Treasury from the West if he takes his policy from New York.

Boycotting in New York.—It was Proposed at a meeting held in New York last week to introduce the process which in Ireland has become known as Boycotting, and arrangements were made by the appointment of a committee to carry the resolution into effect. A large number of house-owners in the city have raised their rents, in some cases thirty, and in some fifty per cent. Boycotting was proposed as a retaliatory measure, and the members of the association inaugurated agreed neither to work for any owner so proscribed or to rent a house of him. In consideration of the increased cost of living, mechanics have agitated for an advance of wages, and have in some cases been successful. Bricklayers now earn $3.50 per day. It would seem from some of the speeches made, that the anti-rent ideas prevalent in Ireland are held extensively on this side of the Atlantic.

The Trial of the Two Steamboat Inspectors on the charge of manslaughter in connection with the boiler explosion on the Seawanhaka on June 28th, 1880, commenced March 28th. The Grand Jury had presented an indictment in which "it was alleged that the defendants had given *a false certificate* of the steamer and her equipment, and that that false certificate was the authority under which the boat was navigated. The indictment contained nine counts, and the Government promised to show that the certificate was false in every particular; that the boilers were in a bad and dangerous condition, were unsafe to be used, and were in that condition when the certificate was granted. That the iron was so exceedingly thin that it was not of sufficient strength to answer for a second-class stove-pipe in a tenement house; that the upper fire door in a direct line with the fire was full of holes; that there was, therefore, no protection, and that the *flames must issue* on the slightest back draught. One of the experts, it was stated, would testify that he had frequently *cut up for scrap iron better boilers* than the Seawanhaka's, and that if he had been inspecting those boilers with the intention of purchasing them for old iron he could not have been deceived as to their condition at the time the inspectors state they inspected them, and that the boilers should have been condemned three years before the disaster." The details of that dreadful disaster have not been forgotten by the public. The owners who used boilers in the condition described, and the officials whose duty it was to protect the people from the results of cupidity and carelessness, but who, it is alleged, neglected that duty, must, if they are possessed of ordinary humanity, have suffered deep remorse.

Serious Losses by Floods are Reported from Nebraska. A dispatch to the *Inter-Ocean* from Omaha, Neb., says: "The Platte valley about 75 miles west of this place is the scene of the most disastrous flood experienced in the history of the Union Pacific Railroad. The Platte is a broad and shallow stream, which easily overflows its banks. All its tributaries are now pouring vast volumes of water and ice into it, and it has become a rushing flood, overflowing the level prairies for miles on either side. The freshet which has done most damage occurred March 26th, when an immense ice gorge in the Loup River, which is a tributary of the Platte, broke, and let loose the accumulation of water and ice. The damage done will probably reach several hundred thousand dollars, and fears are entertained of loss of life. When news of the flood was received at United States headquarters here, warning was telegraphed to the towns below on the Platte. People took refuge on *the roofs of the houses*. Barns and fences were carried away, and all the stock drowned. The $50,000 bridge at Columbus was washed away.

A Panic Occurred in the Union Square Theatre, New York, on Saturday, April 2d, which, but for the presence of mind of the officials, might have rivalled in disastrous results the memorable Brooklyn catastrophe. Smoke was observed issuing from the flooring during an interval in the performance, and soon a young man leaped to his feet and ran toward the door with a loud shout of "*Fire! fire!*" The first effect of this was to bring the entire audience to their feet, and an instant of the most profound silence ensued. Then a fearful spectacle was witnessed as the united mass of ladies and gentlemen, forgetting age or sex, rushed in terror down the aisles and fought to gain the street. Those who had the courage to pause for a moment and survey the scene say it was heartrending. *Weak women, incumbered with silken wraps, stumbled and fell under the feet of the stampeding mob*, crying out to their terror-stricken escorts for help. Ultimately order was obtained, and extra doors opened by which all the audience escaped alive, though many were shaken and bruised in the struggle. The prompt arrival of several fire-engines saved the building from destruction. The arrangements for producing brilliant spectacles and the method of construction necessitated by the requirements of the theatre render those buildings peculiarly liable to fire. The recent catastrophe at Nice and the narrow escape of the Union Square audience should be a warning to theatre-goers that besides the moral dangers of the amusement, there are also physical dangers to be encountered in it.

A New Serial Story will be Commenced in the next number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and continued from week to week. The title is "James Graham's Bush Life in Australia."

An Article by the Rev. George Müller, of Bristol, England, on the Second Coming of Christ, was published in last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD (No. 13, March 31st). Copies should be ordered through newsdealers.

The Proposed International Cotton Exposition at Atlanta, Ga., in October, November, and December, has met with cordial support in New York. Circulars were sent out inviting subscriptions to $25,000 of the stock, which is New York City's quota, but in a very short time over $30,000 was handed in. Several gentlemen have signified their intention to make a trip to Atlanta with their families during the exposition, which will be held at the most pleasant time of the year in that section, and to take advantage of the opportunity to attend the celebration of the battle of Yorktown, which takes place in October. It may be hoped that the exposition will be not only beneficial to the South, but the means of promoting good-will and friendly feeling between all the sections of the country.

"Is Self-Denial Compulsory?" is a Question which a minister discusses in the *Independent*. His remarks are directed to the subject of total abstinence and to the methods adopted by some of its advocates. This criticism should not discourage any temperance worker. Individual self-denial in the matter of intoxicating drinks is on a higher level than that of compulsion. A Christian, or even a philanthropist who is not a Christian, observing the extent of misery caused by intoxicating liquor, is prompted to an effort to stem the evil. If he sees that his own abstinence may aid in so good a work he does not usually inquire if the self-denial is "compulsory."

An Intending Suicide was recently Providentially arrested on his way to the river by a shower of rain. The incident was narrated at the Fulton Street prayer-meeting last Thursday. He was on his way to the ferry to jump off the pier and drown. He had determined to commit suicide, for he was in despair about his evil habits and the power they had over him. On the way the rain began to pour, and notwithstanding his intended watery grave, he sought shelter from the rain in a lighted hall which he noticed close at hand. In that hall the Gospel was being preached, and the spirit of God arrested the man that night and laid him under deep conviction of sin, and he soon after found pardon and peace in Christ.

A Lady's Life was Saved by the Presence of mind of her young brother, on March 18th, on the New London Northern Railroad. She had been visiting her sister, and in order to save time in returning had decided to walk along the railroad track, thereby shortening the distance to her home. Her brother, a boy of fourteen years of age, accompanied her. They had to cross a bridge on their way, and just as they entered it a train was heard approaching at the rate of forty miles an hour. The lady stood paralyzed by fear, but her brother, seeing her danger, seized her and dragged her to the parapet of the bridge and there held her in a fainting condition till the train had passed. Happy would it be for many a walker on the dangerous paths of life if a strong hand could snatch them away before destruction came upon them. Too often no human power can do that, and they neglect to appeal to the almighty help of Jesus.

A Brave Struggle for Life is Described in the *Herald* of Helena, M. T. Three men started with the mails from Fort Fetterman, on the Upper North Platte River, for Rock Creek station, on the Union Pacific Railroad. The snow was falling fast and drifting badly, and before they had reached the twenty-two mile station they had completely lost the trail, and the horses were suffered to wander about guided only by their own instinct. After a time they left the buckboard behind them and endeavored to push forward on horseback. At one point one of them was nearly killed by his horse, which fell backward into a snowdrift eight feet deep. After this the horses were abandoned and the men struggled along on foot, hands, faces, and feet being badly frozen. They plodded on, sometimes only keeping a footing by throwing their coats on ahead to step upon, until, when the third night set in they began calling for help, and in half an hour or so were answered. Again and again they called, and finally a light was seen; and in an hour and a half they made the last quarter of a mile, finding themselves at the stage station, twenty-five miles from the starting point. The driver had to be dragged the last quarter of a mile, and says: "When I knew I was safe it seemed impossible for me to walk. I fell down twice in making the last few yards from the stable. I had no strength to walk, and after entering the barn I could not eat." That journey will never be forgotten by either of the three. The weary struggle maintained until at last their cries were answered is a type of the spiritual experience of some who have wandered far from God, and have tried to save themselves. The light that has been seen in response to the weary sinner's cry is even more welcome to him than the material light was to the tired travellers.

A Strange Death Caused by Beer-Drinking is reported from Canton, Ohio. A telegram received at Cincinnati on March 28th says: "Last night James Little, a strong, healthy young man, died at a boarding-house near the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago depot, from the effects of drinking beer. While holding a glass of beer to his lips he was suddenly attacked by a violent fit of gasping for breath, his head hanging down on his breast. The inmates of the room took him outside into the fresh air, but in a few moments he was a corpse. A post-mortem was held, and the coroner reported all the organs in unimpaired condition. The mode of death was decidedly unusual. The cold beer which he drank partly paralyzed the stomach, and before the beer became of a proper temperature to be absorbed into the system it began to ferment, causing *a formation of carbonic acid gas*. The gas gradually overpowered the heart, lungs, and brain, and paralyzed the entire nervous system, producing death.

A Fatal Necklace was Suspended on a Man's neck on April 1st. He was engaged in making dynamite cartridges in the engine-house at Heidelberg Slope, near Wilkesbarre, Pa., and had hung the cartridges as he finished them on a string thrown around his neck. From some unexplained cause they suddenly exploded, killing the man instantly, and scattering fragments of his body in all directions. It is surprising that men familiar with the destructive properties of articles they are accustomed to handle, frequently grow as careless as those who are ignorant of the danger. The same characteristic is too often exemplified in religious concerns. Men who have been from their youth taught the deadly nature of sin, and have been acquainted with the way of salvation, are often more callous under the appeals of Christians than heathens who hear the Gospel for the first time. Of such it is said, "They shall be suddenly destroyed, and that without remedy" (Prov. 29 : 1).

A Physician's Bill was Paid in an Extraordinary way at Wheeling, W. Va., lately. An aged lady who had become reduced in circumstances and was very much depressed by apprehension of impending want, committed suicide on March 25th. She owed a bill of $17 to her physician, and having no money to discharge it, she executed a will bequeathing her body to him in payment. The strange mixture of regard for her obligations to man and her recklessness of the commands of God was manifested in a remarkable way, but the same characteristics displayed in other forms are by no means uncommon.

Mr. George S. Railton, the Salvation Army Commissioner, who has been recalled to England in consequence of the increased demands of the work on General Booth, the originator of the movement, sailed for Europe on March 24th. During his stay in this country he has been as far West and Southwest as Kansas and Texas, and visited most of our large cities West as well as East. Ten central posts of the army have been established in as many cities, and there are sixteen officers engaged, besides volunteer workers.

The Pernicious Habit of Opium Eating is Extending with alarming rapidity. A contemporary states that a village of 2000 population in Ohio has forty opium users; a village of 1200 population in Kentucky has over sixty; a village of 75 population in Illinois boasts of six; a village of 1500 in Illinois claims forty-two; another village in Illinois of 3500 has from 100 to 150. These figures indicate a very serious danger to society.

THE BELIEVER'S DEATHDAY BETTER THAN HIS BIRTHDAY.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Delivered March 3d, 1881.

"A good name is better than precious ointment; and the day of death than the day of one's birth."—Eccles. 7 : 1.

The Oriental Idea of Perfume—Superiority of a Good Name—What is a Good Name—Bad Names on Church Books—I. The Believer's Deathday Better than His Birthday—Because the End is Better than the Beginning of a Thing—The Beginning beset with Danger—With Uncertainty—II. Better than all His Happy Days—Coming of Age—Marriage Day—Days of Gain—Of Honor—Of Health—Of Social Friendship—The End of Natural Kinship—III. Better than all Holy Days—The Day of Conversion — Sabbaths — Communion Days — No Change of Nature at Death—Recognition of the Disembodied—The Same Spiritual Employment—The Same Company—A Dying Woman's Hope—A Christian Mother's Farewell—Death the End of Dying—The Day of Cure—The Beginning of Best Days—Don't Miss the Way.

In this part of the world we can hardly understand how much the Easterns thought of perfumes. When Solomon speaks of "precious ointment" he speaks of a luxury highly appreciated by those who heard him. Orientals delighted to anoint themselves with fragrant oil, and to pour upon their heads unguents full of perfume. We do not so—at any rate, not to the same lavish extent; but among the luxuries of eastern life was that of delighting the nostril with sweet smells.

When you understand that precious ointment, or sweet perfumed oil, was very precious to the Jew, first, because of the pleasure it gave to him and the healthy influence which he believed it exerted upon himself; next, because it made him pleasureable to others; and, next, because in its highest sacred sense it prepared him to come before God; you see why "precious ointment" was so much held in esteem. But Solomon says that a *good name is better than that*. I do not think he merely meant a good reputation; and yet it would be true if he referred only to an honorable character among his neighbors, for it is a good thing for a man to stand high in the esteem of his fellow-men, and he ought never to lose their respect except for one cause, namely, for the sake of standing in higher esteem before God.

Consider it spiritually, and, dear brethren,

WHAT IS A GOOD NAME?

A good name is a name that is written in the Lamb's book of life, and that is better than the sweetest of all ointments. Oh, that I may find my name recorded in some corner of the page among the sinners saved by grace. "A good name." Why, that must be a name written upon the breastplate of the great High Priest. If you could have gone up to the high priest of old you would have read there "Reuben," "Simeon," "Levi," "Judah," "Dan," "Gad," "Naphtali," and the like; and they were all good names when once they were engraven there.

What a blessed place to have your name inscribed—not upon a jewel that shall hang on the breast of a man, but upon the very heart of Jesus Christ your Lord. If you could see your name written on the palms of His hands you would say, "It is a good name that is written there. Blessed be the Lord that ever I had that name, insignificant as it is. Though it is a name that has been ridiculed, though it is a name that has been bandied about and *kicked like a football* through the world, yet it is a blessed name, for it is written on the palms of Jesus' hands." It is so if we are the Lord's own people, and are walking the walk of faith. Jesus says, "I have graven thee upon the palms of My hands."

Connected with this, I may say that a name that is written among the living in Zion is a good name. Oh, there is nothing like it. Some men are very anxious to get their names upon the roll of this club or of that, or of some *wonderful secret society*—or to get their names into the peerage. It is thought to be a wonderful thing to be a nobleman, though it is better far to be *a noble man*. But the best list of names on earth seems to me to be the

list of the people of God. I should count it a higher honor to be inscribed on the church book of a humble company of baptized believers meeting in a barn than to wear a name imported by the Conqueror, and written in the roll of Battle Abbey. The pedigree of saintship confers honor such as angels recognize; all else they think little of.

You may be in the church and yet you may not have a good name as a member of it. I mean as to your own personal character as a Christian; for some professors are in the pot of ointment, but I wish we could pick them out, for they are flies, and they spoil everything. There are such in this church—oh that they had gone elsewhere! If they would but have flown into a pot of the world's honey, or something of that kind! But for them to get into the church's ointment is a great pity. May God grant that you and I may never be dead flies in the pot of ointment. Some get a name in the church for quarrelling and fault-finding. "Oh," people say, "if anybody can pick a hole in the sermon, I know who it is." You need only have half-a-dozen words with this crab-apple critic and you surely and speedily lose what enjoyment you have had during the service. Alas, that many Christian women have not a good name, for they are addicted to gossiping. A word to the wise on this matter will, I hope, be enough.

It is of persons who have this good character, and are known by the sweet savor of their lives, that the latter part of the text is spoken—"The day of death is better than the day of one's birth." It is possible that *you may never die, since the Lord Jesus may suddenly come a second time;* but if this should not occur in our day, we shall in due course fulfil our service and fall asleep. At this hour, ere yet the sand in the glass shall all be run, the long-expected Lord may suddenly appear in His glory; therefore let us stand ready, as men that wait for their Lord, with our loins girt and our lamps burning. But if he do not come for the next hundred years—and he may not, for our Lord has not committed to us a knowledge of the times and seasons—then we shall die; and in that case it is no small consolation that "the day of death is better than the day of one's birth."

I. First, then, our deathday is

BETTER THAN OUR BIRTHDAY:

and it is so for this among other reasons—"*Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof.*"

When we are born we begin life, but what will that life be? Friends say, "Welcome, little stranger." Ah, but what kind of reception will the stranger get when he is no longer a new comer? Very likely he is not long in the world before he begins to feel the poverty of his parents, and perhaps the misery of an unholy home. A troop of infantile diseases are waiting around him; and the little candle that is newly lit is in great danger of being blown out. Infancy is a very dangerous passage for a tiny boat unfitted to bear rough buffetings. Those first few years are full of rocks and quicksands, and many scarce begin life before they end it.

Since the day of a believer's death is his time of triumph and of victory, it is better than the day of the first shot—the day of one's birth. When we were born we set out on our journey; but when we die we end our weary march in the Father's house above. Surely it is better to have come to the end of the tiresome pilgrimage than to have commenced it. We wave the handkerchief, and bid good-bye to those who start upon a long voyage and it is meet that they should be made as cheerful as they can be; but, surely, it is a better day when at last they reach their port, all danger over, and come to their desired haven. So, then, it is better to die than to begin to live, if we be indeed the Lord's people.

Better is the day of death than our birthday, because *about the birthday there hangs uncertainty.* I cannot tell you, good woman, what is to become of the little child who is pressed to your bosom this evening. God bless it, and make it a comfort to you, and an honor to His church! But it is all matter of hope as yet. Children are certain cares, they say, and uncertain blessings. I hardly like the phrase. *They are blessings anyhow;* but there is certainly this about them: we cannot tell what will become of them when they grow up and come under the influence of evil. You look upon a youth as he grows up, and you feel, "I cannot quite see what you will be. You may be led astray by temptation; or by divine grace you may cleanse your way. You may be useful and honorable; or you may be dissolute and degraded." Everything is uncertain about the child on his birthday; but everything is certain about the saint on his deathday.

So, too, in things which are certain the saint's deathday is preferable to the beginning of life, for we know that when the child is born he is born to sorrow. Whatever else is uncertain about him, we are quite sure that those little eyes will weep; that those little limbs will know weariness and pain; and that his little heart will be distracted sooner or later by many griefs. We know this, for "man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward."

But look, now, at the saint when he dies. It is absolutely certain that he has done with sorrow, done with pain. We know that they shall die no more; "they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Now, surely, the day in which we are certain that sorrow is over must be better than the day in which we are certain that sorrow is on the road. For this reason we set up the headstone of the grave above the tablet which records the birth.

Ay, and this holds good about subsequent birthdays. It is wise thoughtfully and cheerfully to mark each birthday. It should be a holy day in every Christian's case—a day of grateful thanksgiving that we have come so far upon the road of life. It is a very blessed thing to sit down on the milestone and say, "Well, now, I have come twenty miles—thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy miles of my journey. I shall never tread those miles over again. So many troubles are past: so many waves have risen that will never wash over me a second time; so many tossings to and fro I have endured, and I shall never feel them any more." There are still battles to fight, mountains to climb, dark nights in which one sighs for light; still temptation; still sin. Ay, but when we get to the day of one's death then the whole journey lies behind. It is all over now. On your coming to die there is nothing left to do but to die. All else is done. The battle is fought, and the victory is won for ever. Oh, is not that better than even the best birthday that we have ever had, good as they have been, and cause for thanksgiving as each one certainly has been?

I think, then, I need not dwell longer on this point. "The day of death is better than the day of one's birth."

II. Now I will give the same thoughts in another form. The day of death is to the believer

BETTER THAN ALL HIS HAPPY DAYS.

What were his happy days? I shall take him as a man, and I will pick out some days that are often thought to be happy. There is the day of a man's *coming of age,* when he feels that he is a man, especially if he has an estate to come into. That is a day of great festivity. You have seen pictures of "Coming of age in the olden time," when the joy of the young squire seemed to spread itself over all the tenants and all the farm laborers: everybody rejoiced. Ah, that is all very well, but when believers die they do in a far higher sense come of age, and enter upon their heavenly estates.

Speak of heirs, of heirs coming into their estates! Why, our day of death shall be such a day as that. What a jubilee day it will be! If we were really in our senses the thought of fearing death would be ridiculous. No young man is afraid of coming to be one-and-twenty. No; he says, "Fly away, fly away, days and nights. I shall be glad to get out of my nonage, out of my infancy, and to come into my full manhood, and into possession of everything." So might we say, "Fly away, years! Come, grey hairs. Fly away, years, and bring me into possession of things which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

Another very happy day with a man is the day of his *marriage:* who does not rejoice then? What cold heart is there which does not beat with joy on that day? But on the day of death we shall enter more fully into the joy of our Lord, and into that *blessed marriage union* which is established between Him and ourselves. Then we shall enter into the guest-chamber where the supper is to be spread, and we shall wait a while with joy, the bridegroom being with us, till the word shall be given, and the trumpet note shall ring out, and then we shall sit down at *the marriage supper of the Lamb,* not to look at his guests, but to be ourselves part and parcel of that blessed bride, the Lamb's wife, in whom Christ finds all His heart's content.

There are days with men in business that are happy days, because they are *days of gain.* They get some sudden windfall, they prosper in business, or perhaps there are long months of prosperity in which all goes well with them, and God is giving them the desires of their heart. But, oh, beloved, there is no gain like the gain of our departure to the Father; the greatest of all gains is that which we shall know when we pass out of the world of trouble into the land of triumph.

There are days of *honor,* brethren, when a man is promoted in office, or receives applause from his fellow-men. But what

A DAY OF HONOR

that will be, if we are carried by angels into Abraham's bosom! Our honorable escort will manifest how highly the Lord thinks of us. Oh, the honors that will be heaped upon the saints when they shall be recognized in glory as brethren of Christ, heirs of God, joint heirs with the Redeemer!

Days of *health* are happy days, too. But what health can equal the perfect wholeness of a spirit in whom the good Physician has displayed His utmost skill? Days of recovery from sickness are happy days: but, oh, to be clean recovered—to go where "the inhabitant shall no more say, I am sick." When Jehovah Rophi shall restore our whole spirit to perfectness then will a new gladness take possession of us.

We enjoy very happy days of *social friendship,* when hearts warm with hallowed intercourse, when one can sit a while with a friend, or rest in the midst of one's family. Yes, but no day of social enjoyment will match the day of death. Some of us expect to meet troops of blessed ones that have gone home long ago, whom we never shall forget. We have priceless friends over yonder, and the bliss of reunion will be sweet. Some of you old people have more friends in heaven than you have on earth; you may forget all sorrow as to those you will leave in the joy of meeting those with whom you will be united again. *What family greetings there will be!* Mother has gone; father has gone; uncles and aunts that were in the Lord, and brothers and sisters too, are all gone before: and all these are waiting for us, and we shall soon be in full fellowship with them.

Best of all, *He* has gone before whom our hearts love, and who is more to us than brother, sister, and mother. Oh, the bliss of meeting with our risen Lord! Oh, the joy of meeting in Him all that are truly our own kin! The saints will meet around the throne, an unbroken family; not one of God's children will be away. We shall have no brothers or sisters who will not be there.

"Oh," say you, "I am afraid that we have some who are still unconverted, and who will not be there." They will not be your brothers and sisters then. Ties of merely *natural kinship* will come to an end; only *spiritual relationship* will last and survive. We shall have none to mourn over; our kindred will all be in glory. Those that were truly related to us in the bonds of everlasting life shall all be there.

III. In the third place, going a step farther, the day of a believer's death is

BETTER THAN HIS HOLY DAYS.

I think that the best holy day I ever spent (yes, I think I must put it as high as that), was the day of my *conversion.* There was a novelty and freshness about that first day which made it like the day in which a man first sees the light after having been long blind. My conversion day, shall I ever

forget it?—when my heart began to beat with spiritual life, and the lungs of my soul began to heave with prayer, and the hands of my soul were stretched out to grasp my Lord, and the eyes of my soul beheld His beauty. Ay, that was a very blessed sight, but what will it be to see Him face to face? What will the first five minutes in heaven be? Surely those dawning moments will be forever remembered, and spoken of by holy beings as they commune with one another concerning their delights.

Since then we have known many blessed days; our *Sabbaths*, for instance. We can never give up the Lord's day. Precious and dear unto my soul are those sweet rests of love—days that God has hedged about to make them His own, that they may be ours. A young man said to me yesterday, when he came to join the church, "I often wish that all the week was made up of Sundays." I thought, "Yes, and so do I," only I could not always be preaching. I should want to come down and take a turn at hearing; although it is always precious to talk about God's word. Oh, our blessed Sabbaths! Well, there is this about the day of one's death—we shall then enter upon an eternal Sabbath. We shall go

"Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end."

Our *communion* days have been very holy days. It has been very sweet to sit at the Lord's table, and have fellowship with Jesus in the breaking of bread and the drinking of wine; but sweeter far will it be to commune with Him in the paradise above, and that we shall do on the day of our death. I might go on mentioning all our holy days one after another; but which ever you should select as the season of your highest joy on earth I should say of the best of them, "Yes, but the day of one's death, as ushering us into a higher and holier state, is better than any of those days."

Those days have been good, I am not going to depreciate them, but to bless the Lord for every one of them. When we say that a second thing is "better," it is supposed that the first thing has some goodness about it. Ay, and our holy days on earth have been good; fit rehearsals of the jubilee beyond the river. When you and I enter heaven, it will not be going from bad to good, but from good to better. The change will be remarkable, but it will not be so great a change as thoughtless persons would imagine.

First, there will be no change of nature. The same nature which God gave us when we were regenerated—the spiritual nature—is that which will enjoy the heavenly state. I shall be the same man there that I am here; and I have not the slightest doubt that

YOU WILL KNOW ME.

At any rate, you will be *bigger fools in heaven* than you are here if you do not. Did I hear some one reply, "We shall not know you in the disembodied state, for here we only recognize you by your outward appearance?" I answer, Many of you know me in another manner than after the flesh; you not only know me by my looks; but you know my spirit. If I could get out of my body, and I could not use a voice, but yet could influence your spirits by my spirit, *you would know my spirit*. You know what spirit I am of. I will not try to describe myself, but you know me. I know you do. Nobody is exactly like me in some traits of character: each one stands alone.

Nobody is exactly like you, dear friend; so that there will be peculiar points by which to distinguish man from man. We shall know each other certainly. Yes, and we shall be the same persons; and when our bodies rise they will be the same bodies. "Every seed its own body,"—changed and perfected, but still preserving its identity. On earth we have had good days, because we have had a good nature given us by the Holy Spirit, and we shall possess the same nature above, only more fully grown and purged from all that hinders it.

We shall follow the same employments above as we have followed here. "Oh dear," says one, "I hope not. I do not want to work hard there as I have had to do here." No, perhaps not; but I mean the *employments of our spirits* will be similar to what they have been while we have been in the world. Oh, yes; He has something for me to do up there, and for you to do, too. You active-spirited ones, you shall find an intense delight in continuing to do the same things as to spirit as you do here, namely, adoring and magnifying and spreading abroad the saving name of Jesus in whatever place you may be.

We shall certainly possess the same enjoyments. for our richest enjoyments as saints are found in fellowship with Christ and with one another, and we shall have these above. We shall live upon Christ. We shall rejoice in God there as we do here. And there is one thing I like to think of—we shall have the same company. I was visiting *a poor old woman* who was near to death, and she said to me "One thing makes me feel quite safe about where I am going; I believe that I shall go to my own company; and for the last sixty years I have never had any company but the Lord's people; and if a stranger has come in here, and begun to talk about worldly things in a carnal way, I have wished him gone. I said to myself, 'The Lord won't take me away from my own people. Surely He will let me go where they go; and if I go where those people go that I love, I know that I shall be happy.'"

So, dying believer, you will not change company; only the company will be all improved, and you will be improved as much as any of them. It will be the same company, and this makes it look so much *like going home*. The day of our death has nothing so very strange and mysterious about it as to make us fear it. You and I ought to live like people who, when they hear a knock at the door, do not go into fits at the startling sound. Some people are terribly alarmed at a knock or a ring because they have not paid their rent, and they are afraid that somebody is after them for money. You and I have paid our debts, or rather, they have been *all paid for us*. The Lord Jesus Christ has set us free; and when death comes and knocks at our door, all that we shall have to do will be to answer the summons and go with God's messenger at once.

Our friends will say, "He is gone;" and if we have lived so that we have had a good name, that is better than precious ointment; they will know where we have gone; and if they lament on that account they will be very foolish, for they ought rather to say, "Thank God that our friends have entered into their joy and rest." There was a dear mother, a woman of great faith, who loved her daughter very much, but she loved her Lord more, and when her dear daughter was dying she kissed her, and said to her, "My dear girl, you will be in heaven within a few hours, and I congratulate you. The thought of your joy fills me with joy concerning you, and I cannot weep. I congratulate you, and wish I was going with you." Let us think of death after that holy manner.

IV. I have not time to finish my sermon. At least, I have time to finish it, but not to continue it as long as I would. I was going to say, in the fourth place, that the day of a saint's death is

BETTER THAN THE WHOLE OF HIS DAYS PUT TOGETHER,

because his days here are days of dying. The moment we begin to live we commence to die.

"Every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less."

Death is *the end of dying*. On the day of the believer's death dying is for ever done with. The saints who are with God shall never die any more. Life is wrestling, struggling; but death is the end of conflict: it is rest—victory. Life is full of sinning. Blessed be God, death is the end of that; no transgression or iniquity shall follow us into heaven. Life is longing, sighing, crying, pining, desiring. Heaven is enjoying, possessing, delighting one's self in God. This life is failure, disappointment, regret. Such emotions are all over when the day of death comes, for glory dawns upon us, with its satisfaction and intense content.

The day of our death will be *the day of our cure*. There are some diseases which, in all probability, some of us never will get quite rid of till the last Physician comes, and He will settle the matter. One gentle touch of His hand, and we shall be cured for ever. All infirmities, as well as sicknesses, will vanish in our last hours. Blind sister, you will have your eyes. You that have lost your hearing shall listen to the songs of angels, and enter into the most refined of their harmonies. You who must limp to your graves shall dance by-and-by. Infirmities you shall have none. *Death will also be the cure of old age*. No doctor can help you about that; but this doctor will end all. You shall renew your youth like the eagle's.

Our deathday will be *the loss of all losses*. Life is made up of losses, but death loses losses. Life is full of crosses, but death is the cross that brings crosses to an end. Death is the last enemy, and turns out to be the death of every enemy.

Dear friends, put all your days together; they shall not equal that last day which shall be to you the beginning of days of another sort. The day of our death is *the beginning of our best days*. Sometimes even that part of a dying day which is spent on earth is the best that the dying believer has ever lived. I have seen believers die, and if anything can convince a man of the reality of religion, of the truth of the Scriptures, and of the power of the Spirit, it is the death of saints. I have seen many persons who seemed to be as much dying of their joy as of their disease, they were so happy. Their eyes, their face, their whole bearing were those of persons in whom the utmost pain was forgotten in an excess of joy, while weakness was swallowed up in the delights of the heaven which was dawning upon them.

I believe that *angels come* and meet certain departing ones, that they come trooping outside the gate, and that dying ones frequently see that which is supernatural. I am not dreaming. I believe that they actually see what eye hath not seen, and that there comes upon them a light which is neither of the sun, nor of the moon. At any rate, they speak words of wondrous import. Dying children have spoken words which certainly they never learnt, for none have ever heard the like before; and other departing ones have uttered words of rapture and ecstacy and almost delirium of bliss; for Christ has come to them, and they have seen the King in His beauty, even in the borderland before they have crossed the river and entered into Canaan. "Is this to die?" said one. "Well, then," said he, "it is worth while to live even to enjoy the bliss of dying."

And then that later part of the day which is spent among the angels! They breakfast with Christ on earth, but they sup with Him in heaven.

OH, THAT EVENTIDE OF THE DAY!

Then to think that it shall be without end: for ever happy, for ever triumphant, and for ever more and more so; for "from glory unto glory" makes us look for progress even there. We shall rise from seeing Christ to seeing Him yet more, and to discovering more and more beauties in Him; we shall ascend from one perfection to another perfection; from fulness up to our capacity to an enlarged capacity and an equal fulness; from glory unto glory; from sunlight to Godlight; from Godlight to the light of God yet more received and enjoyed.

There! I cannot go farther. Good night "till the day break and the shadows flee away;" and then you and I will know in ten minutes more than all the bench of bishops could tell us in a year. You will know more in half a second than I could tell you if I were to keep you here the livelong night. *Only mind you do not miss the way, one of you. Mind you do not miss the way! Turn to the right, by the cross, and keep straight on.* God lead you by His Holy Spirit.

[Portion of Scripture read before Sermon—Psalm 39.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

MADELINE, THE SEWING-GIRL.

"RAIN, rain, rain! What a long, lonely day this has been!" sighed a weary-looking girl, as she glanced from her window into the dreariness without.

In smoky London, up five fights of stairs, in a small attic room, sat Madeline Stuart. Yearningly, almost tearfully, she gazed into the distance—

"Above the fog, above the smoke,
Above the cross on St. Paul's Church."

All alone in the world was she—a poor sewing-girl, alone in London; and yet she did not feel alone. Those threatening clouds in yonder sky were but a veil between her and her mother, and heaven was very near to Madeline Stuart. Slowly she folded her work, drew down the little white curtain, and put on her bonnet and faded shawl.

"I am glad I've finished this work to night," she said softly to herself, as she tied the bundle, "for Mrs. Arden will surely pay me."

Swiftly she walked through the muddy streets until she reached the handsome mansion in Burlington Street. A trim-looking women opened the door in response to her ring, and ushered her into the comfortable drawing-room. A few moments followed, and then the rustle of silk on the stairs, the door was pushed ajar, and in swept the stately Mrs. Arden.

"You are very prompt to-night, my dear," she observed with one of her most patronizing smiles; "I hope you have not slighted your work in your haste to finish it."

"Not at all, ma'am," answered Madeline Stuart, advancing towards the lady, and laying the work in her hands.

"Very well: I will not stop to examine it now, as I have a pressing engagement to meet at seven, and it lacks but five minutes to that hour. Call to-morrow night for your pay, please, and perhaps I may have more work for you." Mrs. Arden touched the bell and a servant showed Madeline to the door.

"What a disappointment!" murmured the girl, as she retraced her steps. "She does not know how much I need the money."

Mrs. Arden did not mean to be unkind; she was simply thoughtless. She had everything herself; how could she realize Madeline's wants? Such people seldom do. The little chapel in Vine Street was lighted as Madeline re-passed it, and sweet music floated out from the open door. Beautiful words they were, and they sounded very beautiful in that London street to that poor sewing-girl—

"Precious promise God hath given
To the weary passer-by;
On the way from earth to Heaven,
I will guide thee with Mine eye."

Madeline walked in and took a seat. Presently a tall, handsome man, past middle age, entered and passed up the aisle to the chair behind the desk. As the music ceased, he rose, opened the Bible on the table, and read: "In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths." Three times he read it in clear, earnest tones, and then closed the Book. Laying his hand upon its cover, and looking searchingly into the faces before him, he said:—

"My friends, God has never yet broken one of His promises: what is more, He never will break one of His promises. Is there a soul in this room to-night who is worried and perplexed because they cannot see the way before them—any one who is in trouble because the future looks so dark to them, and they cannot see even one bright spot ahead? If so, let me say, this promise was meant for you. Think over your past life, and if at any time God has been good to you, has led you, has kept you, rise, and before this company acknowledge Him. Do this and the promise shall be verified unto you: He shall direct your paths. Who will acknowledge Him now?"

Thought after thought rushed swiftly through Madeline Stuart's mind. She had been left an orphan at twelve years of age. God had placed her in a good family: through kind friends she had obtained an education and a business by which she might gain an honest livelihood. To be sure, she must work hard, very hard, for her daily bread, and true it was that her only friends were far away on the other side of the great Atlantic; yet God had been good to her, so good, for her life might have been much more bitter. As these truths were pressed home to Madeline's heart, she arose, and in short, simple words, "acknowledged Him." Would the promise be verified? Would He direct her paths?

* * * * * * *

"If you please, Miss, there's a caller for you below." "For me, and so early?" and Madeline hastened downstairs. To her surprise, the clergyman of the previous evening stood before her.

"I will explain my business at once," he added, after his self-introduction was over. "I am Mrs. Arden's brother. I stood in the back hall last night, putting on my overcoat, and, the door being ajar, heard my sister defer paying you. I imagined your disappointment, but feared my offer of assistance might be deemed obtrusive. I walked behind you, and saw you enter the church, and it was for your especial benefit that I chose the lesson of the evening. I was much gratified to hear your prompt testimony, and moved to come here this morning. For many weeks I have been in search of some competent person to act as governess for my children and companion to my wife. I feel that it was a providence I chanced to be at my sister's last evening, and have no hesitation in offering you the situation; it is for you to accept or reject."

And Madeline bowed her head, and answered, "I accept the position and will strive to fulfil its trusts."

She has a happy home of her own now; but she will never forget that rainy evening in London, when the singing of a hymn led her into chapel. And there hangs upon her wall, in bright letters, the motto to which she attributes all the sunshine of her life: "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."

A TRAGIC HEART HISTORY.

ONE day last summer a temperance lecturer was being driven from one town to another, where he was to hold a meeting in the evening. His friend, whose carriage he was riding in, and who was most zealous in everything associated with temperance, was asked, "How is it that you, who have never felt the tooth of the serpent, should always be so ready to make sacrifices for the good cause?"

He gave a quick, searching, telegraphic glance at the speaker. A tear gleamed in his eyes as he said, "One reason why I wanted to ride with you was to tell you the story of a *most important crisis in my life.*

"I was born in the year 1823. My father was a very intemperate man. The most of his time was spent in the tavern in my native town, or at a village tavern about three miles distant. We often suffered for the necessaries of life while my father poured all his earnings into the tills of those two tavern-keepers. My mother was quite expert with her needle, and thus kept the wolf at bay by her industry and close economy. Our little home had been left to us by my grandfather in such a way that my father could not spend it or deprive us of a shelter. We kept a cow, which furnished a large share of our living. The family consisted of myself and three sisters.

"One day, when I was about seven years old, my father went to the tavern, and while taking his accustomed drink discovered that some one had spoken of him as a *common drunkard.* He furiously demanded of the landlord the name of the person who had said this, and the fellow replied, 'Your wife knows all about it.' He came home infuriated with drink, and began abusing my mother in language which it makes me shudder to remember, she protesting that she did not know anything about it. Finally, his face purpled with passion; *he dealt my mother a terrible blow*, which prostrated her bleeding and insensible to the floor."

Here the relater broke down completely, bursting into tears. After a moment, he said, "I hope you will pardon my emotion; but now, after a period of nearly fifty years, I cannot refer to this picture without the sad, suffering face of my mother, who is now a saint in heaven, rising before me. My sister shrieked, 'Oh, father, you have killed my mother!' Affrighted, I sprang from my bed, and ran to the barn and hid myself.

"When daylight came all was still in the house, and I crept back to find that my grandmother had gone to seek a doctor, who, finding my mother in a critical condition, told my father, who had just risen from his drunken slumber, that he would certainly be punished for his violence. He gathered what few clothes he had together and absconded, leaving us to get along the best way we could. When my father had left the house my mother tenderly drew me to her breast, and, with the tears streaming over her cheeks, *made me promise never to drink a drop of liquor while I lived*, and sealed that promise with a passionate kiss, which left an indelible impress upon my heart. For nearly fifty years I have kept that pledge. That summer we got along comfortably.

"With the help of our neighbors we cultivated the little patch of ground, and with our cow we did not suffer for food. My mother raised a flock of turkeys also, with the sale of which she hoped to obtain means to purchase our shoes and other necessary clothing for winter. There was to be a militia muster near the village. The landlord of the little tavern I have spoken of came to purchase our turkeys for that occasion, offering a good price, which my mother gladly accepted. He put them in his cart, and handed my mother a bill which my father had contracted at his bar, and, jumping into his cart, drove away as fast as his horse could go.

"My poor mother stood there dumbfounded, and, bursting into tears, walked into the house. Early and late all that autumn she worked, sometimes till past midnight, to get our winter clothing, and I went bare-foot until the snow covered the ground before she could purchase our shoes. Oh! when I think of my broken-hearted mother, and my sorrow-laden childhood, do you wonder that I am a radical temperance man?" It seems as if God's retribution followed that tavern-keeper. He died a poor, loathsome drunkard, forsaken of God and man."

NIHILISM, COMMUNISM, SOCIALISM, FENIANISM.

By the Rev. Hugh Hanna, St. Enoch's Church, Belfast.

SEVERAL *powerful and dangerous communities* have recently struggled into existence, with declared hostility to the existing structure of society, and the principles on which that structure is established. We have had the *Commune* in France; the *socialistic democracy* in Germany; the formidable sect of the *Nihilists* in Russia. There may be shades of difference between these revolutionary systems, but it is not worth our while to distinguish them. They are all in substantial agreement. Their aim is one. By whatever means they hope to reach the paradise of revolution, they all desire to shatter the existing framework of society, to abolish distinctions of rank and condition, and to reduce the whole human family to one dead level of equality, or to show how such an end can and ought to be accomplished. In addition thereto a strong feeling of *hostility to the Christian faith* is generally cherished by these revolutionary sects; and the obligations of marriage are commonly repudiated.

A chief apostle of Nihilism has declared that "the gospel of Nihilism admits of no half measures and hesitation. The old world must be destroyed, and replaced by a new one. The lie must be stamped out and give way to truth. The first lie is God; the second lie is Right. When you have freed your minds from the fear of God and your childish respects for the fiction of Right, then all the remaining chains which bind you, and which are called science, civilization, property, marriage, morality, and justice, will snap asunder like threads. Let your own happiness be your only law. Our first work must be the *destruction and annihilation of everything* as it now exists. You must accustom yourself to destroy everything—the good with the bad; for if but an atom of this old world remains the new will never be created."

It might be supposed that these are but the ravings of madmen, and that no defence is needed against them but that of a lunatic asylum to accommodate the apostles of such a creed. But it should be known that such iniquitous and destructive doctrines are proclaimed to multitudes, both on the platform and through the press, on the Continents of Europe and America; and that the rapid spread of such doctrines has occasioned serious alarm to some of the most powerful governments and nations of the day. We have seen the peril to which Communism exposed France at the close of her last great war. We know how strenuously Germany has had to combat her powerful and persistent bands of *Socialists*; and now the *Nihilism* of Russia has gained an infamous notoriety by its repeated attempts on the life of the Czar.

These revolutionary associations have adopted murder as a perfectly proper instrument of reform. And we have seen in unhappy Ireland in connection with *Fenianism* and the *Land League*, how a certain section of the population has come to regard *assassination* as a legitimate means of reaching political and social ends. And we cannot doubt that the revolutionary principles so boldly avowed on the Continent lie at the root of many of our own ills, and are too likely to develop themselves in Ireland with still greater danger to society, uness encountered and corrected by the forces of faithful instruction, and a government true to its office in the protection of society against the foes of public order.

Now, it is easy to excite *discontent* against the comfortable and opulent orders of society. There always have been, since population increased on the earth, multitudes of the human family who have hard struggles for life—hard struggles to obtain the barest necessities of life. And as these multitudes toil and struggle, and see others living apparently at ease, in possession of the outward comforts, and it may be of the luxuries of life—it is not hard to rouse the multitude to envy and even hostility, to those who are apparently so much better off than themselves. But it is very wicked so to do—to pervert the judgment of these lowly ones; to fill their hearts with bitter thoughts of their more fortunate fellows, and add to the trials of their outward state the agonies of envy, and distrust, and hatred to the more prosperous classes of society.

THE AGE BEFORE THE FLOOD.

A Picture of Our Age, and a Sign of the Lord's Coming.

By the Rev. A. R. Fausset, M.A.

Characteristics of the Antediluvians—Worldliness—Open Disavowal of God—Violence and Lawlessness—Characteristics of this Age—Worldly Culture—Sensuality—Hard Speeches Against God—Corruption Rising in the Church.

THE *following characteristics of the age before the flood, answering to those of our age, the foretold presage of the Lord's return.*—Our Lord tells us, if we desire to know what the state of the world will be at His return we have a picture of it in the age just before the flood (Luke 17 : 26)—"As it was in the days of Noe, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of man. They did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and the flood came, and destroyed them all."

Worldliness supplanting godliness.—Now the prominent feature in the picture drawn by the Lord of the antediluvian world is its *intense worldliness.* The absence of the connecting "and" marks the complete absorption of men in secular aims and pleasures, eating, drinking, marrying, as if this were their all, with no desire beyond. No interval was allowed for repose or meditation upon the concerns of eternity; it was one ceaseless round of bustle, business, and pleasure. "They *knew not* (the things which belonged unto their peace—Matthew 24 : 39; like Jerusalem before its awful judgment—Luke 19 : 42) until the flood came and took them all away."

Open disavowal of God, the Giver of every good.—Along with this *practical* unbelief there was not wanting what often accompanies it—*open* putting away of God from them, and professed disavowal of the debt of gratitude due to Him: "Hast thou marked the old way which wicked men have trodden? which were cut down out of time (prematurely), whose foundation was overflown with a flood: which said unto God, Depart from us; and what can the Almighty do for them? Yet he filled their houses with good things" (Job 22 : 15-18). This, and the corresponding picture of the heathen—"When they knew God, they glorified Him not as God, *neither were thankful*" (Romans 1 : 21), has its exact counterpart in St. Paul's description of the men of the last days, "*unthankful*, unholy" (2 Timothy 3 : 2); relapsing into heathenism—a marked characteristic of our own age.

Violence and disregard of the rights and lives of fellow-men.—The sacred writer (Genesis 6 : 4) adds another feature, "There were giants (*nephalim*, rather "men of *violence*;" literally, "fellers") "in those days;" and again (verse 13), "The earth was filled with *violence* through men." This feature, too, is to be reproduced in the "lawlessness" (English version) of the last days (Greek, Matthew 24 : 12, and 2 Thessalonians 2 : 7, 8), about to culminate in the revolution of "the lawless one."

These traits of the antediluvians reproduced in OUR AGE.

Are not these characteristics beginning to mark our age? Selfish absorption in the pursuit of gain; ambition, and pleasure; no pause, no rest allowed, so that the worldlings make themselves mere drudges; and the prevalent diseases are those of the nerve-system and the heart, entailing frequently sudden deaths; intense worldliness; impatience of Divine law; independence of God; the tyranny of the multitude; recklessness of the rights, properties, and lives of one's fellow-men? Witness the selfish and lawless war waged by Communists in France, Ireland, and Russia on property and rank; treachery, sedition, and assassination are the weapons without scruple employed. Then "lawlessness" appears where least of all we should expect it—*in the Church:* clergymen flying in the face of the law of the land, and defying their own ecclesiastical superiors.

Simultaneous worldly culture.—All this, moreover, goes on side by side with worldly and intellectual culture; *advancement in material civilization and science, while there is deterioration in moral purity.* For instance, æsthetic and artistic taste and secular education (the social nostrum of philosophers) have failed to secure Germany from verging to the abyss of moral ruin. So it was in the days before the flood. Cain's descendants were distinguished for inventions, accomplishments, and the arts of civilization. Tubalcain, the "instructor of every artificer" ("hammering every kind of sharp-edged tool") invented weapons of brass and iron; Jubal, musical instruments (Genesis 4 : 21), the harp and the pipe (Hebrew). Our age is music-mad; our churches are changed into sacred opera houses, our charity bazaars into vanity fairs and music saloons.

The harp may beguile a Saul amidst his demon-possessions for a time, but it will not prevent the evil spirit's return. Nebuchadnezzar's concert was the accompaniment of idolatry and persecution (Daniel 3; 1 Samuel 16 : 23; 19 : 9, 10). So it will be again (Revelation 13 : 4-18). The cries of the innocents sacrificed to Moloch used to be drowned with the sounds of music. How many stifle the voice of conscience and thoughts of seriousness with melodies which reach only the ear, and mistake pleasurable emotions awakened by church music for the religion of the heart. In Cain's race was found a "father of tent-dwellers," and a "father of musicians," but not a father of the faithful; one to instruct in brass and *iron*, but not in the good knowledge of the Lord. So our present "last days" are peculiarly noted for the innumerable applications of iron railways, iron houses, iron ships, and especially terrible iron instruments of warfare.

Sensuality, luxury, and vaunting self-assertion. The names of their women indicate voluptuous beauty of person, not the graces of the inward man—Adah, "the adorned;" Zillah, "the shadow" of delight; Naamah, "the lovely" (Genesis 4 : 19-22). The arts of civilization (which men fancy will elevate the world at last to moral perfection) and secular enjoyments advanced side by side with sensuality, violence, and God-defying arrogance. Lamech, the polygamist, in defiance of God's law (Genesis 2 : 24; Matthew 19 : 5; Malachi 2 : 15), relying on his son Tubalcain's recent invention of metal weapons, embodied in song (in Hebrew parallelism) his self-confident assurance of power to revenge himself, if assailed:—

> Adah and Zillah (who as women feared for his life on their account [Genesis 12 : 12, 13] in that lawless age) hear my voice,
> Ye wives of Lamech, hearken unto my speech;
> For surely I slay a man for my wound (*i. e.*, if he wound me).
> And a young man for my stripe (*i. e.*, if he inflict stripes on me),
> For Cain is avenged sevenfold, but Lamech seven and seventy fold.

He evidently believed more in his own material powers than in the might of God; just as in the last days Antichrist shall deify material "FORCES" while he sets God at nought (see Daniel 12 : 36-38; "He shall honor the God of *forces.*" So in Job 12 : 6, the Hebrew, "They make a god of their own hand.") The same godless vauntings of material forces characterize our age. Witness, as a sample, the folowing sneer at God's providence: "Providence only followed its usual rule of siding with the large battalions" ("History of England," by Spencer Wapole).

The Lord's coming to convict the ungodly for hard speeches against Him.—These words of Lamech were some of those "hard speeches which ungodly sinners spoke against Him," and for which Enoch at the time foretold that "the Lord will come to convict and to execute judgment upon them" (Jude 14 : 15). In our age there are similarly the "great words" of so-called scientific men who know not God, nor His word, nor themselves, in denying His providence and His creative and miraculous interpositions in the kingdoms of nature and of grace, and His personal coming again. The very words of the antediluvian "stout" cavillers against Jehovah, as though His services were profitless, and prayer to Him an unmeaning soliloquy, are again being taken up in these last days, as foretold by Malachi 3 : 13-15. One end of the coming of the Lord is to confute all such self-sufficient infidel reasoning. "Now we call the *proud* happy; yea, *they that work wickedness* are set up"—but—"Behold, the day of the Lord cometh, that shall burn as an oven; and all *the proud*, yea, *all that do wickedly*, shall be stubble; and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts. But unto you that fear My name, shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in His wings" (Malachi 3 : 13; 4 : 1, 2).

CORRUPTION OF THE CHURCH *the sure forerunner of unbridled lawlessness in the world: unequal marriages.*—Cowper truly writes:

> "When nations are to perish in their sins,
> 'Tis in the Church the leprosy begins."

"The sons of God saw the daughters of men, that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose" (Genesis 6 : 2). The "*sons* of God" were the *worshippers* of God, chiefly Sethites, as appears from Genesis 4 : 26 and Exodus 4 : 22, 23; not angels, as some suppose, for "angels *neither marry nor are given in marriage*" (Matthew 22 : 30). "The daughters of *men*" whom they took as "WIVES" were children of *the worldly* (1 Corinthians 15 : 47, 49). Our Lord, in characterizing the people before the flood, mentions their "marrying and giving in marriage," evidently referring to their marrying merely to gratify *the flesh*, instead of "in the Lord" (1 Corinthians 7 : 29, 39; 2 Corinthians 6 : 14; Ezra 9 : 1; Matthew 24 : 38). They whose calling was to be "the salt of the earth" lost their spiritual "savor" by marriages with those whose recommendation was that "they were *fair*," not godly. They "saw" with the lust of the eye, and then "took all which they chose" by the lust of the flesh and fancy, not faith. *Then*, at this point, it was that universal corruption set in, the sure prelude of universal destruction.

TOUCHES OF REAL LIFE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Lady Hope, of Cariden.

(*Continued from page 207.*)

The Coffee-Room Manager—A Prayer for a Blessing—An Uncongenial Guest—Preparations for Opening—The Invited Guests.

HAD you been among the privileged few to-night who might open the door of the coffee-room and glance within, you would have beheld a large room, the essence of cheerfulness, bright and warm—gas burners, stove, and crimson blinds each giving a glowing light and warmth and reflection of the same.

Busy in every part of the room at once, apparently, you might have noticed a man of quiet manner and silent demeanor.

"Yes" and "No" were his principal answers to the questions put to him by the various inspectors of the premises. But that he was a ruling power, though a serving one, was also evident from the unconscious respect with which he was generally appealed to on all matters.

"Too quiet, isn't he?" whispered a stout old gentleman to Lady Isabel.

"I don't think so," she as briefly answered.

He was the embryo manager of the gay coffee-room. Everything was in a state of pristine element at present. All was expectation on the part of those interested in the novel movement; with Lady Isabel and one or two others that expectation was faith, and therefore was not likely to be disappointed.

The manager's name was Loudon. The publicans cracked their jokes and said it ought to have been "Quiet 'un." Some said, "Grave one" would have suited him better. Others again said "Proud 'un" would have been more appropriate. But the object of their satire was untouched by personal remarks of any kind. They did not seem to reach him. He lived in another element, and, like the Psalmist, seemed to have obtained the heaven-born gift of *a sacred deafness!*—that much-neglected power. "I as a deaf man, heard not; and I was as a dumb man, that openeth not his mouth." This was with regard to *personal* treatment.

And it was well for him that he had this "peculiarity," as it might well be called, so rare a spiritual gift is it! or rather, one so rarely sought, obtained, or cultivated. For it made him independent of much that would have both harassed and hindered him sorely in his new work. He was a wise man too, for he was silent, except when his Master would have him speak, and then from lips dedicated to a noble service he could say words of burning love and power, or bright encouragement, as the case might claim.

Where did he obtain his graces? Whence did he derive his gifts? From the Master, he could have told you if he would, who not only provides each of His children with a mission, but with directions for its fulfilment—and those, *daily* directions—but also *gives* the power to obey them, and with the obedience grants the reward in success. What a happy service! and he found it so.

His eyes never lighted on Lady Isabel but they kindled. She had been the means of first leading him to his Saviour's love; and seeing in his consecrated life the elements of heart-devotion that could foster an untiring zeal, with the quiet power, as she hoped, of a wise control, she had enlisted his services for her new work.

So important a department of the coffee-room wholly was he, that he is worth investigation. But there is much more to be seen and studied, and this must be done when we can see the premises at their best, *i.e.*, what Lady Isabel would have called their best—quite full of working men! She longed for this sight, she hoped for it, yet sometimes she almost feared. But, unlike good Mrs. Hutton, her fears never overcame her. Hope and faith carried the day. A fresh grasp of *one* promise would give her heart the victory in any struggle.

Though she had not been very long in God's great school, she had learned very quickly, and was learning every day. Her progress strengthened her to communicate the same blessings to her neighbors. The townspeople who had welcomed her as her husband's bride, she felt were the rightful claimants for her sympathies. To them she owed the overflowings, the plentiful droppings from her own overful cup. Her happy life! *Could* it be happy if she enjoyed it alone?

Mr. Hamilton felt with her in this, and aided her in every effort she had as yet made in a small way for the benefit of the sick or poor. Now she was undertaking a harder task, for she was in the act of commencing a raid on the kingdom of evil.

After a short time spent in general inspection, or rather regalement of her eyes with this early development of her heart's desires, she retired, as was her wont on each visit, to the inner room with James Loudon and one or two chosen friends who happened then to be on the spot—not very high in earthly birth, nor counted worthy of a page in the Peerage roll, but "King's Daughters," and Princes of the Blood in God's own reading!—for a few moments' prayer.

"Let us ask great things to-night!" she said; and so they did.

He heard and answered then and there with a sweet birth of new confidence and praiseful joy in every soul. It was but a foretaste of fuller blessing, and they knew, they *felt* it. So they rejoiced as much in the bright expectation of benefits to come, as in the actuality of His presence "in the midst."

When they separated, Lady Isabel had to pass her way through a crowd of bystanders to her carriage, where the impatient ponies chafed their bits, tossed their manes, and, indeed, had well-nigh exhausted the temper of their faithful groom. Their heads were towards home, and the instinctive vision of oats and hay loomed too clearly before their blinkered eyes, or, perhaps, ideas. But so it was!

Not many minutes elapsed before she was at her own hall door, where, having dismounted, and reached the top of the stone steps she knew so well, the butler opened the door, saying as he removed some of her superfluous wraps, "Mr. Jardine has come, my lady."

At this moment Mr. Hamilton appeared in the hall and beckoned her into his study.

"Mr. Jardine is here, darling; come for the night, evidently—portmanteau and all. He will have a little business to talk about during the evening. In the meantime he has had some tea."

At dinner time she appeared in the drawing-room dressed in a long black velvet robe, trimmed at the throat and front with rich lace. Her tastes in dress were what many a lady would have called simple, some "too plain;" but they suited her, and became her too, as her husband thought.

Coming up to Mr. Jardine, as he entered the room, she gave him a gracious welcome, and resigned herself to what she knew would follow.

The remarks she usually found distasteful, and indeed *had* dreaded, to-night slipped past her in a wonderful way. She scarcely heard and certainly did not *feel* them!

"Ah, Lady Isabel! about yonr good works again! It has been a cold evening for you to be out. I found it quite chilly in the train."

"I am afraid it must have been rather a disagreeable journey," said his listener. "There is such a fog this evening. Did you leave all well?"

"Oh yes! I thank you. My mother has been ailing a little, but my sisters are as active as ever—out every night. There is generally *something* going on in town, or out of it. Though I confess this is quite the dullest month in London itself. They have been paying some visits lately; and my sister Lucy has come off with flying colors. Very pretty girl she is getting, immensely liked. I expect she will *do* something when the season comes round."

Mr. Hamilton got up from his seat and began to stir the fire. Lady Isabel reached out her hand for a work-basket that lay temptingly near.

"Dinner is on the table!" at this moment proclaimed the portly gray-haired butler, as he opened wide the drawing-room door.

"I am so sorry," said Lady Isabel, rising, "that we are *quite* alone to-night. Had we known you were coming, we should have asked some friends to meet you."

"Well, I did not know it myself until after office hours. I found there were one or two papers about which I wanted to consult Mr. Hamilton; and I thought that, on the whole, it was better just to run down and talk them over."

As conversation proceeded during dinner, various topics of general interest were touched upon—the politics of the day—sundry pieces of gossip relating to mutual friends or acquaintances, and not seldom were the brothers and sisters of Mr. Jardine dragged on to the tapis. His brotherly pride in them perhaps was natural, and no doubt commendable.

But presently he leant towards Lady Isabel, and said—

"How are all the ragamuffins prospering?"

Lady Isabel was quite accustomed to this line of query from her present guest, as well as from many others; and was about to reply with her usual graciousness, when Mr. Hamilton, in rather a louder voice than necessary, interrupted her by saying—

"Do you care about wine, Jardine? We don't usually have it on the table now, but you can have some if you wish for it?"

"Oh! thank you. Well! I am very independent of such luxuries—wonderfully so, I am always told! But as you are so kind—thank you, yes, I think I will," and the butler filled up his glass with sparkling sherry.

Mr. Hamilton was more impatient than his wife had ever been of the cold scorn with which Mr. Jardine, and many of his other acquaintances, looked upon the line of life in which they were both now walking. While he for this reason, and under such circumstances, rather repelled the subject as one for conversation, Lady Isabel felt disposed to encourage it, always hoping—often almost *against* hope—that some who at present despised their blessings might one day share them.

When Mr. Jardine left Lionel Court the next morning, he said, as he took leave of his host and hostess—

"You have often been kind enough to say I might bring a friend down with me, on some of my flying visits. Perhaps you would allow me to do so next time I come. It would be an awful treat to some poor smoked-up chap, mewed into the offices there!"

"Oh, certainly!" replied both.

"We shall be very glad. But try, if possible, to let us have a line or telegram beforehand, that we may at least be at home," said Mr. Hamilton.

And thus they parted.

The next morning was a busy one in Thornham, for it was the dawn of the first day of the new coffee-room!

Lady Isabel of course was busy. Her little girls were busy too. Tiny things of five and seven years they were, but they delighted in a share of the interests of the day. Mother's pleasures were their pleasures too. And this was not accidental. It was the result of baby training.

"Mother wants to make a pillow for *such* a poor sick girl. Will Janie help her to make it?" was one of many an appeal that had enlisted the utmost sympathies as well as skilful little energies, at least for a few minutes of such infantine ability.

"Me too! me too! muvver," was sure to be the response of the younger.

In every little household work or pleasure at certain quiet hours of the day when Lady Isabel could have them quite to herself the children were initiated into pure enjoyments, the fruit of occupation rather than of idleness. To-day they had a very happy half-hour in the snug little boudoir "helping mother to arrange the books" that were to fill up some newly-erected shelves in the coffee-room. This was delightful work! They piled them up one by one as the talismanic words "Lending Library" were inserted in printed letters in each. Thus two important piles of very simple but interesting literature were piled upon the small Sutherland table.

When this piece of business was finished the children were enchanted; and when the nurse appeared to decoy them away for their morning walk

their happy faces, kisses, and clapping of hands, as they retired into the distance, added brightness to their mother's heart, and festooned with joyous rays the solemn corridors through which they passed on their way to the nursery.

"O God! Thou hast been very gracious!" she said, lifting up her heart in praise. "To-night add another link to the golden chain with which Thou art daily surrounding me! Bless the opening of our coffee-room, Heavenly Father! Thou hast *pledged* Thy word. Thou hast *promised* Thy blessing. We plead the promise. For Jesus' sake, we ask it. For Jesus' *sake*."

Can we wonder if a project succeed, that is thus bathed in prayer, and wrought out in faith and hope? It must obtain a blessing!

The group of men from the new house had again been met, the evening before, by Lady Isabel, according to promise, and the invitation for eight o'clock on this particular night warmly given. But it was seconded by a little written invitation on a card. It ran thus:—

"We are going to Open the New Coffee-Room To-morrow Evening at Eight o'clock.

Will you come and help us?

Isabel Hamilton."

With this the men were enchanted. It seemed "so indiwiddawal-like," they said, and "warn't a bit stiff," and "seemed to come round 'em like."

The result was that they came!—all except a few rather tough characters to move, one or two who were terrified of the publican and his following, and one who was "out o' sorts."

(*To be continued.*)

THE PHARISEES REPROVED.

S. S. Lesson for April 17th, Luke 11:37–54. Golden Text, Matt. 23:3. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Lord Jesus in His teaching had been reproving His hearers because they sought a sign; God's great sign was manifest, present before their eyes, but they had no eyes for Him, and He declared that no sign should be given them but the sign of Jonas the prophet: "For as Jonas was a sign unto the Ninevites, so shall also the Son of man be to this generation." He told them how the Queen of the South "came from the utmost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and behold, a greater than Solomon is here; how the men of Nineveh "repented at the preaching of Jonas; and behold, a greater than Jonas is here." He told them that the men of Nineveh and the Queen of the South should rise up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it. He added: "No man when he hath lighted a candle putteth it in a secret place, neither under a bushel, but on a candlestick, that they which come in may see the light."

God had sent His Son to be the Light of the world, but the generation to which Jesus came had dazzled their eyes with other objects, and in the very presence of God's light they groped for the wall like the blind (Isa. 59:10). Therefore Jesus said unto them: "The light of the body is the eye" (because through the eye all impressions are received): "therefore when thine eye is single, thy whole body also is full of light; but when thine eye is evil, thy body also is full of darkness." Light and life streamed forth from the human body of our blessed Lord; those who came in contact with Him found light for their darkness, health for their sickness, comfort for their sadness, and when He came in contact with the dead, He brought them to life again, and from His glorified body we receive our power, our light, our life. What He is to us, He would have us, as members of His body, to be to the world, His interpreters, reflectors, instruments. And therefore it is necessary that our whole being, body as well as soul and spirit, should come under the immediate control of the Holy Spirit, and should be "full of light, having no part dark," transparent, so that every movement, every word, every deed, may be in the full light and simplicity of Christ. "If thy whole body therefore be full of light, having no part dark, the whole shall be full of light, as when the bright shining of a candle doth give thee light."

What is it then to have a single eye? Surely, to have one undivided aim in life. Christ pleased not Himself, sought not His own, did always those things which pleased His Father—His was a single aim. Paul said, "This one thing I do." In the multiplicity of his labors, his aim was one, to live Christ, pressing on to the mark for the prize of his high calling. He did not stay by the way to think whether he could afford to lose this, whether his endurance would hold out for that, whether his physical strength would be equal to the other; he had counted the cost, committed himself to the race course, and staked all upon the issue, Paul's eye was single. Therefore it is that God has given us more details of his inward and outward life than of any other man mentioned in the Word of God.

"And as He spake, a certain Pharisee besought Him to dine with him; and He went in, and sat down to meat. And when the Pharisee saw it, he marvelled that He had not first washed before dinner." It would appear from Mark 7:3–9, that the Jews practised some kind of ceremonial washing, not for the purpose of cleanliness, but in obedience to some tradition of the elders, for the Lord says, "For laying aside the commandment of God, ye hold the tradition of men;" and again (ver. 13), "Making the Word of God of none effect through your tradition, which ye have delivered." Are there not many who wish to be considered religious, and are exceedingly scrupulous as to whether they pray always kneeling, as to the laying no other book upon the Bible, and many other external marks of reverence, which are not to be despised, but which never change the heart or bring the soul in real contact with God. There are some who would think it a greater sin to pray standing or sitting than to give way to anger or to be in debt.

"The Lord said unto him, Now do ye Pharisees make clean the outside of the cup and the platter; but your inward part is full of ravening and wickedness. Ye fools, did not He that made that which is without, make that which is within also? But rather give alms of such things as ye have (or, Give of the contents—*i.e.*, of the vessel—Alford); and, behold, all things are clean unto you." That is to say, "Let your bodies serve the purpose for which they were created, to minister to God and man, and then the contact with men and things will not defile that which you eat; live, eat, think, speak to the glory of God, and 'all things are clean unto you.'"

"But woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees." These were unusual words from the lips of Him who came not "to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved" (John 3:17). But there was a reason for them, and our golden text discovers it to us, "The scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses' seat: all therefore whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do; but do not ye after their works: for they say and do not." Jesus' heart was open to the vilest sinner, and bless God it is so still; but for those who want to appear holy, and get the credit of it before men, while their hearts are revelling in sin and wickedness—for those who will not come to the light lest their deeds should be reproved, even the Lord Jesus He could only say, "Woe unto you."

"Woe unto you, Pharisees! for ye tithe mint and rue and all manner of herbs," ye do that which costs you nothing and wins you the reputation for being pious, but "ye pass over judgment and the love of God"—ye neither submit yourselves to the judgment of God, nor yet do ye accept His love. "These ought ye to have done," these are of primary importance which ye have neglected, and ye ought not to have left the other undone. "Woe unto you, Pharisees! for ye love the uppermost seats in the synagogues, and greetings in the markets;" ye love the praise of men whether there is any ground for it or not. Oh, this awful, deadly blindness to things eternal! In our own day it reigns in the religion of many. Many are there whose aim is not to *be* holy, but to appear so; not to *be* pure in the sight of God, but to get the credit with their fellow-creatures for being so; not to *be* self denying as a habit of life, but to do two or three great things which may win the character of self-denial, and then to hide under that character a self-indulgence and a self-complacency which are despicable. To such our Lord has but one message, "Woe unto you!"

"Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are as graves which appear not, and the men that walk over them are not aware of them:" pitfalls for others, misleading sign-posts, which may cause others to go out of the way and to rest in externalism; "having a form of godliness, but denying [in word, in manner, in deed, in everything] the power thereof" (2 Tim. 3:5). These words of the Lord were not without convincing power. One of the lawyers said unto Him, "Master, thus saying Thou reproachest us also. And He said, Woe unto you also, ye lawyers! for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers." Theory without practice! This is what God hates. A teacher of the Word who is not a doer is even more abominable than a hearer who is not a doer. To such the Lord has but one message, "Woe unto you!" No man has a right to teach others that which he himself is not prepared to put into practice. Paul could say, "Those things which ye have both learned, and received, and heard, and seen in me, do" (Phil. 4:9). Oh, that every Christian parent, master, teacher, or minister, could say the same.

The Lord continued, "Woe unto you, for ye build the sepulchres of the prophets, and your fathers killed them. Truly ye bear witness that ye allow the deeds of your fathers: for they indeed killed them, and ye build their sepulchres;" and yet neither the fathers nor the children hearkened to the voice of the prophets. It was an easy thing to build the sepulchre of a prophet whose voice could no more disturb them. And thus it is in our own day that men such as John Bunyan, John Knox, etc., who were persecuted, despised, imprisoned in their own lifetime, yet are memorialized after their death by the very successors in unbelief of those who have so ill-treated them. It costs a man nothing to help in setting up a statue to the memory of one who, if he were living, he would keep at the greatest distance possible.

But He who "knew what was in man" (John 2:25) went on to say, "Therefore also said the wisdom of God, I will send them prophets and apostles, and some of them they shall slay and persecute: that the blood of all the prophets, which was shed from the foundation of the world, may be required of this generation; from the blood of Abel unto the bood of Zacharias, which perished between the altar and the temple: verily I say unto you, it shall be required of this generation." That generation took upon it the awful responsibility of rejecting God's Son, and in rejecting the salvation which reached back to the time of Zacharias, and even to that of Abel, chose the awful alternative of having their lot with the rebellious in all ages; and thus the blood of Abel and Zacharias, who were both slain for God's sake, is required of all those in all times who take part against God. "God requireth that which is past" (Ecc. 3:15).

"Woe unto you, lawyers! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge: ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered." And these were the professed leaders of the people. No wonder God said, "I have not sent these prophets, yet they ran: I have not spoken to them, yet they prophesied. But if they had stood in my counsel, and had caused my people to hear my words, then they should have turned them from their evil way, and from the evil of their doings" (Jer. 23:21, 22). But these lawyers of the time of Christ, instead of opening the knowledge of God to others, took away the key, caused many "to stumble at the law" (Matt. 2:8).

Christ's faithful dealing with the Pharisees and lawyers incensed them against Him, for "A scorner loveth not him that reproveth him; neither will he go unto the wise" (Prov. 15:12). "The scribes and the Pharisees began to urge Him vehemently, and to provoke Him to speak of many things: laying wait for Him, and seeking to catch something out of His mouth, that they might accuse Him." But they did not know that His mouth was guarded, that no guile could come out of it, because it spoke not in the interest of self; they did not know how futile were their endeavors.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Serious Illness of the Earl of Beaconsfield has been the most prominent subject of interest among the foreign topics of the week. The distinguished English statesman, who is in his seventy-sixth year, has been prostrated by an acute attack of bronchial asthma complicated by his chronic malady of gout. On March 30th he was considered by the physicians in attendance to be in a very critical condition, and one of them sat up with him through the night. Since that time he has rallied somewhat, and it is hoped the crisis of his disease has passed; the physicians, however, are apprehensive that if the east winds now prevalent in Great Britain continue, he may suffer a relapse which will probably be fatal. Lord Beaconsfield enjoys a wide popularity in Great Britain, and even his political opponents feel sincere sympathy with him personally, though differing from him widely on questions of state. Mr. Gladstone has been among the most regular of the callers to inquire after his health, and his death would be regarded as a national loss. It is thought that if he should die, the political parties in England would be broken up and a new party be formed, which would include among its members the moderate followers of Lord Beaconsfield and the aristocratic supporters of Mr. Gladstone.

The Remains of the Late Czar of Russia were deposited with much pomp in the imperial vault on March 27th. There was no hostile demonstration on the part of the Nihilists, although grave fears had been entertained of an attempt to assassinate the royal guests. It is a significant fact that one of the first proclamations of the new Czar related to the appointment of a regency to assume the functions of government in the event of his being assassinated.

The Turkish Government Under the United pressure of the ministers of European courts has made a small concession to Greece. It includes an offer of territory in Thessaly, comprising Larissa, Trikala, Turnova, and the whole valley of the Salembrias, but excluding Prevesa and Metzovo, *or any part of Epirus*. The Porte will grant the rectification of the Epirote frontier, cede Fort Punto, dismantle the fortifications of Prevesa, and declare the neutrality of the Gulf of Arta. The ambassadors have decided to sign a protocol declaring that they regard the last offer of the Porte "acceptable." Negotiations will accordingly be opened at Athens to induce Greece to accept it. The protocol admits that the cession of Epirus is almost impossible. It also advises the powers to recommend acceptance of the Turkish proposal to Greece.

An impression prevails that the Greeks will not accept the compromise, which cedes far less territory than the Berlin Congress assigned. Active preparations are in progress both in Greece and Turkey for war. The London *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "The European Powers could easily restrain the Greeks by sending ironclads to the Piræus, but there is no indication that they intend to take such a course. The question is, therefore, what amount of resistance diplomacy can oppose to the momentum with which Greece is gravitating into war. Keen observers at Athens believe that nothing but force will suffice."

The Opening of Exeter Hall, in London, took place on March 29th. The building so long associated with evangelical societies, and in which many American orators have addressed crowded assemblies, has become the property of the Young Men's Christian Association. The opening services were under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury, and among the distinguished speakers was the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Mr. Bradlaugh, the Atheist Member of the British Parliament, has failed in his appeal to the Superior Court. The decision of the judges affirms the court below and adjudges Mr. Bradlaugh subject to the enormous penalties enacted against any one sitting and voting in Parliament without taking the oath. On the question of these penalties Mr. Bradlaugh will appeal to the House of Lords, but will vacate his seat in Parliament and seek re-election. Should he be re-elected he will take the oath as other members do. It is expected that as he is unable to pay the penalties he has incurred, an attempt will be made to have him declared a bankrupt, in which case he could not sit in Parliament; but as he took his seat by virtue of a vote of the House, it is probable that an act of indemnity would be passed, relieving him of the consequences of his conduct. It is by no means certain that he will be re-elected. He will be opposed by a Conservative candidate, and the correspondents of New York journals cable that Mr. Henry Varley, the renowned evangelist, who is well known in this country, will also contest the seat with him. Mr. Varley is popular in Northampton, and if he succeeds in gaining the votes of even a third of the Liberal electors, the Conservative candidate will be elected, as the last election showed that the Liberal majority in the borough over the Conservatives was very small.

The Suppression of the London Newspaper, *Freiheit*, has occasioned some excitement in that city. The office was entered by the police on March 30th. The type was carried off, the compositors ejected, and the building locked up by the officers. The *Freiheit* was a rabid socialist paper which openly applauded the murder of the Czar and covertly advocated the assassination of his successor and of the Emperor of Germany. It was not extensively circulated in England, but had a large clandestine circulation in Germany. The charge of despotic methods is brought against the British Government for its action in the matter, but it is certain that the articles published in the newspaper were incentives to the commission of crime, and were consequently punishable by law. The suppression of the journal will make the government unpopular with the radical wing of the Liberal party, who, while they care nothing for the *Freiheit*, are jealous of any act which has the appearance of curtailing the liberty of the press.

The European Explorers who went to Africa in the interests of the project to lay a line of railroad across the Desert of Sahara have, according to a telegram from Algiers, been foully murdered. The dispatch says: "Four natives belonging to the mission of exploration arrived at Ouargla on Monday last, bringing details of the almost complete annihilation of the expedition. The natives report that the expedition was surprised by a hostile tribe, and Colonel Flatters and nearly all the members of the expedition were killed. One member named Dianons, with a subordinate officer named Poleguin and sixty-one men, escaped, but they were subsequently overtaken by another tribe who offered the fugitives some dates; the fruit was poisoned, and Dianons and twenty-eight men died after partaking of them. Thirty men continued the retreat, but when four days' march south of Messenguen they were surrounded by hostile tribes. The four natives were then dispatched to Ouargla. On their arrival succor was immediately dispatched to the remnant of the expedition. Little hope, however, is entertained of their relief, as, when the messengers left, they were closely beset and poorly supplied with food and ammunition."

Reports from Ireland Describe the Country as strangely tranquil. Inferences of a widely divergent character are drawn from this state of affairs. On the one hand it is explained as an unnatural calm preceding a general rising; on the other hand it is hoped that the people await with some confidence the Land bill promised by the Gladstone government. It is worthy of note that the only subscriptions received by the Land League now come from America, and that Mr. Parnell's popularity has sensibly declined since the enactment of the Coercion Act.

An Attack by the Boers on Potchefstroom, one of the garrisons Sir G. P. Colley was on his way to relieve when he was defeated and killed, was made after peace had been concluded between the British and Boer generals, and resulted in the surrender of the place to the Boers. The British complain of the attack as a breach of faith on the part of the Boers. It is asserted in defence that the officer in command was not wholly under Joubert's control. It is feared that the conclusion of peace will not end the Transvaal troubles, as many people complain that they had invested money in the Transvaal in the expectation that the annexation to Great Britain was permanent, and who believe that anarchy will follow the withdrawal of the British troops. In England the Gladstone government has suffered serious loss of popularity by the Transvaal settlement. While one section of the public blames the government for making peace at all, another section condemns them for fighting if they contemplated surrendering the Transvaal in the end. It is, however, clear that the surrender was not forced upon them, as they have now in the Transvaal reinforcements which with the troops already there make up a force against which the Boers would find it hopeless to contend.

The Princess Victoria, the Bride of the German emperor's grandson, was asked to exclude at her wedding a verse from the hymn selected to be sung in the chapel. The verse referred to evil days, but she insisted on its being retained, remarking that she and Prince William neither expected nor desired to be always bedded on roses, but were willing to bear whatever trials might await them. Her commands were obeyed, and the following verse was sung:

> "If a hard lot doth await us,
> Give us strength to bear it, Jesus;
> Grant that we in worst of days,
> No complaint of burden raise."

The lot of the young people cannot, exalted as it is, be free from trouble, and prophecy indicates that as Emperor and Empress of Germany it may be very heavy trouble. Many expositors believe that Germany will undergo in the near future serious reverses. It will be well therefore if the incident of the verse so deeply impresses their minds as to prepare them to meet it strong in the strength God alone can give.

Unexpected Fortunes.—An Errand Boy in the establishment of Messrs. T. & W. Cockane, of Sheffield, England, a few weeks ago suddenly became aware that he was the recipient of a fortune of $50,000, which had been left him by an uncle at Manchester, after whom he had been named. The lad has been sent to school, in order that he may receive an education befitting the possessor of such a fortune. His mother, who is a widow, has also been remembered in the will. Another heir to an estate worth nearly $100,000, which has been for many years in Chancery, has just been discovered in the person of Elizabeth Hutchins. She has spent a great part of her life either in the workhouse, jail, or lunatic asylum. Lately she has been living in a wretched house in Roath, Cardiff. The sudden transition from poverty and hardship to ease and affluence must be a pleasant surprise to these people, but the change will not be so great as that which will happen to the Lord's poor, who, rich in faith, will one day enter into the inheritance prepared for the saints in light.

In Paris an Effort has been Made to Induce tradesmen to close their establishments on Sundays. A Roman Catholic journal of Paris gives a list of six thousand storekeepers of the Quartier Saint Roch who have agreed to the request, and will in future do no business on the Lord's Day.

"Coming Wars," by the Rev. M. Baxter: Two Pamphlets; price five cents each by mail. *First Pamphlet* contains "Ten signs of the End, and Description of Approaching Events;" with two maps of the territory to be under Antichrist's rule, and four large diagrams. *Second Pamphlet* contains valuable quotations from twenty-six Expositors on the same subject. Address, with price enclosed—The Christian Herald, 63 Bible House, New York.

The Following Works by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon are for sale at The Christian Herald Office, at prices much below what they can be obtained for else where. Remittances must accompany orders: *John Ploughman's Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 cents. *The Treasury of David*, a homiletical exposition of the book of Psalms, four vols., as far as Psa. 103, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon Birth-Day Book*. This popular gift-book contains a suitable passage selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every day in the year, with a blank space opposite for autographs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon appear at their respective birthdays. The book is gorgeously bound, and the price is 75 cents. Remittances should accompany orders.

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MISS DE BROEN, whose portrait appears on our frontispiece this week, is the devoted and indefatigable superintendent of the Christian Mission, Belleville, Paris. She is about thirty-five years of age, and of prepossessing appearance and powerful mental capacity.

BELLEVILLE

is a suburb of Paris, with more than a hundred thousand inhabitants, and is the abode, not of poverty and starvation only, but of sundry forms of vice and crime. There, at the time of the Franco-German war in 1870-71, large numbers of captured Roman Catholic priests were brought by the infatuated Communists, and shot, amid scenes of the wildest excitement and terror.

There, too, the government forces mowed down hundreds of desperate Communists in punishment, while hundreds more were carried from Belleville away to prison. Probably no locality in Europe has witnessed worse scenes of desperate and deadly struggle.

The houses in general are inferior, and the streets narrow; the latter are very roughly paved, and the former rise to several stories in height, with somethink like a "common stair" as the entrance to the whole. In a small room at the foot of this stair dwells the *concierge* or porter, who takes charge of the outer door, and is responsible for the flats above.

The character of the district for poverty and crime is well known in Paris, and from the dens with which its lanes abound, went forth the Communists of 1871, who, with the words "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" on their banners, sought to sweep away not only rank, but property, going out through the city as murderers and incendiaries.

Soured against the wealthy for their neglect of the poor, and enraged against a priesthood who never approached them but for money, and who during the great siege were feeding luxuriously when they were starving or sustained in life upon the vermin of the common sewers, they struck right and left when their opportunity came. Their provocation had been great, and their revenge was terrible.

It is in this faubourg, and among this people, that Miss de Broen originated her mission in the summer of 1871, while Paris was yet smoking in ruins. It sprang from the sight of the misery of those who had lost all in the indiscriminate and saguinary retaliation of the Versailles Government after the wild struggle of the Commune, and who in their rage and grief were abandoned by every one. Their sorrows and sins were the pressing reasons for making known to them our Saviour and our hope, and many have blessed and do still bless God for constraining Miss de Broen to begin

THE BELLEVILLE MISSION.

For some time Miss de Broen, who speaks French like a Parisian, had lived in Mrs. Pennefather's Home at Mildmay, London, and had successfully labored among the French emigrants and refugees in various districts of the metropolis, so that when in June, 1871, she was invited by a friend to accompany her and others in a missionary tour in the French provinces, she had already gained a practical experience of the work in which she has ever since been so successfully engaged.

The travellers arrived in Paris so soon after the Commune that at the railway station no carriage of any kind could be got to convey them to their hotel. Presently, however, a vehicle, a grocer's cart, did appear, but it was being driven by a woman. In the course of a few hours Miss de Broen made her way to the celebrated

CEMETERY OF PERE LA CHAISE.

This cemetery is one of the sights of Paris, and is the resting-place of the most illustrious men that France has produced during the last two centuries. The site of it was the gift of the confessor of Louis XIV., whose name was Père la Chaise, and the cemetery is called after him. Numbers of visitors pass through its gates every day, but no visit to this grand old Necropolis has ever been so productive of such great and beneficent results as that of Miss de Broen on the day in question.

Only a few hours previously the cemetery had received a notable addition to the number of its silent tenants. *Five hundred Communists had been shot* there, and the long ditch into which they fell, one after the other, was their common grave. The friends of these infatuated, frenzied men, their wives and children, now surrounded the spot, bitterly mourning. Some had brought a little black cross, bearing the name of the lost husband, or father, or son; some carried wreaths of immortelles as tokens of their loving remembrance. A few were silent in their deep grief, but the majority gave utterance to cries of rage and revenge.

They proved singularly open, however, to words of kindness, and all who were spoken to listened with grateful attention to the Christian lady while she spoke of the Saviour and the unfailing consolations of the Gospel, and accepted gladly the portions of Scripture given to them.

One poor woman was so wild in her sorrow that Miss de Broen ventured to speak a few words of sympathy to her, adding, tenderly, "It is sad for you to lose what you have loved." "Ah!" replied the woman, "you do not know what it is. *I have lost all!*" "You have not lost the love of God," was the answer. These simple words seemed to soothe the poor bleeding heart, and, thus encouraged, Miss de Broen spoke to several others, telling them that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and pointing them to Him as the only Comforter.

Her interest in these wretched outcasts did not end here. She resolved to remain in Paris and devote her time and energies to the miserable people of Belleville, for she felt that, though guilty, they were not too bad for the love of Christ to reach them. Her resolution was received with surprise and disapproval. The *quartier* was considered abnormally unsafe. No soldiers, even, would dare to enter its haunts, excepting in imposing companies, and for a lady to take up work there was pronounced to be monstrous. But the harrowing spectacle in Père la Chaise had shown Miss de Broen the need these people had to hear of the Saviour's love, and as she left her friends, after having made known to them her proposal, with tears in her eyes she said, "If God has put the thought into my heart,

HE WILL SEND THE MONEY."

The money requisite to commence the mission and for one year's operations was speedily forthcoming, and that, too, in the most singular manner. Two gentlemen came to Paris to dispose of some money remaining over from the funds provided by the Society of Friends for the victims of the recent war. It was determined to hand over this sum to Miss de Broen for the furtherance of her generous scheme, and from that day to this she has heroically worked in humble dependence upon the help of heaven, meeting only with the respect and confidence of the inhabitants of that ill-omened Parisian faubourg.

For the first time the novel sight was witnessed in the streets of Belleville of a lady passing to and fro speaking to the women, and telling them that she knew of their distress, and that if they would come to a room lent to her in La Villette they would receive a small sum for three hours' needlework, at the same time adding that *her chief object* was to tell them about the Lord Jesus Christ. Her invitation was accepted, though it sounded strangely in the ears of all, and many wondered what it could really mean. Only *three* attended the first meeting; *eight* came the next time, and then the numbers steadily increased.

A few months pass away, and the group of women are gathered at the sewing-class. But what a change a few months have made! The sullenness and fierceness have died away from their countenances, and are replaced by an earnest, nay, even a softened expression. Love has won their hearts, and, best of all, the marks of a real change, through the inward working of the Holy Spirit, are seen in many of them.

The *ignorance* of the poor women whom Miss de Broen gathered around her was surprising. One day, when she asked the question, "Who wrote the Bible?" a woman looked up and nodded, and then said readily, as if a very bright idea had struck her, "C'est vous, Mademoiselle" ("You did, Ma'am").

The women began to tell at home what they heard at the sewing meetings; then their husbands thought they would like to hear it too. Finding that many of them really longed to know the Gospel, Miss de Broen instituted

EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS,

which were held two evenings a week, Christian gentlemen coming from Paris to conduct them. The room, being near a thoroughfare, was soon filled, for passers-by came in also, until 250, or more, were assembled, many of whom were obliged to stand.

Madame Dugand, the wife of a French pasteur, near the Champs Elysée, Paris, with whom Miss de Broen lived during most of the first year of her mission work at Belleville, has asserted that "she worked with the energy of ten men, and had to bear all kinds of persecutions." Every morning, even in the depth of winter, when the snow was on the ground, she started upon her journey of three miles, that she might resume her work, and, taking some cold luncheon with her, she remained in Belleville all day. "The suffering and sorrow I witnessed during this period of my work," says Miss de Broen, "are beyond all description." Sometimes even aged people were found lying on the floor, the bedstead and other furniture having been broken up for firewood during the terrible siege.

Noticing that whenever a soldier came in sight the women turned away, Miss de Broen asked one of them why they did so. "I cannot bear to see a soldier: it cuts me to the heart," was her answer, for it reminded her of the fighting between the Communists and the soldiers. On one occasion she gave a warm red flannel petticoat to a poor woman who had been very ill in consequence of the shock she received during the horrors of the siege. One very cold day, when Miss de Broen called to see her, she found that her gift had been put away, so she asked why she did not wear it. After some hesitation she said, "Ah, miss, if you could only give me one of *another color!* You know it is *red.* I have seen so much *human blood* in the streets *I cannot bear the sight of red.*"

A POOR WIDOW,

speaking of the first time Miss de Broen went to see her, said, "I shall never forget it. She prayed with me; I had never heard any prayer like it before. *C'était comme une conversation que l'on avait avec Dieu.*" (It was like holding a conversation with God). "It touched me so much I could not help crying, and yet it comforted me. Previously I repeated a certain number of prayers as *a duty*, but now I have learnt to speak to God as my Father. What is the use of praying to saints when we can go straight to God?"

The mission work developed in so many different directions that Miss de Broen was often deeply affected by the distress which came daily before her, but which, single handed, she could neither remove nor diminish. Her work seemed like a drop in the ocean; she longed for

MORE LABORERS,

and prayed that the Lord of the harvest would speedily send them. Just at this time she was present at a service in the Rev. Baron Hart's chapel, in the Rue Royale. The pasteur read a letter which he had received from an English Congregational minister, who was wishing to preach the Gospel among the Paris workmen, but owing to the recurrence and multiplication of difficulties, he began to think that it could not be the Lord's will that he should do it. He therefore asked God's children to pray that the way might be made very plain to him.

Miss de Broen heard the letter read, and at once hailed it as an answer to her prayer for "more laborers." She therefore wrote to

MR. M'ALL,

the minister in question, begging him to come, concluding her communication by saying, "Only come, and the Lord will bless you." A few weeks afterwards she had the joy of welcoming Mr. and Mrs. McAll to Paris, and has ever since witnessed, with the most grateful satisfaction, the extension and usefulness of their noble work among the masses of La Villette, Belleville, Paris, and Lyons.

Besides the Gospel meetings and sewing classes, Miss de Broen felt the urgent necessity for originating

NIGHT SCHOOLS.

Her offer to teach any who liked to come being widely accepted, it was a most interesting sight to see fathers and sons sitting side by side spelling out words or patiently learning to write, the proverbial volatility of Frenchmen giving place to the most steady and resolute perseverance.

At the end of her first year's work the funds supplied by the Society of Friends had come to an end, and, as they had undertaken to support a mission at Boulogne on the Seine, they could not give further help at Paris. What was to be done? The work must go on, and the need of money was laid before the Lord in prayer. The answer quickly came, but in a most unexpected way.

A friend, in writing to Miss de Broen from England, mentioned that she had received a letter from a gentleman, then in America, in which he spoke of his visit to her mission at Belleville; and she added, "His impression having been that you need more money to carry it on, I am willing to give some help." Thus encouraged, the devoted lady went courageously forward step by step, always desiring that it might be a work of faith in the ever-living God.

The holy enterprise now increased so rapidly that Miss de Broen determined to live in Belleville, that she might always be among the people; so she hired a house and invited ladies from England to help her. From that time she has had a little band of voluntary workers always with her, who devote their time and strength to the work.

And thus year by year the Mission has steadily increased, and now consists of the following

IMPORTANT BRANCHES:

A medical mission, sewing-classes, girls' day school, night schools, general meetings for men and women four times a week. Sunday-school for children and adults, training home for young nursery-maids, Bible classes, visits to the homes of the men and women, a free library, and a depot for the sale of Bibles and Testaments. The entire expense for carrying on this magnificent work for Christ is under $10,000 per annum. Well-defined and unmistakable evidences of the divine blessing are continually appearing. Take the following: The number of suicides in Paris has increased of late years to an appalling extent. In 1873 it was computed by the official authorities that five thousand committed suicide, while fifty years previously, in 1822, there were only 200. One man who attended the Belleville Mission Hall told Miss de Broen's Evangelist—who is a converted Roman Catholic—that his wife and children were starving because he had no work, and that he was on the point of committing suicide, but, he added, "I happened to open the Bible you gave me; my eye fell on that passage which tells of *judgment to come*, and I dared not rush unprepared into the presence of the Judge."

The last few years many of the French, and those in large towns more especially, having lost faith in "the religion of the priests," as they call it, have become either *libre penseurs* (free-thinkers) or totally indifferent. More than half of those who apply at Miss de Broen's dispensary, say, "How can we believe in what the priests teach when they do not believe it themselves?" or, "The questions asked at confession are disgusting." The priests, for the sake of money, openly lend themselves to falsehood, and it is a current saying in France, "We have a religion in which everything can be had for the buying." Some go so far as to say, "It is a religion about a God who can be bought," and with bitterness add, "It is a religion for the rich, and not for the poor," for they know full well that absolution, indulgences, masses for the dead, may all be had for payment.

A LITTLE ORPHAN BOY,

a member of Miss de Broen's night school, went one day to the priest to ask that some prayers might be said for his mother, who had recently died. "The charge is ten francs," said the priest; "have you the money?" "No," replied the boy, "but I will earn it and pay you later—*do* say the prayers," adding, with tears in his eyes, "It was mother's last wish." "Ah!" said the priest, "that won't do. I have been taken in so before, and I won't be taken in again." This is one out of many instances of the mercenary, heartless character of the priests.

Among the girls in Miss de Broen's Training Home is

BERTHE, AN ORPHAN.

Her life has been a very sad one. Her mother being a widow, and too ill to work, the child was sent out to lead an old blind man about the streets, and was thus often in low cafés and bad company.

One cold wintry day the poor woman went to Miss de Broen's dispensary, and the doctor saw at a glance that she was in the last stage of consumption. When the lady visitors went to see her in her home they found her in a very small room, without fire or light, and they learned that when she could bear the cold no longer she used to crawl across the street to warm herself by a neighbor's fire. She said she was willing to die if only some one would care for her child.

Miss de Broen visited her frequently, telling her the simple Gospel message. She also gave her a New Testament, which she read eagerly. One day the poor woman said, "Oh that I had only known it before! I hope to be able to read it through before I die." At length she passed away, rejoicing in the Lord as her Saviour. Her orphan child and the Evangelist followed her to the grave, and then Berthe was taken into Miss de Broen's Home.

In one part of Belleville there are low, narrow streets of the foulest kind; dark alleys and wretched abodes—in fact, a nest for the worst of characters. Three years ago three of the lady visitors resolved to make a special effort to carry the Gospel into this

DARK DEN OF INIQUITY.

Accordingly one Sunday afternoon they invited a few of the people to come to one of the courts to hear about God. It was a *strange scene*. At first only a few men and women in tattered garments gathered round them; then gradually one head after another was poked out of the windows above. Very soon a staircase outside one of the houses was filled, then a small balcony, crowded with hearers, began to groan under their weight, and the meeting passed off very quietly and successfully.

In this court a soup kitchen is now open thrice a week, on which occasion the Bible is read and explained, and Gospel hymns are sung. The Sunday afternoon meetings are now held in *a wine shop*, rented by Miss de Broen for the purpose, and it is a rough set of men and women who are thus gathered there. Many are in rags; some are so unkempt that they look quite wild. When the meeting is over the wine shop is immediately transformed into a ragged school, and it is crowded to the very doors.

Lord Shaftesbury says: "A great part of the problem of 'Woman's Mission' is shown by the life and actions of Miss de Broen. All women may learn from these singular details how great is the power of the female sex over the mightiest and fiercest of the human race. A woman—ay, even a young woman—earnest, decided, persevering, rich in piety and common-sense, with the love of Christ in her heart, and with a burning desire to impart it to others, becomes all but irresistible. While the Communists were in the midst of vengeance, orphanage, widowhood, and ghastly privations, this young lady, unguided, unprotected, and alone, began her marvellous and Christian career."

And thus in the very heart of *La Belle France*—for "Paris is France"—the work of God goes grandly on. And among the devoted laborers none need more fervent prayer for blessing than Miss de Broen and her small though faithful band of fellow-helpers, and none deserve a larger measure of the sympathy of evangelical Christians.

CATHERINE ALDERSON'S WIDOWHOOD.

In one of the outskirts of Amsterdam there lived, some time ago, an English family, which had taken up its abode there through an engineering undertaking which required the presence of two of its members, George Alderson and a younger brother. The work undertaken by the brothers was such as could have been intrusted only to men of unquestionable competency and considerable experience. Their plans proved successful, and so pleased were the company by whom they were employed with the execution of the work, that, on its completion, the elder brother was presented with $2,500, in addition to the sum agreed upon, as a mark of appreciation. Having had his share of loss and trouble before leaving England, this addition to his means was very welcome, and immediately on receiving the cheque he went home to tell his wife the good news.

Scarcely had he got there when a telegram came from England to the effect that a company for the liabilities of which he was partly responsible had collapsed, and that a sum which exceeded all his savings since he came to Holland would be required to meet the case. As if this calamity were not sufficient, he was seized the next day with gastric fever, and in three days more George Alderson was numbered with the dead.

His widow was a tender, delicate creature, brought up amid the comforts and refinements of an English rectory. Any one who observed her fragile form and sensitive face would have thought that a frail pleasure boat amid the billows of the Atlantic would not have been more helpless than she.

Her position was, in truth, most deplorable. Her husband was taken away from her, her property was gone, her father and mother were no more, and there she was in a foreign land well nigh overwhelmed with floods of trouble. In a few days after the funeral the landlord, who had heard of her husband's misfortunes, was heartless enough to demand immediate payment of half a year's rent, and, on being told that this could not possibly be done, threatened to turn her out of the house at once if the claim were not met—a threat which in less than a week he literally carried out. Being irritated by the remarks which the neighbors made about the proceeding, he was even more exacting and unfeeling than he would otherwise have been, and stoutly refused to allow the widow to retain a single article, except a linnet which her husband had greatly valued for its sweet note and as a gift from an English friend. Taking with her this one relic of the departed, Catherine Alderson left the house, but had only proceeded a few steps when, overcome by physical weakness, she sat down in utter desolation on a step close at hand.

One would have thought that nowhere beneath the sun could destitution more abject or misery more complete be found. But He who is "the father of the fatherless and the judge of the widow" had not forgotten Catherine Alderson. The brutal hardness of the man who had turned her out into the street made friends for her even among strangers, and when her way seemed completely blocked up, help came from quarters which none could have dreamed of. In her after years she had her full share of disappointment, trial and sickness, but the experiences of the first days of her widowhood were indelibly inscribed on her memory and heart. Those experiences were to her not merely mercies which *had* been, but *pledges* of guidance and succor through all life's journey. She loved to dwell upon what she had known and felt of God's goodness, as reasons for trusting His faithfulness to the end. In this respect her example is full both of instruction and reproof. Her life was indeed a beautiful commentary on her favorite text: "From the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee, when my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the rock that is higher than I. *For Thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy*" (Ps. 61 : 2, 3).

THE HEART.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Delivered last Sunday Morning, April 10, 1881.

"Is thine heart right?"—2 Kings 10 : 15.

An Important Inquiry—A Government Bond of Heaven—An Inside Inquiry—By Nature all Askew—A Way to have it Remedied—Our Need—I. A Repenting Heart—A Concealed Idol of Beaten Gold—II. A Believing Heart—The Ransom Paid—A Unique Criminal—Rare Old Wines—III. A Forgiving Heart—Vindictive and Malicious Enemies—A Sailor and a Forgiving Negress—IV. An Expectant Heart — Heavenly Castles on the Hills, not in the Air—Josephine's Statue in Paris—Heaven a Vast Empire—Whitefield's Inscription on a Window-pane—A Scottish Chieftain's Fatal Delay.

With mettled horses at full speed, for he was celebrated for fast driving, Jehu, the warrior and king, returns from battle. But seeing Jehonadab, an acquaintance, by the wayside, he shouts "Whoa! whoa!" to the lathered span. Then leaning over to Jehonadab, Jehu salutes him in the words of the text—words not more appropriate for that hour and that place than for this hour and place,

IS THINE HEART RIGHT?

I should like to hear of your physical health. Well myself, I like to have everybody else well; and so might ask, Is your eyesight right, your hearing right, your nerves right, your lungs right, your entire body right? But I am busy to-day taking diagnosis of the more important spiritual conditions.

I should like to hear of your financial welfare. I want everybody to have plenty of money, ample apparel, large storehouse, and comfortable residence; and I might ask, Is your business right, your income right, your worldly surroundings right? But what are these financial questions compared with the inquiry as to whether you have been able to pay your debts to God; as to whether you are insured for eternity; as to whether you are ruining yourself by *the long-credit system of the soul?* I have known men to have no more than one loaf of bread at a time, and yet to own *a government bond of heaven* worth more than the whole material universe.

The question I ask you to-day is not in regard to your habits. I make no inquiry about your integrity, or your chastity, or your sobriety. I do not mean to stand on the outside of the gate and ring the bell; but coming up the steps I open the door and come to the private apartment of the soul; and with the earnestness of a man that must give an account for this day's work, I cry out, Oh, man, oh, woman immortal, Is thine heart right?

I will not insult you by an argument to prove that we are by nature all wrong. If there be a factory explosion, and the smoke-stack be upset, and the wheels be broken in two, and the engine unjointed, and the ponderous bars be twisted, and a man should look in and say that nothing was the matter, you would pronounce him a fool. Well, it needs no acumen to discover that

OUR NATURE IS ALL ATWIST

and askew and unjointed. The thing doesn't work right. *The biggest trouble we have* in the world is with our souls.

Men sometimes say that though their lives may not be just right, their heart is all right. Impossible! A farmer never puts the poorest apples on top of his barrel; nor does the merchant place the meanest goods in his show-window. The best part of us is our outward life. I do not stop to discuss whether we all fell in Adam, for we have been our own Adam, and have all eaten of the forbidden fruit, and have been turned out of the paradise of holiness and peace; and though the flaming sword that stood at the gate to keep us out has changed position and comes behind to drive us in, we will not go.

The Bible account of us is not exaggerated when it says that we are poor and wretched, and miserable, and blind, and naked. *Poor:* the wretch that stands shivering on our doorstep on a cold day is not so much in need of bread as we are of spiritual help. *Blind:* why, the man whose eyes perished in the powder-blast, and who for these ten years has gone feeling his way from street to street, is not in such utter darkness as we. *Naked:* why, there is not one rag of holiness left to hide the shame of our sin. *Sick:* why, the leprosy has eaten into the head, and the heart, and the hands, and the feet; and the marasmus of an everlasting wasting away has already seized on some of us.

But the meanest thing for a man to do is to discourse about an evil without pointing

A WAY TO HAVE IT REMEDIED.

I speak of the thirst of your hot tongue only that I may show you the living stream that drops crystalline and sparkling from the Rock of Ages, and pours a river of gladness at your feet. If I show you the rents in your coat, it is only because the door of God's wardrobe now swings open, and here is a robe, white with the fleece of the Lamb of God, and of a cut and make that an angel would not be ashamed to wear. If I snatch from you the black, mouldy bread that you are munching, it is only to give you the bread made out of the finest wheat that grows on the celestial hills, and baked in the fires of the cross, and one crumb of which would be enough to make all heaven a banquet. Hear it, one and all, and tell it to your friends when you go home, that the Lord Jesus Christ can make the heart right.

I. First we need

A REPENTING HEART.

If for the last ten, twenty, or forty years of life we have been going on in the wrong way, it is time that we turned around and started in the opposite direction. If we offend our friends, we are glad to apologize. God is our best friend, and yet how many of us have never apologized for the wrongs we have done Him!

There is nothing that we so much need to get rid of as sin. It is a horrible black monster. It polluted Eden. It killed Christ. It has blasted the world. Men keep dogs in kennels, and rabbits in a warren, and cattle in a pen. What a man that would be who would shut them up in his parlor. But *this foul dog of sin*, and these herds of transgression, we have entertained for many a long year in our heart, which should be the cleanest, brightest room in all our nature. Out with the vile herd! Begone, ye befoulers of an immortal nature! Turn out the beasts, and let Christ come in!

A heathen came to an early Christian who had the reputation of curing diseases. The Christian said, "You must have all your idols destroyed." The heathen gave to the Christian the key to his house, that he might go in and destroy the idols. He battered to pieces all he saw, but still the man did not get well. The Christian said to him, "There must be some idol in your house not yet destroyed." The heathen confessed that there was one idol of beaten gold that he could not bear to give up. After a while, when that was destroyed, in answer to the prayer of the Christian the sick man got well.

Many a man has awakened in his dying hour to find his sins all about him. They clambered up on the right side of the bed, and on the left side, and over the headboard, and over the footboard, and horribly devoured the soul.

"Repent! the voice celestial cries;
Nor longer dare delay;
The wretch that scorns the mandate, dies,
And meets a fiery day."

II. Again, we need

A BELIEVING HEART.

A good many years ago a weary one went up one of the hills of Asia Minor, and with two logs on his back cried out to all the world, offering to carry their sins and sorrows. They pursued Him. They slapped Him in the face. They mocked Him. When He groaned they groaned. They shook their fists at Him. They spit on Him. They hounded Him as though He were a wild beast. His healing of the sick, His sight-giving to the blind, His mercy to the outcast silenced not the revenge of the world. His prayers and benedictions were lost in that whirlwind of execration. Away with Him! Away with Him!

Ah! it was not merely the two pieces of wood that he carried: it was the transgressions of the race, the anguish of the ages, the wrath of God, the sorrows of hell, the stupendous interests of an unending eternity. No wonder His back bent. No wonder the blood started from every pore. No wonder that He crouched under a torture that made the sun faint, and the everlasting hills tremble, and the dead rush up in their winding-sheets as He cried, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." But the cup did not pass. None to comfort!

THERE HE HANGS!

What has that hand done that it should be thus crushed in the palm? It has been healing the lame and wiping away tears. What has that foot been doing that it should be so lacerated? It has been going about doing good. Of what has the victim been guilty? *Guilty of saving a world.* Tell me, ye heavens and earth, was there ever such another criminal? Was there ever such a crime? On that hill of carnage, that sunless day, amid those howling rioters, may not your sins and mine have perished? I believe it.

Oh, the ransom has been paid. Those arms of Jesus were stretched out so wide that when He brought them together again they might embrace the world. Oh that I might, out of the blossoms of the spring, or the flaming foliage of the autumn, make one wreath for my Lord! Oh that all the triumphal arches of the world could be swung in one gateway, where the King of Glory might come in! Oh that all the harps and trumpets and organs of earthly music might, in one anthem, speak His praise!

But what were earthly flowers to Him who walketh amid the snow of the white lilies of Heaven! What were arches of earthly masonry to Him who hath about His throne a rainbow spun out of everlasting sunshine! What were all earthly music to Him when the hundred and forty and four thousand on one side, and the cherbuim, and seraphim, and archangels stand on the other side, and all the space between is filled with the doxologies of eternal jubilee!—the hosannah of a redeemed earth, the hallelujah of unfallen angels, song after song rising about the throne of God and of the Lamb. In that pure, high place, let Him hear us.

STOP! HARPS OF HEAVEN,

that our poor cry may be heard.

Oh, my Lord Jesus! it will not hurt Thee for one hour to step out from the shining throng. They will make it all up when Thou goest back again. Come hither, O Blessed One, that we may kiss Thy feet. Our hearts, too long withheld, we now surrender into Thy keeping. When Thou goest back, tell it to all the immortals that the lost are found, and let Thy Father's house ring with the music and the dance.

They have some old wine in Heaven, not used except in rare festivities. In this world, those who are accustomed to use wine on great occasions bring out the beverage and say, "This wine is thirty years old," or "forty years old." But the wine of Heaven is more than eighteen centuries old. It was prepared at the time when Christ trod the wine-press alone. When such grievous sinners as we come back, methinks the chamberlain of Heaven cries out to the servants, "This is unusual joy! Bring up from the vaults of Heaven that old wine. Fill all the tankards. Let all the white-robed guests drink to the immortal health of these new-born sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty." There is joy in Heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth; and God grant that that one may be you!

III. Again, in order to have a right heart it must be

A FORGIVING HEART.

An old writer says, "To render good for evil is *God*-like; good for good is *man*-like; evil for good is *devil*-like." Which of these natures have we? Christ will have nothing to do with us as long as we keep any old grudge. We have all been cheated and lied about. There are people who dislike us so much that if we should come down to poverty and disgrace, they would say, "Good for him! Didn't I tell you so?" They never have understood us, and never will. They do not want to understand us.

Unsanctified human nature says, Wait till you get a good crack at him, and when at last you find him in a tight place, give it to him. Flay him

alive. No quarter. Leave not a rag of reputation. Jump on him with both feet. Pay him in his own coin—sarcasm for sarcasm, scorn for scorn, abuse for abuse. But, my friends, that is not the right kind of heart. No man ever did so mean a thing toward us as we have done toward God. And if we cannot forgive others, how can we expect God to forgive us? Thousands of men have been kept out of Heaven by an unforgiving heart.

Here is some one who says, "I will forgive that man the wrong he did me about that house and lot; I will forgive that man who overreached me in a bargain; I will forgive that man who sold me a shoddy overcoat; I forgive them—all but one. That man I cannot forgive. The villain—I can hardly keep my hands off of him. If my going to Heaven depends on my forgiving Him, then I will stay out." Wrong feeling! If a man lie to me once, I am not called to trust him again. If a man betray me once, I am not called to put confidence in him again. But I would not dare to go to sleep at night if I could not offer a sincere prayer for the temporal and everlasting welfare of all men, whatever meannesses and outrage they have inflicted upon me. If you want to get your heart right, strike a match, and burn up all your old grudges, and blow the ashes away. "If you forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive you your trespasses."

An old Christian black woman was going along the streets of New York with a basket of apples that she had for sale. A rough sailor ran against her and upset the basket, and stood back expecting to hear her scold frightfully; but she stooped down and picked up the apples, and said, "God forgive you, my son, as I do." The sailor saw the meanness of what he had done, and felt in his pocket for his money, and insisted that she should take it all. Though she was black, he called her mother, and said, "Forgive me, mother; I will never do anything so mean again."

Ah! there is *a power in a forgiving spirit* to overcome all hardness. There is no way of conquering men like that of bestowing upon them your pardon, whether they will accept it or not.

IV. Again, a right heart is

AN EXPECTANT HEART.

It is a poor business to be building castles in the air. Enjoy what you have now. Don't spoil your comfort in the small house because you expect a larger one. Don't fret about your income when it is three or four dollars per day, because you expect to have after a while ten dollars per day; or ten thousand a year, because you expect it to be twenty thousand a year. But about heavenly things, the more we think the better. Those castles are *not in the air*, but on the hills, and we have a deed of them in our possession.

I like to see a man all full of Heaven. He talks Heaven. He sings Heaven. He prays Heaven. He dreams Heaven. Some of us in our sleep have had the good place open to us. We saw the pinnacles in the sky. We heard the click of the hoofs of the white horses on which victors rode, and the clapping of the cymbals of eternal triumph. And while in our sleep we were glad that all of our sorrows were over, and burdens done with, the throne of God grew whiter, whiter and whiter, till we opened our eyes and saw that it was only the sun of the earthly morning shining on our pillow. To have a right heart you need to be filled with this expectancy. It would make your privations and annoyances more bearable.

In the midst of the city of Paris stands, or did stand, a statue of the good, but broken-hearted Josephine. I never imagined that marble could be smitten into such tenderness. It seems not lifeless. If the spirit of Josephine be disentabernacled, the soul of the Empress has taken possession of this figure. I am not yet satisfied that it is stone. The puff of the dress on the arm seems to need but the pressure of the finger to indent it. The figure at the bottom of the robe, the ruffle at the neck, the fur lining on the dress, the embroidery of the satin, the cluster of lily and leaf and rose in her hand, the poise of her body as she seems to come sailing out of the sky, her face calm, humble, beautiful, but yet sad—attest the genius of the sculptor and the beauty of the heroine he celebrates. Looking up through the rifts of the coronet that encircles her brow, I could see the sky beyond, the great heavens where all woman's wrongs shall be righted, and the story of endurance and resignation shall be told to all the ages. The rose and the lily in the hand of Josephine will never drop their petals.

The children of God, whether they suffer on earth, in palaces, or in hovels, shall come to that glorious rest.

OH HEAVEN, SWEET HEAVEN!

at thy gate we set down all our burdens and griefs. The place will be full. Here there are vacant chairs at the hearth, and at the table, but there are no vacant chairs in Heaven. The crowns all worn; the thrones all mounted.

Some talk of Heaven as though it were a very handsome church, where a few favored spirits would come in and sit down on finely-cushioned seats all by themselves, and sing psalms to all eternity. No, no. "I saw a great multitude that no man could number, standing before the throne. He that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and it was twelve thousand furlongs"—that is, fifteen hundred miles in circumference. Ah! Heaven is not a little colony, at one corner of God's dominion, where a man's entrance depends upon what kind of clothes he has on his back, and how much money he has in his purse; but a vast empire. God grant that the light of that blessed world may shine upon us in our last moment.

The roughest time we had in crossing the ocean was at the mouth of Liverpool harbor. We arrived at nightfall, and were obliged to lie there till the morning, waiting for the rising of the tide, before we could go up to the city. How the vessel pitched and writhed in the water. So sometimes the last illness of the Christian is a struggle. He is almost through the voyage. The waves of temptation toss his soul, but he waits for the morning.

At last the light dawns, and the tides of joy rise in his soul, and he sails up and casts anchor within the veil.

ARE YOU READY?

Is thine heart right? Have you within you a *repenting* heart, a *believing* heart, a *forgiving* heart, an *expectant* heart? If not, I must write upon your soul what George Whitefield wrote upon *the window-pane* with his diamond ring. He tarried in an elegant house over night, but found that there was no God recognized in that house. Before he left his room in the morning, with his ring he wrote upon the window-pane, "One thing thou lackest." After the guest was gone, the housewife came up and looked at the window, and saw the inscription, and called her husband and her children; and God, through that ministry of the window-glass, brought them all to Jesus. Though you may to-day be surrounded by comforts and luxuries, and feel that you have need of nothing, if you are not the children of God, with *the signet-ring of Christ's love*, let me inscribe upon your souls, "One thing thou lackest."

I pray you that, whatever else you may miss, you may not miss Heaven. It is too bright a home to lose. Your soul has been bought at too dear a price. I preach to you of the blood that cleanseth from all sin. Casting all your sins behind you. I beg of you to start this morning for the Kingdom. "Yes," you say, "I will start, but not now."

William III. made proclamation, when there was a revolution in the north of Scotland, that all who came and took the oath of allegiance by the 31st of December should be pardoned. MacIan, a chieftain of a prominent clan, resolved to return with the rest of the rebels, but had some pride in being the very last one that should take the oath. He postponed starting for this purpose until two days before the expiration of the term.

A snow-storm impeded his way, and before he got up to take the oath and receive a pardon from the throne the time was up and past. While the others were set free, MacIan was miserably put to death. He started too late and arrived too late. In like manner some of you are in prospect of losing forever the amnesty of the Gospel. Many of you are going to be forever too late. Remember the irreparable mistake of MacIan!

A BROKEN VOW.

Wearisome months had passed since Jane Seaforth had been compelled to acknowledge herself a hopeless invalid. Months, alas! of unsubmissive repining. How could she endure this blighting of every hope, in the very spring-time of her existence? A darkened room, days and nights of suffering, instead of the cheerful sunshine and eager partaking of earthly pleasure, which had once filled up her life. Why was she singled out to bear this affliction, while her young companions were rejoicing in health and happiness? These were the thoughts which filled her mind. She could not discern the hand of a kind Father, removing every obstacle that she might throw herself into His loving arms; taking away the poor passing joys of earth that she might seek those which are forevermore at God's right hand.

In answer to fervent prayer, the Holy Spirit was poured out upon the community where Jane resided, and her young friends who had been converted became deeply anxious that she too might be a subject of renewing grace. She was grateful to them for the kindness with which they had ministered to her bodily wants, and now, when her spiritual necessity was the source of their solicitude, she listened to their appeals with attention and respect, but alas! with utter indifference.

Her companions requested the privilege of holding their weekly prayer-meeting in her room. She coldly gave her consent, but it was evident that they were irksome to her. At length, at the third meeting, when her friends, discouraged, were almost persuaded that she was given over to hardness of heart, she seemed moved by the fervent prayers on her behalf, especially by those which related to the restoration of her health, and said, "*If God will give me back my health, I will serve Him the rest of my days.*"

Did He take her at her word? Certain it is that from this time, to the astonishment of all, she began slowly to recover from what was considered a hopeless disease. She seemed for a time full of love and gratitude to God for His mercy, and gave evidence of having yielded her heart to Him. And now came the time for her companions to make a public profession of their faith in Christ. They urged her, although she was still too feeble to leave the house, to send in her name as a candidate for admission, but she declined, saying, "The first Sabbath I am able to be in church I shall certainly unite with it."

Time passed on; she was fully recovered, and had been in church, not once but many times, and yet she showed no inclination to fulfil her promise. Having thus broken her solemn covenant to unite with His people, she took *the next step away from God* and His service by absenting herself from the sanctuary, and spending the day in pleasure. Her religious friends prayed for her, remonstrated with her in vain. Her reply to them was that she had changed her mind, and she now thought herself *too young to settle down* to a religious life.

They turned away in sadness. God had visited their friend in chastisement by a distressing illness, and then in great mercy by restoring her health, and neither the rod nor the blessing had won her to His service; what remained but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation?

How soon these forebodings were realized! While Jane was looking forward to years of earthly happiness, and confidently counting upon the convenient season when she would prepare for death, the decree had gone forth, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee." While riding with a party of gay companions her horse became unmanageable, and threw her with great violence to the ground; she was taken up insensible, remained in that state a short time, and then reviving uttered the cry, "Mercy, my God," and passed into eternity.

Did the gracious Saviour hear that last despairing cry, or had she scorned His discipline of judgment and of mercy until she was suddenly destroyed, and that without remedy? We cannot tell, but the lesson of this providence is written as in characters of fire, "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."

JAMES GRAHAM'S BUSH LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

Home Ties Broken—Family Prayer on the Last Morning—Good-by to Mother—A Robin's Encouragement—A Providential Escape—A Captain's Orgies—The Black Squall—A Partnership Dissolved—Landing in a New Country.

It was by the early dawn of an autumn morning, in the year 1832, that James Graham left his father's house, in one of the counties of Ulster, Ireland to emigrate to Australia. He had spent twenty-two years in the warm home under that straw-thatched roof. There his spirit had opened to the love of father, mother, brothers, and sisters, and he could not leave it without tender movements of the heart.

No one, except the two youngest boys, went to bed on that night before "James's convoy" left Sycamore farm-house; and both these were up hours before day to hear the talk of servants and gossips around the ingle-nook in the kitchen, and to mix with cousins, uncles, aunts, and neighbors in the parlor festivities. Nearly all the talk was about James's past, present, and future. He himself divided his attentions between both circles till the hour came for departing, for he had to walk some five miles to the nearest post-town to say farewell to his sister, and take coach for his seaport to embark for Liverpool.

His form was erect and vigorous, as usual; but his tones were in a minor key, and his countenance thoughtful. Indeed, as he patted the dusky head of his faithful old friend "Dragon," and looked for the last time into the affectionate face of the old dog, the tears gathered in his eyes. The loudly expressed parting sorrows of servants and neighbors he bore right manfully; but to bid farewell to his mother, that was the test of strength.

The usually strong voice of his father led in prayer, asking a valedictory blessing on the eldest son then leaving the family circle. That firm voice was rather husky and more than once trembled; but the act and attitude of prayer gave a much-coveted opportunity for relief by tears to mother and son.

The elder Graham, true to his paradoxical nature—of hiding love where most he loved—soon appeared quite calm, if not joyful, and with soldierly promptitude—for he was an old soldier—told his son it was time to go, or he would not have time to say farewell to Mary. James screwed his courage up, and bade adieu to his two younger brothers and all who were not to be of "the convoy." He embraced his mother and broke down into tears, for he felt it like rending his heart to part with that best and wisest and ever-loving friend.

Agnes Graham, amid sobs and tears, told her son if he did not do well to be sure to return soon to his father and mother's house, and make God his friend. What a picture of grief and love was that mother, standing with clasped hands and streaming eyes, looking after her son and the company that escorted him, till a turn in the road hid him from her eyes! Her youngest two sons wept in sympathy by her side. She soon, however, went to her stronghold—that little closet off the parlor, where she often found a throne of grace and a Father that seeth in secret.

There she formed the resolution to pray thrice a day for her first-born son, till either he returned home or she should be called to her home in heaven. She had long been acquainted with grief. She was the last survivor of her father's once numerous family. She had mourned over the early death of her second daughter; and by the golden locks had, with her own hand, drawn her third daughter out of the well where she was drowned.

To use a borrowed figure, Mrs. Graham's "heart was a passion-flower that inclosed the crown of thorns and the cross of Christ." She took her sorrows, however, as the appointment of far-reaching paternal love; and this additional one, inflicted by the departure of her manly, loving, yet impulsive, inexperienced James, was another thorn that touched the quick, but for the bearing of which she sought grace to help in time of need.

While the two brothers next in age to James, with his father and friends, accompanied him, a trifling incident somewhat diverted his grief. A redbreast came out of the holly hedge and hopped at the distance of a few paces before them for upward of a furlong, then, mounting the topmost spray of a bush in the hedge, poured forth his hearty song in the sun's rising beams, as if saying to the pensive company, and especially to the young emigrant, "Cheer up. He who feeds me without storehouse or barn will care for and sustain thee, O thou of little faith."

James knew the little favorite, and had long held sacred its nest under the root of the great white poplar in the bank over the horse-pond. Had his heart uttered itself it would have replied, "Farewell, little friend—a long farewell. You are near your nest, but I am going to put the ocean between me and mine; your sun is rising, but clouds are in my sky."

Every step helped to take him from the old familiar scenes that had woven their memories into the vital tissues of his warm heart. In another hour he had bidden his only sister adieu with a tenderness next to that of parting with his mother. She thrust into his hand a gift of money he would need; and, taking his seat on the mail-coach, he waved his last adieu to the hearts that in this wide world loved him best. Next evening, with Jerrold Lock, the companion of his travel, he saw the shores of Derry Lough recede from the ship that left Ireland and home behind. Never before did he feel as he felt then. With his last view of the country he said, what often he had sung, "Erin mavourneen, Erin go-bragh."

The following is the account of his voyage given by James Graham some years afterward:

It was a great disappointment to us that we did not get by the vessel that bore our country's name—the Hibernia; but it was providential for us we did not, for she was *burnt* on the voyage. We could not wait for the unexpected delay of the Hibernia, and the agent in Liverpool would not return our passage money till we applied to the mayor of the town.

The next vessel bound for Australia was the ship William, belonging to A. E. S. & Co. She was a poor little craft of 350 tons burden, but buffeted the waves nobly, or rather was badly cuffed and shaken by them; and, after a passage of four months and four days, landed us safely at Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land. We sailed on November 6th, 1832, and landed March 10th of the next year, being rather more than four months on the voyage.

To old sailors the voyage would, I suppose, have appeared nothing extraordinary; to me it was all new then, and it still seems checkered with the awful, the horrible, and the amusing. We encountered a stiff gale in the Bay of Biscay, which carried away our jibboom and part of our bulwarks. It also carried away, from living graves to Davy's locker, several vociferous Irish pigs, and a lot of poultry and ducks which Neptune snatched from first cabin passengers; but both cabin and steerage passengers (Lock and I were of the latter) were too sick to perceive how the sea-god was working toward the equality, though not to the liberty and fraternity, of us mortals.

When the gale abated, and all was again made snug, we got on tolerably well till, when nearing the Cape, our captain died. He was as much the votary of Bacchus as of Neptune; indeed, he appeared only to serve the one that he might worship the other day and night. He did not make his appearance on deck for days, and when at last he came up, with bloated purple cheeks and eyes like boiled gooseberries, he appeared very ill able to take either himself or us to port. His brother, however, was first mate, and a good sailor, and kept the vessel right.

The next time the captain came up the Union Jack was wrapped round him; and, with weights to head and feet, there was launched on his last voyage another victim of the bottle. It was really horrible to think of the wreck of such a noble-looking fellow, and to hear the sullen plunge that consigned him to the gulfs and monsters of the deep. It was also horrible to reflect on what might be our own fate under the care of his brother, a comparatively untried man. Not long before he had been carpenter, and was now raised over the second mate, who, on the ground of longer service, clamorously contended to take the command. It might have risen to a mutiny but that we, the passengers, firmly took side with the first mate, and turned the scale in his favor.

Something still more frightful awaited us; for in a few days after the captain's death we were caught in a "black squall," as the sailors called it. The wind suddenly changed and backed the sails, and carried away our three topmasts and part of our rigging over the ship's side, while she was running sternways at the rate of seven knots an hour. The old boatswain, a very clever sailor, told me if they had been three minutes longer cutting away the wreck, we must all have gone to the bottom, as the ship's gunwales were under water, and the water was pouring down the main hatch in torrents, and to all human appearance every hope of safety had vanished.

But our brave sailors got the rigging and spars cut clear of the ship in a few minutes. She was got before the wind, and the stay and mainsail kept her clear of the heavy sea until the topmasts were put right again. Fortunately we had two carpenters aboard, who were passengers, and they greatly helped to expedite repairs. There were seventy-four souls on board, including crew and passengers; and this number, with their luggage, created not a little confusion in such small space. Indeed, our poor little craft was like a feather in the tempest, and we were shaken, and tossed about most unmercifully by the waves.

I never got such an awful idea of God as in that squall. What poor creatures were we in the grip of the ocean? and what is the ocean but a drop to Him? We reeled to and fro over the dreadful dance of the billows, and staggered from wave to wave like drunken men. And yet, there was something more sublime than the ocean in the collectedness of our old boatswain and the men in their efforts to set the ship right. Indeed, as often in scenes of danger I afterward proved, a power seems to awake and rise up in the soul that bids defiance to danger and death—a power that seems to say to them in the words of Christ, "Ye can only kill the body, but have no more that ye can do."

I must say I never have been calmer in all my life than when death appeared near, and I take no credit for it; for the narration is more exciting than the reality. Is it that danger stuns fear, or awakens a power not needed at other times? In fact, mosquitoes by land are worse than tigers, and the troubles of cooking are worse to steerage passengers than storms by sea. But *if conscience be awakened and guilty, then there are two storms at once, and that in the bosom is the more terrible of the two.*

I should tell you that my mate, Lock, and I dissolved partnership, after the gale in the Bay of Biscay. I need not say on what intimate terms we were, and how we had all things common as to sea-store and utensils. The sorrows of leaving home, and the pains of seasickness, for a while made our communion tolerable; but sympathy was too weak in us, and *number one* too strong in us for this to last.

Besides, as he was nearly twenty years older, and twice twenty years more prudent than I was, he thought I ought to defer and obey. It is true I was a soft fish, that kept my shell wide open; but he put in his finger too far, and got nipped. He was dreadfully seasick, and uttered by turns all sounds in the scale of human woe.

By the law of contradiction, this made me bear my sickness in silence. Passengers and sailors laughed at him as he rolled and roared. I sometimes laughed a ghastly laugh, but was angry at his drawing such unpleasant attention to us. Lock thought I ought to dissolve in sympathy for him, and would not believe I could be ill at all, as I made no noise.

I told him if I were to die, I should do so quietly, decently as a Christian; he did not think me one, or think I could do so. He daily taxed my humility by servile work, till I thought, as his appetite was improving, he should share the toils of

cooking and cleaning. He persisted; and we came to division of luxuries and utensils. He would claim this, that, and the other thing, that I did not need, that he thought he did. I stood before him and said, "Jerrold, if there be a division it must go right through, or——" Through it went, and we parted; but soon I saw his superior diplomacy, which I often saw afterward.

He had lately, when recovering, been much in the society of an old gentleman and his daughter, who belonged to the Society of Friends, and were second-cabin passengers. Old Jeremiah and Miss Larder were fond of good tea and its savory etceteras, and had not only taste, but faculty, as the Yankees call it. Lock had similar taste and talent. I was deficient in the latter. He often made presents of our honey and raspberry vinegar to the Larders, and on the same principle as the prudent steward in the Gospel; for when he left me, as there was a berth in the second cabin vacant, he made all right with the steward of the ship, and the Larders took him into their more comfortable habitation. He had premeditated secession, and fixed his plan.

How fond he was of that word "plan!" He always had half a dozen "plans" hatching in his brain, which he carried so steadily leaning forward. From his gait you could know that he was afraid of injuring his "plans" by any violent motion. I was at first a little chagrined at being left without several articles I used, when we had all things common; but the removal of himself and his boxes left me more space, and took away part of the groanings of the creation. I soon grew social with my shipmates, many of whom proved unselfish, obliging fellows, whom I afterward met in the colonies.

The first mate, then captain, became my friend, and ordered all my cooking to be done for me, and let me walk on quarter-deck; and all things went smooth enough. After we crossed the line, we felt in want of part of that gale that we had got in surplus before. The prodigal wind was spent, and became insolvent. We got becalmed. Some of us rejoiced in swimming. One day I was out, and heard the old boatswain shouting to us to come on board. A boat was lowered for the others. I made my way, and was hauled up the vessel's side. The old tar had seen the shark's companion—or rather forerunner—a little fish swimming near the ship. In less than three minutes *the water was bristling with the great coulter-like back-fins of a dozen of these ocean tigers*, that I suppose smelt us from afar as vultures do their prey.

A piece of meat was put on a great hook, and by a line fastened to the capstain a huge shark was drawn on board. This was exciting play, and there was some danger in shunning the snap of the monster's teeth, and the strokes of his tail. Finally his great head was cut off, and a little tailor on board, who had a great knowledge of Scripture, proved the possibility of Jonah's going down the fish's throat; for he really passed through the open jaws of the shark, though not into "the fish's belly."

It was very pleasant, after spending more than the third of a year on board our little vessel, to pass up by Bruny Island one fine morning, and sailing through Storm Bay, perfectly calm, to drop anchor in the broad, beautiful Derwent, beside Hobart Town, and to hail mother earth and stretch one's crippled legs on shore.

(*To be continued.*)

Thomas Carlyle's Rebuke to an Irishman who complained of "Saxon oppression" is worthy of note at this time when the complaint is again a prominent subject of debate. The man moaning under his grievances was not a sober man, and Carlyle said to him: "No one oppresses thee, O free and independent franchiser; but does not this stupid pewter-pot oppress thee? No son of Adam can bid thee come or go; but this absurd pot of heavy wet, this can and does! Thou art the thrall, not of Cedric the Saxon, but of thy own brutal appetites and this scoured dish of liquor; and thou dost protest of thy *liberty!* Thou entire blockhead!"

DISTRESS OF NATIONS WITH PERPLEXITY.

"Ye can discern the face of the sky," our Lord said to the Pharisees and Sadducees, "but can ye not discern the signs of the times." He pointed out to them that though they were able to prognosticate what weather would probably follow certain appearances in the sky, and thus be prepared for a coming storm, in the more weighty matters of life the warnings were unheeded, because not understood. They had watched the sky until they observed that the red and lowering hue was followed by foul weather, but they had not noticed that in the government of the world God had established moral laws which operated with unchanging regularity, and effect followed cause in Providence as certainly as in nature. In short, that the God of creation adopted like methods in His government of men to those which He adopts in the regulation of the elements.

Our Lord's reproof implied the charge of *a lack of intelligence* as well as *a lack of piety*. Had they given to Moses and the prophets the same intelligent study they had given to the movements of the winds and clouds, they would not have been looking for an earthly king as a Messiah; and had they given a like intelligent study to the events occurring in their time, they would have known that the time had come when the Prince of Peace should appear. They would have been looking for Him, and they would have known by what signs to recognize Him when He came.

The same principle Christ adopted in dealing with John the Baptist. John was in prison, and could not see for himself what was going on, so he sent messengers to ask Jesus, "Art thou He that should come?" Jesus did not say, I am. He kept the messengers by His side, while He performed many wonderful works, and then said to them, "Go and shew John those things which ye do hear and see." He was confident that John would understand the signs. Can we suppose that when the report was given to John in his prison that the great preacher had any doubt who Jesus was? But of the world it was true that "The Light was shining in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not," and though "He came unto His own, His own received Him not."

Has a like blindness fallen on the Church and the world in our day? Again our Lord is coming; will He again find the Church and the world unprepared to receive Him? With a minuteness of detail as explicit as that of Old Testament prophecy, the circumstances which would herald His coming are described, and the manner of His coming is explained with equal exactness. As the brilliant assembly which filled the Capitol at Washington on the fourth of March knew that the inaugural procession had commenced its march when at half-past ten the sound of the first gun was heard, so we who await the coming of the Son of man should know from the signs of the times when He is about to appear, to summon those who are looking for Him to meet Him in the air. Not only ought the prophecies to be closely and anxiously studied with prayer for Divine light, but the events of our time ought to be watched, that we may see at what point in the line of predicted occurrences we stand.

Among other indications which were communicated to us to guide us in this matter, and to intimate to us that the first stage of the Second Coming would be near at hand, was the assurance that immediately before He came there would be a time, when "upon the earth" there would be "distress of nations, with perplexity . . . , men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth." Such is the state of the world to-day.

A general sense of insecurity broods on the earth. Nation is moved against nation, and there is no land which does not contain within itself the elements of a social upheaval which threatens the overturn of order and government. Dangers external and internal menace the peace of every government. It is as if a ship with dynamite on board and containing among her crew mutinous and desparate men, is being driven by a gale toward a coast bristling with rocks. This view of the condition of the world is not held alone by men who are more familiar with their Bible than the newspaper. Observers who occupy a point of view purely secular are equally impressed with the same aspect of affairs. And it would seem that the more opportunities they have for forming an accurate estimate of the state of society throughout the world, the more forcibly is that opinion forced upon them.

The following extracts from an editorial in the *New York Herald* of April 1st, 1881, supplies abundant proof of the fact. That journal has trained correspondents in every land, whose duty it is to send reports of the state of affairs in the country where they are placed, and it may be supposed that upon those reports the editor based his comprehensive survey.

"The strained relations between Turkey and Greece have a special importance now, when we consider the assassination of the Czar and the advent to the imperial power of a sovereign who is believed to have ambitious plans for the development of his nation, and who is known to be a soldier of approved courage. If the question between Turkey and Greece related simply to the boundary lines between the two nations it might be easily adjusted. Nothing seems more certain (unless we misread the decrees of fate) than that the Turkish Empire in Europe must come to an end.

"With Greece fighting Turkey alone, it is in the power of the Sultan to destroy Greece. If Russia or Austria interferes, then there is no knowing where the contest may end. In fact,

EUROPE IS NOW IN A CRITICAL CONDITION.

The spirit of revolution is abroad. The Continent is burdened with standing armies, every peasant in Germany (as it is said) carrying a soldier on his back. France adds taxes to her budget in order that she may have greater armaments. Russia throbs with revolution, and is in the hands of a young and intrepid prince. It will need the wisdom and strength of conservative nations like England to prevent a conflict which may result in *the most destructive and disastrous war of modern times.*

"England should preserve herself for *the struggle that cannot much longer be postponed* in Europe. The peace of the world depends more on the strength of England, her moral force, and the wisdom of her ministers, than upon any other influence. The world sees now that if England had been wise at the close of the Franco-German war, or even at the beginning of that unfortunate strife, she might have forced upon the contending nations a peace which would have lasted as long as that which came after the battle of Waterloo.

"So long as France is in an unsatisfied mood, so long as her people feel that her honor was sacrificed at the time her territory was despoiled, so long as every Frenchman feels that his highest aim is to save money and buy arms, *the contest on the Continent is adjourned.* Russia may provoke it by new adventures in Turkey. Austria may be drawn in by an attempt to govern her newly acquired provinces with a strong hand; Germany may strike, as she wished to do not long since, the first blow in self-defence; Italy scarcely conceals her desire for Trieste and the Austrian provinces on the Adriatic; Greece, highly gifted, intellectual, flushed with new life, strong and animated by the memory of an ancient and illustrious lineage, may rashly bring on what may be the most desolating war of modern times. If England exercises her influence on the Continent, this war may be postponed. It may even be adjourned forever. As it is *the outlook is dark enough*, and it would be well for Americans to expect the worst and prepare for it."

A Missionary to New York.—It is Announced that Rev. Edward Judson, of Orange, N. J., has resigned his pastorate there in order to devote his energies to agressive missionary work in the lower part of New York City. Those who know the squalor and wretchedness, the depravity and practical heathenism abounding in those neighborhoods will appreciate very highly the sacrifice made by Mr. Judson in giving up a flourishing church to take up so arduous a task. Mr. Judson is the son of the famous missionary to Burmah.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Deadlock in the Senate is Causing Serious inconvenience throughout the country. While the contest over the offices continues, the nominations remain in abeyance, and several of the district courts are closed and business suspended because there are no judges. Meanwhile the speeches of Senators are made up of personal and sectional accusation and recrimination. An unsuccessful attempt was made last week to induce Judge Robertson to withdraw from the collectorship contest. The Stalwarts are believed to be as firmly resolved as ever to oppose his confirmation; but there is an influential section in the Senate, steadily increasing in numbers, and comprising members of both parties, who are resolved to oppose the power of party bosses whenever it rears its head. That section will support the President in the Robertson matter, not because they care one way or the other about this particular nomination, but because they desire to see the Executive untrammeled in the exercise of its legitimate functions. The growth of this independent party will, it is hoped, secure to the people appointments of men whose claims are based on administrative ability instead of on services they have rendered to the party. That will certainly be a beneficial change, if it can be effected, although it is matter for regret that the struggle should take place over nominations doubtful in themselves, as are some of those made by President Garfield.

The Triumph of Filth.—The Politicians at Albany accepted a substitute for the New York Street Cleaning Bill, on Thursday, April 7th, which deprives the scheme of all beneficial power. The vote by which this decision was carried was 66 against 55, all but ten of the latter being Democrats, and all of the former being Republicans. The men who spend their lives in the service of the people often complain that their services are forgotten by an ungrateful public; but the sixty-six Assemblymen who recorded their votes on Thursday are not likely to to have that cause for complaint; *they will not be forgotten.* When the heat of a summer sun is poured on the heaps of filth and decaying garbage in the streets of the city, and when the citizens are living in daily dread of the outbreak of pestilence, if not actually witnessing its deadly work, the names of the men who refused them permission to clean the streets will be remembered. Our political system seems to have reached the culmination of absurdity when the streets of a great city must remain reeking in filth, poisoning the inhabitants and visitors from other localities brought hither by business necessities, because the man whom the citizens have selected to undertake their purification happens to be a Democrat and not a Republican.

But while the citizens condemn the Albany politicians, they must not stifle the accusations of their own consciences. It is by virtue of the votes of citizens that men have the power to sit at Albany. And this consideration suggests another thought which lies at the root of still wider evils. An Albany politician knows that though he was elected by the people he was nominated by the machine. He is consequently under the impression that when the people and the machine are in antagonism, his loyalty is due to the machine. Not until the source of political power is derived directly from the people and the machine is smashed will the duty of a representative to his constituency be fully realized and performed.

The Necessity for Adopting Some Expedient of a temporary character to relieve the treasury of the excessive interest now being paid on the bonds approaching maturity, is fully realized by the administration. The Democratic party has cleared itself of responsibility in the matter by the bill passed last session. That bill might not have proved practicable, and many experienced financiers, some of whom were Democrats, believed it could not have been executed with advantage; but it was nevertheless an attempt to solve the question. The veto of the Republican President removed the onus to the Republican party, and that party has now to face the alternative of continuing the present high rate of interest, which would seriously injure the character of the party in the country, or to make an arrangement with the national creditors on its own responsibility. It is believed that the administration have chosen the latter alternative, and that they will shortly announce their plan. Its principal feature is understood to be that Secretary Windom shall call for all or the larger part of the six per cent bonds, and state that holders may, if they so desire, retain them by voluntarily undertaking to accept three and a half per cent in lieu of six per cent, until Congress settles the permanent rate. If holders decline this offer, the Government will redeem the bonds, and procure means for the purpose by the sale of the four and a half per cents.

An Extraordinary Case is Occupying the Attention of the police of New York. In December last year a wealthy Hebrew jeweller received notice that the Nihilist Executive Committee in Third Avenue had sentenced him to pay a fine of sixty thousand dollars. He regarded the letter as an attempt at blackmail, and applied for protection to the police. Various efforts have been made since that time by the writers of the notice to extort payment. They tried to kidnap the jeweller's daughter, and that plot being foiled, threatened his wife that unless the money were paid her husband would be assassinated. On Thursday, April 7th, a demand was made that the money should be inclosed in an envelope and dropped in the street when a preconcerted signal was made. An envelope was so dropped, and a detective, who was watching, saw a man stoop to pick it up. He attempted to arrest him, but as he assumed a threatening attitude and cautioned the detective not to approach him, the detective drew his pistol and shot him dead. A man supposed to be a confederate of the dead man has since been arrested, and efforts are being made to unravel the whole plot.

The Resignation of Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D.D., of the rectorship of Holy Trinity, New York, will cause deep regret throughout the land, especially when it is known that the cause of his resignation is a complete break-down in health. Dr. Tyng was compelled to take a long rest last year, in the hope that his overworked system might regain vigor and elasticity. He returned much improved, but still weak. After a few months' labor he has come to the conclusion that an extended season of retirement from ministerial work is imperative. He is suffering from nervous prostration, the result of incessant labor in the cause of Christ. Not only in the pulpit but in numerous works of benevolence and missionary enterprise connected with his church, Dr. Tyng's efforts have been unceasing, and his nervous system has broken down under the strain.

"It is like a mother leaving her children," he said in a recent interview. "I never was called to this church. *I built it.* I came to New York when I was only twenty-two years old, without a dollar or a friend, and I have built this church. I have raised over $1,500,000 in that time, for church work, and besides paying our church expenses we have $500,000 of it left, in real estate."

"I cannot trust myself," Dr. Tyng wrote in his letter of farewell, "to express the sorrow I have experienced in withdrawing for a time from public ministry. I have submitted to what I believe to be the ordering of a glorious Lord, who "doeth all things well," and I continue to follow that leadership, which has supplied the inspiration of my life and labors hitherto. It cannot be under such guidance I shall be constrained to retire from the active work of the ministry altogether. To friends everywhere, by whose fidelity, charity, and prayers I have been upheld during twenty years of public life and service, I can offer only the poor thanks of *one weary in work, but not of the work.*"

Many prayers will be offered by Christians everywhere—by many who have never listened to the eminent preacher, but who have read with profit his works on prophecy and on the second coming of our Lord, and have learned to love him, that God's blessing may be upon him in retirement, and that, if consistent with God's will, he may be speedily restored to health.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey Left San Francisco, according to a telegram received from that city, on April 8th. They were expected to spend last Monday in Los Angelos, the following Sunday in Denver, and the next Sunday in Chicago. At the closing meeting, on April 7th, *eighty-two thousand dollars* were raised to pay off the debt on the Young Men's Christian Association building. The Association was reorganized, with new officers and directors, and Thomas K. Cree, travelling secretary of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, was placed in charge of it. In addition to the entire debt being raised, a gentleman subscribed *six thousand dollars* for the use of the Association in evangelistic work. The evangelists have been laboring continuously on the Pacific coast for six months, and the result is said to have been the addition of over *one thousand members* to the various churches, and a general revival among experienced Christians.

The Kansas Prohibition Law Has Been the subject of some misconception, which Governor St. John corrects in a letter to the Woman's Temperance Union of Chicago. The Governor writes: "That many of the whiskey dealers in this State are moving to Kansas City, Mo., is true, but for every saloon-keeper that goes out of Kansas on account of our prohibitory law, a sufficient number of sober, industrious, energetic families come into the State *to build a school-house*, and Kansas can always afford to trade her saloons for school-houses, and drunkenness for sobriety. That part of the charge which alleges that the law interferes with the free and unrestricted sale of tinctures or compounds that are used solely for medicine, is not true, nor does the law directly or indirectly interfere with the right to administer or partake of wine at communion services.* All such stories are instigated and circulated by the whiskey ring in order to break the force of the prohibitory law in this State, for the advocates of free whiskey well know that when it has been thoroughly tested and proved, which it will be, that prohibition in Kansas is a grand success, other States will follow our example, and eventually the policy of prohibition will be a fundamental law of the United States. Notwithstanding the law does not take effect until the 1st of May next, already the saloons have closed in most of the interior towns of the State, and after the 1st of May we will not have an open bar in Kansas; nor will Kansas ever again be guilty of giving the sanction of law to that which everybody knows to be wrong."

The Oneida Community Rooted Out of the States with so much difficulty, has established itself, with all its immoral characteristics, on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls. The British authorities will probably take action against the community, for although they are represented as industrious and enterprising people, the presence of such a society while they practice open immorality cries to God for vengeance on any government tolerating them.

An Earnest Temperance Movement has been inaugurated in the Episcopal Church, partially the result of the visit of the eminent temperance advocate, Dr. Graham, of Great Britain, to this country. It is proposed to make the entire Church a great temperance society, in fact as well as in doctrine. To that end a number of prominent members of the Church recently met in this city and determined to organize "The Church Temperance Society." A temporary Executive Committee of twenty gentlemen was appointed to draw up a constitution and plan of organization. The object of the society is to enlist the aid of all persons interested in the effort to remedy the evils of intemperance. It is intended to admit to membership any person who at all sympathizes with the work of the society, without regard to his own habits. He may sign a pledge, or not, just as he chooses. The total abstinence pledge is recommended, but not made obligatory, to three classes—to those who are intemperate as a matter of policy and self-preservation, to those who believe their example will help weaker brethren, and to children as a means of avoiding temptation. The payment of two dollars and an expression of sympathy with the society's work qualifies for membership. Rev. B. F. De Costa, the Secretary of the society, said that it was the intention of the founders to make the Church Temperance Society general throughout the Church in this country. Copies of the constitution were to be printed at once and sent to every Diocesan Convention, and Bishop Smith had been invited to prepare a letter to be sent to each diocese on the subject.

A Letter from Mr. Jerry McAuley Appears in an evening journal pleading for Christian men to aid him in securing employment for converted gamblers and men who having relinquished sinful courses are without the means of life. Mr. McAuley says: "Very many formerly well-known men of irregular lives, criminals and drunkards, have been reclaimed from their unhappy condition by the good influences brought to bear on them in the Water Street Mission, and to-day they may be found in positions of responsibility all over the city in corporations and business houses, respected and trusted. Jack McGinnis, *a gambler and rumseller* of some notoriety in the Eighth and Fourteenth Wards, recently made a public recantation of his past life, and we have reason to believe that his late conversion is stirring up his associates in a manner which may result in their amendment. There is an appalling amount of vice in this city, and any steps which tend to lessen the ranks of those who prey upon society, and transform them into law-abiding citizens, merit the earnest attention of thinking men."

The Suicide of a Beautiful Girl Last Week in a hotel in New York is another illustration of the apostolic warning that the end of sin is death (James 1 : 15). She had come to this city from San Francisco, and had been leading a life of gayety and dissipation. Her parents are wealthy, and the girl had in her possession when she committed her deplorable crime a considerable sum of money. Letters found in her room after her death and a diary written in French proved that the consequences of her reckless life had driven her to despair and death. She had previously attempted suicide at another hotel by going to bed and leaving the gas turned on, but her effort on that occasion had been frustrated by a servant who noticed the smell of the gas in passing her door. Last week she procured morphine, and with that ended her wasted life.

A Life was Saved by a Rose-bush Three weeks ago, near Portland, Oregon. An exploring party were examining a wild section of country near Multnomah Falls. The gorges, ravines, and rugged mountain-sides were covered deeply with snow, upon the surface of which was a heavy crust as smooth as a sea of ice. The party was making slow progress along the backbone of a divide. On the right-hand side was a slope of about 100 feet to an abrupt cliff, beneath which, about 40 feet below, was a chasm filled with immense rocks. One of the party, while looking over the valley beneath, lost his footing and fell, rolling toward the edge of the precipice with frightful velocity. When within a few feet of the edge he grasped *a rose-bush*, the only tree or shrub within reach, and as it tore through his hand, lacerating his fingers, he was brought to a stop nearly upon the brink. It was a moment of horror lest the shrub give way and he be dashed to death upon the rocks below. His companions made all haste, and, throwing him a rope, he managed to crawl back to a place of safety, leaving a track of blood upon the snow as it streamed from his lacerated hands. It was a narrow escape, and the providential circumstance of a rose-bush growing in so unusual a place renders it still more remarkable. We cannot forget that the rose is used in the Bible as an emblem of Christ, and that in the slippery and dangerous places of life many have been saved from eternal destruction by Him, who has said, "I am the Rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys."

A Remarkable Church Record is that of a church at Dorset, Vt. The pastor has been minister for twenty-five years; his chorister has started the tunes for thirty years or more; his deacons have held office, one for forty years and the other for twenty years; the Sunday-school superintendent has presided sixteen years, and one of the teachers has taught fifty-two years.

Gratitude of Crossing-Sweepers.—Some Years ago a minister of one of the New York City churches, who had the Sunday before preached in a tent at the Five Points, where religious services were being carried on, was crossing the well-swept walk across Broadway at Worth Street. He held out some pennies to one of the little sweepers, but the boy promptly declined the gift, saying, "Oh no, sir; we heard you preach in the big tent on Sunday, and we don't want you to give us pennies." He had given them something better than pennies, and they were glad to make a clean path for him. Soon afterward a lady, well known at the mission, came to the crossing, and a little girl exclaimed, "Here comes Mrs. ——; sweep the walk clean for her." And when the lady handed her a three-cent piece, another poor little girl interfered, saying to the first, "Ain't you ashamed to take money from our teacher? No, ma'am, we don't want you to pay us."

A Will Lost Nineteen Years Ago was Found a few days since in an old book. An old New York lawyer, named Gabriel Winter, who died on February 27th, 1862, was believed to have left a will, disposing of his property, but it could not be found. The estate was consequently divided among the heirs-at-law; but the other day a son-in-law of the dead man, on taking down from his library an old quarto volume of the very early statutes of the State of New York, which had belonged to Mr. Winter, discovered in it *a sealed package*, which, on being opened, was found to contain the long-lost will. Although nearly twenty years had elapsed, and the property had during that time been regarded as belonging to other people, the directions of the original holder were promptly carried out as soon as the will was discovered. The incident reminds us that although God's will in the government of the world is apparently thwarted, yet the day will come when it will be executed faithfully in all its righteousness (Isa. 14 : 24).

A Sensational Account of a Convict's Escape comes from Goldsborough, N. C. It appears that two prisoners were confined in the same cell. One of them was taken sick and died. The corpse was shrouded and placed in a coffin, and left in the cell all night, ready to be taken away for interment the following morning. The surviving convict removed the corpse to his own bed, and having forced out some knots from the coffin-lid to admit the air, he lay down in the coffin and was carried away by the burial party in the morning. In a lonely part of the road he commenced a series of noises, which so alarmed the driver that he ran away in terror, and the convict breaking open the coffin-lid made his escape. The convict's adroitness in thus utilizing his comrade's death to escape punishment shows that he was possessed of remarkable powers of invention and resource. Probably the next time he is inclosed in a coffin his spirit will have gone to a doom which all his clever tricks will not help him to elude. Only by virtue of the life and death of Jesus and by faith in Him can deliverance come in that day (Rom. 3 : 25).

A HASTY EXPRESSION PENITENTLY RETRACTED.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"I said in my haste, I am cut off from before thine eyes: nevertheless thou heardest the voice of my supplications when I cried unto thee."—Ps. 31 : 22.

A Bit of Genuine Experience—The Imperfections of Eminent Men—I. An Utterance of Unbelief—Unbelief Generally Talkative—Its Utterances Generally Hasty—The Result of Temper—Often Exaggerated—They Dishonor God—II. An Effort of Struggling Faith—David Prayed Distinctly—In Downright Earnest—God Heard his Prayer—III. A Testimony of Gratitude—God Did not Speak—Nor Show Haste—Nor Exaggerate—Nor Dishonor His Servant—Sundry Lessons—Repent of Every Hard Thought—Put a Check on our Language—Continue to Pray—Speak Well of God's Mercy.

THAT is *a bit of genuine experience*, honestly told in the most natural manner. How glad we ought to be that David never fell into the hand of an ordinary biographer, for such a piece of weakness as this text records would have been carefully repressed, lest the good man's reputation should suffer. It was only a hasty expression, and every friendly biographer would have felt that it ought to be taken as unspoken. Here, however, stands this piece of human weakness upon David's life-page, and we are glad of it: it is a comfort to us little folks to perceive the champions were men of like passions with ourselves.

Take heed, however, when you are reading the histories of the saints, that you use them with prudence, for it is not all the experience of a Christian that is Christian experience. A believer may experience much which he does not experience as a believer, but because his believing is failing him. Sometimes we are rather to regard the experience of good men as beacons to warn us from rocks than as lighthouses to show us where the harbor may be. *Rheumatism is certainly a human disease*, but I would by no means recommend a person to seek after it in order to prove his manhood. We can well do without some things which were characteristic of certain eminent men, since they did not adorn or strengthen them, but rather disfigured and weakened them.

In David's case, it is well to follow David, but it is better to follow David's son; for David sometimes went astray like a lost sheep, but David's son was that great Shepherd of the sheep whose every step it is safe for the flock to follow. Do not let us imitate David in his speaking in haste, or in his saying, "I am cut off from before thine eyes;" but at the same time, let us take care that we closely copy him in confessing conscious fault, as he here does; in crying to God in the hour of trouble, as he tells us he did; and also in bearing witness to the exceeding goodness of God, notwithstanding our faultiness, as he here bears witness when he says, "Nevertheless thou heardest the voice of my supplications when I cried unto thee."

For our edification we will consider the text thus: Here is, first, *an utterance of unbelief*—"I am cut off from before thine eyes;" secondly, here is incidentally mentioned *an effort of struggling faith*—he says, "Thou heardest the voice of my supplications when I cried unto thee;" and, thirdly, here is *a testimony of gratitude*, for David joyfully declares that, notwithstanding his unbelief, the Lord heard and answered his cries. O for the touch of the Holy Spirit to make this outline into a living sermon. Here are the altar and the wood: O Holy Ghost, be thou the fire!

I. Let us begin by listening to

AN UTTERANCE OF UNBELIEF—

"I said in my haste, I am cut off from before thine eyes."

Note here, first, that *unbelief is generally talkative*—"I said." It had been better for him not to have thought it even, but when he did think thus wrongly it was most unwise to speak the thought. I have heard it said, "If it is in the mind it may as well come out," but this is not true. If I had a rattlesnake in a box on this platform, I think you would none of you vote for the creature's being let loose. Poison in a phial is deadly, but it will hurt no one until the cork is drawn, and then we cannot tell how far the

mischief may go. Lions and tigers and vipers are best shut up; the wider range you give them the more you empower them to do mischief.

If thou hast an ill thought, repent of it, but do not repeat it: it may harm *thee*, but it will not harm others if thou let it die within doors. If thou hast a hard thought of God, utter it not in the presence of His own children. Wouldst thou grieve thy brethren? Utter it not in the presence of His enemies. Wouldst thou open their mouths to speak against Him? Where wilt thou utter it? Speak it not upon earth, for it is His footstool. Say it not in prayer, for thou art bowing at His throne. Say it nowhere, for God will hear it if none else should.

Yes, unbelief will prattle. I have known believing men slow of speech, but when a man has anything to complain of he is fluent even to overflowing; he will go from one neighbor to another, and lament the badness of trade, how the crops are failing, how ill he is himself, what a sickly family he has, and a legion of other griefs. *The gazette of sorrow has long columns*, and is generally crowded with items; it is published every hour of the day, and you can get a new edition at almost any house, for unbelief must publish its inventions.

Our next observation shall be that *the utterances of unbelief are generally hasty*—"I said in my haste." There was no reason for saying such a thing at all, and certainly not for being in a hurry to say it; for he said unto God, "I am cut off from before thine eyes." Look at this statement well. It is a very solemn thing to make such a declaration. See if it be founded on fact. Do you think it is true? Search a little more. Set your supposed condition in another light, and see whether, after all, you may not have made a mistake. But no. Unbelief blunders it out, right or wrong: "I said in my haste, I am cut off from before thine eyes." I suppose the reason for the hot haste is this—that when a man's mind is much distracted and driven to and fro he wants to come to some sort of conclusion; and, though that conclusion may be totally false, and may be as far from right as possible, yet some sort of a conclusion his troubled thoughts require.

John Bunyan says of the pilgrim that he was much tumbled up and down in his thoughts. It is a forcible Saxon expression, and most of you know what it signifies. You do not know whether you are on your head or your heels, as the old saying is; you are in a horrible confusion, and countless difficulties surround you; and so it is that you blunder at a conclusion, and say in your haste what should not be said. But why in such haste to write bitter things against yourself? Why in such haste to write your own condemnation? Why in such haste to misjudge your God? Stop a bit, brother. Stop a bit!

There is

TIME ENOUGH

for this when the worst has come to the worst. Wait awhile, for when the brain is heated waiting will cool the brow, and prepare a place for wisdom. Why are you so desperately eager to play the fool? Know that the utterances of unbelief are hasty; and hasty things are raw and sour, and cannot display the maturity of prudence. What a man says in his haste he generally has to repent in his leisure. If it is a good thing, say it at once; but if it be a doubtful thing, stop; then stop again; then stop again; and if the stopping should end in your not speaking, there will be a little more of golden silence in the world.

I have heard say that one of the greatest points in good speaking is to know when to pause. I do not know about that, but I am sure that one of the wisest things in good living is to know when to pause, to stop, to question, and to deliberate. To go blindly on as though it were neck or nothing with you is to make sure shipwreck some day or other. Do nothing till you are sure that it is right to do it, and say nothing till you know that what you say is true. Hasty deeds and hasty words make up the most horrible parts of human history: the warnings of the past forbid all recklessness. Nevertheless, when once we grow despondent this is our temptation, and it will be well to bit and bridle both mind and tongue lest we fall into the evil.

Frequently *when a man speaks in haste his expressions are the result of his temper.* "We are quick tempered," some will say. If you are quick tempered it is very likely that you are also quick tongued, and this is a great pity. You speak in a moment what you cannot unsay in a century. Now, it is very ill when we are

IN A TEMPER WITH GOD.

Is that ever the case? Oh, yes. I fear that often professing Christians are out of temper with God. A good woman was wearing deep mourning years after the loss of him whom she mourned; and a Quaker said to her, "Friend, I perceive *thou hast not forgiven God* yet." There he hit the nail on the head. Many have not forgiven God yet: they have taken umbrage against Him either because of bereavement, or loss of property, or sickness, or disappointment, or trial, and they keep on sulking because they cannot have their own way.

Surely they have never heard the question, "Should it be according to thy mind?" Wilt thou sit on the throne and judge thy God? Wilt thou

"Snatch from his hands the balance and the rod,
Rejudge his judgment, be the God of God"?

This is blasphemy; and yet too often such blasphemy enters into the human heart. Who is to be master? Are *we* to be lords over all? Who is to order providence? In whose hands should be the issues from death? Is God to wait on us, and ask our will, and do our bidding? That is, indeed, the turning of things upside down, and it cannot, must not be. It is because we get into wayward, foolish, rebellious tempers with God that therefore we speak in our haste what we ought not even to think. Thus David penitently confesses, "I said in my haste, I am cut off from before thine eyes."

Again, it is very clear from the text that *the utterances of unbelief are frequently exaggerated.* "I am cut off from before thine eyes." No, David; no, no. It is not so: you are cut off from the esteem of men through slander, and you are cut off from the friendship of those who once professed to love you, whose minds have been soured by an evil report; but you are not cut off from God. It is true you are cut off from the public services of God's house, and obliged to hide away in the rocks and caves of the earth: that is true; but you are not cut off from before God's eyes. You know you are not, and why do you say you are?

Oh, but some people always talk big about everything; and it is a great pity, because it is so near lying that I do not know whether it is not the same thing. There must be a *very narrow line, fine as a razor's edge*, between a lie and the unguarded expressions of exaggeration. Some people talk about their trials on a scale which allows a mile for every inch. Their afflictions are awful, they are dreadful, they are without parallel. There were never any like them, and there never will be again. They endure the most extraordinary pains, and the most wonderful afflictions, and they are altogether quite equal to Job and Jeremiah rolled into one. Never did any persons undergo sufferings comparable to theirs. You cannot sit down by their side to comfort them but they will tell you at once that you do not know anything about the great deeps whereon they are doing business: you are only knee-deep in the waters of trouble, while all God's waves and billows have gone over them.

I meet with some who are almost impossibly afflicted; their tribulations exceed that which is common to man, and that which is uncommon too; but this may be accounted for by the large organ of imagination with which they are endowed. By using this imagination to paint their spectacles they are soon able to see all manner of dreadful visions, and they talk accordingly. That is the way of our unbelief: it will talk at random about trials and troubles.

May I ask if any friend here has been exaggerating his trouble? Is there any sister here who is fretting out of all reason—making a great deal out of what may be much, but is not everything? Then stand rebuked at this hour. Your cup is not all gall. Your bread is not all turned to ashes. All your comforts have not fled; many a mercy is left you. Come, come, friend, we are not quite cut off from before the Lord; let us leave off exaggeration lest we be guilty of falsehood.

Once more, *the utterances of unbelief dishonor God.* "I am cut off," says David, "from before thine eyes." He does, as it were, blame the Lord. Before thy very eyes have I suffered this; thou hast so forsaken me and given me over to the enemy, that I am cut off from before thine eyes. Why dost thou not deliver me? He spoke in his haste, as if God, at the very least, had been forgetful, even if He had not been untender and unfaithful. "I am cut off from before thine eyes." It would greatly dishonor God if He did suffer one that could say, "In thee, O Lord, have I put my trust," to be cut off from before His eyes. It would be contrary to His promise; for He has said that He will not suffer the righteous to perish.

"The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and His ears are open to their cry;" there never was a godly man cut off from God yet, and there never will be till time shall be no more. All the attributes of God forbid the destruction of a soul that is resting on the Almighty arm; and yet the unbelieving heart declares that such a destruction has taken place in its own case. Oh, wondrous unbelief, to think the Lord to be so unrighteous as to forget our work of faith and labor of love, to forget His children, to cast away His own, His covenanted ones, with whom He has entered into solemn league by oath, saying, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." He puts His promise very strongly in that passage, using many negatives in the original tongue. "I will not, not, not—never, never leave thee. I will not, not forsake thee:" many times over negativing the idea that He could possibly forsake one of His own.

II. So much, then, upon the first head—an utterance of unbelief; we are now ready to look within the sorrowing heart, and mark the signs that grace is still living there. We have not far to search; for, secondly, in the text there is mentioned

AN EFFORT OF STRUGGLING FAITH.

Though David said, "I am cut off from before thine eyes," yet *he prayed, and prayed distinctly to God.* He says, "Thou heardest the voice of my supplications when I cried *unto thee.*" O child of God, cry to a smiting God. Cry to God even when He seems to cast thee off; for where else canst thou go? What remains for thee but to cry to Him, even if He shut His ear to thy plea? What if He frown upon thee? Still cling to Him. Where else canst thou espy a hope? To whom or whither could you go if you should turn from God? What if His providences seem hard? What if He use the rod upon thee till thy whole head is sick and thy whole heart faint? What if He even appears to put His hand to His scabbard to draw out the sword to slay thee? Even then there remains no resort for thee so hopeful as believing prayer. Say thou with Job, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

Sink or swim, live or die, do not doubt thy God, but still pray. When Bunyan's pilgrim went through the valley-of-the-shadow-of-death, he found that he had no weapon with which he could smite the fiends that surrounded him except the weapon of all-prayer. The adversaries were too impalpable for sword or spear, too mysterious for battle-axe or bow; but prayer could find them out and smite them to the heart. Believer, this is the most convenient and useful of all the weapons in our heavenly panoply. All-prayer will help you against man or devil. It will help you to bear up under trials that come from God and tribulations, that mysteriously approach you from earth or hell. Long as you live should you pray, for while you can pray you cannot perish. You must under no pressure cease from prayer, my brother. It is your last resort. "Men ought always to pray, and not to faint."

Please notice that *David prayed in downright earnest*, for he says, "Thou heardest the voice of my supplications," so that he offered many prayers—prayers with voices to them, and he describes them under the term, "I cried." His was a crying prayer. Those are the very best prayers. Our eyes sometimes light upon "prayers to be said or sung;" we have no wish to depreciate such compositions for others, but they are of no possible

use to us who delight to tell our desires to our heavenly Father in our own broken speech. That is *the* prayer which is neither said nor sung, but *cried:* it drops from the eyes in tears, it breaks forth from the lips in moans, and from the breast in groanings that cannot be uttered.

Those prayers of ours which we could not endure for any human ear to hear are among the best of prayers. Even in his despair, I say, David prayed, and that praying took the form of an earnest and passionate cry.

Note well that *God heard his prayer.* We sometimes fancy that God will not hear us if any measure of unbelief is mixed with our prayers. If that were the case I am afraid that the Lord would not often hear us, for there is a measure of unbelief even in our strongest faith. It is a great mercy that even when we are lamenting, "I am cut off from before thine eyes," yet if at the same time we can pray, our petition is accepted of the Lord.

My friend, thou who art in trouble, whoever thou mayest be, let me urge, persuade, entreat thee, not to listen to the voice of Satan who tempts thee to cease from prayer. Do not say, "God will not hear me because I am in this wretched condition." Remember the words, "Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord." Cry to Him wherever you may be, or whoever you may be. However desperate your plight, you shall survive it if you pray; however dire your danger, a way of escape shall be made for you if you cry unto the Lord. Cannons have been styled "the last arguments of kings;" but I may better call prayers *the last arguments of needy sinners.* Cling to the mercy-seat when you can cling nowhere else. Cling to the mercy-seat when justice lifts her sword to slay thee. Increase your earnestness in proportion as you are tempted to cease from prayer; and may God the Holy Ghost, who is the God of grace and of supplications, intensify your desires, help your infirmities, and teach you how to pray, and what to pray for, as you ought.

III. Our text next supplies us with

A TESTIMONY OF GRATITUDE.

The Psalmist says, "Nevertheless thou heardest the voice of my supplications."

Notice that God acted in directly the opposite manner from that in which the Psalmist's unbelief acted; for, first, his unbelief spoke and said this and that; but *God did not speak.* He was a listener; "Thou heardest." Not a word came from God; there had been *too many words in the business already.* When we begin to grumble with anybody, it takes two to make a quarrel, and if number two answers to our murmuring we soon stir up a fierce quarrel. Oh, the marvellous patience of God. He says nothing. There was the strength of Christ, that "as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth" in the midst of His accusers; and here is a part of the marvellous power of God—the omnipotence which restrains omnipotence, so that He is not provoked, or being provoked, speaks not in anger, and deals not with His servants in wrath, else had we long ago been consumed. Oh, how sweet to look back and think, He did not answer me according to my folly, or walk frowardly with me because I walked frowardly with Him. His word says, "With the froward thou wilt show thyself froward;" but He did not fulfil that threat to me, nor walk contrary to me, though I walked contrary to Him. In gentleness and patience He regarded not my evil words, and answered me not according to my folly.

You see then the difference between the quiet of God and the clamor of our unbelief. David bears cheerful testimony to the fact that he was in error when he spoke so hastily, and that God was exceeding gracious in taking so little notice of his foolish complaint.

The next contrast is seen in the fact that though David spoke in a hurry, *there was no haste in God.* "I said in my haste." Yes, but God did not reply in haste. Notice the glorious leisure of infinite love, for it is written, "Thou heardest the voice of my supplications." God was quietly hearing while His petulant servant was fiercely complaining.

We had *a meeting of ministers* a short time ago, at which it was agreed that for five minutes each one should relate a piece of experience. One of the brethren gave us this thought, which I shall not soon forget. He said, "It is a great thing for a minister who visits his people to be a good listener. The afflicted value this faculty above gold. Perhaps the pastor calls upon a poor woman who is in great trouble, and he sits down, and she tells him her mournful tale. Bless her heart! He has heard that tale a dozen times before, but he sits quite still and takes it all in, listening most earnestly. He has not perhaps the power to help her at all, but she feels very thankful to him because he has heard her case, and it has comforted her to tell it." It is a great thing to be willing to sit and listen, and hear a story which perhaps is very badly told, and is not at all pleasant to hear, which even creates sorrow in your own mind as you hearken to it. Such hearing displays tender sympathy. Hence the Scriptures say of God, "O thou that *hearest* prayer."

Let us go a little farther in our contrast between David and his Lord. *There was no exaggeration with God.* Unbelief exaggerates, as we have shown; but God does not. On the contrary, He diminishes the evil of His servants till it comes to nothing, putting it all away. He heard the feeble cry of faith in David's heart, and did not allow the voice of his unbelief to drown it; He did not look upon His servant's fault till it hid his grace; but He smiled upon the work of grace, little as it was.

And though, as we have said, unbelief dishonored God, yet *God did not dishonor His servant's prayer* for all that. No; He might have said to David's prayer, "Go thy way, I will not hear thee. Doth the same fountain send forth sweet water and bitter? I heard David say just now, 'I am cut off from before thine eyes.' Am I going to hear out of the same mouth a charge against my faithfulness and a cry for help? If He thinks I have forsaken Him, let it be so." But not so our God. He will not dishonor prayer, even though prayer be very feeble, and though there be an unbelief in it which is grievous in his sight. It never shall be said that faith and prayer came back from the throne of God with blushing faces: He will maintain His memorial untouched, and the motto of that memorial is, the God that heareth prayer. "Thou heardest the voice of my supplications when I cried unto thee."

We dare not make much out of our English version by way of dogmatic teaching, and yet somehow I feel inclined to pull each little word of the text in pieces just for a minute. Look at it. "Nevertheless thou heardest the voice." "*Nevertheless,*" as much as to say, Though I had spoken as I ought not to do, yet thou didst not lessen thine attention to me, but thou didst just as much hear my prayer as if I had never sinned with my tongue. Not one jot the less was thy pity or thy bounty: thine ear did not in any measure lose its readiness to hear my prayer, nor thy heart its willingness to feel for me. Not one particle the less for all my transgressing "thou heardest the voice of my supplications."

The time has come for me to wind up with

SUNDRY LESSONS

in a few words.

The first is, let us repent heartily of every hard thought we have ever had of our God and Father. I am forced to look back upon some such sins of thought with much distress of mind. They have come from me in serious pain and depression of spirit; and now I pray the Lord of His great mercy to look at them as though I had never thought them, for I do heartily abhor them, and I loathe myself in His sight that I should ever have questioned His tender love and gracious care. If you have similarly transgressed, dear friends, in your dark nights of trouble, come now, and bow your heads, and pray the Lord to forgive His servants concerning this thing; for He is so good, so gracious, that it is a wanton cruelty to think of Him as otherwise than overflowing with love.

In the next place, let us earnestly pray that, if ever we shall be tempted again to hard, mistrustful thoughts, we may be able to put a check upon our language, and to keep our mouth as with a bridle. Oh that our tongue, which is given us to praise our God with, may never be perverted into an instrument of complaint against our greatest benefactor. O thou vile tongue, how couldst thou ever in thy hottest haste let slip an angry word against the Lord?

The next lesson is this: let us always continue to pray, come what will. Brethren, never cease praying. What I have said before, I say again, continue in prayer. Call upon your God. Cry to Him. Cry to Him. While breath lasts, and life gives power to feel a desire, never cease to supplicate the Lord.

Last of all, let us always speak well of His mercy. If we have bitterly complained, let us with equal vigor declare His goodness. I wish that you who are given to grumble would make up your minds that the time past will suffice you to have grumbled, and now you are going to growl backward, to

RECALL ALL YOUR HARD SPEECHES,

and to praise God as much as you have formerly complained against Him. I should like farmers to break into a wonderful excitement of gratitude, so that all the nation would ring with it, and all men would confess, "Whenever you meet a farmer, you meet with a man who is always praising God for the weather." It will be a wonderful change if that should ever come to be the general remark.

I wish you tradesmen would suddenly put a new leaf into your books, and become the most thankful set of men alive, so that it would be universally said, "Whenever we meet a tradesman, we always find him praising God for His goodness to him in his business." For many years most traders have done the other thing, and it is time they should pitch a new tune, and sing another song. There have been "very bad times—dreadfully bad times," quite long enough. Are there no better times coming? Bad as times are, these grumblers live, and live in comfort too. They ought to praise God now for those wonderful seasons four, five, or six years ago, when things were so marvellously good that they were able to lay up store for the years of famine.

God give us a happy, childlike, rejoicing spirit. We have done enough murmuring to last a lifetime; let us change the tune. Suppose that you were to say, "I will make up my mind that just as much as I have ever disbelieved, mistrusted, murmured, so much will I do in the way of trusting and praising the Lord." But suppose you were actually to do as much, that would be a poor life of which you could merely say, "There was as much praise of God in that man's life as there was of murmuring." Shall we be content with such a summary? No, no, no, we must rise to something better than that. We must praise God a thousand times to every complaint. No; we must get above that; we must have done with all complaining. God deliver us from it, and lift us right out of unbelief; and when we do speak in our haste again, may it only be to exclaim, "Bless the Lord, hallelujah!"

If somebody sincerely remarks, "That was a bit of enthusiasm," you may reply, "Oh yes; but as I am a hasty man, and rather quick-tempered, that is the way in which I show my hastiness; I bless the Lord while my heart is hot, and then keep on doing so till I have cooled down." Lift up a hallelujah when nobody is prepared for such a word of praise. Startle your friends by crying, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name." The Lord lift you all up to this, and keep you there, for Christ's sake. Amen.

[Portion of Scripture read before Sermon—Psalm 31.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

MR. J. B. GOUGH IN BROOKLYN.

Lecture on Platform and Personal Experiences.

On Monday, April 4th, Mr. Gough delivered an interesting and humorous address on his platform and personal experiences, in the course of which he recounted the following incidents:

"I bring you," Mr. Gough said,

"A PIECE OF PATCHWORK.

"It will necessarily be personal, but I trust you will not think me egotistical. I propose to give myself the largest liberty in wandering and to offer no apology for it. I never had any great ambitions until I visited a theatre, when I became *completely stage-struck*. After my visit to the Old Bowery Theatre, in New York, in 1832, I made up my mind I would strut my brief hour on the stage. I *envied the very stick upon it*—the very meanest of its ornaments, and with my stage-struck companions made myself ridiculous. We infused tragedy into the most trivial conversations." Mr. Gough gave an amusing imitation of the bombastic attitudes and modes of expression which are considered true acting at some theatres. He strode across the platform with a dignified step, saying, as a bit of tragic dialogue:

"Milord, wilt hand me the paste pot?"

"Ay, by the mass, Gonzales, thou shalt have it!"

"I stand here to-night sixty-three years of age, and I thank God from my innermost soul that I have for forty years been a temperance lecturer. Without reflecting on the stage, I say I would rather be a door-keeper at a temperance lecture than the grandest actor that ever trod the stage.

"I cannot remember the time," confessed Mr. Gough, "that I did not dread an audience. You may say that—after 8000 lectures—that is affectation; but there is always something like *the trip-hammer beating* of the heart that there was when I first faced an audience. It is gone the moment I feel that I have the sympathy of my hearers, replaced by a consciousness of power that exhilarates and excites, producing a sensation of delight for which I afterward have to pay. To lead devotional exercises is always a source of serious embarrassment to me. Why it is so I know not. I cannot understand it; I cannot help it.

"I am asked, 'Do you see your audience as individually or in the aggregate?' Well, when I rise there is an involuntary selection of the persons to whom I shall speak and the will has

"NOTHING TO DO WITH THE CHOICE.

"I select you, talk to you, and I would know you afterward on the street. If I get your sympathy I am glad, if you are dull I am sad. I may have selected *a dull, vinegary sort of person*, but I have no will to make a change.

"I am asked, 'Do you prepare your lectures?' For the first seventeen years of my life I spoke entirely on temperance, and I never read a line on a temperance subject and never committed a sentence to my memory. In travelling or reading I am on the lookout, but I do not store my mind with anything. I let it float upon the surface.

"People will say—I have heard it, and so have you—'Gough is a mere story-teller.' Well, what else should he be? I glory in the name. My early life was one of privation. When I could lift a pound I lifted it for bread. When I was twenty-five years of age I had never read a book on history or science. When I put my name to a temperance pledge, I had no beautiful thoughts, no beautiful language, but I had a story to tell, and the people listened to it. It was a story of privation, a story of struggle, a story of despair, and a story of victory, and I thank God that I have so told my story as to make better the story of other people's lives.

"People say, 'Gough, you are a mere retailer of anecdotes.' Well, I have a keen sense of the ridiculous, and one of the most ridiculous things I know of is the attempt of certain sapient critics to analyze me. They say, 'Gough is not a thinker.' Well, I am not a thinker, a deep or original and profound thinker. I use my stories for illustration, and you know as well as I do that a good story will illustrate a point as well as half an hour's argument. Suppose I wish to illustrate false sympathy. I can tell the story of the boy, who, seeing a picture of the Christian among the lions, said he was sorry for the Christian, but he was sorry 'for that little lion over there that had not got a Christian.' But the finest stories may be ineffective. I have never been entirely put down, though I have been sorely tried. Argument is of no use with the man who means to annoy you; but if you can make a point against him in a good story you will have him.

"I was never so thoroughly nonplussed as once at a children's meeting by

"SOME CIGARS.

"I was engaged to address a large number of children in the afternoon, the meeting to be held on the lawn back of the Baptist Church. In the forenoon a friend met me, and after a few words said, 'I have some first-rate cigars; will you have a few?' "No, I thank you.' 'Do take half a dozen.' 'I have nowhere to put them.' 'You can put half a dozen in your pocket.' I wore a cap in those days, and to please him I put the cigars into it, and at the appointed time I went to the meeting. I ascended the platform and faced an audience of more than two thousand children. As it was out of doors I kept my cap on for fear of taking cold, and in the excitement of my remarks against forming bad habits I forgot all about the cigars.

"Toward the close of my speech I became more earnest, and after warning the boys against bad company, tobacco, drink, bad habits, and the bar-room saloons, I said, 'Now, boys, let us give three rousing cheers for temperance in all things. Now, then, three cheers, Hurrah!' And taking off my cap I waved it most vigorously, when away went the cigars right into the midst of the audience. The remaining cheers were very faint, and were nearly drowned in the laughter of the crowd. I was mortified and ashamed, and should have been relieved could I have sunk through the platform out of sight. My feelings were still more aggravated by a boy coming up the steps of the platform with one of those dreadful cigars, saying, in the hearing of every one there, 'Here's one of your cigars, Mr. Gough.'"

Mr. Gough related some experiences he had had in connection with clergymen here and across the Atlantic. Among these he described an interview to which he had listened in a child's sick-room at the Stockwell Orphanage. Standing by the bed of a child hopelessly ill was

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Holding the boy's hand, the great preacher said: "You have some precious promises in sight all round the room. Now, my dear boy, you are going to die, and you are very tired of lying here, but soon you will be free from all pain, and will enjoy rest. Nurse, did he rest last night?"—"Yes; but he coughed very much."—"Ah, my dear boy, it seems very hard for you to lie here all day in pain, and cough all night, but remember Jesus loves you. He bought you with His precious blood, and He knows what is best for you. It seems hard for you to lie here and listen to the shouts of the healthy boys outside at play; but soon Jesus will take you home, and then He will tell you the reason, and you will be so glad."

Then, laying his hand on the boy, he said: "O Jesus, Master, this dear child is reaching out his thin hand to find thine. Touch him, dear Saviour, with thy loving, warm clasp. Lift him as he passes the cold river that his feet be not chilled by the water of death; take him home in thine own good time. Comfort and cherish him till that good time comes, show him thyself as he lies here, and let him see thee and know thee more and more as his loving Saviour."

After a moment's pause, Mr. Spurgeon added, "Now, dear boy, is there anything you would like? If you would like a little canary in a cage to hear him sing in the morning, you shall have one. Good-bye, my dear boy; you will see the Saviour perhaps before I shall." In relating this Mr. Gough added: "I had seen Mr. Spurgeon holding by his power 5000 persons in a breathless interest; I knew him as a great man universally esteemed and beloved; but as he sat by the bedside of this dying child, whom his beneficence had rescued, he was to me a greater and grander man than when swaying the multitude at his will.

"Spurgeon's education," said Mr. Gough, "consisted of four years' attendance in a common school, and a few months in an agricultural college. He preached his first sermon at sixteen years of age, under peculiar circumstances, and without five minutes' consideration. To me personally he is fascinating. In personal appearance he is not attractive, but he is full of wit and humor, with rollicking laughter and fun, and yet with all no unbecoming levity. I cannot imitate Mr. Spurgeon—he is inimitable. He has no pulpit tricks. Standing sometimes perfectly still, he will utter wonderful sentences. Take him for all in all, we shall not see his like again."

In conclusion Mr. Gough drew a picture of a young man whom he had loved as a boy, and who, at thirty, maddened with drink, shot himself through the head. The contrast between the young man, clean, pure, and wholesome, and the drunkard with his furnace mouth and surging blood was drawn with startling vividness. "Would I have given him his first glass of wine," cried Mr. Gough. "No; I would rather have given him the last one which drove him to the rash deed, which sent him to the other world, for if there had been no first glass there would have been no last one."

SECRET DISCIPLESHIP.

A Sermon by the Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D.*

"A disciple of Jesus, but secretly."—John 19: 38.

Joseph of Arimathea—His Spirit Roused—Nicodemus—His Love Kindled—Secret Foes and Secret Friends—An Open Profession—It is Due to One's Self—Due to Others—Due to Jesus—Badness of Secret Discipleship—Conviction or Fear?—Losses of Secret Discipleship—Fear of Others—Fear of Self—Dishonor to Christ—A Worse Thing—No Disciple at All.

These words are spoken of Joseph of Arimathea. Of this person we learn several things, as he is mentioned by all the Evangelists.

He was "of Arimathea," probably Rama, or Ramathaim, in Ephraim, where Samuel was born. He was rich. This circumstance was considered worth perpetuating in the inspired records. Sometimes it is good for a man to be rich; sometimes it is not. If he uses his wealth for the accomplishment of God's purposes, it is an honor; if not, it becomes a disgrace.

This man held a very high position. He was a member of the Grand Council of the nation, and had a voice in the decisions of the Sanhedrin. But even that might have been a disgrace to him. Office is not proof of goodness. Unless a man be faithful in his office it is a reproach to him. We know, in our own day, that to hold office under government is a presumption against a man, which, however, he can overcome by being a just and a good man, and then the office becomes resplendent with the light of his virtues.

This Joseph *was* a "just" man. He was more than that: he was "good." By these words the inspired historians probably meant that he was not only careful to meet all the requirements of justice, but ready also to follow all the suggestions of benevolence. He was disposed to do right and to do more. He seems to have been present when the Sanhedrin sat on the case of Jesus. He did not sympathize with their rancor. He would not consent to their wicked counsel. He would not partake their wicked deed. He seems to have been in a very small minority, Nicodemus alone voting with him, if really Nicodemus did, against the killing of Jesus.

He was not only a moralist, striving to keep the letter of the law, but he was pious; he was waiting for the kingdom of God, according to St. Luke's account.

Such a man—so wise, so good, so just, in such a social position—had watched the progress of Jesus, had studied His words and actions, had compared them with the Holy Scriptures of the Old

* Seven persons are known to have been converted through this sermon. May its publication here be equally instrumental in the saving of souls!

Testament, and reached the conclusion that this man was the promised Messiah.

And yet, so great was the hold of caste on him, so fearful was he of the loss of his position, official and social, that he did not manfully declare his convictions and take the side to which, in his heart, he belonged. He was a "disciple" "secretly," "for fear of the Jews."

But when *the catastrophe came*, and Jesus expired on the cross, this man's love overflowed and filled his whole nature. He had no fear of Pilate and the Roman power. Jesus was dead. In an hour He might be cast into a trench with the corpses of the crucified thieves. And Joseph could not brook that indignity. He had not been associated with Jesus, had probably never spent as much time with Him as Nicodemus, but he believed in Him, he was striving privately to live by His teachings, and he could not endure to know that the precious remains of Jesus, the body that had held such a soul, should be buried with common rogues. So he went hastily back to the city, and boldly in to Pilate, and craved the body of Jesus.

There was another man, in the same station in life, named Nicodemus, who also had been deeply interested in Jesus, perhaps not so much as Joseph of Arimathea, to the extent of being His disciple even secretly. He must, however, have been convinced that Jesus was a prophet. In a night-interview which he had with our blessed Lord in the early part of His ministry, Nicodemus confessed that our Lord was *a Teacher sent from God*, and that no man could do those miracles unless God were with him. But such was his constitutional timidity that he never publicly acknowledged even that conviction. When the Sanhedrin were unjustly seeking to destroy Jesus, without even the show of a trial, Nicodemus interposed a few feeble words, uttering a general principle, but was immediately silenced by a sneer.

But now that Jesus was dead, the affection of this Sanhedrist came out more warmly, and when he saw Joseph, his colleague in the Council, going to beg the dead body—an office generally performed by the kinsmen of the executed—Nicodemus joined him, bringing *a hundred pounds of myrrh and aloes*.

What a striking picture does this burial present us! The dead Jesus has no kinsman, no kinswoman, no professed friend, no disciple, to go and beg His body; none but this man, who had probably admired and loved Him at a distance, but had had no intimacy with him; and there was no one to bring what was necessary for a decent burial, but a man who had once come to Him by night, and never came again. Peter, and John, and James, and Andrew, and Thomas, and all the others, have left Him to be thrown into a ditch like a Barabbas. But Joseph and Nicodemus save His body and carry it reverently and tenderly to Joseph's new sepulchre.

Probably in the case of every man, most probably in the case of every public man, there are

SECRET FOES AND SECRET FRIENDS.

When a man has succeeded in attaching others to him, they cannot see how it is possible that virtues which are so manifest to them, and beautiful in their eyes, are not equally conspicuous and splendid to others. We cannot see how others can hate our friends. But those others cannot see how we, who seem so honest, can love the people whom they so hate. Every public man may lay his plans and work them with the assurance that some one will secretly oppose their accomplishment.

But, on the other hand, there is this consolation, that every man of positive character, who leads an active life, has many secret friends. There are often reasons why they do not approach him. Modesty, timidity, the opposition of friends, the surroundings of a man, may keep him years from declaring his real sentiments toward one whose silent friend he is. But let an emergency arise where he is needed, and how nobly the secret friend comes to the front!

Who could have predicted that Joseph and Nicodemus, two members of the Council that had hunted Him down, would have performed the rites of sepulture for Jesus? It should have fallen to others, but they took the duty and the honor.

They were certainly disciples. They believed in Jesus. They loved Jesus. There can be no mistake, it would seem, in those points. They did not believe sufficiently to come down from their seats in the Sanhedrin and follow the lonely Teacher on His circuits of preaching and beneficence. But they loved Him, and probably He was never so beautiful in their eyes as when He was enduring the torturing inquisition of the high priest as when He was suffering under Pontius Pilate, as when He hung thorn-crowned and pierced and dead on the cross of Golgotha. There must then have come to these good men *a painful repentance* of the secrecy of their discipleship. They had refused that dead Man what was His due when He was living.

Always *in the sight of the dead* our shortcomings toward them become most poignant recollections. We are recalled from our carelessness by the fact that we never can repair the wrongs we have done them, nor pay them the attentions which we have thoughtlessly or heartlessly withheld. Blessed is the man who can look into the face of his dead friend with none of this bitterness in his grief! Perhaps the devotion of Joseph and Nicodemus was all the more devout because they had so signally failed of their duty while the Master was alive. Their discipleship had been sincere but defective.

Let not your discipleship be thus defective. There are multitudes who, like Joseph and Nicodemus, are disciples, but secretly. It cannot be that the hundreds of men who have never made a confession of their faith, but who are frequent listeners to the Gospel, can have heard so much of Jesus, can have paid even ordinary attention to the presentation of His character in the Bible and from the pulpit, can have watched the progress of His teaching and spirit through the world, and witnessed the effect of a sincere belief in Jesus on the whole nature of any man so believing, and not have somewhat joined themselves to His cause in their hearts.

We all know men and women who are conscientious and devout and charitable, to whom there is nothing so divine as Jesus, who are most sensitive to whatever pertains to His interests and His honor, and are prayerfully striving to copy His life, while they are humbly trusting in Him for salvation—men and women who, in our judgment, are even more disciples at heart than were Joseph and Nicodemus; and yet their discipleship is secret: and the discovery of evidences of it by their intimate friends is without their knowledge. Such are some of the hearers of these words. If you are such, you are besought to make your discipleship open, as our dear Lord has made His love.

1. *You owe it to yourselves.* The secrecy of your discipleship must be damaging to your whole character. There can possibly be no reason for it, worth stating in words, or that can satisfy a man's conscience or his God. To suppose that there are, is to suppose that there is something disgraceful or sinful in this discipleship; and, if there be such a thing, then no man ought to be a disciple of Jesus even secretly. It is wrong to belong to any society, or combination of men, membership in which one must conceal.

How can an honest man hold such a relation? It is wrong to be *married to any woman* under any circumstances which make you wish to keep the marriage a secret. There is no other man than Jesus whose friend you would be and yet be careful to hide the fact from other friends. It begins to make you doubtful of truth, and of honor, and of Jesus, and of yourself. It increases the cowardice of your character. He that will not openly espouse the cause of Jesus, when all his convictions are for Jesus, and when in secret he has really some love for Jesus, can never be a comrade to be relied upon in any great undertaking.

This secrecy will diffuse its baleful influence through all parts of your character. Few things can be more injurious than to hold well-formed opinions which have produced settled convictions, and then conceal those opinions and fail to act resolutely on those convictions. All the world unites to condemn cowardice and despise cowards. But what is cowardice but an unwillingness to take all the consequences of doing right, whether those consequences be pleasant to flesh and blood or otherwise? It is quite certain that even where there is real discipleship in the heart, if it be not open the discipleship will destroy the secrecy and become apparent and pronounced, or else the secrecy will destroy the discipleship; and it may require prompt action on your part to prevent this last result, which would be a dire catastrophe. You owe it to yourselves, to your own manliness, to come out openly for Jesus.

2. And, *you owe it to others.* There are men and women, some of the best in the world, who have embarked character, and reputation, and fortune, and life in the cause of Jesus. They believe Him to be the Saviour of the world, and they take Him to be their personal Saviour. And they believe that the hope of men for the future is with Jesus. They openly commit themselves to His cause for weal or for woe.

THEY ARE RIGHT OR WRONG.

You cannot say that they are wrong, for, as a secret disciple, you believe that they are right. If they are right, every honorable man in the world, who believes as they do, is bound to stand by them. You *do* believe as they do. It will be most unmanly to let others go out and fight your battles, risking everything for a cause in the success of which you are as deeply interested as they, and for which you are not willing to risk anything. Open disciples may be supposed to have little claims on unbelievers, but they have great claims on you.

Then there are *the non-confessors in your circle:* and they are of two classes—those who, like yourself, are disciples secretly, and those who are not disciples at all.

The former may need only that one of their station in life should step into the ranks, and they would then promptly enlist in the sacramental host of the Lord's elect. It was so in the case we have been considering. If Joseph of Arimathea had not espoused the cause of Jesus when he did, there is no probability that Nicodemus would have done so. It was late for both. If one had not moved forward at that very time, perhaps both would have died outside the pale of discipleship. There may be some Nicodemus waiting for your example. You owe it to him. Although you have so much weakened yourself by your concealment of your convictions, he is weaker than you.

His timidity may be constitutional, and all he waits for is *a companion* in this great step of a public adhesion to Jesus. Give him that help. Pastors will tell you how frequently they find husbands who are waiting for their wives, and wives who are waiting for their husbands. Sometimes one will conceal the state of his or her heart from the other, and this secret discipleship is hurtful to both. If you are ever to take Jesus for your Saviour, do it now, and you will find that others have been waiting for you, needing only your example to throw them into an active Christian life, ready to bring their hundredweight of myrrh and aloes the moment you go to crave the body of Jesus.

You owe it to those non-confessors who are not disciples of Jesus in any way. They fail to see their need of Jesus. You may never have thought what an argument against Jesus your position affords them. They do not know that you have any love for Jesus, that you are striving to live by His precepts, and that in your hearts you trust in Him as your Saviour. They *do* see that you are faithful, honorable, pure, and charitable, that your life is growing in beauty and in strength, and it never occurs to them that you owe all of this to Jesus. Nay, they hold that Jesus is unnecessary, because in your case they *think* they have proof that all goodliness of living may be achieved apart from Jesus. Your discipleship is honorable and useful to you, but your concealment is weak and hurtful both to yourself and to others.

You owe it to these non-believers to take away that confirmation in infidelity which your example affords them. It would startle them to hear from your own lips that you owe all to Jesus. It would direct their thoughts to the Saviour. It would be another man taken from the ranks of the wicked, the unbelieving, the thoughtless, and added to the company of Jesus. It would be putting your influence on the right side, whereas it is now on the wrong side.

(To be concluded.)

TOUCHES OF REAL LIFE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Lady Hope, of Cariden.

(*Continued from page 223.*)

SUMMARY OF THE STORY.

[The scene is laid in the English village of Shenstone, and in the town of Thornham in the same county. Both places were notorious for the dissipated habits of the working-men living there; and there was consequently much poverty in both places. The aristocratic family at Shenstone Hall avoided the villagers on account of their rough manners, but after Arthur Fennecker, the eldest son, died, his sister Etta commenced visiting the poor and sick among the people. She received a hearty welcome from a poor aged Christian, Michael Bateman. Arthur Fennecker had received no religious instruction at home, and when he was ill, Edgar Harcourt, a clergyman, Arthur's cousin was sent for, at the dying young man's request, to speak to him of Jesus. The rector of the village, Mr. Habershon, performed his duties in a perfunctory manner, and made no active effort to spread the knowledge of Christ among the people. He had one young daughter, named Aleth. His gardener, Mr. Hutton, and a few other Christian men used to meet for prayer in an empty shed, but some mischievous drunken loafers burned it down in a frolic. At Thornham we are introduced to mechanics, of whom the foreman is Harry King, called by his mates King Hal. They are all addicted to drinking, and Albert Eldridge, the son of the builder for whom they work, is desirous of improving their habits. Lady Isabel Hamilton, who resides at Lionel Court, near the town, establishes a coffee-room as a rival to the beer saloon. She persuades a drinking man named James Hardcastle, whose sick daughter she occasionally visited, to attend it. Mr. Loudon is the manager of the coffee-room. Mr. Jardine is an acquaintance of the Hamiltons, living in London and absorbed in worldly pursuits.]

A Shy Guest—The Grog-Seller's Own—Inaugural Ceremonies—Lady Isabel's Welcome—An Inappropriate Speech.

THERE came into the coffee-room among others a young fellow who had the shyest and most sensitive of dispositions. He was always fancying some one was laughing at him, some one was looking at him, some one was cross to him, or some one "didn't want him." He was never at his ease, never thoroughly comfortable, except when, hod in hand, he was carrying the mortar up and down the ladder at his work. Then he was thoroughly absorbed, and therefore happy; his morbid tendencies being less at liberty to trouble him.

Of course his peculiar weakness was known and recognized, and, if I must confess the truth—in spite of my strong partiality for his race!—it was made a handle of by almost everybody he came across. As a sickly bird is pecked by all stronger ones, so poor Joe Timkins "led a life of it." But had you or *I* dared to bully Tim, my reader, it would "have been the worse for us!" that is all I can say. The fellow-feeling among these men is so strong, that if you hurt *one* you hurt all, and their very instinct of *self*-preservation will lead them to stand by a comrade, even though in a good-natured way they may tease him themselves.

Two or three hundred men came in their very best that night. Many were in their working clothes, it is true; but they were "cleaned up," face and hands washed, clean shirt, tidy hair. Such might stand for a surface description of the majority who appeared on the occasion. Of course, just at the last some rough-haired, wild individuals mingled with the more decent crowd. But they were welcome too.

Very welcome was their presence, for they had just come straight from the haunt of drunkenness. "*The Grogseller's Own*" they might have been called; and so they were. He relied upon them, counted his wife's dresses, and his children's bread from their pockets, and knew almost to a penny what he might derive from their custom during the year. He knew that if they earned twenty, twenty-five, or thirty shillings by the week, he might safely reckon on *fifteen*, *twenty*, or *twenty-five* as his due share of the wage; and this he could congratulate himself was due either to his own skilful tactics, or to their lucky and unaccountable, though praiseworthy, taste for intoxicating liquor! To *him* it was "praiseworthy," because it kept him in a good house, well furnished, and provided him with many a little dainty that he could not otherwise have obtained.

At seven o'clock that evening the large close carriage might have been seen driving out of the gates, and into the main street of the town. Arriving beneath the lamp that decorated and distinguished the one door from all others, the front seat of the carriage was soon relieved of the superfluity of odds and ends that were to compose a finishing-touch to the bright picture.

By eight o'clock most of the guests had arrived, and the room was full. The bar, with its shining apparatus of coffee urns, plates and cups, and dainties, varied in character and quantity, looked like business. So the proceedings were not to be long, and simply initiatory. After prayer from the Vicar, and a few sentences in which he bid the people a pleasant welcome, Mr. Hamilton stood up, and was received with very hearty applause. His speech was short and to the point.

"My friends!" he said, "the house to which we have invited you to-night is the fulfilment of a desire we have long cherished. You have encouraged us by your cordial sympathy and by your support in thus giving us your presence at our first outset. If you will continue to do so, we shall be encouraged to use our utmost powers for the success of this movement which as you know well is an effort in the cause of temperance." (At this word there was much and general applause, mingled with very evident demurrings and shakings of the head of the known frequenters of several taverns.) Mr. Hamilton continued, "I do not want to make a long speech to you, but I do want my wife to say a few words to you, for she has had much to do with the originating of this scheme, as well as with the detail of its completion."

This suggestion was received with much clapping, but when Lady Isabel stood before them, her winning manner provoked the men to an absolute enthusiasm. They rose to their feet and cheered her. If she had not said a word, her presence alone, coupled with the respect they bore her, would have gone far towards the real success of this preliminary occasion, as well as to the ultimate success of the scheme.

When she opened her lips, an instant silence took possession of the room, while all listened earnestly for her first words. She said—

"You have received me very kindly. I know you a little, but not as well as I ought to know you. I see some of my friends among the men that work up at the new red house, and others too." (Here there was much smiling, and immense applause, by way of returning the recognition.) "We are neighbors; and in the Bible we are told what to do to one another. 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' Jesus says. What a blessed command! what a happy duty! and a very easy one too. Don't you think so?" (Claps and smiles testified "*not very hard.*") "But it means a great deal.

"We all should like to think we were going to heaven! None of us would wish to think we were not going there when we die, or when the Lord comes to call away His own people. Then we must help one other towards heaven. That is a great part, and indeed the chief part, of this neighborly friendship. Shall we try to help each other?" (Feet and hands said "yes." Such was the present feeling evidently. Lady Isabel was undoubtedly right in her *theory*—this all were ready to acknowledge, however difficult might be the *practice* it inculcated.) "Then will you often come and meet us here? and we can have a talk together, or singing, and we can read of different countries, and hear what is going on in the world, and think of our Saviour, too, and of His bright Home."

The response was cordial and prolonged when she had finished her simple, appealing words. The audience saw that she was in earnest, and that she wanted to be their friend; and it was quite sufficient for the moment, at any rate, to place them on her side.

She had no sooner finished, than, unfortunately a neighboring squir "George Hardman Esq.," stood up to speak. He never before had shown the slightest interest in the people beyond giving rather easy sentences at the Bench (which after all gained him neither respect nor love); but on this occasion, possibly from good-nature or perhaps because he had a spare half-hour to wile away in the town that night, he had come in, felt taken with the bright cheery aspect of things generally, seeing the crowd in front of him had been reminded of some bits of electioneering that he had done at different times and had offered to Mr. Hamilton to contribute a speech to the evening's entertainment.

"By all means," had been Mr. Hamilton's good-natured reply; and this was what he said after a few preliminary remarks to the effect that he often drove through their town: "We all know that you have small uncomfortable homes and consequently many temptations. A number of dirty children perhaps all crowded together and perhaps a slovenly wife or at any rate a very poor one. While sickly or untrained you are oppressed by toil we sink into the well-cushioned chair of ease, our walls adorned with costly pictures and the best of food spread upon our tables."

("The best of *fiddlesticks!*" said one impatient hearer. "Shut up!" politely remarked another; and in fact the speech caused friction.) It was folly embodied and certainly could not foster the progress of temperance or coffee-houses or indeed any other good cause. These half-expressed interpolations were courteously suppressed—"This gov'nor don't know what he's a-talking about!" whispered one man to another; while a third, less amiably disposed, said almost audibly "Go it! that'll do now;" and all faces began to lower like a gathering cloud, promising anything but favorably for the budding coffee-room—Mr. Hamilton and Lady Isabel sat on thorns.

The speaker hesitated and then stammered on. "Of course if *we* had such discomforts, we too might wish to frequent the saloon. There is no saying. The fumes of the wash-tub, a smoky stove, and children crying for bread might have upon us the same effect they have upon you. But your richer neighbors are not unsympathizing. They have chosen this opportunity to testify to you their heartfelt desires that, instead of sinking still deeper into the degradation of drunkenness, you may be led into paths of higher ambition, and that as men of the town you may become representatives of a better class of feeling than at present can be said to exist.

"Look at the drinking-houses. Look at the gambling saloons. When we, surrounded by every luxury, and not, like"——

The cat's back had been rubbed the wrong way, and the sparks were appearing, but after a whisper from Mr. Hamilton, Lady Isabel said—

"Now the proceedings are over; as far as *speaking* is concerned. And now I want you to know the manager. He will always be a friend to you, and always glad to see you; and I hope *you* will be friends to—his coffee urns!" (Laughter, and "Yes! we will!")

Good humor was restored again; and the meeting broke up, the men dividing into groups at the different tables, some calling for coffee, some for tea or cocoa, and others taking up a paper to wait till their turn came. While this process was going on, Lady Isabel and her friends were flitting about the large room talking to one and another.

"You are James Hardcastle, are you not? How is Lucy! Dear Lucy! I am so fond of her. She has taught me many a sweet lesson."

"She likes you, uncommon, my lady," replied Jem, making a sort of nod, by way of a bow. "She's always a-lookin' out for you to come in."

"How is she to-night?"

"I think she is rather better, thank ye. She said I was to be sure and tell her everything when I went back to-night."

Lady Isabel whispered to him, "I don't know the names of many of the men. Will you tell me some of them?"

"Oh, ay, my lady. I can tell you most of 'em. That's Peter Makeshift. He works down at the gravel pits. And that 'un with the big beard—his old 'ooman's bad—Carter Andrew they call him; I don't know no other name for him but that."

"Thank you," said Lady Isabel, "that is a great help."

And in the course of her peregrinations from one to another, she made use of her information by addressing these men accordingly.

"Is your name Andrew?" she said to the latter.

"Wall, that's my Chrissun name."

"And what is the other?" she asked. "I want to know you. And perhaps some day you would let me come and see you."

"Shouldn't mind," said the man. "D'you know that 'ere little place up by the meadows, where there's some trees? Well, it ain't there; but it's before you *get* to that—just down in the hollow. It runs in a street. Hollows is the name of the place. 'Tain't so very far off."

"I think I know where it must be," said Lady Isabel. "I will go and call on your wife some day."

She shook hands with him, getting a good grip from his brawny fist, and thus a new friendship was compacted. And every new friendship formed in addition to those already made was a new link in the chain of the coffee-room's success. Very important these friendships were. For, besides being obedience to her Saviour's command, and therefore a source of happiness to herself, they were very important for the sake of the general welfare, temporal and spiritual, of the little town in which she felt so great an interest.

The smoking coffee went round. Loudon was in full work; with the extemporized assistance of a young man whom he had summoned to his aid, he contrived to supply all demands, and to give universal satisfaction with his viands.

(*To be continued.*)

COVETOUSNESS.

S. S. Lesson for April 24. Luke 12, 13-31. Golden text, ver. 15. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

"THE wicked boasteth of his heart's desire, the covetous blesseth himself, he abhorreth the Lord" (Ps. 10: 3, margin). His heart's desire, himself, his own way, this fills the heart of covetous man, and this is the direct contrary to the life of Christ, to the love which "seeketh not her own" (1 Cor. 13: 5). Even in the Old Testament we have abundant proof of God's hatred of covetousness. When Jethro persuaded Moses to set rulers over the people of Israel, he said, "Thou shalt provide out of all the people able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness" (Ex. 18: 21). Men who had not learned to put aside personal advantages were not fit to be rulers of God's people. Again, where the Lord of hosts complains of the people that they had committed abomination, He says, "From the least of them even unto the greatest of them every one of them is given to covetousness" (Jer. 6: 13-15; 8: 10). This was the sin of which God accused Shallum or Jehoahaz, son of Josiah, and which brought him to his ruin, "Thine eyes and thine heart are not but for thy covetousness" (Jer. 22: 17).

In the New Testament God's hatred against covetousness is as strongly expressed, if not more so. Paul mentions it among the other sins with which those are filled whom God has given over to a reprobate mind (Rom. 1: 28, 29). He declares that no covetous man shall inherit the Kingdom of God (1 Cor. 6: 10), and that "no covetous man, who is an idolater, hath any inheritance in the Kingdom of Christ and of God" (Eph. 5: 5), he exhorts us, moreover, that "if any man that is called a brother be covetous," . . . "with such an one no not to eat" (1 Cor. 5: 11). Again we are called upon to mortify covetousness as one of our members which is upon the earth (Col. 3: 5).

Yet men in general look upon covetousness as no sin, only a peculiarity of character; it is the ruling law of the world that all shall seek their own. Christ and His immediate followers manifested a spirit the direct opposite of that which obtains in the world, and as long as the Church of Christ was disinterested and lifted above the low selfishness of the world around her, there was mighty power in her. "The multitude of them that believed were of one heart and one soul: neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common." Lying could not take root among them then, as we see in the case of Ananias and Sapphira; half-hearted men dared not join themselves to them; multitudes were added to the Lord, and all the sick were healed.

How stands the matter with us now? We are sometimes put into difficult circumstances; for instance, a doctor has ordered us something in the way of treatment which will inconvenience some one else if it is carried out. There is perhaps one sofa, and we are ordered always to lie down, and thus to monopolize the sofa whether any one else is tired or not. The family drink tea for breakfast; we are ordered perhaps cocoa, which adds, if ever so little, to the trouble. Again we are ordered only to eat certain things and to have meals at certain hours. Now why should we at the bidding of a poor fallible man, whose treatment can only succeed if God blesses it, why should we give ourselves over to a selfishness which comes from the same root as this covetousness which is so abhorrent to God? "But I must obey the doctor," you say. The first Apostle said: "We ought to obey God rather than man" (Acts 5: 29), and if we do so, God will not let the consequences be hurtful. Let us never make the doctor an excuse for an undue regard to self.

Again, there are others who make their position in society an excuse for selfishness, which, in the main, is the same as covetousness. A young lady who has little pocket-money will say: "I must travel first class; my position requires it of me," and thus she gives to her position in society that which she might give to the work of God. "I must always have my maid with me," when, if she could go hither and thither alone, she would reach the hearts of the people better by not letting them feel the worldly difference which exists between them and her. Then there is the extremely false idea that to do a little housework is derogatory. O how we need simplicity, that we may be freed from covetousness. Again, how often believers seek the best places in meetings, the best seats in the train, without regard to the accommodation of others, and all this savors of covetousness. "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which *he possesseth*," but eternal life, on the contrary, consists in *being possessed* by Christ.

In our subject we read that as Jesus was teaching, "one of the company said unto Him, Master, speak unto my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me." The man had remarked the power of Jesus's words, and being unable to overcome his brother by any other means, he sought to make use of Jesus for his own ends. Just as a certain mistress whose own Christian life had been so wanting in power that she had been unable to win her servant to Christ, seized the first earnest Christian she met with, and said: "O do speak to my servant," and in the depth of her heart she sought her own ends, for she wanted to have an easier time with her servant, and it was not the poor girl's salvation which she sought. The servant felt that her mistress had selfish ends in view, and her heart was steeled against the Gospel. In order that we may have power with God we must put our own ends out of the question, and seek only His glory. It is needless to say the man's request was not granted, the Lord was not sent to be a divider of earthly goods.

Then Jesus spake a parable to the people. He told them of a rich man in trouble. The bank had not broken, there had been no failure in the harvest, his health was good; what then was his trouble? God had given him more than he needed and he had nowhere to stow it away. But why should he? why not give it away? The man was unreasonable; he resolved to pull down his barns, and build greater, but even then he could not eat more than his daily portion, he could not sit in more than one room at a time, and if he had a hundred suits of clothes, it could only give him anxiety as to which he should wear, for he could not wear two together. O if he had been free from covetousness and had gone to visit a widow in the neighborhood and brought her a sack of flour for her winter store, if he had gone to a neighboring young farmer only just married who had a hard struggle to pull through, and had said: "Brother, I hear your difficulties are not at an end. God has prospered me on purpose that I should help you and I regard it as a privilege;" if he had found out all the old couples past work in the neighborhood and sent them a store for present need and then with the rest paid for the schooling of a few children, his heart would have been warmed by all who greeted him and he would have been looked upon as the father of the neighborhood. All which God gives us of earthly goods is a mere stewardship, He is the real proprietor.

This man, however, of whom Jesus spoke, came to the decision that he would pull down his barns and build greater and there bestow all his fruits and his goods and then he would say to his soul: "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." And this was all. No reference to God, and none to his fellow-creatures. "Such a life is earthly, sensual, devilish" (James 3: 15). But God, whom he had left out of his reckoning, broke suddenly in upon him, and asserted the claim which was His due; a claim upon the life which He had given. The unhappy, miserable, mean man counted on God's forbearance and reckoned on a long lease of life, in which he should live as though the God who gave it had no voice in the disposal of it. But though he might ignore God, God did not ignore such fearful unrighteousness. His life had been spent without any attempt to seek or to find God, and now he must have to do with God, whether he would or no. O how awful it is, that the first words of God which he is forced against his will to hear, are these: "Thou fool!" Jesus's first words to the paralytic were: "Son, be of good cheer;" to the widow of Nain, "Weep not;" to the leper, "I will, be thou clean." But all these expected something from Jesus. This man, however, had not God in all his thoughts, and God said to him: "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?" God overrules all things, "to the sinner He giveth travail, to gather and to heap up, that he may give to him that is good before God," and the sinner has "no end of all his labor; neither is his eye satisfied with riches; neither saith he, For whom do I labor, and bereave my soul of good?" (Ecc. 2: 26; 4: 8).

The Lord drew a lesson from the parable, "So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God." It is a rule in temporal and in spiritual things, that what we do for ourselves God will not do for us. While we try to save ourselves, the Lord will not save us; while we try to conquer sin by our own efforts, the Lord will not deliver us; while we come to His word as though we were masters of it, the Lord will not teach us; when we doctor our own bodies, the Lord will not heal us. Whatever treasure we lay up for ourselves, whatever work we do for our own credit, impoverishes us before God. Paul beautifully explains the true riches of a child of God, when he says: "As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things" (2 Cor. 6: 10).

Our beloved Lord proceeds to teach His disciples a lesson of entire trust in the most practical way: "Take no thought (be not anxious, Gr.) for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for the body, what ye shall put on. The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment." If the life and the body are the special care of our Heavenly Father, and if He is equal to the charge, what have we to do with anxiety?" "But," says perhaps some father of a family, "if I do not work my children will starve." This is perfectly true. Paul says of those who do not work: "Now to them that are such, we command and exhort by our Lord Jesus Christ that with quietness they work, and eat their own bread" (2 Thess. 3: 12), and he says further "Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content" (1 Tim. 6: 8). But there are so many who are not "therewith content," who will insist on having a certain style of dress, certain useless luxuries, a certain position, etc., and this it is, for the most part, which causes the anxious thought, "What shall we eat? or what shall we drink? wherewithal shall we be clothed?"

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Mr. Gladstone Explained to the House of Commons the Ministerial measure for the relief of Ireland, which is known as the Land Bill, on April 7th. The bill is in two parts; of which one is directed toward the amelioration of the condition of Irish tenants, and the other to providing money to assist them to purchase land or to emigrate. The cable reports of the bill are somewhat obscure, and the measure itself appears to be of a somewhat complicated character. Its chief feature is the institution of arbitration courts, with the power to assess the rent value of farms and to protect tenants from capricious eviction. Appeal to the courts will be optional, but a tenant can have the amount of rent fixed by the courts, and can hold the farm for fifteen years at that rent, providing he observes certain specified covenants of the lease. The Land Commission is also empowered to purchase lands from owners desiring to sell, and to resell them to the tenants. The Commission may also lend to intending purchasers on mortgage three fourths of the purchase money, the principal and interest being repaid in thirty-five annual installments, each of them to be a twentieth part of the sum advanced. Persons desiring to emigrate to British colonies may obtain loans for the payment of expenses and the purchase of land, repayment to be secured by mortgage on the colonial farm they acquire.

These are the main provisions of the bill, so far as can be gathered from the cable summary. It will be seen that they are a long way from the demands of the Land League, and it may be doubted whether the people it is designed to benefit are sufficiently educated to understand it. It is, however, generally accepted as an evidence of an honest and sincere desire on the part of the Government to ameliorate the condition of the people. Mr. Gladstone in introducing the bill said that this was *the most difficult question* he ever had to deal with in the course of his political life, "and," he added, "nothing that can be legitimately done by a government for the promotion of legislation shall we hesitate to do to procure the passing of an effective measure to deal with the land question of Ireland." He also expressed the hope that by continuing to do justice Ireland would become reconciled to England, and "*would gradually acquire self-government.*" The measure will be energetically opposed, both in the House of Commons and the House of Lords.

A Significant Commentary on the Character of the Irish Land Bill is furnished by the resignation of the Duke of Argyll, who held the office of Lord Privy Seal in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet. The Duke of Argyll, who is the father of the Marquis of Lorne, is a prominent Liberal, and has held office in every Liberal administration of late years; he is also a close personal friend of the Premier's. We may therefore conclude that the Land Bill must be a very radical measure or it would not have separated the Duke from his colleagues. The Duke, in announcing his resignation, said: "I think the Government scheme will tend to paralyze the ownership of land by placing it under limitations *unknown in any civilized country.* Under this scheme neither landlord nor tenant will be the owner. The ownership will be in the commission, or in abeyance. This would result injuriously to the agricultural interests of any country, especially of Ireland. I felt that I could not, as an honest man, be responsible in recommending the scheme as a whole to Parliament. I regret to have separated from my friends, especially from Mr. Gladstone, with whom I have had connection of ever-increasing respect during twenty-nine years."

Riots Have Resulted in Ireland from the wholesale evictions which followed the enactment of the Coercion Bill. Process-servers, going from place to place escorted by the police, have been attacked, and several fatalities are reported. On April 2d a party was met by a mob at Clogher, in County Mayo, and a fight ensued in which the police were ordered to fire on the mob. They obeyed, and two men were shot and five others wounded. The sergeant in command fired the first shot, and he was immediately felled by a huge stone hurled at him. The mob afterward drove off the rest of the party, and falling upon the wounded sergeant with great ferocity, beat him to death. Another horrible affray is reported from the same county. A process server was attacked by two hundred women, armed with sticks and stones, at Ballinamore. His police escort fired on the women, mortally wounding a girl named Byrne and severely injuring another. The girl who was killed was twenty years old.

The death of the police sergeant has been made the subject of a demonstration almost unequalled in the history of Ireland. When the fatal result was announced, the country for miles around was *lit up by bonfires*, burning on every eminence in celebration of the event. From Ballaghdereen to French Park, and from Clogher to Loughglyn the whole population turned out to celebrate in this fashion the sad occurrence. These and other affrays have sprung directly from the serving of processes, which are being applied for and obtained by the thousand at various quarter sessions now being held throughout the country. In a few weeks the evictions, unless they are stayed by the retrospective action of Mr. Gladstone's bill, must follow, and then the country will be almost in the condition of civil war.

The Trial of the Nihilists Charged with complicity in the crime of the late Czar's assassination commenced in St. Petersburg on April 7th. The prisoners are five in all—namely, Russakoff, who threw one of the bombs; Jeliaboff, a conspirator-in-chief, arrested before the assassination, but known to have planned it, and to have arranged all the details; Michailoff, the young man arrested on entering the house where the police were lying in wait; Hessy Helfmann, and Sophie Pieoffsky. The last two are aristocratic young ladies who have been suspected by the police for a long time of being Nihilists. The father and grandfather of Sophie Pieoffsky have both held high office in the Czar's service. She herself fully acknowledged her participation in the criminal proceedings of the party, and admitted having given the signal to Hartmann for exploding the mine under the imperial train, and also the signal to Russakoff, when the Emperor's carriage drove into the canal road, in both cases by waving a pocket-handkerchief. She is described as small in stature and modest in demeanor, not at all like the typical Nihilists in outward appearance. The trials were concluded on April 9; all five of the prisoners being sentenced to death by hanging. Sophia Pieoffsky being of noble blood, her sentence will need confirmation by the Czar.

The rumor that Russian political prisoners are subjected to torture is denied by the St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Daily News*, who says that if such an ordeal had been used he must have known of it, having seen and talked privately with several Nihilists before their execution.

Mr. Bradlaugh was Re-elected Member of the British Parliament at Northampton on Saturday last, 3378 votes being recorded for him and 3353 for his Conservative rival. As Mr. Varley's name is not mentioned in the telegram announcing the result, it may be supposed that the evangelist retired from the contest. The Conservatives announce their intention to oppose Mr. Bradlaugh taking the oath, as he has publicly stated that he regards it as an unmeaning formula.

An Earthquake Desolated Chios, the Capital of the island of Chios, or Scio, in the Greek Archipelago, on Sunday, April 3d. It is feared that *over eight thousand persons were killed*, and more than seven thousand seriously injured. The island is thirty-two miles long, and eighteen at its greatest breadth, with an area of about 500 square miles. It is one of the richest and most beautiful islands in the Greek Archipelago, producing wine, oranges, figs, and other fruit. The town is built of stone and defended by a castle. It possesses manufactures of velvet, and carries on a large export trade. A correspondent of the London *Times* reports that the first shock was felt on Sunday afternoon at about half-past one o'clock. Immediately houses began to fall. Wild shrieks were heard on every side. Then followed *an awful silence* of some minutes. The terrified survivors gradually ventured into the narrow lanes and reached the open spaces. Shortly afterward another terrible shock completed the devastation. Then it remained quiet until sunset, when it again began to shake the island throughout as severely as before. All night the shocks succeeded each other at short intervals. Since that frequent shocks have been felt. The old Genoese fortress, containing about four hundred houses, inhabited by Mussulmans and Jews, suffered more than the rest of the town. *The ground there sank* about two feet, and nearly all the houses were immediately destroyed, and several hundred persons must have perished. It is known that about thirty Mussulman women were assembled in one of the houses, not one of whom escaped.

The town is described as looking as if it had been terribly bombarded. Hundreds of houses are transformed into a shapeless mass of ruins, under which lie buried an unknown number of victims. A majority of the remaining houses are already cracked and roofless, and may fall at any moment. Nearly every building in the town has suffered more or less. The inhabitants wander about anxious to search for missing relatives or lost property, but are afraid to risk their lives in the perilous work of clearing away the rubbish. Forty thousand persons are reported to be in need of immediate relief.

News of a Disastrous Inundation at Seville is cabled from Madrid. The Guadalquiver River has swollen and overflowed its banks, covering four square miles of Seville and forty miles of the country around its mouth. The suburbs and streets have from one to twenty-seven feet of water in them. The people are living in the upper stories. The police are taking food and provisions by boat. All the valley and country beyond seems *an immense lake.* The tops of trees, churches, and roofs appear just above the waters, which sweep along cattle and crops, and the river is rushing over gardens and quays, entering the lovely St. Elmo Palace. The authorities already estimate the loss at Seville to be over $1,000,000, and in the country districts it is impossible to make any estimate at present. King Alfonso has sent royal engineers to superintend repairs to the embankments, and has placed his own private purse at the disposal of the authorities to relieve the sufferers.

Surrey Chapel, London, of which a Picture appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of January 20th, was closed on the evening of March 21st, its doors having been thrown open for Divine service for upward of *five thousand Sabbaths.* The building is inseparably associated with the name of Rowland Hill, the friend and contemporary of Whitefield, who, like the great revivalist preacher, took Holy Orders in the Church of England at the commencement of his public ministerial work. For fifty years he remained the pastor of Surrey Chapel, and died at the age of eighty-nine. His remains were interred under the pulpit. *The first Sunday-school in London* was started in connection with Rowland Hill's Church. The succeeding ministers of the chapel have been the Revs. James Sherman and Newman Hall. Some years ago in view of the expiration of the lease, Mr. Hall's congregation erected Christ Church, in Westminster Road, and migrated thither, and since then Old Surrey Chapel has been occupied by the Methodists, whose work will now be conducted in the Alexandra Hall close by. Surrey Chapel is either to be pulled down or diverted to other uses.

A Girl in Edinburgh, Scotland, who had Just arrived at a railway station there, was decoyed by persons who lurk about, and taken to a place of ruin and death. She discovered the kind of place she was in, rushed out of it, and appealed to a policeman for assistance. He said he had no place to send her to. Singular that in a city like Edinburgh there should be no place to send her to, or do anything for her protection; but the policeman sent her to the New Assembly Hall, where *Major Whittle* was conducting revival services. He probably thought that because the Gospel of Christ was being preached in the hall that aid and counsel would be given to her. She was left at the hall with her bandboxes and wraps, and there she found Christian help. It is hoped that she has found a refuge in the blood of Christ.

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JOHN VENNING, the Philanthrophist of Russian Prisons, and Incidents in His Life.

JOHN VENNING, THE RUSSIAN PRISON PHILANTHROPIST.

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THE thrilling events which during the past two years have occurred in Russia, and especially the assassination of the Czar last month, have directed public attention to the affairs of that land, and many inquiries are made as to the cause of the bitter hostility manifested by a considerable portion of the Czar's subjects to Imperial rule. Some details of the life of Mr. John Venning, an Englishman, who from philanthropic motives visited Russian prisons and did much to ameliorate the condition of the unhappy inmates, will therefore be acceptable. He was a brother of the Walter Venning whose portrait and life appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of April 8th, 1880.

Mr. John Venning was *born* at Totnes, Devonshire, England, May 20th, 1776, and *died* at Norwich, April 11th, 1858. His parents were pious and excellent people who manifested great concern for the temporal and spiritual welfare of their children, and gave John, who was their second son, a superior education at the grammar-school of his native town. At about fourteen years of age he was sent up to London, where he entered upon mercantile life in the counting-house of Messrs. Jackson & Co., Russian merchants. At this time he had

A MARVELLOUS ESCAPE.

"One morning," he writes, "I was playing with the ram-head of a crane of four stories high, when the man wound it up, not knowing I was clinging to it, and only saw me when at the top, and most miraculously caught me in at the top warehouse." The narrow escape, however, did not lead him to religious decision. The influences of home had, indeed, kept him from the coarser vices, but as yet he gave no signs of becoming a Christian.

In 1793, he first landed at St. Petersburg. By his business capacity and energy he soon attained a high position among the English residents in the Russian capital, becoming also well and favorably known to many of the Russian nobility. After his marriage, which took place in 1805, his social circle was constantly widened, and ultimately he had the honor of being introduced to the Imperial family, and received many invitations to balls and other Royal entertainments. His natural vivacity, open countenance, agreeable manners, and high business character, made him welcome wherever he went. Even when war broke out between Russia and Great Britain in 1806, Mr. Venning was still treated with kind and respectful consideration.

In 1815 his brother, Mr. Walter Venning, inspired by the example of Howard, resolved to relinquish commercial pursuits and give himself up entirely to philanthropic work among the Russian prisons. He went to St. Petersburg, where he received a cordial welcome from his brother John. Intercourse between the two on the greatest of all subjects seems to have led to deep impressions on the mind of John, and it was not long before he became a decided follower of Christ. He now manifested in Christian labors the zeal and energy which had hitherto been mainly conspicuous in business pursuits. Several bereavements which he afterwards sustained, including the death of his brother Walter, deepened and made more strongly-marked the spirituality and moral steadfastness, which henceforth were among his most striking characteristics. Meanwhile

THE CZAR, ALEXANDER I.,

the uncle of the Czar recently assassinated, professed to have undergone a change of heart. The following account he gave to Bishop Eylert of Berlin. The Czar said:

"I felt a void in my heart, and a vague misgiving haunted my soul. I went on my way, I sought after diversions. But the great European struggle with Napoleon I., in which Moscow was burned in 1814, gave light to my spirit, and the judgment of God filled my heart with a warmth of faith I had never before experienced. I learned to know God as He is revealed in the Bible. I apprehended and continue to apprehend what is His mind and will. The resolution to devote myself and my reign to God and His glory ripened and grew strong within me. From that time I became a new man. . . . It is only since the Christian religion has been to me momentous above all things else, and since faith in the Redeemer has been powerfully felt, that peace (thank God) has found an entrance to my heart." After this profession the Czar often visited the Venning brothers.

One of these visits is thus described in the diary of Mr. John Venning: "On his last visit (Friday, July 27, 1823), the Emperor opened his heart to Mrs. Venning and myself as to his own experience of Divine things, in a manner which surprised and delighted us both. It was a most solemn season, and so delightful that I wrote down some of the particulars that very night, and I shall never forget it. The conversation flagged not for one moment, and he remained till eleven o'clock, although he had to return to his palace at Tzarskoïe-Celo, about twenty miles, the same night. The good monarch spoke *with uncommon vivacity and earnestness*. I was astonished at his advancement in the truth. He said that he recommended above all things *continual prayer;* that he undertook no one thing without first asking his Father's will, and endeavoring then always to act in accordance with it; and that sometimes when the turn which affairs took staggered him, he returned again to the Source of wisdom and grace for fresh guidance. The Emperor also strongly recommended united and mutual prayer, and said that he knew it by sweet experience to be attended with great blessings.

"He tenderly addressed Mrs. Venning in reference to the loss of our little boy, saying, 'When affliction first assails us, the Christian is alarmed; by and by he perceives that it is the Lord; and eventually falls down and blesses the hand that afflicts him.' 'I speak,' he said, 'by blessed experience.' He observed that in all his measures he heeded very little the opinion of the worldly with all their unjust censures, though he was shocked with some of the members of the Opposition in the English Parliament for attaching such motives as they did to his conduct. I told His Majesty that the language used by the best men in England was more than a set-off against such violent abuse, and mentioned Mr. Wilberforce's address at the Missionary meeting of the last year, '*I speak not of Alexander the Great, the destroyer of men, but of the great Alexander, the friend of men.*' His Majesty was much affected and changed the subject.

"The conversation afterward took a most solemn turn. In the course of it I made the observation that the greatest saint on earth had no other resource in the hour of death than application to and reliance on the death of Christ. His Majesty in the most solemn and affecting manner with a look full of feeling and life, gave his heartfelt assent to this great truth. At this moment the scene was too affecting to be described. At eleven o'clock His Majesty rose from his chair and shook us most cordially by the hand, when Mrs. Venning gave the Emperor a pair of bell-ropes sent over by Mrs. Fry. He left us, I need not add, overwhelmed with love and joy, on beholding the grace of God shining with such lustre in the heart of the great and good monarch."

There is only too much evidence that in his spiritual progress, the Czar was greatly harassed and impeded by the wily priests of the Greek Church, of which he was a member. His natural timidity and feeble health made him scarcely a match for the astute and energetic defenders of superstition who surrounded him on every hand, but there is reason to hope that he built upon the Rock of Ages and died in the faith and hope of the Gospel.

When Walter Venning had completed the inspection of the prisons, an enterprise to which the Czar gave his cordial approval, a report was presented to Alexander, who promptly ordered the suggestions of Mr. Venning to be carried into effect.

THE STATE OF RUSSIAN PRISONS

at this time is said to have been so bad as to make description of them impossible. They were scenes of utter and hopeless disorder and nurseries of physical diseases and moral distempers. "Many of them," says the author of "Memorials of Mr. Venning," from which our summary of the facts of his life is drawn, "were without lazarettes or sick wards; and even where such had been provided, they were rarely, if ever, used. The tried and the untried were subjected to the same usage. The healthy and the sick, the sane and the insane, were crowded together. Men, women, and children, were promiscuously congregated. The hardened ruffian, the accomplished villain, the cunning rogue, the profligate, the drunkard, were to be seen in close association with the impoverished debtor, the passportless wanderer, the novice in crime, nay, even with the young apprentice or maidservant, innocent of further offence than that of having fallen under the displeasure of some prejudiced master or vindictive mistress.

"In these hot-beds of pestilence, these nests of vice, contagion of all sorts was spreading, and no hand had been out-stretched to arrest its baneful progress. From these, as from so many centres of evil, the poison was extending far and wide. A servant, incarcerated for some petty offence, was known on his release to carry back the jail-fever to his master's house, and bring death to more than one of its inhabitants, while multitudes were discharged from their captivity far riper for social mischief than when first immured."

On the death of Mr. Walter Venning, in 1821, his brother, the subject of this sketch, felt more than ever called upon to redouble his exertions to eradicate the evils, of which the above is an imperfect description, and gradually succeeded in introducing many beneficent changes.

In order to make himself more fully acquainted with the different phases of the work he had taken in hand, Mr. Venning visited Sweden, Germany, France, and England, everywhere instituting inquiries and making comparisons. The results of these travels and investigations were afterward seen in the extensive and practical reforms which Mr. Venning suggested to the Imperial government.

Whatever may have been the weakness, the vacillation, or the yet graver defects of Alexander I. as a monarch, he gave evidence at this period of a desire to promote the interests of his subjects, and Mr. Venning found in him a warm friend to every good and elevating measure. But in 1825 a new monarch ascended the throne, and Mr. Venning had many misgivings that

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS

might prove less favorable to philanthropic projects than his brother had been. Doubtless the new Czar lacked some of the good qualities of Alexander, although in point of energy and administrative ability the younger brother greatly surpassed the elder. However unscrupulous and unprincipled the foreign policy of the latter often was, it is but due to his memory to record that Mr. Venning always bore grateful testimony to the personal kindness of Nicholas and his interest in the alleviation of suffering and distress. Notwithstanding the turmoil which characterized a considerable part of his reign, His Majesty found time personally to inspect many of the prisons; on which occasions he was often accompanied by Mr. Venning, of whom he would make many kind inquiries about the prisoners. One of our illustrations depicts

THE CZAR PARDONING THREE AGED DEBTORS

at Mr. Venning's sugestion. The scene is thus described in his "Memorials:"

"On entering the debtors' side, three very aged men with white locks cast themselves at the Emperor's feet, crying, 'Father, have mercy on us'—a most affecting sight. I saw it went to the monarch's heart. 'These are not prisoners,' he said. 'Imprisoned for debt, your Majesty; one for the last thirty years, and the other forty years.' 'No, they are no longer prisoners,' he said; then, wav-

ing his hand, he added; 'Arise, *I will pay your debts*'—and that without knowing the amount, which in all was considerable. I seized the opportunity of asking the Emperor whether the Scriptures might still be given to the prisoners. His Majesty replied, 'Most certainly; and as I see Jews here, I hope you give them to this class also, for they are very much to be pitied,' adding, 'Their obstinacy of unbelief is remarkable.'"

Besides his prison labors, Mr. Venning devoted much time and attention to schools, and was the main instrument in the establishment of a *House of Refuge*, which, to this day opens its gates to the afflicted and destitute.

EXPOSING A SHAM BEGGAR.

But kind as was Mr. Venning's heart, he was not to be imposed upon by mendacity or fraud. The following case, related by himself, may be taken as a sample of many others: "At one time, an old man of above seventy, and of venerable appearance, was received on account of his lamentable tale of destitution and distress, which was confirmed by his shattered appearance and the state of his clothes. I was soon informed by one of the inmates that he had coffee and other luxuries of an evening, which the Refuge had not the means of allowing any one. This induced me to watch him, and I found that a woman was daily employed by him to traverse the town with a document, declaring that she collected the charities of the benevolent for this man, giving a feigned name, and stating that he was bedridden. Some days she brought him fifteen roubles. I further discovered that he had in the town a brother and a nephew, men of great respectability and ample means, who had in vain offered to provide for him comfortably for the remainder of his days, but he preferred a beggar's life, and resisted all their attempts to turn him from his lazy career.

"One morning I called him into the office, and said, 'I have a great favor to beg of you!' He stared. I asked, '*Can you lend me for a short time* 10,000 *roubles?*' He became angry. I then said, 'If you have not that sum, you can get it.' He declared that he knew not a soul in the town. 'You can get it,' I said, 'from your brother or your nephew; they are distressed beyond measure at your disgraceful conduct; you see I know the whole.' He denied everything in the most boisterous and insolent manner. I said, 'Go to your room, and I shall take other measures to-morrow;' but on my return to the refuge the following morning he had decamped."

FRUSTRATING A PLOT.

Notwithstanding his ardent philanthropy and ceaseless self-devotion, Mr. Venning encountered at different times bitterest *opposition from designing men* who hated him for his evangelical faith or his bold exposure of their deception and cunning. Occasionally they succeeded in thwarting some of his plans, but generally, as in the following instance, he was enabled with well doing to put to silence their ignorance and defeat their intrigues.

Not far from Mr. Venning's residence was a church, in the immediate neighborhood of which a small hospital was once projected. The village priest wrote a letter to Mr. Venning, urging its necessity. The influx of field laborers in the summer, and of Poles employed during the autumn in the unhealthy occupation of cleansing the canals and ditches, showed it to be a highly desirable thing; while the number of untaught children suggested the idea of establishing at the same time a village-school. It seemed likely that the wealthy owners of the adjacent villas and estates would feel an interest in both objects, and take a share in promoting them. Mr. Venning submitted the plans to the Princes Galitzin and Mestchersky, as also to the Princess Sherbatoff, who was his nearest neighbor; and he did not forget to include among the proposed managers the priest who had originated the idea. The sanction of the Emperor Nicholas was obtained, and a document was brought to Mr. Venning for his signature.

Accustomed to give his attestation in acknowledgment of an Imperial grant, and not suspecting a snare, he joyfully glanced at the paper, and without minutely examining its every clause, he hastily appended his name. In the evening a friendly ecclesiastic called on him with the inquiry, "What paper was it you signed today?" "Only a document acknowledging the receipt of the Emperor's order." "More than that," was the sorrowful reply; "you have taken upon yourself the whole responsibility of executing it; and the Metropolitan has positively declared that there shall be no hospital or school at all!" Mr. Venning saw the difficulty of his position. It was not simply an affair of monetary responsibility. He perceived the full force of what his friend added, "You will be taxed on the one hand with not executing the Emperor's designs, while on the other hand you will be deprived of the power to fulfil them." There seemed no way of escape, no possibility of revoking the pledge, no chance of cancelling the signature.

But the adverse party made a false move. Eager to make assurance doubly sure, and counting upon the trustfulness which had already been evinced, they sent back the officer of the district next morning with a second document drawn up in yet stronger terms. "Let me look at the one I signed yesterday," said Mr. Venning, quietly. It was handed to him. Without a moment's hesitation he coolly tore it in pieces, and threw it into the fire, before the astonished official could interfere. "Joann Vladimirovitch! what have you done?" cried the messenger, frantic with rage and terror; "and what will become of me? How can I return without that paper?" "That is my business," Mr. Venning replied; "go and tell those who sent you that I shall sign no document of the kind." The snare was broken.

IN DANGER FROM LUNATICS.

Mr. Venning also took great interest in lunatic asylums, into which he was the means of introducing many greatly-needed and beneficent reforms. Illustration 5 depicts the scene, as referred to by Mr. Venning in the following words: "During my visits, three or four times a week, the lunatics would sometimes take my arm and walk with me, and talk of their 'great plans,' or sometimes they would have me play at backgammon with them. Surrounded by them as I have been, I never received any injury; and when in imminent peril, which happened only once, the Lord delivered me. The brother of General R— had lost his senses from over-application to his studies at the University, and one day on my entering the room he cried out, 'Your name is Venning,' and then ran toward me foaming like a mad dog. Providentially two soldiers were near, and seized him, though he knocked down one of them in the scuffle. I retreated into the female ward. An hour afterward, he came up to me with tears in his eyes, held out his hand and begged my pardon.

ADDRESSING SOLDIERS AND PRESENTING BIBLES.

The last twenty-eight years of Mr. Venning's life were spent in Norfolk, England, where, especially at Norwich, his labors were numerous and varied, both as regards general and local efforts of benevolence. To the London Missionary Society he subscribed, and on one occasion gave £600, the annual interest of which was to be devoted for the support of native teachers in India. His zeal for the circulation of the Scriptures never grew slack; he at one time employed a person to keep a stall in the market-place for the sale of Bibles and Testaments; and he was among the foremost of those who, in the year 1853, promoted the gift of Bibles to the West Norfolk Militia, when quartered in the town. "Oh, how cheering," wrote Mr. Knill, "to see his silver locks in 'the hollow square,' and to hear his voice at seventy-seven haranguing the soldiers!"

It would be impossible in the space at our disposal to enter into details of the numerous ways in which Mr. Venning fulfilled the high responsibilities which Providence had committed to him. It must suffice to say that he was the means of removing many of the worst features of prison life in Russia, and introducing into many a foul den of iniquity a humane and Christian spirit.

He died at Norwich, April 11th, 1858, in the eighty-second year of his age, beloved and honored by all who knew him. The close of his life was marked by sweet tranquillity and Christian resignation. Shortly before his death he expressed the desire that the following verse might be put on his tombstone:

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all."

THE LAST DAYS OF THOMAS PAINE.

The notorious Thomas Paine, who has directed so many thousands of persons into "the broad road that leadeth to destruction," died at the village of Greenwich, near New York, in 1809. At the time of his death Greenwich was the temporary residence of Stephen Grellet, the distinguished member of the Society of Friends, who labored so heroically as a preacher of the Gospel for more than half a century in France and America; and he recorded in his journal the following account of the last days of the great infidel:—

"A few days previous to my leaving home on my last religious visit, on hearing that he was ill and in a very destitute condition, *I went to see him* and found him in a wretched state; for he had been so neglected and forsaken by his pretended friends that the common attentions to a sick man had been withheld from him. The skin of his body was in some places worn off, which greatly increased his sufferings. A nurse was provided for him, and some needful comforts were supplied. He was mostly in a state of stupor, but something that had passed between us had made such an impression upon him that some days after my departure he sent for me, and on being told that I was gone, he sent for another Friend.

"This induced a valuable young Friend, Mary Roscoe, who had resided in my family, and continued at Greenwich during part of my absence, frequently to go and take him some little refreshment suitable for an invalid, furnished by a neighbor. Once when she was there *three of his deistical associates* came to the door, and in a loud, unfeeling manner said, 'Tom Paine, it is said you are turning Christian, but we hope you will die as you have lived;' and then went away. On which, turning to Mary Roscoe, he said: 'You see what miserable comforters they are!'

"Once he asked her if she had ever read any of his writings. And on being told that she had read but very little of them, he inquired what she thought of them, adding, 'From such a one as you I expect a correct answer.' She told him that when very young, his 'Age of Reason' was put into her hands; but that the more she read in it, the more dark and distressed she felt, and she *threw the book into the fire*. 'I wish all had done as you,' he replied; 'for if the devil has ever had any agency in any work, he has had it in my writing that book.' When going to carry him some refreshment, she repeatedly heard him uttering the language, 'O Lord! Lord God!' or, 'Lord Jesus, have mercy upon me.'

"It is well known that during some weeks of his illness, when a little free from bodily pain, *he wrote a great deal*. This his nurse told me; and Mary Roscoe repeatedly saw him writing. If his companions in infidelity had found anything to support the idea that he continued on his deathbed to espouse their cause, would they not have eagerly published it? But not a word is said; there is a secrecy as to what has become of these writings."

A Liberal Journal in Madrid, that is, a Secular journal opposed to the Roman Catholic party, thus describes how the holy days of the Church are celebrated: "The night of the Last Supper is celebrated by eating fried mullet, at an unseasonable hour of the night; the memory of the dead with an orgie of buns; the memorable Ash Wednesday, with the burial of sardines; the day of Christ's death in street perambulations, with gaudy colored veils, the afternoon presenting a scene of general clamor; the Resurrection day with the first bull-fight of the season; the feast of St. Joseph with exquisitely prepared flummery; that of San Isidro with whistles; that of St. John and St. Peter with a night's carouse, perfumed with fried oil and brandy; next the procession of a great god and a little god, celebrated with hallelujahs."

EASTER LILIES.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Delivered Last Sunday Morning, April 17, 1881.

[The Tabernacle was tastefully decorated with flowers presented by the ladies of the congregation. In the centre of the platform, upon a carved stand, stood a large fancy straw basket filled with yellow and red roses, with a row of callas about the edge. On either side were semi-circular stands of five steps, each filled with growing plants of many kinds. Beyond these were parlor stands covered with large bouquets and then two other semi-circular stands for potted plants. Upon the corners of the rostrum stood rustic stands with plants and bouquets. In front of these, all around the edge of the platform, was a double row of potted plants, filling up all the interstices and giving the rostrum the appearance of an impenetrable barricade of flowers. There were roses of every hue, numbers of rich foliage plants, pale and deep-dyed fuchsias, red, yellow, and white tulips, spring-breathing crocuses, forget-me-nots, broad-branched azaleas, gorgeous rhododendrons, geraniums of every variety, petunias and carnations in profusion, double hyacinths, and a hundred other representatives of the floral kingdom, with sprigs of refreshing evergreen and smilax breaking out here and there through the glowing mass. Above against the organ pipes was a life-size cross of pure white roses entwined together so as to appear in the distance like a frame of immortelles. Beneath in letters of red and white roses was the Easter symbol: "He is risen."]

"Consider the lilies."—Matthew 6 : 28.

The Queen of Bible Flowers—The Angels of the Grass—What Flowers are Good For—I. They Teach God's Providential Care—A Roman Emperor's Luxuries—Martin Luther Inspired by a Flower—A Prisoner's Consolation—II. Good for the Bridal Day—Emblematical of Happiness—A Faded Rose in a Bureau—III. To Honor and Comfort the Obsequies—A Graveyard Contrast—Celestial Convoys—Christian Gratitude for Ministerial Help—The Sepulchre in the Midst of the Garden—IV. For Religious Symbolism—Of Life—Of Christ—They Spell Resurrection—Lord Nelson's Funeral—Easter Day and the Resurrection Day.

The lily is *the queen of Bible flowers*. The rose may have disputed her throne in modern times, and won it; but the rose originally had only five petals. It was under the long-continued and intense gaze of the world that the rose blushed into its present beauty. In the Bible train, cassia and hyssop and frankincense and myrrh and spikenard and camphire and the rose follow the lily. Fourteen times in the Bible is the lily mentioned; only twice the rose. The rose may now have wider empire, but the lily reigned in the time of Esther, in the time of Solomon, in the time of Christ.

Cæsar had his throne on the hills. The lily had her throne in the valley. In the greatest sermon that was ever preached, there was only one flower, and that a lily. The Bedford dreamer, John Bunyan, entered the house of the interpreter, and was shown a cluster of flowers, and was told to "consider the lilies."

We may study or reject other sciences at our option. It is so with astronomy, it is so with chemistry, it is so with jurisprudence, it is so with physiology, it is so with geology; but the science of botany Christ commands us to study when He says, "Consider the lilies." Measure them from root to tip of petal. Inhale their breath. Notice the gracefulness of their poise. Hear the whisper of the white lips of the Eastern and of the red lips of the American lily.

Belonging to this royal family of lilies is the lily of the Nile, the Japan lily, the Lady Washington of the Sierras, the Golden Band lily, the Giant lily of Nepaul, the Turk's cap lily, the African lily from the Cape of Good Hope. All these lilies have the *royal blood* in their veins. But I take the lilies of my text this morning as typical of all flowers, and this Easter day, garlanded with all this opulence of floral beauty seems to address us, saying, "Consider the lilies, consider the azalias, consider the fuchsias, consider the geraniums, consider the ivies, consider the hyacinths, consider the heliotropes, consider the oleanders. With deferential and grateful and intelligent and worshipful souls, consider them. Not with insipid sentimentalism, or with sophomoric vaporing, but for grand and practical and every-day, and, if need be, homely uses, consider them.

The flowers are

THE ANGELS OF THE GRASS.

They all have voices. When the clouds speak, they thunder; when the whirlwinds speak, they scream; when the cataracts speak, they roar; but when the flowers speak, they always whisper. I stand here to interpret their message. What have you to say, O ye angels of the grass, to this worshipful multitude?

This morning I mean to discuss *what flowers are good for*. That is my subject: What are flowers good for?

I. I remark, in the first place, they are good for *lessons of God's*

PROVIDENTIAL CARE.

That was Christ's first thought when He said, "Consider the lilies." All these flowers seem to address us to-day, saying, "God will give you apparel and food. We have no wheel with which to spin, no loom with which to weave, no sickle with which to harvest, no well-sweep with which to draw water; but God slakes our thirst with the dew, and God feeds us with the bread of the sunshine, and God has apparelled us with more than Solomonic regality. We are prophetesses of adequate wardrobe. If God so clothed us, the grass of the field, will He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

Men and women of worldly anxieties, take this message home with you. How long has God taken care of you? Quarter of the journey of life? half the journey of life? three quarters the journey of life? Can you not trust Him the rest of the way? God does not promise you anything like that which the Roman emperor had on his table at vast expense—five hundred nightingales' tongues—but He has promised to take care of you. He has promised you the necessities, not the luxuries—bread, not cake. If God so luxuriantly clothes the grass of the field, will He not provide for you, His living and immortal children? He will.

No wonder Martin Luther always had a flower on his writing-desk for inspiration. Through the cracks of the prison floor a flower grew up to cheer Picciola. Mungo Park, the great traveller and explorer, had his life saved by a flower. He sank down in the desert to die, but seeing a flower near by, it suggested God's merciful care, and he got up with new courage and travelled on to safety. I said the flowers are the angels of the grass. I add now, they are *the evangels of the sky*.

II. If you insist on asking me the question, What are flowers good for? I respond, they are good

FOR THE BRIDAL DAY.

The bride must have them on her brow, and she must have them in her hand. The marriage altar must be covered with them. A wedding without flowers would be as inappropriate as a wedding without music. At such a time they are for congratulation and prophecies of good. So much of the pathway of life is covered up with thorns, we ought to cover the beginning with orange-blossoms.

Flowers are appropriate on such occasions, for in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases it is *the very best thing* that could have happened. The world may criticise and pronounce it an inaptitude, and may lift its eyebrows in surprise and think it might suggest something better; but the God who sees the twenty, forty, fifty years of wedded life before they have begun, arranges all for the best. So that flowers, in almost all cases, are appropriate for the marriage day. The divergences of disposition will become correspondences, recklessness will become prudence, frivolity will be turned into practicality.

There has been many an aged widowed soul who had a carefully locked bureau, and in the bureau a box, and in the box a folded paper, and in the folded paper a half-blown rose, slightly fragrant, discolored, carefully pressed. She put it there forty or fifty years ago. On the anniversary day of her wedding she will go to the bureau, she will lift the box, she will unfold the paper, and to her eyes will be exposed the half-blown bud, and the memories of the past will rush upon her, and a tear will drop upon the flower; and suddenly it is transfigured, and there is a stir in the dust of the anther, and it rounds out, and it is full of life, and it begins to tremble in the procession up the church aisle, and the dead music of a half century ago comes throbbing through the air; and vanished faces reappear, and right hands are joined, and a manly voice promises, "I will, for better or for worse," and the wedding march thunders a salvo of joy at the departing crowd; but a sigh on that anniversary day scatters the scene. Under the deep-fetched breath, the altar, the flowers, the congratulating groups are scattered, and there is nothing left but a trembling hand holding a faded rosebud, which is put into the paper, and then into the box, and the box carefully placed in the bureau, and with a sharp, sudden click of the lock the scene is over.

Ah, my friends, let not the prophecies of the flowers on your wedding day be false prophecies. Be blind to each other's faults. Make the most of each other's excellences. Above all, *do not both get mad at once!* Remember the vows, the ring on the third finger of the left hand, and the benediction of the calla-lilies.

III. If you insist on asking me the question, What are flowers good for? I answer, they are good

TO HONOR AND COMFORT THE OBSEQUIES.

The worst gash ever made into the side of our poor earth is the gash of the grave. It is so deep, it is so cruel, it is so incurable that it needs something to cover it up. Flowers for the casket, flowers for the hearse, flowers for the cemetery.

What *a contrast* between the grave in the country churchyard, with the fence broken down and the tombstone aslant, and the neighboring cattle browsing amid the mullein-stalks and the Canada thistles, and a June morning in Greenwood, the wave of roseate bloom rolling to the top of the mounds, and then breaking into foaming crests of white flowers all around the pillows of dust. It is the difference between sleeping under rags and sleeping under an embroidered blanket. We want Old Mortality with his chisel to go through all the graveyards of Christendom, and while he carries a chisel in one hand, we want Old Mortality to have some flower-seed in the palm of the other hand.

"Oh," you say, "the dead don't know; it makes no difference to them." I think you are mistaken. There are not so many steamers and rail trains coming to any living city as there are *convoys coming from heaven to earth*; and if there be instantaneous and constant communication between this world and the better world, do you not suppose your departed friends know what you do with their bodies? Why has God planted "golden-rod" and wild flowers in the forest and on the prairie where no human eye ever sees them? He planted them there for invisible intelligences to look at and admire, and when invisible intelligences come to look at the wild flowers of the woods and the table-lands, will they not make excursion and see the flowers which you have planted in affectionate remembrance of them?

When I am dead, I would like to have a handful of violets—any one could pluck them out of the grass, or some one could lift from the edge of the pond a water-lily—nothing rarely expensive or insane display, as sometimes at funeral rites where the display takes the bread from the children's mouths, and the clothes from their backs, but something from the great democracy of flowers. Rather than imperial catafalque of Russian Czar, I ask some one whom I may have helped by Gospel sermon or Christian deed to bring a sprig of arbutus or a handful of China asters.

It was left for modern times to spell respect for the departed and comfort for the living in letters of *floral Gospel*. Pillow of flowers, meaning rest for the pilgrim who has got to the end of his journey. Anchor of flowers, suggesting the Christian hope which we have as an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast. Cross of flowers, suggesting the tree on which our sins were slain.

If I had my way, I would cover up all the dreamless sleepers, whether in golden-handled casket or pine box, whether in king's mausoleum or Potter's Field, with radiant and aromatic arbo-

escence. The Bible says, in the midst of the garden there was a sepulchre. I wish that every sepulchre might be in the midst of a garden.

IV. If you insist on asking me the question, What are flowers good for? I answer,

FOR RELIGIOUS SYMBOLISM.

Have you ever studied scriptural flora? The Bible is an arbetum, it is a divine conservatory, it is a herbarium of exquisite beauty. If you want to illustrate the brevity of the brightest human life, you will quote from Job: "A man cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down." Or you will quote from the Psalmist: "As the flower of the field, so he perisheth; the wind passeth over it, and it is gone." Or you will quote from Isaiah: "All flesh is grass, and the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field." Or you will quote from James the Apostle: "As the flower of the grass, so he passeth away." What graphic Bible symbolism!

All the cut flowers of this Easter day will soon be dead, whatever care you take of them. Though morning and night you baptize them in the name of the shower, the baptism will not be to them a saving ordinance. They have been fatally wounded with the knife that cut them. They are bleeding their life away; they are dying now. The fragrance in the air is their departing and ascending spirits.

Oh, yes! flowers are almost human. Botanists tell us that flowers breathe, they take nourishment, they eat, they drink. They are sensitive. They have their likes and dislikes. They sleep, they wake. They live in families. They have their ancestors and their descendants, their birth, their burial, their cradle, their grave. The zephyr rocks the one, and the storm digs the trench for the other. The cowslip must leave its gold, the lily must leave its silver, the rose must leave its diamond necklace of morning dew. Dust to dust. So we come up, we prosper, we spread abroad, we die, as the flower—as the flower!

Change and decay on all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

Flowers also afford mighty

SYMBOLISM OF CHRIST,

who compared Himself to the ancient queen, the lily, and the modern queen, the rose, when He said, "I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys." Redolent like the one, humble like the other. Like both, appropriate for the sad who want sympathizers, and for the rejoicing who want banqueters. Hovering over the marriage ceremony like a wedding bell, or folded like a chaplet on the pulseless heart of the dead.

Oh, Christ! let the perfume of thy name be wafted all around the earth—lily and rose, lily and rose—until the wildernesses crimson into a garden, and the round earth turn into one great bud of immortal beauty laid against the warm heart of God. Snatch down from the world's banners eagle and lion, and put on lily and rose, lily and rose.

But, my friends, flowers have no grander use than when on Easter morning we celebrate the reanimation of Christ from the catacombs. *All the flowers of to-day spell resurrection.* There is not a nook or corner in all the building but is touched with the incense. The women carried spices to the tomb of Christ, and they dropped spices all around about the tomb, and from those spices have grown all the flowers of Easter morn. The two white-robed angels that hurled the stone away from the door of the tomb, hurled it with such violence down the hill that it crashed in the door of the world's sepulchre, and millions of the stark and dead shall come forth.

However labyrinthian the mausoleum, however costly the sarcophagus, however architecturally grand the necropolis, however beautifully parterred the family grounds, we want them all broken up by the Lord of the resurrection. The forms that we laid away with our broken hearts must rise again. Father and mother—they must come out. Husband and wife—they must come out. Brothers and sisters—they must come out. Our darling children—they must come out. The eyes that with trembling fingers we closed must open in the lustre of resurrection morn. The arms that we folded in death must join ours in embrace of reunion. The beloved voice that was hushed must be returned. The beloved form must come up without its infirmities, without its fatigues—it must come up.

Oh, how long it seems for some of you. Waiting—waiting for the resurrection. How long! how long! I make for your broken hearts to-day a cool, soft bandage of Easter lilies. Last night we had come in the mails a beautiful Easter card, on the top of it a representation of that exquisite flower called the "trumpet creeper," and under it the inscription, "The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised." I comfort you this day with the thought of resurrection.

When Lord Nelson was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral in London, the heart of all England was stirred. The procession passed on amid the sobbing of a nation. There were thirty trumpeters stationed at the door of the cathedral, with instruments of music in hand, waiting for the signal, and when the illustrious dead arrived at the gates of St. Paul's Cathedral, these thirty trumpeters gave one united blast, and then all was silent. Yet the trumpets did not wake the dead. He slept right on.

But I have to tell you, what thirty trumpeters could not do for one man, one trumpeter will do for all nations. The ages have rolled on, and the clock of the world's destiny strikes nine, ten, eleven, twelve, and time shall be no longer!

BEHOLD THE ARCHANGEL

hovering. He takes the trumpet, points it this way, puts its lips to his lips, and then blows one long, loud, terrific, thunderous, reverberating and resurrectionary blast. Look! Look! They rise! The dead! The dead! Some coming forth from the family vault. Some from the city cemetery. Some from the country graveyard. Here a spirit is joined to its body, and there another spirit is joined to another body, and millions of departed spirits are assorting the bodies and then reclothing themselves in forms now radiant for ascension.

The earth begins to burn—the bonfire of a great victory. All ready now for the procession of reconstructed humanity! Upward and away! Christ leads, and all the Christian dead follow, battalion after battalion, nation after nation. Up, up! On, on! Forward, ye ranks of God Almighty! Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let the conquerors come in! Resurrection! Resurrection!

And so I twist all the festal flowers of this church with all the festal flowers of chapels and cathedrals of all Christendom into one great chain, and with that chain I bind the Easter morning of 1881 with the closing Easter of the world's history—Resurrection! May the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE IN A SNOW-STORM.

GEOFFREY EASTON had been suddenly summoned from his chambers in the Temple in London, where so many barristers have their quarters, to the bedside of his dying father. The affection cherished between them was of no ordinary character. Geoffrey had never known his mother, and as he grew up toward manhood his father lavished upon him all the tender affection and solicitude that he would have received had he enjoyed the felicity of knowing both his parents, and father and son were worthy of each other.

It was a memorably bitter night. The distance to be traversed was twenty miles ere Geoffrey could reach his father's house, where even now he was being anxiously awaited; and he had already accomplished one-half of the journey, when, on passing the residence of a fellow-barrister, he alighted from his horse for a few moments that he might pay him a friendly visit. When he again appeared at the door a wave of sleet and snow, impelled by the rushing wind, swept over him, whistling and whirring with a wailing and melancholy sound.

"Why, my dear fellow, can't you wait until the morning before you finish your journey?" said Harold Stanley.

"I tell you I *must* go on to-night!" Geoffrey exclaimed. "Then, Heaven be with you and protect you!" said his friend.

The traveller sprang into the saddle, and speedily left the village of Bushey far behind, but presently the speed and the heavy roads began to tell upon his gallant mare. The horseman had soon passed beyond the pale of human habitations, save for a few straggling farm-houses lying away from the main road, and which could not be discerned in the almost Cimmerian darkness that now enveloped all. Down came the snow in large flakes, beating against the traveller, and increasing in volume. As the wind shrieked about his ears, reflection convinced him of the prudence of seeking some temporary shelter. But no haven of refuge was visible.

Peering as best he could into the haze and the darkness, Geoffrey urged forward his horse, hoping every moment to be rewarded by the appearance of some friendly resting-place. Absolute exhaustion, however, was now beginning to overtake his steed, and this fact at last aroused the rider to a sense of his personal danger. Coming to a turn in the road, he decided to dismount, and, after tethering his faithful animal to a tree, to search on foot for some place of shelter. But just at this moment he descried in the distance a light streaming from a window in a cottage. Nerving himself and his horse to another effort, the latter plunged forward with his remaining energy, and had almost reached the desired goal, when his foot stepped into a small gully, running at the end of the garden attached to the cottage.

Geoffrey was thrown forward out of the saddle, and came in contact with a piece of rude stonework, and for a considerable time lay upon the ground utterly unconscious.

The noise of the horse's hoofs had been heard by the inmates of the cottage during a lull in the storm, and the door was quickly opened, and two persons made their appearance. One of these was a middle-aged man, and the other a girl just bordering upon womanhood. On reaching the foot of the garden they discovered the body of a man lying upon the ground, and his horse standing near him. Speechless and motionless, the stranger made no response whatever to his questioners.

"Oh, father, father, he is dead!" exclaimed the girl, as she bent over the fallen body, and perceived blood oozing from the traveller's head upon the snow. "I will go and fetch a lantern."

She immediately returned with a light, and knelt down in the snow. By the aid of the flickering gleam the man removed the horseman's cap, and saw that his eyes were closed. Throwing himself upon the ground, he unfastened Geoffrey's clothing, and after a few moments' examination, said, "He's living! he breathes, thank Heaven!"

Geoffrey was carried into the cottage, and restoratives applied to him. At length he was left in a small apartment by himself. He could not sleep, but he reflected with profound satisfaction upon his escape from imminent peril. Death can rarely be regarded with equanimity; but it wears a terrible aspect when encountered in the highways of life away from those whose love should tend the couch of suffering. His own unpreparedness for eternity also flashed upon his mind as a new revelation, and he resolved that if his life were spared, it should be devoted primarily and in all things to the glory of God and the good of men.

It was nearly three months before the journey was completed, which commenced on that eventful night. Meanwhile, Geoffrey's father had, contrary to the expectations of everybody, recovered from the worst phases of the malady which threatened to carry him to the grave, and father and son together rejoiced at the goodness and sparing mercy of God. As a memento of his escape from imminent death, Geoffrey, with the concurrence and cordial approval of his father, purchased the property on which the cottage stood in which he passed three months of pain and weariness; and in which he was led by the ministry of sanctified suffering to Christ, and there now stands upon its site a neat little village sanctuary, erected at the Eastons' expense, in which many a broken heart has found a solace, and many a heavy-laden sinner has stepped forth into the blessed freedom and peace of the sons of God.

JAMES GRAHAM'S BUSH LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

(*Continued from page 231.*)

After a Fruitless Journey of 240 Miles Returns to Hobart Town—Thoughts of his Mother—Meets an Old Liverpool Friend and Joins Him at Work—Becomes Farm Manager—Difficulties with the Convicts—Rents a Farm with a City Man—Tasmanian Animals.

I LANDED in Hobart Town, March 10th, 1833, just twenty-eight years after Collins, with his convicts, founded a settlement there and built the nucleus of the present capital. I landed six years after it had become a colony distinct from those on the larger island, and about three years before the founding of the Port Philip colony with its capital, Melbourne, which was then a waste. I landed some eighteen years before the world's great gold scramble began, causing a rush toward the South Pole. When I landed the energetic and despotic Colonel George Arthur ruled over a population in which the convict element was the largest.

The first sight I saw on landing was a gang of some two hundred convicts working in cross-irons. That is, a bar of iron between their ankles and from it a chain fastened to a belt round their loins. The clank and rattle of the irons were incessant as they wrought, and it drowned every other sound. It was anything but like what travellers describe as the lulling sounds of sheep and cattle bells in sweet Alpine valleys. Alas! it was the wolf-bell rather than the sheep-bell.

The convicts were *dressed* in piebald costume, the one half white down one side and the one half black down the other. Nature makes a kind of uniformity between the color of grouse and stubble, and between fish and the river bottom, to help them to escape; but I suppose government equips its servants on the opposite principle. I was struck with despondency at sight of these degraded-looking fellow-creatures. Their low, scowling, animal looks gave me a better idea of the fall of man than could Boston's Fourfold Estate. And yet, I could not but reflect that if I were in those irons for a few months, I might be as degraded or desperate as they; and that many have been transported for shooting a stray hare, a pheasant, or a deer. "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone."

After this I saw gang after gang, most of them in yellow, till I got familiar with such sights. Indeed, at that time Colonel Arthur was employing convict labor largely on the River Derwent, making roads, especially that toward Launceston and the great bridge that spans the noble river. It was, perhaps, the very best way that convict labor could be applied, and it laid the foundation of prosperity for the colonies, and set other labor free for other purposes.

Jerrold Lock left for Sydney; and, as my funds were low and there appeared no suitable work in Hobart Town, I and two shipmates set off for a cruise in the interior. Our object was to get some permanent employment, where we could at once earn wages and colonial experience. We went up the Derwent for some ten miles the first day. Here we reached the little road-side inn whose sign was a great black snake. I suppose it was intended to show either that snakes had once been there, or that the inn was a refuge for them. A teetotaller would affirm the venomous reptile to be the emblem of the fiery serpent of alcohol housed there—the serpent that kills more immigrants than the literal black snakes. The day was very hot, and as our feet were swollen after confinement so long on the little ship, we were glad of the inn to give us some rest and refreshment.

Having spent a restful night at the little inn, we arose next morning with the sun, and in the best of spirits and full of hope, resumed the march. We went some ten miles farther up the Derwent, to its junction with the Clyde, where stands on a hill the town of New Norfolk. Up the banks of this latter river we made a journey of about a hundred miles, through the settled districts and nearly to its source. The country looked picturesque and fertile. As it was an agricultural district, settlements were nearer to each other than in a pastoral country. There were on all sides abundant crops of every kind. Apples, peaches, nectarines, apricots, and water melons were fine and plentiful.

I was greatly struck with the transparency of the air and the fineness of the climate of Van Diemen's Land. The vegetation appeared very different from that of Ireland. In Ireland at that season—Patrick's day, March 17th—the naked trees would be recovering from winter's bleakness and swelling into bud. Here every tree was an evergreen, or rather an ever*blue*; for the landscape is far from that living green that summer robes it with in Ireland.

The trees were of enormous size, some of them great living columns shooting up about 100 to 150 feet high. Here were great blue or flooded gums near the water; there white gums higher up, their foliage like giants with scanty locks; and some, with last year's tattered bark shedding off, like grenadiers in rags. There were huge boxes, with hollow boles and boughs, from which parakeets popped out their bright heads, tier above tier, like beauties looking out of their dressing-room windows; while the opossums slept by day like sots. But to know what we should eat and where we ourselves should sleep, occupied our attention more earnestly than did the knowledge of trees where parrots and opossums eat and slept.

As most of the settlers had been old convicts, they looked on us free immigrants rather coldly; and as we were "raw," without colonial experience, we got no situations to suit us. We were kindly entertained at several places where we called—sometimes sleeping on a sheet of bark in a hut or shed; and we returned to Hobart Town sick at heart and sore of foot, after a journey of 240 miles.

I would have been for trying the bush longer, but there were several gangs of bushrangers then committing depredations, and blacks and whites were retaliating atrociously on each other. One of my companions, C—, was very timid, and the snapping of a stick or the fall of a leaf made his heart palpitate. The whole aspect of things was really depressing, and from my heart I wished I were back in dear old Ireland amid the prospects I left.

I fear I then wrote a rather despondent letter to my father; but, as my funds were reduced to half-a-crown, and half of that owed for washing, I resolved to do anything that offered, were it but to throw stones to a pavior. I went to my box to see something of my stock of clothing. There was plenty of it; but, alas! very unsuited to the climate: a dress coat with gilt buttons, drawers, trousers, flannels, that would suit Ireland or Iceland, but not Van Diemen's Land.

There, too, was a nightcap, and when I opened it there fell out a binder, such as I had seen my mother bind round my father's head the only time I ever saw him ill. Poor dear mother, she thought I might be ill in this distant land of strangers! When I opened the binder, there fell out a slip of paper, and written in my mother's hand, "James, my dear boy, come home to your parents if you don't succeed." Those words flashed like lightning into my heart and broke up its fountain.

Oh, if I could at that moment have returned, how willingly I should have done so! But now I could not return, and I must, by God's blessing, succeed. I must gladden the heart that dictated those words. That heart and others must not be depressed by my turning a great croaker or a great helpless child. I should go and look for work. Yes, but there are the Bible and Hymn book she wrote my name in, and desired me daily to read, were it but for fifteen minutes. Then I must not forget them or the God of whom they speak. See here is, broadly marked, one of her favorite hymns. Oh, for her faith!

"Peace, doubting heart, my God's I am,
Who formed me man forbids my fear,
Himself hath called me by my name,
Himself protects for ever near;
His blood for me did once atone,
And still He loves and guards His own.

"When passing through the watery deep,
I ask in faith His promised aid,
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head;
Fearless their violence I dare;
They cannot harm, for God is there.

"When darkness intercepts my skies,
And sorrow's waves around me roll,
When high the storms of passion rise,
And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul,
My soul a sudden calm shall feel,
And hear a whisper, 'Peace, be still!'"

My heart was not quite in my shoes, but in the way of sinking, when I fell across an old friend from Liverpool, in the little parlor of the Kangaroo Inn. I had on a blue broad-cloth swallow-tail coat with gilt buttons, and looked the greenest of the green. He eyed me from head to heel, not knowing whether he ought to pity or despise. We commenced to talk. "I s'pose you want a clerkship?" said he. "A spade, a rake, a hoe, or a pair of shears," quoth I. He shuffled on his seat and said, "I'm going to clear some ground for Commissary H. when I get a mate; but the gum stumps" (he did *not* mean of teeth) "are stiff and take practice to root them; I'll lend you tools if you try it. He gives two shillings a block."

We commenced to clear next day. He set to work with his might to try my mettle. I did not appear to mind it, but pitched hard into the block, and before night I had stump for stump out with him. The next day we wrought at separate stumps, and I could have gone ahead of him at my ease. He was delighted, and could hardly believe his eyes. So I had a right to thank experience of the spade and axe in old Ireland's hedges and ditches, on my father's farm.

We *cleared* more than seven, and sometimes ten shillings a day, till at last the commissary thought it easy work, and wanted to lower our wages. We rebelled, and threw down our hatchets. He got a lot of government men (convicts) to work, and they could not take out three blocks a day, where we took out three times three. So much for *free* versus slave labor. Even a scream of the cat-o'-nine-tails couldn't make the stumps dance. And so, we were engaged again at the old figure.

It was really fine, and enough to cure sea-sickness, home-sickness, and sun-sickness, I found my mate, an old bush-hand, first rate at cedar-sawing, and at splitting and fencing, and an altogether honest fellow; but, alas! his sovereigns soon grew too hot and riddled his purse. He wrought like a mule and spent like an ass, and then girded himself up for another lay-to at the timber. I tried to keep my purse-strings decently closed, and after seven weeks rooting out of blocks engaged to manage a large farm of land for a friend of his, by Mr. H.'s recommendation.

I was the only free person on the establishment. All the laborers, some twelve, were government men (convicts) assigned to my employer. I was allowed a lad of about fourteen years of age as hut-keeper and cook. He also was a prisoner. I soon found my situation a critical one. I could not please my employer without getting the men flogged. This I would not do. I had experience enough already to know that that sort of cruelty was generally needless, and always ill-connected—was the child of folly, the sister of passion, the mother of bushranging, and the grandmother of endless murders.

I could tell you shocking stories of the cruelty of overseers and masters, at last driving men to the bush, after they had, in revenge perhaps, laid open the skull of a master or overseer with spade or axe. I resolved that, by God's help, I never would get the flesh of a fellow-creature lacerated by the cat-o'-nine-tails—and so I left. Mr. —— had heard of me as a free immigrant, and proposed to me to rent a farm of 140 acres from him at £100 a year. I did so with a young man from London, a free immigrant like myself. He had some little capital, but no knowledge of a farm, no more than if he had just been transplanted out of the hot-house—a real city exotic. We kept it for a year, and made some money.

Our farm was situated about seventeen miles from Hobart Town, in a place called the Black Brush, near to Brighton; and the little river Jordan ran through the centre of it. It was bounded by hills

on either side, and these abounded with kangaroos, opossums, bandicoots, and native cats. There were also rockwallibys and opossum-rats. But more of these again.

(To be continued.)

THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

By Rev. William Maude.

The Man Prepared for the Hour—A Predicted Hour—The Man about to Appear—The Signs of His Coming—Antichrist's Own Time—Signs of its Arrival—A Moral Sign, Lawlessness—In the Church—In the Relations of Life—Political—Social—Commercial—Domestic.

We are instructed by the Preacher that "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven" (Ecclesiastes 3 : 1). And the common experience of mankind has embodied itself in the proverb that the hour ever brings the man. That is to say, in other words, whenever a Divine purpose is ripe for its accomplishment, we may rest assured that God will not permit such accomplishment to be either frustrated or delayed by the want of the fitting human instrument for effecting it.

On the truth of this assurance the pages of history are a running commentary. Thus, before the mysterious hand inscribed on the walls of Belshazzar's palace the doomful words, "*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*," God had raised up His "anointed," Cyrus, to be not only the instrument of His judgment against Babylon, but also His "shepherd" in regard to Israel; "even saying to Jerusalem, Thou shalt be built; and to the temple, Thy foundation shall be laid" (Isaiah 44 : 28). It was when the corruptions of the Church of Rome had become too grievous to be borne, and either the purification or destruction of Christianity seemed inevitable, that God called forth from His monastery at Erfurth "the solitary monk who shook the world," and mainly by the instrumentality of Luther brought about the great German Reformation.

And so, to take but one other illustration from our own day, it was when the tyranny and misgovernment of the Bourbons had made Italy the prison-house of civil and religious liberty that the heroic Garibaldi was raised up, and with his cry of "Rome or death!" not only brought the Austrian empire to the verge of ruin, and secured the united Italy of to-day, but ultimately, as the final issue of the revolution, achieved the destruction of the temporal power of the popes. Even so, though overshadowing all such merely secular examples by its spiritual grandeur, it was "when the fulness of the time was come, that God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons" (Galatians 4 : 4, 5).

Once again the unresting finger on the dial-plate of time approaches

A PREDICTED HOUR,

and once again the *man* will appear. For as it was when the fulness of the time was come that the Christ was manifested in gracious answer to the world's crying need, so does Paul forewarn us that it is "in his own time" that Antichrist shall be revealed in judgment on Christendom's consummated apostasy (Daniel 8 : 23). But how widely different will be the reception which the world will give the latter! Of Christ it is written that "He came unto His own, and His own people received Him not" (John 1 : 11); while regarding his future personator, He declared: "I am come in my Father's name, and ye receive me not; if another shall come in His own name, Him ye will receive" (John 5 : 43).

"That He may be revealed in His own time." That Antichrist is the dread personage referred to in these words hardly calls for proof, since the identity of St. Paul's "man of sin" (verse 3) and St. John's personal "Antichrist" (1 John 2 : 22) is practically conceded by all students of prophecy. Our present object is rather to inquire whether Scripture affords us any clear and reliable notes of the special epoch in the world's history at which this last great enemy of Christ is to appear; that so haply we may, by a careful consideration of the signs of this present time, form a correct opinion as to whether these notes of Antichrist's "own time" are, or are not, applicable to the days in which we live; or whether, at all events, the coming events which are to precede and accompany his advent do not even now manifestly "cast their shadows before."

Among such signs of the arrival of Antichrist's "own time," then, we find *four* revealed in Scripture with special distinctness, and to these, in their mutual order and relation, we propose in the present papers briefly to call attention. Careful students of the prophetic Word may doubtless discern other time-marks, but none, we think, which stand out with equal prominence, and about which there is so little room for an erroneous conclusion. Of these four the first, and what we may call the precursory, sign is of a *moral* character. The second and third, which seem almost to synchronize, are respectively *spiritual* and *political*; or, in other words, a heavenly and an earthly sign. But the fourth, which is also *political*, marks with the utmost precision the time of

ANTICHRIST'S REVELATION.

and may truly be regarded as the striking of the predicted "hour" on the clock of time, revealing to us the awful fact that the "man" *is here!*

The first or *moral* sign of the approaching revelation of the personal Antichrist we find distinctly indicated in the second chapter of St. Paul's second Epistle to the Thessalonians. In the sixth and three following verses he writes: "And now ye know what restraineth Him (*i.e.*, the Antichrist), that He might be revealed in His own season. For the mystery of *lawlessness* doth already work; only he who now restrains (will restrain), until out of the midst He be gone, and then shall

THE LAWLESS ONE

be revealed, whom the Lord Jesus shall consume with the breath of His mouth, and shall destroy with the forthshining of His presence."

In this remarkable prophecy we are taught the important fact that as the kingdom of Christ has first its period of mystery, to be followed by a period of manifestation, even so also has the kingdom of Antichrist. As early as the apostle's own days the *mystery* of lawlessness had commended to work, and it has continued to work up to the present time, and will so continue, till it is headed up in the appearance of that awful personage who is to be the very embodiment of its spirit, and the supreme *manifestation* of its power.

Now that "lawlessness" is in truth the most prominent as well as the most portentous characteristic of the present time is a fact patent to all who possess any moral sensibility and spiritual discernment. Not to wander in search of evidence beyond the limits of England, which we may surely regard as the *most Christian* country within the area of the old Roman world, in what department of modern English society is not "lawlessness"—utter, shameless "lawlessness"—eating as doth a canker? What class of the community does not painfully manifest its influence? We have

LAWLESSNESS IN THE CHURCH;

not only in the most open expression of sceptical opinions and the most daring denial of the fundamental facts of the Christian faith by men who are its pledged and paid custodians, but we see self-styled "priests" setting the law of the land at defiance, and glorying in a little sham martyrdom, because their rulers in Church and State have neither the power nor the will to deal with them as any other class of lawbreakers would be dealt with.

We have *lawlessness in politics;* men of one political party bringing the most reckless and extravagant charges against their opponents, and even Christian men, as we would fain regard them, disgracing themselves and the sacred Name they name by shameful trickery, corruption, and falsehood, in order to further their party's interests and their own.

Nay, this spirit of *lawlessness has entered the High Court of Parliament itself*, and we witness at this moment (January 20th, 1881) the strange spectacle of the legislative functions of this great empire paralyzed by the obstructive opposition of a handful of disloyal and turbulent men, whose avowed object it is to rend the kingdom asunder, after having brought an integrant portion of it to the very verge of civil war.

We have "*lawlessness*"

IN THE SOCIAL RELATIONS

of life, for do we not see, on the one hand, great land-owners and capitalists combining to defraud and oppress their hapless tenants and workpeople—as witness the inhuman and dishonest "evictions" in Ireland, and the cruel pressure put upon their employés by railway directors and coal-owners, in order to compel them to "contract themselves out" of the humane and righteous provisions of the Employers' Liability Act?

And, on the other hand, do we not also see workmen and servants, *sometimes* in sheer desperation, combining to "Boycott" their landlords, and going "on strike" when they think their employers are in a difficulty? Both parties alike—but the stronger more to their shame than the weaker—oblivious of the apostolic injunctions: "Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh. Not with eye-service, as men-pleasers, but as the servants of Christ, with good-will doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men. . . . And, ye masters, do the same things unto them, forbearing threatening: knowing that your Master also is in heaven; neither is there respect of persons with Him" (Ephesians 6 : 5–9).

We have "*lawlessness*"

IN THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS

of life, so that from the bank director to the petty tradesman every man's heart seems set on dealing unrighteously with his neighbor, and the recognized principle (?) of our ordinary business transactions—technically denominated "smartness"—appears to be, "I must do you or let you do me." Time was when it had become a common proverb that the English merchant's word was as good as his bond, but who trusts the English merchant's word now? or, for that matter, without careful scrutiny, his bond either? Time was when the "respectable" tradesman respected himself sufficiently to remember the solemn words of the wise man: "A false balance is abomination to the Lord, but a just weight is His delight."

But now, alas! he is more apt to make his own the words of the fool: "God hath forgotten; He hideth away His face; He will never see it;" if, indeed, he does not seek to assure himself with the too common thought, "Perhaps, after all, there *is* no God to know anything about it."

Worse than all, perhaps, this evil spirit has entered the sacred inclosure of the home, and we have "*lawlessness*"

IN THE DOMESTIC RELATIONS

of life. The bonds of conjugal fidelity are loosened, as witness the revolting disclosures of our divorce courts; the divinely commanded obedience and reverence of children for their parents has become, to a large extent, a thing of the past; and the family affection which made it less a matter of duty than a matter of course to aid and comfort the father or mother, the brother or sister fallen into poverty, is made to give way to the most callous selfishness. Marriage has in truth become a "market," in which mothers sell their daughters and maidens sell themselves for gold; and young men decide, as a matter of business, whether it be most expedient to marry for money, or keep a mistress to gratify their lust.

The picture is dark, but it is not overdrawn. St. Paul writes to Timothy: "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, lovers of money, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, implacable, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, haters of good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God" (2 Timothy 3 : 1–5). The indictment is a terrible one, but is it not all summed up in this one word, "lawlessness," and may not every count in it be made good against our English society of to-day? Nor does the attempt to conceal the moral hideousness of the spectacle by casting over it "a form of religion," any more avail, than the sheet thrown over the corpse can hide from us the fact that death is beneath.

(To be continued.)

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Protracted Struggle in the Senate causes a general feeling of impatience throughout the country. While the highest legislative assembly in the land is devoting its time to unseemly disputes over the appointment of a few messengers and pages, important questions of national interest remain in abeyance. The Government and the public are both inconvenienced in order that the politicians may settle among themselves the division of the spoils. It is not a dignified spectacle, and even the Senators themselves are apparently beginning to realize the fact. It is true that these appointments are only the ostensible cause of the contest. Underlying it are the interests of the Republican party in the South, as affected by the Mahone attitude. But the interests of the Republican party may be obtruded a little too conspicuously on public attention. If public business is to be shelved in order that the interests of either the Republican or Democratic party may be promoted, the people may arrive at the conclusion that *both parties are a nuisance* demanding extinction. In the present position it suits the policy of a wing of the Republican party to gain time before proceeding to deal with the Robertson and other nominations, and therefore the question of the minor offices of the Senate being filled now or in December affords a convenient pretext for delay. But this delay is injurious to public interest, and a sense of that fact should end the struggle. Neither Republicans nor Democrats can afford to face the people with the suspicion attaching to them that they regard the national good as subordinate to party domination.

The Decision of the Cabinet in Reference to the six per cent bonds has been officially announced by Mr. Windom. The holders have been informed that the Government will be prepared to pay the principal and interest of the bonds on July 1st, the day they become subject to redemption. But those who may desire to remain creditors of the Government may do so, if they will accept three and a half per cent interest on their claims until permanent arrangements are made by Congress. Those who may choose the latter alternative must give notice at the treasury before May 10th, when new bonds, bearing three and a half per cent, and redeemable at the pleasure of the Government, will be issued in exchange for the six per cents. Interest at six per cent to July 1st will be prepaid with the new bonds. It appears that there is a technical illegality in the plan which Congress will be asked to condone. It is not apprehended that any difficulty will arise on that head, as the saving effected will be large, and the arrangement is only of a temporary character and subject to new legislation. The project has been received with general approval on the exchanges here and abroad. Bonds to the amount of $170,000,000 will, it is expected, be presented for exchange, and if the same plan is pursued with the five per cents it is thought about $350,000,000 will be brought in.

Polygamy in Utah will not be Voluntarily surrendered while the present head of the Mormons continues in office. The correspondent of an influential journal recently visited Utah, and had an interview with John Taylor on the subject. It was hoped that a movement for the abolition of "the institution" might be initiated by the Mormons themselves. The spread of education, the desire to be received into the Union, and the manifest evils of polygamy were expected to influence the Mormons, especially the younger generation, to commence the work of purification themselves. But Taylor's reply to a question as to the probability of such a movement was clear and emphatic. He assured his interlocutor that "polygamy is one of the corner-stones of the Mormon faith. It cannot and will not be removed on any account whatever." President Taylor is yet in the prime of life, and is likely to fill his office for many years to come. Therefore, even if they wish it, the young members of the Mormon community would not have the power to abolish the degrading system.

The Urgent Necessity for Affording Immediate relief to the families rendered homeless by the floods in Dakota and Nebraska was under consideration at a cabinet meeting on April 15th. President Garfield expressed an earnest desire to have every needed relief extended with the least possible delay. It was decided to authorize the issuing of army rations for two weeks, and clothing and supplies. An arrangement was also made by which salt meat, which cannot be furnished at the needed points in sufficient quantities by the War Department, is to be furnished through the Interior Department from the Indian supplies, to be replaced eventually by the War Department. Arrangements are being made for a public meeting to be held in Washington in behalf of the sufferers next week. The Indian Office to-day contributed 100 barrels of pork to the destitute in and about Yankton. Over a thousand families are rendered homeless by the floods, many of whom are in a destitute condition. In some cases they escaped in their night clothing without being able to secure even their shoes and stockings. Governor Ordway has issued an appeal for subscriptions to purchase clothing and medicines.

The Danger of an Epidemic in New York, as a result of the filthy condition of the streets of the city, formed the subject of consideration at a meeting of physicians on April 13th. The meeting was summoned by the Medical Society and the Academy of Medicine, and about *two thousand physicians* attended. Resolutions were unanimously passed, declaring that the present increase of the death-rate was mainly attributable to the dirt accumulated in the streets, and explaining in what way the negligence in street-cleaning prejudicially affected the health of the people.

Many eminent physicians were among the speakers, and expressed their apprehension that unless the heaps of decaying matter in the public thoroughfares were promptly removed, an outbreak of either typhus fever or cholera would ensue. The president, Dr. Willard Parker, said: "If the heated weather were to come, there never were so many factors for producing disease at one time as there are now. *We have already indications of pestilence.* The severe winter has enervated us, for we always find after a severe winter that we have a great deal of sickness. In the present circumstances of our city, I think that the conditions are favorable for such an outbreak in our midst. To guard New York against a pestilential invasion is of the first importance, for this city is a sort of key to the outside world. Pestilence or cholera is famous for travelling in broad highways, and if you have cholera, it will be impossible to hedge it in in this city alone, for it will travel along the States, find its way to New Jersey and the New England States, and thus disseminate itself over every part of the Union."

Professor Alfred L. Loomis, M.D., indorsed the president's remarks, and added: "Typhus fever is among us. You, fellow-citizens, who do not know what *typhus fever* is, who have not seen this terrible disease, do not tremble when you hear the word. But he who has known typhus fever in all its malignity—the experienced physician—can tell you that of all the contagious diseases it is the most contagious and the most fatal. Three weeks ago only a few cases were known. Now there are *over one hundred cases* of this dread disease in the city fever hospital. And this typhus fever is making its appearance, not only in the down-town streets—the dirty streets of the east side—the tenement-house quarters—but in Madison Square. Unless thorough cleanliness comes in, and we have the favoring breezes of heaven upon us, this contagion will force its way into your dwelling, no matter where you may live in New York. Typhus too, is the precursor of other diseases, and you will find that it has preceded more than one *great epidemic*—the cholera, the plague in London, and in other cases of pestilence that could be cited." A committee of five were appointed to convey the resolutions of the meeting to the Governor, the President of the Senate, and the Speaker of the Assembly at Albany.

Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., has been Unanimously elected honorary rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, New York, by the wardens and vestrymen of the church, who, with the congregation, have accepted his resignation of the position of rector with deep regret. Each of the three bodies has expressed its sympathy and regard for Dr. Tyng in a series of resolutions, and it is intended to combine them in a single memorial and present them to him with an appropriate testimonial. Dr. Tyng will, it is understood, soon set out on an extended tour in Europe.

An Earnest Temperance Campaign is Being prosecuted in the Southern States by Miss Frances E. Willard, under the auspices of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union. She has found efficient aid in Mrs. George Hulse McLeod, of Baltimore. It is proposed to organize auxiliaries in the leading cities, preparatory to more thorough efforts next year. Richmond, Va.; Wilmington and Raleigh, N. C.; Charleston, Columbia, Spartanburg, and Aiken, S. C.; Savannah and Atlanta, Ga.; Mobile, New Orleans, Memphis, Knoxville, and Louisville, are on the list of engagements made or projected. The heartiest interest is manifested by all classes of Southern people.

The Citizens of Chicago Propose to Commemorate the decennial of the great fire of October, 1871, by raising a large sum of money to erect a building for a public library and purposes of art. The library, which already numbers 75,000 volumes, and whose treasures are constantly increasing, is at present accommodated in the third and fourth stories of a common business block. As subscriptions are to be received in sums as small as five cents, it is hoped that the popular contribution will reach half a million dollars, to which it is thought a few wealthy men may be induced to add as much more.

Indiscriminate Almsgiving Has Been a Prolific source of evil, encouraging the most undeserving and impudent, and overlooking the really needy and modest class of our poor. An effort to remedy this evil has been made by the Bowery Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association in New York, which has done very effective work in giving needed relief to destitute men. From a circular recently issued it appears that 274,123 free meals have already been given by this Association. Free lodgings have been provided for 46,596 homeless men, and situations found for unemployed men to the number of 3916. The committee say in their circular: "We are prepared to issue certificates of Sustaining Membership for our relief work at the rate of $10 annually for each; we furnish holders of certificates orders ready for use; these orders can be given to any applicant, and will be honored in every case when the person is a worthy object of charity. Any sober man who is destitute, unemployed, or homeless, may be sent with one of the orders to us." Thus any applicant to private persons for relief may be furnished with a ticket, and investigation into the circumstances will be made, and if deserving relief promptly afforded.

The May Meetings at the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, are arranged as follows: May 8th, American Home Missionary Society; May 9th, Woman's National Christian Temperance Union, New York Port Society; May 10th, New York Sunday-school Association, National Temperance Society; May 11th, American Female Guardian Society, American Tract Society; May 12th, New York Institution for Instruction of Deaf and Dumb, New York Bible Society; May 13th, New York Society for Prevention of Crime, Foreign Sunday-school Association; May 15th, American Board Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

The Strange Spectacle of a Church Floating down a river was seen during the prevalence of the floods in Dakota. It was made of strong timbers securely fastened, and as it floated majestically down the Missouri the bell in its steeple could be heard above the roar of the flood and the crashing of the ice. Many heroic rescues are reported. In one case a Mrs. Moreton and her son, who were on the high ground when the ice-gorge broke and released the swollen torrent, saw the house in which they lived swept away bodily with the crops and cattle around it. Mr. Moreton and his daughter were in the house at the time, and were in imminent danger. Mrs. Moreton offered a thousand dollars to any one who would rescue her husband and daughter. Two men named Van Allen volunteered to make the attempt, but refused any reward. They followed the house in a boat, and when it lodged on an obstruction they climbed on the roof and cut a hole through. The two inmates were drawn through, more dead than alive, and were conveyed in the boat to a place of safety. Some of the houses from Yankton and Vermillion floated seven miles on the stream.

A Novel and Original Scheme for the Suppression of intemperance is under consideration in Indiana, according to a report in the New York *Herald*. It is proposed to enact a bill requiring that any man desiring to habitually use intoxicating liquors as a beverage shall take out a yearly license, price ten dollars, the money to go to the support of *inebriate asylums*, and the license to be cancelled the first time its holder is found intoxicated.

A Restitution of the Proceeds of a Murder has resulted from the blessing of God on Mr. Moody's preaching. A report from Baltimore, dated April 30th, says that a man named M. P. Whalen had arrived there in search of Rev. J. P. Wilson, who is now stationed in Calvert Co., Md., to whom he wished to hand over five hundred dollars and interest, the proceeds of a murder committed eight years ago. It appears that on January 3d, 1873, an old lady was murdered in Baltimore, and her murderers were detected and executed, but one of them before he was arrested gave his brother five hundred dollars, his share of the plunder, without telling him how he had obtained it. The brother retained the money for eight years, but now has resolved to restore it, with accrued interest, to the husband of the murdered woman. He states that, having been brought under Mr. Moody's teachings, and having heard his strong sermons on restitution, his conscience troubled him, and he resolved to give up the money. He sought out Mr. Wilson, so that the restitution might be made through the medium of the clergyman who was the murderer's confessor.

A Lady has Deliberately Starved Herself to death in Iowa City, Iowa. Her name was Hattie Buell, and she was fifty-two years old when she died. She has been an invalid for many years, suffering ceaseless pain from neuralgia and nervous diseases, which made life a constant torture, and at length she made the stern resolve to end an existence which promised no alleviation for her torments. Though her conduct has long been peculiar, her acquaintances never deemed her insane. On February 23d she announced her intention of starving herself to death. All her family, friends, and her pastor, Rev. Mr. Folsom, of the Presbyterian Church, used all their powers of persuasion in vain to induce the lady to change her resolve. She was inflexible. A proposition to use force in introducing food into her stomach was, after full consideration, abandoned, from the belief that if that course should be taken, it would only drive her into some other method of self-destruction. She drank water freely, in the hope that it would prevent her becoming delirious. She died April 11th, having eaten nothing for *forty-seven days*. It is supposed that she imagined suicide of that passive character was less guilty in the sight of God than violent self-destruction; but it seems probable that her mind had become affected by long continued pain, and that her sense of personal responsibility must have been impaired.

Nine Members of the Police Force of Brooklyn were discharged last week because burglars had broken into a jewelry store in the precinct they were employed to watch, and had carried off their booty unnoticed. In dismissing these men the commissioner takes pains to mention that all of them had good records, and to explain the principle on which he has acted in their case, and purposes to act in all future cases. This is, that policemen are employed to protect the lives and property of citizens, and when they don't do it they should be turned out, just as any other employés are discharged when they fail to properly do the work for which they are hired and paid by their employers. There is a certain logical propriety in the course taken by the commissioner which commends itself to thinking men; but Christians may well reflect on their own position as servants of God in the same light. If the servant who neglects his duty should be dismissed, what long-suffering and patience does God display toward some of His servants in continuing to bless them while they are negligent in the duties of their holy calling.

A Captain, Converted at the Brooklyn Tabernacle two weeks ago during the revival services conducted by Dr. Talmage, aided by Mr. Philip Phillips, has commenced energetic Christian work, thus evidencing the genuine character of the spiritual change he has undergone. At a public meeting in New York he said that having found the Lord Jesus Christ as a Saviour had made him very happy, still he felt that there was something wanting until he went to others and told them of the wonderful change which grace had effected in and for him. He began by telling some one in the office where he was engaged, and the friend to whom he spoke expressed the desire to hear further from him, being convinced that a religion which had produced such a change in any one must be genuine. Then he found himself compelled to talk to all the captains and mates of the vessels with whom he was acquainted, of the wonderful Saviour he had found. He hoped to have the joy of leading some of them to Christ.

A Dishonest Trade Practice was Relinquished by a commercial firm in New York recently under noteworthy circumstances. The house was considered a very prosperous one, and employment in it was highly valued. A Christian young man obtained a situation there, and found to his dismay that he was expected to *misrepresent the character of a certain class of goods*. It was "the custom of the house," and when he stated to his fellow-clerks his determination to speak the truth even at the cost of his situation, they expostulated with him, representing that if he told an untruth by order of his employers, the sin was theirs, not his. But he remained firm, though sorely troubled at the prospect of losing employment. Feeling the power of temptation, he sent a request to some Christian people requesting their prayers that he might be strengthened. A few days afterward they received a second request, that thanks might be offered. A member of the firm, observing the young man's general good conduct, and learning of his scruples in the one matter of conscience, had conversed with him on the subject, and had been so impressed with his view of the matter that a general order had been issued to all the employés forbidding misrepresentation in future.

The Rev. George E. Jayne, Pastor at Provo City, Utah, renews his request to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to send him packages of the back numbers for free distribution among the ignorant and misguided people by whom he is surrounded. He writes: "The copies of the paper already sent me are doing a vast amount of good, and I would like to have many sent right along. I can use to good advantage thousands of them."

THE BARRIER.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Delivered on Sunday Morning, March 27, 1881.

"And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."—REV. 21 : 27.

The Tabernacle Becoming a City—Latent Elements of Destruction—The Description of the City—Emblematic of Perfection—Security—Holiness—Incites a Longing to Enter—I. The Word of Exclusion—Abundantly Justified—Too Divine and Royal to be Defiled—The Exclusion of Evil, the Essence of Bliss—An Impossibility Within the Persons—The Salamanders—Caligula's Horse—Our own Hearts Forbid it—II. Its Work in the Soul—Permanence of a Stain—Sin's Repeating Tendency—Its Latent Power—The Samson Temper—III. The Word of Salvation—What of Past Sin?—Evil Tendencies?—The Present Battle—The Door Shut.

THE text refers to the glorified Church of our Lord Jesus Christ. That perfected company of the elect and sanctified is set forth in this wonderful chapter under the image of a city descending "from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." Her work-day dress all laid aside, the bride appears in garments of needlework and raiment of wrought gold.

The militant Church, the Church of the present day, is comparable to a tent, and is well imaged by the tabernacle in the wilderness: it is lit up within by the glory of God's presence, and covered without by the fiery cloudy pillar of His eternal providence; but yet to the eyes of men it is mean and inconsiderable, for verily it doth not yet appear what it shall be. By-and-by this same Church, which to-day is likened unto a structure of curtains readily removed from place to place, shall become a city fixed, permanent, high-walled, and compact together, a "city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

The discomforts and trials of the desert life shall be exchanged for the quiet and comfort of a city dwelling. There shall be nothing of the wilderness about the Church triumphant; it shall be a right royal abode, *the metropolis of the universe*, the palace of the great King. Everything that is lustrous, pure, precious, majestic shall be there. Rare and priceless things which are now the peculiar treasure of kings shall be the common possession of all the sanctified. The Church shall be no longer despised, but shall sit as a queen among the nations, while at her feet they shall heap up all their glory and honor.

In that Church there shall remain nothing for which men shall reproach her, but everything shall be manifested in her for which they shall do her honor; her very streets to be trodden on shall be of pure gold like unto transparent glass, and her lowest course of stones shall be of jasper. Everything about the perfected Church shall be the best of the best: she shall be recognized as being the fairest among women, the bride, the Lamb's wife, the crown and flower of the universe. We read the sparkling figures of John's vision as emblems of moral and spiritual excellence, but we doubt not that, beyond the spiritual riches of the Church, all materialism will also be at her disposal, and the restored creation shall bring her choicest beauties to adorn the chosen bride of the Lamb.

We have said that

THE GLORIFIED CHURCH

will be the crown of the new creation, and it is into the new heavens and the new earth that she is represented as coming down from God. He that sitteth upon the throne said, "Behold, I make all things new." The creation which is round about us at this hour waxeth old, and is ready to vanish away. Wise men tell us that there are *evident preparations* in the bowels of the earth for a burning up of the earth and of all the works of men that are upon it, for its centre is an ocean of fire. God shall but speak, and as once the waters leaped upon the world and utterly destroyed all things that were upon it, so shall He call to the waves of flame and they shall rise from their hidden furnaces to melt all things with their fervent heat. Never-

theless we, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

It is the glorified Church, I say, that is here spoken of, and hence the text may be said to refer to heaven, for at the present moment the nucleus of the glorified Church is in heaven, and from heaven every defiled thing must be shut out. Hence, too, it may refer to the kingdom of the millennial age, when the saints *will reign with Christ upon the earth* for a thousand years, when even upon this battle-field our conquering Leader shall be crowned with victory, and where His blood was shed His throne shall be set up, for among the sons of men shall He triumph, even among those that spat in His face.

The city is described as exhibiting great massiveness, for the length and the breadth and the height of it are equal. It is a solid square, perfect and compact:

"Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamond square."

What a Church will the Church of God be in those happier days! Now she is as a rolling thing, removed as readily as a shepherd's tent; but then she shall stand firm as a cube which rests upon its base. We watch the Church of God sometimes with trepidation and alarm, for though we know that the gates of hell shall not prevail against her, yet her feebleness makes the timid tremble; but in her state after the resurrection there shall remain no signs of feebleness, for that which was sown in weakness shall be raised in power.

The perfection of the Church is set forth in her being four-square, her value in the sight of God by her walls being composed of the rarest gems, and her delights in the variety of the sparkling jewels which bedeck her, there being scarcely one precious stone omitted of those that were known to Orientals, while some are mentioned which are scarcely known to us at all. All manner of joys and treasures and pleasures and delights, every form and shade of excellence, virtue, and bliss shall belong to the perfected ones when their number and character shall be complete, and they shall be comparable to

THE CITY OF GOD.

The safety and quiet of the Church is set forth by her gates for ever open. In times of war the city gates are fast closed, but for the New Jerusalem there will remain no fear of foe, no need to set a watch against an invader. Gog and Magog will be slain and Armageddon's battle fought and finished, and unbroken rest shall be the portion of the glorified.

Best of all, remark how holy will the Church be. She shall have no temple within her walls, for this simple reason, that she shall be all temple; she shall have no spot reserved for sacred uses, because all shall be "holiness unto the Lord." The divine presence shall be in all and over all, and this shall be the joy of her joy, "The glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." Brethren, the glory of the Church even here below is the presence of God in her midst, but what will that presence be when it shineth forth in noonday brightness? when spirits strengthened for the vision shall endure with transport the full splendor of Jehovah's throne?

Write my name among the blessed who shall see Jehovah's face. O thou living God, my soul thirsteth after Thee. To dwell in Thy presence is the summit of the soul's delight; to be with Thee where Thou art, and to behold Thy glory, is the heaven of heaven. To what beyond this can thoughts aspire?

I. It being declared that the glorified Church is to be all this, and a great deal more, of which we cannot now speak particularly, we may well long to enter within her gates of pearl. But what saith the text? I beseech you listen attentively to the solemn sound of

THE WORD OF EXCLUSION.

"*There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie.*" Listen, I say, to this word of exclusion, though it sounds like a death-knell in my ears. Learn that it can be abundantly justified to the conscience of all thoughtful men; learn that your own soul, if it be honest, must set its seal to the sentence of exclusion. This is no arbitrary decree, it is a solemn declaration to which all holy spirits give their willing assent and consent; an ordinance of which even the excluded themselves shall admit the justice.

For, first, *it is not meet that so royal and divine a corporation as the glorified Church of God should be ruined by defilement.* God forbid that "her light, which is like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal," should ever be dimmed by the breath of sin. Inasmuch as we could heartily wish that evil had never entered into the primeval world, we earnestly deprecate the idea that it should ever defile the new. Shall those new heavens ever look down with amazement upon the flight of a rebellious spirit, flying, beneath their serene azure, on an errand of destruction? Shall the jewelled walls of the thrice holy city be over-leaped by an enemy of the King who is there enthroned? Shall the serpent leave his horrid trail upon the heavenly Eden, twice made of the Lord? God forbid!

Brethren, there can be no entrance of evil into the kingdom of God, for *it is the very essence of the bliss of the glorified Church that evil should be excluded.* Imagine for a moment that the decree of our text were reversed or suspended, and that it were allowed that a few unregenerate men and women should enter into the glorified Church of God. Suppose, in addition, that those few should be of the gentler sort of sinners, not those who would profanely blaspheme the name of God, nor openly break the eternal Sabbath, but a few who are indifferent to God's glory, and cold and formal in His praise. How could heaven bear with these?

All heaven is up in arms at the supposition. Holy spirits are alarmed at the idea that they should be again tempted by the presence of evil. Fast bar the gates of pearl and never open them again, ye spirits, rather than that there should come upon that pure street of transparent gold a foot that will not walk in the ways of God's commandments, or the halls of Zion be disgraced by a single spirit that shall refuse to love the holy and exalted name. Heaven were not heaven if it were possible for evil of any sort to enter there. Therefore, stand firm, O dread decree, for it would be cruelty to saints and destruction to heaven that there should in anywise enter into it anything that defileth.

Furthermore, let me beg you to consider that there is

AN IMPOSSIBILITY

of any defiled, sinful, unrenewed person ever entering into the body corporate of the glorified Church of God—*an impossibility within the persons themselves.* The element of glory would destroy rather than bless an unrenewed mind. It is as though you saw before you a blazing furnace, in which happy creatures disported themselves among the flames, bathing themselves in the white heat, leaping in rapture amid the rising sparks; for they are children of the flame, who drink in fire and find it life. Imagine yourself to be a poor fly, such as you hear buzzing on the window-pane; and you ask to enter into the glow of the furnace, thinking to be as merry as the fire-children. Keep back. Why tempt your doom? You will die soon enough; why ask to perish more quickly?

No place would be so dreadful to a sinner as the place where God is most openly manifest. That holy element, which is the habitat of the new-born soul, would be the grave, the everlasting prison-house, of an unholy soul could it enter there. To the wicked the day of the Lord is darkness and not light, and the glory of the Lord is terror, and not bliss. Oh, unconverted hearer, they sing in heaven; but in their songs your ear would find no delight. They worship God in heaven; but as divine worship is irksome to you, even if it be kept up for an hour or so below, what would it be to dwell for ever and ever in the world to come in the midst of hallelujahs? O soul defiled with sin, you are incapable of heaven.

The Roman Emperor Caligula, in his madness, made his horse first-consul of Rome; but his horse could not be a magistrate; it could not judge or govern, whatever the emperor might decree; though he fed it upon gilded oats from an ivory manger, it was a horse and nothing more. Even so, if a man be unregenerate, and unbelieving, we may do what we will with him, but he cannot rise to spiritual joys, and if we could even bid him come into heaven, still he would remain what he was, incapable of the joy and bliss which God hath prepared for them that love Him. So standeth it as a fact in the very essence and nature of things, that there shall in no wise enter into the realm of the spiritual, the kingdom of the true, the land of the blessed, the home of the perfected, anything that defileth. It cannot come there from inapacity within itself.

Let me add that *our own hearts forbid that evil should so enter.* As I mused on this text I supposed myself to be defiled with sin, yet standing outside the pearl gates of heaven. Then I said within myself, "If I might enter there defiled as I am, would I do so?" and my heart answered "No, I would not if I might. How could I blot such brightness and spoil such happiness?"

Suppose myself infected to-day with a deadly fever—an incurable typhus, which would bring death to all that touched me. The blast is pitiless, and the snow is falling, and I stand shivering at the door of one of your houses longing for shelter. I see inside the room your little children sporting in full health: shall I venture among them? I long to escape from the cold without, but if I should enter your room I should bring to you fever, and death to your innocent little ones and to yourselves, and thus turn your happiness into misery. I would turn away and brave the storm, and sooner die than bring such desolation into a friend's abode. And well might any honest spirit say at sight of the perfect family above, "Nay, if I might, I would not be admitted into the perfect heaven while yet I might defile it, and spread the fell contagion of moral evil."

You know, brethren, how a few rags from the East have sometimes carried a plague into a city, and if you were standing at the quay when the plague-laden ship arrived you would cry, "Burn those rags; do anything with them but do keep them away from the people. Bring not the pest into a vast city where it may slay its thousands!" So do we cry "Great God forbid it that anything that defileth should enter into Thy perfected Church! We cannot endure the thought thereof. Draw your swords, ye angels; stand in your serried ranks, ye seraphim, and smite every defiler one that would force a passage within the gates of pearl. It must be so: "There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth."

II. I desire, as I continue this meditation, in the power of the Holy Spirit, not so much to preach as to think inwardly, and ask you to think with me of that word of

EXCLUSION WORKING WITHIN THE SOUL,

within my soul, within yours. It sits in judgment upon me, and it chastens me. It strikes home to my conscience, and rouses me to self-examination. Its voice is solemn, and strikes heavily upon the ear, as we remember its wide sweep and comprehensive breadth—"There shall in no wise enter into *anything* that defileth." No person who defiles, no fallen spirit, or sinful man can enter. And as no person, so no tendency, leaning, inclination, or will to sin can gain admission. No wish, no desire, no hunger toward that which is unclean shall ever be found in the perfect city of God. Not even a thought of evil can be conceived there, much less a sinful act performed. Nothing shall ever be done within those gates of pearl contrary to the perfect law, nor anything imagined in opposition to spotless holiness.

Consider such purity, and wonder at it; the term "anything that defileth" includes even a idea, a memory, a thought of evil. Thoughts that flit through the mind as birds through the air that never roost or build a nest—even such shall never glance across the skies of the new creation. It is altogether perfect! And, mark well, that no untruth can enter,—"neither whatsoever maketh a lie." Nothing can enter heaven which is not real; nothing erroneous, mistaken, conceited, hollow, professional, pretentious, unsubstantial, can be smuggled through the gates. Only truth can dwell

with the God of truth. *These are sweeping and searching words*—no evil, nothing that works to evil; no falsehood, nothing that works to falsehood, can ever enter into the triumphant Church of God. O my soul, my soul, how bears this upon thee? Cuts it not to the very quick? For how art thou to enter, defiled as thou art, and so diseased with falsehood of one sort or another?

Well may we be aroused when we remember what defiled and defiling creatures we have been in the days of our unregeneracy. Brethren, let us not shrink from the humbling contemplation. Come down from your high places and see the horrible pit in which you lie by nature. Think of your past lives, I pray you, of those days in which we found pleasure in walking after the flesh. I call on you to remember the sins of your youth, and your former transgressions, of thought, word, and deed. If they are shut out who defile, and are defiled, *where are you? where are you?*

For these sins of ours, though they were committed years ago, are none the less sinful to day; they are as fresh to God as if we perpetrated them this very moment. Thou art still red-handed, O sinful man, though thy crime was worked some twenty years ago. Thou art black, O sinner, still, though it be fifty years ago that thy chief sin was committed; for *time has no bleaching power* upon a crimson sin. The guilt of an old offence is as fresh as though it were wrought but yester-morn. Our sins in themselves make us unclean and unfit for holy company, and, alas, they are many.

Our sins have left *a second defilement* on us, by creating the tendency to do the like again. Is there one among us that has sinned who does not know that he is all the more likely to sin again? Since after once being drawn aside by sin there are stronger draggings in the same way, sin once committed becomes a fountain of defilement. The stream in which the fish has sported will be sought by it again in its season, and the swallow will return to its old nest; even so will the mind return to its folly. Ay, so it is; and if everything that defileth is

SHUT OUT FROM THE HOLY CITY,

my God, my God, am not I shut out too?

Bethink you that not only does actual sin shut men out of heaven, but this text goes to the heart by reminding us that we have within us *inbred sin* which would defile us speedily, even if we were now clean of positive transgression. The fount from which actual sin comes is within every unrenewed bosom. How can you and I enter heaven while there is unholy anger in us? The best of men are too apt to retain an unhallowed quickness of temper, which under certain circumstances worketh wrath. There shall in no wise enter into heaven a hasty temper, or a quick imperious spirit, or a malicious mind; for these defile.

In certain persons there is no quickness of spirit, but there is a cold, chill obstinacy; so that having once resolved, though the resolve be evil, they stand to it doggedly and cannot be moved. Like obstinate mules, they can scarcely be driven; blows cannot stir them from their purpose. Disobedient obstinacy cannot enter the kingdom: my hearers, are you under its dominion? And, oh, there is in all of us a lusting after evil of some sort or other. Only place us in certain conditions, and the flesh longs after forbidden things, and though we chide ourselves and check the longing, yet is there not within us a relish for the sweet stolen morsels of transgression?

Ah, look within thy heart, my brother—look steadily beneath the fair film of the surface, and mark the inward evil which it conceals. Judge not thyself alone when at thy best, occupied with thy prayers and praises and almsgivings, but look steadily into thy soul at other times, and thou shalt see a loathsome mass of evil life, a seething corruption moving within thy heart; for evil remaineth even in the regenerate; and this cannot enter heaven. Thank God, it cannot. Even though the word of exclusion staggers me, and sends me back as with a stunning blow, and makes me cry, "Thou shuttest me out, my God, by this thy decree;" yet I feel that if it be so, the decree is right, and just, and good. "There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth." Amen.

Now, I ask you whether this word of exclusion does not, in you who know its meaning, slay all hope of self-salvation? For, first, here are our past sins, and they defile, and make us defiling. How are we to get rid of them? How can we wash out these polluting blots? *Tears!* So much salt water thrown away if looked upon as a bath for sin! Good works performed! They are already due to God. How shall future discharge of debts repay the past? O, my God, if I have ever known what sin means, I have also known that it is impossible that its defiling nature should ever be changed, or that the pollution should ever be removed by any efforts of my own.

I spoke with one the other day who said that she was seeking salvation by good works. I knew that she had performed self-denying acts of charity, and I asked her whether she felt nearer to the salvation at which she aimed. I knew that I spoke to a sincere, honest person, and her reply did not surprise me. She answered sadly, "The more I do, the more I feel I ought to do, and I am no nearer to the point I am aiming at." And so it is; the more a sincere heart doth seek to serve God, the more it feels the shortcomings of its service of Him; and the more a person seeks after purity by his own efforts, the further he judges himself to be from it. Our standard rises as we rise toward it; our conscience becomes tender in proportion as we obey it; and so, in the nature of things, rest of heart comes not in that manner.

But then look at the other part of the difficulty, that is, the making of your own heart pure and clean. How shall this be done? How shall the Ethiopian change his skin and the leopard his spots? Have you tried to master your temper? I hope you have. Have you managed it? Your tendencies this way or that, you have striven against them, I hope, but have you mastered them? I will tell you. You thought you had. You thought you had bound the enemy with strong ropes; you tied him and you fastened him down, and you shut him up in an inner chamber, and you said, "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson." You felt that the champion was vanquished now, but oh how grimly did he laugh at you as the old adversary arose within you, and snapped the bonds, and hurled you to the ground; defeated when you thought that you had won the victory. I cannot overcome myself, nor overcome my sin. I will never cease from the task, God helping me, but apart from the divine Spirit the task is as impossible as to make a world.

III. It seems to me that we may most fitly come to the close of our sermon by thinking of

THE WORD OF SALVATION,

which just meets the difficulty raised by the sentence, "There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth." But, first, my past sin, what of that? There are many who are even now within the Church of God above, and we will ask concerning them, "Who are these arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?" We receive the reply, "These are they that have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." "In the blood of the Lamb!" I feel as if I could sing those words. What joy that there should be anything that can take all my stains away—all without exception, and make me whiter than snow.

But this truth, *Christ instead of me*, God Himself the offended one in the offender's place, bowing His august head to vengeance and laying His eternal majesty in the dishonor of a tomb; this is the fulness of consolation. O Lamb of God, my sacrifice, I shall enter heaven now! I shall pass the scrutiny of the infallible watchers. I shall not be afraid of the eyes of fire. I shall be without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing—"Washed in the blood of the Lamb!" This is our first great comfort, brethren—"He that believeth in Him is not condemned." He that believeth in Him is justified from all things from which he could not be justified by the law of Moses. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus."

But here is the point, there is still no entrance into the holy city so long as there are any *evil tendencies* within us. This is the work, this is the difficulty, and since these are to be overcome, how is the work to be done? Simple believing upon Christ brings you justification, but you want more than that; you need sanctification, the purgation of your nature, for have we not seen that until our nature itself is purged the enjoyment of heaven must be impossible? There can be no knowledge of God, no communion with God, no delight in God hereafter unless all sin is put away and our fallen nature is entirely changed.

CAN THIS BE DONE?

It can. Faith in Christ tells us of something else beside the blood. There is a Divine Person, let us bow our heads and worship Him—the Holy Ghost who proceedeth from the Father, and He it is who renews us in the spirit of our minds.

When we believe in Jesus the Spirit enters into the heart, creating within us a new life; that life struggles and contends against the old life, or rather the old death, and as it struggles it gathers strength and grows; it masters the evil, and puts its foot upon the neck of the tendency to sin. Do you feel this Spirit within you? You must be under its power or perish. If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His.

I would not have you imagine that in death everything is to be accomplished for us mysteriously in the last solemn article; we are to look for a work of grace in life, a present work, moulding our character among men. There must be now a treading under foot of lust and pride, and every evil thing, or these evils will tread us under foot for ever in the future state where character never changes. There must be *now* a rejection of the lie, a casting out of the false, or we shall be cast out ourselves for ever. There must be *now* a cry, "O Lord, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom. Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Beloved, it is to this we must come, to be washed in the water which flowed with the blood from Jesus' side, for there must be a purging of nature as well as a removal of actual transgression, or else the inevitable decree, like a fiery sword, will keep the gate of paradise against us. "There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie."

O my hearers, suppose we should never enter there! Nay, start not, for the supposition will soon be a fact with many of you except you repent. Suppose we should be in the next world what some of us are now, defiled and untruthful—what remains? That is an awful text in the parable of the virgins—"And the door was shut." You read of those who said, "Lord, Lord, open to us," to whom he answered, "I know you not." You have read of them, will any one of us be among them? Will any one of us who has a lamp, and is thought to be a virgin soul, be among the shut out ones, on whose ear shall fall the words, "I know you not whence you are." You see you cannot be anywhere else but *out* unless you are *in*; and you must be shut out if you are defiled and defiling. Dear heart, this is a question I beg you to look to at once.

You do not know how short a time you have left to you in which you may look into it. Some who were here but a Sabbath-day or so ago are now gone from us. Eleven deaths reported at one church-meeting among our members! We are a dying people; we shall all be gone within a very short time. I charge you by the living God, and as you are dying men and women, see to it that you are not shut out, so as to hear the fatal cry, "Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now." There shall be no purgation in eternity, and no possible way of entering in among the perfected, for it is written, "There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth." No crying, "Lord! Lord!" no striving to enter in, no tears, no, not even the pangs of hell itself, shall ever purge the soul so as to make it fit to join with the holy Church above, should it pass into the future state uncleansed. Shut out! shut out! O God, may that never be true of any one among us, for Christ's dear name's sake. Amen.

[Portion of Scripture read before Sermon—Revelation 21.]

RECENT ADVENTURES IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

The Order of the First March—Troubles with the Donkeys—Descent to the Mpozo Valley—An Unknown Country—Arrival at Manyanga.

The portraits of Mr. Adam McCall and two of his coadjutors in missionary work appeared in The Christian Herald of September 9th, 1880, with sketches of their lives. In the same number an account was given of their departure to their field of labor in Central Africa. We are now able to publish the following narrative of their adventures in "the dark continent."

After their arrival at the Central African seaport of Banana, they travelled by slow stages and with a quantity of material over 220 miles of the 300 miles which extend between Banana and their ultimate destination—*Stanley Pool*—in the interior, where they propose to build a mission station on the river Congo, which becomes navigable at that point. The following extracts from Mr. McCall's journal give some idea of the difficulties encountered in their travels.

August 7th. Very unwell myself. Clarke laid up: Lanceley ditto. Sent up twelve loads of goods to Paraballa to await our arrival there and to relieve the strain on us in starting. One of the donkeys found dead in the morning, strangled with his tethering rope round the small tree to which it was habitually fastened at night. It had wound and wound itself round the tree until it was strangled. It was dragged off to the river, towed into midstream, and cast adrift. This makes two donkeys dead—a sad loss. One died at Boma, quietly and mysteriously, from no apparent cause or malady. I opened the abscess in Clarke's hand with the trocar and canula, after which he obtained considerable relief.

Saturday, 14th. Before sunrise all was bustle and activity all over the camp. My tent was struck and put away, and a tremendous heap of general impedimenta cleared up; donkeys loaded; loud calls for string and rope on all sides. After a hasty cup of coffee I sounded my whistle and every man stood by his donkey, and all at last being quite ready, I stood at the exit from our camp, and called out the numbers from No. 1 to 20 consecutively, each man answering to his number and filing out past me in good order. Every donkey has his number corresponding to the number on his saddle, and each pair of saddle bags is numbered and labelled, A. and B. Every man carried a load on his head also; medicine chest, office box (filled with writing materials, maps, a few books, surgical case, spare drug box; our travelling pantry, containing little bags of tea, coffee, sugar, pepper, salt, etc., plates, knives and forks, cups and spoons), a demijohn of oil for our lamps (we carried no candles), etc. All passed muster in capital order, up to the rise and past our new building, and on to the plateau beyond, where we formed our permanent

"ORDER OF FIRST MARCH."

I led the van; then No. 1 donkey, led by our steward "Charlie;" then No. 2 donkey up to No. 5, the fine she-asses; then came the first headman, then No. 6 donkey up to No. 10; then Lanceley; then No. 11 donkey up to No. 20 in charge of second headman; then Clarke bringing up the rear; McKergow (who was accompanying us as far as Paraballa) walking beside me. The path now abruptly descended to the watercourse (whence we obtained our supply at Mataddi), and was exceedingly rough, rocky, and slippery. McKergow and I walked a head, selecting the easiest places and directing the boys where to walk with their donkeys. We got down to the bed of the stream without mishap, but came to woeful grief in getting across; the passage consists of a confused heap of huge boulders, very unsuitable for loaded donkeys to scramble through.

One donkey went down and got his legs jammed between the stones and defied the united strenuous efforts of McKergow, Charlie, and myself to extricate it. So we took off the load and saddle and then lifted her bodily up, after which she managed to clamber up the bare rock path and arrived safely. All the donkeys were hauled through with a great struggle, even with every load taken off and carried up to level ground by the boys. This, of course, entailed an immense amount of heavy work for all hands, and by the time it was finished and everything placed on the level above it was necessary to have breakfast cooked. So much for our first march. After breakfast donkeys were loaded again and we made *a fresh start*, as it was necessary to reach the Mpozo river by the evening.

We pushed on at a fair pace, and gained the top of the dividing ridge of hills, and when well on the level rested men and donkeys for ten minutes. Proceeding now along the shoulder of a considerable hill we commenced

THE DESCENT TO THE MPOZO VALLEY,

a very steep one, the path being thickly strewn with loose quartz blocks, and requiring great care in guiding the donkeys down. I pushed on ahead to select a camping place, and soon found a tolerably good one close to the river. As the donkeys came in one by one their loads were immediately taken off and arranged in order. As soon as the tent awning (a contrivance of my own, far more roomy than a tent, and less weight and trouble) arrived, it was unfastened, and throwing the suspending ropes over the branches of a couple of trees about thirty feet apart, it was stretched in a few minutes, the side ropes holding out the awning being tied to the long grass, a very simple and speedy arrangement. Then the hammocks (our own make) were pitched, the ground cleared a bit, firewood fetched, supper cooked, and all put in order for the night. The donkeys, after having been taken to water, were all tied up as usual. Clarke was very poorly, and "turned in" at once. We divided the night into three watches of three hours each, beginning at nine P.M. until six A.M., I taking the first one.

The latter half of August was occupied in the journey from Mataddi to Banza Montiko; two or three days having been spent near Paraballa on the way, in order to hire and despatch native carriers. A considerable quantity of goods had thus been conveyed about one hundred and sixty miles up the country from the port of debarkation, but not enough to warrant a bold advance farther into the interior. Another month had consequently to be spent, while more ample supplies were accumulated at Banza Montiko, then the advanced post of the mission. During a fortnight in September Mr. McCall was laid up with a severe attack of inflammation of the liver.

Mr. McCall and his party did not finally get away from Banza Montiko till the 4th of October. Their onward route now lay through an unknown

COUNTRY NEVER BEFORE TRAVERSED BY EUROPEANS,

and their difficulties with their carriers increased considerably, as the Kroo boys greatly disliked advancing farther into the interior. Partly on land, however, and partly by river, they managed to continue their progress until at the end of the month they reached Manyanga, a large place, situated on the north side of the Congo River, among the Babwendé people, who are an exceedingly well behaved and gentle race, according to Stanley. When he was in their country, a party of four hundred of them willingly conveyed his canoes and boat past one of the falls on the river. He considered the inhabitants of the neighborhood as the politest people he encountered in Africa, "possessing a nobility of character as rare as it was agreeable."

The market place of Manyanga is about five miles from the river, and it is a rallying place for the natives of Ngoyo, Kakongo, Ntombo Mataka, Ngombi, Ilemba, Kingoma, Kilanga, Kinzoré, Suki, Nguru, Mbelo, Zinga, Mowa, Nzabi, Ndunga, Mbu, Bakongo, and Bassessé. Here they exchange bananas, pine-apples, guavas, limes, onions, fish, cassava bread, groundnuts, palm-butter, earthenware pots, baskets, and nets, or cloth, wires, guns, powder, and crockery from the coast. From this place, three weeks after his arrival, Mr. McCall wrote on November 19th:

The thumb of my right hand is double its usual size, being swollen and quite stiff with, I believe, a sort of rheumatism. The Congo river is splendid here, about a mile and a quarter wide, perfectly straight for many miles, and lined on either bank with magnificent timber trees; no rocks or rapids, and though the current is strong, yet it can be crossed without danger. I have bought two canoes, which of course, we cannot do without, and got them cheaply; the large one, forty feet long, cost about 19*s.*, English value of cloth; the other, though smaller, about 20*s.* I have decided to build a station here. We must do so for many reasons.

When I arrived here alone the people were at first reluctant to allow me to stay. They were afraid my Kroo boys would steal from them and abuse them. I explained to them that I had come to do them good and not evil, and at last they let me settle and build my little temporary grass house. Then they were very good to me, bringing plenty of fowls, fish, eggs, etc., for sale. Truly our ever blessed Father in heaven has been good to us all along the way;

GOD IS PREPARING OUR ROAD BEFORE US.

The many prayers for us are being wonderfully answered. For myself I can say I draw my daily strength and inspiration to get on in the work directly from the Fountain head. *I have lately had a sweet season of spiritual joy, and the Lord has been graciously pleased to manifest Himself to my willing soul as never before. I am able to cast my burden on Him who careth for me, and am happy.* Nothing shall hinder me, so long as God spares me and gives me His Holy Spirit, from doing my utmost in His service.

I shall send you such a detailed report shortly as will show you what we have done and what it has cost us to do it. My whole trust for this and for all is in the Lord of hosts, the mighty One, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be praise, thanks, and glory for ever. My first and great object and desire is to spend and be spent in the service of Him who bore our sins on the cross, and who ever liveth to make intercession for us. What a Mediator, what a noble, kingly, loving, sympathising High priest He is! Blessed be His name. It is a joy, an honor, an unspeakable privilege, to be permitted to suffer in any way for Him, and I feel it to be so more and more. No earthly or personal consideration shall ever come between me and my devotion of myself to Him by God's grace.

SECRET DISCIPLESHIP.

A Sermon by the Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D.

(*Continued from page 237.*)

"A disciple of Jesus, but secretly."—John 19:38.

3. *You owe it* [open confession] *to Jesus.* If you are a disciple—and such this appeal supposes you to be, as it is addressed to no others—you acknowledge that you owe all to Jesus, teaching, support, and salvation. He is your Lord and Saviour. He has bestowed the highest possible benefaction on you, even the hope of immortal glory. You believe that for this Jesus made the most stupendous sacrifice of love possible to man or God. He has laid you under the greatest possible obligations, obligations which, in your heart, you acknowledge. He has a right to demand of you all sacrifices that may be required for the discharge of your duty toward Him.

You have no other such friend, you never had, you never will have, you never can have. No good opinion of your fellow-men can weigh against His disapproval. In the scales of your thought and your feeling it should be as a feather to a world. The slightest expression of His wishes should control you in all things. He is the Captain of your salvation. His command should have power to march you single-handed up against an armed host. To disobey Him is to be a poltroon: to leave Him, is to be a deserter.

He is the lover of your souls. He left heaven to win you. In your heart you do love Him, if you be a disciple, even although secretly. What desires He expresses are the wishes of a lover—a wise, pure, devoted lover. He cannot ask you to do what would not be equally honorable to Him and to you. He has left some requests, so natural, and true, and sweet, that it seems inconceivable that any man shall love Him, and not gladly and tenderly obey them. The slightest wishes of a dear, dear

friend, are solemn, tender laws to us. We do to-day what our mothers taught us to do in childhood; and, for the sake of those mothers, who have been in heaven a score of years, we go on doing what we first began to do because it pleased them. Jesus has

LEFT A REQUEST.

Whenever the Lord's Supper is celebrated in any church, there, on the table, lie the symbols of measureless love and sacrifice. They take us back to the day when Jesus was on the cross, and Joseph and Nicodemus were breaking the secrecy of their discipleship. Jesus consecrated this simple meal of bread and wine into something sacramental. He left you His wishes: "Do this; and do it in remembrance of me." And, sir, you have never done so.

Ah, madam, if your dearest friend had made the sacrifice of his life to save you from wrong and ruin, and, in going to die by *the wild beasts of the forest*, or by men more savage than they, he had tenderly asked you to hang his picture in your house, and say to those who came, "He was my Friend," would you not do it? Jesus died for you. You owe all for both worlds to Him. He asks that you do eat this bread and drink this wine, *memorially*, for His sake. And you do not.

While He was alive, Joseph and Nicodemus concealed their affection for Him, and Peter denied Him, and Judas betrayed Him; now that He is dead you slight Him, you set His dying requests at naught, and go through life as if the world and you had not a Jesus. How *can* you maintain your present position? How is it possible that you do not give up Jesus or abandon your secret discipleship? The time will come when you must do one or the other.

Your secret discipleship is selfish and ungrateful—hurtful to you, hurtful to others, hurtful to Jesus. "Selfish" and "ungrateful:" why, where can we find two words both applicable to the same deed or the same temper which combine more abhorrent elements? "Selfish and ungrateful!" what a character that describes! It is left to your calmest judgment to decide whether a man, who is attempting to be a disciple secretly, is not confirming himself in selfishness and ingratitude, and whether, if these be not overcome, they will not disprove all of discipleship that may now seem to exist in that man's character.

On this subject men are generally governed by their feelings. The two persons whose cases we are considering—Nicodemus and Joseph—were *gentlemen and scholars* in their time. They had good minds, good training, good position. They could not resist the conviction which the life of Jesus forced on their intellects. Nicodemus put the case concisely and clearly when he said to Jesus, "Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God, for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him." Here was a process of reasoning. Their judgments were convinced. The first *feeling* in the heart of a man of truth and generosity would naturally be to declare himself in favor of a man who brought such credentials for his mission.

Another feeling was produced by another set of facts. The authorities were against Jesus. It was wrong in them to take that ground; but they did it; and they had power; and they could expel Joseph and Nicodemus from the Senate of the nation, and afflict them with many social tortures. It was an emotion overmastering their reason which kept them so long in secret discipleship.

Men talk about religionists being carried away with their feelings. But men outside the Christian societies do much more frequently allow their feelings to control their judgments than Christians do. You know in your soul, that if you had followed your convictions instead of your feelings, you would have been a professed Christian long ago. Your pastor knows that for any one man who has taken the ground that he ought not to be an open Christian, five hundred have excused themselves by saying that they *did not feel like it*. Now you are urged to allow your reason to triumph over your feelings, being quite sure that, if you do, you will this day openly espouse the cause of our dear Lord.

"Joseph of Arimathea, being a disciple of Jesus, but secretly, for fear of the Jews." All the disciples, John and Peter, and the others, were afraid of the Jews, by which is meant the rulers among the Jews. The common people were afraid of them, for they had decreed that if any one should confess that Jesus was the Messiah, he should be cast out of the synagogue. That had a meaning then and there which it is quite difficult for us to understand.

It does no man much harm among us to be put out of a congregation. He can join another. But with them every Jew was born into the church. The whole nation was a church. The Temple was the Capitol, the priests were rulers. Excommunication meant loss of everything which men value, and which make life tolerable to a man who feels as if he could not live in any other place than where he is. A public profession on the part of Joseph and Nicodemus would have devolved on them at once the greatest temporal disabilities and the heaviest ecclesiastical censures. They would have been considered as bad men, and excluded from the society of their equals. The apostles had forsaken all and followed Jesus. Joseph and Nicodemus could not do quite so much *until they saw Jesus die*.

It has happened in the process of the ages that the things which created the feeling that suppressed open professions among the Jews, no longer have any influence, but the feeling is created by other things. *Take your own case*, my dear friend. You are striving to be just as much a Christian as you can without the open profession. Why? Perhaps, first of all, you dread the committal of a *public* profession.

Is not that a mere sentiment that has no basis in reason? Ask yourself *what* that committal is. Is it to pledge you to forsake anything to which you should adhere? Is it to pledge you to any belief you do not *now* really hold, or to any course of conduct you are not *now* striving to follow, or which you admit you should follow? In your heart you have admitted that Jesus had the right to be your Master, and that you were bound to be His disciple. Without saying anything to any friend, you have been striving in secret to live up to that faith, and to keep His commandments. But your life is a failure because you are striving to accomplish an impossibility. He commands open discipleship. Whatever other of His commands you are striving to obey, disobedience to this is neutralizing all your obedience to those.

It is as if a plant were capable of thought, and feeling, and locomotion, and should choose to put itself up *under the joists of a cellar floor*, where there is no soil, nor moisture, nor light, nor heat, nor fresh air, and strive to produce there all the bloom of a perfect flower under favorable circumstances. An open discipleship commits you to nothing which you should not be and do, while it places you where you can have the advantage of all helps necessary to make you thorough.

Reflect upon what Joseph and Nicodemus had lost by not making public profession of discipleship early in the blessed Christ's ministry. Quite early we know Nicodemus had become convinced that Jesus was a Teacher come from God. He made that admission to Jesus. Suppose he had gone to the Sanhedrim next day and declared himself. He would probably have been called to endure the pains and penalties we have spoken of; but he would have lived in the comfort of knowing that he had done a most manly thing and he would have had three years of personal intercourse with Jesus, with all the spiritual culture therefrom, and after the death of his Lord he would have had no bitter upbraidings.

Moreover Joseph would probably have joined him; and who knows how many others? The whole face of things might have been changed and the nation have been made ready to receive Jesus as their spiritual Messiah and the doom of the Jews have been averted. God only knows where the end is of the effects of the failure of any man to do his whole duty. We can only speculate. But we do know that it is always damaging to refrain from doing what we know to be right because we do not feel like it.

Perhaps also you fear yourself. Once committed to Jesus you feel that you must follow Him through. You often say "Can I? Will my strength hold out? Shall I not fail and bring great disgrace on myself and on Jesus? If I may only struggle on in private a while, perhaps I shall grow stronger, and then I will make a public profession."

But no man ever found that a successful experiment. It is as if a man should say that he would lie in his bed until his strength came to him, and then he would arise and devote himself to his work vigorously. He never will grow strong in the bed. It is as if a man should say, I will stay in my house and learn to swim, and then I will plunge into the water. He never can learn to swim out of the water. No man learns to fight in a military school, nor learns the practice of the law in a college, nor business from books. One must enter the army, go to the bar, begin to trade. Your strength will come as you do your duty, and it is your duty to obey your Lord and openly confess your adhesion to His cause.

You *dishonor your Lord* by the secrecy of your discipleship. He has said, "My grace is sufficient for thee" (2 Cor. 12:9). If you do not go forward on your line of duty, you betray a distrust in His truth or His goodness. Do consider that. It is not distrust of yourselves. That is always a virtue, even in angels. It is distrust of Jesus, and that is criminal. He will never let any man be plucked out of His hands, if the man willingly put himself in these dear powerful hands and—stay there.

But, my brother, better secretly a disciple than

NOT A DISCIPLE AT ALL.

If you are a real disciple, something may occur to bring you out, as the death of Jesus did Joseph and Joseph's action did Nicodemus. O that this simple, earnest appeal may do that for you! Perhaps your faith has been weak and your love strong. The basis of love is faith; but perhaps your love may suddenly fling you into a position which shall so try your faith, and bring such responses to your faith as shall confirm you in open discipleship forever.

So it seems to have happened with Joseph. His love for Jesus grew so that when he saw Him dead, he longed to save His precious body from indignity, and so went boldly and craved it from Pilate. That numbered him with the disciples. The same sentiment in Nicodemus, stimulated into intense activity by all the prodigies of that Passover week which closed with the consummate terror and agony of Calvary, led him to acts that discovered his discipleship. Both these men are said to have been Christians ever afterward; for which God be thanked! Something of the kind may happen to you.

But, *suppose it should not!* Who knows how many a man had kept his discipleship covered until he smothered it to death? Who knows how many men once stood just where you do, just where Joseph and Nicodemus did before the crucifixion, but are now lost? You have had presented to you a hundred times just what moved these two members of the Sanhedrim to declare their relationship to Jesus; and you have not yet been moved. If you postpone it another day, may you not have so fastened upon yourself the habit of procrastination that you will never be able to perform this duty?

By all you are losing in your present course, by all the rewards of manliness and virtue which will come when you do your duty, by all you owe the noble army of martyrs in all ages, by all you owe your fellow-men who are sinners, by all your own interest in immortality, by all you owe the blessed Christ, be induced *now*, just as you are, to join yourself to the company of Jesus; this day, openly, freely, unreservedly, and forever.

The Massachusetts House of Representatives recently passed to a third reading the bill *prohibiting the manufacture and sale of all intoxicating liquors*. The vote was 108 to 80, and it is understood that the Senate will pass the bill by a large majority. The bill provides that the measure shall be submitted to the people at the next annual election.

TOUCHES OF REAL LIFE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Lady Hope, of Cariden.

(*Continued from page 239.*)

The Close of the Inaugural Ceremony—King Hal's Reformation—A Rehearsal—Poor Wobbles—The Brewer's Drudge—Other New-Comers.

THE ceremony of opening the coffee-room being completed, games, such as draughts and chess, were handed about. No noisy, exciting, or rattling games had been introduced. When Lady Isabel noticed that some of the men could not play the newer games, she volunteered to make her appearance on the scene on Saturday, to give the needful instruction. This being accepted, a final cheerful hymn was sung, and the lady and gentlemen visitors took their leave, the men being at liberty to use the coffee-room until half-past ten every night.

On the Sunday afternoons and evenings there were to be meetings in a very pretty and warm wooden room at the back of the coffee-room, and entered through it by a side door. Two or three young tradesmen, under the manager's supervision, and with the vicar's and Lady Isabel's assistance, or Mr. Hamilton's, had offered to undertake the charge of these, as well as one or two prayer-meetings and a Bible reading in the week. All these and other notices had been given out before the customers departed for the night.

The little ship was now fairly launched, and all went home wishing it well, in more or less degree; though, of course, during the next and many following days, it was well canvassed, and discussed, and examined from many different points of view. On the whole, the opening had made a favorable impression.

King Hal very soon became quite fond, and therefore proud, of the coffee-room, and, of course, as this liking grew, it annulled the former tastes which had at times embittered his life. His poor wife now rejoiced to hear his step returning from work. Each Saturday all the shillings earned during the week were committed to her wise trust. The baby crowed and laughed when "father" came in. The little child that could talk baby words, and toddle about in all directions, would climb fearlessly and lovingly on his knee. And when Hal spoke of "going out," after he had made himself tidy and had his tea, his Rachel was no longer full of miserable anxiety as to "*where* he was going," but with her merry smile she would say, "*I* shall go there some day."

No fear of his coming home too late now! No fear of angry words, or sharp blows, or profane oaths, or unpunctuality at work—all this was changed. Job's prayer was answered—so far! Hal was within reach of many a good influence. He went frequently to the coffee-room, learned various games, studied the newspapers, discussed politics, conversed with the manager, and met his friends. One of the most real of these friends was the man who had helped him across the square on the night that he had loitered about the public-houses, and returned to his home the worse for liquor.

For some time after that he was very shy of meeting Job. But now they were being drawn together by the mutual attraction which is so often bred by strong friendship on one side. Hal of course little knew how Job prayed for him in his cottage alone with his wife, and little knew that his present happy sober state was recognized by Job as the joyful answer to his prayers.

But one day Hal suddenly became a prominent person among the coffee-room guests, and this was how it came about. A temperance meeting was being held in the large room—not the coffee-room—but the "meeting hall" as the men called it, at the back of the house. Songs were sung on this occasion, dialogues recited, and addresses given. Some of the recitations were highly comic, though in a pure and simple way, and others were pathetic to a degree.

There were advertisements of the temperance meetings, and offers of tickets for them put up occasionally. At first the rehearsals were purposely small that the recitations might be well practised, and the part songs rightly arranged for the different voices. Albert Eldridge undertook the responsibility of these gatherings, and generally brought one or two of his friends with him.

On this particular evening fifty of the regular coffee-house frequenters had purchased sixpenny tickets for a social tea, each being given at the same time a free ticket, that he might invite some *drinking* fellow-workman to come with him, or at least some man who was as yet more or less a stranger to the charms of the coffee-house. Thus a tea for a hundred men had been spread on clean white tables garnished with flowers and evergreens, lent for the occasion from Lionel Court, and supplemented by the willing offerings of a friendly nurseryman.

Hal was there, and Curly, and several others that we know. Each had brought an acquaintance. Hal's *protégé* was a man who had often treated him to spirits or beer when they had been working on a job together. Latterly this poor fellow, from holding a position of trust, had lowered himself to common laborer's work, and that *when* he could get it. So, as Harry remarked in confidence to Job, a week before, "He must get hungered pretty oft. Maybe he'd like a good tea; and there's no saying but he might drink down a reg'lar good dose of this 'ere temp'rance 'long with it. It wouldn't do him any harm, it wouldn't."

Poor old Wobbles had accepted the invitation, and he was there by Hal's side. They called him "Wobbles" because of his frequently unsteady gait, which was a sort of rolling shuffle, very disagreeable to other frequenters of the pavement. His grizzled locks and half-shaven countenance, red eyes and stooping figure, presented anything but a picturesque aspect.

Curly's friend presented an extraordinary contrast to himself. He was a huge, bloated, red-faced man; very short, very ungainly, but evidently a great prize to the friends who had caught him! He had fishy eyes that were always watering, and a sloping forehead over which, for a wonder to-night, his pale yellowish brown hair was plastered quite smoothly by the preliminary aid of his wife's dripping-dish. A crimson neck-handkerchief rolled round his neck, and terminated in a great knot, helped by contrast to lessen his brilliant rubicund color.

This man's usual designation in the town was "Bob Banting." This distinction had been attained for him in the following manner:—When quaffing beer one day outside a public house, he turned his unwieldy form somewhat unexpectedly as a boy was coming round the corner. The result was that the whole of Bob's ponderous weight, communicated through the heel of his boot, descended upon the unlucky boy's foot. The sufferer being far too proud to utter anything like an expression of pain, beyond the sudden exclamation of "There, now: what are *you* after?" took his revenge the next moment by the shrill remark, "Look here, Guv'nor: you'd better try Banting, you had."

From that time the joke had stuck to poor Bob; not that he minded it, for, to tell the truth, he minded almost *nothing* but his beer. He stuck to his work, and did it wet and fine, but his luxury, his happiness, his regalement, his very inner life, was now composed of beer. He thought of it, he longed for it, he very nearly lived upon it. Mind and soul were sunk in the beer vat. Not an amiable existence, was it? But he knew no better.

Now, would you like to know how this state of things had come about? Ah: there it is! What was his work? He was a brewer's drayman. He had *lived* amid beer for the last twelve or fourteen years, and here was the result. He had carted it, emptied his barrels into the public-house cellar, been treated at each public-house door, smelled it, drank it, bought it, treated others to it, until now, mind and body, he literally lived in an atmosphere of beer.

Loathsome: you say, disgusting? That is exactly what the brewer's wife would have said, if you had pointed him out to her. Putting her lace handkerchief to her nose, she would have turned away from you, quite revolted. Shake hands with him! Why, she would not have touched him with the tongs! Visit his house! Why, she would as soon have entered the den of a boa-constrictor; and she would have told you so with a faint scream at the idea; while her husband, if he had known that you had hinted at such a subject to her, would have shown you the door before you had known where you were.

And no wonder. In that man was a bit of his own workmanship, and he knew it. He paid that man and kept him; yes: and hundreds more like him. I don't mean that Mr. Hodges Parkerson paid him with *his own hands* every week. Oh, no: do not mistake me. He had at least *five* officials standing rank and file between himself and the drudge employees. Therefore he was far removed from any obloquy or stain upon his own hands.

Bob Banting looked very sheepish, and very uncomfortable when first he sat down "spliced in" (as he would have said) between two sober men. Everything clean, everything bright, everything cheerful round him; no bad words, no rough talk, no obscene songs; was it any wonder that at first he felt out of his element? The real wonder was that he so soon began to feel at home among these strangely new surroundings. He began to forget himself—that was the fact! amid the charm of novelty. The bowl of sparkling gold fish swimming about in the crystal element first attracted his attention, and he said to the man opposite him—

"Looks cool: don't 'em?"

Then the gay flowers, the shining china, the piles of fresh white bread and butter, the tempting plum-cake and buns, and last, not least, the merry tunes of a large musical box that stood in the middle of the table—all gave him a conscious sense of pleasure and real enjoyment.

Presently his arm was touched, and the man on the other side of him said—

"See they texes: ain't they oncommon pretty?"

"They're that," said Bob, "oncommin'!"

Blessing was asked in loving, simple words, and then the ladies and various helpers carried round the tea, and tried to make their guests acquainted with the bountiful spread of provisions.

"It's awful jolly," said Bob.

"I told yer so," answered Wobbles, who had a partiality for being considered the wisest on every occasion. He liked it to be thought that he had the inherent gift of prophecy, though no one but himself accused him of it.

There was a funny little man sitting not very far from them, who went by the name of Quicksnap. He had a weak voice, and looked a figure of fun certainly, but this was not altogether natural to him. He had acquired it very much by his frequentals of the public-house, where he was called upon night after night to act the buffoon. Unfortunately, in addition to his absurdities, he had a very quick temper, beating hollow in his sudden passions even our friend, Jemmy Hard.

Job's friend had, perhaps, the most painfully interesting history of them all; at least it was the newest, and therefore to those present the most touching. His real name was Ferdinand Marshall. Of course this was twisted into every possible disguise, so as to be quite unrecognizable. But, poor man, as he sat there with that look of deep sorrow stamped on his brow, you could easily have seen that he had passed through some dark waters. He was at one time a respectable, decent, hard-working young man.

The perpetual temptations of drink, thrust at all hours in the day before him had at length proved too much—more than he could stand indeed—and little by little, very slowly, he had succumbed. The cottage he called his home became poorer and poorer, the wife lost heart as she lost the where withal to purchase comforts, and then began to have stint of bread. Clothes she had long ceased to expect. "Ferdy had become so altered"—she would not have breathed this to any one but her God. But many a time her cries of anguish went up in secret for him, herself, and the pretty child her darling, that "clung to mother so," and whose shield she tried to be from all the sad nightly scenes that darkened that single room, and from the pangs of hunger by day. As the man drank, the cravings increased.

"A little failing:" do you call it? It was worse han that; a sinful lunacy, contracted by iniquitus habits taught him by those who ought to have elivered him from them. He became more and ore mad with passion when he saw his wretched ome at night. He would take the poker and fell o the ground the gentle wife, who never retaliated.

One night when he came home after the retched pottering he now called work, she lay till, unheeding him. Swearing an oath, he gave kick to the bed, and went out to his resort, The Spread Eagle." It was close by, "nice nd handy" he had been accustomed to say. The ublican's welcome was hearty. His wife smiled er blandest.

"All right at home?" she simpered.

A volley of oaths was the reply, and loud comlaints that "no one never looked arter" him; he hadn't no supper, nor nothin'," and was "*that* ungry." This melancholy confession just suited ie tactics of the publican's wife, so she said—

"Well, I never: just what you might expect. he's one o' your prayin' saints. Goes about iat long-faced. *I* know her. And lettin' 'er oor 'usband starve. Never *you* mind, Mr. Marnall; you're a right good customer, you are · and ou shall 'ave summat."

(*To be continued.*)

LOST AND FOUND.

. S. Lesson for May 1st. Luke 15: 1–10. Golden Text, ver. 10. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

It is a striking feature in the ministry of our beoved Lord that His greatest tenderness was manisted to the most undeserving, and that He showed ie greatest delicacy of feeling to the most open nners. He fulfilled to the letter the prophecy rearding Him, "A bruised reed shall He not break, nd the smoking flax shall He not quench" (Isa. 2: 3). Just as in His healing of the sick He rought immediate deliverance, and then, when ney were in a condition to bear it, gave them exortation, so was it with those whom He saved om sin. To the impotent man whom He had ealed at the pool of Bethesda, He said, "Behold iou art made whole; sin no more, lest a worse ning come unto thee;" to the woman taken in dultery, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and n no more" (John 5: 14; 8: 11); but the healing nd the pardon preceded the exhortation.

Few understand how utterly impossible it is for inners to recognize their culpability until their eyes re opened by the Holy Ghost. A sinner may acnowledge theoretically that he is in the wrong, ut in his heart there is a strong current of self-jusfication and extenuation, because he is too blind o see things as they really are; his perverted idgment sees the faults of others against him in he most exaggerated light while he is blind to his wn, for it is only in the light of God that we can ee ourselves and others in due proportion. All ffort to make a man recognize what he has no ower to see, must necessarily be unavailing, all he exhortations to do what he has neither the ower nor the inclination to do, must, of course be a vain.

We must approach lost sinners from above, tanding on ground much higher than their wn. They look at everything from a personal oint of view; we must learn to avoid all which is ersonal in our dealings with them. If we speak o them about their sins the natural reply we meet vith, is, "I am not worse than others, I only seek to naintain my just rights, I do no harm to any one," nd under this profession all kinds of iniquity can ontinue to exist. But if we speak to them about . God who loved us in our unworthy and sinful tate, who is "kind to the unthankful and the vil," an element is introduced into the question o which they have hitherto been strangers. "Why hould God love me?" is the instantaneous reflecion, "I do not think about Him, why should He hink about me?" This breaks the heart down, nd opens the way of return to God.

The Lord Jesus had been relating the parable of the Gospel Feast with its precious invitation, 'Come, for all things are now ready," and "there went great multitudes with Him." He then went on to speak of the terms of true discipleship, that real sacrifice of all which we hold as our own, real cross-bearing, real denying of self, is needful, else we cannot be His disciples. He added words concerning those, who having the call to be the salt of the earth, have yet lost their savor. This brought about a division among His hearers. Those who seemed to be the farthest away from Him, the openly irreligious, "publicans and sinners," were attracted, they knew the truth of all he said, the free invitation to "the poor, the maimed, the halt, the blind," had touched their own case; they saw that none were excluded on account of their unworthiness; this was a gospel suited to them, and if the terms on which they might follow Jesus were such as to cut them completely off from all their past life, what matter? they had nothing real to lose, but their sin and their shame, and they had everything to gain by the exchange. The Pharisees and scribes, however, whose outward piety had won for them the reputation which they envied from man, found, to their amazement, that the Lord made no account of it. In order to follow Him, they must lose all this hard-earned reputation for holiness with all else that they had, and their own life also; and they who thought themselves too holy to need chastening must learn to bear their cross if they would be Jesus' disciples. This teaching did not commend itself to them, and seeking for some ground on which to condemn Jesus, they "murmured, saying, This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." Eighteen centuries and a half have transpired since these words were spoken, but they are as true now as then, for the Lord says, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me" (Rev. 3: 20).

To seek a sinner that he might be saved was as far from the idea of the Pharisees and scribes as could well be; just indignation was their policy, sinners had committed sin, were guilty, and deserved to perish. And it was these condemned ones, shut out from all other hope, whom Jesus came to seek and to save. There is an intense tenderness in God's sorrow over His lost ones, "My people have been lost sheep; their shepherds have caused them to go astray, they have turned them away on the mountains: they have gone from mountain to hill, they have forgotten their resting place" (Jer. 50: 6). Instead of the wholesale condemnation which, perhaps, the Pharisees would have poured upon them, the Lord says, "I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away, and will bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen that which was sick: but I will destroy the fat and the strong" (Eze. 34: 16).

In perfect harmony with these quotations from the Old Testament are these parables which follow in our subject. The Lord pictures a man who has a hundred sheep and loses one of them, how he leaves the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and goes after that which is lost until He find it. The ninety and nine are together, they can receive mutual help and comfort, but the lost one is alone, without help and in danger. It went wilfully astray, you say. The shepherd knows that, but His loving eye is on its present condition, not on the circumstances or faults which led to it. His thought is how to find, how to restore. Any one can blame a wanderer, but who will have the love and patience to lead him back? It is a heartless thing to condemn a sin-bound sinner and to leave him in his sins; the Saviour came to deliver, not to condemn.

But in order to do this, He must go out into the wilderness like the scapegoat on the day of atonement: "And Aaron shall lay both his hands upon the head of the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat, and shall send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness: and the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities unto a land not inhabited: and he shall let go the goat in the wilderness" (Lev. 16: 21, 22). "All we like sheep have gone astray," and the guilt of our straying cannot be ignored, it must lie somewhere. Where is it, then? On Him who went out into the wilderness seeking the lost, for "the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all" (Isa. 53: 6).

But Jesus has not only found mankind by bearing their sins as a whole, He goes out into the wilderness after lost, perishing sinners; all God's providential dealings with every unconverted man and woman are calculated to lead them to the Saviour. But O, how often is the story of Chorazin and Bethsaida repeated, "We have piped unto you and ye have not danced; we have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented" (Matt. 11: 17), and the Lord has been obliged to sit down and weep as He did over Jerusalem and say, "How often would *I* have gathered . . . but *ye* would not," "ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life" (Matt. 23: 37; John 5: 40). He will not give up His seeking until He find you; will you take upon yourself the responsibility of running away from Him?

"And when He hath found it" then is the time of joy, His regained treasure is too precious to be given into the charge of another, He putteth it upon His shoulders rejoicing. Reader, are you then upon the shoulders of the mighty One? And the Shepherd calls on His friends, they who do whatsoever He commands them (John 15: 14), they who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth (Rev. 14: 4) saying, "Rejoice with Me, for I have found My sheep which was lost." "I say unto you," the Lord continues, "that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance." God rejoices in the exercise of His love towards those who have most wounded Him, and He calls us to participate in His joy, not to delight ourselves in the society of those whose communion with us is pleasant, but rather to joy in bringing the uncongenial, the far off, to the feet of Jesus.

Another parable followed, and here it is no shepherd, but a woman, who is the prime actor. She had ten pieces of silver and has lost one, what shall she do? Is it worth finding? She lights a candle, sweeps the house, and seeks diligently until she find it. The piece of silver has an image and superscription upon it which entitle it to take its place among the current coin of the realm, it should be in circulation, and aid in increasing the wealth of the kingdom. But it is among the rubbish, lost and useless. And the church of Christ has many such among her members, the name and the image of God are upon them, but they are in a false position, so hidden among the rubbish of this world that they are not forthcoming to any real use. What is to be done? The church, *i.e.* those who recognize their relationship to the Master as members of His body, and His flesh, and His bones, must seek them out, separate them from among the rubbish and get them into circulation. This is a work which needs much prayer, much patience, much love, it is as necessary as the seeking and finding of the lost, and rejoices as much the heart of our great Master. O, how blessed it would be, if they who condemn feeble Christians, and speculate whether their conversion was or was not a real one, would go to them in the name of Jesus and in His Spirit, and in close dependence upon God win them from their self and their inconsistencies to their true place of crucifixion with Christ; then there would be more joy in the Master's heart, and more joy among His people.

The woman seeks diligently, does not hastily give up the search, and she continues until she finds it, then and then only she calls her friends and her neighbors and says, "Rejoice with me, for I have found the piece which I had lost." And the Lord adds, "Likewise I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." The inhabitants of heaven take an intense interest in that which transpires on earth. Angels rejoiced when Jesus was born, and angels announced His birth; angels ministered to Him in the desert, and again in the garden of Gethsemane. Angels were present at His resurrection, and the return of every lost sheep and the awakening of every sleeping Christian to a life of service, causes joy among the angels of God.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Opposition to the Government Scheme for the relief of Irish tenants is expected to proceed from the landowners rather than from the Land League. Two Land League leaders, O'Kelly and Dillon, have denounced the measure as insufficient, but Mr. Parnell has promised to support it. Though far from satisfying the demands of the League, Mr. Parnell and his friends, with Mr. Shaw and the Home Rulers, regard the bill as a substantial instalment of reform, and will vote for the second reading of the bill. They will endeavor to extend its provisions before the third reading, when it will be discussed clause by clause in committee. The bill is considered safe in the House of Commons, but will meet with fierce opposition in the Upper House, where it will be opposed by the Conservatives and by a section of the Liberal party, who with the Duke of Argyll regard the bill as a proposal inimical to the rights of property and a dangerous innovation. The most serious practical objection to the bill seems to be that it will encourage much litigation. The law journals anticipate that much of the effects of both landlord and tenant will pass to the lawyers.

The Difficulty Between Turkey and Greece has assumed a more pacific aspect. Notwithstanding the popular demand in Greece for a war with Turkey, and the enthusiasm of the army, eager to be led against the Turks, the Government has taken the first step toward peace by giving a qualified assent to the European proposals. The Greek Government does not conceal its dissatisfaction with the settlement proposed, nor regard it as a final solution of the question, but is apparently willing to accept it as the best bargain possible now. In reply to the recommendations of the ambassadors, the Government asks information on the following points: "Whether the occupation of the new territory will be speedily and peacefully effected; whether Europe will propose a new frontier, as Greece regards the present proposal insufficient, and what arrangement will be proposed for the Greeks excluded by the present proposition from union with Greece."

The Powers are displeased with the tone of the Greek reply to their note, and while accepting its substance have asked explanations regarding its form. Premier Coumoundouros said that, in view of the excited state of the public mind and the dangers the throne might incur, he could not modify the form. The Powers, notwithstanding this, have decided to consider the Greek acceptance as an accomplished fact, and have begun negotiations at Constantinople for the transfer of the ceded territory.

Reports from South Africa Indicate that the peace arranged between Great Britain and the Boers may lead to a further conflict. An impression prevails among the natives that the British made peace through fear, and that the power of England is not so formidable as was supposed. The colonists at Cape Town are apprehensive that the loss of prestige will therefore have a dangerous effect, and that their safety is by no means assured. The British Premier is satisfied that the Government have acted rightly in the matter. In a letter written a few days ago to a Liberal candidate for Member of Parliament, Mr. Gladstone says: "The Government will not adopt any apologetic tone in the coming debate on the Transvaal question." It was, he considers, a question of *saving England from sheer blood-guiltiness.*

All the Nihilists Condemned to Death for participation in the plot to assassinate the late Czar were executed on Friday, April 15th, with the exception of the woman Helfmann, who was granted a short reprieve. Repeated efforts were made to save Sophie Pieoffsky, the young woman whose aristocratic connections separated her from the ordinary rank of conspirators. The Czar was immovable, and as it is understood that a large proportion of the Nihilists belong to the higher ranks of the people, he may have believed that mercy to one of their own class would have been misinterpreted. That the life of Alexander III. is in imminent peril may be inferred from the fact that he recently found *under his pillow* a notification that he had been condemned to death by the Nihilists. It is clear that in some way the conspirators have access to the palace, and it is probable that some of them are in the service of the Czar. The execution of the condemned prisoners was performed very clumsily. The executioner was a pardoned convict, and he was so incapable that one of the men was hanged three times before life was extinct. The rope broke twice, and had to be readjusted. One hundred thousand people assembled to witness the executions, and maintained a stolid silence throughout the solemn proceedings.

Repeated Shocks of Earthquake were Felt at Chios during the past week, and many of the buildings left standing by the former shocks were thrown down. The correspondent of the London *Times* writes: "At least nine tenths of the houses in the island must be rebuilt or repaired. The population are now camping out, and there is great need of food and shelter. The work of clearing away the ruins has begun, but in the villages the people are still panic-stricken. Little can be done as long as the shocks continue. About fifty thousand people are camped in the southern half of the island, with nothing but what they have on their backs." The first estimate of the number of lives lost, it is hoped, was exaggerated; some of the people supposed to have been killed are found to have escaped to the mainland. Careful inquiries have convinced the correspondent that the number of those actually killed, not including those seriously injured, is *about four thousand.*

A Cable Dispatch Announces the Death of Rev. W. Morley Punshon, LL.D., the distinguished Methodist preacher, whose sermons have been published occasionally in The Christian Herald. Dr. Punshon had recently taken a tour in Europe for the benefit of his health, but being seized at Genoa with alarming symptoms, he hastened back to London, where he died, April 14th, from disease of the heart and inflammation of the lungs. Dr. Punshon was well known in this country, he having, while residing in Canada, in 1869, visited the United States as the representative of the British and Canadian Methodist Churches to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He also lectured and preached in several of the large cities during his visit, and was well received. *A portrait of Dr. Punshon*, with a sketch of his life, will appear in the next number of The Christian Herald.

Flogging in the British Army is virtually abolished. A bill for the abolition of the lash was read a second time in the House of Commons on March 28th, and it is very improbable that any serious opposition to its adoption will be made in the House of Lords. The punishments substituted include the putting of an offender in irons, attaching him to a wagon or horse on the line of march, or requiring him to bear extra burdens. The result of this is that he will not be unduly humiliated in his own estimation, or that of his comrades, while it is formally declared that he must not suffer such injury as will cause any permanent mark. Flogging has long been abolished in other European armies. It is hoped that the change may result in the influx into the army of a better class of men—a result much to be desired.

Two Deaths Resulted from a False Accusation in Scotland recently. On March 25th, the body of Mr. Menzies, who occupied a responsible position in the central office of the Caledonian Railway at Dundee, was found floating in the Tay, near the bridge. His death forms the sequel of a distressing story. Some weeks ago the wife of a sea-captain, a neighbor of Mr. and Mrs. Menzies, left for an English port to join her husband, leaving the key of the house in charge of Mrs. Menzies. On her return she alleged that a sum of money was missing, and charged Mrs. Menzies with being cognizant of its abstraction. The latter was just recovering from a serious illness, and in her delicate state, the imputation on her honesty so preyed on her mind that she became ill, and died March 22d. Mr. Menzies also took the charge much to heart, and, leaving his house on March 28th, he is supposed to have drowned himself in the Tay, his body being found as above stated. A large family of children are left orphans by the double event.

The fatal result of undertaking the charge of the house will, it may be feared, deter people from performing acts of kindness of a similar character. These deaths may probably be traced to mental distress with which physical debility had some connection. When the Christian is assailed with false charges brought by unscrupulous persons he ought to look to his God for vindication, who has promised it in His own time (Psa. 37 : 5, 6).

"A Back-bone Religion" was Lately Found and accepted by the driver and fireman of a Carlisle express train, who entered an evangelistic meeting in Glasgow. The phrase "Sudden death would be sudden glory to me," which was used by one of the preachers, caused one of the engineers to turn to his companion and say, "That is the sort of religion for us, Jack." The result was that they came out to the penitent form, and before leaving, gave their hearts to God, and they then found, to use their own words, that they had *a religion which had a backbone in it.*

A Verdict of Fifteen Thousand Dollars Damages has been the result of a recent suit for libel in England, in which both plaintiff and defendant were clergymen. Accusations of immorality were brought by a Rev. Mr. Barnwell against an aged minister named Chamberlaine. Mr. Barnwell, it appeared, had merely repeated tales he had been told by laymen. During the trial the charges were investigated and proved to have been false in every particular, and the clerical scandal-monger was mulcted in the above exemplary damages as a penalty for his credulity. It may be hoped that the result will make people more cautious in circulating reports affecting the character of ministers. In England and in this country Satan finds one of his most effective weapons in slanderous reports of ministers. People greedily accept without investigation statements throwing discredit on preachers, and Satan in this way contrives to check their influence for good.

Lady Lush, the Wife of a Judge of the British Supreme Court died recently. Her deathbed was characterized by the joyfulness of a Christian about to enter the glorious presence of the Lord. Dr. Landels, in his memorial sermon on March 20th, said: "Amidst all her bodily sufferings her inward peace never failed. The Lord was with her all through, never withdrew from her for a moment the light of His countenance. 'The Lord is with you, dear,' whispered the voice of affection. 'Yes, He is never absent,' was the calm, glad response. And again, 'Is it peace, dear?' to which she replied, 'Peace does not express it, it is joy.'"

"Coming Wars," by the Rev. M. Baxter. Two Pamphlets; price five cents each by mail. *First Pamphlet* contains "Ten signs of the End, and Description of Approaching Events;" with two maps of the territory to be under Antichrist's rule and four large diagrams. *Second Pamphlet* contains valuable quotations from twenty-six Expositors on the same subject. Address, with price enclosed—The Christian Herald, 63 Bible House, New York.

Vol. III. of The Christian Herald and Signs of our Times, bound in cloth, containing all the numbers for 1880, with a complete index, is now ready. Price, $3, including postage.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) for April may be obtained at the office of The Christian Herald. Price six cents.

The Following Works by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon are for sale at The Christian Herald Office at prices much below what they can be obtained for elsewhere. Remittances must accompany orders. *John Ploughman's Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 cents. *The Treasury of David*, a homiletical exposition of the book of Psalms, four vols., as far as Psa. 103, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon Birth-Day Book.* This popular gift-book contains a suitable passage selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every day in the year, with a blank space opposite for autographs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon appear at their respective birthdays. The book is gorgeously bound, and the price is 75 cents. Remittances should accompany orders.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, Rev. W. M HAY AITKEN, Dr. DEEMS, or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1881. 15th Year. No. 17.—New Series.

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Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the Eloquent Methodist Preacher who Died April 14, 1881.

REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D.

Parentage—Education—Pious Uncles—Enters the Ministry—Sudden Popularity in London—His Missionary Services—Extract from His Lecture on John Bunyan—His Energy in Erecting New Churches—Visits America—An Old English Law—Personal Matters.

The death of Dr. Punshon removes from this world one of the most eloquent of modern preachers. He was well known on both sides the Atlantic, and Christians of all denominations and in every quarter of the globe experience in his departure a sense of personal bereavement. Many who never listened to his voice have read his sermons with deep interest, and have wondered at the wealth and beauty of language with which he clothed the grand old truths he preached. He was a born orator and had he chosen to enter the profession of the law or of politics, his brilliant talents would have raised him to a position of wealth and honor. But his genius was consecrated to the service of God, and not a few in this country and in England, as well as many who have left the Church on earth to join the Church in Heaven, have reason to bless God that Dr. Punshon did so consecrate his life.

It is a faithless spirit that speaks of any death as premature. God watches over His Church and over the world. Not a sparrow falls to the ground contrary to His will, and we may be satisfied that when a useful minister dies in the midst of his usefulness and while we were hoping that he would have been spared to labor many years longer in the world's harvest field, that all is well, for God did it. Otherwise we might lament a death like that of Dr. Punshon as untimely, for he was only fifty-seven years of age, and his powers showed no symptoms of decline; but the great Master of the Church knows what is best, and while we mourn our loss we do so in faith in His wisdom and love.

Many of our readers probably listened to Dr. Punshon when, after his removal to this side the Atlantic in 1868, he lectured and preached in our principal cities. Others who did not hear him may have read his sermons published from time to time in these columns, and all will be interested in learning such details of his life and labors as can be obtained.

William Morley Punshon was *born* in Doncaster, who [illegible]land, in the year 1824, and added another father w[illegible] already extended list of Yorkshiremen a good soc[illegible] various fields attained distinction. His a valuable a[illegible]ccessful man of business, occupying Connection. [illegible]ion, and very highly esteemed as uncle, Sir Isaac [illegible]ential member of the Wesleyan tion in the West Ri[illegible]he said in passing that his tainly had every rea[illegible] Yorkshire, and he cerwatched the growing hop[illegible] be gratified as he to the old family name. [illegible]ught by his nephew

Before he was twelve years [illegible] was sent to be educated at Heanor, Derbyshire,

HIS SCHOOL DAYS

under judicious care, appear to hav[illegible] mirable preparation for the larger [illegible]en an adriper years. At this time, and while afte[illegible]tion of the Doncaster Grammar School, he was [illegible]ds at *chubby lad*, with fresh, curly hair, a full prop[illegible]ff, of the love of sport, and, above all, a most exc[illegible] ordinary memory. He would commit to memory for the mere pleasure of the effort, long passages from 'The Speaker,' and recite them to his schoolfellows; and it is said that he could repeat the names of all the British constituencies, with the names of all the Members of Parliament representing them, without a mistake.

In his fifteenth year he entered the business establishment of his grandfather, a timber merchant, at Hull, and spent some time as a clerk both there and at Sunderland. When about twenty years of age he went to reside beneath the roof of another uncle—a man of some mark both as a missionary and *a Cingalese scholar*, in his day—the Rev. Benjamin Clough, who at that time was living at Woolwich. There was not a minister in the town more highly respected than Mr. Clough; and when the excitement in those years was rising almost to fever-heat in consequence of connectional heartburnings and disputes, his influence and example as an able scholar, earnest preacher, and Christian gentleman were of the best and most healing character.

Whether his nephew, upon his conversion, had formed the purpose of devoting his life to the work of the Christian ministry, we are not informed; but there is no doubt that within twelve months afterwards this purpose had become distinct and clear. After a brief course of college training, he passed the necessary examination, was

ACCEPTED BY THE CONFERENCE,

and completed the regular period of probation in arduous circuit work, chiefly in the North of England. It would have been pleasant to have heard some of those early sermons of his. His later efforts thousands in Great Britain, America, and Canada are acquainted with, and we all know the marks they exhibit of the most painstaking care as well as of brilliant oratorical power. But from the wilds of Cumberland to the Corn Exchange, Oxford, where he delivered the fervent address which excited so much attention, the leap could not have been sudden.

To have seen and heard the youth, Morley Punshon, when there could be no mistaking his Yorkshire proclivities and pronunciation, to have seen and heard him when he was preparing for the eminence which afterwards fairly belonged to him both as preacher and public orator, would have enabled one to trace the growth, if not of the poet's, at least of the preacher's mind.

To many in London, after seven years' ministry in Whitehaven, Carlisle, and Newcastle, he seemed suddenly to spring, fully armed, into

A BLAZE OF POPULARITY

that was well-nigh dazzling. He could not be announced to preach or to lecture without chapels and halls being filled to overflowing. It would be difficult to say whether his preaching or lecturing exited the deeper interest. He had but to be announced to preach or speak, and every inch of sitting or standing room became valuable.

One of his earliest efforts in the British metropolis was his sermon in the old tabernacle, Tottenham-Court Road, on behalf of the London Missionary Society. The large building was usually well filled on these anniversaries, but on this occasion it really could not make room for the crowd desirous of getting any kind of place. Several years have passed since that memorable evening, but those who were present see once more the chapel as it then appeared with the front galleries packed with ministers from all parts of the kingdom, with the pulpit stairs thronged with listeners, conspicuous among whom was the eminent editor and preacher *Dr. John Campbell*, busily taking notes to be used afterwards in the graphically descriptive manner peculiar to himself.

His more recent sermon on behalf of the same Society at Surrey Chapel was equally eloquent and inspiring, but the world had become accustomed to his power and was not surprised, while the former sermon on "Largeness of Heart" was a revelation to all and held its ground in the memory against all his subsequent sermons and lectures, though they may have been greater and more successful.

His lectures at Exeter Hall, London, before the Young Men's Christian Association, some of which were delivered while he was in Sheffield and in [illegible]eeds (in each of which he spent the customary [illegible]ne years), were among the most attractive that [illegible]Thiseen given before the members of that society. [illegible]brilliano slight praise, when we remember the [illegible]years hatray of able men who in the course of [illegible]tian Associone the London Young Men's Christ[illegible]they selected,n good service by the topics which [illegible]them. [illegible]d by their masterly treatment of

His first lecture [illegible]was upon "The Prophet of Horeb," and three [illegible]rs afterwards this was followed by one upon

"JOHN BUNYAN,"

which some are disposed to [illegible]gard as his greatest oration. As the first was de[illegible]vered twenty years ago, many of our readers will be [illegible]leased to read an extract from it:

"Rare times they were, the time[illegible] of that stirring and romantic era. How much was crowded into the sixty years of Bunyan's eventful life! There were embraced in it the turbulent reign of the first Charles—the Star-Chamber, and the High Commission, names of hate and shuddering—Laud with his Papistry, and Stafford with his scheme of Thorough, the long intestine war, Edgehill and Naseby and Marston, memories of sorrowful renown, a discrowned monarch, a royal title, and a royal execution. He saw all that was venerable and all that was novel changing places; like *the scene-shifting of a drama*; bluff cavaliers in seclusion and in exile; douce burghers acting history and moulded into men.

"Then followed the Protectorate of the many-sided and wondrous Cromwell; brief years of grandeur and progress, during which an Englishman became a power and a name. Then came the Restoration, with its reaction of excesses—the absolution of courtiers and courtezans—the madness which seized upon the nation when vampires like Oates and Dangerfield were gorged with perjury and drunk with blood; the Act of Uniformity, framed in true succession to take effect on St. Bartholomew's day, by which 'at one fell swoop' were ejected two thousand ministers of Christ's holy Gospel.

"The Conventicle Act, two years later, which hounded the ejected ones from the copse and from the glen; the Great Plague, fitting sequel to enactments so foul, when the silenced clergy, gathering in pestilence immunity from law, made the Red Cross the sad badge of their second ordination, and taught the anxious, and cheered the timid, at the altars from which hirelings had fled. . . . *What a rush of history* compressed into a less period than threescore years and ten! These were, indeed, times for the development of character—times for the birth of men."

From 1858 we find Mr. Punshon for some years residing in London, first in Bayswater, and next at Islington. His popularity was well established, and he used it for the Master he served. It is well known that he was able to present the sum of 1000*l.* ($5000) towards a Wesleyan chapel in Spitalfields, both from *the delivery and the sale of his lecture* on "The Huguenots."

The help thus given to the London chapel was followed by efforts on behalf of erecting places of worship in other directions, and for five or six years his labors may have been said to have been almost incessant. His friends justly feared that a breakdown in health would inevitably result from this *chapel-building work*. He had, however, firmly resolved to raise a sum equivalent to fifty thousand dollars towards the erection of chapels in the chief watering-places on the coast of England, and though failure of health came at last, he would have been the first to fervently thank God that this did not happen until the work he had set himself to do was fairly done.

Any sketch of Dr. Punshon would be imperfect which contained no reference to his interest in

MISSIONARY WORK.

It has seemed to many that his speeches on missionary platforms were as carefully prepared as any of his great sermons or lectures. None that heard it can forget *the dream which he described* about thirteen years ago in a speech delivered in Exeter Hall. He pictured the insidious spread of Popery as the stealthy rising of waters, until the devoted country was engulfed as in another deluge. After portraying the havoc made by the silent, black, deceitful, treacherous water, he said:

"I should like to know if there is any interpreter here who can read the moral of my dream? I have wondered whether it were possible that it had any reference to England. I have wondered whether there is anything in the midst of us at this moment like that stealthy, snake-like, rising, creeping water!

"I have wondered whether any of you know anything like it; whether there is a system in the midst of us, which for years has been clamoring, and which has always obtained what it clamored for, which has secured its own close houses from inspection, while it has wormed itself into yours; which has got into your work-houses, into your prisons, which has granted an indulgence for

elve months to people who will only pray for
—pray that you may be converted to what they
sider to be the true faith, and which yet is a
tem which has been a curse and a mildew to
ry country where it has prevailed!

'Privileged once more to stand on this mission-
platform, one of whose duties I humbly think
o bear testimony to the truth, I have wondered
ether it was not *my duty to tell this dream* to
; and, waking out of it as men do from
ightly visions, with a sense of shuddering and
ear, I have wondered whether I ought not to
nmon you, though my words be of the feeblest,
arouse yourselves as the heart of one man, and
let your manifesto ring out upon the world.
ay with gags, and jails, and proscriptions, and
alties.

'Our sufferings have taught us charity, and we
not steal *the sword of persecution from her to*
om it of right belongs; but to us has been com-
ted a stewardship of truth and freedom, and we
not be faithless to our trust. In sight of the
ng tide and of the fatuous warders we will do
duty, and, speaking with a voice too stern for
ling, and too sad for passion, we announce our
olve to-day. In the name of our martyred fore-
ers, and in the name of the country that we
, and in the name of the sanctities that are
itually violated and of the liberties which are
in peril, and in the name of the slaves that are
hralled, in the name of the souls that are delud-
and in the name of the Gospel of Jesus, which
hindered, and in the holy name of God '*A*
red door to Popery, and no peace with Rome.'"

n 1868 Dr. Punshon transferred his ministerial
ors to Canada, being at the same time deputed
the British Conference to visit fraternally the
adian and United States Conferences. It need
rcely be said his reception was as genial and
usiastic as warm-hearted Americans and Cana-
ns know how to give. While in Toronto he per-
ted the publication of a volume of lectures and
nons as a memorial volume, and these recall to
y friends the voice of the speaker now that he
ead.

Although not native to the Dominion of Canada,
earned to identify himself loyally with its inter-
, and cherished to the end of his life an unwav-
g attachment to its people and its fortunes.

The General Conference was held that year in
cago and during its sessions a party convention
the nomination of a Presidential candidate was
ling its meetings in the same city. Many dele-
s found time to listen to the famous preacher
on returning to their respective States spread
fame over all the land.

n 1874 Dr. Punshon filled the honorable post of
sident of the Conference, and his subsequent
tion in the Wesleyan Mission House in London
that of Deputy Treasurer and Senior Secre-
. His health during the past five years was
so robust as it once was, and he only preached
asionally, and often delivered the same sermon
ifferent Wesleyan chapels, his health and ardu-
work at the Mission House apparently precluding
any frequent preparation of new discourses.

r. Punshon was thrice married; in the first in-
ce to Miss Vickers, of Gateshead, while he was
ring in the Newcastle Circuit, whom he lost
ut ten years afterwards, during his first sojourn
ondon.

When in Canada, shortly after settling in
onto, he *married his first wife's sister*, who
years had with the utmost devotedness dis-
ged all motherly duties towards his bereaved
dren. The law of England still prohibits these
riages, but in Canada they are valid. Strenu-
efforts have been made to legalize them in Eng-
, but hitherto without success. Session after
ion, with patient persistency, a bill has been
oduced into Parliament for the purpose, but
nuous opposition, sometimes on the part of the
ops, sometimes of laymen, have procured its
ction.

r. Punshon conscientiously believed that such
riages were lawful in God's sight, and that the
ctions to them founded on a particular passage
cripture, were the result of a mistaken sense of
neaning. He therefore, moved by love for the
lady who had given her life to the duty of filling a mother's place to his young children, offered her marriage. As the British law, with strange inconsistency, permits such marriages in Canada while forbidding them in England, Dr. Punshon removed to Canada and was there married to the lady of his choice.

Dr. Punshon's coadjutors in the Wesleyan ministry differed from him in opinion on the subject, and thought that he was evading the law by his act, and marked their disapprobation by *striking his name off the roll of the "legal hundred,"* which act did not in the least disturb Dr. Punshon's equanimity, he being convinced of the purity of his motives and the righteousness of his conduct.

The union, hallowed as it was by ardent affection on both sides, and fraught as it was with happiness, was not of long duration. Mrs. Punshon died October, 1871, after only three years of wedded life. After Dr. Punshon resumed his position in the English Wesleyan ministry he married the daughter of the late William Foster, Esq., of Sheffield.

The intelligence of Dr. Punshon's death arrived by cable and merely announces that being in ill health he had started on a tour in Southern France and Italy. While on his journey he was seized at Genoa with alarming symptoms and returned with all speed to London, to consult his regular medical attendant. He died on April 14th, of heart disease complicated by inflammation of the lungs. He had never entirely recovered the shock he experienced a few months ago by the death of his son, a young man of much promise. Dr. Punshon's remains were buried in Norwood Cemetery on April 19th. There was an immense and sympathetic concourse of people present.

THE OBSTINATE CAPTAIN.

A STORY of a wreck near Penzance, of a most thrilling description, not long ago went the round of the press. During a strong south wind, the French brig *Ponthieu* went ashore near Penzance. The workers of the Marazion rocket apparatus succeeded in throwing a line over her, but the crew, being ignorant of how to work the apparatus, fastened the line on board instead of hauling it in. One of the crew, however, hauled himself ashore by the line.

The Penzance lifeboat was then got out; but, on her arrival alongside, the crew, although in imminent peril, took no notice, the captain apparently forbidding them to leave, or even throw a line to the lifeboat. Wind and sea rapidly increasing, and the vessel being full in the breakers, it was seen that it must soon break up. In vain the lifeboat's crew entreated; they were warned off, and had to leave; but, seeing the loss of life that must ensue, the lifeboat's coxswain determined to return, and this time was so far successful that five of the crew jumped off and were picked up.

The captain still remained obstinate, and at length a coastguardsman, named Gould, volunteered for the perilous duty of going out to the wreck along the rocket-line, taking with him a letter from the French Consul, urging the captain to leave. In the presence of hundreds of intensely excited spectators, Gould steadily made his way, being often under the water for several seconds, and imminently in danger of being washed off. The captain was watching him from the bridge, but, when under the bows, would lend no aid, and the furious sea breaking over him, Gould was washed away, and it was feared he must perish. Happily, however, he regained the rope, and more dead than alive, was washed and dragged ashore. Meanwhile the vessel was fast breaking up, the masts fell over the side, the stern, on which the captain was standing, was broken off, and it was supposed he had sunk, but presently he was seen among the wreckage, and mounted to the foreyard, the sail of which somewhat sheltered him.

The Coastguard fired two more rockets, and, one line falling close to the captain, he seized it, but even then seemed irresolute whether to save himself or perish with the ship. After a quarter of an hour, however, the love of life constrained him to fasten the rope around him, and he was dragged ashore. Within an hour nothing was to be seen of the vessel but a few floating spars. The cheers which greeted the captain's rescue were by no means so hearty as those which had welcomed the return of Gould, whose life had been risked in attempting to save him.

The obstinacy of the captain above named reminds us of the conduct of a captain who lost his life, some years ago, in the same locality, from sheer self-will and obstinacy. His vessel had reached the harbor, but a strong inset of the sea threatened to draw her out again. At so critical a juncture assistance was tendered. This, however, the captain refused; the consequence was that he and his men perished. A stone in the graveyard hard by records the fact. Blind and foolish as was the obstinacy thus displayed, it has its parallel in the conduct of all who follow the example of those Jews to whom our Saviour said, "Ye *will* not come to Me that ye might have life" (John 5 : 40).

MISSION WORK IN EGYPT.

Miss M. L. Whately, the daughter of the celebrated Archbishop Whately of Dublin, has been steadily carrying on among the Moslems and native Christians of Egypt, a most valuable mission for the last twenty years. Hers is the only work of this character carried on by a British subject in Cairo, Egypt. She began with a few little girls gathered into her own sitting-room; she has now schools with three hundred boys and about two hundred and twenty girls in regular attendance, half of the former and two thirds of the latter being Moslems, the others native Christians of churches who have been long left in deep ignorance. All these are daily instructed in the Scriptures and in the truths of the Gospel, and their answering is quite equal to that of well-taught Sunday scholars in England. In addition to this they receive an excellent general education. Arabic, of course, is the language of the school, but English and French are learned by the boys, and the pupils brought up in the school are known already as superior in intelligence and acquirements to others.

In addition to the *schools* there are services in Arabic on Sundays, conducted by the superintending lay missionary; meetings for men and women respectively; a book depot; a *Bible woman* actively at work; and a very extensive house-to-house visitation carried on in several hundred families, besides which—and most important, perhaps, of all—a *medical mission* has been established for more than two years, under a skilful and pious Syrian physician and surgeon, who has been trained in the medical college at Beyrout, and who in the time he has been here, comparatively short as it is, has relieved

OR CURED BETWEEN 2000 AND 3000 PERSONS,

including many who have been saved from blindness by prompt care or cured by operations. All of these have heard something of Christian teaching, as the doctor has had opportunity in the course of his treatment, and there is cheering proof that the gratitude felt for the healing of bodily suffering (and the Egyptians are keenly alive in general to kindness) has made them more willing to listen to the Word of Life. Much more might be done had they proper room for those waiting for the doctor and those under his hands, but though Miss Whately gave up a valuable piece of ground to build on (no available room being found in the neighborhood, and the school premises unsafe on grounds of health), her want of funds obliged her to stop when the building was about a foot from the ground, and the poor patients are crowded into the doctor's own private apartments, at great inconvenience, or kept waiting outside, if the numbers exceed the powers of his room to hold them. Great efforts are being set on foot to raise the needed sum (about $1500), but the various pressures of the times render it a difficult matter.

Mr. George I. Seney, who Recently Gave $240,000 to found a Methodist hospital in Brooklyn, has sent $40,000 to Emory College, Oxford, Ga., an institution to which he had previously given $10,000. He has also given $50,000 to the Wesleyan Female College at Macon, Ga.

"MONEY ALL GONE."

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, delivered last Sunday Morning, April 24, 1881.

"He began to be in want."—Luke 15 : 14.

Easier to Spend than Get Money—The Prodigal's Expenses—How the Money Went—A Bad Time to be Penniless—The Parable Means You and Me—Sin an Expensive Luxury—The Wants of an Immortal Soul—I. The Holy Ghost—Good and Poor Sermons—"A Sermon in my First Settlement"—A Scoffer's Conversion—An Athletic Preacher's Last Sermon—II. Pardon—Rejection of Christ the Worst of Sins—An Avalanche of Sin—III. Comfort—A Flower Earthly Soil does not Produce—A Dying Child's Solace—IV. Strength Against Temptation—New York and Brooklyn Temptations—Letters from Parents—Changes in a Home—The only Sure Reform—V. A Hope for Heaven—Death Certain—What Are Your Prospects?—A Last Appeal.

When I need to get a good warm-hearted text I am very apt to go to one of the parables of the Lord, and to none more frequently than to the parable of the Prodigal Son. There are enough texts in it for a man to preach about fifty years; then he must go into the eternal world feeling that he has only just opened the outside door of the subject. I will rehearse the story. You all know it—the story of the Prodigal Son. You need not go to the Bible to find the story. You find it every day. This subject is no novelty. I will simply say, however, that just as some years ago our young men went off to California to get their fortune, and as Englishmen used to go to Australia to get their fortune, so I suppose this young man of the text went off to get his fortune.

You know it takes a great deal longer to make money than it does to spend it. Although it is only a little while since this young man got one third of his father's property, it's all gone—every cent of it. So you have known men toiling for twenty, thirty, forty years in commercial or in mechanical life, having acquired large property, to lie down and die, leaving a great estate; and in five years the boys have got all through with it. So this young man of the text and his money were soon parted. I do not know just

HOW IT WENT;

but there, in the first place, were his travelling expenses. A man who had been brought up as luxuriously as he evidently was, from the surroundings of that home, could not lodge just anywhere, nor be contented with plain fare. He had been used to see things on a large scale, and I do not suppose he closely calculated the expense. I do not suppose he always stopped to take change. I suppose that sometimes he bought things without any regard to their cost. Then, besides that, there came in the bill for his personal apparel; and a young man who had a third of his father's property in his pocket could not afford to go shabbily dressed; and so he must have clothes of the best pattern, and of the finest material. Besides that, the young man of the text had to meet the bill for social entertainment. He must treat, and it must be with the costliest wines and the rarest viands.

Besides that, *the sharpers* found out that this young man had plenty of money, and they volunteered their services. They will show him the sights. They can tell him things he never imagined, away off on that father's homestead. Well, they undertake to show this young man the sights, and after a while he wakes up one day and he says, "I think I will count my money." And he counted his money: it was half gone. But bad habits were thoroughly fastened upon him; he could not stop. After a while he counted his money again, and it was three fourths gone; but he was *on the down grade*, going swifter and swifter and swifter, until, when he comes to look for his money, it is all gone.

Now these associates who stuck to him as long as he had plenty of money are gone. Morning-glories bloom when the sun is coming up, not when the sun is going down. There is no money with which to meet his expenses. Besides that, the crops have failed, and there is a famine in the land; and at a time when affluent men are straitened about getting their daily bread, what is to become of this poor fellow with an empty pocket and a discouraged heart? "Oh," you say, "*let him go to work.*" He cannot work. His hands, soft and tender, will be blistered with hard work. Perhaps he comes then to some place where he can get work, he thinks, adequate for an educated young man. He comes to a commercial establishment and asks for work. "No," says the head man of the business firm, "we can't have you. Why, you are nothing but a tramp of the street. Off of our premises." Perhaps he comes to the office of some official of the government, and seeks employment by which he can support himself. "No," says that officer, "a man clad as you are cannot find any employment in my office." What is he to do? In a strange land. Money all gone. No friends. Ragged. Wretched. Undone. My text with one stroke gives the awful picture. "He began to be

IN WANT."

Now, what does all that mean? It means you and me. Our race had a good starting; but we all went away from God and home, and we have found sin to be *an expensive luxury*. It despoiled us. It hungered us. It robbed us. It made us hopeless, and friendless, and godless. We had a fine spiritual fortune to start with, and we spent it, and we "begin to be in want." I care not how fine our worldly estate may be, or how much bank stock we may possess, or how elegant our social position, sin has paupered the whole race, and until we go back to God, our home, we are in an awful state of beggary and want. There is no exception to it.

In hospitals you will find that there are different wards for different styles of cases. In one ward those who are a little sick. Further on you will find those who are dangerously sick. In another ward those who are hopelessly sick. Now I have to tell you that in *the hospital of the world* there is only one ward, and in that ward they are sick unto death, and no human doctor can touch the cases, and unless some supernatural help come we must all die. We want healing. We want light. We want medicine. We want everything for the soul. It is no whim of mine, but a positive statement of the Bible, that we are by nature poor and wretched and miserable and blind and naked. Oh, that God this morning would help me to define

THE WANTS OF AN IMMORTAL SOUL.

"He began to be in want."

I. I have first to remark, my dear hearer, that if you are not a Christian, your first want is *the Holy Ghost*. Some of you have been familiar with these themes about which I am talking, long before I was born. Some of you have heard a thousand, fifteen hundred, two thousand, three thousand sermons. Some of you have spent whole years of glorious Sabbaths, and had innumerable opportunities of religious contemplation, and yet you tell me frankly you are not Christians. Why? Because the Holy Ghost has not led you to the cross. What does all this service amount to this morning unless the Divine Spirit touch your soul? A wasted hour. What is all this Bible, with its hopes and promises, to you, unless the Holy Spirit illumine the page? It is a sealed book. What are all the advantages you have had for the last fifteen years in a religious sense unless the Spirit of God drive the truth to the heart? So many arguments for your condemnation.

"Well," you say, "how can I get that Spirit. Am I responsible for not having it?" Yes. You must, my dear brother, pray for His coming, and He will come. Plead for Him. Beseech His coming. Cry out, "Give me the Holy Ghost!" Why is it that sometimes, when we come to the people with an elaborate discourse, and we have carefully analyzed the subject, and brought out the thoughts, as we think, in a harmonious way, and we think it is about as good a sermon as we know how to preach, it all amounts to nothing? It is because the Holy Spirit did not bless the truth that day. Why is it that, on some other occasion, when we come with only a few thoughts lying in our mind, hardly arranged at all, but with a burning desire for the salvation of the souls of men, and the sermon is a poor sermon, judged by the rules of human rhetoric, on that day the people come to God? Because the Lord sends His Spirit to bless that sermon. Oh, if this morning the Spirit of God would shine on your heart, you would wake up as from a long sleep; you would look around about you, and you would kneel down and cry for mercy.

I never shall forget a scene in my first settlement. We had a morning prayer-meeting in time of religious interest and there was a man who entered the door just before the close of the sermon. I said to myself, "I wish that man had stayed away; he has come to disturb this meeting." I had heard him express his contempt for religion and all religious things, and I was sure he was there to interrupt us. He came in and sat down, and before the benediction was pronounced he arose. People shuddered, for all knew him in the village. But, so far from disturbing our meeting, he said, "Oh, pray for my soul!" and that night he found his way into the kingdom of God and his wife and his children. The Spirit of God sought him out and brought him in, and by that time night came he was saved forever.

If the Holy Spirit should strike off your chains you would be free. If He should touch your eyes this moment, you would see not only your sin, but the grandeur of a Saviour's ransom. Oh, He is a mighty Spirit! People of God, if you will importune His coming, if you will with proper faith importune His coming, there would this morning be five hundred souls in all this audience, who are out for Christ, who would march in solid column into the kingdom, and the house would be full of the glory of the Lord, and there would be here such praying and weeping, and wailing, and singing as you never heard.

Oh, that the Spirit would descend now! I wait His coming! Aged men, who know the way to pray, who have long been praying, implore the descent of that Spirit. Men in mid-life, young men, men who would be saved now—ask for the coming of that Spirit.

"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love
In these cold hearts of ours."

Twenty-five years ago I had a man standing before me one day preaching the Gospel to my people. As I sat behind him, I thought to myself, "Oh, if I only had that man's physical health, how much good I could do!" Though I was well, he seemed to be more than well—athletic, strong, exuberant. That was the last sermon he ever preached. That week he was dead. I never shall forget that man's last sermon. I shall not forget his text. It was so appropriate for my people then; it is so appropriate for this people now. "Have ye received the Holy Ghost?"

II. I remark again, that your want is

PARDON.

That young man down in the wilderness, oh, how he thought of his father! He thought, "If I could only hear my father say, 'I forgive you,' I would be happy." It was pardon he wanted. *That is what you need.* What has been the greatest sin in all your life? One man would say one thing; another man would say another thing. I can tell you what has been the greatest sin of your life—the one that towers above all others, the ghastliest, the blackest crime that the soul can commit. It is not murder. It is not theft. It is not adultery. It is not blasphemy. But worse than all these combined. It is the sin of driving back the Son of God from your souls, and rejecting the Lord of glory, and trampling on the bleeding heart of infinite love; and that sin we have all committed.

To that chief sin you have added other sins. How many? In all your life, how many do you suppose? A thousand? "Oh, yes," you say. Fifty thousand? "Yes," you say, "in the course of my life." One hundred thousand? "Yes; well, let us stop there." One hundred thousand unforgiven transgressions! Sins against Sabbaths, against Bibles, against sermons. Sins against God. Sins against yourself. Sins against the cross. Sins against the ministering spirits who came to defend you. Sins against your own de

l, your father's death-bed, your mother's death-
l. Sins against the judgment-day. Sins against
glories of heaven and the grandeurs of eternity.
s inexcusable. Sins without number. All
orgiven!

You know how rapidly the snow-flakes can accu-
late on a winter's day, and you know how soon
y aggregate on top of the Alps; and then, in
tain conditions of the weather, that great block
snow which is made up of little snow-flakes
ves off an avalanche on the villages beneath,
troying them. So the sins of your life—cold,
ezing transgressions—accumulating, accumulat-
, heaping up wrath against the day of wrath,
ast, if unrepented of, will be an avalanche of dark-
s for striking down upon your soul. They seem
re like a cloud, black, thunder-charged, and flash
h all the lightning of an incensed God, and they
er and swoop about us until in the suffocation
gasp for mercy, and hope that a gale from
ven will blow away the cloud.

God is willing to lift that cloud. He says He is
g-suffering and patient. He is the God of great
. He is willing to blot out your transgres-
ns. He is willing to take you in the arms of
compassion. Oh, here is the letter! It is a
er from your Father, offended and outraged. It
letter to you, the wandering child. He says,
ome back, come back! Though your sins were
scarlet, they shall be as snow; though they be
like crimson, they shall be as wool." Pardon
all! Free pardon! Everlasting pardon!

II. Again, my unconverted friends, you want

COMFORT.

f this young man of the text had only had some
to come from his father's house and say to him,
ow you can go back if you want to. They will
glad to see you. Your estate will be restored,
you will have a glorious greeting, if you will
go," what a comfort it would have been to
. What he wanted, you want, and that is com-
. You have found the world to be a rough
ld. You have been disappointed again and
in. The grave has opened, and taken your
nds, perhaps your very best friends. God only
ws how many tears you have wept, how many
s you have breathed, how many groans you
e uttered.

here is in your soul *an aching void* the world
not fill. Worldly amusement cannot silence it.
intoxicating cup only makes the matter worse.
mirth of your godless companions cannot si-
e this unrest. You go about seeking for peace
happiness, and you find remorse and anguish.
you know the reason? It is because the flower
are hunting for does not grow in earthly soil.
s because the gem you are digging for cannot
ound in an earthly mine.

ut in Christ is your comfort. This is the peace
passeth all understanding. This is the balm
all wounds. This is liberty for all captives.
s is life for all who are dead. What consola-
it has given to many of these people who are
re me to day! Jesus has been their comfort.
y have had enough trouble to kill them, but
st has sustained them, Christ has soothed
n. He is competent to do it.

ne of the Scotch martyrs said, in his last mo-
t, "I was turned out; I spent two nights in
ields; I had no place to lay my head, no cov-
g but the darkness; but, oh, what a sweet
I had all those nights! I looked up, and I
the ocean of joy in which all Heaven swims
swims!"

wish I could tell what a comfort this religion of
s Christ has been to my soul; what comfort it
been to the souls of many who are here. There
ittle children here who have found the Saviour's
passion. They have had more joy in their short
f ten years than you have had in sixty years,
use they went to the Saviour, and they have put
hearts in His care, and all shall be well. They
as well as a little child did who was *dying on*
Sabbath. She had been in the Sabbath-school
, and the story was read about the Shepherd,
now He folds the lambs to His arms. And that
she was taken away. After she had come
f convulsions, and was about to die, her mother
to her, "My dear, you're very tired, ain't
you?" "No," said she, "I am not tired. I never shall be tired. They told me last Sunday that the Shepherd carries the lambs in His bosom, and I am one of His lambs. I can't be tired." Oh, the solace, the comfort, the peace of this glorious Gospel! Will you not receive it?

IV. Again, I remark that you want

STRENGTH AGAINST TEMPTATION.

What is the use of this young man's trying to resist temptation, down there in the wilderness? One pulling him this way and another that way. He could not resist it. The only way for him is to go home. Now *I know your temptations.* I simply say that it is impossible that in Brooklyn or New York a man can retain his integrity without the grace of God to help him. In the office, in the store, in the banking institution, where you are, there are people who do not believe in these things. They caricature religion. Some of them spend their evenings where they ought not. They want you to go along with them.

Oh, I have stood where I could look off and *see a young man go down.* I have had letters from fathers and mothers in the country, saying, "My son has come to the city. He attends your church. He is in such and such a store. I wish you would look after him." And we see the men of the world gather around that poor young fellow, and drag him away from God, and away from his father's prayers, and away from his mother's Christian counsel, and he lived only long enough to break their old hearts. A young man in town is not safe a moment without the grace of God.

And what is true of young men is true of you older people. I have seen men in mid-life try to reform. They signed the pledge, and they did a great many things that were well enough; but they did not seek God's help or strength. I saw a change right away in their home. The children were better dressed, and went to a better school. The wife, who had not sang for five years, began to sing again. The furniture was brushed up. The piano that had not been opened for years was retuned or traded off for a better one. Everything brightened up about that house. People said, "How well those people are getting on now! There is *a great change.*" He has reformed."

Then a year passed along, and one night there was a burden carried along the street, and there was a loud ring at the door-bell, and the door opened, and the father, dead drunk, was thrown into the hall. And then the children came home from that school, and then their apparel, instead of being good, was very mean, and the wife stopped the song, and the piano was not opened. But after a while it was opened, for the sheriff's mallet came down on it: "Going—gone!" What is the history of that man? He tried to reform without appealing to the grace and help of God. That is all. And when a man strives to reform or quit any kind of sin, and goes out in his own strength, he is one against a thousand; he is one against a hundred thousand. In other words, all hell is against him.

But I have seen other men, with no more courage than the one I have spoken of, and not half the force of will, come right up to respectability and usefulness—marching right on until the gate of Heaven opened before their soul. Why? They said, "O Lord Jesus, thou seest my trouble. Thou knowest my thirst. Thou art acquainted with all my ungovernable appetites. I can't get away from them. O Jesus, help me by thy omnipotent grace! I will try to do better, but I can't do it alone. Help me! Help me!" The Lord God Almighty put his arm around that man and led him right out into the green pastures, and he shouted, "Victory! victory through the Lord Jesus Christ!" He never was confounded again—never will be. God Almighty is the strength of a man that puts trust in him. So I offer Him to you as a shelter against temptation; and there is not anybody in the house that has escaped temptation.

V. But I have one more important thought to present. Your great want is

A HOPE FOR HEAVEN.

We cannot always stay here. Some day you will be going along the street for the last time. A little after that your friends will be going along the street where you do business, and say, "Ah! the shutters are up. What's the matter?" And then they will go to the card on the door and read that you are gone. And your friends will be startled as they take up the newspaper and see your name in the list of those who yesterday went away from time into eternity, and you will be seen no more.

You will never be seen in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, or in any Christian assemblage on earth. The world may laugh and shout and thunder and applaud; you will not hear it. Spring will come with all its wealth of blossoms; you will not smell the aroma. Summer harvests will throw their crowns of gold at the feet of the husbandman; you will not lift your head from the dusty pillow to look at them. Frosts of winter will come, but they will not send any additional chill through your last encampment. There will not be a single person in all this audience living after a while. Some of us will sleep in the country churchyard; some of us in the more pretentious city cemetery; some of us down in the deep blue sea; but where will the soul be? what will our immortal nature be doing?

WHAT ARE YOUR PROSPECTS?

You need hope for heaven, and some of you have not got it. What have you been doing, my dear friends, all your life, that you have not got this hope? You could have had it for the asking. Have you not asked for it? It is a most astounding thing that in this land, with so many Gospel advantages and privileges, people will go out of this world without any hope of heaven. Friends standing around the room waiting for some little indication that all is well—waiting for just one encouraging word from the departing spirit. And then to have such a one, as I have seen him, turn over on the pillow with his face to the wall, and breathe feebler and feebler, and then just give one long sigh, and it is all over. Oh, no, it is not: I must take that back. It is not all over. It has only begun.

I make an appeal especially *to the young.* "Oh,' you say, "I can't attend to this. I can't break away from my associations. Why, my dear friend, it will be a greater struggle at last to die without any hope. Come! Come in bands! Come in flocks! If there is any one over whom you have especial influence, bring that one along with you. Before this night comes, before the benediction after this service is pronounced, give your heart to Jesus. He will take it now just as well as He will ten years from now. He would rather take it now. Commend your case to Him, and be saved before you go out of this building.

I appeal also to those who are *in mid-life.* You have lived long enough to know that this world is an insufficient portion. Begin to pray to-day. Establish your family altar, and gather your children around it. "Oh," says some one in the house, "I can't pray." Cannot pray? You can pray. You must pray. Before twenty-four hours go by, let your household, which has been a prayerless household, be a praying household, lest the Lord come upon thee in a way thou knowest not, for do you not know the announcement of God's Word, in which He says, "I will pour out my fury upon the families that call not on my name"? Oh, pray for yourselves, pray for your children.

I must have a word *with the aged* who are out of Christ. What father, mother, so long a prodigal? The sun is going rapidly down in the west and the chill of the last darkness is coming on; and let me tell you that there is not more than one in a thousand that ever goes as far as you have in life unpardoned and yet finds peace. God grant that you may be that one in a thousand. Oh, come, aged man, aged woman. Father! mother! I call you by the tenderest of names. Father, mother, come and take hold of the arm of Jesus in your declining years.

The Revival Services at Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle continue, without any abatement of interest. At least *five hundred persons* have already come forward, acknowledging that through these services God has brought them into His kingdom. Between three and four hundred souls will be added to the church at the Tabernacle at the next communion service, on Sunday, May 8th.

JAMES GRAHAM'S BUSH LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

(*Continued from page 247.*)

The Tasmanian Menagerie—The Laughing Jackass—Bushrangers' Atrocities—The Aborigines at Hobart Town—A Business Offer—Savings Lost—Crossing the Blue Mountains—Convicts Again—A Providential Escape.

On my own farm, and not more than a hundred yards from our hut, I first saw the *Tasmanian wolf*. I suppose it had by some means strayed from its haunts in the hills after prey. The two kangaroo-dogs found it, and after a severe struggle—for it is very fierce and powerful—they killed it. It was the size of a large mastiff, ne rly black, having bands of gray running parallel to each other from the back down the sides, like rib-marks. Its head is large and well armed with teeth. It is the most powerful carnivorous beast of these colonies. In its mountain haunts it is lion-king. The animal called the Tasmanian devil is a poor, black, bull-terrier-like fellow compared to him. I do not think he is called "devil" because of power; but because he is black, ugly, insidious, irreclaimable, and will devour his own little fiends.

The Tasmanian menagerie is very poor. I don't wonder the native blacks were a poor people, and had little time for improvement. They had no beasts of burden, for none but a monkey could ride a kangaroo. They had no creatures to give food or clothing, nothing better than a bandicoot or kangaroo to domesticate; and these, like the swine, can only serve by their death. What would England be without bread, cheese, beef, and horses? What would Arabs be without horses or camels? The black man could only be a hunter, and *his wife, alas! is his beast of burden.*

I have a word to say about the Tasmanian blacks, but first a word about Tasmanian *birds*. I delighted to see, hear, and shoot or pet them. The parrot tribe are most numerous, and much the same as in Australia. There are the white cockatoos, screeching, whirling, and fit for nothing while living but to enliven the scene—dead, they make good soup and eat like pullets. There are their colored brethren the black cockatoos, bold and joyous; for the white ones have no right to enslave them for the crime of color.

The species of the parrot tribe I noticed as most abundant in Tasmania were the lorry, king parrot, green leek, blue mountain, rosella, ground parrot, and parakeet. My favorite bird in that region was the laughing jackass. He is also called the settler's clock, from the loud, laughing, knavish, droll noises he makes at six o'clock in the morning and six in the evening. According to nature's usual economic rule, what he wants she has provided him with bountifully, and what he does not, she has denied. He wants a powerful bill—and therefore a large head—to pick insects from the bark of huge trees, and also to kill serpents. This latter beneficent work he does by pouncing on the snake asleep, and lifting it high in the air lets it drop till he stuns, kills, and eats it. Hence he is a favorite with blacks and whites.

There is a smaller species, about the size of the Irish thrush, that makes one of the finest cage-whistlers I have heard. The Derwent *magpie* is also a fellow of most truly musical pipe and great loquacity, but as *thievish* as magpies usually are. The largest fresh-water *eels* I ever saw, I used to kill in the Jordan; they weighed from one to six pounds. In the same stream I used to kill a most pleasant fish of a pound weight; it was so like a grilse or young salmon, I used to call it the little salmon. I have caught as many as one hundred of a night. There were no water-keepers there. *Black* swans were found in the island, but I did not shoot any.

During the time I was there, *bushranging* atrocities were very common; police and settlers could hardly keep the island from barbarism. There was a force called the Field Police, who were volunteer convicts that had served a certain time, and by additional service got a ticket-of-leave or emancipation. They were hated by all classes, for they had *power without principle*. Very few of them, I believe, but would have sworn a man's life away for a crown. It was very common, in those two years of which I write, for government to offer a pardon and a free passage to England to any convict who should capture an armed bushranger, living or dead. And it was no uncommon thing to see one come down the country in company with a policeman, having a man's head wrapped up in a piece of blanket, or in a pocket-handkerchief. Sometimes the policeman's testimony was the only means of identifying the head as having belonged to the body of a bushranger. Heads were worth money and freedom in those days; and many an innocent head was sworn guilty, for the sake of the price set on it.

While living on the Jordan I went to see *the remnant of the aborigines* in Hobart Town, after they had been entrapped by command of government. They had retaliated on the settlers, and speared both men and cattle not a few; and, I suppose, Colonel Arthur thought them as incorrigible and untamable as Tasmanian devils or wolves. A man called "Black Robinson" had their confidence, and persuaded them that he would lead them to spear the governor and the military, and take Hobart Town, and repossess the country, as well as take beef and mutton to revel in for years. With him they came toward Hobart Town. Along the way their warriors would set up a sheet of bark, and yell and throw spears at it, transfixing it as they expected to do the governor.

Robinson lauded their prowess, and decoy-birded them on to an ambush, where every man, woman, and child was captured, and under strong military escort brought into Hobart Town. When I saw them they looked as dejected as wild beasts worn out with struggles in the net. They appeared a much less noble specimen of savages than the tribes I subsequently saw in the other colonies. They were afterward shipped off to the Furneaux or Flinder's Islands, in Bass's Straits. I never afterward saw a native in Van Diemen's Land.

When I had resided in the island about two years, I received a newspaper advertising for me, and also a letter from my old shipmate and countryman, Jerrold Lock, asking me to go to a situation in the employment of himself and co-squatters. I resolved to go, forgetting the past as far as it was unpleasant. I took stock, and was worth £70 clear. When I reached Hobart Town, there I met an old shipmate in great distress. He was a Londoner. His wife was ill, and all his children had whooping-cough. He persuaded me to lend him £50. Soft as an oyster without its shell I let him take the pearl. Afterward when I sent a friend to ask him for the money, which he was to forward to Sydney in two months, he affirmed that he did not know such a person as myself existed.

By the little schooner Guernsey Lass, I reached Sydney in seven days. We sailed on March 14th, 1835. The weather was delightful. The sea rippled and flashed like fire at night, and numberless black and spermaceti whales spouted and sported round our little craft by day. The 140 miles of Bass's Straits are dotted with islands, that, I have no doubt, once constituted an isthmus. We dropped anchor in Sydney Cove, close by the Queen's Wharf. But every one knows Sydney, and I go on to bush life.

* * * * * *

Led by the promises of his friend and shipmate to leave his situation in Van Diemen's Land for one on the Bathurst Plains, James Graham resolved to follow the tide of emigration across those Blue Mountains, which, until 1813, were the dreaded and unpenetrated barriers of New South Wales toward the west. In the middle of March, in the Australian *autumn*, he set out by early mail coach, and after a stage of fifteen miles reached Paramatta, where stands the governor's summer residence. Nineteen miles more brought him to Penrith.

At that time the metropolitan county of Cumberland was but very partially cleared, and deeds of bush-ranging villainy were often perpetrated where the traveller is now as secure as in the county of Middlesex, England—indeed, more secure than citizens were in London, during those nights and days of garotte-panic, which were experienced in the autumn of A.D. 1862. James was a good listener; and the driver regaled him with many narratives, that did not tend to raise his estimation of the security of travellers through the region then around and before him. As, however, he had little to lose but his life, and he did not suspect robbers would care much for that, he pursued his way devoid of fear and inspired with his unfailing constitutional hope.

After crossing Emu Plains and the punt-ferry of river Nepean, he, on the second day, commenced the ascent of the Blue Mountains by the road planned by the indomitable Sir Thomas Mitchell, and executed by convict labor. This great mountain-road to the interior ascends and winds for some sixty miles over these Blue Mountains; sometimes reaching as high as two thousand two hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, sometimes skirting fearful precipices, and sometimes, as at the Victoria Pass, giving the traveller to look down into terrific depths over a timber railing on one side. He traversed it by the mail conveyance, and preferred doing with only a few hours sleep for two successive nights, so as to reach his destination on the fourth day.

Many objects of interest met his eye in this journey. Some were painful, such as the wretched *gangs of convicts* working in irons at government work and under the terror of the lash. Alas! what miserable-looking castaways of the mother country were there! James's imagination conjured up mournful pictures of their past, present, and future. Miserable also were the shieling *grog-shops and public houses* he passed in these solitudes where he could hear the voice of mingled laughter and cursing; and where, no doubt, the bushranger often spent his blood-stained plunder, as well as the up country laborer his hard-earned wages. Right fully could he understand the missionary bishop's couplet,

"Every prospect pleases
And only man is vile."

Nature now opened up to James Graham a new and bold page of her wild magnificence, savage ruggedness interspersed with touches of softness and beauty. Sometimes, as in approaching the convict station of Blackheath, the road was as level as a plain; sometimes it dipped rapidly down; sometimes, as at Hassan's Walls, it passed under castellated crags 500 feet high. Never had he heard in such perfection, as he did here at break of day, the donkey bray and hyena laugh, and other mockeries of the laughing jackass, that embodiment of ornithic drollery, as strange in look as it is in note.

Here, for the first time, he saw and tasted the native *cherry*, or exocarpus, the stone of which—inversely to that of our cherry, and like the bone of the oyster—grows *outside*. He could not resist the temptation to leap down and pluck that coral-like spike of crimson bloom—the waretah, that can only be found in the mountains at certain heights—and grows on a stem from six to twelve feet high, adorned with oak-like leaves, and justly called "the queen of the bush." He could not help feeling impressed by the thought of the lavish kindness of Him "whose praise is in all the earth," and whose matchless works furnish a majestic theme for the mightiest song.

Yet withal the journey was monotonous and wearisome, and late on the last night *nearly fatal*. They had passed Solitary Creek by sun-down, and darkness set in ere they could reach the station beyond Mount Lambey, one of the highest peaks over which the road ascends. It became very dark, and, as their horses descended, the driver could hardly see to guide them at a most dangerous turn of the road. Suddenly one of their wheels broke down, and in the dark they could not put it right.

The driver went on to the station for torches and assistance, leaving Graham in charge of the horses.

With difficulty he found his way to it; and when he returned, the torch revealed the fact that he had been driving in a direction which, in a few yards, would have plunged them down into a ravine, where horses and men must have perished. The driver stood aghast; but on James Graham's mind there flashed like lightning the thought of that *Almighty and very present Help, without whom a sparrow cannot fall to the earth.* He only praised that merciful Providence which had

saved them from being the prey of the eagles and dingos in that savage ravine.

Next day he reached Bathurst, that then rising brick town—"that city of the plains"—some hundred and twenty miles southwest of Sydney, on the Macquarie River, which afterwards became so famous for the Ophir and Turon diggings. It *then* had no church, but a small episcopal one, of which Rev. Mr. Lovewool was clergyman, while it had a long, low prison, and *the public-houses were fronting each other at every corner*, and out of all proportion to the town population. But, alas! they were only too well supported by the up-country laborers, who often madly rushed into them with their wages, which they melted down into "noblers" of neat rum. How strange it is that men should spend the fruit of their hard labor in securing indulgences—fascinating though baneful—which imperil their immortal souls! But the heart of man is depraved, and until higher pleasures are revealed to him by the illumination of the Holy Spirit, his very pleasure is only one mode of spiritual death, from the power of which Christ alone can save.

Poor James! he little thought the land-shark landlord of one of these houses should yet bite him, and that he should yet occupy a place in that low brick prison. He left his trunk and clothes in a small inn at Bathurst, the landlord of which, a great strong Englishman, appeared to take an extraordinary liking to the young, muscular, hearty Hibernian. He directed him to the cattle station of Messrs. Ash and Alder, about some forty miles from the town.

(*To be continued.*)

THE WIDOW AND SMALL-POX INFECTION.

A POOR woman stood in the dock of a London police court. She had been but a short time a widow; her husband had through drunkenness brought himself and his family to utter destitution; but his wife, herself a child of God, had long prayed for his conversion, and at last rejoiced in seeing her prayer answered. Through the instrumentality of a colporteur who visited the house, the poor sinner had been led to cry unto Him who came to "seek and to save that which is lost." His soul was restored, but his shattered health made him an easy prey to the small-pox which some months afterward visited the neighborhood, and to which he quickly succumbed.

A heavy burden then fell upon the poor wife; for, besides maintaining the family by her needlework, she had to nurse her husband in this his last illness, and provide as well as she could for the extra expenses which it entailed. Yet a quiet joy filled her heart, for was not her prayer answered, and her husband safe for eternity? And when at last he closed his eyes in death, she had not to "sorrow as others who have no hope."

But want stared the little family in the face, and even while the dead body of her husband lay in the house, the poor widow had to continue her needlework to procure bread for her children. The garment finished, she took it home and received the payment. Unhappily the wearer caught the infection and fell ill of small-pox. The sanitary inspector hearing of the case made inquiry, and the result was that the seamstress was summoned before the magistrate. This was why she now stood a prisoner in the dock.

The case was clearly proven. The woman made no denial, but pleaded that she did not know she was breaking the law, and being pressed with want had not thought of the danger in which she was placing her employer. This plea was useless, however; the law had been broken, and the penalty must be paid—all the more so because the woman's want of thought had brought suffering upon another.

The penalty was, for her, a heavy fine, with an alternative of fourteen days' imprisonment. The poor woman was in consternation when she heard the sentence, and with tears she pleaded, "Oh, have mercy, have mercy! I have not a penny to pay the fine, and if I am sent to prison what will become of my poor children?" The magistrate appeared much moved as he replied gravely but kindly, "My good woman, I am *deeply, deeply* grieved for you; but I am only here to administer the law, and *the law knows no mercy.*"

In utter bewilderment she was led from the dock to the cell below, to await the arrival of the prison van. There she was left alone, and falling on her knees she poured out her soul to Him who makes the widow and the fatherless His peculiar care. She prayed for deliverance for the sake of her little ones; yet she could not conceive whence deliverance could come. She had no friends on earth to whom she could look for help; her husband's evil ways had brought her to the company of only the poorest of the poor; so she just cried unto the Lord and left her case with Him, though she hardly dared to hope for relief.

After a short time had elapsed she heard the key turn in the lock, and quite expected they had come to lead her to the prison van; but to her amazement she was told to go to the office and she would get a free pass. She could not believe that she heard aright, but the warder repeated the words, and added that the fine had been paid and she was now free. She then did as she was told, and having obtained a pass went out a free woman, her heart filled with joy, and praising God, though it seemed almost like a dream. She afterward learned that the sanitary inspector, touched with her sad case, and her pitiful entreaty, had himself paid the fine, and so set her free. Thus God fulfilled His promise, "While they are yet speaking I will hear."

In this incident we have a striking illustration of the position of the sinner before God *as a transgressor of the law*, and of salvation by free grace.

First. The woman did not know she was breaking the law, yet she was not therefore held guiltless; the law was broken and the penalty had to be paid. So if we break the law of the Lord, even unwittingly, through ignorance, it is still sin, and *must* be atoned for or punished. "The thought of foolishness is sin" (Proverbs 24:9). "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, shall be guilty of all" (James 2:10). "If a soul touch any unclean thing, *and it be hidden from him, he also shall be unclean and guilty*" (Leviticus 5:2).

Second. The woman's guilt was aggravated through the consequences that followed, she having, although unintentionally, caused suffering to another. So a man is responsible to God, not only for his acts, but also for "the *fruit* of his doings" (Jeremiah 17:10). Who can estimate "the fruit" for time and for eternity, of an "idle word" or a careless act?

Third. The inspector himself paid the penalty, and procured the release of the woman, thus reminding us of Christ's atonement.

OLD SALLY'S TALK WITH THE VICAR.

THE Rev. Clement Sparks was returning one morning from his usual round of visitations in an English parish, when he was accosted by an old woman, whose withered face, with its lines of care and woe-stricken expression, had long been familiar to him. He had often felt a genuine pity for Sally, for she was the mother of a large family, of which four of the sons, since they had grown up, had been a source of constant anxiety and trouble. What astonished all who knew her was that, bad as they were, she not only never lost her affection for them, but always cherished a warm and quenchless hope, which brightened even her darkest moments, that they would yet give up their bad ways and fulfil her best expectations.

"Good morning, Sally," said Mr. Sparks, as the old woman advanced toward him. "I hope you have got some good news for me to-day." "Indeed, sir, I wish I had," said Sally, "but everything seems to go against me. If I had not faith in prayer I don't know what I should do. There's bad news from India, where Jim has joined his regiment. He's got among a wild set, and Mary Brown's letter says he's as wild as any of 'em. No mother could wish to have a more loving son than Jim used to be, but drink has been his curse, and is doing for him what it has done for his brothers. When I pass by that public-house it makes my heart bleed to think of the mischief it has done in our poor family. They call it the 'Angel;' I call it the 'Devil.'"

"Well," said the Vicar, "it is so easy to give advice, and so hard to act upon it in circumstances like yours, that I really don't know what to say to you, except this—keep on praying that God may change the hearts of your sons and make them good Christians. They know by bitter experience that 'the way of transgressors is hard,' and who can tell but that what they have felt and seen of the devil's service may make them all the more earnest and devoted when once they have become soldiers of Jesus Christ. But, Sally, we must work as well as pray. I will write to your son myself, and will get my daughter to talk to his brothers."

The vicar's daughter was a young lady about whom there were no two opinions in the parish. Tall, beautiful, amiable, and gifted, it was agreed on all hands that she had inherited the united excellencies of her father and mother, and had some besides which were distinctly and peculiarly her own. A perfect lady in manner and bearing, she contrived to mix with the very humblest of the parishioners without conveying the feeling that she was condescending to them (indeed the thought never occurred to her), and without any of the airs of an exalted patronage. She felt that the most precious of human possessions is not the monopoly of any class or rank but is the priceless heritage of man as man. That heritage, with all its high relationships and its far-reaching possibilities, she recognized under every guise and disguise.

She had made many fruitless attempts to get the widow's wayward sons to a Bible-class she held weekly, but she resolved to make one effort more. Womanly tact, and a determined will made that effort, with the blessing of God, a success.

Looking ashamed, sheepish, and awkward, the three young men came to the Vicarage on the evening of the Bible-class, and were welcomed by Miss Sparks with a frank cordiality and an evident gladness that soon made them forget their uneasiness, and feel pleased they had come. The room was warm and comfortable, and the whole scene so genial and inviting, that they could not help contrasting it with the wretched haunts of vice which they knew too well.

The subject selected by Miss Sparks was the parable of the prodigal son; the portion of it on which she dwelt principally being "the far country," of which it is said, "there was a famine in that land." Appealing directly to the experience of all present, she asked if they too had not known what famine meant. Had not the drinking, the gambling, the whole round of sinful pleasures left them in a state of spiritual famine, and done nothing whatever to supply the deep wants that made them so restless, so dissatisfied, and so wretched? Having thus appealed to their consciousness of want, she proceeded to dwell on the fatherly love of Him who is ever waiting to welcome the returning prodigal. This she did in tones so sweet, and with looks so full of eloquent earnestness, that even the hardest and roughest men in the room listened with profound stillness to the words that seemed to drop as "the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath."

With gratitude and joy which could only find vent in silent thanksgiving to heaven, Miss Sparks noticed signs of deep emotion in the faces of the three sons of the widow; nor were those signs deceptive. The word of life had fallen into ground prepared by the Holy Spirit. Each of the young men was led that very night to ask, "What must I do to be saved?" and remained behind to talk with her of God's way of salvation. Believing not only in a full and free but a *present* salvation, she bade them there and then accept God's offer of pardon and peace in Christ.

So simply and persuasively did she tell the wondrous story, that the redeeming plan stood out "conspicuous as the brightness of a star" before them and they went home to gladden the heart of their old mother with the news of their conversion. Shortly before her death her cup was made to run over by the news that her "soldier laddie" in India had also become a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Subject of an Extra Session of Congress was revived on April 19th, by a resolution introduced in the Senate by Mr. Blair, as a result of the protracted deadlock. In the Senate during the past week the Democrats have regularly voted every day for going into an executive session, but the Republicans have as regularly defeated the motion. There are now five treaties awaiting confirmation, and nearly three hundred nominations to be considered. When the motion for an executive session fails, the old question of the appointment of Senate officers is revived, and then the Democrats take their turn in obstructing progress, being determined that these appointments shall not be made before December. Meanwhile the national interests are neglected, and the business of the courts and public offices suffers. The question of division of spoils is one of the most discreditable that could have been raised to delay progress. As between the two rivals, Conkling and Blaine, sympathy for either is not extensively manifested. Outside political circles the people would have preferred seeing the President refuse to be made a tool by either statesman, and would have given him their approval had he exercised his right to make nominations on the sole ground of efficiency. But the policy pursued suggests the suspicion that Mr. Blaine is exerting a controlling influence in the Cabinet, and little surprise is felt that Mr. Conkling's antagonism is aroused. For the credit of the nation, the unseemly exhibition cannot be too quickly terminated.

The Resignation of Mr. Brady, the Second Assistant Postmaster-General has been requested by Mr. James. Mr. Brady has had control of the contracts for the famous "star routes" of mail service. A great deal of scandal has existed in Washington for two or three years past on account of the manner in which these contracts were made, and the enormous increase of compensation allowed to favored contractors over the amounts specified in their agreements with the Government. Such increases have been allowed on the pretence of expediting the service. The Second Assistant Postmaster-General had the matter in his exclusive charge. When he had bargained with a contractor to carry the mails once or twice a week over a given route for a specified sum, he would sometimes order the service increased to three times or six times a week, and the compensation to be increased accordingly. In this way star routes, originally let for an aggregate of $700,000, have been made worth over $2,000,000 to the contractors. It is alleged that the increased service, in many instances, was ordered in the face of the reports of special agents of the department, that no such increase was needed, and that in numerous cases *the contractors went on performing only the old service while drawing the additional pay.* Mr. James's act is characteristic of his known abhorrence of jobs of all kinds; and if the facts are as alleged, we may hope that a considerable saving will result from the change of officers.

The Wearisome Monotony of the Contest of endurance in the Senate was broken last week by a speech from Senator Frye, of Maine, who was elected to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Blaine's removal to the Cabinet. An impression prevails that it was inspired by the Secretary, and its leading characteristics bear so close a resemblance to the sentiments expressed by Mr. Blaine in the speeches he delivered prior to the Presidential election as to confirm that impression. It was intensely sectional in its character, reviving issues it was hoped were long since dead, and in the points where it touched current interests, it dealt with them in a spirit hostile to the South. Allegations of bulldozing and intimidation in the recent election were freely made, and aroused a very bitter feeling of resentment among Southern Senators. The effect of the speech was apparently to antagonize the Southern men to the administration, and to strengthen Mr. Conkling's hands in the confirmation question. Such a result may be a part of Mr. Blaine's policy, but the public does not see how it can advance the interests of the administration nor conduce to the harmony and prosperity of the nation.

The Policy of Repudiation has been Defeated in Tennessee, the Legislature having passed the bill to fund the State debt at par with three per cent interest. The struggle between the repudiationists and the friends of the bill has been a bitter and desperate one, and the result has occasioned intense excitement all over the State. The Nashville *Banner*, which has persistently advocated the policy of honest payment, and is the leading Democratic journal of the State, says: "This result inaugurates a new era of peace, contentment, happiness, and prosperity for one and all. Demagogues recognize in it the death-knell of their political hopes, and of the success of their nefarious doctrines. Every true citizen observes in it *the triumph of honesty.* This, the only barrier, having been surmounted, our march to social, commercial, and political success will be sure and rapid. The State is saved, and honesty carries the day." The bonds of the State have already materially advanced in price on Wall Street.

The Subscriptions in Aid of the Sufferers by floods in the West are daily received at the Produce Exchange. On April 23d they amounted to nearly three thousand dollars. The latest news from the scene of the disaster is that the Missouri River is higher now than when the ice broke up, and has done much additional damage in Iowa, Nebraska, and Dakota, during the past two days. No full accounts have yet been received from the submerged country in Dakota, from the fact that all mail communication with Yankton is suspended, the railroads to that point being still under water. The destitute farmers and villagers gathered there are being *fed upon Government rations* issued in pursuance of the timely order of the President, but this relief is only temporary, and a large sum will be needed to get them back to their ruined homes when the waters recede and support them until they can make a crop.

Several Fatal Railroad Disasters Occurred during the past week. On April 21st the night express of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, was moving at an ordinary speed across the trestle-work over the Meredosia River, one mile south of Albany, Ill., when the trestle gave way and *the train was precipitated into the river.* The train, consisting of engine, tender, baggage-car, passenger and sleeping-cars, all went down except the sleeper, which hangs over the bridge, the upper end high in the air. Two cars floated off down the stream. Three passengers saved their lives by swimming, but it is believed that at least eight lives must have been lost.

On April 22d a train which left Antonita, Col., for Chama was approaching Ozier, New Mexico, thirty-eight miles from Antonito, when the passenger-coach jumped from the track and *rolled down an embankment* one hundred and fifty feet high, killing seven men and one woman, and injuring all of the other passengers.

The Twenty-ninth Anniversary of the Wilson Mission in New York was held April 22d. It was organized twenty-eight years ago by an intelligent band of Christian workers whose hearts had been touched by the wretchedness of tenement-house life in the Eleventh Ward. The alleys and cellars in that densely populated quarter seemed to be swarming with children destined to lives of crime, and the girls had fewer chances of escape than the boys. In a small upper room was opened an industrial school, on a very simple plan. Girls were to be given instruction in the common English branches during the morning hours, a warm dinner at midday, and practical hints in sewing during the afternoon. The original plan has been enlarged, but not changed in spirit, departments being opened for training girls in housework and difficult needlework, and also for kindergarten instruction. *A Sunday-school* was also organized, and in 1869 *a mission-house* was opened, so that the religious needs of the children might receive the attention the founders of the mission had primarily in view when it was organized. It is supported entirely by voluntary contributions, and efforts are being made to increase these, to enable the workers to extend the benefits of the mission.

A Paragraph Headed "A Theological Student Shot while Committing a Burglary" has appeared in many newspapers during the past week. The paragraph stated that a student of the Andover Theological Seminary had attempted to enter a house for the purpose of stealing some bonds known to be in the proprietor's possession, and had been caught in the act and shot before he could make his escape. The case has been investigated, and it is found that such a circumstance really did occur, but *the young man was not a theological student* in the Andover Seminary, but *was an avowed infidel* in a secular educational establishment. On the very night when he committed the fatal crime, while borrowing of a schoolmate the pistol which he used in the burglary, he declared that there is no God and no hereafter, and that he hoped when he died they would hustle him out of sight with as little ceremony as possible.

Sunday Desecration, Apart from the Sin of the practice, is not always commercially successful. A place of public amusement and instruction in New York has recently been abandoned as a financial failure. Among other reasons, given by the proprietor to a reporter, was the opening of it on Sundays, whereby the best class of patrons was driven away and their places were not taken by any others.

Temperance Work in the Episcopal Church promises to be of a thoroughly energetic character. At a meeting held in New York on April 19th, at which Bishop Lee, of Delaware, presided, Rev. Robert Graham, Secretary of the Church of England Temperance Society, delivered an address on the workings of the society, the last he will make prior to his return to England. On the motion of the Rev. Dr. McKim, a resolution was passed thanking Mr. Graham for his labors, and requesting the New York society to ask the society of Manchester, England, to grant Mr. Graham a year's leave of absence, in order that he may aid in establishing temperance societies among the Protestant Episcopal churches in this country.

Mr. Moody's Estimate of the Results of his labors in San Francisco was obtained by a reporter while he was at Denver, Col., on his way home. Being asked whether the meetings in San Francisco were satisfactory, he replied, "No, they were not satisfactory, for nothing less than *the conversion of every man in the city* would have satisfied me. But the results were gratifying—very gratifying." He expressed dislike for the title "revivalist." "Revivals rest solely with God!" he exclaimed. "I can only do my best to aid in it." Accompanied by Mr. Sankey he remained at Los Angeles over Sunday, and held three meetings there, after which he intended to return to Northfield for a brief rest.

Forty-four Mormon Missionaries Passed through Cheyenne, W. T., on April 20th, on their way to Wales on a proselyting expedition. They are inferior and coarse-looking men. Most of them have from *two to five wives*. They will work in the mining and iron district in Wales. It is deplorable that such men should be allowed to go forth to deceive the simple-minded peasants across the Atlantic. Could they see the degradation of the system of Mormonism, and hear the accounts Mormon women could give of the life they live, the so-called missionaries would obtain few if any converts.

Mr. Sutherland, the Converted Actor, Uttered some timely words of warning to Christian theatre-goers on Sunday, April 17th, in the course of an address at the Temple in Brooklyn. He described his own experience on the stage, and showed from several pages from his own life how Christian men and women are lending their influence to the propagation of evil. The acts of inconsistent Christians whom he recognized from behind the foot-lights, he said, had kept him from seeking Jesus for many years. He denounced the stage as degenerate and profligate, and said that the best men and women on it admitted that vile persons of both sexes had brought disgrace upon the profession. If more parents knew *where their children went at night*, the exchequer of the play-houses would be greatly diminished. He could take a father up the Bowery and show him sights that would make him quail. Were the best actors to attempt only the best plays of Shakespeare, and moral dramas, the stage would not flourish and succeed in drawing large profits. His experience had been that the plays which had the longest run and drew the most crowded houses were those that were most immoral in their spectacles and tendencies.

A Twenty Million Dollar Mortgage Deed was found by an Italian ragpicker on April 19th, among some waste paper swept out of an hotel in Chicago. The owner, who had been staying in the hotel, had dropped it from his pocket, and the servants had swept it away with the rubbish on the floor. Documents representing such enormous sums of money do not often reward the perseverance with which the ragpickers probe the dust receptacles of our cities; but a prize of far higher value, the title to a heavenly mansion, lies within the reach of all; but men are too often so engrossed with worldly pursuits that they neglect to secure it.

The Remarkable Fulfilment of a Mother's dream is reported from New Albany, Ind. The wreck of the towboat James Blakemore, on Sunday afternoon, April 17th, verified the dream of a Pittsburg mother a few nights before the boat left that city. The lamp-cleaner on the boat was rescued from the river nearly drowned. The first words he uttered after being taken aboard the ferryboat were, "*My mother dreamed all this*, and begged me not to go on the boat." He explained by saying that a few nights before the Blakemore left Pittsburg his mother dreamed that he would be lost on the trip by being upset. So vividly, he said, was this dream impressed upon her mind that she begged him with all a mother's earnestness not to make the trip on her. "I don't believe in dreams," said the lamp-cleaner, "but I know my mother's dream has been verified, for the boat has turned over just as she dreamed it would, and I was nearly drowned."

A Military Parade had to be Postponed in deference to the conscientious scruples of General Jackson, on one remarkable occasion. The story is thus related by the New Orleans *Democrat*: "During the latter part of his life he was in the habit of coming down to New Orleans to see his old friends and comrades in arms and participate in the celebration of the glorious eighth of January. It happened on one of these visits that the eighth occurred on Sunday. General Plauche called upon the old hero and requested him to accompany the military to the battle-ground on the anniversary of the great day. "*I am going to church* to-morrow," mildly observed the General. The military preparations for the celebration went on, and on Sunday morning at ten o'clock General Plauche called at the St. Charles and informed General Jackson that the military and civic processions were ready to accompany him to the scene of his glory. "General Plauche," responded Old Hickory, turning upon him the glance of his kindling eye, "I told you I was going to church to-day." General Plauche withdrew, muttering to himself, "*I might have known better*." The celebration was postponed till the next day, and General Jackson listened on that day to an eloquent sermon by Dr. Scott on Lafayette Square."

The Globe of the Enchanted World was the name of a novel confection placed in front of the guest of the evening at the splendid banquet recently given at the Tivoli Gardens, Mexico, in honor of General Ord. This globe was decorated with great ingenuity: it represented the principal countries of the world, especial prominence being given to the geographical relations of Mexico and the United States. At the close of the banquet General Ord was requested to break the crust of the globe. He did so, and to his perfect astonishment *a number of tropical birds* flew out and disappeared among the trees outside the summer-house, where they began to sing delightfully. The strange spectacle startled the General and those who were not in the secret. It is very suggestive: those who have pondered over the prophecies relating to the closing scenes of this world, when the spell of enchantment with which Satan holds men captive is finally broken, then winged messengers from the skies will surely come to rejoice over the new heavens and the new earth, in which will dwell righteousness (2 Peter 3 : 13).

An Incident Related by Rev. E. Payson Hammond illustrates the doctrine that uncongenial society would of itself be sufficient to produce utter misery after death. He says: "A camp-meeting and a horse-race were to be held near Toronto on the same day. Owing to a mistake, a Christian who was going to the camp-meeting found himself on board the boat which carried the horse men, and he soon became so disgusted with the ribaldry and coarse talk he heard that he went to the captain and said, 'Captain, I cannot endure this; *it is like hell to me*. I will give you ten dollars if you will put me back to Rochester.' This could not be done. In the evening one of the horse men inadvertently got on board the boat carrying the camp-meeting people. He was miserable. He could not find anybody to drink or smoke with, or to talk to as he wanted to be talked to, and so he went to the captain and said, using the same words as the gentleman in the morning had used: "Captain, if you will put me back into Toronto, I will give you ten dollars. *This is hell to me*."

A Young Hermit was Discovered in a Sand hill, near Michigan City, Ind., recently. A man cutting wood for hoop-poles saw him entering a hole he had dug in the side of the hill, and forced him to accompany him to the city. There he was questioned, and avowed his determination to live the life of a hermit, but refused to disclose his reasons for so doing. He is a Swede who formerly lived in Chicago, and is twenty-three years old. The resolution to waste his life in this strange way is unaccountable. He is an extreme illustration of the unprofitable servant Jesus described (Matt. 25 : 30). Such a man, as well as many who spend their lives in worldly pleasure instead of in active service for God, incur an appalling responsibility which in the day of judgment will alone be fully realized.

Toy Birds, Representing a Hundred Thousand dollars each, are sometimes sold by the Government to visitors at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing as mementoes. The greenbacks returned to the treasury, after they have been in circulation a few years, are sent to the bureau, where they are reduced to pulp, and moulded into figures of birds. The little figures are frequently composed of paper which has passed current for enormous sums of money. The intrinsic value of the paper was small enough, but people received it readily for the value inscribed upon it, because they were satisfied that the Government would keep its promise written there. How much anxiety and distress Christians would be saved if they trusted God as they trust the Government. His promises are faithful and true (Heb. 10 : 23).

HONEY FROM A LION.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Delivered on Sunday Morning, April 3rd, 1881.

"But not as the offence, so also is the free gift. for if through the offence of one many be dead, much more the grace of God, and the gift by grace, which is by one man, Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto many."—ROM. 5 : 15.

Difficult Questions Raised—Corn not Pearls for the Hungry—I. Salvation a Free Gift—Without Regard to Merit—To Conditions—In the Teeth of Rebellion—Through the one Man—II. Great Evils coming to us by the Fall—Loss of Paradise—Heritage of Sorrow—Bias Toward Evil—Labor and Death—III. The Certainty of Salvation, an Inference from the Fall—The Same Principle of Representation—More Delightful to God—More Inevitable—Difference of Causes—Difference of Channels—IV. Greater Results—An Inheritance Instead of a Lease—A Higher Life—A Natural Inference.

THIS text affords many openings for controversy. It can be made to bristle with difficulties. For instance—there might be a long discussion as to the manner in which the fall of Adam can justly be made to affect the condition of his posterity. When this is settled there might arise a question as to the exact way in which Adam's fault is connected with ourselves—whether by imputation of its sin, or in what other form; and then there might be further dispute as to the limit of the evil resulting from our first parents' offence, and the full meaning of the fall, original sin, natural depravity, and so forth.

There would be another splendid opportunity for a great battle over the question of the extent of the redeeming work of the Lord Jesus Christ; whether it covers, as to persons, the whole area of the ruin of the Fall; whether, in fact, full atonement has been made for all mankind or only for the elect.

I have, as this time, neither the inclination nor the mental strength either to suggest or to remove the difficulties, which are so often the amusement of unpractical minds. I feel more inclined to chime in with that *ancient father of the church* who declined controversy in a wise and explicit manner. He had been speaking concerning the things of God and found himself at length confounded by a certain clamorous disputant, who shouted again and again, "Hear me! Hear me!" "No," said the father, "I will not hear *you*, nor shall you hear *me*; but we will both be quiet and hear what our Lord Jesus Christ has to say." So we will not at this time listen to this side nor to that; but we will bow our ear to hear what the Scripture itself hath to say apart from all the noise of sect and party.

My object shall be to find out in the text that which is practically of use to us, that which may save the unconverted, that which may comfort and build up those of us who are brought into a state of reconciliation with God; for I have of late been so often *shut up in my sick chamber* that when I do come forth I must be more than ever eager for fruit to the glory of God. We shall not, therefore, dive into the deeps with the hope of finding pearls, for these could not feed hungry men; but we will navigate the surface of the sea, and hope that some favoring wind will bear us to the desired haven with *a freight of corn* wherewith to supply the famishing.

I. The first observation from the text is this—the appointed way of our salvation is by

THE FREE GIFT OF GOD.

We were ruined by the Fall, but we are saved by a free gift. The text tells us that "the grace of God, and the gift by grace, which is by one man, Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto many." "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." "Grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord." Although this doctrine is well known, and is taught in our synagogues every Sabbath day, yet this grand essential truth is often enough forgotten or ignored, so that it had need be repeated again and again.

As Martin Luther said of a certain other truth so say I of this, "You so constantly forget it that

I feel inclined to *take the Bible and beat it about your head*, that you may feel it and keep it in remembrance." Men do not naturally love the doctrine of grace, and therefore they cast it out of their minds as much as possible. The larger portion of mankind do not believe that salvation is of grace: another part of them profess to believe it, but do not understand its meaning; and many who do understand it have never yielded to it or embraced it. Happy are they who belong to the remnant according to the election of grace, for they know the joyful sound, and they walk in the light of the glory of the grace of God which is in Christ Jesus.

Observe, that salvation is a free gift, that is to say, it is bestowed upon men by God *without regard to any merit, supposed or real.* It is according to the nature of God to pity the miserable and forgive the guilty, "for He is good, and His mercy endureth for ever." God has a reason for saving men; but that reason does not lie in man's merit in any degree whatever. This is clear from the fact that He often begins His work of grace upon those who can least of all be credited with goodness. It was said of our Lord, "This man receiveth sinners," and the saying was most emphatically true. *Sovereign grace selects* such as Rahab the harlot, and Manasseh the persecutor, and Saul of Tarsus, the mad zealot against Christ: such as these have been seized upon by grace, and arrested in infinite love, that in them the Lord might manifest the power and plenitude of His mercy. Salvation is a work which is begun by the pure, unpurchased, free favor of God, and in the same spirit it is carried on and perfected. Pure grace, which lays the foundation, also brings forth the topstone.

Salvation is also brought to men *irrespective of any merit which God foresees will be in man.* Foresight of the existence of grace cannot be the cause of grace. God himself does not foresee that there will be any good thing in any man, except what he foresees that He will put there. What is the reason, then, why He determines that He will put it there? That reason, so far as we are informed, is this, "He will have mercy on whom He will have mercy." The Lord determines to display His love, and set on active work His attribute of grace, therefore doth He save men according to the good pleasure of His will.

I go a little further in trying to explain how salvation is a free gift, by saying that it is given *without reference to conditions which imply any desert.* But I hear one murmur, "God will not give grace to men who do not repent." I answer, God gives men grace to repent, and no man ever repents till first grace is given him by which he is led to repentance. "God will not give His grace to those who do not believe," says one. I reply, God gives grace to men by which they are moved to believe, and it is through the grace of God that they are brought into the faith of Jesus Christ.

You may say, if you please, that repentance and faith are conditions of salvation, and I will not quarrel with you; but please remember that they are not conditions in the sense of deserving anything of God. They may be conditions of receiving, but they are not conditions of purchasing, for salvation is without money and without price. We are expressly told that salvation "is of faith, that it might be by grace:" for faith is not to be numbered with works of the law, to which the idea of merit may be attached. Faith is far as the poles asunder from claiming anything of God by way of debt. Faith comes as a poor, undeserving thing, and simply trusts the free mercy of God. It never attempts to wear the crown, or grasp a particle of praise.

Beloved, so far is God from giving salvation to men as a matter of reward and debt, and therefore bestowing it only upon the good and excellent, that *He is pleased to bestow that salvation over the head of sin and*

IN THE TEETH OF REBELLION.

There is no opportunity for forgiveness where there is no offence. If men are meritorious how can God be gracious to them? In such a case it will be enough for Him to be just. When good works can put in a valid claim peace and heaven can be obtained by the rules of debt; but since it is clear that eternal life is the gift of pure favor, you need not marvel when I say that grace comes to men leaping over the mountains of their iniquities. Abounding mercy delights to blot out abounding sin, and it will never lack for opportunity to do its pleasure.

There is no lack of occasions for grace in this poor fallen world, and of all the places where there is most room I know of one spot not far from here where there is a grand opportunity for infinite mercy and superabounding grace to exercise their power. Here is the spot—it is this treacherous, guilty heart of mine. I think, my brother, you know of another spot that is very like it; and you, my sister, too, can say, "Wondrous mercy! Sure there is room for all its heights and depths to be shown in this sinful soul of mine." Ay, and it will be shown, too, if you can but look for it through Christ Jesus; for it is the delight of God's grace to flow into unlikely places; mercy is the glory of God, and He loves to bestow it on those who least deserve it.

Note one thing more concerning this plan of salvation, that *all this grace comes to us through the one man Jesus Christ.* I sometimes hear people talking about a "one man ministry." I know what they mean, but I know also that I am saved by a one man ministry, even by one who trod the winepress alone, and of the people there was none with Him. I was *lost by a one man ministry*, when father Adam fell in Eden; but I was *saved by a one man ministry*, when the blessed Lord Jesus Christ bore my sin in His own body on the tree.

It is through the one man, Christ Jesus, that all the grace of God comes streaming down to all the chosen. Mercy flows to no man save through the one appointed channel, Jesus the Son of Man. Get away from Christ, and you leave the highway of God's everlasting love; pass this door, and you shall find no entrance into life. You must drink from this conduit-pipe, or you must thirst for ever, and ask in vain for a drop of water to cool your parched tongue. "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily."

Thus have I tried to set before you God's way of salvation.

II. Starting aside, as it may seem, from the current of our thoughts, but only with the view of coming back to it with a forcible argument, we next note that it is certain that there have come to us

GREAT EVILS BY THE FALL.

Paul speaks in this text of ours of the "offence," which word may be read the "Fall," which was caused by the stumbling of our father Adam. Our fall in Adam is a type of the salvation which is in Christ Jesus, but the type is not able completely to set forth all the work of Christ: hence the apostle says, "But not as the offence, so also is the free gift."

It is certain, then, that we were heavy losers by the offence of the first father and head of our race. I am not going into details and particulars, but it is clear that we have *lost the garden of Eden* and all its delights, privileges, and immunities, its communion with God, and its freedom from death. We have lost our first honor and health, and we have become the subjects of pain and weakness, suffering and death; this is the effect of the Fall. A desert now howls where otherwise a garden would have smiled.

Through the sin of Adam we have been born under conditions which are far from being desirable, heirs to *a heritage of sorrow.* Our griefs have been alleviated by the bounty of God, but still we are not born under such conditions as might have been ours had Adam remained in his integrity and kept his first estate. We came into the world with *a bias towards evil.* Those of us who have any knowledge of our own nature must confess that there is in us a strong tendency towards sin, which is mixed up with our very being. This is not derived solely from faults of education, or from the imitation of others; but there is a bent within us in the wrong direction, and this has been there from our birth. Alas! that it should be so; but so it is.

In addition to having this tendency to sin, we are made *liable to death*—nay, not liable alone, but we are sure in due time to bow our heads beneath the fatal stroke. Two only of the human race have escaped death, but the rest have left their bodies here to moulder back into mother earth, and unless the Lord cometh speedily, we expect that the same thing will happen to these bodies of ours. While we live we know that the *sweat of our brow* must pay the price of our bread; we know that our children must be born with pangs and travail; we know that we ourselves must return to the dust from whence we are taken; for dust we are, and unto dust must we return.

O Adam, thou didst *a sad day's work* for us when thou didst hearken to the voice of thy wife and eat of the forbidden tree. The world has no more a Paradise anywhere, but everywhere it has the place of wailing and the field of the dead. Where can you go and not find traces of the first transgression in the sepulchre and its mouldering bones? Every field is fattened with the dust of the departed: every wave of the sea is tainted with atoms of the dead. Scarcely blows a March wind down our streets but it sweeps aloft the dust either of Cæsar or his slave, of ancient Briton, or modern Saxon; for the globe is worm-eaten by death.

Sin has scarred, and marred, and spoiled this creation by making it subject to vanity through its offence. Thus terrible evils have come to us by *an act in which we had no hand:* we were not in the Garden of Eden, we did not incite Adam to rebellion, and yet we have become sufferers through no deed of ours. Say what you will about it, the fact remains, and cannot be escaped from.

This sad truth leads me on to the one which is the essence of the text, and constitutes my third observation.

III. From the Fall we infer the

MORE ABUNDANT CERTAINTY

that salvation by grace through Christ Jesus shall come to believers. If all this mischief has happened to us through the fall of Adam why should not immense blessing flow to us by the work of Christ? Through Adam's transgression we lost Paradise, that is certain; but if anything can be more certain we may with greater positiveness declare that the second Adam will restore the ruin of the first.

Settle in your minds, then, that the fall of Adam has wrought us great damage, and then be as much assured that the life, death, and resurrection of Christ, in which we had no hand whatever, must do us great service. Believing in Christ Jesus, it becomes beyond all measure sure to us that we are blessed in Him, seeing that it is already certain that through the fall of Adam we have become subject to sorrow and death.

For, first, *this appears to be more delightful to the heart of God.* It must be fully according to His gracious nature that salvation should come to us through His Son. I can understand that God, having so arranged it that the human race should be regarded as one, and should stand or fall before Him in one man, should carry out the arrangement to its righteous end, and allow the consequences of sin to fall upon succeeding generations of men: but yet I know that He takes no pleasure in the death of any, and finds no delight in afflicting mankind. When the first Adam transgressed it was inevitable that the consequences of his transgression should descend to his posterity, and yet I can imagine a perfectly holy mind questioning whether the arrangement would be carried out.

I can conceive of angels saying one to another, "Will all men die through this entrance of sin into the world? Can it be that the innumerable sons of Adam will all suffer from his disobedience?" But I cannot imagine any question being raised about the other point, namely, the result of the work of our Lord Jesus. If God has so arranged it that in the second Adam men rise and live, it seems to me most gloriously consistent with His gracious nature and infinite love that it should come to pass that all who believe in Jesus should be saved through Him.

This assurance becomes stronger still when we think that *it seems more inevitable that men should be saved by the death of Christ than that men*

should be lost by the sin of Adam. It might seem possible that, after Adam had sinned, God might have said, "Notwithstanding this covenant of works, I will not lay this burden upon the children of Adam;" but it is not possible that, after the eternal Son of God has become man, and has bowed His head to death, God should say, "Yet after all I will not save men for Christ's sake." Stand and look at the Christ upon the cross, and mark those wounds of His, and you will become absolutely certain that sin can be pardoned, nay, must be pardoned to those who are in Christ Jesus.

I do not know whether I shall get into the very soul of this argument as I desire, but to me it is very sweet to look at *the difference as to the causes of the two effects.* Look now at the occasion of our ruin—"the offence of one." The one man transgresses, and you and I and all of us come under sin, sorrow, and death. What are we told is the fountain of these streams of woe? The one action of our first parents. Far be it from me to say a word to depreciate the greatness of their crime, or to raise a question as to the justice of its consequences. I think no one can have a more decided opinion upon that point than I have; for the offence was very great, and the principle which led to our participation in its results is a just one, and, what is more, is fraught with the most blessed after-consequences to fallen men, since it has left them a door of hope of their rising by

THE SAME METHOD

which led to their fall.

Yet the sin which destroyed us was the transgression of a finite being, and cannot be compared in power with the grace of the infinite God; it was the sin of a moment, and therefore cannot be compared for force and energy with the everlasting purpose of divine love. If, then, the comparatively feeble fount of Adam's sin sends forth a flood which drowns the world in sorrow and death, what must be the boundless blessing poured forth from the infinite source of divine grace?

Furthermore, I would have you note *the difference of the channels* by which the evil and the good were severally communicated to us. In each case it was "by one," but what a difference in the persons! We fell through Adam, a name not to be pronounced without reverence, seeing he is the chief patriarch of the race, and the children should honor the parent: let us not think too little of the head of the human family. Yet what is the first Adam as compared with the second Adam? He is but of the earth earthy, but the second man is the Lord from heaven. He was at best a mere man, but our Redeemer counts it not robbery to be equal with Good. Surely, then, if Adam with that puny hand of his could pull down the house of our humanity, and hurl this ruin on our first estate, that greater man, who is also the Son of God, can fully restore us and bring back to our race the golden age.

And look, my brethren, what this man did. Adam commits *one* fault and spoils us; but Christ's works and achievements are not one but many as the stars of heaven. Look at that life of obedience: it is like a crown set with all manner of priceless jewels: all the virtues are in it, and it is without flaw in any point. If one sinful action of our first covenant head destroys, shall not a whole life of holiness, on the part of our second covenant Representative be accepted for us?

But what is more, Adam did but eat of the forbidden fruit, but our Lord Jesus died, pouring out His soul unto death, bearing the sin of His people upon Himself. Such a death must have more force in it than the sad deed of Adam. Shall it not save us? Is there any comparison between the one act of rebellion in the garden and the matchless deed of superlative obedience upon the cross of Calvary which crowned a life of service? Am I sure that the act of disobedience has done me damage? Then I am much more certain that the glorious act of self-sacrifice must be able to save me, and I cast myself upon it without question or misgiving.

I feel the more confidence in the certainty of salvation by Christ because of my firm persuasion of the dreadful efficacy of Adam's fall. Think awhile and it will seem strange, yet strangely true, that the hope of Paradise regained should be argued and justified by the fact of Paradise lost, that the absolute certainty that one man ruined us should give us an abounding guarantee that one glorious Man has in very deed effectually saved all those who by faith accept the efficacy of His work.

Now, if you have grasped my thought, and have drunk into the truth of the text, you may derive a great deal of comfort from it, and it may suggest to you many painful things which will henceforth yield you pleasure. A babe is born into the world amid great anxiety because of its mother's pains, but while these go to prove how the consequences of the Fall are still with us, according to the word of the Lord to Eve, "in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children," they also assure us that

THE SECOND ADAM

can abundantly bring us bliss through a second birth, by which we are begotten again unto a lively hope.

You go into the arable field and mark the thistle, and tear your garments with a thorn: these prove the curse. but also preach the Gospel. Did not the Lord God say, "Cursed is the ground for thy sake; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee." Through no fault of ours, for we were not present when the first man offended, our fields reluctantly yield their harvests. Well, inasmuch as we have seen the thorn and the thistle produced by the ground because of one Adam, we may expect to see a blessing on the earth because of the second and greater Adam.

Therefore with unbounded confidence do I believe the promise—"Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

When you observe a funeral passing slowly along the street, or enter the churchyard, and notice hillock after hillock above the lowly beds of the departed, you see set forth evidently before your eyes the result of the Fall. You ask—Who slew all these? and at what gate did the fell destroyer enter this world? Did the first Adam through his disobedience lift the latch for death? It is surely so. Therefore I believe with the greater assurance that the second Adam can give life to these dry bones, can awake all these sleepers, and raise them in newness of life. If so weak a man as Adam by one sin has brought in death, to pile the carcases of men heaps upon heaps, and make the earth reek with corruption, much more shall the glorious Sun of God at His coming call them again to life and immortality, and renew them in the image of God.

Time fails me; otherwise I meant to have dwelt somewhat at length upon the last head, which can now only be cursorily noticed.

IV. It seems certain that if from the fall of Adam such great results flow,

GREATER RESULTS

must flow from the grace of God and the gift by grace, which is by one man, Jesus Christ. Brethren, suppose that Adam had never sinned, and we were at this moment unfallen beings, yet our standing would have remained in jeopardy, seeing that at any moment he might have transgressed and so have pulled us down. Thousands of years of obedience might not have ended the probation, seeing there is no such stipulation in the original covenant. You and I therefore would be holding our happiness by a very precarious tenure; we could never glory in absolute security and eternal life as we now do in Christ Jesus. We have now lost everything in Adam, and so the uncertain tenure has come to an end, our lease of Eden and its joys has altogether expired; but we that have believed have obtained an inheritance which we hold by an indisputable and never-failing title which Satan himself cannot dispute; "All things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

The Lord Jesus Christ has finished the work by which His people are saved, and that work has been certified by His resurrection from the dead. There are no "ifs" in the covenant now; there is not a "peradventure" in it from beginning to end; no chances of failure caused by unfinisheed conditions can be found in it. "He that believeth and is baptized *shall be saved.*" Do you say "I believe he shall be saved if he—"? Do not dare to add an "if" where God has placed none. Remember what will happen to you if you add anything to the book of God's testimony. No, it is written, "He that believeth and is baptized *shall be* saved:" "He that believeth in Him hath *everlasting* life." "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." Thus we have obtained a surer standing than we could have had under the first Adam, and our hymn is true to the letter when it sings—

> "He raised me from the deeps of sin,
> The gates of gaping hell,
> And fix'd my standing more secure
> Than 'twas before I fell."

Our Lord has not only undone the mischief of the Fall, but He has given us more than we have lost: even as the Psalmist saith, "Then I restored that which I took not away."

By the great transgression of Adam we lost our life in him, for so ran the threatening—"In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die;" but in Christ Jesus we live again with a higher and nobler life, for the new life being the direct work of the Spirit, and being sustained by feeding upon the person of the Lord Jesus, is higher than the life of innocence in the garden of Eden. It is of a higher kind in many respects, of which we cannot now speak particularly, but this much we may say, "The first Adam was made a living soul, the second Adam is a quickening Spirit."

The Lord Jesus has also brought us into a nearer relationship to God than we could have possessed by any other means. We were God's creatures by creation, but now we are His sons by adoption; in a certain narrow sense we were the offspring of God, but now by the exaltation of the man Christ Jesus,

THE REPRESENTATIVE OF US ALL,

we are brought into the nearest possible relationship to God. Jesus sits upon the throne of God, and manhood is thus uplifted next to deity: the nearest akin to the Eternal is a man, Christ Jesus, the Son of the Highest. We are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones, and therefore we share His honors and participate in His triumphs.

O beloved, hath not the Lord Jesus Christ done much for us, and ought we not to expect that it should be so, for the grace of God, and the gift by grace by the man Christ Jesus, are infinitely stronger forces than Adam's sin. There must be much more sap in the man, the Branch, than in that poor plant, the one man who was made from the dust of the earth. Oh the bliss which opens up before us now! We have lost Paradise, but we shall possess that of which the earthly garden was but a lowly type: we might have eaten of the luscious fruits of Eden, but now we eat of the bread which came down from heaven; we might have heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day, but now, like Enoch, we may walk with God after a nobler and closer fashion. We are now capable of a joy which unfallen spirits could not have known: the bliss of pardoned sin, the heaven of deep conscious obligation to eternal mercy.

Those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb will be nearer and dearer to Him, and He will be nearer and dearer to them, than all the ministering spirits before the throne, for He took upon Him our nature and not theirs. Glory be unto thee, O Christ! As I look into the awful deeps of Adam's fall, I tremble, but when I lift up my eyes again to the eternal heights whither thou hast raised me by thy passion and thy resurrection I feel strengthened by the former vision. I magnify the infinite grace of God, and believe in it unstaggeringly. Oh, that I had power to magnify it with fit words and proper speech, but these are not with me. Accept the feeling of the heart when the language of the lip confesses its failure. Accept it, Lord, through the Well-beloved. Amen.

THE LONDON MANSION HOUSE.

On March 16th, as narrated in a former number of this journal, a policeman on duty near the Mansion House—the official residence of the Lord Mayor of London—discovered a box of compressed gunpowder with a lighted fuse attached inserted in a recess of the building. Although the edifice is very substantially built it would have been severely injured if not destroyed but for the providential discovery of the policeman.

There was no doubt that the plot originated in the Irish agitation and was the work of Fenians. The present Lord Mayor of London is a gentleman so universally respected and beloved for his private and public virtues that it is difficult to imagine that personal injury to him could have been the object of the outrage. It has, however, transpired that owing to his vote in the House of Commons in favor of coercion he has received many threatening and abusive letters from Land Leaguers, who appear utterly unable to conceive of worth or excellence holding itself aloof from their seditious schemes. Many congratulations have been offered to his lordship, and the Wesleyan Church, to which he belongs, and the great municipality of which he is the present chief, and hopes expressed that both may long have the benefit of his invaluable services.

THE PLOT TO BLOW UP THE LONDON MANSION HOUSE.
Finding the Box of Powder.

The detective police were at once intrusted with the task of tracing the criminals who had attempted to execute the wicked plot, and they satisfied themselves that the chief agent was an Irishman named Patrick Moore, who had assumed the name of Patrick Coleman. The seaports were placed under surveillance and every outgoing steamer was watched. It was, however, discovered that a passenger named Coleman, having very much the appearance of the missing man, had left by the steamer Australia for America. Measures were taken to intercept him but it appears to have been a ruse to divert pursuit, for when the Australia arrived it was found that the suspected man was not the Coleman sought.

While the attention of the authorities was thus diverted *the criminal escaped in the disguise of a priest* and arrived in New York a few days ago. Asked by a reporter as to the motives which prompted him to the deed he said, "It was intended to be only the beginning of the end. When the government were busily occupied framing the Coercion act we sent Gladstone and his Cabinet warning that if they arrested Irishmen and crowded the jails with prisoners, and if evictions continued, that retaliatory measures would be instituted. They disregarded our warning. While England continues her brutal policy we will continue our policy. It is war to the knife with us. There is not an Irishman in London who is not imbued with our principles and determination. Let me tell you that more surprises for Her Majesty's government are in store, and you will not have long to wait until my words receive verification."

The desperate deed, which, had it succeeded, must have involved the sacrifice of many lives besides those of the inmates of the Mansion House, is thus made the subject of boasting instead of shame, and shows how lost to all sense of right and justice are the leaders of the Fenian movement.

The Mansion House, of which one side is shown in our illustration, is about 129 years old. It was built by the Corporation of London at a cost of $215,000, from the plans of Dance, and its first occupant was a Lord Mayor of the noble House of Cecil, the head of which at the present time is the Marquis of Salisbury. As originally designed it had a large central courtyard, but that has been roofed in and converted into the magnificent apartment known as the Egyptian Hall, where the banquets given by the Lord Mayor to distinguished foreigners and royal visitors are held. It is also used for meetings for charitable and civic purposes in which the Lord Mayor takes a special interest.

THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

By Rev. William Mands.

(*Continued from page 247.*)

The Stage of the Disease—A Revolutionary Catastrophe Impending—Diverse Lines Converging—Danger of Anarchy—The Present Situation Unique in History—Mr. R. W. Dale's Opinion—Beacon Lights—II. The Removal of Both Hindrance and Hinderer—Not Necessarily Identical—The Hindrance.

It may be objected, however, that "lawlessness" has existed during every period of the Church's dark and troubled history, that the Apostle Paul himself tells us, in the very Scripture under consideration, that it had commenced its secret working even in his day, and that consequently its prevalence at the present time can afford no clear indication that the manifestation of Antichrist draws near. In the first place we must distinguish between the existence of an evil and its successive stages of development. The question to be decided is whether "lawlessness" has ever previously prevailed *to so great an extent and in such a multiplicity of forms* as it does at present. Our moral diagnosis must have respect rather to THE STAGE WHICH THE DISEASE HAS REACHED than to the mere fact of its existence. Do we see any signs that our social order is being undermined, and that a great revolutionary catastrophe is impending, not only in our own country but throughout Christendom? It is with no desire to indulge in mere sensationalism that we feel constrained to answer, "*We do*;" and our ground for this conclusion will be best indicated by connecting it with the second answer to the objection above referred to. The second answer is as follows: *The gravest significance of the present increasing sign of "lawlessness" arises from the fact that it manifests many unmistakable signs of coming to a head*; in other words, the various diverse lines on which it works seem very plainly to be converging to a central point, a final issue, namely, that materialistic Atheism of which Antichrist is to be in his own person the embodiment.

This is not simply our own reading of the signs of the times; it is not the opinion merely of idle, narrow-minded "prophecy-mongers;" it is the distinct admission of men who have themselves relinquished all faith in Christianity and in God, and who anticipate a godless future without sorrow, but not without dismay. Take, as an example, the words of a distinguished writer of this class as quoted by Dr. Anderson in his "Coming Prince:" "The denial of the existence of God, and of a future state, is the dethronement of conscience, and society will pass, to say the least, through a dangerous interval before social science can fill the vacant throne. In the mean time mankind, or some portions of it, may be in danger of an anarchy of self-interest, compressed, for the purpose of political order, by a despotism of force.

That science and criticism, acting—thanks to the liberty won by political effort—with a freedom never known before, have delivered us from a mass of dark and degrading superstitions, we own with heartfelt thankfulness to the deliverers, and in the firm conviction that the removal of false beliefs, and of the authority of institutions founded on them, cannot prove in the end anything but a blessing to mankind. But at the same time *the foundations of general morality have inevitably been shaken*, and a crisis has been brought on the gravity of which nobody can fail to see, and nobody but a fanatic of materialism can see without the most serious misgiving.

"*There has been nothing in the history of man like the present situation.* The decadence of the ancient mythologies is very far from affording a parallel. The Reformation was a tremendous earthquake: it shook down the fabric of mediæval religion, and, as a consequence of the disturbance in the religious sphere, filled the world with revolutions and wars. But it left the authority of the Bible unshaken, and men might feel that the destructive process had its limit, and that adamant was still beneath their feet." But now the fact that the Bible itself has any Divine authority is called in question, if not contemptuously denied, and at the same time materialistic science claims, in the grand generalization of evolution, to have discovered the key to the solution of the mystery of the creation, the part of the Creator being omitted. Thus the world "finds itself brought to a crisis the character of which any one may realize by distinctly presenting to himself the idea of existence without a God" (Goldwin Smith, *Macmillan's Magazine*, February, 1878).

These are indeed startling and remarkable words from such a source; and they do not stand alone, but are echoed by men of every school of thought. "There are clear signs," says the eminent Congregational minister, Mr. R. W. Dale, "that the movement of theological speculation which began in the sixteenth century, and which has assumed a permanent form in the confessions and creeds of

the great Protestant churches, is coming to an end."

"The attempt to put back

THE RISING TIDE OF SCEPTICISM,"

says the author of the "Coming Prince"—who is, we are disposed to judge from internal evidence, one of "the brethren"—"is hopeless. Indeed the movement is but one of many phases of the intense mental activity which marks the age. The reign of creeds is passed. The days are gone for ever when men will believe what their fathers believed, without a question. Rome, in some phase of its development, has a strange charm for minds of a certain caste, and rationalism is fascinating not a few; but orthodoxy in the old sense is dead" (p. 15).

"Half a century ago," writes the broad church historian, James Anthony Froude, "any one who openly questioned the truth of Christianity was treated as a public offender and was excommunicated by society. Now, while one set of men are bringing back mediævalism, science and criticism are assailing with impunity the authority of the Bible; miracles are declared impossible; even Theism itself is treated as an open question, and subjects which in our fathers' time were approached only with the deepest reverence and solemnity are discussed among the present generation with as much freedom as the common problems of natural philosophy."

In a word, and to speak in plain terms, the most essential doctrines of the Gospel are not only being called in question, but the fundamental conceptions of even natural religion, such as the existence of the Divine government and the immortality of man, have day by day less hold on the consciences of the majority of those who nevertheless still profess and call themselves Christians. Thus society breathes an atmosphere charged with the germs of moral disease and death, and a dull gray mist of negative atheism, in the form of agnosticism, is spreading over Christendom, out of which, as by a kind of ghastly condensation, there will speedily be evolved, first in portentous outline, and then in hideous and terrific distinctness, the form of him "who opposeth and exalteth himself above everything that is called God, or an object of worship; so that He sitteth in the temple of God, shewing Himself that He is God" (2 Thessalonians 2 : 4).

Nevertheless it remains unquestionably true that this reign of lawlessness, of which we have spoken as the moral sign of the coming of the lawless one, is of necessity somewhat indefinite in character; it indicates the approach rather than the arrival of Antichrist's "own season," and should warn the Christian watcher, as nightfall warns the mariner on a dangerous shore, to gaze more earnestly into the deepening darkness for the flashing forth of those beacon-lights whose welcome beams will either assure him that the danger is passed,* or, at all events, will enable him to judge of the position of his vessel. Such beacon-lights, we believe, God has graciously provided us with in His prophetic Word.

II.—Concerning the second of the four principal signs of the coming of Antichrist, to which reference has been made, we read in 2 Thessalonians 2 : 6–8; "And now ye know what restraineth him (*i.e.*, the Antichrist) that he might be revealed in his own season. For the mystery of lawlessness doth already work: only he who now restrains (will restrain), until out of the midst he be gone. And then shall the lawless one be revealed, whom the Lord Jesus shall consume with the breath of His mouth, and shall destroy with the forthshining of His presence."

In this passage it is carefully to be noticed that both

A HINDRANCE

and a *hinderer* are spoken of. There was some *thing* which restrained the manifestation of Antichrist—which, as it were, blocked the road and prevented his approach. And there was also some *person* whose presence was incompatible with the presence of the Antichrist; as light cannot co-exist with darkness, or God and Satan occupy the same throne at one and the same time. Hence this person—whoever he may be—must be "gone out of the midst" before the lawless one can be revealed. It is, moreover, to be observed that with regard to the character of the restraining *thing* or power, the Thessalonian believers to whom St. Paul wrote were under no danger of misapprehension; he had himself given them explicit information on the subject. "Remember ye not," he says, in the fifth verse, "that when I was yet with you I told you these things? And now (therefore) ye know what restraineth."

Nothing of this kind, however, is said with reference to the restraining *person;* for aught we know the Thessalonians, though they knew what the restraining *thing* was, may have been ignorant as to who the restraining *person* was. The two are not necessarily to be identified; nor does the removal of the one as a matter of course imply the simultaneous removal of the other. But when *both* are gone, the season of Antichrist's revelation will assuredly have arrived; for when it is said, in the eighth verse, "*Then* shall the lawless one be revealed," the Greek word used is *tóte*, implying immediate sequence of events, as when it is said, in the parable of the Ten Virgins, "*Then* shall the kingdom of heaven be like ten virgins," etc.

Now the inquiry as to what the restraining thing—the "hindrance," as distinguished from the "hinderer"—may be, is not attended with much difficulty. There can be no reasonable doubt that what St. Paul thus speaks of, though in words of studied ambiguity, is the Roman Empire in its then existing state. This is the general opinion of the *early Christian writers*. Thus Chrysostom, one of the greatest of the so-called "Fathers," significantly observes, "A man may naturally seek to know what 'that *which letteth*' is, and after that, what possible reason St. Paul had for putting it so indistinctly. What, then, is 'that which letteth'—*i.e.*, hindereth—him from being revealed? Some say the grace of the Spirit, others the Roman Empire.

"Among the latter I class myself. Why so? Because, had he meant to say 'the Spirit,' he would not have said it indistinctly, but straight out; that now he is restrained by the grace of the Spirit, *i.e.*, the supernatural gifts. Otherwise Antichrist ought to have presented himself ere now, if he were to present himself at the failure of those gifts, for, as a matter of fact, they have long failed. But seeing that he says this of the Roman Empire, he naturally put it enigmatically and very obscurely, for he had no wish to subject himself to unnecessary hostilities and unprofitable perils. For had he said that shortly after the Roman Empire would be dissolved, they would soon have transfixed him for a miscreant, and all the believers with him, as living and fighting for this end."

This interpretation of the "hindrance" is adopted by Mr. Grattan Guinness, in his "Approaching End of the Age." He remarks, "The very earliest traditions tell us that the 'hindrance' was

THE ROMAN EMPIRE

as then existing, and that Paul, having previously, by word of mouth, made known that fact to the Church, avoided from prudential reasons more explicit reference to it in this written communication. He did not wish to expose the persecuted Christians to fresh dangers, by putting into the hands of their enemies proof of what would by them have been considered a seditious creed.

"Tradition is often an unsafe guide, but in this case it seems peculiarly entitled to respect. The point was both an *important* and a *simple* one. Those who received the information from the Apostle were not likely to forget it, and could scarcely err in repeating it, and from no other source than tradition *could* the Church of later ages learn a fact *communicated by word of mouth only*, and *purposely* omitted from the inspired letter of the Apostle. We may, therefore, be thankful that the tradition as to what this hindrance was is of a very early date, is explicit, and agrees with what we learn from other Scriptures; as well as that there is no counter-tradition on the point.*

"From Irenæus, the disciple of Polycarp, the contemporary of St. John, we first hear that the hindrance mentioned by Paul, when he was with the Thessalonians, and alluded to in his Second Epistle, was the Roman Empire, and from him downwards the Fathers are unanimous in this assertion. Paul says to the early Church, 'ye know;' the early Church (though not the identical generation) tell us what they knew, and who are we, that we should say they are mistaken?" (pp. 164, 5).

But even accepting the correctness of this view, as we seem almost constrained to do, the question remains—and it is a very important one—in what relation does the "hinderer," of verse 7, stand to the "hindrance," of verse 6? On this point, curiously enough, Mr. Guinness says nothing; he does not even seem to recognize the distinctness of the two. Yet it is with the removal of the "hinderer" that Paul immediately connects the revelation of the Antichrist. Interpreters of the historical school generally, as they regard the Roman Empire as the "hindrance," so do they regard the Roman Emperor as the hinderer; and this is no doubt Mr. Guinness's opinion, though he does not say so. But here a very serious difficulty presents itself. If we are to regard the Man of sin, or lawless one—in other words, the Antichrist—as *an individual man*, which in the early Church was an opinion quite as universal as that the "hindrance" was the Roman Empire, we must either suppose him to be some particular emperor or some personality altogether distinct from the Roman Empire.

Now the former supposition is clearly inadmissible. With the submission of Romulus Augustulus to Odoacer the Goth, at Ravenna, the long line of the Roman emperors came to an end in A.D. 476; and though the Eastern or Byzantine Empire survived for nearly a thousand years, it, too, fell before the attacks of the Ottomans in A.D. 1453; the last of the Cæsars, as Gibbon expresses it, being "buried under a mountain of slain."

Even if it be maintained that in some sort "down to the memorable year 1804," when the Emperor Francis I. resigned the title of Emperor of Germany, and the holy Roman Empire came to an end, "the world has never been without an emperor of the Romans;" still, since this latest possible date nearly eighty years have passed away, and the Antichrist has not appeared. Yet there stand the Apostle's words: "He who now restrains (will restrain), until out of the midst he be gone; and then (*tóte*—immediately) shall the lawless one be revealed."

Perhaps Chrysostom, in the quotation which we have already given, may supply us with the needful clue. Let it be observed that in reply to the question, "What, then, is that which hindereth him from being revealed?" he says, "Some say the grace of the Spirit; others the Roman Empire. Among the latter I class myself. Why so? Because, had he meant to say 'the Spirit,' he would not have said it indistinctly, but straight out; that now he is restrained by the grace of the Spirit, *i.e.*, the supernatural gifts."

Is it asked how it will be known on earth when the rapture of the waiting saints has taken place? Our answer is, How is it known that a thief has been in our house, save by the loss of that which he has carried away? How was it known that Enoch was translated, save by the fact that he was not to be found any longer upon earth? How was it known that Elijah had ascended to heaven in his chariot of fire, save that the fifty men of the sons of the prophets, after their three days' search for him among the mountains, "found him not" (2 Kings 2 : 16, 17)?

Even so shall it be at the day when the returning Lord shall receive His waiting ones to Himself. "For as it was in the days of Noah, so shall it also be in the days of the Son of Man." And when the translated saints are thus removed, the world will have lost its *preserving salt;* and against a sky black with coming judgment shall be revealed in lurid splendor the form of that lawless one, who, by his great signs and wonders, would, if it were possible, deceive the very elect.

(To be continued.)

* Those who shall share in the first translation of the wise virgins will, of course, not be on earth to observe any such signs—their removal will be a sign to the world.

* This statement is hardly correct; see the above quotation from Chrysostom.

TOUCHES OF REAL LIFE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Lady Hope, of Cariden.

(*Continued from page 255.*)

Marshall Sups at the Saloon—His Wife's Death—His Little Daughter's Plea—Good-By to the Saloon—Job's Wife Visits Him—Invited to the Coffee Room—Hal Signs the Pledge—Pictures out of Beer—Mrs. Clemence and the Boys.

THE saloon-keeper's wife, on hearing Marshall confess he was hungry, produced a long piece of sausage on a tin plate, and two crusts of bread, with a foaming pot of porter. As she presented it she winked to Sally Ann, the barmaid. *That* wink meant—

"I think we've cotched him *this* time!" She meant, that this good action would do their custom "a world of good," and that *he* would always feel under an obligation to "The Spread Eagle."

When Marshall came home the next evening, his wife lay on the bed, asleep as he thought; but when he looked, and touched her, she was dead! Oh! horror! how he revolted from that cold touch, and shuddered! Yes; shuddered from head to foot. The little child—cold, dirty, hungry, sobbing, little Rosie had wept herself to sleep on the corpse's neck. Sound asleep she was, her little arms tightly locked about all that was left of her mother. It was mother's face, though so altered; mother's hands, though so cold; mother's poor old faded gown. It must be mother, and yet there was no kiss, no sigh, no word, no breath. The child slept there on that cold bosom while she waited for a response.

The father seized the child, pulled apart her tiny hands, wrenched her from her clasp, and lifting her on his arm carried her out of the cottage.

"Where are you going, father?" sobbed the child.

"Be quiet," was the only answer, gruff and harsh.

"Where are you going to take me, father?" she wept and pleaded.

"Where you'll get something nice," was the only answer.

As they went down the street, the father stopped opposite the well-known swinging signboard, and turned to open the glass door.

"I won't go there, father," shrieked the child. "Father, I can't go there!"

"What's the matter?" said the father, as he tried to silence the little curly-headed girl by a heavy blow.

This only redoubled the child's screams, and she cried all the more—

"O father, father, don't take me there! I can't go there!"

The riotous company inside began to collect at the door. Men and women began to crowd around from the street.

"What are you doing to your child?" they said. "You great, heartless brute! Let that child alone, or we'll call for the police."

"*What's the matter?*" said the father again; "why won't you go in?"

"Oh, mother's not there!" sobbed the little one. "I want to go where mother's gone! O father, take me where mother's gone!"

It was a strange scene! There under the dark sky, beneath the flickering glare of the street lamp, surrounded by a low crowd ready to lynch the man who was no worse than themselves, stood Ferdinand holding in his arms the one treasure left to him here. Her blue eyes, all bathed in tears, were beseeching him to take her where "mother had gone."

A moment's hesitation! a mighty struggle in that inmost heart between the powers of light and the powers of darkness—and then! the fortress yielded. The proud heart gave way; and turning his back once and for ever upon the den of fire that had stripped him—literally stripped him—of all but this little child, he re-trod the narrow street, fed the child as best he could with the dry crusts the cupboard furnished, and then, wrapping her in his coat, he laid her down to sleep, saying all the time—

"Yes, my child! I will try to take you where mother's gone!"

Ferdinand Marshall spent that night kneeling by a broken chair before an empty grate. Death was in the room, but Life was there also. When morning dawned, and the first dim streaks entered the wretched chamber, and Ferdinand knew that it was morning, he knew also that God had visited his soul. There was life out of death for him. His prayer had been answered. He knew now that he might take his child to the land where her mother had gone.

The mother's prayers and teachings had not been lost. She had, doubtless, imparted to her little one a horror of that dark haunt that was fast becoming her father's ruin, and had told her in simple words many times that "mother would soon be gone"—gone away to a holy, beautiful, happy land. The child's passionate love for her mother, and simple repetition of those words, were used as the instrument of that man's salvation. The turning-point of his life dated itself at the moment of his hesitation before the public-house door. The welfare or misery of many a long period turns upon a small pivot. It was so in Ferdinand Marshall's case.

But there were other adjustments of the great machinery of Providence in his history, as in every other page of reclamation. When Job reached his own little home at the dinner hour, on the day after poor Ferdy's trouble, he was full of the news.

"A poor thing's been and died all of herself, when her man was out at his work! I never heard on such a thing! They do tell he never gives her no money nor nothin', and she were all spent. Left a young 'un too, a girl—jist a babby like."

"Well, if I ever!" said Mrs. Job. "All the troubles the people has comes to you, jes' like the birds to a tree. There's nobody but you'd ever come home with a tale like that, and all so sudden too!" she continued, considering the tidings, and sinking down on a chair with her arms wrapped in her apron, which was a favorite attitude of thought with her.

She asked Job several questions, none of which he could answer, except the name of the man. This being of the most practical intent, was the most important. When her good man had taken his dinner, and gone again, she set off in search of the house where the death had taken place. The "house of mourning" was better to her "than the house of feasting." She soon found the little room, dark and cold. All that was needed the true neighbor did with her own hands; never waiting for thanks, never expecting them.

It was a touching sight from that time to see Ferdinand Marshall taking his little child to the Infant School daily, when he had finished his breakfast, on the way back to his work. Job's invitation to him to come to the coffee-room with him, had, until this particular evening, been disregarded, in spite of coaxing and entreaties and promises that "the missus" would "look after the little 'un." Remorse and shyness and shabby clothes had hitherto formed a sufficient obstacle to this enjoyment in his eyes. But to-night, the special ticket, the social cup of tea, and the knowledge that "a whole lot of new ones" were going, overcame his scruples, and he went.

Albert Eldridge was in great force that night, going round the tables with great jugs of tea and plates of cake, talking to the different men, cheering them up, and putting them at their ease by his homely remarks. Bright young fellow he was! the love of God just shining in his face. He had developed immensely since the birth of the coffee-room. In "watering others," his own soul had been refreshed, and his spiritual life invigorated. His nature was a *giving-out* one. This disposition consecrated was invaluable as an agency in this work.

When all were satisfied with their meal, they moved their seats into more easy positions, and the meeting began.

There were sweet, touching melodies sung in two or three parts by a few volunteer friends; some temperance songs given by a small choir that Lady Isabel had formed out of the weekly gathering of temperance men, and a number of recitations. Both songs and recitations were varied in character, sometimes comic, sometimes pathetic, appealing. A short passage of Scripture was read, and a few very earnest, entreating words spoken to the men on the subject of total abstinence.

And they rose to sing, "Oh! what are you going to do, brother?"—that most touching, decision-question, so much sung at one time in America as the watchword of the Young Men's Christian Associations, in some of her large towns.

At the close of this she requested the men to sit down, and then saying, "I want one man to come forward and sign! Will any man present give my little 'army' a start?"—with a bounce into the air of his manly form, that almost startled gentle Lady Isabel, Henry King suddenly stood up, commonly called "Hal."

"I'm your man," he said. "I hain't a werry good fist, not for writin that's to say, but I'll do my best, and put my name till't."

Tremendous clapping was the result of Hal's confessed decision. He swung his way forward to the front, and, stooping over the table, wrote his name. Need we say that when Mr. Hamilton came in five minutes after he found his wife sitting, the centre of a little crowd, all busily signing their names. About *twelve* signed that night, giving in addresses as well as names. Marshall was one of them.

Hal did a good night's work! Through God's goodness he kept the pledge, and never *broke it!* and from that hour he was a temperance champion! All might go to him for encouragement and sympathy. He was a true friend to the cause. None could tell you better than he of the ins and outs of that desperate struggle. But a little fighting did the force good. Soon their ranks numbered very largely.

Albert very modestly called himself the "Secretary;" he called Hal, the "King;" and when Loudon said,

"Don't make him vain, Mr. Eldridge!" he would answer, smilingly,

"No fear! Mr. Loudon; he's too great for that. Besides, you know, King is his *name!*"

Each guest carried away with him a tiny bouquet of the first snowdrops, a picture sheet-almanac, and a little book; while every newly pledged abstainer had his temperance card to be framed and hung upon his wall as a reminder of the resolution of that night.

As the men put on their caps going out at the door into the cold street, Hal laid his hand heavily upon Marshall's shoulder, and said,

"Poor old Ferdy! you and I'll be brothers, won't we?"

To Wobbles, who had stoutly refused the pledge, though he candidly acknowledged, "We've had a fust-rate evening, I say!" Hal said,

"Come it *next* time, old Wob! won't ye?"

"Good-night, mister," was the laconic reply; "I'll be in again o' Saturday."

Bob Banting talked all the way down the street, about wishing he could sign; "but then, his *business*—it warn't for *him* that kind o' look out—no! it warn't."

The brewer was smoking his cigar at home at this very time, perfectly unconscious of the very prominent part he was taking in the battle of to-night—and every night—on the enemy's side!

His wife was writing to ask Lady Isabel and Mr. Hamilton to come and see their new gallery of pictures.

Mr. Hamilton's comment, when the note arrived by the hand of the groom the next day, was,

"I don't like pictures that come out of beer." Lady Isabel wrote a note politely declining.

* * * * * * *

It was a soft, cool evening. You could not call it cold. Compared with the long frosts and sleety rains of mid-winter, the delicious puffs of a first breath of spring air were balmy and health-giving. Enjoyable in the extreme were the early approaches of nature's awakenings; and you would have found their genial influences at a climax in Mrs. Clemence's garden. She revelled in the beauty of her tiny, milk-white snowdrops, with their dark green sheathing of upright leaves.

Two of Mrs. Clemence's nephews were staying

in the house, enjoying a few days' respite from the rigors of study, to which, like most of their race, they were duly subjected during a large proportion of the year. Her reverie was interrupted by the bounding, sudden rush of these boys.

"Auntie! there are such lots of dreadful cats about! They eat your little birds, and they come to steal the milk, and they do no end of mischief. *Mayn't* we try and shoot some of them this afternoon?"

The first answer was an unhesitating refusal. Even the clever reminder, most appositely suggested, that the tame pet robin was likely to have its life endangered by the marauding murderous visits of the intruders, failed in its purpose; and Mrs. Clemence, in her pitying love for every animate and inanimate creature, rejected the terrible proposal of death to the cats!

"Oh! but auntie! they are such *hijious* creatures, and *quite* wild," pleaded the youngest boy.

"And, you know, auntie," continued the eldest, "there is one horrible cat, with only one eye, and three legs, and no tail! It's frightful," he added, puckering up his eyebrows, and spreading out his fingers with a look of unmitigated disgust; "it's quite yellow and striped, and has only a *bit of one ear!*"

"Yes! auntie!" almost shouted the younger boy in his earnestness, "*do* let us shoot it! it is quite wild.

At last "auntie" yielded! What with the danger to the pet robin and the milk in the dairy, as well as the miserable condition of the "wild cat," she consented that if it came near the house again it might be shot.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PRODIGAL SON.

S.S. Lesson for May 8. Luke 15: 11-32. Golden Text ver. 18. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

In the series of Lessons for the last half of the year 1878, when the subjects for the International Sunday-school Lessons were mostly the same as are given for the present time, we treated the chapter from which last Sunday's lesson, and that for today are taken, as applying to backsliders. The lost sheep had been once in the fold, the lost silver retained the image and superscription of the king, the lost son had been in his father's house. But although this is one side of the teaching contained in it, yet, since the Lord Himself in the seventh and tenth verses applies it to lost sinners, we can do the same.

The younger son is a true type of fallen humanity. Made in the image of God, but that image defaced by sin; made to have dominion over all created things, and especially over his own lusts and passions, and yet degraded to become their slave, such is poor, fallen, lost man. "Yet I had planted thee a noble vine, wholly a right seed: how then art thou turned into the degenerate plant of a strange vine unto Me?" (Jer. 2: 21). The debasement of our natural hearts is beyond all conception, and our blindness to it still more so, until we learn to see things in the light of God. We do not, in our natural state, disallow that God is our Father, that He made us, that it is our duty to obey Him, but we make use of the relationship in order to bring accusations against our God, to dishonor instead of to honor Him. "A son honoreth his father, and a servant his master: if I then be a Father, where is Mine honor? and if I be a Master, where is My fear? saith the Lord of hosts" (Mal. 1: 6).

The younger son in our parable used the relationship in which he stood to his father for no other purpose than to make requirements from him. He did not say, "Father, thou hast done much for me, by what service may I testify my gratitude to thee?" It would seem as though no such thought entered his mind. "Father," he said, "give me the portion of goods *that falleth to me.*" He asked it as a right, not as a favor, he claimed that his father should do a father's part, while he was far from doing a son's part. And thus it is with lost man. If everything goes well with him, he looks upon it as only that which he has a right to expect; if anything goes ill with him he complains that God is not good, that he is being treated hardly, and he does not see the reason why he should suffer more than others, he has done no harm; and thus he claims from God, in his ignorance and pride of heart, exemption from all evil and a share of goods for which he has not labored, as that which falleth to him. And all the time he ignores that if God is a Father, and has a Father's responsibilities, then he himself is a son, and has a son's responsibilities. If he claims protection and sustenance from God as Father, then God has a right to claim trust, honor, and obedience from him as son. Either he must relinquish his claim upon God, or he must acknowledge God's claim upon him. But to this claim most men are utterly blind, and if one had never read the Bible or had any knowledge of God, one would be led to think from what they say that God was extremely culpable and man much to be pitied.

God's Word puts all things in their true place: it says of men, "They are without excuse, because that when they knew God, they glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations and their foolish heart was darkened" (Rom. 1: 20, 21). "Neither were thankful." This is God's great charge against unconverted men. They accept at His hands life, mental power, superiority over the beasts which perish, air, food, sunshine, health, and peace, without being thankful, and when deprived for a little time of one of these blessings, instead of grateful wonder that God had granted them for so long a time, they blame Him as though He had withheld from them a right to which they were entitled. The younger son said no word of thanks to his father for all his long and patient love and kindness, for the care he had spent over his nurture and education; in heartless selfishness he demanded the portion of goods which fell to him, a demand with which the father complied, although it was at a loss to himself. The only communication of which we read between the father and the son is unwarrantable demand on the one hand and ready giving on the other; a fit type of the relation between God and the unthankful, unworthy creatures He has made.

When the son came into the possession of his demanded portion, what did he do with it? Did he seek to increase his father's prosperity, and strengthen his hands in his old age? On the contrary, he "gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living." O how true a picture is this of the miserable selfishness of unconverted man; ready to accept all at the hands of God, and then using His grace and gifts to His dishonor! "Do ye thus requite the Lord, O foolish people and unwise? Is not He thy Father that hath bought thee? hath He not made thee, and established thee?" (Deut. 32: 6). Created to serve a noble purpose, to commune with God, and to take part in His interests, to maintain His honor in His creation, man has sunk to a miserable state of slavery to lust and sin.

It was not long before the unhappy, despicable young man had spent all. Riotous living without any incoming, soon made away with his father's hard-earned gains, and he began to be in want. Many a prodigal runs a similar course. Looking upon God's undeserved gifts as his right, and squandering them upon self gratification, every resource soon fails him, money, credit, friends, reputation, all fail, and he begins to be in want. This is man's moment to oppress, and God's moment to hold out mercy. "He went and joined himself (or hired himself) to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him." Those who had eaten and drank with him in the days of his riotous living, were ashamed to know him now in his degradation, loss and misery; such is the friendship of the world: "The poor is hated even of his own neighbor, but the rich hath many friends" (Prov. 14: 20).

Alone and friendless, the prodigal began to think of his neglected father. He did not seem at first to have been imbued with a sense of his own sin against him. It was his misery which spake when he said, "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!" This is the first step. God allows prodigals to eat the fruit of their own way until they learn to contrast their lives with those who are in the Father's house. Formerly His service has been distasteful, now they are willing to take the lowest place if only they may find an entrance there. He said, "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.'" Now for the first time he felt his responsibility, and saw himself and his father in a true light. Now he claimed nothing as a right, and although a son, he asked to be made a servant.

"And he arose," it was a purpose acted out, "and came to his father." He did not go round and curry favor with some of the servants and ask them to intercede for him, he did not go first to his elder brother, no; he would have it out with his father himself, and wretched, miserable as he was, he made straight for the old home. This is the right way for a sinner, straight to God, no shying, no subterfuge. When a sinner is determined to look his case in the face, and to come face to face with God about it, he is half way saved. Then it is that he discovers the precious truth, "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them" (2 Cor. 5: 19). "When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him (for love is very far-sighted), and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

O how many would be afraid to receive thus a returning prodigal! They would say, "Let him prove first that he really is penitent, then it will be safe to receive him." But the father saw that the feeble tread was nevertheless not a wavering one, his eye of love could read whether there was reality or deceit in the downcast look, he could detect whether there was the ring of truth in that short but full confession, and the father, who had everything to gain or everything to lose, was satisfied, and took the returning wanderer to his heart. And more; before he had time to entreat his father to put him among the servants, the father said, "Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat and be merry, for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found." What then, is there no reproach, no reprobation? No, for God breaks hearts by love and not by severity. Nothing makes a sinner so keenly feel his sin as the undeserved, unexpected mercy of God.

The elder son, who had had no experience of the bitterness of outward sin, who had never wandered like his brother from the father's house, but had perhaps often denounced his brother and condemned him, could not understand his father's joy at his return. What, the scoundrel who had wasted his property, dishonored his name, disgraced the family, was he then to be received back with the same joy as if he were a credit to them? The elder brother could not understand it, and would not join in the mirth. He thought his father was both lowering himself, and also slighting him. "Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment; and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends: but as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf." Just the complaint of those who having lived in religious surroundings, in conscientious service of God, cannot understand how God can give so much of His joy and peace to the worst sinners who come to Him. The father said to him what he could never say to the prodigal, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine." As though to add, "and thy brother hath nothing, let him therefore at least have the consciousness of his father's love with which to begin life afresh."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Death of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, occurred April 19th, in London. He had rallied to a considerable degree from the worst features of his disease, but a relapse occurred on Monday, and he gradually sank into a state of coma, from which he had only a few intervals of sensibility, and died peacefully about five o'clock the next morning. By his death one of the most remarkable men of this century is removed from the world of politics. He was born in a comparatively obscure position in 1805; his father was a Jew of the noble governing line of the Sephardin, and the boy was admitted into the covenant of Abraham on the eighth day from his birth, according to the Jewish law. He died the leader of the most exclusive of British parties—a party remarkable for its reverence for aristocratic birth and territorial possessions—the ex-premier of Great Britain, and the trusted friend and adviser of the Queen. Such a career as Lord Beaconsfield's has few parallels in history, and is full of interest. A portrait of the deceased statesman, with a sketch of his eventful life, will appear in an early number of The Christian Herald.

Lord Beaconsfield's Successor in the Leadership of the Conservative party in the British Parliament will be designated at a meeting of the party, to be held soon after the funeral. The choice will be one of extreme difficulty. It is notorious that Lord Beaconsfield's tact had kept in the ranks of the Conservative party, many politicians who differ widely from each other on important questions, and unless a skilful leader is chosen to succeed him the party will suffer serious defections. The Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Cairns, and other distinguished statesmen are mentioned for the post, but in each case the name does not command the unanimous confidence of the party as Disraeli's did when the Earl of Derby died. Should an injudicious choice be made, Mr. Gladstone will either receive a large accession of supporters, or a powerful middle party will be formed, composed of Liberal Conservatives like the present Earl of Derby, and aristocratic Liberals such as the Duke of Argyll. The result of the choice may be fraught with momentous results to Great Britain, and the issue of the meeting is anxiously anticipated.

The International Monetary Conference Assembled in Paris April 19th. Fifteen States were represented in the conference. They are Germany, Austria, Belgium, Denmark, Spain, the United States, France, England, Greece, Italy, Holland, Portugal, Russia, Sweden, and Switzerland. The English delegate will, it is asserted, attend only to assist in consultation, and will not record a vote except as he may be directed by the Government. The vital question to be considered will be the position silver shall take in the currency of the world, and whether the gold standard of value shall be maintained alone, or a combined standard of both metals shall be established. The commercial prosperity of several nations will be materially affected by the decision arrived at. The representatives of each state will elect one commissioner to form a committee of fifteen.

An Effort to Induce All the European Governments to unite in a movement against conspirators is being made at the instance of Russia. Prince Bismarck does not seem to have yet taken any positive action on the resolution of the Diet in regard to the right of asylum, but it is certain that he will eagerly listen to whatever Russia or any other power may say on the subject. Meanwhile the Socialist law is being applied in Germany with renewed vigilance. Various suspected artisans and others have lately been expelled from Berlin, and scarcely a day passes without the name of some proscribed publication appearing in the *Official Gazette*.

A Definite Reply to the Combined Note of the European Powers on the difficulty between Turkey and Greece has not been received from the latter Power. It is feared that, in spite of the more hopeful aspect the affair assumed two weeks ago, the details will not be finally arranged without danger of war. The correspondent of the New York *World* telegraphed on Saturday last: "The situation at Athens was never more serious than at present. There are frequent long Cabinet councils relative to the reply to the collective note. Premier Coumoundouros on Wednesday expressed surprise to the foreign ministers that their note is silent relative to the Epirotes, for whose welfare the Greek note strongly interceded. The ministers replied that they had no instructions from their governments relative to Epirus. As Greece considers it her imperative duty and interest to stand by her enslaved brethren, it is believed that if the choice is between war or the abandonment of their cause, there is little hope for the maintenance of peace." The King of Greece and his Cabinet are inclined to accept the proposals of the Powers, but fear that if they did so the populace would rise in arms and overthrow the Government. It would seem that unless the matter is arranged, the King will have to choose between revolution on the one hand, and war ending in certain defeat on the other.

The Young Czar of Russia Lives in Daily fear of assassination, and extraordinary precautions are taken to insure his safety. His palace is *surrounded with six cordons of guards*, and no one is allowed to enter who is not personally known to the authorities. In spite of all the precautions taken, the Czar found a Nihilist warning one morning last week in the pocket of his overcoat. Numerous arrests are being made, but the correspondents of foreign journals are forbidden to telegraph any word respecting them.

There is a possibility that the demand of the people for a constitutional government may be met by a tentative concession. The Czar recently presided at a council of ministers, at which the proposition of General Melikoff, confirmed by the late Czar, for convoking *a committee of elected representatives* for the consideration of state questions was discussed. The result was that nine members of the Council were in favor of the proposal, and five against it. The Emperor then announced that he agreed with the majority, and that the Minister of the Interior would draw up the necessary ukase.

A Convention of the Irish Land League has been convoked to consider the Land Bill. After an exciting discussion a resolution was unanimously carried giving the Irish Parliamentary party full latitude to devise amendments to, and watch the progress of the bill in the House of Commons, and oppose it if they fail to obtain adequate amendments. A resolution was also adopted to summon another convention before the Land Bill passes its third reading, in order to decide whether the bill, as amended, can be accepted. The convention then adjourned. The impression prevails that the real danger to the passage of the bill is to be expected from the land-owners, and that Mr. Parnell and his friends will be glad to accept the bill as an instalment of reform.

The Duchess of Marlborough has just completed arrangements for the entire outfit of fifteen Irish families, who will be provided with free passages to Manitoba, and located there in neatly furnished farmsteads.

The Marquis of Ripon, the Roman Catholic nobleman whom Mr. Gladstone selected to represent Queen Victoria in the great British dependency of India, though he has abstained from any abuse of his authority in favor of his own Church, has certainly been the means of increasing the influence of Popery in that country. At Simla, where the adherents of Rome were very few before his appointment, it is now proposed to celebrate his vice-regal reign by the erection of a Roman Catholic cathedral. This, of course, implies that very considerable progress must have been recently made by the Romish party.

A London Magistrate has Interfered to Prevent religious services being held in variety theatres and other buildings of a like character on Sundays. As a rule, these services have been conducted with appropriate decorum, and have been of essential service in attracting those classes of the people who are not likely to become attendants at either church or chapel. One particular service, conducted in an orderly manner, and attended by a large congregation of respectable persons in the *Edgware Road*, London, has now been peremptorily closed, and *Mr. Charles Cook*, who has for four years ministered in the building, has cause to complain of the arbitrary conduct of the magistrates, and the discourteous treatment which he received at the hands of Captain Morley, the chairman, who, when waited upon for an explanation, sent down by a servant the curt reply, "Captain Morley has no answer to give you." The result is that the services have been held in the open air, and on April 3d three thousand persons assembled in Hyde Park, and unanimously adopted a resolution strongly protesting against the action of the magistrates, and calling upon them to rectify the error. The Home Secretary has been appealed to on the subject. The Earl of Shaftesbury has promised to do what he can to help Mr. Cook, and Lord Mayor McArthur has consented to preside at *an indignation meeting* on the subject.

The Butchers' Annual Festival was Held in Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Metropolitan Tabernacle, on the evening of April 5th, Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., presiding. The vast edifice was crowded in every part. Much regret was expressed on account of the unavoidable absence of Mr. Spurgeon, from whom a letter was read by his son, Mr. Charles Spurgeon. Mr. Henry Varley delivered a forcible address, in the course of which he mentioned that the gathering was the largest ever held on such an occasion. He urged his audience to abstain from the use of bad language in their every-day work, and from gambling, offering a reward of £5 to any man who would help obtaining the conviction of one of "the skulking thieves called bookmakers," who by means of gambling at the Meat Market extracted their hard-earned money from the men.

A Studious Pitman was among the Victims of the recent explosion at Penygraig, in Great Britain. A missionary visitor called at a house where the blinds were down and the dead body of a father was lying. He found four children inside in great grief. Close to the coffin there was a chest, upon which were laid fifty volumes of good and superior books, and also a few copy-books. Besides a Welsh Bible and Barnes's Commentary he discovered some English books, well thumbed, containing Euclid, books on geometry, astronomy, grammar, and other educational works. "Whose books are these?" said the visitor to the eldest sister. "My brother William's," she replied, bursting into tears. She added, "He is still in the pit unrecovered, and here are his copies," bringing the visitor a pile of copy-books which quite astonished him. In looking over these copies he found that the seventh problem, book 4, in Euclid was the last lesson the poor lad had done before he lost his life. He was only twenty-one years of age, and had never been to school since he was a boy. He had acquired all this knowledge in the higher branches by attending evening classes and by private study during his leisure hours.

"Coming Wars," by the Rev. M. Baxter Two Pamphlets; price five cents each by mail. *First Pamphlet* contains "Ten signs of the End, and Description of Approaching Events;" with two maps of the territory to be under Antichrist's rule, and four large diagrams. *Second Pamphlet* contains valuable quotations from twenty-six Expositors on the same subject. Address, with price enclosed—The Christian Herald, 63 Bible House, New York.

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IN 1853, one of the New York daily papers, describing the dedication of the Five Points Mission building, wrote as follows: "Let us look back a few years and see what the Old Brewery was. That it was the nest of crime; that the worst passions which deform our common human nature had there their sowing-time and their fruit-season; that young children were there immolated to Moloch, and men and women of ripe years were transplanted thence to bloom upon the gallows, is *not half the truth*—is but a small portion of it. There were deeds done in the body that will only be revealed in the spirit, when the Book of Accounts shall be opened. The foulest crimes were hatched and fostered, and often developed, there. There was the home of the assassin, the thief, and the prostitute.

"Riot swaggered and drunkenness staggered thence, bent on brawls and brutalities; and up those curious stairs and along those winding passages, through nests of *chambers ingeniously contrived* to prevent the escape of the victim or elude the search of his friends, has been borne many and many an unhappy wretch, who by his friends was never heard of again, and never will be heard of till the morning of the resurrection. The Old Brewery was, at one time of its history, not excelled by any haunt in London or Paris, as the lazar-house and infectious centre of crime.

"It is gone: it is now a matter of history. Where it stood, *a church* has been erected, with a house for the preacher, school-rooms for the ignorant, bath-rooms for the dirty, and tenements—clean, wholesome, and inviting—for the homeless. Such a change has been effected by *a few earnest, pious ladies*, who have succeeded the apostles, who teach Christianity not by words only, but by deeds; who think it not enough to counsel the erring to sin no more, but who take them by the hand and lead them to the pleasant places."

The passage we have quoted gives

A GREAT FACT WELL DESCRIBED.

One of the ladies whom the writer commends so forcibly was Mrs. Julia M Olin, whose sudden death was mourned in New York toward the close of spring, 1879. So modest and retiring was that lady while she lived, that now, when she is dead, only few and scant materials are available for a biography of her "who was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did" (Acts 9: 36).

She was born on the 10th of December, 1814, in the city of New York, where she passed her childhood, and where she resided during the greater part of her maiden and her widowed life. Her father was Judge James Lynch, and her mother Janet M. Tillotson, granddaughter of Judge Robert Livingston. The family being members of the *Protestant Episcopal Church*, Mrs. Olin was confirmed, at the age of *sixteen*, by Dr. Anthon, in St. Stephen's Church in West Forty-Sixth Street; and she afterward joined Ascension Church, under the rectorship of the Rev. Manton Eastburn, who afterward became Bishop Eastburn. She is said to have shown, in those early years, a lofty conscientiousness, being habitually true to her convictions of the law of God, and carefully keeping on the safe side in regard to doubtful practices of fashionable society. She took the safe ground of the Psalmist: "I have refrained my feet from every evil way, that I might keep Thy word" (Ps. 119: 101).

Mrs. Olin's Christian activity began at Rhinebeck, N. Y., on the uplands of the Hudson, where her grandfather, Thomas Tillotson, had invited Freeborn Garrettson, the pioneer minister of a hundred years ago, to open Methodist preaching there. When she was eleven years of age the same relative presented her with a piece of land picturesquely situated in an extensive grove; and on that site her father, in 1837, built the house and laid out the grounds which afterward became widely known as "Glenburn," Mrs. Olin's summer residence during many of the later and most useful years of her life.

While still a young lady Mrs. Olin opened a Sunday-school at Glenburn, and patiently and indefatigably collected children from the country round about, and taught them summer after summer till, in her twenty-ninth year, she became the second wife of

DR. STEPHEN OLIN,

president of the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn. Then the work of the Sunday-school was taken up and carried on by her sister, Mrs. Dr. Montgomery, till 1854, when the death of her husband sent Mrs. Olin back to the home and associations of her youth.

The *eight years* of Mrs. Olin's married life were a time of happy service in the kingdom of Christ. Dr. A. S. Hunt, who had the privilege of intimate acquaintance with Mrs. Olin for thirty years, said at her memorial service: "Sunshine filled their home. Her influence, too, was very decided beyond the domestic circle. Assuming nothing because of her position, she moved among her associates of the college circle with quiet grace and with magnetic sway. Her bearing, too, toward the students was very winning. I can never forget the welcome she gave me to her home, and I am sure I can speak for scores of young men in most grateful recognition of her kindness to them in their college days."

Especially it may be remarked that in Dr. Olin she had a husband full of heavenly zeal, who incited her to work for her Saviour, and to seek out opportunities to redeem the interval allowed for gathering sheaves in the Lord's harvest. He wrote to her from the South in 1845: "Seek, I pray you, to be wholly consecrated. . . . Cast about you during my absence to see if there may not be *some way of doing good that we have not tried.*"

From the time of her bereavement till her death she lived in steady industry and activity, confined by her increasing engagements to New York and Glenburn. That monotony—if such a term can be applied to a course of absorbing interest—was broken by a sojourn in Europe in 1867 and 1868; which, however, was not her first visit to the Old World, for she had accompanied her husband thither in 1846.

The Sunday-school at Rhinebeck grew in importance, and led to general mission operations in that locality, and eventually "Hillside Chapel" was projected and built, being opened in June, 1855, by the Rev. Dr. Reid, Missionary Secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church; for after her husband's death Mrs. Olin continued to identify herself with the denomination of which he had been so prominent a member. Dr. Hunt, who has already been mentioned, was the first pastor of the little mountain church, and his words with reference to the deceased lady are: "Her very name will be a benediction at Hillside for long years to come." The Rev. E. B. Otheman, another of her cherished friends, has written of the opening of the chapel: "A powerful revival soon prevailed, and ever since a continued influence for good, especially in the instruction and conversion of the young, has embraced the surrounding region."

Hillside Chapel is picturesquely situated over against Riverside Chapel, which was built by Mrs. Olin's cousin and dear friend, Miss Mary R. Garrettson, at Wildercliffe, on the bank of the beautiful river upon which Rhinebeck looks down. This Miss Garrettson preceded Mrs. Olin to heaven by barely two months, and was herself mourned by a large circle of Christian friends. She was a daughter of the famous preacher of the same name, and died in her *eighty-sixth year*. Although quite blind in her later years, she labored with indefatigable zeal in the cause of the Gospel.

Mrs. Olin's permanent residence in New York began in 1852, soon after the death of her husband, when she united with the Mulberry Street Methodist Episcopal Church; and when that organization was merged in the St. Paul's M. E. Church in 1858, and the magnificent edifice was erected which stands at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-Second Street, she became a member of the new church, and held various important positions of usefulness therein up to the time of her decease.

The members of the Quarterly Conference of the Church recorded a minute in her memory, in which they said: "Mrs. Olin was especially endeared to us by those amiable and social qualities which adorned her character; by those gifts of grace and culture which made her benevolent work and her self-denying life so useful; by that purity of motive and that devotedness to the cause of the Master, which make the memories of her so fragrant; and by that humble and hopeful and consistent walk and conversation which ever testified that she had been with Jesus and learned of Him."

In the *Sunday-school* this lady was a power for good, "feeling the pressure of responsibility so greatly that it is to be feared that her strength was overtaxed by her incessant labors." Her connection with the school began at Mulberry Street in 1857, when she became the leader of a young ladies' band and the teacher of the Bible class. When she died she had a class of more than forty members, although when it was organized the number was only three. "Her careful study brought out fresh views of the Word, her gentle manner and unassuming methods of statement fixed them in the minds of her scholars, and her devout trust in God and manifest experience of His promises made an impression of reality. Others might have views and opinions of truth; Mrs. Olin, they thought, knew all about what she taught."

Mrs. Olin was active and earnest in the cause of the *Woman's Foreign Missionary Society*, and was president of the New York branch of the society from its origin in 1869. About two years before her life closed she invited the young ladies of St. Paul's Church to her house, and having kindled their love and zeal with the overflow of her kindness, she induced them to organize a Young Ladies' Auxiliary Society.

OUTSIDE OF ST. PAUL'S

Church Mrs. Olin was actively identified with the New York Female Bible Society, and was its Corresponding Secretary for twenty-five years. The Secretary of the American Bible Society, to which the other is auxiliary, remarked at her funeral: "The reports which she prepared form a very remarkable series of public documents. I do not know anything in their line to be compared with them for their interesting presentation of facts." The last of those reports, which was in the press when the gifted writer laid down her pen forever, contained the following beautiful sentiment:

"This society is *writing its history in the life of New York.* We have not light enough to read it now. Its records are not always legible, and our eyes are dim—not able to see the lines which may be plainly read by angels with clear vision and serene brows. Some day we shall no longer see through a glass darkly, but, face to face, meet those who have been redeemed through the prayers and labors of this society. So may we enter hopefully upon the labors of another year; and while our Bible women are toiling through the heated streets, and meeting the old poverty in its changed conditions, may our prayers not be wanting for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, which can give pathos and power to the story of the Cross, taking captive the hearts and subduing the unruly wills of sinful men."

But the glory of Mrs. Olin's life's labor was in her twenty-six years' connection with the New York Ladies' Home Missionary Society, more generally known as the

FIVE POINTS MISSION,

the operation of which is vividly sketched in the quotation that introduces the subject of this article. Her interest in that Mission increased to the end of her days, and her last work with the pen was the preparation of its Annual Report, which was written in fragments on detached slips of paper, and had to be put together and copied out by other hands when her own were closed in her last sleep. The work of Mrs. Olin, and of her like-minded lady associates, in transforming the most dreadful and horrible locality of New York City, will not bear description. *It must be illustrated.*

third cousin, "Jane of the Park," because when I admired wild flowers she laughed at me, and thought the principal use of butter-cups and daisies was to color butter and cheese. Amid the grinning, grub-eating gins of Baroo I thought of her as of a form of queenly refinement. I thought it *odd* I did not marry her and settle down on a patch of the "green sod." It was really *odd* now how the sight of an ordinary white woman, not to say lady, awoke feelings of romantic admiration, as if she moved in all the lines and hues of beauty. But it was *odd* one saw such a sight so seldom, except one went forty miles to church in Bathurst, where the sights were to me, alas, as interesting as the sermons. But it is *odd* I am not coming to the end of these oddnesses.

Well, to be more historic and minute about Baroo. The station was formed many years ago by an old government man, who had been assigned to "old Iron Bark Lawson." His name was Davy M'A——. He was Mr. Lawson's shepherd; and a right trusty one was he. One morning as Davy was going by sunrise to look after sheep, he saw something blazing on the ground about a hundred yards off. He thought it a live coal some one had dropped. But who should drop it there? and, lo! why does it get brighter and not smoke? Davy lifted up a precious stone—I think a ruby—of almost fabulous worth.

He showed it to Mr. Lawson, who took it to a jeweler in Sydney. Report has it that Mr. Lawson said, "Davy, I'll keep that thing you found; and on the day you're free, I'll give you a hundred maiden ewes, fifty three-year old heifers, and a brood mare." Davy fell on his knees overpowered, and thanked his benefactor. His "ignorance was bliss;" for, had he known the value of his gem, he would probably have melted it in rum less delicately than Cleopatra did her pearl. Mr. Lawson kept his word, and set Davy up on Baroo Narang—which he found and formed for himself—as a free man. He lived a wizened old bachelor, and died an old miser; and friends he never acknowledged divided his spoils. A Sydney lawyer was the flesher that quartered the carcase of the miser's fortune for the young eagles who gathered to the spoil at Baroo.

Ash and Alder heard of the intended sale; and they engaged Lock to survey the stock and station—huts, yards, and all—and buy all, if possible, by private contract. There was no man in the colony could do this better than Lock. He bought the concern three hundred pounds, I should say, under its real value. When Ash saw the purchase and papers he could hardly believe his eyes; and, in gratitude and self-interest, took Lock into partnership, giving him legal security of drawing *one-fifth of all*—principal and profits—on dissolution of partnership.

(To be continued.)

AN UNDERDRAIN.

By Miss Sarah Smiley.

WHILE my garden rejoices in all these blessings—rain and showers and dews—still, such is the excessive heat and dryness of this climate, that without one more gift it would often be desolate. But, as I have said before, the very centre of my little domain is "a spring of water whose waters fail not." This it is that makes glad my garden. And now I must, at last, redeem my promise to give its little history.

In accepting this location as my future home, the one pressing necessity to be met, first of all, was the supply of water; and some friends came over with me, to discuss the matter. The valley below me was full of its healing springs, and other springs of pure water gushed all along the hillside; but from this one spot, so far beyond the others in all else, the gift of water seemed strangely withheld. So we stood rather sadly in the little hollow, yonder, looking at the bracken and rushes at our feet.

"This is, at least, a damp spot," I said; "why may there not be a spring below the surface?"

My good friend smiled a little as he answered, "Because if it *could* be there at all it *would* be there already. The soil is so sandy that there is nothing to hinder it from springing up."

To this wisdom I could make no answer; but just then his little boy, who had come with a garden-trowel in his hand, stooped to dig up a pretty fern, and as our eyes followed his work we saw, as the roots were lifted, bright drops of sparkling water bubbling up. "A good omen at least," I urged; "if a little springs up, why not more?" So a man was soon set to work. A space was excavated; the water rushed in and filled it, and when allowed to settle it was perfectly clear and pure. But it failed to overflow, and therefore it was not yet a spring. Again he dug deeper, but with the same result. It was clear, and full to the brim, but after a long waiting there was no more. There was plainly some mystery about the matter, and one after another those who were counted wise in such matters came to examine it, but could give no explanation. Still my instructions were, "Dig deeper." This had gone on for some days, the wonder constantly increasing how there should be so much water, and no more, when, as I stood watching the workman, he gave a sudden shout,

"Ah, lady, I've got it!"

"Got what?" I asked.

"An old underdrain," he answered, as he went on to explain how, in the first settlement of the country, a very rude but effectual underdrain was often made by laying the trunks or branches of trees in a trench, and then covering them with earth. Such a one had been laid here, it was plain, from a once copious spring; but now, as soon as the axe had done its work and the tree was removed, it ceased to steal away this treasure of waters and to carry them along this hidden pathway to the broad stream in the valley. And now up gushed at once the living waters, and overflowed, and overflowed, as though they would sweep all before them. It has flowed ever since, and so abundantly that it could quench the thirst of thousands daily. It meets all the needs of my home and all the needs of my flowers; and when it has fed the little fountain below, and performed all its manifold services, there is still the half of it to flow away.

I always associate this deep spring with that promise of our Lord, "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life." Yet, in reality, how few know either the fulness or the overflow! How few can call the gift of the Spirit to their souls a well for depth and a fountain for freshness! How few can claim in their inner life the spontaneity and the unwearied energy of a fountain.

It is not every home that has an unfailing spring. The majority of the country-folk are well content with pumps; and it is the pump rather than the fountain that may best represent the activity of a multitude of Christian workers. We all know the law of a pump—that it is simply a stroke and a stream, another stroke and another stream; and then, when you stop, it stops. In like manner we see all around us effort, effort, with blessing following, but short-lived blessing; then redoubled effort, till the laborers grow weary. And yet a pump is a good thing. I am only saying that a fountain is far better.

I have, however, a most vivid recollection of an old pump, familiar to my childhood, that had a sad trick of running down. How often have I stood looking on as the vain attempt was made to raise it! Up and down the strong hands would ply the handle, swifter and swifter, till the sign of utter impatience would be heard. And then, as a last resource, some water would be brought from another well with which to start it; but still, as soon as it was left to itself, down it would go, and the same process have to be renewed. Is the antitype far to seek? The soul that has lost all its own power, and that can only borrow a brief stimulus from some other full soul, and then sink back into its own emptiness—there is something utterly wrong about it all. Such lives are not according to the purpose and provision of our Lord.

The old prophets were full of the thought of spiritual spontaneity. The first Psalm is alive with it: the tree is planted by the rivers of water, and that secures its growth and fruitfulness. But nowadays Christians seem ever sinking into a stupor, from which they try to rouse themselves by galvanic shocks. Only a second-class work can ever be the result. The first great need of a servant of Christ is an inner and impelling power, like a fountain springing up. Human energies are full of restless effort; the Spirit of God is full of quiet power. We can never find anything that will supply its place in the Word of God.

And why is it, we all ask sorrowfully, that we see so little of His power? We know that, as truly as we are Christ's, we *have* the Spirit of God—that He does dwell already in each believing heart. There can be no staying of the hand of God in pouring out abundantly this His best gift. Into every spirit renewed from above the living waters surely come. But, alas, for all our underdrains, that will not let them gush and flow! Some other affection, or interest, or pursuit enters into the life, and the stream disappears. It matters very little what it is, so it be anything coming between us and our devotion to our Lord. I cannot tell whether that tree, which for a hundred years had caused one spring less to be numbered along the hillside, were oak or pine. It matters not; it was an underdrain.

And ask me not to say whether this or that pleasure or pursuit be wrong; but let us ask ourselves, rather, "Does it at all withdraw my heart from God?" A little thing or a great, an evil thing or a good, may alike prove the hindrance. We cannot at once live unto ourselves and unto Him who died for us. And what is there so good that it is worth the loss of the living waters gushing in our hearts and overflowing—that can for a moment be worth a full and overflowing and abiding love and joy and peace? God give us all the grace to go down below the surface of our lives, till somewhere in its hidden depths we find our hindrance, and thrust it away forever; and so may He fulfil to each of us His gracious promise, "*Thou* shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water whose waters fail not."

The Returned Convict.—At an Open-air Meeting in Stevenson's Square, Manchester, England, one Sunday afternoon, there was among the crowd a forlorn, desolate-looking creature, without a coat on his back, with his wife and child near him, passing through the city on tramp. He was evidently impressed by the address, and was passing out weeping, when a kind friend said to him, "You have found it good to be here." His reply was, "I have found there is a Saviour for me. Salvation for a wicked wretch like me! Oh, what a wretch I have been! *I am a returned convict*, having been everything that is bad. Oh, how vile I have been! What a villain to my poor wife and child! and I have found there is salvation even for me." The friend assured him that there *was* indeed salvation for him. Some time after, one of the young men who addressed the meeting was passing along Swan Street, when he was saluted by a respectable-looking man with his wife. "You don't remember me, sir?" "No, sir," was the answer, "I do not." "I am the poor returned convict who was led to the Saviour through your instrumentality. I am now, by the blessing of God, filling a responsible situation." He is now not only doing well in temporal matters, but is seeking opportunities to bring others to Christ.

A Beautiful Envelope.—A Poor London Servant-girl, who had attended the ragged schools and received spiritual as well as mental benefit from them, one evening, at the close of the school, put into the minister's hand, much to his surprise, a short note which contained a half-sovereign. Her entire wages were only eight pounds a year. She offered this as a thanksgiving tribute to God for the blessings received from the schools, very modestly remarking that it was not much. "But, sir," she added, "I have wrapped it up with an *earnest prayer and many tears*." Here is, indeed, a most rare and beautiful envelope. Would that our offerings, as we lay them upon God's altar, were more generally inclosed in such golden envelopes. "An earnest prayer and many tears." "Assuredly she shall be recompensed at the resurrection of the just," for she did "what she could" (Luke 14:14; Mark 14:8).

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Caucus of Republican Senators Held on Wednesday, April 27, is an evidence that the deadlock is becoming as wearisome to them as it has long been to the general public. Whether the lengthy discussion which took place will tend to the advancement of national business is doubtful. The division in the Republican party seems as wide and as difficult to bridge over as that between the Republicans and the Democrats. The appointment by the caucus of a committee to arrange a programme for an executive session indicates that an attempt at arbitration is being made and may issue in the consideration of the Chinese Treaty and of the uncontested nominations. On the subject of the Robertson nomination no progress has been made toward bringing the administration and the Stalwart wing of the Republican party into accord. Five members of the caucus committee waited on the President on Friday, and in the course of a conversation with him suggested the withdrawal of Judge Robertson's name in order to promote harmony in the party, and intimated that if such a concession were made, the other nominations might be confirmed. It is understood that the President said with emphasis that no such proposition could be entertained. Should an executive session be arranged, as matters now stand, it is expected that a determined opposition to the nominations of Robertson, Chandler, and Matthews will be waged by Senator Conkling and his friends. Among the propositions discussed is that of a basis of agreement as to all future nominations. It is that nominations to office shall be submitted to the two senators of the State to which the office belongs and that their decision as to its propriety shall be supported by other senators.

The Police Commissioners of New York were indicted by the Grand Jury on April 30th for their negligence in the matter of the dangerous condition of the streets. The indictment was handed in on April 30th, and sets forth that the commissioners were "fully authorized and enjoined by law to clean and to keep clean the streets, avenues, piers and heads of slips of the city, and that they had sufficient moneys and appliances to enable them to do the work. But that those places were very unclean, dirty, and filthy, and were choked and obstructed by great quantities of mud, dirt, filth, mire, slush, stagnant water, garbage, ashes, sweepings, refuse, decaying vegetable and animal substances, and divers other unclean and noxious matters, whereby the streets and avenues named were rendered inconvenient and unsafe for the people. It is next charged that the commissioners well knew, and had notice of, the dirty condition of the city, and that they wilfully, unlawfully, and contemptuously neglected, omitted, and refused to perform their duty from March 12th to April 30th, 1881." The district attorney said that he should cause the commissioners to be informed of their indictment and should demand their presence in court.

How far the action of the Grand Jury will tend to the improvement of the streets is not clear, but the danger of allowing them to remain dirty admits of no doubt. The number of deaths which have occurred in the city during the first four months of this year is 12,420, being 3154 more than occurred during the corresponding period of last year. The most serious aspect of these figures is that the deaths arising from the impure atmosphere and similar causes have been this year 3145, that being an increase over the figures of 1880 of 1244.

The Excitement Produced by the Enforced resignation of Second Assistant Postmaster Brady continues. The Postmaster-General is proceeding with his investigation of the Star Route contracts, and it seems probable that if he is sincere in his determination to make the department thoroughly clean several other resignations or dismissals will occur. Chief Clerk French, of the office of the Second Assistant Postmaster-General, has been dismissed. So far as can be learned no allegations of dishonesty are made against him. He was filling a responsible position in the office of General Brady, and it is held, must have known of the irregularities of his chief. He has never taken any steps to make known to the Postmaster-General or the President that improper practices were going on in the office, and for this reason he was dismissed. Mr. James assumes the entire responsibility for everything that has been done in connection with the investigation, and does not—as has been asserted—seek to put it upon the shoulders of the President, on the one hand, or of the special agents on the other. There is, nevertheless, evidence that Mr. James has the unqualified approval of the President in what he has done.

The Floods in the West are, According to Recent telegrams, subsiding. A dispatch from Kansas City, Mo., dated April 30th, says: "The waters have made no further encroachment upon the city. There is a great deal of suffering among the *six or seven thousand people* who have been driven from their homes. Business with the East is almost entirely suspended. A man was killed by *a government steamer crashing into a house* on the balcony of which he was standing." Another dispatch of the same date from Atchison, Kansas, says: "The river has fallen about three inches since last night. The *Champion* learns that the village of Oak Mills, in the lower part of this country, has been almost destroyed by the flood, seven buildings having been washed away. At Iowa Point the water is up to the windows of the station. At Burr Oak Bottom, northeast of Troy, the *water reaches to the eaves of many houses.*"

The Revised English New Testament will, it is definitely announced, be issued to the public on the 17th of May. We are sorry that a good many excellent people have a prejudice against this revised translation. They imagine that any interference with the old translation, which our fathers have reverenced from generation to generation, implies tampering with our religion. But these good people may rest assured that the improvements will be *in the words, not in the doctrines* of the English Bible.

The present version was made two hundred and seventy years ago. Since that time many additional manuscripts of the original Hebrew and Greek Scriptures have been discovered in the ancient archives of Europe, while the knowledge of biblical antiquities has vastly increased. So it is possible now to have a version which, although not materially different from the one in use, will be more accurate in little particulars, and a great deal more intelligible in passages like Luke 16 : 9. Infidels and other enemies of the Gospel have sneered at the Bible because in our version the same Hebrew or Greek word is sometimes translated in two ways in different places, although the two ways really mean the same thing; but in the revised version that ground of fault-finding will be removed as far as possible. *One providential result* of the revision will be that the New Testament will be read this year as it was never read before. People who have not opened a Bible for many years except in church will buy and read the revised version.

It should be well understood that the Revision Committee *will not sell any copies*, and will be responsible only for the copies printed at the Oxford University press. The copies sold by booksellers in this country will be of three classes: Oxford copies imported from England; copies printed here from Oxford plates; and reprints of the Oxford edition from type set up in this country. The revision of the Old Testament will not be completed for some years.

The Ohio State Christian Temperance Union has issued a circular calling a convention at Columbus on May 20th and 21st. The Ohio Anti-Liquor Alliance has also issued a call for a convention to be held here on May 18th and 19th. The object of these two prominent temperance organizations in holding conventions so near the same time is to bring together as many as possible of the temperance people of the State, and to organize an independent movement which will give them as much strength as possible in the next general assembly and agree upon a platform of principles. If their platform is indorsed by either political party at the conventions which will be held later, or if candidates of known temperance principles are nominated, they propose to throw the whole temperance influence in support of that party. If neither party presents suitable candidates, they propose later to call a convention and nominate a candidate of their own. The indications are that this movement will be of a more formidable character politically than temperance movements have been heretofore.

A Fatal Ferry-Boat Disaster Occurred at Elgin, Ill., on Thursday, April 28th. The bridge connecting the east and west sides of the city having been carried away by a freshet, a scow was used to transport children to and from school, and operatives to and from factories. The scow was rigged to a wire cable and appears to have been a wretchedly inadequate affair, so dilapidated that it was half full of water before it had completed its first trip. On Thursday morning, when overloaded and sunk nearly to its edges in the whirling stream, still swollen by brooks and flooded meadows, the scow yielded to a strong wave, and with its living freight of *thirty men and children* was overturned in mid-stream, and the passengers were instantly precipitated into the mad current and carried down the river uttering *piercing shrieks.* The crowd on the bank who witnessed the horrible sight set about rescuing those who kept their heads above water. Some daring acts of bravery occurred in this effort, and sixteen persons were picked up and drawn ashore by means of ropes. Of the other passengers, four are known to have been drowned, and the other ten, whose fate is unknown, having been carried down the river it is feared must also have perished.

An Interesting Fact in Connection with the increased business activity of the South is reported. A box of oranges was recently sent to the English market as an experiment, from Jacksonville, Fla., and although the voyage occupied three weeks the oranges arrived in good condition in London, and were pronounced to be much finer in quality than those from Spain and Portugal, to which the English are accustomed. All sections of the country will rejoice if this experiment is followed up by an increased export trade in Southern products with European countries, resulting in an accession of wealth to the Southern States.

Failing Health has Led to the Resignation of Dr. Stuart Robinson, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Louisville, Ky. He went to that city in 1858 from the Danville Seminary. During the war he was strongly in sympathy with his native State, Virginia, but took the ground that as a minister of Christ he should have no part in Cæsar's quarrels. He did not, however, refrain from service in the war, but the part he took is well remembered by men who fought under both flags, for he ministered in spiritual things to Confederate as readily as to Union soldiers.

The Jury in the Trial of the Two Steamboat inspectors, indicted at New York for manslaughter in connection with the burning of the Seawanhaka, June 28th, 1880, were unable to agree upon a verdict, and were discharged, after being locked up thirty-two hours.

Mr. George C. Needham, the Eminent Evangelist, who has during the past two years been settled as pastor of the church at Chicago over which Mr. Moody formerly presided, is about to resume evangelistic labors. He believes that the work has been so developed and systematized there that he can now leave it in other hands. He will probably spend the next twelve months in the Southern States. In the services he proposes to hold, Mr. Needham will aim specially to educate young men in Bible study, and thus help to train others for Bible work.

An Englishman Residing in New York Met his death under deplorable circumstances in the Fifteenth Ward Hotel last week. He went to bed intoxicated and insisted on smoking after he had lain down. During the night the boarder who slept in the room underneath was awakened by burning pieces of wood falling around him from the ceiling. He gave an alarm, and the Englishman's room was entered, when it was found to be on fire from end to end, the lighted cigar having set fire to the bed clothing and thence to the room. The drunken man was burned into an undistinguishable mass. The daily journals teem with warnings of the dangers of indulgence in intoxicating liquor yet the traffic goes on unchecked.

An Extraordinary Escape From Death is related in the Kansas City (Mo.) *Times*. It appears that, on April 27th, a stone contractor was walking along the Missouri Pacific track, just below the gas works, when a freight train approached unnoticed from the rear. The pedestrian's attention was attracted by a passenger train passing on the Chicago and Alton track at the same time, and he failed to hear the approach of the first train. The engine struck him, *throwing him violently in the air and off the track*. He was badly hurt, but after a time was able to crawl to the city, where his wounds were dressed. It is hoped that he will recover from the shock. Such an event is typical of some moral experiences. Young men who settle in great cities often get into bad company and tread a dangerous path. Happy are they if the catastrophe God sometimes permits to overtake them "throws them off the track," and yet leaves them space for repentance and regeneration through Jesus (Deut. 4 : 30-31).

Ex-President Hayes Explains in a Letter to a contemporary the motives which led him to exclude intoxicating liquors from the White House during his term of office. He says :

"When I became President I was fully convinced that, whatever might be the case in other countries and with other people, in our climate and with the excitable nervous temperament of our people, the habitual use of intoxicating drinks was not safe. I regarded the danger of the habit as especially great in political and official life. It seemed to me that to exclude liquors from the White House would be wise and useful as an example, and would be approved by good people generally." That the ex-President was correct in his impression of the usefulness of the course he adopted has been proved by many testimonies, and not least by the decrease in the quantity of liquor sold in Washington during his term.

A Fatal Fire Occurred at Greenpoint, L. I., on Tuesday, April 26th. As the men in a large box factory there were eating their dinner they noticed smoke issuing from the elevator shaft, and on examination it was found that the building was on fire. A general stampede ensued ; the men on the top floors jumped from the windows on to a shed beneath, many of them being injured in the fall. The engines were telegraphed for, but by the time they arrived the fire had obtained such a hold of the building and the inflammable stores accumulated there that it was impossible to save it. Three lives were lost in the fire ; in one case the circumstances were very melancholy. The previous day had been pay day at the factory, and some of the men had spent the evening in dissipation. One of them had been drinking again on Tuesday morning and was so inebriated when he came to his work that he lay down in one of the rooms on some shavings and went to sleep. He was forgotten in the panic and was burned to death.

An inspector who investigated the scene of the disaster expressed his belief that the conflagration originated in the sawdust house. The sawdust accumulated there had evidently got damp, in consequence of which a combustible gas had been formed, which only needed a little extra heat to ignite it. He thought it possible that the fire might have been smouldering in the sawdust for a week or two before it was discovered. The thought of so many men working on day after day unsuspiciously while the elements of the catastrophe were quietly gathering force, reminds us of that last conflagration when the world will be similarly panic-stricken.

An Insane Woman Displayed a Strange Antipathy to food at Middletown, N. Y., from the time of her seizure until a few days ago. In the fall of 1879, when she was committed to the asylum, she developed a melancholy mood, and during the entire period she has been there she has not spoken a word to a person or partaken of a mouthful of food. In the meantime the officials have kept her alive by injecting into her stomach liquid food in the shape of soup, beef tea, oatmeal, etc. On Wednesday, April 13th, she surprised the officials by suddenly sitting up in bed and exclaiming, "Give me something to eat ; I am hungry." She was furnished with food, of which she partook with great relish, and since that time her appetite has been prodigious, while she has kept up a constant stream of conversation. She says that she was perfectly conscious during the entire period of her silence, but cannot explain the cause of her refusal to speak or partake of food. She is now apparently sane, and when she recovers her strength will be discharged. How many people who are supposed to be sane thus reject the Bread of Life, which, when the Holy Spirit has awakened them, they eagerly desire (John 6 : 34-35).

A Baby was nailed to the Floor by its Clothing at Trenton, N. J., recently ; that being a device invented by another child to combine inclination with obedience. The Trenton *Gazette* says : "Mrs. Burchell, residing on Second Street, having an errand out, left her baby, just able to creep around the floor, in charge of her eight-year-old son. She instructed the latter to stay with the baby till she returned. She was only gone about fifteen minutes, and when she got back she found the infant tacked to the floor and the eight-year-old missing. During her absence he got two tacks and a hammer and *tacked the baby's dress to the floor*, after which he went out to play." Christians too often display the spirit of this eight-year-old boy. Responsibilities to their own families, their households, and perishing sinners around them are shirked in order that they may enjoy themselves. Sometimes expedients such as the boy's, which appear to keep the letter of God's injunctions but not the spirit of them, are adopted to quiet the conscience (Col. 1 : 28).

A Scattered Family of Emigrants is one of the most pitiful sights a sympathetic spectator can witness. Last week a family arrived in New York who had come to America under the impression that the Western lands offered by our Government were within easy reach of New York. When they discovered how many hundreds of miles they had to traverse before reaching their destination they were full of distress. Only sufficient money was in hand to pay for one passage, and the husband sent his wife forward with her baby in the hope that she might find friends at Cleveland, O., he resolving on working in New York until he had saved enough to follow. The parting was a very painful one to husband and wife, and before the latter arrived at Cleveland her babe had died in her arms, and she was almost beside herself with sorrow. In that great emigration of the spirit to its eternal home, the believer is cheered by the assurance of the Saviour, "I go that I may prepare a place for you" (John 14 : 2).

THE COMMON SALVATION.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Delivered on Sunday Morning, April 10th, 1881.

"The common salvation."—JUDE 3.

Writing for Writing's Sake—Elementary Truths Need Repetition—I. Present Salvation—Enjoyed Now—A Conscious Possession—Includes Spiritual Life—Nearness to God—Peace with Him—Emancipation—Denominations Like Furrows—Four Essentials—II. Common in the Widest Sense—To be Preached to all Nations—Every Believer Saved—III. Common to all Believers—The Same Grace—The Same Saviour—The Same Faith—The Same Spirit—The Same Results—The Same Heaven—IV. Lessons—A Monopolizing Spirit Forbidden—A Spirit of Benediction Fostered—Contention for the Common Faith—A Common Question—A Common Song.

JUDE says, "Beloved, when I gave all diligence to write unto you of the common salvation, it was needful for me to write unto you." The apostle did *not write for writing's sake*, and in this he sets us an example ; we are not to speak for speaking's sake, nor even to preach for preaching's sake. When we take upon us to write concerning divine things it ought to be because it is needful for us to write, and when we speak in the name of God it should be because we have something to say which it is needful should be said. Unless a man feels an imperative necessity to speak he will not speak as an ambassador of God.

The necessity in the present case was that he should write of the common salvation. If it was common—commonly understood and commonly received—why should he need to write about it? Surely a common subject has enough written upon it already, and it affords no room for freshness and novelty, which are so much desired by readers. Yet experience and observation prove that it is more needful to preach the common doctrines of the gospel than any other truths, and that just those things which appear to be the most elementary and the most generally received are those upon which it is most important to lay stress again and again.

If there be certain high doctrines, speculative theories, and dogmas which are rather outgrowths of the gospel than the gospel itself, let them be preached in due proportion ; but if they be not preached, the risk and danger will not be extreme. As for *the root facts*, the fundamental doctrines, the primary truths of Scripture, we must from day to day insist upon them. We must never say of them, "Everybody knows them ;" for alas ! everybody forgets them. We must not cease from proclaiming them from fear of being charged with uttering mere platitudes ; that which is revealed of the Holy Ghost must not be spoken of so reproachfully. Let men call the doctrines of the gospel platitudes if they will ; we will only answer, that on such platitudes our salvation rests. The gospel message is full of

WORD-WIDE TRUISMS

and well-known facts. What said Paul : "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." If worthy of all acceptation, it is surely worthy of all proclamation. It is worth while for the whole Church continually to rehearse that Jesus came to save sinners, for common truth as it is there is a necessity that we should perpetually and diligently make it known. The common salvation should be *commonly spoken of ;* but I fear it is *uncommonly neglected* in these days.

The immediate necessity to write of the common salvation arose out of certain men who had crept into the Church unawares. Some of these attacked the gospel on its practical side with Antinomian subtlety. They cried up the grace of God, but said little of the holy living which it produces. They made light of sin under pretence of magnifying the grace of God ; they called careful watchfulness a legal spirit, derided humble self-examination, and claimed as children of God to be in no sense bound by the precepts of the moral law. The apostle calls it "turning the grace of our God into lasciviousness."

Side by side with these there crept in *another gang* of evil ones, "who denied the only Lord God

and our Lord Jesus Christ." They robbed Christ of His divine glory, and so denied His atonement and sovereignty as to dethrone Him from being either the Saviour or the King of His Church. This was the *essence of Arianism.* They said that Jesus Christ was an admirable example, that He was one of a number of persons who have discovered important truths, and that He is therefore to be greatly admired; but they asserted that still higher truth would yet be discovered as the race proceeded in its progress, and so forth. These "men of thought" crept into the Church, and stabbed at the heart of the common salvation.

We used to have in our churches a sad amount of the Antinomian leaven; we had among us men who preached the doctrine of grace without the grace of the doctrine, and professors who for evermore spoke about "the truth," but seemed little careful about following "the way" or exhibiting "the life." I hope that this evil principle has pretty well departed from us, though I fear that in its removal it has dragged away precious truth with it; and now we are assailed by quite another school of thought.

I see no choice in the two kinds of foes, they are equally bad; these last are denying this truth and paring down the other, moving landmarks and overthrowing monuments, shaking every wall and kicking at every foundation. Having crept in among us unawares, defiant of common honesty, they preach against the gospel from our own pulpits, and wage war against our Zion from within her own gates. It is essential at this day that such as fear God, and are His servants, should again and again both write and preach concerning "the common salvation," and over and over again rehearse the first lessons of Christ, *the very alphabet of grace.* We must make the joyful sound of the common salvation to be more common than ever. I wish to ring it out this morning with all the power that I have and with all that God will grant me by His Holy Spirit.

I. Our first observation at this time shall be that

PRESENT SALVATION

is enjoyed by the followers of Christ, otherwise there could be among them no 'common salvation." Those who are sanctified by God the Father, and preserved in Jesus Christ, and called, are saved. In the Church of God salvation is this day the privilege of all believers. *It is not a matter of the future alone,* a blessing to be sought for on a dying bed and reached in heaven; but is a blessing for this world and this present time. Those greatly mistake the meaning of salvation who suppose it signifies nothing more than escaping from hell when you die and entering into heaven when the time has come: Salvation means being at once delivered from the power of sin, and being once for all washed from the guilt of sin.

As salvation is not a future benefit only, so *it is not a benefit reserved for a few of the more saintly people among believers.* It is supposed by some that you cannot know whether you are saved till you are in the article of death; or that, if any do know it, it must be a few eminent teachers or specially holy persons, who have lived a very religious life, and consequently know that they are saved. It is to be confessed that the more holy and godly our life the brighter our evidence of salvation becomes; but still, the blessing itself is common to all the children of God, and those whose faith is feeble, and whose spiritual life is weak, are still saved in the Lord.

Beloved hearer, you ought not to rest without knowing that you are saved. You may know it: if it be true you ought to know it. I do not think that you have any right to sit quietly on that seat for ten minutes without knowing that you are saved; for it is an awful thing to be in doubt as to whether you are under the bondage of sin, in doubt as to your being at peace with God. This is not a subject upon which uncertainty can be endured. You say, "'Tis a point I long to know." It is well that you long to know it; I beg you to long to know it so intensely that you must either know it or become unutterably wretched. Let every doubt on that point be like a sword in your bones. May God cause your heart either to rejoice with full assurance, or else to be in agony as with death pangs till you are confident that you are built on the sure foundation.

We count it no presumption to say that we are saved, for the Word of God has told us so in those places where salvation is promised to faith in Christ Jesus. The presumption would lie in doubting the word of God; but in simply believing what He says, there is far greater humility than in questioning it. Being, then, partakers of like precious faith we share in salvation bought with precious blood, which though it be costly beyond all price is, nevertheless, to all believers the common salvation.

This common salvation consists in many works of grace for us and in us. In part it consists of deliverance from spiritual death. We were dead in trespasses and sins, but the Spirit of God has quickened us into a new and heavenly life, and thus we have salvation from spiritual death. This belongs to-day to all believers; for how can a man be a believer and not have the inner life? Having that life he is conscious that it is there. True, he may fall into a fainting fit, and lie swooning, scarcely conscious of being alive; but such is not his usual condition. Healthy life is conscious life, and rejoices in being, acting, and growing.

This common salvation consists in deliverance from that awful distance at which we once stood from God. We were far off from Him by wicked works, and when the quickening began in us we felt that distance, and we mourned it, fearing also that it never could be removed. But now in Christ Jesus we are brought nigh, and have become dwellers in the house of the Lord. Abba, Father, is the cry which the blessed God hears and accepts, as it rises from our hearts.

We have also been *saved from the gloom of heart* which once hung over us, because we were conscious of being under God's displeasure. We thought that we could never be forgiven, but we are forgiven; we concluded that our heavenly Father would never accept us, but we are accepted in the Beloved; we wrote ourselves down among the condemned, but now are we justified by faith which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. The darkness hath passed, and the true light shines into the spirits of the faithful. Peace with God is a sweet part of the common salvation.

Now are we delivered also *from the love of sin.* We cannot find pleasure in it as once we did. We sin, but it costs us dear. When we do so we lament it with our whole soul. It was our natural way to run the downward road, but now when our feet tread that path it is as wanderers who are out of their way. Once sin was our element, as the water is the living element of fish; but it is far otherwise now, for sin is death to us. Transgression now breeds sorrow in our conscience, and creates misery in the heart, for it is alien to the life of God which is in us.

The Lord has also delivered us from that cowardly fear of man which bringeth a snare, and holdeth men as slaves to evil customs. He has also brought us out of the dark dungeon of spiritual ignorance, and renewed us in knowledge; thus has He broken the dominion of the former lusts of our ignorance, and given us liberty to serve Him with godly fear. Pride, too, is laid in the dust, and we are saved from that dreadful tyrant. The dominant power of selfishness is destroyed, and we have learned to love. The woes of others afflict us, the joys of others rejoice us, our soul flows out beyond the narrow confines of our own ribs. Our heart is enlarged with love toward God and to all His creatures. Blessed salvation this! And it is common to all believers.

SALVATION FROM SIN,

leading upward to perfection and heaven, is called in the text "the common salvation." It is, then, the salvation of all God's people—the salvation about which all true Christians are agreed; for, notwithstanding all you hear about our divisions into sects, *the Church is really one.* The denominations of the Christian Church are very like the divisions of a ploughed field by means of furrows which mark the surface, but the land remains to all intents and purposes one field. I speak not of mere professors, but truly spiritual people; such are all one in Christ Jesus, and their salvation is in all respects the same. If they have not all things common, at least they have one and the same salvation.

All converted men and women believe in the same essential truths, feel the working of the same Spirit within them, and press forward to the same end, namely, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord. You shall take a High Churchman, who is a truly spiritual man, and there are such people, and you shall set him down side by side with the most rigid member of the Society of Friends, and when they begin to talk of Jesus, of the work of the Holy Spirit in the soul, and the desire of their hearts after God, you will hardly know which is which. The nearer we come to Him who is the salvation of God, the more plainly we see that among the children of God the basis of agreement is far wider than the ground of division.

Andrew Fuller well and pithily said, "There are, I conceive, four things which essentially belong to the common salvation; its necessity, its vicarious medium, its freeness to the chief of sinners, and its holy efficacy." We may differ on the "five points," but we are agreed upon these four points. Ask any true Christian if it be not so. You shall get together, if you like, a collection of *the odds and ends of Christianity*—and certainly there are some queer Christian people about, whose light comes from above, so they say, I think through *a crack in the roof;* but if they are really genuine, and their hearts are right, you shall find that even in these wrong-headed folk there is an agreement upon their need of a Saviour, their faith in His death, the freeness of His grace, and the change of heart which it produces. All believers in Christ have a common delight in a common salvation.

II. We go a step further, and note, secondly, that this salvation is in some respects common in the widest possible sense. It is common because *it is to be*

PREACHED TO ALL NATIONS,

to all classes, to all characters, to all ages, and to all conditions of men—in fact, it is to be preached to every creature under heaven. It is the common salvation so far as this, that a proclamation of mercy through Jesus Christ is to be made to all mankind; for it is declared that if they believe in Christ Jesus they shall be saved. You need not be afraid of being too free and unreserved in your delivering of the gospel. Let the great trumpet be blown, and let every mortal ear attend.

I am as firm an adherent to the doctrines of sovereign grace as any man living; but never shall this tongue hesitate to declare the common salvation. Whenever I am called upon to address a congregation, I will always cry, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!" "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." The invitation of the gospel is so far-reaching that it may well be called "the common salvation."

It is common in the widest sense, because *every man that believeth in Christ Jesus will be saved;* not the Jew only, but the Gentile also; not the poor man only, but the rich man also; not the black man only, or the white man only, but men of every color; not the ignorant or the learned, the rude or the refined, exclusively, but every soul of Adam born that believeth in Christ Jesus shall be saved.

It is common in this wide sense, that *if any man be saved he will be saved by this common salvation.* Men talk as if there were half a dozen different roads to heaven, and yet there is but one; they prattle as if there were seven or eight Saviours at the least, or as if every man must be his own Saviour, as we heard the other day of every man being his own lawyer; and yet there is but one name given among men whereby we must be saved. *He who tries to be his own Saviour has a fool for his client.* He will utterly fail, to his eternal confusion; why did Jesus die to save us if we can save ourselves?

III. But I am persuaded that this is not what Jude meant, so I come, in the third place, to say that it is

COMMON TO ALL BELIEVERS.

Do you recollect what this same Jude once said to the Saviour? He asked Him, "Lord, how is it that Thou wilt manifest thyself unto us and not unto the world?" He understands that matter now:

but he is not looking so much at the "not unto the world" as at the first fact in his question, "Thou wilt manifest thyself unto us." He is evidently full of joy that the manifestation of the salvation of Jesus is common to all believers. Upon that blessed fact let us dwell.

Certain offices, gifts, attainments, and enjoyments are given to some and not to others. "Are all apostles? are all prophets? are all teachers? are all workers of miracles? Have all the gifts of healing? do all speak with tongues? do all interpret?" It is not every believer that possesses full assurance, or enjoys esctasy, or is made largely useful to others. But all believers have the common salvation. There they share and share alike, and every one of them is saved in Christ Jesus and called. An apostle may say to the newest of his converts, "I long to see you, that I may impart unto you some spiritual gift, to the end ye may be established; that is, that I may be comforted together with you by the mutual faith both of you and me."

For, first, it is a common salvation which all believers possess, since it springs from *the same grace*. There are not some saved by grace and others by works, many by pure grace and more partly by works; but salvation is altogether of grace in every case, and that grace is the same in all who possess it. All believers are chosen by the same electing love, for the same reason, namely, to the glory of the Father's grace; and being so chosen, they are all ordained unto the same life, secured by the same covenant, and given into the hands of

THE SAME SURETY.

It is a common salvation—common because we are all saved by *the same Saviour*. We are not some of us looking to Jesus, and others to Moses, or to ourselves; neither are we some of us looking to the atoning death, and others to the perfect life of Christ; but we are all saved by the same one work, life, death, resurrection and intercession of Christ Jesus. When He made atonement by blood it was for all His redeemed; when He rose it was to justify all who are in Him; when He stands at the right hand of God to plead, He intercedes for all the saints; and when He cometh it will be that all His saints may be with Him where He is, and may behold His glory.

It is a common salvation, because we are all saved through the *same faith*, we believe the same precious truth, and receive Christ in the same way. All the saved possess faith, though not all to the same degree. Would God we were all strong in faith! Still, faith is a child-like confidence in God in the greatest as much as in the least of God's people, and this is the essential requisite to salvation in every case. He that believeth in Christ is not condemned, but he that believeth not is condemned already. To all participation in Christian privilege we have only one right: "If thou believest with all thy heart thou mayest." Faith makes a man a fellow-commoner with the saints of God.

It is a common salvation, because faith and spiritual life are wrought in us by the *same Spirit*. Faith does not come to one by the operation of free will and to another by free grace, but to every one by the same Spirit. You, then, my brother, are plucked like a brand from the burning by the power of the Spirit of God, so also is thy friend who rejoices with thee. All are quickened by the same Spirit, and kept alive by the same Quickener. The love of the Spirit should be joyfully acknowledged by us all without exception, for the Spirit has wrought all our works in us.

It is a common salvation as to *its results*; for all believers are equally born again, and they are all renewed by Him who saith, "Behold I make all things new." Brought into the one family of God, they are all made children of God and joint heirs with Christ Jesus. They are all justified, accepted, preserved, guided, upheld, and comforted. Their feet are set upon the selfsame rock, they are led in the same King's highway, and a new song is prepared for every one of their mouths. The common salvation, like the common table of a household, satisfies all their mouths with good things, and renews their youth like the eagle's.

By and by they shall meet in *the same heaven*. There will be no division before the throne between the different tribes and denominations of believers. One family we dwell in Him even now, with all our petty strifes; but the great family relationship shall be more fully developed by and by when imperfections and errors shall be cast aside. The saints before the throne will sing a common hymn unto the common Saviour as they gather in the common home, saved with a common salvation.

Brethren, I am right glad of all this. I feel inclined to stop the sermon and ask you to join in singing Charles Wesley's verse—

> "Partners of a glorious hope,
> Lift your hearts and voices up;
> Jointly let us rise and sing
> Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King."

To me it is a joyous thing that God's best gifts should be the commonest. It is so in nature; the sunshine, the dew, the air, the heavens, these cannot become the particular estate of a few; they are common blessings. When Richard the Second banished Bolingbroke, that nobleman is represented as saying—

> "This must my comfort be,
> That sun that warms you here, shall shine on me;
> And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
> Shall point on me and gild my banishment."

There is no monopolizing the best gifts, for heaven ordains them to be the right of all mankind; and so the chief things of the covenant of grace are common to all believers.

One may have greater powers of speech than another; but God hath spoken to the silent brother the same promises. Gifts are to this man and to that; but the gift of salvation is to all who believe. The choicest saint may have far less of this world's riches than his brother; but the riches of God's grace are all his own by equal title. We live on common ground here, fed by our Father with the same bread from heaven.

IV. That brings me to close, by noticing that this fact of the common salvation was mentioned by Jude that he might use it as an argument. So then this fact has

MANY LESSONS.

First, this common salvation *forbids a monopolizing spirit*. The old divines used to say that inclosures were contrary to law. I am afraid that I may not say so now; for almost everywhere the commons have been taken from the poor man and his goose. May there yet be an end to such inclosings. But inclosures in spiritual things are contrary to the law of Christ. Who are we that we should cut off from fellowship with us those whose fellowship is with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ?

Yet we have those around us who make it a point of Christianity to be *exclusive*. Their exclusions are perpetual. Shut that door! Shut that door! Shut that door! seems to be the one great command of their house, and the second is like unto it—make more doors, one within the other, and take care to bolt them all. Their sheep must keep within their fold without fail, for if they once get a bite of pasture outside the inclosure their doom is sealed. In many forms this spirit has been among our denominations, but I do not believe in it. If the spirit of Christianity begets in us love to all mankind, much more, my brethren, are we to love those in whom there is the life of God.

If I could do it, the last thing I should attempt would be to wall in my own special company and say, "The temple of the Lord are we." I would not wish to set a fence round about the baptized and say, "These be the Church of Christ, even *as many as have been immersed* in water that they may be buried into His death." Beloved brethren, our Lord hath a people that are on other points as right as right can be, who on the point of baptism are as wrong as wrong can be; but, for all that, they are His people, and in other respects are sound in the faith and valiant for the Lord our God. Unto such our love goeth forth, and must go forth, despite their grievous error.

Upon other matters there are distinctions among believers, but yet there is a common salvation enjoyed by the Arminian as well as by the Calvinist, possessed by the Presbyterian as well as by the Episcopalian, prized by the Quaker as well as by the Baptist. Those who are in Christ are more near of kin than they know of, and their intense unity in deep essential truth is a greater force than most of them imagine; only give it scope and it will work wonders.

Next, this doctrine *fosters the spirit of benediction*. Jude begins his epistle with "Mercy unto you, and peace, and love be multiplied." Brothers and sisters, fill your lungs with this healthy air. You are saved with a common salvation; desire the profit, the growth, the happiness of all who partake of this one salvation. You are in one ship; seek the good of all who sail with you. You are enlisted in one army; pray the Captain of salvation to make every soldier strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. The common salvation should excite us to seek the prosperity of every part of Zion; we would seek the good, not of our Tabernacle alone but of every tabernacle or temple where Christians meet to worship the Most High.

Next, this *fact arouses in us a common spirit of contention for the one faith*. For what saith the apostle? "It is needful that I write unto you of the common salvation, and exhort you that you should earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints." When the gospel is assailed we must all rise in its defence, for it is the common salvation which is involved in it. When they frightened this nation years ago with the rumor of an invasion by the French, the Russians, or somebody or other, what was the result? Everybody became warlike. Our young men joined rifle clubs, and our elderly men furbished up their old blunderbusses. Every man, woman, and child would have found some fork, or scythe, or spade, or axe wherewith to protect our common fatherland.

COMMUNITY OF INTEREST

begets community of feeling. We are all Englishmen, and we all sing, "Britons never will be slaves;" so, in this case, when the gospel of Jesus Christ is assailed, it does not matter by whom, I feel I may call upon all Christians to take action for the common salvation. Brothers, rouse you to the fight, for more than our hearths and homes is now attacked. Do they deny the deity of Christ? It is not only *my* religion that is assailed, it is yours as well. Do they turn the grace of God into lasciviousness? It is not this branch of the Church that is now endangered. The entire Church is placed in jeopardy. This gospel is not my heritage or yours, it is the common domain of all the faithful, and I beseech you feel it to be so.

I want to see *more backbone* in all professors, more determination never to stultify their faith by pretending to believe that black is white and that white is a shade of black. Love: do I not preach it with all my heart, and do I not bid you manifest it in your deeds? But with that love mingle a firm adherence to the truth as it is in Jesus, and a zealous resolve that it shall not lose its honor while you are capable of upholding it.

This fact, I think, *puts every one of us to the question*, It is a common salvation, but have I a part in it? It belongs to all the people of God, but am I one of them? I should like you this morning, when you get home, to write on a piece of paper, if you will, whether you are saved or not. It would be a timely searching. Here you are, on this tenth of April—write down "Saved, bless the Lord for it," and if you are obliged to feel you could not write that down, go up into your chamber and cry mightily unto God till you can. Well, if you are able to write "saved," then inasmuch as it is a common salvation go and try to spread that salvation among others.

And, lastly, this text *calls for a common song of praise* from all those who have the common salvation, and I cannot suggest to you a better doxology than that with which Jude closes his epistle, "Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Epistle of Jude.]

A SCOTCH STUDENT'S STORY.

An Invalid on Board—An Attempted Suicide—A Fellow Student's Meeting—A Terrible Confession—Dying Despair Cured by Faith in Christ.

"On a beautiful summer day, last year, I went on board a steamer at Leith for Rotterdam. The cabin was filled with passengers, some of them very pleasant people, as I afterwards found; but from among them I singled out one whose gentlemanly appearance and bearing attracted me. I accosted him, and found that his looks did not falsify his appearance. He seemed in very delicate health, which might be the cause of his extreme melancholy. He appeared about my own age; and there was something in his face, especially in his dark flashing eyes, and in the tones of his voice, that reminded me of some one I had seen before.

"We had a pleasant conversation down the Frith till within sight of Dunbar, when he suddenly left me, went down into the cabin, and I did not see him again that night, nor till late next day, which was bright and calm—a true Sabbath—to the cheering influences of which, whether external or internal, the faces of all on board seemed to respond, except his, which looked haggard and doubly miserable amid the general cheerfulness. My attempts to draw him into conversation were vain. Yes, or No, was all his answer. He sometimes leaned over the bulwark, looking at the calm deep sea. Once I saw him turn round to the deck. Large drops of perspiration stood on his face, and his eye had an unnatural, glassy stare.

"At the dinner-table I sat opposite him. He seemed more composed, but ate almost nothing. Near the end, a gentleman beside him asked for a glass of brandy. A strange light gleamed from his eyes. He rose with a deprecating gesture, and hurried on deck. Late in the evening a gentle breeze sprung up, which raised long swelling waves, and all the passengers, including the invalid, retired to their berths. I lay on the poop enjoying the cool breeze, the gentle heave of the ship, and the play of light and shadow on the water, as the moon shot her pale ray across it, or was obscured by the passing cloud. My thoughts naturally turned to the invalid. Suddenly, like a flash of lightning, it struck me that it was Roberts. But, oh, how changed from the rosy, vigorous schoolboy! As I mused, *a figure glided out of the cabin door to the side of the ship and jumped overboard.*

"'Man overboard!' I cried.—'Reverse the screw,' said one to the engine-man.—'Lower the boat on the starboard quarter,' cried the mate.

"The whole passed in a moment. The moon shone out clear as day, and in five minutes the man was on board. It was the invalid. He was stripped on deck, and carried to the captain's cabin, where he soon recovered. It *was* Roberts. I introduced myself next morning. He was subject to somnambulism, from his weak, nervous state, and had not awakened last night till he was in the water. He was going to the water-cure establishment on the Righi, his health having been completely shattered by his heavy duties, first as popular assistant of a city clergyman, and then as the incumbent of a large country parish. I intended remaining a fortnight in Belgium, and we parted at Rotterdam, expecting to meet again on the Righi.

"On Saturday evening I left Cologne for Bonn. As it was late when I got to the Trierscher Hof at Bonn, after taking some refreshment and writing my name in the hotel book, I retired to my room. I was writing, when the landlord knocked and came in. 'There is in the house, sir,' said he, 'a countryman of yours, very ill—dangerously so, the doctor says; we asked the English clergyman here to come, but the gentleman would not see him. Only to-night, when I told him that a Mr. Cameron had come, he was anxious to see you.'—'Certainly,' I said, 'I'll go,' and followed him up to a room nearly above my own.

"Who could it be? I entered, and there on the bed lay Roberts. His former look, miserable as it was, was calmness and peace compared with his present—so full of terror and despair. The paroxysms of his disease were past, and I feared this was but a lucid interval before the extinction of that life begun so brightly and hopefully. 'Thanks for your coming,' he said in a low hollow voice, '*I am dying.*' The doctor told me last time that my next attack would kill me. I believed him and now I feel it. *Drinking has brought me to this.* Oh the shame and horror of the last two years! terrible! terrible!' He paused a little, exhausted. I was silent—what could I say?

"'Cameron,' he resumed, 'it was no somnambulism. I intended it that night; but I was saved unwillingly. It would have been better not. It is just as much suicide still.' His frame shook with agony, and large drops of sweat stood on his brow. —'You must have been sorely tried, Roberts; how did it begin?'

"'Why, you know,' he whispered, 'I was very young when I became Dr. M——'s assistant. All the active work fell on me, and in visiting I was always asked to take wine, and took it as a matter of course. At presbytery dinners, and Dr. M——'s own house, I had also a share of what was going; and it so exhilarated and stimulated my mind, that when at home, attempting, but unable, to compose, I began to use it, and became addicted to it; and when I got to my country parish I got worse. I tried to give it up, but could not. No one suspected, however. No one knows yet but my sister, who kept my house, and my medical attendant. At last mind and body fairly gave way, and I was laid aside.

"'Ten months ago I had an attack of this kind. Since then I have carefully abstained. You can't know the awfulness of the temptation. The very smell, Cameron, sometimes causes agonizing desire. But I kept my resolution—till the other day. I was dining in my hotel at Cologne. What a beautiful view that is up the Rhine?' and as he dwelt on it for a moment, his face softened down a little. 'Oh,' he bitterly exclaimed, 'that room was *the door of hell for me.* Two or three gentlemen from Scotland sat near me; one of them, a great advocate of total abstinence, sat opposite. We knew each other, having met before. "May I have the pleasure of drinking wine with you, Mr. Roberts?" "Why, I thought you were an abstainer, Mr. B——." "Oh, yes," he said, "at home, for the sake of example, you know; but I have no superstition on the subject; and these light wines are so different from ours." '

"'What tempted me, I know not; but without thinking—without the least desire for it, I drank wine with him, then with others. It then came on me irresistibly; I felt that the demon had laid hold on me; but having arranged to go by an afternoon train, and it being now the hour, I had fortunately to leave—but not till I had put into my portmanteau four bottles of cognac, which I drank here that night, and *now it's all over.* You will see me buried, and write my sister, will you not? and send home my effects, and say it was—fever—as indeed it is. Oh, Cameron, take a lesson from me. Touch not the accursed thing. A life of happiness and usefulness here and hereafter lost—a lost soul!'

"His frame quivered, and his face was agonized. 'A drink of water, John. No, John, dip the tip of your finger and touch my tongue—that's more than I deserve, and soon more than I'll get.'—'Don't say so, David; you know that as long as there is life the greatest sinner may return.'—'Ah, John, it's too late. I know all you can say. I have often said it all myself on occasions like this; but I have no faith in death-bed repentances.'—'Nor I, David; but have faith in the Saviour.'—'He has cast me off, John, or He would not have let me fall into this last sin. I have applied to Him, and you see the result.'—'Did you apply to Him that afternoon, David, or that night you came here?'—'No, John.'—Well, then, don't blame Him but apply to Him now.'—'Blame Him! God forbid; it is my own doing—not His. Will you pray then, John?'

"After the prayer he became more composed. 'You must hope,' I said, 'David; remember your namesake's experience—"He took me out of a deep pit, and out of the miry clay." '—'The pit is deep, very deep: I have been digging it for the last four years.'—'But He can draw you out of it.' —'Oh, if He would! I hope He will; "His blood cleanseth from all sin." '

"I repeated the verse commencing

"'There is a fountain filled with blood,'

and to my glad surprise he took up the second verse—

"'The dying thief rejoiced to see,
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he
Wash all my sins away.'

"A sweet composure seemed to fill his mind. There was even a kind of smile when he added, 'Lord, wash me, and I shall be clean.' This was the last flicker of the expiring lamp. He became insensible, and remained so till he died, as the faint light of morning struggled in at the window. I remained with him to the last; and it was sad and lonely enough to sit there beside that dying young man, and hear occasionally the loud, boisterous song of some party of students going home from their club. What a contrast! the rough, lively energy of health, and the dead and dull inertness of the last hour of life.

"I will not describe to you that Sunday—how I walked in the morning in the quiet, beautiful suburbs of Bonn, and after breakfast attended the Lutheran College Church, where the service braced me with some of the faith and hope of the brave old Reformer. I attended, of course, to poor Roberts' wishes, and when I came home I visited his sister, whose account of her brother's terrible humiliation and deep repentance up to the time he left home to endeavor to recover health of body and mind by change of scene and occupation, gave me better hope of his latter end."

THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

By Rev. William Maude.

(*Continued from page 269.*)

III. The Political Sign—The Roman Empire—The Ten Kingdoms Reconstituted—A Capital Error—The Ten Toes—Two Feet—The Greek and Latin Halves—Present and Probable Developments—Never to be Destroyed—The Little Horn to Arise from Them—After a Brief Interval—IV. The Seven Years' Covenant—Daniel's Separated Seventieth Week—The Gap in Prophetic Chronology—The Literal Day Fulfilment of Revelation—The Identification of Antichrist—Where do We now Stand?

THE rapture of the waiting saints, taken in connection with the previous destruction of the Roman Empire, constitutes the *second* of the great signs of the arrival of Antichrist's "own season;" and though this sign has manifestly not yet come to pass, the whole aspect of things in the moral, ecclesiastical, and political world, leaves us little room for doubting that it is soon, very soon, to be revealed.

III.—The third and exclusively *political* sign of the arrival of the special season in which Antichrist is to be revealed, will be *the reformation and division into ten parts or kingdoms of the old Roman empire of the Cæsars;* which

POLITICAL AND EARTHLY SIGN

will apparently synchronize, or nearly so, with the more spiritual and heavenly sign of which we have just spoken. This still future decemregal division of the Roman Empire is clearly predicted by the prophet Daniel, being represented both by the ten toes on the feet of the great metallic image (Daniel 2 : 40-45) and the ten horns of the fourth beast (Daniel 7 : 23-25); as well as by St. John in the corresponding ten horns of the beast (Revelation 13 : 1; 17 : 3).

Now it has been fully demonstrated by many of the best expositors of prophecy that this distinct prediction has never as yet been fulfilled, for though it is maintained by writers of the historical school to have received its accomplishment after the dismemberment of the empire by the babarians (Elliott, for instance, gives the following list: the Anglo-Saxons, Franks, Allmans, Burgundians Visigoths, Suevi, Vandals, Ostrogoths, Bavarians' and Lombards), yet the fact that more than *twenty-eight* different lists, including sixty-five kingdoms have been given by writers of this school, is suffi-

cient proof how precarious and unsatisfactory is the basis on which this interpretation crests.

Moreover, as *Mr. B. W. Newton*, in his "Prospects of the Ten Kingdoms," long ago pointed out, these expositors are all of necessity involved in the capital error of *finding all the ten toes on one foot!* "If," he observes, "the iron legs of the image denote the *whole* Roman Empire, why do expositors, after admitting this, suddenly forget their admission when they begin to treat of the ten divided parts, and write as if *half* only of the Roman Empire were indicated? If a *whole* is to be divided, we must divide that *whole*. Nothing but error can ensue if we divide only *half*. Yet this is the mistake that has been committed.

"The *Greek* or *eastern* half of the Roman Empire has been forgotten, and the *Latin* or *western* half only considered. Expositors have written as if the ten toes of the image were all found on *one* of its feet; and have persisted in seeking the ten kingdoms which those toes represent in *one part only* of the Roman Empire. That *modern* expositors should have committed so fatal a mistake appears truly unaccountable. And the error is the worse because the eastern part of the Roman Empire—that part which expositors have forgotten—has, even in secular history as well as in Scripture, a claim to be regarded as the more important division of the two" (pp. 18, 19, 2d Ed.).

It is by no means denied that there may be found in past times a partial and shadowy accomplishment of this prophecy; but that it has never received any adequate or plenary fulfilment is simply a matter of fact. That the early Christian writers, who lived while the iron unity of Rome was as yet unbroken, should have supposed that the dismemberment of the empire would be immediately followed by the formation of the ten predicted kingdoms and the revelation of the Antichrist was but natural;* but that writers of the present day, acquainted with all the facts of modern history, should continue to ignore them would be strange indeed were we not constantly reminded of the blinding influence of a theory, whether doctrinal or prophetic.

At all events, one thing seems very sure, viz., that whatever excuse for this error may still exist will speedily be removed. The rapid evolution of history in these last days is even now bringing out, with a sharpness and distinctness which will leave no room for doubt, that final tenfold division of the revived Roman Empire which will, so to speak, form

THE GEOGRAPHICAL STAGE

whereon Antichrist is to play his brief but fearful part.

Already, if we assume that *England*, separated legislatively, at least, from Ireland and her numerous colonies, is to be one of the ten kingdoms, we can hardly err in identifying *France* (with her frontier extended to the Rhine, and including Belgium and part of Holland), *Italy*, *Spain*, and *Austria* after its division and reformation, as the other four toes on the western foot of the image. While in the East the rapidly progressing dissolution of the Turkish empire is steadily resulting in the formation of the other five toes. *Greece* is already independent; *Egypt*, though still nominally the feudatory of Turkey, may at any moment break the feeble bonds that bind them together; while it seems almost certain that *Syria*, *Thrace* with Bithynia, and *Bulgaria*, will form the remaining three kingdoms.

We cannot, therefore, agree with Dr. Anderson that even now "the attempt to enumerate the ten kingdoms of the future is a profitless inquiry." That the exact delimitation of each particular kingdom can as yet be drawn with exactness, no one, so far as we are aware, presumes to assert; but the elements of uncertainty are every day becoming fewer, and of this, at least, we may feel assured—that the identity of the ten kingdoms, when once they are actually formed, will be so obvious as to preclude mistake. "No one," says Mr. B. W. Newton, "doubts that Chaldea, Persia, Greece, and Rome have existed and ruled as sovereign empires; and the development of the ten last kingdoms must be no less decided." Moreover, when once formed, these kingdoms will continue to the end; for, as we know, it is "in the days of these kings that the God of heaven shall set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed, but stand for ever" (Daniel 2 : 44).

Inasmuch, then, as it is from among these ten kingdoms that the little horn of Daniel 7—in other words, the Antichrist—is to arise, "before whom three of these horns are to be plucked up by the roots," it follows, as a matter of course, that their formation will furnish an unmistakable indication that Antichrist's "own season" is at hand. We are nowhere told, indeed, that his revelation will immediately follow the rise of the ten kingdoms, but at the same time all the concurrent circumstances lead us to the conclusion that the interval between these two events will be a very brief one; and when their formation shall become an accomplished fact, and the rapture of the waiting saints has taken place, only *one other sign* will be wanting to assure us that the "hour" has at length struck, and that the Man of Sin has actually appeared.

IV. THAT LAST SIGN

will be the ratification of *the seven years' covenant between Antichrist and the Jewish nation*, of which we find the prophecy in the ninth chapter of Daniel, where we read, "And he shall confirm a covenant with many (*lit.*, "the many") for one week, and in the midst of the week he shall cause the sacrifice and the oblation to cease, and for the overspreading of abominations he shall make it desolate, even until the consummation, and that determined shall be poured upon the desolater" (Daniel 9 : 27).

Now the personage here spoken of as concluding a covenant with the Jewish people is understood by all the best expositors to be the Antichrist, and the period—one week or heptade—for which this covenant is made is the seventieth separated week of Daniel's great prophecy of the seventy weeks. *The making of this treaty*, therefore, *is*, with the single exception of the Second Advent itself, *the most important epoch in unfulfilled prophecy*.

It marks, in the first place, *the point at which the chronology of prophecy* is resumed. Since the termination of the sixty-ninth week with the "cutting off of Messiah" (Daniel 9 : 26) there has been no such thing, strictly speaking, as prophetic chronology, though the seventieth week may have cast back its dark shadow over the intervening centuries, and rendered a rough approximate calculation of times and seasons possible. But with the commencement of the seventieth week—the week of Antichrist's covenant—the more exact and literal chronology of prophecy will recommence, and consequently, those who witness the confirmation of a seven years' covenant between some "prince" of the revived Roman Empire, and the Jewish people will be in a position to estimate with the utmost nicety the precise point in the world's history which has been reached, and almost the exact order in which succeeding events are to occur.

Secondly, the making of this covenant between Antichrist and the Jews will mark the commencement of the literal day-day fulfilment of all the visions of the book of Revelation, from the sixth to the nineteenth chapter inclusive. The first half of this last week being occupied, apparently, by the establishment of the lawless one's power over the ten confederated kingdoms and the restored Jewish people, the great work of evangelization, symbolized by the going forth of the rider on the white horse, under the first seal, and the wars, famine and pestilences, symbolized under the second, third, and fourth seals respectively, while the latter half of the week forms the "1260 day," or "42 months," or "time, times, and half a time," so often spoken of in Daniel and the Revelation (Daniel 7 : 25; 12 : 7; Revelation 11 : 2, 3; 12 : 6, 14; 13 : 5); in other words, the period of the "great tribulation."

Thirdly, the making of this covenant will bear witness to the solemn fact *that Antichrist will be revealed*. It is, of course, fully admitted that Antichrist will only drop the mask and fully declare himself when, in the midst of the week, he breaks his covenant, "causing the sacrifice and the oblation to cease," and planting his idol on the pinnacle of the Jewish temple; but nevertheless the initial stage of his revelation will be his entering into the seven years' covenant with the Jews, for *in that act he will be once for all identified*.

When once the ten kingdoms have been manifestly established, whoever—be he prince, prelate, or potentate—shall form a seven years' covenant with the Jewish people, *he and he alone is the Antichrist*. Other corroborative signs—such as the mystic number 666 being found in his name—there will doubtless be, but the covenant will in itself be sufficient. Whatever uncertainty may previously have existed as to his identity will thus be at once removed. Then, if not till then, to the watchful ear the "hour" will have struck, and the "man" will stand forth revealed beyond the possibility of doubt.

In conclusion, then, let us ask, and endeavor to answer, the important question.

WHERE DO WE NOW STAND?

Of the four signs of the approach or arrival of Antichrist's "own time" to which attention has been drawn, the first, or moral sign, viz., an all-pervading spirit of "lawlessness," already shows manifest indications that it is soon to reach its consummation and concentration, if we may so speak, in the person of the lawless one. The second and third, *i.e.*, the revival of Cæsar's Roman Empire, and its division into ten parts or kingdoms, have not indeed as yet come to pass, but it has even now reached so advanced a stage that the next great European convulsion—a catastrophe which statesmen and people alike see to be impending—will probably result in its complete realization.

And when these things shall once have become matters of fact, only one remaining sign—the making of the seven years' covenant between the Jews and Antichrist—will be wanting to assure us that the last and most awful seven years of the present dispensation have commenced to run their course.

Meanwhile, the words of our Lord once spoken on earth, are with added solemnity repeated to us from heaven: "Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come. But know this, that if the goodman of the house had known in what watch the thief would come, he would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to be broken up. Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh" (Matthew 24 : 42, 43).

[We consider that one very distinct sign identifying the personal Antichrist will be his political appearance, after the formation of the Ten-kingdomed Confederacy, as an *eleventh little horn* (Daniel 7 : 24) or petty sovereign reigning over a small originally Greek province carved out of one of Alexander the Great's four Eastern kingdoms, and then his "waxing exceeding great toward the south (Greece), and toward the east (Thrace and Syria), and toward the pleasant land (Judea)," and subduing those three horns or kings, and himself becoming "King of the North" (Syria), *before he makes his seven years' covenant* with the Jews (Daniel 7 : 24; 8 : 9; 11 : 21-40). His first rise as an eleventh little horn may be several months before he makes his seven years' covenant. M. BAXTER.]

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) for April may be obtained at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Price six cents.

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* The learned *Greswell* writes:—"Another opinion on which great unanimity is seen to prevail among the Fathers, is this: that, before the appearance of Antichrist the Roman Empire was to be dissolved, and broken up into ten different parts: yet at his appearance was to be reunited, and restored to its pristine integrity under him. And as the coming of Antichrist could not take place without that dissolution, nor that dissolution without the breaking up of the existing political state of things, very many of the ancient interpreters of prophecy understood St. Paul's *to katechon*, 'that which letteth or hindereth' (2 Thessalonians 2:6), of the Roman Empire in particular; as presenting, while it lasted, an effectual, insuperable bar to the appearance of Antichrist. And in the spirit of this construction, the Christians, we are told, prayed daily and fervently for the stability and preservation of that empire: whose convulsion and dismemberment were to bring with them so dreadful and disastrous an event" (Exposition of the Parables," etc.).

TOUCHES OF REAL LIFE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Lady Hope, of Cariden.

(*Continued from page 271.*)

Mourning For the Cat—Mr. Jardine again—Mr. Fennecker's Visit—Lady Isabel goes to Ferncroft—She and Mrs. Clemence visit Mrs. Fennecker.

THE unsuspecting cat had been prowling about all the afternoon, and after some time of eager watching on the boys' part, puss appeared stealing round the corner of a wall. Bang! bang! went the gun, and a helter-skelter rush of the two sportsmen to examine their "bag." The shot had been an effectual one. Their feline victim lay prostrate under the hedge in her last agonies; and after being exhibited to one or two witnesses triumphantly, as the "defunct thief," she was carried away to a lone, dark spot, amid the mazes of the shrubbery, and there in a deep hole buried.

When Mrs. Clemence returned from her stroll, she was eagerly besieged.

"Did you hear a great *bang*, auntie? Well, that was the old yellow cat that has done all the mischief. She was a miserable old creature, all battered to bits. She must have been in many a game-trap."

"Many a trap!" echoed the younger boy in chorus.

Both thought they had accomplished a very successful afternoon's work—done a "good deed," in fact! even going to the cook for congratulation.

"Well, Master Harold!" commented that august personage, who did far more in the small household than literally "rule the roast," "I am sure it's a good riddance. The poor beast has been the plague of my life lately."

"No more about it, boys!" said Mr. Clemence sternly, as soon as he was informed of the news that evening.

Thus the subject passed away, having evaporated like most of their little excitements, which bore a chronic character of evanescence.

Two days passed, and at the housewife's usual busy hour, Mrs. Clemence was concluding her morning's interview with the back regions of her house, when the cook suddenly said—

"There she is again, ma'am, I do declare! She *is* a worry. It's a woman from the village, who keeps on askin' if we've shot any cats about here, or if we have *seen* any goin' round the place. As to that last, I've told her they're *always* a-plaguin' of us, and don't give us no peace; but I haven't told her nothin' more."

A clean, careworn-looking cottage woman was seen curtseying at the back-door that opened into the yard. Mrs. Clemence went to speak to her, and after receiving homage in the shape of a profusion of very low "bobs," the poor woman in profoundest whispers confided the startling fact, the communication of which had been the object of her repeated visits—

"I've got a poor daughter, mum, and she ain't not altogether right in 'er 'ed. But she do have a lot o' cats; and she takes on about 'em too, and makes ever such a fuss with 'em. An' she's lost one. 'Twas a old cat, what 'ad lost a heye an' a hear, and it 'adn't but three legs."

"What color was it?" interrupted Mrs. Clemence with a gasp.

"Yaller! a all-overish sort o' color," continued the woman; "an' she 'asn't seen it this two days, an' she's pretty near wild about it, she is. We can't do nothin' with her. She keeps on a screamin' an goin' into fits; and so I thought I'd just come in and ask your servants if they know'd anything about it."

Mrs. Clemence beat a hasty retreat to re-question the children as to the description in detail of the unfortunate animal of whose death and burial they had been the authors. With open eyes and terrified whispers they acknowledged the identity of the two accounts, and were sent forthwith to offer to the poor mother, who was in very real distress, their meekest apologies, and confess the ill-fated end of poor puss. In reply, she only begged that the corpse might be then and there disinterred and given to her to carry home! Nothing else "would quiet her daughter!" So it was! Carrying in her apron the murdered remains, she was seen wending her way up the steep village street. The boys were in dire dismay. Visions of police and every other form of justiciary vengeance haunted their troubled minds.

It was discovered by inquiry that the girl had eight cats, was a harmless lunatic, and found her sole amusement and occupation in the companionship of these creatures, conversing with them like human beings, feeding them and teaching them herself all day long. Ranging the seven living cats round an open grave, which she had prepared in her own garden, she solemnly, and with much hysterical weeping, reburied the unfortunate deceased. After the disappearance of her pet beneath the sod, her violent fit had subsided, and she was perfectly quiet.

On the following Sunday she made a rush into the church, with a large pocket-handkerchief to her eyes, dressed in a colored dress, over which were fluttering morsels of black crape. Monday morning found Mrs. Clemence in her tiny cottage, seated beside poor "Pussy," as the girl was called, and holding in her warm, gentle clasp the iron-cold hand of the unfortunate imbecile.

"Poor Pussy!" she was saying, "do you know that Jesus loves you? He died to make you very happy. Jesus can comfort and bless poor Pussy now. Shall we ask Jesus to come here, and teach you about His beautiful Heaven?"

Repeating one simple text after another, this strange interview was continued until the girl's wild stare gradually relaxed, exchanging itself for a look of restful calm. Keeping her eyes fixed on the face of her visitor, she seemed slowly to drink in the ineffable sweetness that shined in her eyes, and from that most unusual hand-clasp to receive a new thought of loving comfort. At the end of the visit they were fast friends.

An agreement was made that Pussy was to call upon Mrs. Clemence twice a week; and on these occasions she would come regularly at the appointed day and hour, taking her place in the little room on a low seat beside her teacher, who gently and slowly reiterated time after time the saving, satisfying truths of the Holy Word that she herself so dearly loved, and which she felt must be all-powerful even with so painful a case as that before her. The pupil's devotion to her lessons was strangely ardent.

"What is your first name?" she would say to Mrs. Clemence. "I like you very much, and I must call you by your name."

The tuition of this poor, imperfect mind was one of the fragments of lowly, patient work that shed a fragrance over the daily life of the lady who was so beloved among her neighbors, and helped to hallow the precincts of the "little room." It had its blessed effect in tranquillizing and soothing poor Katharine (for that was her real name), and in bringing before the other inmates of that cottage home the love and power of Jesus—that mighty Saviour, that tender Friend, to whom hitherto they had been strangers.

On one of her visits to her devoted *protégée*, Mrs. Clemence passed Etta going into the street where "Bill" lived. She knew well the kindness she was showing in that sad little home, and lifted up her heart in prayer for her, as she saw the black dress, pale face, and hurried step glide out of sight into the maze of small houses that flanked the little white pavement.

From time to time old Mike brought little whispered histories of the good that "Miss Etta" was doing to Bill and his parents, and others of Mike's friends. Mrs. Clemence, rejoicing to hear of this entrance of another laborer in the midst of the dark little town, with her own true tact and delicacy of feeling, avoided interrupting or supplementing Etta's work by anything that might possibly seem like an invasion of it! So, on second thoughts, she had not visited that particular house, where she well knew her young stranger-friend might be found almost every day at *some* hour. However, they were not long to be strangers, and this is how the introduction came about.

When next Mr. Jardine visited Lionel Court, he had not forgotten Mr. Hamilton's hearty acceptance of his former request, that he might bring a friend to enjoy a "whiff of country air," as he said, "in the quiet old house and awfully pretty grounds." He arrived at the little station, portmanteau and all, and friend too! As the two young men made their appearance in the drawing-room, where Lady Isabel sat before a small table that was almost covered with a welcoming array of china cups and saucers, hissing silver tea-kettle, and other appliances for "the cup that cheers but not inebriates," Mr. Jardine, having shaken hands cordially himself with his hostess said—

"My friend, Mr. Fennecker—Lady Isabel." And after a little talk they subsided into low chairs for the enjoyment of their preliminary meal. Dinner followed, and after dinner, in the course of the evening, Mr. Hamilton said—

"You should take your friend down to see the new coffee-house, Jardine."

"All right!" said Mr. Jardine, addressing himself to his companion. "When will you come? It's just a stroll, isn't it, Lady Isabel?"

"Yes," she answered, "if you go by the short way. But don't do it to-night. Go to-morrow."

"No time like the present," they said, going off with their cigars lighted.

When they came back, Mr. Fennecker ensconced himself on a low chair beside Lady Isabel, and said—

"What a jolly place! It's awfully nice and comfortable. And, I say, Jardine, how many men should you say were sitting there?"

"Fifty, I should think," said Mr. Jardine.

"All quite at their ease," he continued. "I must tell my sister about it. She's taken an awful fancy to going about among the poor lately. My mother didn't half like it at first; but she does not seem to mind it so much now. It's ever since my poor brother's death—I lost a brother lately—and really it's made a great difference to poor Etta. They were next in age, and it cut her up dreadfully."

"How sad!" said Lady Isabel. "Where is your house?"

"Not very far from this," he said. "That is to say, about three-quarters of an hour's rail; in the neighborhood of Shenstone."

"I know where it is, then!" said Lady Isabel, her face brightening. "Do you know Mrs. Clemence? She lives there."

"Mrs. Clemence!" said young Fennecker, looking straight into the fire. "Oh! ah! yes! There is a family of that name. But I think we only know them slightly. I think my mother and Mrs. Clemence have exchanged visits."

"Only think of your not knowing her better than that!" exclaimed Lady Isabel. "Why she is a person I would drive any distance to see. She is a perfect treasure, a delight, a—well, I don't know how to describe her except by saying you have had a loss in not knowing her!"

"Really! I am quite surprised," said Mr. Fennecker, rather apathetically. "We have never met either her or Mr. Clemence at any of the county balls, and I don't fancy they even come to the concerts. But I know where they sit in church. She dresses very plainly, does she not?"

'Oh! well, really! all I know is that you *ought* to know her, and your sister too;" . . . thus the conversation ended.

But the next morning, when her guests were leaving, Lady Isabel sent a pretty collection of her favorite hymns by Harold Fennecker to his sister.

Of course a letter of thanks came back, and thus a friendship began.

Suddenly, one day, Lady Isabel appeared in Shenstone. Driving direct from the station to Ferncroft, she found Mrs. Clemence alone, and not a little delighted to see her bright, sweet face appearing like a rainbow on the scene!

Nowhere did she get a warmer welcome than at peaceful little Ferncroft. She and Mrs. Clemence were devoted friends, and though the latter was several years her senior they had so many subjects in common, and were so closely united in heart on the One great Theme, that she felt no hesitation in coming straight to the point at once, in telling Mrs. Clemence the special object of her visit that day.

"I want you to come with me and call upon Miss Fennecker," she said, "*this* afternoon if you will. She seems to have rather a lonely life, though she has so many brothers and sisters; and really her letters to me are very nice. Very interesting they are! showing so much thought and feeling. Her one desire seems to be to do right, and to be kind to the people, and, in fact, to 'live for an object,' as she says, 'instead of quite aimlessly.' *Will you* try and make friends with her?" Lady Isabel asked, as she looked earnestly into her friend's thoughtful face.

It was easy for Mrs. Clemence to explain how, from the extremely opposite tenor of their respective lives hitherto, their paths had never seemed to blend, or even to touch at any given meeting-point; that, in fact, she only slightly knew Etta's mother, and though lately her prayers had been much drawn forth for the pretty-looking girl in her sable garments who so often passed her windows, she had not ventured to make any effort toward cultivating Etta's special acquaintance.

"I know she would like you," said Lady Isabel eagerly; "and it would be so very nice if you could comfort her, or help her in any way. Let us go and call, at any rate."

So after a little more conversation on various topics of mutual interest, they set off on the expedition. Very soon they were driving up the handsome avenue leading to Mr. Fennecker's house, which stood facing the lake, with its green sloping background of endless green, lawns melting into park, and park into distant fields, their gentle undulations shading off every rigid line or barrier into an uncertainty of detail that was perfectly ravishing to the eye.

(*To be continued.*)

THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS.

S. S. Lesson for May 15th, Luke 16: 19-31. Golden Text, Prov. 14: 32. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

NOT receiving from the Lord any fresh light on the subject chosen for to-day, we transcribe, with some little alterations, our lesson for October 27th, 1878. Our golden text for to-day reads: "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness: but the righteous hath hope in his death." The Hebrew word here for hope signifies "a just claim," for he obtained "precious faith . . . through the *righteousness* of God and our Saviour Jesus Christ" (2 Pet. 1: 1); he claims life justly, because Christ has died for him.

Our subject presents to us two men, the one lost, the other saved. No positive outward sin is recorded of the lost man, and no righteous action of the saved man. The Pharisees, who were covetous, had heard the Lord's teaching concerning the unjust steward, and then of the utter impossibility of serving two masters, God and mammon, "and they derided Him." To them it was that He addressed this parable: "There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day." The Lord does not condemn either his food or his clothing; most rich men have better coats than poor men, and better food upon their tables: it was not in this that his sin consisted; he paid for what he had, and encouraged trade, and no doubt it was better than hoarding up his money. He seemed to have been kind to the poor, for the beggar who lay at his gate (not outside his gate, but in the lower part of the house) was so well known there, that the very dogs had become familiar with him, and instead of driving him away, as dogs usually do beggars, they "licked his sores." He was outwardly a religious man, for Abraham called him "Son," and he called Abraham "Father." He was more than usually kind-hearted, for even in hell, where his own case was hopeless, he wanted to warn his brethren from following him. Most men while suffering pain have no thought for any but themselves, but this man amid the agonizing torment, which drove him to besiege Heaven for one drop of water, could think of the lost state of his brethren.

What, then, was his sin? That of tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands in our land—perhaps your sin, dear reader; he lived for time, when God had created him for eternity. Sumptuous fare and clothing, ease and comfort, success in business, a good name among men—these were the things he lived for. The light of eternity had never dawned upon his soul; perhaps for one thought he gave to God he would give five hundred to his business or his pleasure, to the fashion of his clothing, to the material, the color; for all such things were an object to him. If the tailor called when family prayer was going on, the interruption was rather a relief than otherwise, and he would give the tailor the precedence, instead of inviting the man to join in prayer for the sake of his soul. No doubt the invitations which he made to his sumptuous feasts were given to the great and noble; the world was in his heart, and in all these things his calculations were for time and not for eternity, for himself and not for God. A business engagement could not be postponed, but a prayer-meeting might be. As a man of business, no doubt every transaction was definite in the extreme, clear, unmistakable; but in his devotions, public or private, there was nothing of the kind. Regular at the synagogue, of course—it was "the thing," he was not a heathen; but in the secret of his soul there was no intercourse with God, a few hurried prayers might appease his own conscience, but the ominous silence between him and his Creator had never been broken; it was the death-sleep of a soul "dead in trespasses and sins" (Eph. 2: 1). And this was a man living under the avowed obligation to love the Lord his God with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his might (Deut. 6: 5).

The beggar who lay at his gate had but one earthly desire—it was "to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table;" he did not so much as ask for the broken bread and meat, but only that which fell among the dust as the dogs' portion. His calculations for time were small indeed, because he was living for eternity. The heir of heaven could afford to take his place among the dogs on earth: he knew that it was not forever; for one day he would "enter in through the gates into the city" where "without are dogs" (Rev. 22: 14, 15). "And it came to pass that the beggar died"; perhaps the dogs missed him more than any one upon earth, but he was not unknown in heaven, for he was carried by the angels into "Abraham's bosom." He had no one to minister to him on earth, but they who "minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation" (Heb. 1: 14), were waiting for him.

"The rich man also died, and was buried." Probably there was a magnificent funeral to celebrate the entry of this ruined soul into its endless misery and desolation. And God lifts the curtain and shows us the great hereafter. We see the rich man in hell, not because he was rich, for Abraham, Joseph, and many of God's children have been rich, who nevertheless faithfully served God. Why, then, do we find him in hell—a man who was no murderer, no thief, no adulterer, no swearer, as far as we know? He was guilty of the loss of his own soul; and so are you, my reader, if your soul is not saved. Some one must be guilty of it, and the guilt lies between you and God; either He is unwilling to save you, or you are unwilling to be saved, for the Bible is witness that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. 1: 15), and that "He is the propitiation . . . for the sins of the whole world" (1 John 2: 2). Can you, do you, judge it possible that He should make a perfect provision for your salvation, and yet be unwilling to save you? Why, then, are you not saved? Where can the fault lie but in your own guilty indifference to the claims upon you of that God who formed you for Himself (Isa. 43: 21)?

In hell the rich man "lift up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham after off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me." None of his formal prayers to God could avail him now, everything appeared in its true light, all was fearfully, unchangeably real. He did not know God, but Abraham, who had once been on earth, seemed more approachable and he appealed to him. Send Lazarus, he cried, "that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame." Poor unhappy soul! he had made his choice for mammon, and he must abide by it. How awfully true it is that "God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting" (Gal. 6: 7,8). The rich man had sowed to the flesh, and there could be no other harvest than that which he so bitterly reaped.

"Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things;" this is all the accusation which Abraham lays to his charge. He had wholly, deliberately, and with perfect freedom of will, chosen to live for time, and the consequences were irreversible. "And likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented." Lazarus was not saved because he was a poor man, but because he honored God and his own soul. If it is a piteous thing when a rich man despises his immortality by living only for time, how much more mad is a poor man who, having so little upon earth, throws away also his chance of heaven! A man who believes that he is in the possession of an immortal soul, and who, by his own free will, for most unworthy considerations, refuses, with his eyes open, that salvation which cost God so much, proves himself to be the suicide of his own soul, and "unworthy of everlasting life" (Acts 13: 46).

All hope was cut off from the poor unhappy man. "And beside all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed; so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence." It is a touching proof of the kind-heartedness of this mistaken man, that just at this juncture he thought of his brethren, and implored that if Lazarus could not come to him, he might at least be sent to warn them. But although on earth, God's people can and should make themselves servants unto all men (1 Cor. 9: 19), yet those who are in heaven are no longer at the disposal of their former superiors in earthly position during their sojourn here. Abraham answered, "They have Moses and the prophets, let them hear them." The rich man now knew his own heart, and how little he himself had heeded Moses and the prophets; "Nay, Father Abraham, he said, but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent." And the answer, how solemn it is! "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead." And the Holy Ghost says, "See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh. For if they escaped not who refused him that spake on earth, much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from Him that speaketh from heaven (Heb. 12: 25).

"I did not Know I had a Soul" was the confession made at a meeting in London, by a man who had spent his life from boyhood in that city. He was a hostler in a cab-yard. Being called upon lately to speak at a meeting in the Great Ormond Yard Mission Hall, he said: "I ain't ashamed to say what God has done for me. Many of you know what sort of a booser I've been. About four years ago I drunk as heavy as most men. I was soaked with drink; and frequently at night, after a drinking bout, I've had a pail of water by the side of the bed, with a jug swimming on the top, so that I could quench my burning thirst. I didn't care for God nor devil. I don't remember ever entering a church but three times for the last twenty-two years. The first time was to get married, and twice afterward to the christening of two babies. *No one ever spoke to me about my soul.* I didn't know that I had one until the missionary came and invited me to come to his mission-hall. I came, but I did not care for it. I at length made up my mind if ever I could go twenty-four hours without the drink I would never touch it again. My home was neglected, and both wife and children were afraid of me. I at length gave up the drink, and continued to come to the room; and one Sunday night the missionary spoke about the five bleeding wounds which Christ bore for sinners, and I felt that night as it He was wounded for me. Thank God, I believed, and have been happy ever since."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Roman Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland have formulated their objections to the Land Bill introduced by Mr. Gladstone in a declaration published and signed by twenty-eight prelates. They recommend the perpetuity of tenure to future tenants; deprecate the exclusion from the benefits of the bill of lease holders and tenants in arrears; recommend a further limitation of the landlord's power to object to an intending tenant, to resume possession and to raise the rent; strongly condemn the emigration provisions, and the omission of laborers from the benefits of the bill, and recommend a comprehensive scheme for the purchase and reclamation of waste lands, arterial drainage, and liberal advances to tenants for improvements. Mr. Gladstone in reply states that while the government will thankfully receive suggestions tending to make the measure more practical and beneficial to the people they cannot accede to the changes the prelates propose, which would give a new character to the bill.

The Remains of the Late Earl of Beaconsfield were interred, in accordance with a request contained in his will, in the churchyard at Hughenden. Among the distinguished persons who attended the ceremony were the Prince of Wales, and his brothers the Duke of Connaught and Prince Leopold. The colleagues of the late Earl were also present. It is announced that Mr. Gladstone will propose the vote of a sum of money from the National Treasury to erect a monument in Westminster Abbey in memory of the deceased statesman.

The difficulty of selecting a leader of the Conservative party in the room of Lord Beaconsfield has been met by a temporary expedient. Sir Stafford Northcote, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the late Conservative Cabinet, will lead in the House of Commons, and the Duke of Richmond in the Lords. This expedient obviates the invidious task of choosing between Lord Cairns and the Marquis of Salisbury, one of whom will in all probability ultimately become the leader of the party.

Mr. Bradlaugh, the Infidel, Recently Re-elected member of the British Parliament, presented himself on April 26th at the Speaker's table to be sworn. Sir Stafford Northcote, the leader of the Conservatives, objected to the oath being administered. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. John Bright, and several members of the Liberal party spoke in favor of Mr. Bradlaugh being allowed to take the oath, but when the House divided on the question permission was refused by a majority of thirty-three. Mr. Bradlaugh was removed by the sergeant-at-arms, but presented himself the following day, when he was again removed. Mr. Gladstone has given notice that he will introduce a bill permitting members of Parliament to swear or affirm, as they may prefer. Mr. Bradlaugh has undertaken, pending the consideration of the bill, to abstain from pressing his claim to his seat.

Anti-Jewish Riots Have Broken Out at Argenau, West Prussia. A mob led by a school teacher has wrecked the houses of some Jews and maltreated the inmates. Serious disturbances, originating in the belief of the peasantry that the Jews used human blood in celebrating their Passover rites, have occurred at Elizabethgrad, in the Government of Kherson, Russia. A mob destroyed the synagogue. Many rioters were killed by the troops which were summoned to repress the riot.

Society in Russia appears to be in an Extremely critical condition. The Czar is still secluded in his country palace, the room, he occupies being the last of a suite which can only be entered by passing through the other rooms, which are occupied by a guard of soldiers. A prominent diplomatist at St. Petersburg reports that the Czar and his favorite counsellors are disposed to adopt *rigorous repressive measures having no example in Russian history.*

A St. Petersburg despatch says: "It would be difficult to exaggerate the gravity of the situation in Russia at the present moment. Never before was the need of a steady hand at the helm so deeply and so universally felt. It required nothing less than the tragedy of the 13th of March to open men's eyes to the fact that the reform which the revolutionists endeavored to wring from the government by deeds of bloodshed cannot and must not be long delayed." The correspondent goes on to say that a great change has come over the Russian peasant. Servile politeness has given place to an independence, rude and sometimes brutal. "While an old man," he writes, "bows to the passing stranger, a young man goes on his way with a sullen stare. The latter has a dangerous opinion of his rights and wrongs, which makes him in many cases a willing listener to the insidious counsels of revolutionary propagandists. Go where you will, from the White Sea to the Black Sea, from the Danube to the Amoor, the peasants are awaking from the deathlike slumber of centuries."

Abdul Aziz, the Late Sultan of Turkey, who was said to have committed suicide by opening a vein with a pair of scissors, was it appears murdered by his attendants.

Four persons, formerly domestic servants in the imperial palace at Constantinople, have been arrested, charged with the assassination. They have confessed that they suffocated him, after which they opened the veins in his arms to make it appear that he committed suicide. Two ex-palace officials and an ex-war minister are also said to have been implicated. The ex-war minister referred to is believed to be Hussein Avni, who was murdered by Hassan, in 1877, soon after the death of Abdul Aziz.

Edward Miall, a Prominent Leader Among British Nonconformists, died April 30th. He was formerly a Congregational minister at Leicester. He subsequently became editor of the *Nonconformist*, a journal devoted to the effort to liberate the Episcopal Church from the control of the State. Subsequently he was elected member of Parliament, and so faithfully did he discharge his duties there that a testimonial of $52,000 was presented to him by his constituents as a mark of their esteem. He was sixty-two years of age when he died.

A Jewish Agricultural School has been Established at Jaffa by the Alliance Israelite Universelle. The scheme has obtained encouragement from the Prince of Wales and other royal personages, and it received the approval of the late Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury. A society, comprising already a hundred Jewish families, and which has subscribed 40,000 fr., has been formed at Bucharest; and in influential quarters the movement is now being furthered. It is believed that if they were convinced that their lands would be secured by inalienable rights large numbers of Jews would relinquish trade and become farmers in Palestine. Students of prophecy are watching the growth of this nucleus with profound interest.

Human Sacrifices at Abomey, in Equatorial Africa still prevail, as witnessed by the Rev. J. Milum, who is the general superintendent of the Wesleyan mission station in the Yoruba and Papo districts. He left Lagos on the 15th of December last, and visited Porto Novo, Godoney Whydan, Grand Papo Aghway, Little Popo, Porto Selguro, and Abomey. During the missionary's stay, the annual "customs" were being held at Abomey. These were of the most horrible description, *several hundreds of the natives being killed* in the most barbarous manner, and *offered in sacrifice.* The customs were observed, notwithstanding the presence of the missionary. Abomey is under French protection, King Gelele being the reigning monarch. Mr. Milum had a conference with the king and the prince respecting the re-establishing of a mission-house at Whydah.

France and Tunis.—The Nations of Europe are so jealous one of another, and distrust each other so thoroughly, that a slight spark may kindle a general European war at any time. On this account the complication in which France is now involved with the Bey of Tunis occasions some anxiety. The cause of the trouble is as follows: A marauding tribe, or collection of tribes, on the Algerian border, called Khroumirs, having crossed the frontier, attacked a military post, killing several of the French soldiers who defended it. A French force has been dispatched for the purpose of chastising the marauders. The incident has been much magnified in France by a large class of politicians who would gladly see their country make a step forward in the direction of Tunis. The Khroumirs do not acknowledge the sovereignty of the Bey of Tunis, but occupy a small patch of hilly ground between Algeria and Tunis, whence they descend and levy contributions impartially upon both countries. Italians, and, indirectly, Englishmen, have lately come into collision with French interests in Tunis. The Rubattino Railway and the Enfida questions have served to demonstrate French commercial activity backed up by the government at home. Taken together, they cannot fail to produce an impression that France would like to find in Africa an outlet for energies or ambition which have received a check on the continent of Europe. The Bey of Tunis has a considerable body of troops ready to march toward the frontier, but whether it is intended to co-operate with the French troops against the Khroumirs, or in hostility to France, is not known.

The Eightieth Birthday of the Earl of Shaftesbury was celebrated on the 28th of April, at the Mansion House, London, the use of which had been placed at the disposal of the committee of the Ragged School Union by the Lord Mayor, who presided on the occasion. In anticipation of this event the children and teachers of the Ragged Schools of London purchased the portrait of his lordship, lately painted by Mr. B. S. Marks, and presented it to him in grateful remembrance of his lifelong services in the cause of suffering humanity.

Major Whittle and Mr. and Mrs. McGranahan have received much of the Divine blessing upon their work in Aberdeen and Dundee, Scotland, where for about two months they have preached and sung the good news of salvation. The solemnity which has characterized the meetings has been an evidence of the depth and reality of the work. The severe winter through which these honored evangelists have passed in the north of Scotland has so affected their throats that they will probably go to the south of Europe for a short period before resuming work. They expect to sail for America in June.

A Public Meeting, Convened by the National Temperance League, was recently held in Exeter Hall, London, for the purpose of hearing addresses from some of the twenty-eight mayors of English cities and boroughs who are total abstainers from intoxicating drinks. The Lord Mayor of York (Mr. Rowntree) presided, and said that on his election to the municipal office he expressed his determination to carry into the Mansion House the practice of his own home, and not set intoxicating drinks before his guests. The Mayor of Leeds has also banished alcohol from the mayor's parlor.

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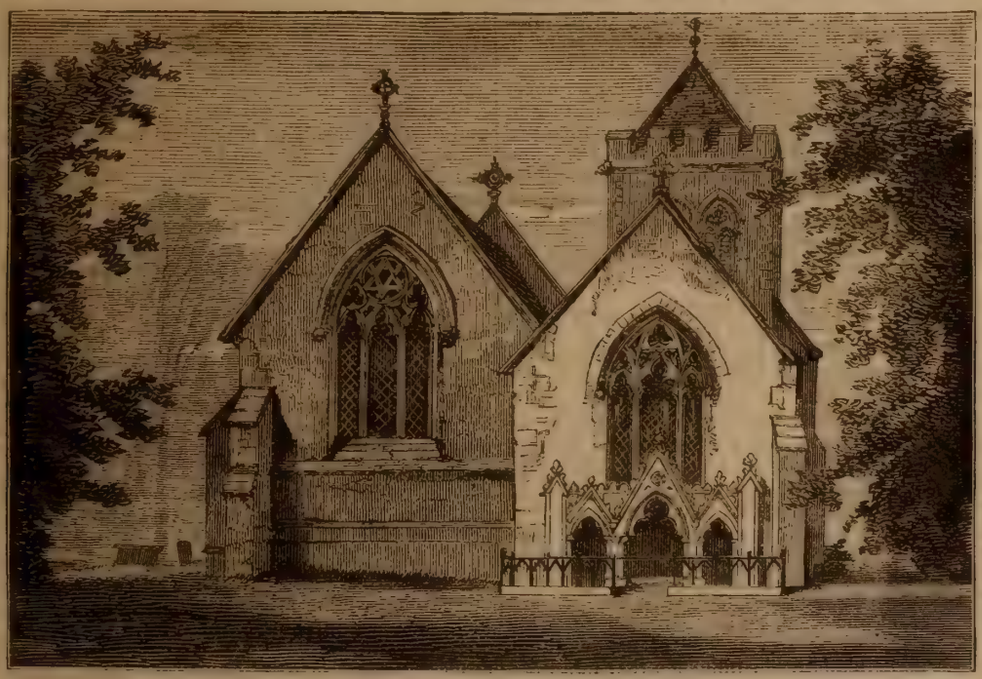

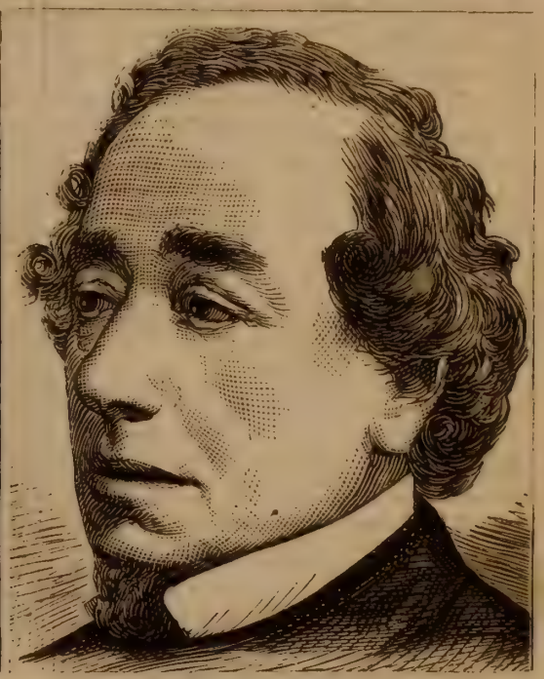

The Late EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, and View of his Residence and of Hughenden Church.

THE RIGHT HON. THE LATE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

His Birth and Family—A Curious Story about His Baptism—His Attempts to enter Parliament—His "Maiden" Speech—He Becomes "Leader" of the House of Commons—Chancellor of the Exchequer—Prime Minister—The Berlin Conference—The Dissolution of Parliament—Illness and Death.

FASCINATING and romantic as are many characters depicted on the pages of history and fiction, to very few can those epithets be so appropriately applied as to that of the distinguished British statesman, who on April 19th closed his eyes in death. Apart from his merits as a statesman, Lord Beaconsfield's strange yet brilliant life deserves careful study. His was the most remarkable and interesting figure on the stage of British public life. It piqued curiosity; for he loved to surround himself with a haze of mystery, and delighted in the sobriquet of "the sphinx," which political humorists gave him. It compelled admiration; for his success was an evidence of splendid genius and indomitable courage. It excited wonder; for while leading a party traditionally associated with conservatism and suspected of reactionary proclivities, he introduced and passed a measure so radical that even advanced Liberals trembled at its daring. It was so altogether unlike any other prominent figure in the history of British statesmanship, that while he was in power the public were not only unable to account for what he had done, but were in a perpetual state of uncertainty as to what he might do next. Such a character cannot fail to attract attention in any sphere of life, but when it is in so prominent a position as Lord Beaconsfield occupied, it becomes intensely interesting.

Benjamin Disraeli *was born* December 21st, 1804. His father, Isaac D'Israeli, was living at the time in chambers in the Adelphi, London, and there the future statesman first saw the light. The D'Israelis were Jews whose

ANCESTORS

had formerly been settled in Spain; but owing to the persecutions of Torquemada and the Inquisition, they left that country in the fifteenth century and took refuge in Venice. The persecution they had endured had been fierce, but they had never wavered in fidelity to their race and faith. They clung to them even more tenaciously on that account, and when they removed to Venice they resolved, so far from concealing their race, to identify themselves still more closely with it. For this purpose they assumed the surname of D'Israeli (of Israel) a name never borne by any other family. In 1749 *the grandfather of Lord Beaconsfield*, hearing that the government of England were favorably disposed toward the Jews, decided on living there.

The Venetian Jew was disappointed on his arrival, as were many others of his people, to find the policy of the government reversed. The Jewish Naturalization Act was repealed and the immigrant Jews were forced to remain for a long time foreigners in the land of their adoption. Lord Beaconsfield often spoke in after years in strong terms of admiration of his grandfather, whom he described as a man of "ardent character, sanguine, courageous, speculative, and fortunate; with a temper which no disappointment could disturb, and a brain amid reverses full of resource." The old man died when his grandson was a boy of twelve years, but his memory was always cherished with pride and affection. He had sought refuge from the social proscription of his time in commerce and had amassed a considerable fortune.

His son Isaac, *the father of the statesman*, was the cause of grief and disappointment to the aged Jew. He had expended a large sum on his education, which had been conducted in England and Holland, but instead of devoting himself to the pursuits his father had followed, Isaac openly avowed Rousseauism, and cared for nothing but literature. He lived literally in a library and never went abroad except in quest of books. He still maintained a formal connection with the synagogue, so far as his annual subscription of fifty dollars was concerned, but he seldom attended the services. Even this slender connection was severed in 1813, when, on being elected to the office of warden of the synagogue, he refused to serve. He was fined $200 as the penalty of refusal, which he declared he would never pay, and requested that his name should be erased from the Yehedim or list of members. The fine, however, he subsequently paid, in order to procure certificates of the birth of his children, who had been admitted to the covenant with the usual rite (Genesis 17 : 10). But with the payment of the fine his connection with the synagogue ceased.

Although formally received into the Jewish community Benjamin Disraeli appears never to have had any subsequent connection with it. He was baptized in an Episcopal church in Holborn, London, on July 31st, 1817, when he was twelve years of age, and the record of the ceremony may still be read on the church registers. The circumstances which led to this event are variously described, but the generally accepted account is, that Samuel Rogers, a banker and a poet, a friend of Isaac D'Israeli, was struck by the abilities of the boy, and one day, when the father was absent from home, he took him to the church and had him baptized. Rogers does not appear to have taken this step from any desire for the spiritual good of the child, for he considered baptism a mere empty form, but he is said to have expressed the opinion that it was "hard a small matter should stand in the way of a clever boy's prospects." But though he became in name at least a Christian, he never wavered in his pride of his Jewish origin. Throughout his life he maintained that no race had ever done so much for the world as the Jews, and that in every department demanding genius and intellectual power—in literature, in music, in science and art, the brightest stars have been those who have had Jewish blood in their veins.

The

EDUCATION

of the future Earl of Beaconsfield is involved in obscurity. It is known that he went to a boarding school when a small boy, and that subsequently a Unitarian minister had him as a pupil, but that is all that can be asserted on this point. What other teachers he had no one seems to be aware of, and none of the English public schools or universities ever claimed him among their students. His father doubtless did much to cultivate his youthful mind, and in accordance with that father's wish he became an attorney's clerk. He was put with the firm of Swain & Co., in the Old Jewry, London, but the project of making him a lawyer was speedily abandoned, with the consent of everybody concerned, and his brother took his place. It is however an evidence of his own abilities as well as his father's influence that in all the acquirements which it is popularly supposed a university training alone can give, Lord Beaconsfield never showed any deficiency. In all his speeches, public addresses, and works of imagination, Benjamin Disraeli exhibited a chaste diction, and showed that he had no inconsiderable knowledge of the subjects which form the curriculum at eminent universities.

On his return to his father's house, Benjamin Disraeli found himself in the midst of a brilliant circle of men of letters to whom Isaac D'Israeli had become known through his work on the "Curiosities of Literature." His father's fame and his own intelligence and talents easily obtained for him an entrance into a section of the best London society, to which the greater lights of literature, art, and music were drawn. The house of the famous *Countess of Blessington* was one of these meeting places. Here he met Prince Louis Napoleon, afterwards Emperor of the French, Thomas Moore, Theodore Hook, Horace Smith, Lord Lyndhurst, and other celebrities of the day. Here it was that his

LITERARY AMBITION

was fed and his resolution to distinguish himself as an author was confirmed.

It was in 1826 that his first notable work, "Vivian Grey," was published anonymously. It was very popular, despite its faults. It was the town talk, and society set to work to fix every character in the novel on a living representative, and before the end of 1827 "A Key to Vivian Grey" reached its tenth edition. The hero of the novel was a young man ambitious of political distinction, and the work read now in the light of the author's subsequent career, seems like a prophetic forecast of his own future.

The next two or three years Disraeli spent in foreign travel, visiting the chief countries of the East, and storing his mind with impressions which manifested themselves very clearly in his subsequent writings and in the development of his character; and notably his strong conviction as to "the supremacy of the Jewish mind." When the "Young Duke," which was published in 1831, was written is not clear; but his next novel, "Contarini Fleming," published in 1832, was distinctly a product of these years of travel. Its design was to describe the development and formation of the poetic character, but it was published anonymously in the midst of the social and political excitement occasioned by the first Reform Bill, and was little read. Disraeli on his foreign tour was accompanied by his sister and her betrothed, a Mr. Meredith, who died on the journey. He went to Constantinople, to Albania, Syria, and Egypt, besides the various civilized localities of Europe, including Spain. He had several *narrow escapes*, for at Janina he found himself inclosed by a revolt of the Albanians, and at Jerusalem he was nearly killed by an enraged Mahometan guard while trying to penetrate into the Mosque of Omar.

He returned to England with a fixed

DETERMINATION TO ENTER PARLIAMENT

and devote himself to a political career. During his absence his father had taken Bradenham House in Buckinghamshire, and when a vacancy occurred for the adjacent borough of High Wycombe, in 1832, the brilliant young novelist offered himself as a candidate. He described himself to the electors as a Reformer, and his candidature was upheld by the strong Reformers, Mr. Joseph Hume and Daniel O'Connell. The election was the last in England under the old form, for the Reform Bill had passed though it had not yet come into operation. *Thirty-five voters* were all the borough contained, so small a portion of the population had at that time the privilege of the franchise. In spite of an eloquent speech, Mr. Disraeli could only obtain twelve of the thirty-five votes, and his rival, General Grey, was therefore elected. He was not, however, disheartened, for when, a short time after his failure, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, who took an interest in the young aspirant, thinking an introduction to Viscount Melbourne might be useful to him, invited him to meet the Minister at her house. Lord Melbourne said to him, "Well, now, tell me, what do you want to be?" The quiet gravity of the reply "*I want to be a Minister*" astonished his lordship. "No chance of that in our time," the eminent statesman replied, but many years afterward when he listened to a vigorous speech his old acquaintance delivered in the House of Commons, he said, "I believe he will do it yet."

Three more attempts did Disraeli make to obtain a seat in Parliament without success; these were at a second election at High Wycombe, at Marylebone, and at Taunton. But in 1827 he was elected on the Conservative platform by the voters of Maidstone, in the County of Kent. His colleague was Mr. Wyndham Lewis, who was, during the remainder of his life, Disraeli's warm friend and prudent adviser. It was Mrs. Lewis, the widow of this gentleman, who afterward became Mrs. Disraeli, and who made him the most devoted of wives, as he was the most devoted of husbands.

While Disraeli had thus been struggling to become a member of Parliament his pen had not been idle. Although in a whirl of excitement he had written several fictions, among which the most prominent were "Contarini Fleming" and "The Wondrous Tale of Alroy."

HIS FIRST SPEECH

in the House of Commons would have disheartened any man less indomitable than himself. As he rose to address the house his appearance and dress were so showy and theatrical as to excite the derision of the members. The newspapers of the day give the following description of him: "He was very showily attired, being dressed in a bottle-green frock-coat and a waistcoat of white, the

front of which exhibited *a network of glittering chains;* large fancy-pattern pantaloons, and a black tie, above which no shirt collar was visible, completed the outward man. A countenance lividly pale, set out by a pair of intensely black eyes, and a broad but not very high forehead, overhung by clustering ringlets of coal-black hair, which, combed away from the right temple, fell in bunches of well-oiled *small ringlets* over his left cheek."

He was greeted with shouts of laughter before he had uttered many sentences, and at length he was so persistently interrupted by ironical cheers and laughter that he became confused and broke down ignominiously. Before he resumed his seat, however, he gave utterance to the following prophecy, which in after days when the House hung breathless on his words was often recalled: "I am not at all surprised, sir, at the reception which I have received. I have begun several times many things and I have often succeeded at last. Ay, sir, and *though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me.*" He delivered the last sentence in a very loud tone, and resumed his seat. A man of even ordinary sensitiveness would have felt this catastrophe so seriously as to hide his head, if not for ever, at least for a considerable period. Not so Mr. Disraeli. Seven days after his first calamitous effort he again addressed the "House." He spoke but three times after during the session of 1837–8.

During the two years which followed Disraeli's first appearance in Parliament he found time to write at least two novels, and the famous "Letters of Runnymede," which appeared originally in the London *Times* but were afterwards collected and published in book form. He was steadily working his way in Parliament as a member of the Conservative Party, of which Sir Robert Peel was the able leader. When in 1846 the crucial question of free trade arose and Peel abjured protection, the Conservative Party stood aghast at the act. A moment of suspense ensued and it was uncertain whether the well-disciplined followers would be faithful to their chief or to their principles. That was the supreme crisis of Disraeli's life. He rose in the House and denounced Peel as a traitor to his party. "Well do we remember," he said, "on this side the House—not perhaps without a blush—the efforts we made to raise him to the bench where he now sits. Who does not remember the sacred cause of protection, for which sovereigns were thwarted, Parliament dissolved and a nation taken in. I belong to a party which can triumph no more, for we have nothing left on our side, except the constituencies which *we have not betrayed.*" That speech was

THE TURNING POINT

in Disraeli's history and in British politics. The Conservative Party was rent in twain, and while many able members, of whom Mr. Gladstone was one, followed Peel and eventually joined the Liberals, Lord George Bentinck became leader of the Conservative Party, with Mr. Disraeli as his energetic lieutenant. In 1847 Bentinck died and Mr. Disraeli became the recognized leader of the Conservative Party in the House of Commons. He had toiled in the House twenty years to attain that position, but during that period he had by the sheer force of genius and indomitable perseverance distanced all his contemporaries.

It was at this time that Mr. Disraeli first displayed his consummate abilities as a party leader. Petty personal jealousies there were certain to be in the ranks; country squires proud of their pedigree and their broad acres; scions of noble houses whose ancestors for many generations had held honorable places in Parliament, were naturally disinclined to acknowledge as their chief the descendant of a Venetian Jew, a mere political adventurer. But with rare tact and skill all disposition to mutiny was overcome, and in a short time Mr. Disraeli was followed by a compact and loyal party, over whom he maintained his ascendency until his death.

The first time Mr. Disraeli ever held office was in 1851, when the late Earl of Derby became Premier and offered Mr. Disraeli the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. He was not a brilliant financier, for he had throughout his life a dislike of the small details of business, in which Mr. Gladstone takes so great a delight. For the various questions involved in the statement of the national balance-sheet he relied on his subordinates, and his financial projects were neither original nor profound. But his speeches on general questions of national policy, and especially on foreign affairs, called forth his best efforts and displayed his abilities as a statesman. His tenure of office under the Earl of Derby was but of short duration, and after a hostile vote of the House of Commons he and his colleagues gave place to a Liberal administration. On two subsequent occasions Mr. Disraeli held the same office under the same Premier, and during the last term he succeeded in passing a measure widely extending the franchise, after the Liberals had ignominiously failed in a like effort of a more moderate character.

It was in 1868 that Mr. Disraeli first grasped the great prize which is the summit of an English politician's ambition—he became

PRIME MINISTER OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Lord Derby suffered from an acute attack of sickness early in the year, and although he rallied for a time, he accepted the illness as a warning, and retired from office. Then Queen Victoria invited Mr. Disraeli to accept the vacant post, and it is related as *a curious coincidence* that the bearer of her autograph letter offering Mr. Disraeli the highest honor it was in her power to confer, was the very man who thirty-six years before had defeated him in his first attempt to obtain a seat in Parliament. His administration continued only ten months. The question of the disestablishment of the Irish Church became a prominent topic of the time, and Mr. Disraeli's policy with regard to it was condemned in the House of Commons by a majority of sixty-five. He appealed to the people by dissolving Parliament, but when a new House was elected many of his supporters lost their seats and a decisive majority was opposed to him. He therefore resigned and his rival Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister.

The Gladstone administration remained in power five years and two months, and then the sudden resolution of Mr. Gladstone to dissolve Parliament was announced.

During the interval that occurred between the election of 1868 and 1874 a Conservative reaction had set in and had been steadily growing. The Liberal administration had inaugurated many needed reforms, but they had also made many enemies. They had offended the clergy by their Irish Church policy, the Nonconformists by their Educational policy, and the liquor dealers by diminishing the hours during which the saloons might remain open. These enemies of the government were powerful, and besides these there were many high-spirited Englishmen who felt ashamed of the foreign policy of the Liberals, who had allowed Russia to annul the Treaty of Paris. The result of the combined opposition was the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's followers at the polls. That statesman followed the example of Mr. Disraeli and resigned as soon as the result of the elections was known, and on February 21st, 1874, Mr. Disraeli again became Prime Minister.

The events of Mr. Disraeli's last term of office will be fresh in the recollection of our readers. Though he had been in office before, he had never really been in power, for his majority had been so small that he was forced to depend on independent members for the strength requisite to carry his measures. But in 1874 the supporters of Mr. Disraeli numbered a clear majority of fifty over all other political sections, and they could be relied upon for steady and unwavering allegiance. Mr. Disraeli's rivals have made it a matter for reproach that, with so large a majority at his command, he accomplished so little of really valuable legislation. But on the other hand it should be remembered that the principles on which the Conservative success was attained were those of rest and quiet. The country was tired of the rapid progress and general disturbance Mr. Gladstone had maintained. The value of the reforms he had effected were not denied, but a fear of disorganization had spread among the people and a dread lest further changes might be effected before society was prepared to receive them. Mr. Disraeli therefore would have been false to Conservative principles had he undertaken work comparable with the Repeal of the Corn Laws or the removal of Catholic disabilities.

A task was committed to his hands, however, and to this he set himself with ready and enthusiastic energy. It was that of re-establishing English influence in European affairs. Rightly or wrongly Englishmen regretted that the non-intervention policy of the Liberals, economical as it had been, had produced its natural result of lowering British prestige abroad. National vanity was wounded, and craved a renewal of bygone glory. The outbreak of the war between Russia and Turkey, followed by the defeat of the latter Power, and the dictation of humiliating terms by the conqueror gave the Conservative Premier the opportunity he needed. Russia was told courteously but firmly that England could not permit the Treaty of San Stefano to be executed; and as an intimation of her determination to prevent it by force if necessary, a detachment of troops was brought from India as a practical preparation for war. The Congress of Berlin followed, and the British Premier there confronted the Czar and tore his treaty to shreds. The "Peace with Honor" which Lord Beaconsfield and his lieutenant and former rival, Lord Salisbury, brought back from Berlin was the crowning triumph of his life. How far Turkey materially profited by the results of that Congress may be doubted, but there can be no doubt that British prestige in Europe was raised by the bold policy of Lord Beaconsfield.

Had Parliament been dissolved immediately after the Congress of Berlin Lord Beaconsfield would have probably been granted a further lease of power, but the opportunity passed by, and when in March, 1880, an appeal was made to the people, Mr. Gladstone's followers were elected by a large majority and Lord Beaconsfield resigned.

THE END

of Lord Beaconsfield's brilliant career was not at that time believed to be so near as it really was. Late hours in the House of Commons and the constant wear and tear of mind entailed on the leader of a great party there, had undermined his health, and he reluctantly consented some time before his defeat to quit the House of Commons, the scene of his triumphs, and by accepting a peerage, to transfer his labors to the House of Lords, where the sittings are not so long and where the strain of mind is not so great. He was created Earl of Beaconsfield, and on his return from Berlin was made a Knight of the Garter.

With the opening of Parliament in January last he was in his place and apparently robust; and when seen in society nobody could have detected any sign of weakness or decay in him. He was, however, seized with sudden illness at the end of March, and on April 19th he died.

But little has ever been made public of Lord Beaconsfield's spiritual state. As Premier it fell to his lot to nominate several bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the selections he made indicate that he understood and appreciated the value of evangelical doctrine. The London *Record*, an organ of the Episcopal Church, in a notice of the deceased statesman says:

"Lord Beaconsfield's ecclesiastical patronage was well bestowed. Bishops Claughton, Jones, and Lightfoot were recommended by Lord Beaconsfield, as were those three excellent Bishops, Rowley Hill, Thorold, Ryle. Dean Fremantle was likewise appointed by Lord Beaconsfield as a worthy successor of Dean McNeile, and we believe that the excellent Canon Orlando Forester, whom he made Canon Residentiary of York, was one whom Lord Beaconsfield always consulted as a friend. We reckon it *a cause of thankfulness* that the departed statesman was in his last illness attended by a physician so well able to minister to the soul as well as to the body as Dr. Kidd. It is pleasant to know that the ex-Premier had by his dying bed one who knew the only solid ground of comfort, and could direct his patient to the Lamb of God, who died for our sins and was raised again for our justification."

Strong exhortation to Christian work, Christian development, Read and be strengthened in Christ,

ONWARD.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning, May 8, 1881.

"Go forward."—EXODUS 14 : 15.

Masterly Retreat an Impossibility in Religion—Forward the only Battle-Cry—May-time in the Soul—Words of Counsel—I. Have a High Model—Fortunes in a Battered Ship—Avoid Pernicious Associations—Right Kind of Company—Better than Ourselves—Ten Chances to One—III. Be Actively Employed—Pride in Doubts—God's Judgment on Idleness—A World of Insects for the Lazy—IV. Be Faithful in Prayer—The Test of Christian Progress—Two Sabbath-School Teachers—Apparel or Prayer—V. Be Faithful in Bible Research——Decanted Mineral Water—The Crowning Meanness of the Centuries—Stealing a Compass from an Imperilled Crew—Robbing an Old Traveller of Light and Staff—Cling to the Bible.

[A very impressive scene was witnessed at the Tabernacle before Dr. Talmage commenced his sermon. Occupying seats on the platform with the preacher were nine clergymen, and ranged in the front seats in the area were *three hundred and ten new members* who have been received into the church as the result of the blessing of God on the revival services now concluded. Dr. Talmage read their names from the platform and then he and one of the elders passed through the throng and gave to each the right hand of fellowship. This addition raises the number of members in the church at the Brooklyn Tabernacle to *twenty five hundred and eighty-nine.*]

"MASTERLY retreat" is a term often used in military circles, but in religion there is no such thing. It is either glorious advance or disgraceful and ignominious falling back. I address the more than three hundred members added to-day, and indeed all Christians, in the order given to the Israelites by the Lord through Moses :—"Go forward."

It would be a strange thing if all our anxiety about men ceased the moment they were converted. You would almost doubt the sanity of that farmer who having planted the corn and seen it just sprout above ground, should say : "My work is all done. I have no more anxiety for the field." No. There is work for the plough and the hoe, and there must be a careful keeping up of the fences, and there must be a frightening away of the birds that would pillage the field. And I say the entrance upon Christian life is only the implantation of grace in the heart.

There is earnest, hard work yet to be done, and perhaps many years of anxiety before there shall be heard the glorious shout of "Harvest home." The beginning to be a Christian is only putting down the foundation ; but after that there are years of hammering, polishing, carving, lifting, before the structure is completed. It takes five years to make a Christian character ; it takes twenty years ; it takes forty years ; it takes seventy years, if a man shall live so long. In other words, a man dying after half a century of Christian experience feels that he has only learned the "A B C's" of *a glorious alphabet.*

It is May now in the natural world. The

MAY BLOSSOMS

will soon scatter, but the pumps are busy in the trees, the apple-tree and the pear-tree and the plum-tree, sending forth fountains of life that will after a while hang out in luscious fruit. And so it is in the hearts of many of you this May morning. The May blossoms of your first experience will scatter and we are anxiously watching whether all those spring blossoms will show themselves in the grand, ripe, glorious fruit of Christian character.

The next year will decide a great deal in your history, young Christian man. It will decide whether you are to be a burning and shining light of the church, or a spark of grace covered up in a barrel of ashes. It will decide whether you are to be a strong man in Christ Jesus, with gigantic blows striking the iron mail of darkness, or a bedwarfed, whining, grumbling soldier, that ought to be drummed out of the Lord's camp with the "Rogues' March."

You have only just been launched ; the voyage is to be made. Earth and heaven and hell are watching to see how fast you will sail, how well you will weather the tempest, and whether at last amid the shouting of the angels, you shall come into the right harbor. May God help me this morning to give you three or four words of Christian counsel, as I address myself more especially to those who have just now entered the Christian life.

I. My first word of counsel is, hold before your soul

A VERY HIGH MODEL.

Do not say, "I wish I could pray like that man, or speak like this man, or have the consecration of this one." Say : "Here is the Lord Jesus Christ, a perfect pattern. By that I mean, with God's grace, to shape all my life." In other words you will never be any more a Christian than you strive to be. If you build a foundation twenty by thirty feet you will only have a small house. If you build a foundation one hundred by one hundred feet, you will have a large house. If you resolve to be only a middling Christian, you will only be a middling Christian. If you have no high aspiration in a worldly direction you will never succeed in business. If you have no high aspiration in religious things you will never succeed in religion. You have *a right to aspire* to the very highest style of Christian character.

From your feet there reaches out a path of Christian attainment which you may take, and I deliberately say that you may be a better man than was Paul, or David, or Summerfield, or Doddridge—a better woman than Hannah More or Charlotte Elizabeth. Why not ? Did they have *a monopoly of Christian grace ?* Did they have a private key of the storehouse of God's mercy ? Does God shut you out from the gladness and goodness to which they were introduced ? Oh, no. You have just the same promises, just the same Christ, just the same Holy Ghost, just the same offers of present and everlasting love, and if you fall short of what they were—aye, if you do not come up to the point which they reached and go beyond it—it is not because Christ has shut you out from any point of moral and spiritual elevation, but because you deliberately refused to take it.

I admit that man cannot become a Christian like that without a struggle ; but what do you get without fighting for it ? The fortresses of darkness are to be taken by storm. You may by acute strategy flank the hosts of temptation ; but there are temptations, there are evils, in the way that you will have to meet face to face, and it will be *shot for shot*, gun for gun, grip for grip, slaughter for slaughter. The Apostle Paul over and over again represents the Christian life as a combat.

When the war-vessel of Christ's Church comes into glory bringing its crew and its passengers, it will not come in like a North River yacht, beautifully painted and adorned, swinging into the boat-house after a pleasure excursion. Oh, no. It will be like a vessel coming with a heavy cargo from China or India, the marks of the wave and the hurricane upon it—sails rent, rigging spliced, pumps all working to keep her afloat, bulwarks knocked away.

I see such a vessel coming and I get out my small boat and push towards her, and I shout : "Ahoy, captain ! What are you going to do with those shivered timbers ? That was a beautiful ship when you went out but you have ruined it.' "Oh," says the captain, "I have a fine cargo on board, and by this round trip I have made ten fortunes." So I believe it will be when the Christian soul at last comes into the harbor of heaven. It will come bearing upon it the marks of a great stress of weather. You can see by the very looks of that soul as it comes into glory that it was driven by the storm and dashed in the hurricane ; but by so much as the voyage was rough, will the harbor be blessed. "If ye suffered with Him on earth, ye shall be glorified with Him in heaven."

Aim high. Do not be satisfied to be like the Christians all around about you. Be more than they have ever been for Christ. An old Arabian king was showing a beautiful sword that had been given him, when one of his courtiers said : "This sword is too short. You cannot do anything with it." Said the king's son : "To a brave man no sword is too short. If it be too short, take one step in advance, and then it is long enough." So I say to any Christian who may feel that he has poor weapons with which to fight against sin and darkness and death : "Advance upon the enemy. In the strength of Christ go forward. Put mo strength. God is for you, and if God be for yo who can be against you ? Remember that Go never puts you in battle but He gives you weapo with which to fight."

II. My second word of counsel to those who ha recently entered upon Christian life is : absta from all

PERNICIOUS ASSOCIATIONS ;

and take only those that are useful and beneficer Stay out of all associations that would dama your Christian character. Take only those ass ciations that will help you. A learned m said : "If I stay with that man Fenelon a longer, I shall get to be a Christian in spite myself." In other words there is a mighty pov in Christian associations.

Now, what kind of associations shall we, young Christians, seek after ? I think we ought try to get in *company better than ourselves*, ne going into company worse than ourselves. If get into company a little better than ourselves there are ten people in that company, ten chan to one we will be bettered. If we get into co pany a little worse than ourselves and there ten people in that company, ten chances to o we will be made worse than we were before.

Now, when a young Christian enters the churc God does not ask him to be a monk. God d not ask her to be a nun. There is no virtue monasticism. The anchorite that lives on ac is no nearer heaven than the man who lives on p tridge and wild duck. Isolation is not demand by the Bible. A man may use the world with restriction of not abusing it. But just as soon you find any surroundings pernicious to y spiritual interest, quit those associations.

This remark is more especially appropriate to the young. Now it is impossible that the you and untroubled should seek their associations w those who are aged and worn out. As God intended the aged to associate with the aged, tal over the past and walking staff in hand along the same paths they trod, thirty, forty, and fifty yrs ago, so I suppose He intended the young chief to associate with the young. The grace of God does not demand that we be unnatural. I do not wi you to take this caution I have given you as th of a growling misanthrope, hating hilarity. For ou must have a spring bow if you want to make the arrow fly. But while this is so, I want you t be especially on guard in this matter and let thre ligion of Jesus Christ control you in all your so ciations.

I know young people who have meant well enough, but they have floated off into evil influences, and they have associated day by day with those who hated God and despised His commandments, and their characters are all depleted. Can see they are changed for the worse, but the are not aware of it. O young man, come out of that bad association. I do not know what it is. I do not know to what place you may have a private key. I do not know to what place you go without the sanction of those who love you very much. I do not pretend to point out any evil influences but are there not some surrounding influences that are pernicious to your growth in grace ? Stand back from that furnace in which so many young Christians have been destroyed.

In this church there is a large company of young men and young women consecrated to Christ. I know of no better people than they are. Young convert, I invite you into their friendship. Contact with them will elevate you. All hail, young followers of Jesus Christ, my joy and my pride ! My heart thrills at every step of your advancement. I talked with you in that hour when you first fled to break from sin, and I now rejoice as I see you putting on the armor of a conflict in which God will give you present and everlasting victory. Stand off from all evil associations. A man is no better than the company he keeps. Go among those who are better than you are, and you will be made better. Go among those who are worse than you are and you will be made worse.

III. My next word of counsel is that you

BE ACTIVELY EMPLOYED.

see a great many Christians with doubts and plexities, and they seem to be proud of them. eir entire Christian life is made up of gloom, and y seem to cultivate that spiritual despondency, en I will undertake to say that in nine cases out ten spiritual despondency is a judgment of God on idleness. Who are the *happy people in the urch* to-day? The busy people. Show me a n who professes the religion of Jesus Christ and dle, and I will show you an unhappy man. The y first prescription that I give to a man when I d him full of doubts and fears about his eternal erest is to go to work for God. Ten thousand ices are lifted up asking for your help. Go and lp.

Here is a wood full of summer insects. An eman goes into the wood to cut firewood. The ects do not bother him very much, and every oke of the axe makes them fly about. But let a n go and lie down there and he is bitten and uled, and thinks it is a horrible thing to stay in e wood. Why does he not take an axe and go work? So there are thousands of Christians now the church who go out amid great annoyances life—they are not perplexed, they are all the time sy; while there are others who do nothing and ey are stung and stung and stung and covered m head to foot with the blotches of indolence d inactivity, and spiritual death.

The first thing then you have to do, O Christian ung man, Christian young woman, is to go to rk in the service of the Lord if you want to be a ppy Christian. When an army goes out there e *always stragglers* falling off here and there, me because they are faint and sick, but a great ny because they are afraid to fight and too lazy march. After awhile the lazy men on the road ar the booming of the guns for hours, and they ar the shout of victory, and a man on horseback mes up and says: "We have won the day." en they hasten up. How brave they are after e battle is over. Poor at fighting but grand at uzza!" So there are stragglers going after the rd's host. There come days of darkness and ttle. Where are they. We call the roll of the st. They make no answer, but after awhile ere comes a day of triumph in the church, and ey are all about. "Huzza! huzza! Didn't we e it to them!"

IV. I have another word of counsel to give ose who have just entered Christian life, and that

BE FAITHFUL IN PRAYER.

You might as well, business man, start out in e morning without food and expect to be strong that day—you might as well abstain from food the week and expect to be strong physically, as be strong without prayer. The only way to get y strength into the soul is by prayer, and the only ference between that Christian that is worth erything and that who is worth nothing is the t that the last does not pray and the other does. nd the only difference between this Christian who getting along very fast in the holy life and this o is only getting along tolerably is that the first ays more than the last.

You can graduate a man's progress in religion by e amount of prayer, not by the number of hours, rhaps, but by the earnest supplication that he ts up to God. There is no exception to the rule. ow me a Christian man who neglects this kind duty and I will show you one who is inconsist- t. Show me a man who prays, and his strength d his power cannot be exaggerated. Why, just ve to a man this power of prayer and you give m almost omnipotence.

This afternoon you will see

TWO SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS.

hat one does not gain the attention of her class. his one does. What is the difference between em, their intellects being about equal? The first ought only of her own apparel. The other came om great prostration before God in earnest sup- ication, asking that God's mercy might come on the school, and that in the afternoon she ight gain the attention of those five or six im- ortals that would be around her. The one acher has no control over her class. The other sits as with the strength of the Lord God Almighty.

A minister comes into the pulpit. He has a magnificent sermon, all the sentences rounded according to the laws of rhetoric and fine sermonizing, and the truth makes no impression on the hearts of men. People go away and say: "Very beautiful, wasn't it?" A plain man comes into the pulpit. He has been on his knees before God, asking for an especial message that day, and the hearts of men open to the plain truth, the broken sentences strike into their consciences, and, though the people may disperse at the close of the services seemingly without having received any impression, that night voices will be lifted in some household: "Men and Brethren what shall we do to be saved?" Oh, this power of prayer! Pray! Pray!

V. Another word of counsel I have to give. Be faithful in

BIBLE RESEARCH.

A great many good books are now coming out. We cannot read half of them. At every revolution of the printing press they are coming. They cover our parlor tables, and are in our sitting-rooms and libraries. Glorious books they are. We thank God every day for the work of the Christian printing press. But I have thought that perhaps the followers of Christ sometimes allow this religious literature to take their attention from God's word, and that there may not be as much Bible reading as there ought to be.

How is that with your own experience? Just calculate in your minds how much religious literature you have read during the year, and then how large a portion of the Word of God you have read, and then contrast the two and answer within your own soul whether you are giving more attention to the books that were written by the hand of man or that written by the hand of God. Now, you go to the drug store and you get the mineral waters; but you have noticed that the waters are not so fresh or sparkling or healthful as when you get these very waters at Saratoga and Sharon—getting them right where they bubble from the rock. And I have noticed the same thing in regard to the truth of the Gospel; while there is a good deal of refreshment and health of the Gospel of God as it comes through good books, I find it is better when I come to the eternal rock of God's Word and drink from that fountain that bubbles up fresh and pure to the life and the refreshment and the health of the soul.

Read the Bible and it brings you into the association of the best people that ever lived. You stand beside Moses, and learn his meekness, beside Job and learn his patience, beside Paul and catch something of his enthusiasm, beside Christ and you feel His love. And yet how strange it is that a great many men have given their whole lives to the assaulting of that book. I cannot understand it. Tom Paine worked against that book as though he received large wages and was inspired by the very powers of darkness, confessing that all the time he was writing he did not have the Bible anywhere near him.

How many powerful intellects have endeavored to destroy it. Hume, Bolingbroke, Voltaire have been after it. Ten thousand men now are warring against the truth of God's word. What do you think of them? I think it is mean, and will prove it. I will prove it is

THE MEANEST THING

that has ever been done

IN ALL THE CENTURIES.

There is *a ship at sea* and in trouble. The captain and the crew are at their wits' end. You are on board. You are an old seaman. You come up and give some good counsel, which is kindly taken. That is all right. But suppose, instead of doing that, in the midst of all the trouble you pick up the only compass that is on board and pitch it over the taffrail? Oh, you say, that is mean--dastardly. Is it as mean as this? Here is the vessel of the world going on with fourteen hundred millions of passengers, tossed and driven in the tempest, and at the time we want help the infidel comes and he takes hold of the only compass and he tries to pitch it overboard. It is contemptible beyond everything that is contemptible. Have you any better light? Bring it on if you have. Have you any better comfort to give us? Bring it on if you have. Have you any better hope? Bring it on if you have, and then you may have this Bible and I shall never want it again.

But I can think of *a meaner thing than that*, and that is *an old man going along on the mountains* with a staff in one hand and a lantern in the other. Darkness has come on suddenly. He is very old, just able to pick his way out amid the rocks and precipices, leaning on his staff with the one hand and guiding himself with the light in the other. You come up and say, "Father, you seem to be lost. You are a long way from home." "Yes," he replies. And then you take him by the hand and lead him home. That is very kind of you. But suppose instead of that you should snatch the staff from his hand and hurl it over the rocks, and snatch the lantern and blow it out? That would be dastardly, contemptible until there is no depth of contempt beneath it. If you have a better staff, give it to him. If you have a better light give it to him.

When God has put the staff of the Gospel in our hands and the lamp of God's word to light our feet, are you going to take from us our only support and our only illumination? I love the sting of the wasp and the rattlesnake better than I do the man who wants to clutch the Word of God from my grasp. There are people here who have been reading it a good while. It is a precious book to their souls. It has been so in times of darkness and trouble. There was *a soldier who fell in battle*, and after he had fallen he said in a feeble voice to his comrade, "Give me a drop." His comrade replied, "There is not a particle of water in my canteen." "Oh," he said, "I didn't mean that. Look in my knapsack and you will find a Bible there. Get out that old Bible and just give me a drop out of that." And his comrade found the Bible and read a few passages. The dying soldier said, "Oh, George, there is *nothing like that*, is there, for a dying soldier?"

Cling to your Bible! If this Bible should be destroyed, if all the Bibles that have ever been printed should be destroyed, we could make up a Bible right out of this audience. From that Christian man's experience I take one cluster of promises, and from that old Christian man's experience another, I put them all together, and I think I would have a Bible.

You see, my friends, I have not tried to hide the fact that *I have large expectation* of you who have entered the Christian life. Do not be discouraged. Press on toward the prize; God beside you and heaven before you. Keep your courage up.

look in

THIRTY YEARS FROM NOW

upon this church. Another man in the pulpit. Other faces in the pews. Another man leading the singing. Others carrying around the alms-boxes of the church. All changed. Thirty years have gone and I look into the faces of the people, and I say, "Why, it seems to me I have seen these people somewhere, but I cannot exactly say where. Oh, yes, now I begin to think. These were the converts in 1881 and 1880. Why, how you have changed!" "Oh, yes," they say, "of course we have changed. Thirty years make a great change." I say, "How many wrinkles there are in your faces!" "Oh, yes," they say, "thirty years make a great many wrinkles." "Have you kept the faith?" "Yes, we have kept the faith." "Where are those people who used to sit in the pew with you." "All gone."

"Then," I say, "well, I feel lonely; come, let us sing one of the old hymns we used to sing thirty years ago in 1881 on communion day. Any of you know the old tune? Some one hum it. Yes, that's it, that's it. Now, altogether, let us sing, just as we did in 1881,

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

"The dying thief rejoiced to see,
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."

JAMES GRAHAM'S BUSH LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

(*Continued from page 279.*)

James Ash, Nephew of Graham's Employer, Arrives in Australia, from England—Lock's Contrivances to Effect a Dissolution of Partnership—His Disagreements with a Blacksmith and a Highland Sheep-Docter—Graham and James Ash Visit Old Eagle-Hawk, a Native Chief—Physique and Skill of the Aborigines.

IN continuing the account of his Bush experiences which James Graham gave to his friends, he said: Lock was as meek as a mouse till he got the deed of partnership executed; but Ash and Alder quickly found his keen edge was double. He soon rode as good a horse, and held as high a head, as either of themselves. Indeed, as they were seldom there, he was chief man. They kept the station to make money, and not as a residence. When I came, I was so simple as to get no written agreement from Lock; but, at his advice, left it to my employers to judge what I was worth, and bent all my attention to acquire colonial experience in the management of sheep and cattle. Lock was storekeeper, and I took a turn at all work, rough and smooth.

Many a bitter pill I had to swallow, and many a disagreeable duty to perform, but though at first I kicked and chafed against it, until sometimes not only my body but my heart also felt sick and sore, I was afterwards led by a generous and all-wise Providence to accept it all as part of a beneficial discipline, and as coming from His hands "Who doeth all things well."

In little less than a year after my arrival young James Ash, nephew of my employer, arrived at the station fresh from Liverpool. He had heard much from his relative, and had read much in books of the colony. He came to take his uncle's place at the station, but he soon found his master in Jerrold Lock. I saw him storm in anger one day when he went into the store to Lock to ask for the cheque book, to draw a cheque for a small sum. Lock refused point-blank, and told him he must keep his place.

I wondered at Lock's studiedly offensive bearing to him, as I knew it would reach his uncle; but I subsequently learned that Lock had "a *plan*" to work. That plan was to irritate them into dissolution of partnership as soon as possible, that he might *draw his fifth of all*, and set up for himself. This plan ripened in about two years after I came to the station, and it laid the basis of Lock's rapid fortune. Let me not, however, anticipate "*the ends.*"

In proportion as young Ash disliked Lock, he appeared to take to me. He hated "a lock" that, he said, no one could open except he borrowed Mammon's key. I told you how Lock got me into the affair with the convict that took to the bush. Before young Ash came to the station he got me into another affair that brought me into a court of justice for the first time in my life. He got on very bad terms with *a great grisly blacksmith*, who lived some three miles off on the neighboring station of Baroo Cobon (Cobon meaning great, as Narang means little). Lock wanted some coulters sharpened, and sent them by a third party to him to have them done. He did them; but, when he knew they belonged to Lock, he pitched them into a water-hole before his door. This was a splendid nut of law for Lock to crack. He got the smith fined in some pounds for damages and costs.

One day, as Lock and I were out on the sheep-run near the creek, up came the blacksmith, violently abusing Lock and challenging him to fight. Lock shut his lips and walked on in sublime—but as I thought cowardly—indifference, he not forgetting, I suppose, what material I was made of. At last I bade the blacksmith shut up. He squared his fist at Lock's face, and finally at mine. I drew back and dealt him a full-swing left-hander that gave him a refreshing cold bath in the creek. He summoned me for assault, but Lock handled the book so well as witness that the smith was again fined damages and costs.

Lock often, when in good humor, laughed at the affair; but, though my vanity was flattered my pride was mortified, and I sent a message of regret to the smith for what had occurred. He said, "He bore me no ill-will whatever; but he had it in reserve for that black-mouthed coward, whose teeth were rotten with telling and swearing lies."

Jerrold Lock is only a type of a true disciple of Mammon, who, in order to amass a certain amount of perishable wealth is prepared to do repeated violence to his conscience, sacrifice manly self-respect, immolate the claims of the tenderest friendships, and make all men but as so many steps by which he may climb to the gilded pinnacle of his ambition. The success of these unprincipled men has often been an occasion of stumbling to some of God's people. It was so with Asaph, the psalmist (Psalm 72); for he was envious at the foolish, when he saw the prosperity of the wicked. But it was afterward revealed to him by the light of the sanctuary that they are set in slippery places, and presently cast into destruction, brought into desolation, as in a moment, and utterly consumed with terrors.

Shortly after James Ash came to the station I nearly fell into another similar scrape. The overseer of Major Birchfield, the proprietor of Baroo Cobon, was a famous sheep-scabber and footrot curer. He was a great Scotch Highlander, and had a temper as fiery as his head was red. He had been punished, I think, for deer-shooting on improper occasions. He had communicated to Lock his secret of sheep-doctoring, for a sum which was to be paid if the cure was effectual. Lock affirmed it was not, and he that it was.

One morning when I came in from the stock-yard, I found quite a disturbance at the store. There stood M'Gregor rating Lock for a smooth-faced liar, because he would not pay. Young Ash stood looking on, hoping, I think, that the great knuckles of the Highlander would come down like flails on Lock, and dust his jacket. Lock was cowering back; and I think would have used some awkward weapon, if he had been driven to bay.

He brightened up when he saw me; and, with his hands in his pockets, coolly advanced and said, "Do you think I'll pay three pounds, for three half-pence worth of sulphur and grease?" M'Gregor stamped and raved, and threw off coat and waistcoat. He challenged Lock to fight. Lock looked half-perplexed, half-contemptuous. M'Gregor was a coward at heart, I guess, as he boasted so much; and when Lock would not fight, he challenged any man at the station, and looked hard at young Ash. I saw what it must come to. I kept my temper, but threw off my waistcoat.

"Now," I said, "M'Gregor, you have no second, and I'll have none. We'll settle it between us." He looked in my face with apparent amazement and curiosity; and went and—and—put on his clothes as calmly as any other morning that week! He left the station; but the language of Burns could not afford him epithets hard enough for Jerrold Lock. Indeed his rage and mortified pride appeared to half choke his utterance. From that hour, however, I evidently rose in the estimation of James Ash. But it really did not raise me in my own estimation. I saw myself deficient in self-control; though I did not envy Lock the selfish coolness that could irritate others, and then the selfish caution that could save his own skin.

But I'm reeling it off too heavy about *myself*. Let me "end" the day with a practical joke of Dick Nimagauley, the black. Ash, as I said, took greatly to me after the M'Gregor episode. He came to me on the evening of that day, and asked me to take him to the nearest camp of blacks to get material for an opossum-rug of real native manufacture. He also wanted to get, if he could, a water-mole, a flying squirrel, and some native birds for stuffing, as well as a case of Australian insects to send to England. Off we started for the camp on the creek.

King Bogan was away at a distance on the grounds of the tribe; and old Eagle Hawk Nimagauley was head of the little clan, whose sit-down was next us. Old Eagle Hawk was a splendid specimen of a black. He had been a foremost warrior and a terrible enemy to the early colonists, and had taken many lives. He had eaten his share of more than one white man, it was said; and had many a narrow escape from the white man's hemp, lead, and steel. He was esteemed a warrior-patriarch among his people. He stood in height some six feet—just two inches below the king.

It was the spiritual destitution and lack of civilisation among such tribes as these in Australia, New Zealand, India, Africa, etc., which prompted Christian missionaries to go and live among them, that they might lift them out of the darkness, mire, and death into which sin had plunged them. And it is a cause for profound and ever-deepening gratitude unto God, that so many thousands have been turned from idols to love and serve the Saviour who died to redeem them, and have washed their foul stains away in His blood which "cleanseth from all sin."

As we approached the camp Nimagauley's dogs poured out in a growling stream, and his gins with their pickaninnies scampered in; for he had five gins and at least eighteen dogs; the number of gins and dogs being the badge of wealth and rank among blacks. He advanced and saluted me in English style. He was not a begging black, and really looked like a natural patriarch or prince, though black as ebony and shining with grease. Young Ash was struck and looked on him with evident admiration. No wonder, for there was something grand in the "Old Eagle."

His head was quite bushy with hair, and his beard swept down his breast, and both were quite hoary. His chest was remarkably prominent as he stood erect. Thick wales or cords of callous flesh marked his bust, where it had been cut and gummed till he appeared corded from the breast-bone all along the ribs. This is one of the most distinguishing marks of manhood among his tribe. His fillet-bound forehead, though receding, was broad, his brows heavy, his eyes deep-set, restless, and expressive of great sharpness and fire. His mouth was large, with powerful underjaw; but his lips not very thick for a black. His whole frame was muscular and symmetrical, though somewhat corpulent, and had lost much of the vigor of youth.

I told him who Mr. Ash was, and what were his wishes. When he heard we wanted opossum and kangaroo, he looked a little fierce, as if old hostilities were awakened. "Yes, yes, you white men gallop horses over my father's graves—you white men come on my hunting grounds, and eat my opossums; but if I eat the white man's sheep or heifer, he'll hang me or shoot me. You're full, full, but come over the sea and want more, more. But, ha! ha! it's all right, I suppose. My Dick will talk to you about opossums."

It was a long time before even many professing Christian people could comprehend the truth of inspiration, that "God had made of one blood all men that dwell upon the face of the earth," and in His own image, too. But, thanks be to the Divine mercy, even the black man of the most debased tribes of the darkest places of the earth may become a "partaker of the Divine nature," a fellow-heir with us of the grace of life, and a brother in Christ Jesus! Many such trophies have already been secured through the preaching of the Gospel and the sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit, and the Lord is adding of *their* number daily to His spiritual church, such as are in the way of salvation.

Dick was in the young men's camp at some distance; for, until they get a wife, they dare not enter the camp of the married people; and if they meet a gin on the way, they must turn aside, otherwise club or spear would teach them bachelor-like propriety. A little pickaninny soon brought Dick, and another young man.

Dick was above twenty years old, the son of old Eagle Hawk, by his favorite wife. Dick was the worthy son of his sire in form and temperament, but a little less prejudiced against the whites than his father. He was one of the most athletic, one of the best-made young men, I ever saw, giving you, perhaps, more idea of agility than strength. No drill-sergeant could have made him walk with more erect, soldier-like bearing, and no dancing-master could have taught him a lighter or more graceful step. He resembled his father, whom he treated with reverence; but when he looked at us, and

heard our wishes, there was a twinkle of roguish delight and drollery in his dark, almond-shaped eyes.

His cousin, Joey Colwah, who was with him, was heavier-limbed, and heavier-headed, and heavier-eyed—a dozy-looking black. I think they called him Colwah from the drowsy lizard of that name. Dick talked a bit to him, and he trotted off to the camp; he soon returned, however, with some of Dick's hunting weapons. Then Dick headed off toward a distant knoll of gum-trees. As we proceeded a lot of little woolly-headed urchins—who saw Dick starting for the chase, and wished to bespeak game—started with us, chattering and running, till we came to a long pool in the creek. We turned the end of it; but they took to the water like ducklings—Dick and all. Ash stood to see the sport, not knowing whether to laugh or not; for suddenly the pickaninnies disappeared, as if they had sunk to the bottom; but it was only to reappear in a minute, shouting, and cutting all sorts of aquatic capers.

As they saw us amused, they continued the sport, ducking and diving, and reappearing where you least expected them; and then, making the woods ring with shouts and laughter. Ash laughed as heartily as they, and pronounced them a generation of otters and seals. Dick beckoned them home, and home they went, as merry as the young of any of human kind. We came to a great old blue gum, ragged and decayed. Its leaden-colored foliage was miserably out of proportion to its size. Dick examined it critically, and said, "Weeli, I believe, sit down up there."

He drew his tomahawk from his belt and cut a notch in the bark, some three feet from the ground. Into this he inserted his great toe; and truly a black has a *great* toe. It is great by hereditary transmission and personal acquisition. He can stand on that toe in the notch, as erect as a dragoon in both stirrups. He cut another notch some four feet higher, and thus notch over notch for hand and toe, he turned the tree into a ladder, while Ash wondered and looked on.

(To be continued.)

THE COMING GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

A Great Earthquake Predicted in Scripture—The Probable Consequences of an Earthquake in England—The Lisbon Earthquake—The Present Disturbed State of Our Planet.

THE Book of Revelation distinctly states that when the seventh and last vial of God's wrath is poured out, there shall be "a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake and so great: and *the cities of the nations shall fall*" as a necessary consequence of it. This is an unmistakable prediction of the destruction by an earthquake of the great cities of the nations of the earth.

We are now living at the end of the sixth vial, which dries up the mystic Euphrates or Turkish Empire, and are, therefore, on the margin of the seventh vial, which is expected to be poured out between 1885 and 1890. Therefore, within about ten years at the furthest, we may expect the great earthquake referred to. And it is remarkable that even now *premonitory vibrations* and terrestrial perturbations are being exceptionally felt throughout the globe.

A London newspaper says: "The consequences of an earthquake in England would be terrible. What would it be if nearly every house from Whitechapel to Kensington, a distance of six miles, and from Sydenham to Highgate (suburbs of London on the east, west, south and north of the city), were suddenly to be shaken to its foundations, to be cracked, rent, and riven while all the inhabitants were flying terror-stricken from a wreck of falling timbers and crashing walls? We will not picture the awful possibility for ourselves, how the parks would be crowded with trembling refugees, and every ship on the Thames would be assailed by fugitives anxious to escape from the fated city which was once the secure capital of England; how commerce would be at a standstill, the funds go down, and starvation stare the people in the face. It would be equally bad were Paris, or Berlin, or St. Petersburg to be the scene of such a devastating calamity; and inasmuch as the continent has more volcanoes than England ever contained, and is far more subject to subterranean convulsions, there is less improbability in this hypothesis than in any such unlikely disaster befalling one of the great English cities.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT LISBON.

"It was about the beginning of a bright November day in the year 1755 that the flourishing capital city of Portugal was laid low in the space of about ten minutes, and fifty thousand persons were overtaken by an awful death. The first shock at Lisbon is described as having been very slight, hardly more than the vibration caused by a passing wagon. Then, after an interval of two or three minutes, came another movement which caused the houses to split and crack, and this was followed in a minute more by the most awful convulsion that ever occurred in any European town. Lisbon had been subject to earthquakes before that time, but they had been, for the most part, 'horizontal' wave-like motions of the earth, which had only brought down one or two houses.

"This historical Lisbon earthquake is described as if two subterranean waves had met in collision just beneath the beautiful city on the Tagus, and thrown the buildings overhead into the air. In a moment the city was a heap of ruins, and, amid a profound darkness the screams of the living and the groans of the dying were all that could be heard. Then *a fire broke out*, and, driven by a fierce wind, completed the destruction of the Portuguese capital. Some unfortunate people had fled in terror to take refuge on the river banks; but the tide suddenly rose and overwhelmed them, while the marble quay of the Terreiro do Paço sank with all the persons on it, and not one of the bodies ever rose to the surface again. All this, it should be remembered, happened in a part of Europe, *little liable, as a rule*, to such earthquake shocks as are common in tropical countries. *It was an awful revelation of the insecure tenures on which even the most solid towns and cities hold their existence.*

"A natural feeling of anxiety must now prevail among those fair 'isles of Greece.' Which of them will be

THE NEXT VICTIM,

they must be thinking; or has the laboring earth exhausted its restlessness for the present? The fact that loud reports as of distant cannon or thunder have accompanied the shocks felt at Chios seems to lend color to the idea that earthquakes may be caused by some sort of subterranean explosion, either of gases or of steam. At the best many years must elapse before the fair isle of Chios can lift its head again, and in the meanwhile all Europe should unite to aid its unhappy people in their dire distress."

The *Daily Telegraph* justly observes, "Agram, Casamicciola, and Chios all bear witness to the *disturbed condition of the interior of our planet* at the present time, and the earthquake at the last mentioned place has been by far the worst. This will set people thinking rather uncomfortably as to whether *we in England are quite safe from such awful visitations.* We have enjoyed immunity from serious earthquakes so long that we have been led to believe that the earth in our quarter of the globe is solid enough to resist all possible pressure from beneath. Neither London, Liverpool, nor Birmingham, neither Edinburgh nor Dublin has ever—so far as history records—been subjected to anything more than slight terrestrial tremors. Certainly the houses have never come toppling down on the heads of the unfortunate inhabitants. Slight shocks have been experienced once or twice in a century, in various parts of Great Britain or Ireland, which have made plates and glasses jingle for a few moments, and caused people to wonder whether an explosion had taken place, or an unusually heavy cart passed, but nothing worse.

"Yet reasonable as our confidence may be in the stability of Mother Earth, as she exhibits herself in these islands, there have been times when *England has been the scene of volcanic phenomena* similar to those that have lately appeared at Agram, at Ischia, and at Chio. Traces of eruptive energy exist in every quarry, in almost every mountain and hill in the British Isles. Not only the igneous rocks, the product of bygone fires, but 'faults' and irregularities of strata are eloquent proofs of the terrible disturbances to which the crust of English soil has long ago been subjected. Why else should the solid granite or limestone strata in many places stand tilted up towards the sky, or lie curved in fantastic shapes?"

RECENT EUROPEAN EARTHQUAKES.

The Geneva correspondent of the *Times* writes:—"Professor Morel, of Morges, the eminent seismologist, has communicated to the local papers a complete list of the major and minor earthquakes recorded in Europe between February 26th and March 12th, 1881, or within the space of fifteen days. The enumeration begins with the earthquakes at Agram, in Hungary, the first on February 26th, at 3.55 A.M., the second on the 27th, at 5.30 A.M. On the 28th occurred the third at Kirchberg, Austria, at 2.20 A.M., and on the same day there was also a shock in Auvergne, France. On March 3rd, at 3.35 A.M., shocks were felt in Switzerland at the following places, the centre of the disturbance being in High Vallais: Valley of the Aar, Valley of Aosta, Great St. Bernard, Geneva, and the region of Lake Leman, Vaud, Neuchatel, Berne, Basel, Zurich, Schaffhausen, Tessen, and throughout Central Switzerland. The shock extended also to Mulhausen, in Elsass, and was felt in the Black Forest. March 4th, at 1.30 P.M., the town of Casamicciola, in the island of Ischia, was destroyed by an earthquake. On March 7th, at 3 A.M., a smart shock was felt in Fischenthal, canton Zurich, and on the following day at 3 A.M., one equally strong was observed at Lausanne. To these have to be added the fifteen slight shocks which took place on March 12th at Fuligno and Perugia (Italy), though they are not included in Professor Morel's list. If these be reckoned as one earthquake, there occurred in Europe

IN THESE FIFTEEN DAYS, NINE DISTINCT EARTHQUAKES,

composed of twenty-three separate shocks. The increasing frequency of earthquakes in Switzerland is marked and significant. In 1876, the known number of shocks was six; in 1877, five; in 1878, eight; in 1879, seven; in 1880, seventeen; in 1881, since January 1st, that is, in two and a half months, eight. The Swiss Seismological Society, for the scientific study of earthquake phenomena, is already in the third year of its existence. It is considered probable that we may shortly hear of further earthquakes, both in Switzerland and elsewhere."

A Birthday Present, Consisting of a Bible and book-mark, was presented not long ago by a young lady to a gentleman of her acquaintance who was going abroad. The inscription on the book-mark was, "God bless you!" In handing over the gift she earnestly exacted a promise from the gentleman that the mark should be placed anew in the Bible every morning, and never to remain more than a single day opposite the same chapter. For a time the promise was faithfully kept, but the influence of dissipated companions led the gentleman far away from God, and to the utter forgetfulness of his word. Indeed, he went so far as to say in heart, "There is no God." Five years rolled away, and the gentleman had become increasingly ungodly and miserable. He now returned to his native land, and in a few days again saw the lady who had given him his birthday present five years before. With a sense of shame he confessed himself guilty of having broken the solemn promise he had made, and upon his return home commenced to read his Bible. He had not read long before its truths revealed to him that he was a sinner and must repent if he would be saved. He fell upon his knees, sought mercy, and found it through Christ. He at once told others of what God had done for his soul, and the result was that a revival began in the town, and many were brought into the Church of God. "The law (doctrine) of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul" (Psalm 19:7).

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Deadlock in the Senate was Broken on Wednesday, May 4th, after lasting six weeks, when Mr. Dawes announced as the result of the caucus of Republican Senators that the contest on the question of organization would be deferred out of regard to the enormous accumulation of arrears of public business. He said the Republicans yielded nothing; that they went into executive session simply to confirm some essential nominations, after which they would take up the old fight with renewed vigor. In the executive session the first matter disposed of was the *Chinese immigration treaty*, which was ratified without amendment by a practically unanimous vote, there being only two Senators recorded in the negative. The Chinese commercial treaty was then taken up, and a very brief discussion resulted in its ratification also.

Proceeding with the calender of treaties, the Senate next ratified in succession the extradition treaty with the United States of Colombia; the consular convention with Italy modifying and defining the judicial powers of certain consulates; the convention with Morocco respecting the taxation prerogatives of the Moorish government, and the treaty with Japan prescribing reciprocal duties for the Japanese and United States governments in cases of shipwrecks upon their respective coasts.

The subject of the nominations was then taken up and they were referred to committees, without objection, except a few officers who received the compliment of a confirmation without a reference, and by an unanimous vote. On the following day eighty-eight nominations were confirmed.

The Success of Secretary Windom's Financial plans is attested by the fact that six per cent bonds to the amount of over seventy millions have already been presented for exchange to the three and a half per cent rate. Another encouraging feature of the financial situation is that the four per cent United States bonds were being sold last week at 116¼, thus indicating growing confidence in our national stability. During the month of April the public debt was reduced by the sum of $9,690,000, making a total reduction for the fiscal year of $78,099,001, a record unequalled by any country in the whole world.

A Bombshell on the Floor of the Senate could scarcely have produced more intense excitement than the message President Garfield sent to that chamber on Thursday. It was an intimation that the fighting is no longer to be all on one side, and that the President is prepared to wage war on certain Senators with their own weapons. The Senate has postponed consideration of the nomination of Mr. Robertson, with the obvious intention of rejecting it at some propitious moment, or of delaying it so long that the President might be induced to withdraw it of his own motion. But the President is apparently resolved on forcing the confirmation, or of punishing those who are responsible for rejecting it. Accordingly he withdrew all the New York nominations he had made in the interest of the Conkling wing of the party which, with the Robertson nomination, were awaiting consideration. He is thus able, if Mr. Robertson is rejected, to make *a new slate* of a very different cast.

As the Civil Service is Regarded by Politicians from points of view differing so widely from each other, the President's act naturally causes a direct conflict of opinion. It is obvious that if civil service appointments are the perquisites of the President and his friends, he is entitled to adopt any expedient constitutionally in his power, to secure them for those he wishes to reward. The whole question then becomes one of tact and endurance. On the other hand, if nominations are made with the sole view of committing the conduct of national business to men of integrity and capacity, then the President is entitled to have his nominations considered on their merits. He might raise a distinct and honorable standard, and if the Senate thwarted his will, might safely leave the issue *to the judgment of the people.* The opinion is generally held, rightly or wrongly, and based chiefly on the character of the Robertson, Matthews, and other nominations, that in the struggle between the President and Mr. Conkling, the policy of neither party is dictated solely by a desire for efficiency in the service, but is rather one of a personal character. The question, so narrowed, does not appeal strongly to the sympathies of the people. They look on with indifference, or at most with curiosity as to which combatant will be victorious in the struggle, while on all hands there is regret that President and Senator should so forget the dignity of their respective positions as to engage in so humiliating a contest.

The Investigation as to the Star Postal Routes, that is the routes of which the conveyance was by wagon, on horseback, or by special steamer, is proceeding and further remarkable developments are expected. Among the routes discontinued is Postal Route No. 29,053. It was a steamboat route from Memphis to the metropolis of Wittsburg, Arkansas, both of which places were it is asserted much better served by railroad already. The route existed ostensibly for the sake of six intermediate offices, whose total receipts are about $90 a year; the route cost the government $12,133 a year. Thus the suppression of this one route alone saves the service over $12,000 a year.

General Grant's Excursion to Mexico, which was supposed by many people to have been undertaken with a sinister design, has been explained by the general himself in a recent speech. As to the idea of annexation, he said emphatically that the United States had no desire for it. "We want no more land," he said. "We do want to improve what we have, and we want to see our neighbors improve and grow so strong that the designs of any other country could not endanger them." The alarmists who have encouraged the notion that an attempt to annex not only Mexico but Canada also would involve us in future wars may profitably consider General Grant's statement.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey was Present at the Gospel meeting in Cooper Union on Sunday, May 1st. In speaking of the work in the West, from which he and Mr. Moody have just returned, he said: "From the time we left this city till our return it is just seven months, and the Lord has seemed to be with us in all our journeys and labors. We held services three times every day except Saturday. We retained health and strength all the way, and are greatly satisfied with our work on the Pacific Coast. We stopped at Omaha over Sunday, and held meetings, as we always do, on a Sabbath. Although it was a crisp, cold day, two of the largest churches were filled at 8 o'clock in the morning. We reached *Salt Lake City* on Saturday, and stayed over Sunday in order to hold meetings. We found many people of the fold of Jesus Christ, Congregational, Methodist, Baptist, and other churches, with a fair membership. We began our meetings in the largest Protestant church, expecting to leave town the next day, but we stayed three weeks. The blessing of God seemed to descend on the simple preaching of the Gospel. I afterward met a pastor of one of the Salt Lake churches who said his church had gathered in ninety-two persons as the result of our little meetings. From Salt Lake City we went to the Pacific, where we were warmly received, and I thank God that He has many of His own people there."

Miss Frances E. Willard Writes Enthusiastically from Alabama of the success of her temperance work in the South. She was warned before entering upon it that failure was inevitable. That it must fail because laboring under a triple disadvantage. First that it was undertaken by a woman; second, by a temperance woman; and third, by a Northern temperance woman. In spite of these disadvantages she has been received in every city with demonstrations of hearty kindness and good-will, and everywhere Southern citizens have rendered cordial co-operation in the work. The trip will extend over two months, and *forty towns or more in fourteen States*, leaving in every place a W. C. T. U. where none has yet been organized. It may be hoped that Miss Willard's testimony will in some measure remove from the minds of Northerners the unfavorable impression produced by "The Fool's Errand," and similar works.

A Benevolent Employer has Recently Performed a munificent act. A daily newspaper says Mr. Andrew Carnegie has shown a practical interest in the welfare of the employés in his steel works at Braddock, Pa., by erecting for them a large building, at a cost of $20,000, for a library, reading-room, and public hall. They were proposing to secure a library, when he generously anticipated their wishes.

The Novel Expedient Discussed in Massacnusetts for the diminution of liquor drinking has assumed practical shape. A bill compelling the removal of all screens in front of bars in liquor saloons, thus making the purchase of liquor open to the eyes of passers by, has passed both houses of the Massachusetts Legislature, receiving the support not only of prohibitionists but of those also who merely wish to reduce the practice of bar drinking to more moderate limits.

The Case of two Brothers is Earnestly Commended by their sister to the prayers of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Some time ago a copy of this journal providentially fell into the hands of one of them and was the means in God's hand of bringing him into a hopeful spiritual state, but the temptations by which he is surrounded and the associations of his business, like thorns, choke the good seed, and with respect to both the young men there is grave cause for anxiety. Their sister, who expresses her firm faith in the efficacy of prayer, pathetically asks that our readers would remember both young men in their petitions to the throne of grace.

Two Dollars Received from J. N. have been handed to Mr. Jerry McAuley, who is doing a valuable work among a very depraved class of citizens in New York.

The Issue of the Revised New Testament is postponed until May 20th, and it is expected that the demand for copies will be so enormous that some delay must ensue before all applicants can be supplied. The Oxford edition is offered at the following prices: Nonpareil type, the page 5½ inches long and 4 inches wide, in paper cover fifteen cents; sent postpaid on receipt of eighteen cents. The same size in cloth binding twenty cents, or twenty-three cents by post; and in more expensive bindings at various prices up to four dollars. In brevier type, the page 6 inches long and 4¼ wide, bound in cloth, fifty cents, by post fifty-five cents; French morocco, $1.10. Long primer type, the page, 7 inches long and 5 inches wide, bound in cloth, $1.00. In pica type, the page 8½ inches long and 5½ inches wide, bound in cloth $2.50; in Persian morocco $5.00. In our next number we hope to give a portrait of Bishop Ellicott, who has taken a prominent part in the revision, and also some details respecting the origin and conduct of the work.

A Valuable Gift to Poor Children has been made by Mr. A. B. Stone, one of the trustees of the Children's Aid Society, who has bought Bath Park, with four and a half acres, several pavilions and ninety bathing houses, for $20,000, and presented it to the Society for a Summer Home for Poor Children, which, it is expected, will be in readiness by June. This home has been for seven years at Bath, L. I., where summer enjoyment has been furnished to more than 10,000 poor children.

An Abandoned Statue Remains at Philadelphia as a legacy from the Centennial Exhibition. It is a colossal granite statue of a soldier, and stands in front of Memorial Hall. The *Philadelphia Press* says in reference to it, "It has always been a matter of amazement why it was not removed at the close of the celebration or a formal gift of it made to the city. Perhaps we can enlighten the public on this point. Although the granite is a splendid specimen of stone the figure has *a serious defect*. It represents the soldier at Parade Rest. Yet the artist has put the right foot forward instead of the left. This destroys the value of the statue as a work of art, and it has therefore been abandoned by the owners. Only a soldier, however, will notice the defect, and it is a source of regret that it is so marred. The abandonment of the statue on account of a defect which would not be noticed by ordinary spectators is typical of the condition in which many will stand at the final judgment. Upright, honorable, philanthropic in their worldly dealings, yet ruined by a fatal defect, their attitude toward God is not that He requires—a repentant sinner justified by the blood of Jesus (Acts 4 : 12).

An Invitation Eight Years Belated was Received on May 7th by a gentleman at Middletown, Conn. It was mailed to him eight years ago by his brother, and contained an invitation to his wedding. He did not respond in person, somewhat to the bridegroom's surprise, but later he learned that the invitation had never been received. On Saturday last the invitation was returned from the Dead Letter Office, when he inclosed it in an envelope and dropped it in the Middletown office, addressed to his brother. This time it was received, but eight years too late for acceptance. The delay is unexplained, but was probably caused by a defective letter box or some strange receptacle in which it was dropped and lay unseen so long. The omission of the invited guest to be present at the ceremony was thus satisfactorily explained; but those who do not avail themselves of the invitation to the marriage supper of the Lamb (Matt. 22 : 4) will not be able to plead any such excuse.

A Young Lady's Death Resulted from the use of cosmetics in New York last week. The young lady is said to have been the daughter of a wealthy citizen of Buffalo. She suffered from a serious sickness and symptoms of lead poisoning were discovered. She was put under medical treatment, but without improvement in her condition. Three weeks ago she came to this city with her mother and was placed under the care of a New York physician, who ascertained that she had been in the habit of using in a lavish way cosmetics, which, on being analyzed revealed the presence of lead in large proportions. The efforts of the doctor were without beneficial results, and on Monday she succumbed to a severe attack of pericarditis. It appears that these artificial aids to beauty involve *physical* risks; we were already warned that their use implied that the users are in serious *spiritual* danger (1 Peter 3 : 3).

A Wandering Son was Reclaimed in San Francisco by the blessing of God on Mr. Sankey's efforts. At a meeting on May 1st, Mr. Sankey told the story of an aged mother in New England, living in affluence, who had given him a letter and asked him if he met her son out there to try and reform him. He had been a rich merchant in the East, but had lost all through drink; and abandoning his home, mother, wife, and children, had drifted out to the gold fields. In San Francisco Mr. Sankey found the man. He had no home, was *a trembling, besotted wreck*, and had gathered a few rags in a deserted building where he made his bed. His food and drink he obtained as chance gave them. Mr. Sankey implored him to come to the meetings, but he demurred on the ground that the only opportunity he had to earn money was at night. He was somewhat of an artist and decorated the windows of liquor stores with scrolls and fancy designs in soap. That very evening he had what he called "*a three dollar job*," and he was afraid of losing it. However, he attended and was converted. He is now on his way home to rejoin his family and take an interest in his brother's business. "I could tell you of many other such instances, but let that suffice," Mr. Sankey said in conclusion.

A Minister Preached a Sermon Recently with the knowledge that his house was burning while he preached. A contemporary says, "The residence of Rev. Conrad Vreeland, at Echo Lake, N. J., was destroyed by fire on Sunday of last week. Mr. Vreeland was about entering the pulpit of his church when word came that his dwelling was on fire. As it was three or four miles distant he judged at once that it would be impossible to get there in time to save anything, so went on with the services, and at the close spoke pathetically of the attractions of home, and then informed his congregation that he was without a roof to shelter him, his home having just been destroyed by fire." This conduct is denominated "stoicism," but the word is misapplied. The Christian can afford to rise above perturbation from worldly loss. He knows that if all he has is destroyed he has reserved for him a house eternal in the heavens (2 Cor. 5 : 1).

A Dollar Bill Wrapped Around a Medicine bottle furnished unexpected help recently to a sick widow. She was afflicted with an incurable disease, and the only medicine which gave her relief was very costly. A friend who heard of her trial purchased a bottle of the medicine and left it for her at her house. She did not immediately use it, having some on hand. By and by the little was exhausted, and so were her means. She needed immediate help and prayed for it. Afterward, opening the package containing the medicine she found a dollar bill wrapped around the bottle, put there by the friend who had left the package for her. The amount, small as it was, was enough to meet her wants until more came. It had been there while she prayed, thus fulfilling the promise (Isa. 65 : 24).

Dying for Want of a Surgeon was the Sad experience of a ship captain last week. The Hamburg-American steamship Lessing, which arrived at New York May 5th, brought to quarantine Captain Temple, formerly of the British bark Mary Graham. The Lessing sighted the bark with signals flying asking for medical assistance. The doctor was sent on board, who found that Captain Temple had broken his leg eleven days previously, and having no surgeon on board he had lain in torture waiting help from some passing vessel. He was transferred to the Lessing, when his leg was amputated, and, being very weak, the nursing which he received afterward did not revive him. When he landed he was scarcely able to speak, and died as soon as he reached the shore. It was a pitiable fate, that of help coming just too late Well is it for us that the Physician of souls is waiting always to hear the sin-sick penitent's cry for help.

A Singular Aural Infirmity Affects a Journalist at Cleveland, O. He says it partakes somewhat of the nature of color-blindness as that affects the eyes, he being *unable to hear certain sounds* at all. For example, he has never heard the sound of a bird's song in his life. A whole room full of canaries might be in full song and yet he could not hear a note, but the rustling of their wings would be distinctly heard by him. He can hear a man whisper but could not hear him whistle. The upper notes of a piano, violin, or other musical instrument he never hears, but the lower notes he hears without difficulty. This appears to be a purely physical defect for which he is not responsible; but similar effects are observed in the spiritual world which are the product of sinful perversity. There are men to whom an appeal from suffering humanity was never made in vain, but who are deaf to every effort to awaken within them a sense of their duty toward God (Matt. 13 : 15).

REJECTERS OF THE GOSPEL ADMONISHED.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Delivered on Sunday Morning, April 17th, 1881.

"To whom he said, This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest; and this is the refreshing: yet they would not hear."—ISAIAH 28 : 12.

An Eloquent Preacher Rejected—Two Intoxicants—Wine and Pride—Equally Destructive—Encouragement from Isaiah's Failure—I. The Excellence of the Gospel—A Revelation of Rest—The Cause of Rest—Specially Meant for the Weary—A Refreshing—A Definite Direction—Not a Selfish Rest—Excellence of Manner—It Comes with Authority—In Simplicity—Suitable to our Capacity—II. Objections Taken to the Gospel—They are Wanton—A Widow's Door Shut Against her Benefactor—They are Wilful—Wicked—The Outgrowth of Pride—III. The Objectors Divinely Requited—Restlessness—Hardening of the Heart—Darkening of the Understanding—Failure of Self-chosen Refuges.

ASSUREDLY Isaiah was one of the most eloquent of preachers, and yet he could not win the ears and hearts of those to whom he spoke, for it is written, "they would not hear." Beyond all question he was thoroughly evangelical; for, as Dr. Watts truly says, he spoke more of Jesus Christ than all the rest of the prophets, and yet the message of love was treated as though it were an idle tale. His doctrine was clear as the daylight, and yet men would not see it, so that He had to ask with sorrow, "Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?"

It was not the fault of the preacher that Israel rejected his warnings: all the fault lay with that disobedient and gainsaying nation. The people to whom He spoke so earnestly were

DRUNKEN IN A DOUBLE SENSE.

They were overcome with wine, and so general was this vice that Isaiah says, "But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment. For all tables are full of vomit and filthiness, so that there is no place clean."

What can be conceived of more potent to blunt the point of gospel truth than intoxication or excess? When a man is given to wine, how can the Spirit of God dwell in him? How is it likely that the truth shall enter an ear which has been rendered deaf by this degrading vice? How is the word of God likely to operate upon a conscience that has been drenched and drowned by strong drink? I charge you, if any of you are given to drunkenness, flee from this destroyer before your bands are made strong and you are hopelessly fettered by the habit. It is small wonder that the preacher is defeated if his ardent zeal has to compete with ardent spirits. When Bacchus rolls the wine-cask against the door it is hard to force an entrance, even though we demand it in the name of King Jesus. Men are in an ill state for hearing when the barrel and the bottle are their idols. It is not at all marvellous that the gospel should be neglected by men who have "put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains."

The people to whom Isaiah spoke were also drunken in another sense—namely, intoxicated with pride. Their country was fruitful, and its chief city, Samaria, stood on the hill-top, like a diadem of beauty crowning the land, and they delighted in the glorious beauty which is on the head of the fat valley. They themselves were brave, and among them were many champions whose strength sufficed to turn the battle to the gate, therefore they hoped to resist every invader, and so their hearts were lifted up.

Moreover, they said, "We are *an intelligent people*; we want no teaching, or if indeed we endure instruction it must be of a high class; we are men of cultured intellect, instructed scribes, and we do not need persons like Isaiah to weary us with their ding-dong of 'precept upon precept, line upon line,' as if we were mere children at school. Besides, we are good enough. Do we not

worship our God under the form of the golden calves of Belial? Do we not respect the sacrifices and the holy days?" So spoke the more religious of them, while the rest gloried in their shame. Being intoxicated with pride it was not likely that they would hear the message of the prophet who bade them turn from their evil ways.

The two forms of drunkenness are *equally destructive*, and I beg to call your attention to this fact. Whether body or soul be intoxicated, mischief will surely come of it. Many are pleased if I speak against drunkenness of the body, and I feel bound to speak as earnestly as I possibly can, for it is a monster evil; but I beseech you who are sober, and perhaps total abstainers, to dread the other intoxication; for if any one of us should be intoxicated with *pride on account of our own sobriety* it will be ruinous to our souls.

I confess I feel encouraged this morning by Isaiah's want of success. When He says, "They would not hear," I comfort myself concerning those who pay no heed to my exhortations; perhaps it is no more my fault than it was Isaiah's. At any rate, if Isaiah still went on speaking even when he cried, "Who hath believed our report?" much more may I, who am so much inferior to him, be willing to persevere in telling out my Master's message as long as my tongue will move. Peradventure God may grant repentance to the obstinate, and ears may yet be unstopped, and hearts may yet be softened; therefore, let us try again, and once more publish the glad tidings of peace. If the blessed Spirit be with us we shall not give the gospel call in vain, but men will fly to Jesus as doves to their windows.

First, I wish to speak this morning upon *the excellence of the gospel;* secondly, upon *the objections taken to it;* and thirdly, upon *the Divine requital of these objections.*

I. Let us consider

THE EXCELLENCE OF THE GOSPEL

as it is set forth in the passage before us. This Scripture does not allude to the gospel primarily, but to the message which Isaiah had to deliver, which was in part the command of the law and in part the promise of grace; but the same rule holds good of all the words of the Lord; and indeed any excellence which was found in the prophet's message is found yet more abundantly in the fuller testimony of the gospel in Christ Jesus.

Using the passage for ourselves, and referring it to the gospel ministry in this day, the excellence of that gospel lies, first, *in its object;* it is excellent in its design, for it is

A REVELATION OF REST.

We, as Christ's ambassadors, are sent to proclaim to you that which shall give you ease, peace, quiet, rest. It is true we have to begin with certain truths that disturb and distress; but our object is to dig out the foundation into which may be laid the stones of restfulness. The message of the gospel which fell from the mouth of its own author is this: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Over Bethlehem the angels sang "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

The object of the gospel is not to make men anxious, but to calm their anxieties; not to fill them with endless controversy, but to lead them into all truth. The gospel gives *rest of conscience* by the complete forgiveness of sin through the atoning blood of Christ; *rest of heart* by supplying an object for the affections worthy of their love; and *rest of intellect* by teaching it certainties which can be accepted without question. Our message does not consist of things guessed at by wit, nor evolved out of man's inner consciousness by study, nor developed by argument through human reason; but it treats of revealed certainties, absolutely and infallibly true, upon which the understanding may rest itself as thoroughly as a building rests upon a foundation of rock.

More than that, *it is the cause of rest*—"This is the rest wherewith ye may *cause* the weary to rest." The gospel of our salvation is not only a command to rest, but it brings the gift of rest within itself. Our Lord saith, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and *I will give you* rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and *ye shall find* rest unto your souls." Let the gospel be admitted into the heart and it will create a profound calm, hushing all the tumult and strife of conscience, removing all apprehensions of divine wrath, stilling all rebellion against the supreme will, and so working in the spirit by the energy of the Holy Ghost a deep and blessed peace. Oh that we may know and possess this peace of God.

This rest is especially

MEANT FOR THE WEARY.

"This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest." If you have been trying to find peace for years and cannot meet with it, here is the goodly pearl you have been seeking after; if you have been laboring and toiling to keep the law and have failed, here is more than the righteousness that your conscience has been craving. In Jesus crucified you will find all things, for "He is made of God unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption!"

O ye that are weary with the round of worldly pleasure, satiated, nauseated with the vanities and delusions of the carnal mind, come hither and find true joy. O ye that are worn with ambition, fretted with disappointment, embittered by the faithlessness of those you trusted in, come and confide in Jesus and be at rest. Weary, weary, weary ones, here is the rest, here is the refreshing. Jesus expressly puts it, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." If your backs are breaking, if your hearts are breaking, if your eyes are failing through weary watching and waiting, come to the Saviour just as you are, for He will be your rest. Despondent and despairing, condemned, and in your own conscience cast out to the gates of hell, yet look to Jesus and rest shall be yours. This is the rest wherewith He maketh the weary to rest. Oh, it is a blessed, blessed message that God has sent to the sons of men. How is it that they refuse it?

In addition to bringing us rest, *the message of mercy points us to a refreshing:* "This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest; and this is the refreshing." If the rested one should grow weary again, the good Shepherd will give him refreshing; if He wanders, the Lord will restore Him; if He grows faint, He will revive Him; yea, He has begun His gracious work of renewing, and He will continue it by renewing the heart from day to day, blending the will with His own, and making the whole man more and more to rejoice in Him. I know there are some of God's people here who are faint and thirsty. You are specially invited, as well as those who never came before, for if this is the rest for the weary this also is the refreshing for the fainting; and if the sinner may come and find peace in Christ, much more may you, who though you have wandered from Him like lost sheep, have not forgotten His commandments. Come, ye desponding ones, come back to Jesus, for this is the rest and this is the refreshing.

Now note with peculiar joy that Isaiah did not come to these people to talk about rest in dubious terms, and say, "There is no doubt a rest to be found somewhere in that goodness of God of which it is reasonable to conjecture." No; He puts His finger right down on the truth, and He says, "*This is* the rest, and *this is* the refreshing." Even so we at this day, when we come to you with a message from God, come with

DEFINITE TEACHING;

laying our hand upon the slaughtered Lamb of God we cry, "This is the rest, and this is the refreshing."

It was said of a certain preacher of the modern school that he taught that our Lord Jesus Christ did something or other which in some way or other was connected with the pardon of sin: this is the preaching of a great number of our intellectual divines; but we have not so learned Christ, neither is this the doctrine by which we have obtained rest to our souls. God has revealed fixed and positive truth, and it is ours to state it clearly and without hesitation. Our cry is, "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners:" this is the rest, and this is the refreshing.

Nor did he preach a rest of a selfish character. They say we teach men to get peace and rest for themselves, and make themselves comfortable, whatever becomes of others. How these men lie in their throats: they know better, and they forge these falsehoods because their heart is false. Are we not always bidding men look out from themselves, and love others even as Christ has loved them? Our words and acts for the good of others prove that we do not delight in selfishness. We abhor the idea that personal safety is the consummation of a religious man's desires.

This is one of the glories of the gospel, that "this is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest." Get rest yourself, and you will soon cause other weary minds to rest." As soon as you have learned the divine secret it will become in your hands a blessed charm with which you, too, by God's grace may become givers of rest. With this lamp you may enlighten all that are in the dark as God shall help you. That secret something which your own heart possesses shall enable you to communicate good cheer to many a weary heart, and hope to many a desponding mind.

The other excellency of the gospel, of which I shall speak at this time, lies in its *manner.*

First, I count it a great excellency of the gospel that it *comes with authority.* Read the ninth verse. Even the cavillers acknowledged its authority, for they called the prophet's message "knowledge" and "doctrine." The gospel does not pretend to be a speculative scheme or a theory of philosophy which will suit the nineteenth century but will be exploded in the twentieth. No; we speak what we do know, not what we dream nor imagine, but what we know. If, my brethren, the gospel of Jesus Christ be not a fact I dare not ask you to believe it, but if it be a fact it is not my "opinion," not "my views," as men are always saying; it is

THE GREAT FACT

of time and of eternity.

Another excellence of the gospel as to its manner was that *it was delivered with great simplicity.* Isaiah came with it, "Precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little." It is the glory of the gospel that it is so plain. If it were so mysterious that nobody could understand it but doctors of divinity, what a sorry case the rest of us would be in. If it was so profound that we must take a degree at a university before we could comprehend it, what a miserable gospel it would be for mocking the world with; but is divinely sublime in its simplicity, and hence the common people hear it gladly. As the verse seems to imply, it is fitted for those who are weaned from the breast, those who are little more than babes may yet drink in this unadulterated milk of the word. I bless God for a simple gospel, for *it suits me,* and thousands of others whose minds cannot boast of greatness or genius.

It equally suits men of intellect, and it is only quarrelled with by pretenders. The man who lacks breadth of mind and depth of thought is the man to cavil at the wisdom of God. An affected creature who is little above an idiot will brush his hair backward, put on his spectacles, wrinkle his brows, and amend the infallible Word; but a man who really has a capacious mind is usually childlike, and, like Sir Isaac Newton, is glad to sit at Jesus' feet. Great minds love the simple gospel of God, for they find rest in it from all the worry and the weariness of questions and of doubts.

It is brought down to us and *brought home to us in ways suitable to our capacity.* It is told to us, as it were, with stammering lips (see verse 11), just as mothers teach their little children in a language all their own. I should not like to speak from the pulpit as mothers talk to their babes; yet they use the best language for the baby, the very words for a little child to understand. Even so in much of the Bible, especially in the Old Testament, we see how God condescends to lay aside His own speech and talk the language of men.

In the gospel of John, what child language, what depth! what love! If you, my hearer, do not understand the Word of God, it is not because He does not put the word plainly, but because of the

blindness of your hearts and the besotted condition of your spirit. Take heed that you are not drunken with the wine of pride, but be willing to learn, for God Himself hath not darkened counsel by mysterious words, but He has put His mind before you as plainly as the sun in the heavens. "Precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little."

II. Alas my time is nearly gone, and I need much more space in which to do justice to my subject. I have now, in the second place, to notice the

OBJECTIONS

which are taken to the gospel.

First, let me say that they are most *wanton*. For men to object to the gospel is a piece of wanton foolishness, because they object to that which promises them rest. Above all the things in the world this is what our troubled spirits need: rest is our heart's craving; and the gospel comes and says, "I will give you rest." And do men reject that blessing? This is lamentable indeed! What, were you ill and did you insult the only physician that could cure you? Why were you so foolish? What, were you in debt, and did you actually refuse help from a generous friend who would have given you all you wanted? "No," say you, "we are not so foolish."

Now if God came demanding something of you I could understand your refusing. I have heard of a poor woman who locked her door, and when she heard a rap did not answer it, behaving as though she was not at home. Her minister saw her a day or two after he had called, and he said, "I called to see you the other day; I wanted to give you help, for I knew that you were very poor; but no one answered to my knocking." "Oh," she said, 'I am very sorry, but I thought it was the landlord calling for the rent." She shut out her benefactor through mistaking him for her creditor.

The Lord is not calling in the gospel for that which is due to Him, nor asking anything of you, but He approaches you with perfect rest in his hand, the very thing you want, and yet you shut the door of your heart against Him. Oh, do not so. Be wise, and play not the fool any longer. May God help you to be wise for your own eternal good. Admit your God with all His heavenly gifts.

Next, objections against the gospel are *wilful*, even as it is here said, "This is the refreshing, yet they would not hear." When men say that they cannot believe the gospel, ask them whether they will patiently hear it in all its simplicity. No, they say, they do not want to hear it. The gospel is so difficult to believe, so they say. Will they come and hear it preached in its fulness? Will they read the gospels for themselves carefully? Oh, no, they cannot take the trouble. Just so. But a man who does not want to be convinced must not blame anybody if he remains in error.

Such objections are *wicked*, because they are rebellion against God, and an insult to His truth and mercy. If this gospel be of God, I am bound to receive it: I have no right to cavil at it, nor raise questions, philosophical or otherwise. It is mine just to say, "Does God say this and that? Then it is true, and I yield to it." Does the Lord thus set before me a way of salvation? I will run in it with delight.

But these people raised objections that were *the outgrowth of their pride*. They objected to the simplicity of Isaiah's preaching. They said, "Who is He? You should not go to hear Him: He talks to us as if we were children. Go to hear the learned Rabbi over the way, who is so refined and cultured. As for this man, he is not fit to teach any but those who are weaned from the milk and drawn from the breasts; for with him it is 'precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little.'"

Have you not heard folks say in these days concerning a true gospel preacher that he is always preaching about sovereign grace or the blood of Christ, or crying out, "Believe, believe and you shall be saved?" They sneer and say, "It is the old ditty over and over again." I am not a Hebrew scholar, but those who are so tell us that the passage translated "precept upon precept, line upon line," was uttered in ridicule, and sounded like a ding-dong rhyme with which they mocked Isaiah. You would smile if I read you the Hebrew according to the sound with which, in all probability, it was pronounced, They said, "This is the way Isaiah preaches: 'Tzav latzav, tzav latzav; kav lakav, kav lakav; zeeir sham, zeeir sham.'" The words were intended to caricature the preacher, though they do not suggest the idea when translated, "precept upon precept, precept upon precept, line upon line, line upon line," they do suggest it readily enough in the Hebrew.

There are people now living who, when the gospel is plainly and simply preached, exclaim, "We want progressive thought, we want"—they do not quite know what they do want. They are something like the congregation who, when a certain Bishop of London was preaching to them, were utterly inattentive, whereupon the good man took up his Hebrew Bible and read them five or six verses in the Hebrew tongue, and at once they were all awake. Then he rebuked them by saying, "Verily, I perceive that when I preach you good doctrine you do not care about it, but when I read to you in a tongue which you do not comprehend, straightway you open your ears."

An affectation of special refinement is supported by listening to talk which is incomprehensible. Too many wish for a map to heaven so mysteriously drawn that they may be excused from following it. Multitudes delight in prayers in the Latin tongue, and others prefer them in no tongue at all, but *intoned through the nose*. Music and millinery, processions and pomposities are preferred by thousands because they prefer sensuous enjoyment to spiritual instruction. We know those who prefer the gospel shrouded in a mist; they love to see the wisdom of man shut out the wisdom of God. This was the style of objection current in Isaiah's day, and it is fashionable still. Did I hear any one remark, "Why, you yourself preach nothing but faith, atonement, free grace, and so on. We want novelties, and will go elsewhere for them." So you may if you like; I shall not change my note while God preserves me.

III. The third point will be a warning to those who have no relish for the truth of God: let us consider

THE DIVINE REQUITAL

of these objectors. The Lord threatens them, first, with *the loss of that which they despised*. He has sent them a message of rest, and they will not have it, and therefore, in the twentieth verse, He warns them that they shall have no rest henceforth: "For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it: and the covering narrower than that He can wrap himself in it." All those who wilfully reject the gospel, and take up with philosophies and speculations, will be rewarded with inward discontent. Ask them, "Have you found rest?" "Oh, no," say they, "we are farther off than ever." "But you hoped that if you listened to this philosophical doctrine you would then be happy." They reply, "Oh, no, we are seeking still."

Ask the preachers of that kind of doctrine whether they themselves have found an anchorage, and as a rule they will answer, "No, no, we are in pursuit of truth; we are hunting after it, but we have not reached it yet." They are never likely to reach it, for they are on the wrong track. The gospel was made to rest conscience, soul, heart, will, memory, hope, fear—yea, the entire man; but when men laugh at all fixity of belief how can they be rested? Dear friend, if you have not found rest you have not yet grasped the entire gospel, and you have need to go back to the fundamental principle of faith in Jesus, for this is the rest, and this is the refreshing.

Furthermore the Lord threatens them that they shall be punished by *a gradual hardening of heart*. Read the thirteenth verse. They said that Isaiah's message was "precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little," and justice answers them, "Even so it shall be to you, a thing despised and ridiculed, so that you will go further away from it; you will fall backward and be broken, and snared and taken." See verse thirteen. A fall backward is the worst kind of fall. If a man falls forward he may somewhat save himself and rise again, but if he falls backward he falls with all his weight, and is helpless. Those who stumble at Christ, the sure foundation stone, shall be broken.

This is a terrible thing; and what is still worse, if worse can be, this is to be followed by *a growing inability to understand*: "For with stammering lips and another tongue will He speak to this people." Since they would not hear plain speech, God will make simplicity itself to seem like stammering to them. Men that cannot endure simple language shall at last become unable to understand it.

You know, my brethren, how large a body of mankind are at this day unable to understand the Saviour. The Saviour said, "This is my body:" and straightway they conclude that a piece of bread is transformed into the flesh of Christ. The Saviour commands believers to be baptized into his death, and straightway they proclaim that the water of baptism regenerates children. They will not understand it, what is clear as the sun. They take our Lord's illustrations literally, and when He speaks literally they dream that He is using metaphor.

If men will not understand they shall not understand. A man may shut his eyes so long that he cannot open them. In India many devotees have held up their arms so long that they can never take them down again. Beware lest an utter

IMBECILITY OF HEART

come upon those of you who refuse the gospel. If you charge God's word with being childish you shall grow childish yourselves, as many great philosophers of our day have done; if you say that it is simple, and refuse it because of its plainness, you will become simpletons yourselves; if you say it is beneath you, it will turn out that you will be beneath *it*, and it will grind you to powder.

Lastly, this warning is given to those who object to the gospel, that *whatever refuge they choose for themselves shall utterly fail them*. Thus saith the Lord, "Judgment will I also lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet; and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding place." Down come the great hailstones, dashing everything to shivers—the threatenings of God's word breaking to pieces all the false and flattering hopes of the ungodly. Then comes the active wrath of God like an overwhelming flood to sweep away everything on which the sinner stood, and he, in his obstinate unbelief, is carried away as with a flood, into that utter destruction, that everlasting misery, which God has declared shall be the lot of all those who refuse the living Jesus Christ. Beware, ye despisers! Beware in time!

I have earnestly tried at this time, in simple language, to set before you the wickedness of refusing the gospel of rest. May the Spirit of God grant that any here who have hitherto neglected it may at once accept it. Try it, weary heart; try it, despondent spirit; try what faith in Jesus can do. Come and trust in Jesus, and see if does not bring peace to your soul. If Jesus fails you let me know it, for I will never extol again if He breaks His promises. He can never cast off or cast away a believing heart. Oh, if there be sweet peace, and calm, and joyful hope, and gladness, and strength, and life, to be had by childlike faith in God's testimony, concerning His dear Son, I pray God that you may obtain it at once.

If you feel an objection to the preacher who now addresses you, pray God that He may preach better; and if you have done so, and He is still distasteful to you, go and hear somebody who will not be personally objectionable, for it would be a grief of heart to me to stand in the way of even one anxious heart. I fear that you yourself stand in your own light. O man, act like a man and hear the gospel candidly. O self! wilt thou destroy thyself? O pride! lower thy crest. O drunkenness! quit thy cups. O hardened sinner! God help thee to leave thy sin. Come and trust Jesus this day. May God enable you so to do by His Holy Spirit, for Christ's sake. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Isaiah 28.]

THE OLD NEWGATE MARKET BUTCHER.

By a London City Missionary.

ONE afternoon on a sultry day in the summer of 1864, wearied with domiciliary visitation, the atmosphere of the thickly-populated houses at H—— being so oppressive, I turned into a quiet little street, and, opening my Bible, read aloud the story of the cleansing of "Naaman the leper."

Attracted by such an unusual proceeding, several persons gathered around me, and others stood at the doors or at uplifted windows, and listened to the wonderful story.

I next told of sin, of its leprous character, of the blood of cleansing, and in conclusion urged each hearer to—

"Prove the value of the blood
Of Jesus crucified."

I was about to leave the street, when a woman of prepossessing appearance, and neatly dressed, came out of a house opposite to where I had been standing, and approached me, saying:

"Pardon me, sir, but will you come and speak to my brother?"

"Gladly, madam," I replied, and followed my conductress into the house.

"None of your preaching here—a lot of canting hypocrites! None of it here, that's what I say." Such were the words which greeted my ear as I followed my conductress into the room from which the sounds proceeded. There on a mangle sat a man about forty years of age, clad in a butcher's blouse. There also were his wife and three children, one a little cripple girl about six years of age.

My entrance put a stop to the loud talk of the man, and, sitting down on the mangle beside him, I took from my pocket some books, and gave one with pictures to the little cripple. Then selecting a "British Workman," I read from that paper one of those interesting stories so well suited to benefit working men.

"How pretty!" said the little cripple.

"It's beautiful," exclaimed the wife.

"Not much the matter with that," added the man.

Folding up the paper, I replied, "You are welcome to this, my friend," offering it to him, "and I will soon come and read to you again."

For many weeks I regularly called, and each time read other interesting stories. The man was very civil and the little cripple was delighted to see me. Very soon the wife was induced to attend the mission services, and after a year had passed away, in answer to earnest and persevering prayer, one night the husband came to the meeting, and heard the tale of redeeming love.

About this time the wife perceived that he was making great efforts and forming strong resolutions to leave off his wicked habits, and to free himself from his dissolute associates.

In 1865 their eldest daughter (a fine young woman, aged nineteen years) came home from service very ill; she rapidly grew worse, lingered a few weeks, and died.

I was present at her death. The mother supported the dying girl in her arms, the brother and sisters stood around weeping, the father placed himself at the foot of the bed, and tears streamed down his face as he looked upon the heaving chest and heard the quick, heavy breathing of his departing child.

Addressing her brother and sisters, the dying girl said, "Be good children to father and mother, and think of Jesus, and love Him, and you will meet me in Heaven." Turning to her mother, she continued, "Mother, dear, you do love Jesus, and Jesus loves us all, and you will meet me in Heaven."

"Then, my child, you are not afraid to die?" asked her mother.

"No, mother, why should I be afraid?" answered the girl. "Jesus has suffered for our sins, and God has said He will spare all who trust in the blood of Christ, the same as He did the people in Egypt. I am going to Heaven, and you will meet me there."

And the mother kissed her child, and the child kissed her mother.

For a few moments nothing was heard but the labored breathing of the girl, the smothered sobs of the children, and occasionally a half-suppressed groan wrung from the almost broken-hearted father.

"Father?"

"Yes, my child."

"Come to me, let me kiss you."

And they kissed each other.

"Father, will you meet me in Heaven?"

He weeps but answers not.

Again, in voice calm and firm, comes the inquiry, "Father dear, will you meet me in Heaven?"

And the father falls on his knees and buries his face in the bed-clothes, and bitter sobs and groans convulse his frame.

Again with increased emphasis the daughter asks, "Father, will you meet me in Heaven?"

"Oh! my child," replies the man, "God helping me, I will meet you in Heaven."

"Then, father, you must give up the drink," and having said those words her head dropped back on her mother's arm, and her spirit entered into Paradise.

A few months after the death of his daughter a circumstance occurred which showed that the Holy Ghost was working mightily in the heart of the man. I missed him from his usual place at the meeting of the Lord's Day evening; on the following Tuesday he was again absent from the Bible class. The next day I called at his house to inquire after him, fearing he was ill. With downcast looks and stammering tongue he said, "Mr. Farley, I am a bad man." I shall never forget his look of horror and penitence as he continued, "On Saturday last I cursed my children; I am a wretch to do such a thing;" and as the tears started in his eyes again he said, "I cursed my children, I did."

He had returned from the market the worse for drink; then went into the little back yard and laid down on a bench and fell asleep. The children were sent to awake him. When, sleepy, muddled, and annoyed at being aroused, the old man showed himself in oaths and curses, but the Holy Spirit was there also, and His convicting power was felt. Horror-stricken at what he had done, the man felt himself to be "vile."

Thus brought to feel his state, to see his condition as guilty and perishing, the infinite and boundless love of God in saving the lost by Jesus Christ met his desperate case, and by faith he saw the Lord of glory take his place and suffer in his stead.

Thus brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God, he realized peace and joy in believing.

One evening an elder of a Presbyterian church visited him, to converse with him, and to see the change which grace had wrought.

With faltering lips the butcher told of the mercy that had reached him, adding, "I am like one of them things took out of the fire," referring to that Scripture—"Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" (Zech. 3:2).

He left off swearing and discontinued his drams. A gentleness of manner and a kindliness of speech were put on; love filled his breast, and peace and concord dwelt at home. His wife and family felt the change, and praised the name of the Lord. He became a "living epistle read of all men;" he was "a wonder unto many." With him "old things had passed away." Till now he had been unable to read, but he set himself to the task. The cripple girl by this time had learned to read, and she became his instructress. A very touching and pleasing sight was it to see the big, strong man, with the little cripple on his knee, learning of her the A B C. "A little child shall lead them."

About this time he received from his sister, a worthy, pious woman, who for years had not ceased to pray for his conversion, a large print-book containing a selection of "The Sayings of Jesus."

I well remember on one occasion with what pride and joy he spelled out very slowly to me, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life."

In the spring of 1867 disease of the heart and lungs showed itself, and very soon it became evident to us all that his days on earth were numbered. For nearly a year longer he continued to go to the market at three o'clock in the morning, and did a little work; but refusing to go to the same excess of riot as formerly his old companions spake all manner of evil against him, and the clerks at the "firm" joined in tormenting him. On one occasion they hid his clothes, got him down, tied his hands and feet, put him into a sack, locked him up in a cellar, and then wrote to his wife, saying, "Your husband Jack is locked up. Tell the parson to come and bail him out."

The poor wife came to me in a state of excitement, bringing the letter. I immediately started for the City, but I had not proceeded very far before I met poor Jack coming quietly along. On my telling him what we had heard, he smiled and said, "It was hard to bear, but I thought how much the blessed Jesus had to bear, and I asked Him to help me and to forgive them."

His health now rapidly failed, and he was unable to work. One day, about a week before he died, he went into the City. Arriving at the market, he called his mates around him, and several of the clerks attracted by his proceedings, also drew near.

"Gentm'n and mates," he said, "you know what Jack was, but the blessed Saviour has saved me; the blessed Jesus died on the cross for me, and He has pardoned my sins."

A few days later, after having been at our Bible class, he went home, and, calling his wife and children and friends around him, he blessed them in the name of the Lord, and told them he was going to see the blessed Jesus and Susy. Then growing weaker he whispered, "Jesus, precious Jesus!" and fell asleep.

"And as a tired bird folds its wings,
Sure of the morning light,
He laid him down in trusting faith,
And did not dread the night."

EGYPT, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

By Rev. E. J. Hytche.

Increasing Interest in Bible Lands—The Five Eastern Toes—The Present State of Egypt—Its Future Restoration—An Alteration of Soil—Effects of the Suez Canal—Egypt to be Given to Antichrist—Reinstated in God's Favor—Sin During the Millennium.

OF all the signs of our times which tell that the last hour of this dispensation is about to strike, we think that one of the most notable is the way in which the Bible lands are coming to the front. Fifty years ago those countries which have for boundaries the Mediterranean on the west and the Caspian Sea on the north-east were scarcely a factor in the politics of Europe. But now questions connected with the future of those countries come increasingly under the notice of European diplomatists, and with the stealthy but tightening grasp of Russia on Asia, Western Europe is brought face to face with problems which moral force tries in vain to solve. Can we wonder, then, that those true Christians who ignore the prophetic page are bewildered by what is passing around, and thus are constrained to echo the words of Jeremiah, at a similar crisis in Jewish history (Jeremiah 6:4), "Woe unto us! for the day goeth away, for the shadows of the evening are stretched out"?

Of *the five eastern toes* of Daniel's image (Daniel 2:33-42) GREECE was only a geographical expression till fifty years ago. Persia, indeed, existed as a power, but in such a state of decrepitude as fully to illustrate Daniel's prediction (Daniel 7:12), "The rest of the beasts had their dominion taken away, but their lives were prolonged for a season." Babylon, the last as it was the first great universal empire, still forms part of the Turkish Empire; but when the projected Euphratean railway is constructed, it will doubtless be placed under a European protectorate, like the Suez Canal, and ultimately, as the central station or depot of the commerce of Europe and India, will attain the dignity of a capital of a distinct kingdom, as indicated by Zechariah.

Among the most prominent of the five eastern

toes of Daniel's image is *EGYPT*, which, though nominally a dependency of the Turkish Empire, is virtually a distinct nationality, having achieved its quasi-independence this century. The valley of the Nile was colonized by Mizraim, the second son of Ham; and though 4000 years have passed away since it was first peopled by the grandson of Noah, it is still known to the Arabs as "Mizr," or red mud, while the Kopts call it by the name of its founder, "Chemi," or the land of Cham or Ham.

Of the early civilization of Egypt, its monuments and the curios in the British and continental museums are ample proofs. The wisdom, too, of Egypt was proverbial in all eastern lands. But its philosophy did not prevent its falling into the most degrading idolatry—crocodiles, the ibis, beetles, and even apes, forming objects of worship—and that with a fervor which puts the bulk of modern Christendom to shame. Need we say that such mental debasement confirms the apostolic statement (1 Corinthians 1 : 21) that "the world by wisdom knew not God"? And as there can never be doctrinal debasement without moral degradation, so we have every reason to believe, from modern research, that the worship of Apis, the sacred bull, led to orgies of the most disgusting character.

The ancient population of Egypt exceeded 8,000,000, but now it is only about 5,300,000. Of these the Kopts—the lineal descendants of Pharaonic times—number 600,000. They are nominally Christians, but they not only know little of Gospel truth, but their morals, unhappily, are such that the followers of Mahomet who dominate would scarcely be improved in life and conversation were they to copy the example of those professed believers of our Lord.

After holding a foremost position among eastern nations for many centuries, Egypt gradually sank from its high estate, suffering as it did from conquests ranging from Nebuchadnezzar to the Ottoman Empire. And now, as a tributary state of the Turkish Empire, it literally fulfils the prediction of Ezekiel (Ezekiel 29 : 15): "Egypt shall be the basest of the kingdoms, neither shall it exalt itself any more over the nations."

But Egypt, unlike many Bible countries, has not yet fulfilled its destinies, for rather it will be an important factor in the fearful events which are predicted to wind up this dispensation. Already we can trace the initial steps which foreshadow the fact that, just as it was punished for its gross idolatry and bitter persecution of the Jews, so shall it form a conspicuous member of the eastern kingdoms when the reign of Messiah shall no longer be a prophecy but a glorious fact. Had not Isaiah and Daniel predicted this

RESTORATION OF EGYPT

in unmistakable language, we might almost infer it from passing events. Already it is only nominally a province of the Turkish Empire, for it has an hereditary ruler, styled the Khedive; it has a large standing army, and is empowered to make commercial treaties with other nations on equal terms. And had it not been for the jealousy of France and England, Mehemet Ali would doubtless, in 1840, have achieved complete independence. But such *separation of Egypt from Turkey*, and its recognition as a distinct kingdom, is only a question of time; for the "*king of the south*," or *Egypt*, shall yet contend with *Antichrist* for universal supremacy in the last days, as indicated by Daniel (Daniel 11 : 25).

Another important feature in Egypt as it is, and which gives no faint forecast of its future greatness, is the *alteration in the soil* which borders the Suez Canal, as well as in the climate around that dreary desert. For it is reported on indisputable authority that a belt of land between Port Said and Suez, about ninety miles long and thirty broad, has already changed its aspect, through the climatic influence of the canal. Prior to its construction the bordering region was so barren that to see the simplest shrub was a marvel; but now grasses and plants spring up almost spontaneously. For though the water of the canal, as the product of two seas, is necessarily brackish, yet it loses much of its saline qualities as it permeates the gravelly soil, and so is fitted to promote the growth of vegetation. In addition to this, the evaporation of the water of the canal has gradually cooled the adjacent region, as well as benefited the vegetable kingdom, by the dew it generates. All these striking facts so fully confirm the prediction of Isaiah that we can see his prophecy in the first stage of its fulfilment (Isaiah 35 : 1): "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

Need we, then, say that the present condition of Egypt casts a great ray of light over the prophetic pages dedicated to its future? And even more than this, it remarkably confirms the words of the angel to Daniel, when, in referring to the Saturday night of this dispensation, he said (Daniel 12 : 9): "Go thy way, Daniel, for the words are closed up and sealed till (but no longer) the time of the end."

From the many passages of Holy Writ which foretold, 2500 years ago, the revival of Egypt in the last days, we would briefly refer to these, as they epitomize the whole future of a country which was so much bound up with Jewish history, and which had the high honor to give a refuge to our Lord to escape the merciless hands of Herod, *mis*-called "the great."

1st. Isaiah gives such an outline of its future in the last days that it reads more like history than a prophecy. From Isaiah 19 : 4 we learn that Egypt will "be given over into the hand of a cruel lord; and a fierce king will rule over them"—even the "king of fierce countenance," of Daniel 8 : 23. That this "fierce king" will be the last Antichrist we shall gather from Daniel, who says (Daniel 11 : 42, 43): "He shall stretch forth his hand upon the countries (eastern nations); and the land of

EGYPT SHALL NOT ESCAPE.

But he shall have power over the treasures of gold and of silver, and over all the precious things of Egypt."

After the first conflict of Antichrist with the ruler of Egypt he will enter into a treaty of peace with him on equal terms. But both monarchs being treacherous in heart will only make the compact in deceit, and hence, in trying to overreach each other, they will (Daniel 11 : 27) "speak lies at one table." But it will not be long before Antichrist will again invade Egypt, and this time he will be completely successful (Daniel 11 : 42, 43), and Egypt will form one of the revived Roman Empire's ten kingdoms, with their ten vassal kings, under the headship of Antichrist—just as since 1870 the minor sovereigns of Germany find their head in the King of Prussia as German Emperor.

2d. But, happily, after passing through the terrible tribulation of the last days, Egypt will be reinstated in God's favor, and recover more than its ancient prestige among the eastern nations. For it will become one of those three central kingdoms from which will radiate the knowledge of Messiah's glorious reign, as from a common centre of light. For Isaiah says (Isaiah 19 : 22–24), "Jehovah shall smite Egypt; He shall smite and heal it; and the Egyptians shall return to Jehovah, and He shall be entreated of them, and shall heal them." And even more glorious than this shall it be during the millennium, for "in that day shall Israel be the third with Egypt and with Assyria, even a blessing in the midst of the land (or earth); whom Jehovah of hosts shall bless, saying, Blessed be Egypt My people, and Assyria the work of My hands, and Israel Mine inheritance."

3d. But, though sin will no longer dominate the nations, yet it will not be extinct among at least the Gentile nations during the millennium, and Egypt will apparently not be an exception to this rule. For, as regards the Gentiles, we learn from Zechariah 5 : 1–4, that as the result of a "flying roll," or parchment, 12 yards long and 6 broad, passing over the earth, the thief will be "cut off," or die, as well as the perjurer. But another kind of punishment will be inflicted on any Egyptians who refuse to keep the feast of tabernacles, for we read (Zechariah 14 : 18, 19), "If the family of Egypt go not up, and come not, that have no rain, there shall be the *plague*, wherewith Jehovah will smite the Gentiles that come not up to keep the feast of tabernacles. This shall be the punishment of Egypt, and of all nations that come not up to keep the feast of tabernacles." For God will not during the millennium defer the penalty of personal or national sin to the Great Assize; but Christ (Revelation 15 : 3) as "King of nations" (literal, as in margin) will at once punish those who thus defy His visible rule.

The fact is that if sin is so hateful as to call for Divine vengeance now, when we can only walk by faith, how much greater will be its turpitude when men rebel in the very presence of Christ and His vice-kings, the risen saints, and thus contest His regal authority as the world's Pantocrat! And hence our Lord will judge personal or national sin at once during His personal reign, and thus (Matthew 13 : 41) will "gather out of His kingdom all the scandal (literal), and all those which do iniquity."

Unfulfilled prophecy was not given to gratify idle curiosity as respects the future of this world, but rather to stimulate believers to greater vigilance and active service for our Divine Master. And as we see, among other startling signs of these times, *the revival of Egypt* and the other eastern toes of Daniel's image, we *know* that they are foreshadows of these last days upon which we have entered, and thus watchfulness becomes an every-day duty.

Making an Old Bonnet Do.—The Rev. J. H. Wilson, of Edinburgh, recently narrated the following incident: "One day at the Edinburgh noon prayer-meeting, I was asked to make a short appeal for the Sunday morning free breakfast, which I did. At the close of the meeting a woman came up to me and gave me a piece of money, wrapped in paper, for the breakfast. I thanked her, and put it into my pocket without looking at it, thinking it was probably a sixpence or a shilling, but I afterward found it was a *half sovereign* ($2.50). Subsequently I learned the history of that half sovereign. A servant went out that day with a friend, intending to buy herself a new bonnet. When they reached the head of the Mound, they thought, as they had time, they would go into the noon meeting, and buy the bonnet when they came out again. When they came away from the meeting the servant's friend said to her, 'Now, let us go and get the bonnet.' The reply, hesitatingly given, was, 'Oh, I can't get the bonnet now, for I have given away my money for the free breakfast; but never mind, *the old one will do quite well* for another season."

Two Betting Men Appeared Disposed to Interrupt an open-air preacher's efforts at a *boat-race*, by laughing and mocking at what was being said. A man who was near them, and listening with marked attention, turned round and severely rebuked the untimely jesters, and said, "*I am a betting man*, and live by it. I attend most races and regattas, both in England and on the Continent. I have frequently listened to these men preaching God's Word, but never have insulted them, and *hope I never shall;* and if you are not for these things, you had better pass on; there is no compulsion for any of us to stand and listen. One thing I believe: when you and I come to die we shall be glad to send for such men, though we may jest at them now;" and he added, "I have known some betting men, who, like myself, did not attend to these things, but when death came they left the world *in great fear*." The scoffers were effectully silenced, and their rebuker was spoken to afterward about his soul.

An Engine-driver, Who Had Gained, Even among his ungodly associates, an unenviable notoriety for his profanity, was recently ridiculing a young man employed on the same railway, who, a few days previously, had been converted to Christ. The young Christian bore the persecution silently for some time, but at length said quietly, but firmly, to his derider, "If you were *to laugh me into hell, you would not laugh me out again*, neither will you ridicule me when we both stand before the judgment bar of God." The tenderness with which these words were spoken touched the engine-driver's heart, and the Holy Spirit convinced him of sin. He went home in the evening, but his aroused conscience would not let him sleep. In the greatest agony of soul he cried out in the darkness of the night for pardon, and God heard him, and gave him the peace for which he was seeking.

TOUCHES OF REAL LIFE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Lady Hope, of Cariden.

(*Continued from page 287.*)

Lady Isabel and Etta Meet—A Visit Arranged—An Accident at the Rectory—Aleth's Suffering—Efforts to Brighten a Sick-Chamber—Old Mike's Solicitude.

TRACES of Arthur's talent in committing to canvas many of his favorite gleams and nooks and peeps, with again the more expansive characteristics of the whole, as it lay in full view from the various windows, hung on the drawing-room wall at Mr. Fennecker's, in rich, clear coloring; outline and tint alike proving that he had an artist's eye and hand combined.

Mrs. Fennecker came into the room to receive Lady Isabel very cordially. She had heard of her kindness to her son, when he paid his pleasant visit to Lionel Court; and in being kind to her sons, you gratified a tender point in Mrs. Fennecker's heart. She was fond of them, and proud too! if the truth were told; and very good sons they were, so her love and pride were very natural. To Mrs. Clemence she was perhaps a little cool in her manner, though, as Lady Isabel's friend, she strove to be all that was polite, and even kind.

"I almost know your daughter!" said Lady Isabel; "may I see her?"

"That is Etta," responded Mrs. Fennecker. "Oh yes! She is in, I think."

While the servant was being despatched to fetch her, Lady Isabel was told that "poor Arthur's death had been a great blow to them all, and especially to Etta, who had never since been quite like her former self." They had all felt it very much, and had gone through a very quiet winter in consequence, but Etta seemed different from the others. She seemed quite to have "taken a dislike to all gaieties, which was rather a pity," her mother said. But perhaps she would come round again after a time.

At this moment Etta, quite unconscious of having been the subject of conversation, entered the room. Her pale face, tinged with the slightest blush of shell-pink; her dark, hazel eyes, beneath a clever earnest brow, and picturesque, wavy, brown hair, all—combined with the sombre surroundings of her black dress, and subdued manner—conspired to interest Lady Isabel and her companion. They were greatly attracted by her appearance, and while they could not but be struck with her chastened, bereaved look, they also noticed the sweet smile that told of a rare, bright intelligence, that might be sparkling were it not sad. Could they have probed Etta's heart, they would have seen in its inner depths a truer grasp of peace, and even something more like satisfaction than aught she had felt in her more thoughtless days. She was beginning to find the light; groping her way into it slowly, but surely.

At parting, Lady Isabel felt disappointed that in her mother's presence Etta had opened out so little, not a word, in fact, of any real importance having passed between them. But Mrs. Clemence secured a quiet half-promise of a visit, and she felt sure that visit would come about. As they drove away, Lady Isabel said,

"She has a mind! I do covet intellects and energies whenever I see them! I long to have them ranged on the Lord's side and used in His work."

"Yes!" answered her friend. "Spiritualized intellects are treasures worth winning. Consecrated energies too! How it grieves one to think of noble human powers, divinely given, frittered away in the ball-room, and wasted in the glare and dazzle of what is called 'society.'"

"The dancing and the excitement of the life generally, just form an outlet for so much that would be absolutely invaluable if only turned into another channel. A higher and more lasting pursuit of pleasure they would indeed find it! If we *could* but persuade many of the girls who are throwing away both their physical and mental ability, to *think* about these subjects, to look into them, to consider them, how much after-weariness, *ennui*, unhappiness, disappointment, we might save them!

* * * * * *

"Will you be quiet! Hold your tongue! *Can't* you speak? Run down to the post-office. No! make haste, oh, do! Go to the grocer's shop, at once, I tell you. O dear! O dear!"

The frantic expressions, and still more frantic voice, alike emanated from the usually unbending Miss Habershon. Mummy-like, hard and cold as she might be in her normal condition, yet that she too, like her weaker neighbors, was capable of an almost hysterical effervescence, was to-day only too evident; and no wonder!

"Can't you find your master anywhere? Bumble, *do* move about a little quicker. Who's gone for the doctor?" Thus Miss Habershon moved from room to room and from passage to passage, gazing out of the windows, putting up her eye-glasses (she never deigned to wear spectacles); while high and low, and in the garden, and down the street, and at the school, and in the church, the few domestics searched for the Rector.

While this commotion was going on, there was a nursery bedroom near the top of the house, with its door slightly ajar, where, stretched on a little dimity-covered bed lay the motionless form of Aleth. A half-conscious, uneasy sleep was it? or a patient effort to stifle almost unceasing moans of pain? Sobbing beside the bed sat the faithful "nursie" watching, heart-broken at the distress of her little pet.

Aleth had taken her luncheon that day in perfect health, "brighter than any sunbeam," Mr. Habershon had remarked this as admiringly he watched his child dance away to the "nursery regions," as he always called these special apartments. He had gone out to attend to some necessary parish work, intending to wind up his visits with a business call at Ferncroft. At her usual walking hour Aleth had been running down the stairs with her own fleet step, in full pursuit of her favorite white poodle, when her foot slipped. There was only one cry, and a general rush from the various room-doors, and soon poor Aleth was lifted in many arms, her head hanging back, her pretty hair dishevelled, her hands hanging helplessly down, and her eyes so radiant now dull and heavy.

She was carried to the little bed; and there, with only a call now and then for father or nursie, she had lain in this unnatural stupor ever since. Only an hour! but to the anxious watchers it seemed *a day*, before the doctor's carriage was at the door, and the doctor himself in the room beside her.

In the mean time Mr. Habershon was conversing in his usual comfortable, easy-going style, on generalities, always warding off any opinion that might possibly be contradicted or even differed from. His mental thermometer, from long practice, had acquired an acute power of test. So accurate was this faculty with him, that he could congratulate himself he had the rare faculty of keeping on the best of terms with all his richer parishioners.

Thus he sat, in amicable converse with Mr. and Mrs. Clemence. Perhaps to *their* taste the intercourse might have seemed slightly frigid, glowing as they were with loving earnestness, and frequently refreshed as they had been with that cheering heart-to-heart interchange of thought on the things of the Kingdom, when meeting with other Christians. Nothing *vital* was ever allowed to come to the surface when Mr. Habershon held the reins of conversation at all in his own hands. Whether it always lay hidden underneath the pile of innocent *nothings* of ordinary conversation, it would not be possible for us to tell.

At four o'clock the door-bell rang violently; once, twice, thrice it sounded through the lower corridor before the servant had time to open it. Panting with excitement and fear, the rectory messenger conveyed the dreadful news to the Ferncroft butler, and he again communicated it to the Rector. Opening wide the drawing-room door, he stepped across the carpet, as if he had been going to announce, "Your carriage, sir!" and said in a low voice,

"It's been a haccident, sir. The young lady's been and hurt 'erself."

It took only a moment for the Rector to disappear utterly from the room and from the house, making his rapid way to the darkened room, where he saw—the heart-breaking sight. His child *so* altered! It *was* strange! it was unlikely! it wasn't possible! But it might please Providence—each ejaculation, each thought, was drenched into a flood-tide of grief by the doctor's brief, distinct verdict—

"The back—yes! the back injured. The spine, I fear. That's where the mischief is. Keep her perfectly quiet. Don't speak to her. Hold her hand if she starts or seems frightened. Cool her forehead. I will return in an hour."

And away he went, leaving the poor father alone—oh, how much alone!—in his sudden, new sorrow. There he sat, that night, two days and two nights more, and then they forced him to go and lie down in his own room, and strive to get some sleep. Haggard and worn he looked, as he almost tottered across the passage, leaving behind him the little wreck of all his home delight.

Days passed, and as time wore on it was plain enough that Aleth had lost her former powers. Recovery to some extent she might enjoy; but more than this, even Time's healing hand refused to promise. Anxiety and suspense amounted often to absolute torture in the poor father's heart, and was shared in with a tender sympathy more or less by all the other inmates of the house.

The only one who was exempt from this was the little sufferer herself. As she lay there on her little bed, and then on her reclining couch, she had gradually resumed her bright color, her pretty, playful ways, her fancy for every living creature, her delight in manifold dolls of all descriptions that had ever inhabited her nursery; and, above all, she took pleasure in repeating her little hymns and verses, and asking strange, thoughtful questions beyond her years.

"Nursie! do you think that little gold star that peeps through the sky in at my window is God's eye looking down here to see how I am getting on?" she asked one day; and after a storm of wind and rain, when the ruffled banks of white cloud rolled away together in masses lighted up the clear moon, she said,

"Father! I saw God's sheep going home just now to their fold. Such a large flock they were! and their Shepherd was holding the lamp. They will soon be safe in."

"Do your flowers miss me?" she would ask Hutton when, as the greatest of favors, he was allowed to appear by her couch or bedside.

Aleth's room became the sunny spot of the quiet old house. Her father would open her door many times a day, to get a smile from her sweet face. On his way to the dining-room, the study, the parish, he would regale himself with a five-minutes' glance at his darling, or at more leisure times with the half-hour's chat that she so greatly loved.

It was no longer the nursery in which she dwelt, but a room on the drawing-room floor, with a broad low window, through which she could see a large extent of the garden, and even the foot-passengers, as they skirted the outside of the long creeper-covered wall on their various errands backward and forward to and from the town. This view-point was Aleth's great delight. Indeed she delighted in everything. Each fresh event, every loving little attention, the kindness of any visitor, rich or poor, all brought fresh joy and gratitude into her life. The gayest flowers, the prettiest birds, the softest cushions, the loveliest pictures, the most life-like of dolls, all found their way to Aleth's room. It certainly looked a reservoir of simple luxuries, and it *was* a chamber of happiness.

The first pining for out-door exercise that the child so naturally felt gradually left her, and her day was so divided into hours of varied occupations and leisure that the time did not hang heavily. Some days would not be so bright as others, when she was more inclined to sleep than to read or play. Miss Habershon's wisdom had arranged into a gently controlled order what would otherwise perhaps have proved the very monotonous hours of many a long day. But by the constant variety of reading, painting, knitting, looking at pictures, or playing with her dolls, or seeing her friends, Aleth's winter and spring months passed quietly enough, the irksome confinement being greatly alleviated.

Even old Mike contributed to the child's happiness. Again and again, at breakfast-time, the

servant would lay upon the breakfast-table a rich, glowing bunch of dewy roses, freshly gathered, as an offering for "Miss Aleth," or a bunch of colored grasses, some little painted cupor mug, or a tiny basket of his own making. These expressions of kindness, which were all faithfully transferred by Miss Habershon with her own hands to the Oriel Room, as Aleth's abode was named, at last drew her to the back-door for a conference with the giver, and there she beheld the old man.

Rather coldly she was thanking him, as she stood with head there erect, when suddenly she was interrupted by "old Mike's" remarking,

"Pretty lamb! I thinks of her a deal; and I prays for her, night and mornin', I do; and whenever I'se passing jest this way, an' underneath that 'ere window where she do lie. Lor bless ye, miss! I'd like to see her, I would. She's that on my mind. I'd like to see her."

(To be continued.)

PARABLES ON PRAYER.

S. S. Lesson for May 22d, Luke 18 : 1-14. Golden Text, 11 : 9. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

OUR golden text for to-day runs thus: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Our Lord adds moreover, "For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." It is absolutely necessary that when we pray we should recognize that we are doing a real thing, making a real claim on the living God; not simply going through an accustomed form, or even stating accustomed wishes to Him. *Every one* that asketh receiveth, therefore every one who does not receive does not really ask, does not make a real, substantial claim on God.

The widow of our subject illustrates perseverance. Jesus taught "that men ought always to pray, and not to faint." The widow would not relax her plea. Although the wicked judge, before whom she brought her cause, said, "I fear not God, nor regard man," yet she thought it was worth while to continue her appeal. Notwithstanding all discouragements, and without having the least apparent shadow of success, she still urged her plea. Jesus would teach us that if perseverance in such a case is worth the while, then certainly it is worth while to persevere and not faint in our appeals to a just and merciful God. "Shall not God avenge (take up the cause of) His own elect, which cry day and night unto Him, though He bear long with them?"

Now let us ask ourselves, Are our prayers real appeals made to God, or are they simply the expression of what we wish? God's proof is the measure in which they are answered. If in very deed we believe when we pray, that we receive whatsoever things we desire, God says we shall have them. And yet how many Christians have more to tell of unanswered than of answered prayers; of not receiving than of receiving. Is there not in many a heart a certain reserve and holding back from asking that which does not seem likely to come to pass, a praying with the eye on circumstances or on former experience, more than on the present power of the living God? If we are sure that we have good ground for our request, that it is according to the will of God, and if we are sure we come to God in the authority of the name of Jesus, we ought not to let anything discourage us. The Syrophœnician woman would not take the apparent repulse of the Lord Jesus, when He placed her among the dogs, but knowing that He had never yet cast out one who came to Him for help, she persevered, and her daughter was made whole.

Our Lord draws a contrast between the two men who went up into the Temple to pray—the one a Pharisee, known everywhere as externally a praying man, one who sought for, and got, the credit of being so; the other a publican, a man sharp after business, who would never be mistaken for a pious man. Had any one wanted to learn something about prayer, and had asked in Jerusalem which of these two men he should follow that he might be profited by the overhearing of their prayers, most men would have said, "The Pharisee, of course," and yet God, who seeth the heart, turned the Pharisee's heart inside out, and we see his little soliloquy in all its naked, barefaced self-righteousness. The man had no sense of the presence of God, and no sense of his having any need of His assistance. He "prayed with himself," not with God; he was perfectly capable, so he thought, of managing his own affairs. He asked for nothing, for he felt he needed nothing. There was no cry for mercy: how could a man who laid God under such obligations as he did, need mercy? God was his debtor according to his prayer.

And this is but a sample of that which is going on every day and everywhere, among Protestants and Catholics, among all denominations of Christians, so called—nominal worship from such as think, because they are outwardly better than others, that they lay God under obligation, and therefore make no real heartfelt claim on Him; they think they do all they can, and that God can require no more. And all this time they have not so much as made acquaintance with God, not so much as once really met with Him or had to do with Him. They have prayed, like the Pharisee, *with themselves*, and God's presence has been neither sought after nor missed. The whole performance has been unreal, and God does not call it prayer: "He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him" (Heb. 11 : 6).

The publican had no righteousness to boast of like the Pharisee, but he had that which the other lacked—the consciousness of God's presence, for "he stood afar off" in his sense of real shame, and "he would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner." Whose presence did he shrink from that he stood afar off? God's. Whose eye did he shun, that his own were downcast? God's. From whom did he ask mercy, when he blamed himself, and smote upon his own guilty heart? God. "Every one that asketh receiveth." This man went down to his house with the matter settled, his prayer answered, his soul justified. This is prayer.

But there are conditions, and important ones, annexed to God's promise that He will answer prayer. First, it must be in the name of Jesus (John 14 : 13, 14; 15 : 16; 16 : 23, 24, 26). In our own name we have no claim upon God, for we are in ourselves only condemned sinners; in Christ, however, the beloved of God, we are already accepted (Eph. 1 : 6), and in Him God is well pleased (Matt. 3 : 17). God has "given Him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth" (Phil. 2 : 9, 10); and it is in this all-powerful name that we make our petitions. Thus the question is not, "Can God grant or refuse to such as we are the requests we are making?" The question is, "Can He turn away the face of His Anointed" (Ps. 132 : 10)? There is power in Jesus' name to cast out devils, to speak with new tongues, to tread on serpents, and to heal the sick (Mark 16 : 17, 18; Acts 3 : 16). Let our eye be steadily fixed on the might of that name; let us forget ourselves and our circumstances, and according to our faith it will be unto us.

Forgiveness of injuries is also a condition of answered prayer. The Saviour says: "And when ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have aught against any; that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses" (Mark 11 : 25, also Matt. 5 : 23, 24). When our affairs with man are not settled, we cannot expect to be heard of God, for God is no party to sin, and He is merciful to us, that we may learn to be merciful to our fellow-men (Matt. 18 : 23, 35). Another condition of answered prayer is, that we should abide in Christ, for He says, "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you" (John 15 : 7). Abiding in Christ we are not abiding in ourselves. We are living His life and not ours, His thoughts and His desires replace ours, and thus we ask according to His will. Then the glorious truth comes into full play: "And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us; and if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him" (1 John 5 : 14, 15). "We know;" it is not said that we feel or we experience. We know, because He has said so, and we can trust Him to justify His own Word.

INCIDENTS OF THE FIVE POINTS MISSION.

A Dying Man in the Den of Thieves.

ONE Tuesday evening in the winter of 1851, the usual weekly prayer-meeting was in session at the Mission Room, which was directly opposite the Old Brewery. Two men, under the influence of liquor, abruptly entered and inquired for the missionary. Mr. Luckey asked them their business. They replied that *a sick man* in one of the upper rooms of the Old Brewery desired his immediate attendance.

The appearance of the men, the hour of the night, the locality specified, besides the fact that the prayer-meeting required his presence, caused Mr. Luckey to hesitate, and he dismissed the men with the promise that he would come the next day. In a little time one returned, urging that the man was dying and must see him immediately. The call was thus decisive, and, laying aside every personal consideration, Mr. Luckey resigned the charge of the meeting to his wife, and taking one of the mission converts with him, followed his rough, half-drunken guide. They crossed the street, and entered the dark, narrow passage known as "Murderer's Alley," groped their way back to the "Den of Thieves," and then commenced ascending a creaking stairs.

The guide reached back his hand to Mr. Luckey, and, thus escorted, he proceeded. Standing on the first platform, a glimmering light through the cracked walls and the sound of noisy mirth proclaimed a drunken revel. The guide unceremoniously placed his foot against the door, which yielded to the heavy pressure, entered the room, and, snatching a burning brand from the hearth, again appeared, and they continued their upward path until they reached a long low room near, if not in, the attic.

On entering, Mr. Luckey found the sick man on a miserable bed, evidently near the grave, agonized with fear and remorse, and a pale-looking wife and daughter almost fainting with fright. The man besought Mr. Luckey to remove him from that dreadful place; and when he attempted to direct his mind to the Saviour, the imploring response was, "Oh, take me first from here; *take me where Jesus can come.*" Mr. Luckey proposed prayer. "Oh, they will murder us if you pray," was the trembling response, as the sound of oaths and curses from the next room fell upon the ear. The missionary, strong in faith, knelt down; the first words of prayer brought a number of fierce, half-drunken men and women into the room, who, as soon as they recognized him, fell back, whispering, "It's the minister; it's Mr. Luckey." And as his voice rose in pleading prayer to God for the sick and the wretched around, every sound was hushed, and they retreated to their own dens in perfect stillness.

When Mr. Luckey was about leaving the room, the family clung around him, beseeching him not to leave them, but to take them hence; and their fear and importunity were so excessive that Mr. Luckey dispatched a messenger to a neighboring house to know if they could be accommodated for the night. Receiving an affirmative answer, the two took the sick man in their arms, and, followed by the wife and daughter, descended.

The man lay with clasped hands and eyes upraised, praying incessantly, and when laid in a quiet place, exclaimed, "Now Christ can save me."

In a few days he was removed to the City Hospital, where Mr. Luckey visited him, and although he sank and died within a week, yet apparently he learned to trust in Christ and rest on Him as his Saviour. The wife (who became such by Mr. Luckey's performing the ceremony of marriage in the hospital) survived but a short time, and the daughter obtained a residence with a respectable family on Staten Island.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

English Radicals Threaten Opposition to the proposal to erect a monument to Lord Beaconsfield in Westminster Abbey. Their organ, the London *Daily News*, hints that Mr. Gladstone is himself averse to the scheme, and has only proposed it in deference to the known wishes of Queen Victoria. The motion of which notice is given is to vote "an address praying the Crown to provide a monument in Westminster Abbey to the memory of Lord Beaconsfield, with an inscription expressing the high sense of the House of his rare and splendid gifts, devoted labors in Parliament and great offices of State, assuring the Queen that the House of Commons would make good the expenses attending thereon." It is expected that sixty members will vote against it, and that twenty will abstain from voting. The Conservatives are preparing to establish a memorial of some utility—probably a college—in addition to the proposed stained glass window in Hughenden Church. The opposition of the Radicals to Mr. Gladstone's motion is another evidence how very slender are the ties which hold his party together. Dissensions on the Land Bill and on the bill to admit Mr. Bradlaugh and other infidels to Parliament, are other indications of the same fact.

Accounts from the West of Ireland Represent that the state of affairs there is becoming very serious. A number of outrages of various degrees of atrocity are reported. Bands of armed men promenade the country and terrorize the inhabitants unchecked. The *Times*, in a leading article, says: "It has been our painful duty to record during the past two or three weeks repeated acts of outrage in the west and south of Ireland scarcely inferior in atrocity to those which awakened the national conscience four months ago. To-day the record of agrarian crime is more serious than at any time since Parliament met in January."

Mr. Dillon, Member of Parliament for an Irish constituency, was arrested under the Coercion Act on May 2d. The Lord-Lieutenant's warrant for his arrest charges Mr. Dillon "with inciting persons forcibly to riot and to oppose and resist the execution of processes of law for giving possession of land." Mr. Dillon has been the most violent agitator in the Land League, and even his colleagues deplored his imprudence. In the last speech he delivered, he advised the people to "keep within the law, not because he respected it or thought that they respected it, but for the sake of preserving their organization they must exercise their ingenuity to sail as close to the line as possible." Mr. Dillon's incarceration will be a severe blow to the Land League, in which he was one of the most intelligent and energetic workers. After Mr. Davitt he was the most efficient organizer at the disposition of Mr. Parnell, who will not find it easy to replace him.

A strong feeling of discontent has been evoked in the Land League by the arrest, and Mr. Parnell has announced that in consequence of it, he and his followers will either *oppose the Irish Land Bill* or leave the House without voting on it.

The Operations of France in Tunis are Being anxiously watched by European statesmen. Sir Charles Dilke, who represents the Foreign Office in the British House of Commons, delivered a speech on April 28th which was considered reassuring, as it indicates concert of action between England and Italy—the only two Powers interested—in restraining France to punitive measures. It is feared that the French successes will create an outbreak at Tunis, and anxiety is felt for the safety of Europeans there. The British fleet is assembling at Malta to prepare for contingencies.

The Empress of Russia, who is a Sister of the Princess of Wales, is threatened by the Nihilists with a terrible death in revenge for the execution of Sophie Pieoffsky. It is known that the Empress pleaded that the Nihilist girl should be saved, and assurance was given her that her request would be granted. When she heard that she had been deceived she fell into an agony of grief and fear, and her health is seriously affected. In a letter recently received, from St. Petersburg, the writer says, "Chaos reigns in the public offices and at the Anitchkoff Palace. I do not believe that the Czar will restore order by genuine reform. There is no doubt of the uprightness of the Czar or the excellence of his heart, but his capacity is open to question. *The Czarina is terrorized into madness.* Her reason appears shaken by the dread in which she lives. The noise made by the sappers who are *digging a ditch* round the Anitchkoff Palace has a dreadful effect on her nerves. This ditch undermines the prestige of the sovereign in the eyes of the population, who find in it a sign that the autocracy no longer rests on the tacit sanction of the people. It expresses to them the moral isolation of the Imperial family."

A dispatch to the London *Times* says: "While the Czar remains in retirement at Gatschina the implacable enemies of his government are as dangerously busy as ever. Rumors and reports of daring operations by the Nihilists in disseminating manifestoes conveying warnings to the Czar continue. The social and political atmosphere of St. Petersburg is growing thicker and thicker and is fraught with omens of another approaching storm. The city is like a gloomy prison house where little is heard of the outside world, and everybody lives in a constant state of painful suspense." The despatch of convicts through Moscow for Siberia has begun. The number to be deported is about twelve thousand two hundred.

Lord Beaconsfield's Successor will Probably be the Marquis of Salisbury, in spite of the previous arrangement. As he would, in any case, be the real leader of the bulk of the Conservative party, it is thought that defections would ensue even if a nominal leader like the Duke of Richmond were chosen, and that those defections may as well be made now as at a later period. British journals say that "Lord Salisbury, with his lack of tact, narrow views, obstinacy, rashness, and lack of candor, will never win popular confidence." It is nevertheless true that excepting Lord Cairns the marquis is by far the most capable leader among the Conservatives; and there is a prejudice against Lord Cairns because he is an Irish lawyer and an evangelical churchman. There are indications of divisions in both parties of British politicians, and it seems probable that a re-arrangement of them must come at no distant date.

An Important Discovery has been made in Egypt. A telegram from Cairo says, "M. Maspero has just opened some more pyramids at Sakkara, inclosing the tombs of kings of the fifth dynasty. The mortuary chapel of each contains about eighty square metres of the smallest and most *closely written texts*, giving precise details of *the religious belief* of that age. Except the finding of the Rosetta stone in 1799 no discovery in Egypt equals this in scientific value. The entrance passage is difficult and dangerous on account of the loose blocks that encumber it. All the Sakkara pyramids, about sixty in number, will be opened as soon as possible.

A Visitation of the Plague is Apprehended in Europe. It is raging on the banks of the Euphrates, and manifests a strong intention to invade Europe. Two years ago Russia stamped out the disease by measures of inexorable rigor, but the Turks are too apathetic and fatalistic to oppose it effectually, and its progress in Asia seems to justify the demands made upon European governments to take means for its immediate repression when it appears, as is threatened, upon the shores of the Bosphorus and the Black Sea.

A British Consul is Held for Ransom by Greek brigands. A telegram from Constantinople states that Mr. Suter, a British consul residing near Salonica in Turkey, and his wife, have been carried off to the mountains on the new boundary line between Greece and Turkey. They were attacked in their house in the middle of the night and were required to give up all the money they possessed. The brigands were disappointed at the small amount in the house, and therefore ordered them to accompany them to the mountains, hoping to extort a ransom for their release. "With much difficulty they put on their clothes, and, after an arduous march, reached the top of the mountain. There they found a grassy platform of considerable size surrounded by bushes and trees. The servants were then ordered to spread rugs on the grass and the prisoners were told to sit down, while the brigands formed a large circle round them, some sitting and some standing, while others seemed posted all over the mountain, signalling and whistling to each other. Having entered into negotiations for the ransom, and forced Mr. Suter to write a letter to the consul general, they let his wife go, and after *a sad parting* from her husband she made the best of her way to Salonica." The consul-general is negotiating for Mr. Suter's release, but fears are entertained that he was accidentally killed in an action between the brigands and Turks.

Whispering Across the Sea. The Electrophone, an improved form of the telephone, was tested on May 7th by a submarine cable between Calais in France and Dover in England. The Paris correspondent of the London *Telegraph* describes the experiment as a complete success. He says, "Not only were the words *whispered into the apparatus* at Calais distinctly heard at Dover, but the listener at one end was perfectly well able to distinguish by the mere tones of the voice the person who was speaking at the other end. The inventor maintains that it is just as easy to talk across the Atlantic as from one room to another, and he has succeeded so well in the first practical illustration of his apparatus that one is scarcely justified in doubting his assertion that he has found out a system by which words spoken from the other side of the ocean can be fixed on their arrival here and treasured up for further use."

A Naval Disaster Involving a Serious Loss of life occurred April 26th. The Doterel, a British war sloop, was accidentally blown up in the Straits of Magellan. The explosion occurred in the magazine at ten o'clock in the morning. It is supposed that the boiler burst and exploded the magazine. The victims of the explosion number eight officers and 135 men killed. Three officers and fourteen others were saved.

Deadly Contagion in a Railroad Car.—Miss Edith Dove, a young lady twenty-six years of age, has just died in the Infirmary at Reigate, England, of smallpox. She was visiting some friends at the adjoining village of Merstham, and while coming by train into the town, noticed that a man in the compartment was wrapped in blankets and accompanied by a disagreeable odor. On her return to her friend's house the same disagreeable smell emanated from her, and she soon showed symptoms of smallpox. She was removed to the nearest infirmary, and died two days after her admission. The recklessness which characterized those who had arranged the removal of the smallpox patient in a public conveyance cannot be too severely condemned. Such cases are too common in Europe, and they are often recorded by the press, but the spiritual deaths which are continually resulting from contagion with people full of the corruption of sin we hear little of now, though they will be known hereafter.

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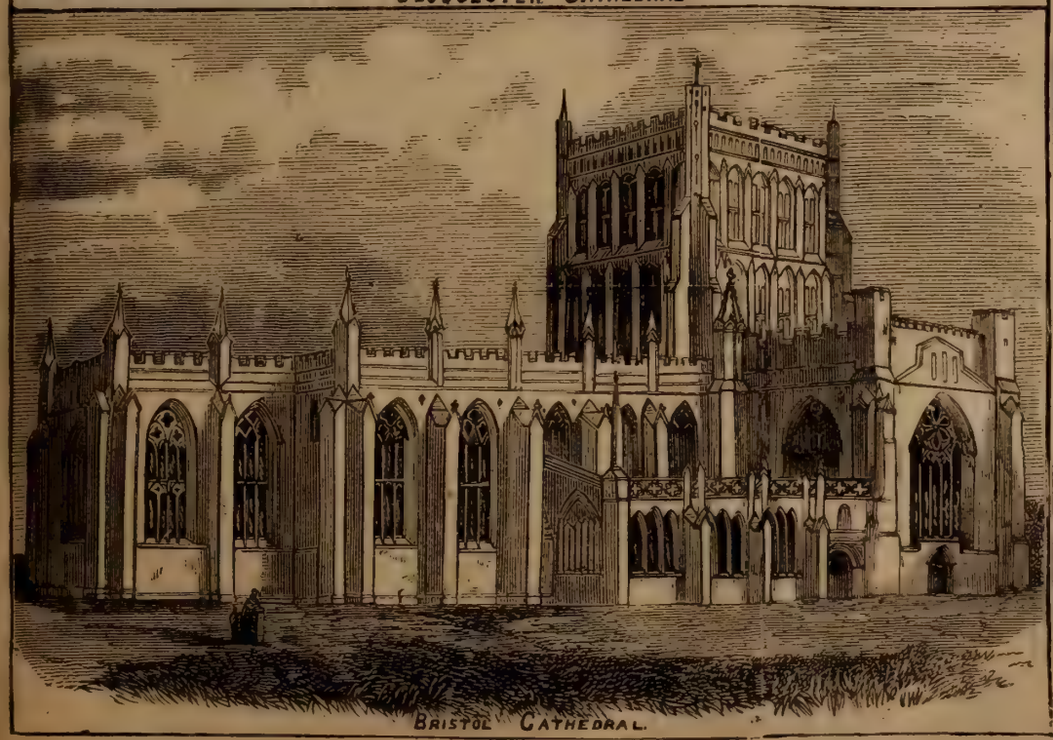
GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.



BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

ABBEY GATEWAY, BRISTOL.

The BISHOP of GLOUCESTER and BRISTOL, England, and the Cathedrals of the Diocese.

THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL.

Career at Cambridge University—Enters Holy Orders—Settles at Pilton—Marriage in 1848—Professor of Divinity at King's College, London, 1858—Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge, 1860—Dean of Exeter, 1861—Meets with a Railway Accident—Appointment as Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol in 1863—Annual Pastoral Letters.

THE Right Rev. Charles John Ellicott, D.D., who on account of his brilliant scholarship was chosen chairman of the committee appointed to revise the New Testament, was *born* April 25th, 1819, and was the only son of the Rev. Charles Spencer Ellicott, Rector of Whitewell, Rutlandshire, England. He received his *early education* at Oakham and Stamford schools, from whence he proceeded to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he *graduated* B.A. with honors in 1841, and was elected a Fellow. In the following year he carried off the *First Member's* prize, and in the next year he gained the *Hulsean* prize by an essay on the "History and Obligation of the Sabbath." He took his M.A. degree in 1844.

He entered the church in *deacon's orders* in 1846, and on entering *priest's orders* in 1847 was collated to the vicarage of Pilton, a small living in his native county. Here he *married*, on August 31st, 1848, Constantia Anne, daughter of Admiral Beecher, the Arctic explorer, and who was descended from an ancient Devonshire family of that name, a considerable portion of which emigrated to America in the seventeenth century, and have attained eminence in religious circles. There have been born of this marriage one son, Arthur Beecher Ellicott, barrister-at-law, and two daughters.

From Pilton he proceeded in 1858 to London, having been chosen to succeed Archbishop Trench, of Dublin, as *Professor of Divinity* at King's College, London. In the following year he was appointed *Hulsean Lecturer*. This office was established in 1791 by the Rev. John Hulse, who, fearing the progress of atheism, or at least the neglect of religion among the students of Cambridge University, left his property in trust at his death for the maintenance of a course of lectures, the support of two scholars at St. John's College, and to found and support the office of Christian Advocate and Hulsean Lecturer or Christian preacher.

To this latter office Dr. Ellicott was called, he having won one of the scholarships while a student in St. John's College, and in 1860 he was appointed Hulsean Professor of Divinity at Cambridge. In this capacity his lectures on the "Life of our Lord Jesus Christ" displayed profound theological learning and critical

KNOWLEDGE OF THE GREEK LANGUAGE,

but above all a sincere reverence for the subject of his study, arising from heartfelt love to Him as his *own Saviour*.

These lectures attracted considerable attention outside of the University of Cambridge, and marked him out for high church preferment. This honor was not long delayed, for in 1861 he was appointed *Dean* of Exeter. Just at this time he met with a very *severe railway accident*, in which one of his legs was badly crushed and his system very much shaken. This event called forth the sympathies of the people of Cambridge, to whom, during his residence in the University, he had very much endeared himself. His progress was watched, and every changing symptom made known by public announcements, which were looked for with interest.

In 1863 the late Bishop Baring was translated from the see of Gloucester and Bristol to that of Durham. To fill the vacancy in this western diocese Dr. Ellicott was selected. Of this promotion he was worthy, and although it occasioned many regrets among the students and townspeople of Cambridge, his elevation was hailed with delight by the clergy of the new diocese, and approved by churchmen generally. He is the thirty-first

BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER,

and a worthy successor of the sainted martyr Hooper, and the forty-seventh Bishop of Bristol.

These *Bishoprics* are two of the six *created* by Henry VIII. They were united in 1836. In his episcopal office Dr. Ellicott is much respected, and the clergyman must be of a very extreme school indeed who cannot depend on the Bishop's cordial interest in himself and his work. He has done more to *unite the clergy* throughout his diocese in aggressive work upon the ranks of sin than any previous holder of the office of spiritual overseer in it. Notwithstanding the vast amount of official episcopal work, attendance at the House of Lords, and literary undertakings to be kept in motion, Dr. Ellicott may often be found in *an obscure village church* in his diocese, assisting a hard-worked clergyman at a mission service.

He has established in Bristol a *Church Aid Society* and a *Church Defence Society*, the one, aggressive, to push forward the work of evangelizing the masses, the other defensive, to meet the onslaught of infidels, of which Bristol has more than the usual proportion. To these societies the bishop is something more than an ornamental patron, or *figure-head* of the craft, for his motto seems to be the wholesome one of

"COME ON."

One of the local comic prints, in an issue in the early days of his episcopal history, well illustrated his energy in this direction by representing him with a rope around the necks of half a dozen of his clergy, and himself running at a terrible pace, compelling his captives to follow at the risk of falling.

From his first entrance on his diocesan work Dr. Ellicott has made it a rule to issue to his clergy an annual *pastoral letter*, in which he deals with passing events, such as are touched upon by other bishops in their triennial charges. These are full of warm sympathy, and have formed no small portion of his useful episcopal machinery.

Besides his Hulsean Lectures and several volumes of sermons, his "Critical and Grammatical Commentaries on the Pauline Epistles" will worthily perpetuate his name in the annals of learned and industrious authors. He is also editor of "A New Testament Commentary for English Readers," by various writers, and last, not least, the chairman of the New Testament company of Revisers charged with the important mission of improving the translation of the English Scriptures.

GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.

Erected as a Thank-offering—A Newly-converted Saxon Prince—The First Edifice Burned—A Monk's Prophecy—The Burial of the Murdered Edward II.—Gift of a Golden Ship—Monuments to Edward Jenner and Robert Raikes—The Whispering Gallery.

THIS building, like its companion of Bristol, was the church of a monastic house. The first one built on the site was partly *erected by a Saxon king* named Wulfhere, brother of Peda or Peada, King of Mercia, both of whom had been *converted* and reclaimed from barbarous habits through the instrumentality of itinerant monks who were sent out from *Augustine's Mission* at Canterbury. Peda built *Litchfield* Cathedral, and had nearly finished that of *Peterborough* when he died. King Wulfere took up the work, and when he had finished Peterborough he built the monastery at *Gloucester*, about the year 700.

It may serve to illustrate the *spirit* of these Saxon princes, and show how impossible they thought it was to render *too much* to God in return for all He had given to them, to state that the lands which Wulfhere then conferred extended nearly *twenty miles* east and west, and that in the erection of the buildings the foundation stones were of such dimensions, that *eight yoke of oxen* could with difficulty *draw one* of them.

Several monks, more or less distinguished, had to do with the rebuilding of the edifice after it was twice *burned by fire*, in A.D. 1102 and 1122. The first we hear of was named Serle, of whom Godfery the chronicler writes :—

"He pleased the very princes he reproved.
A hasty judgment or disordered state
Of life or morals were his utter hate,

Another abbot, Thokey, concerned in these rebuildings is noteworthy. Edward II. paid a visit to the abbey and was received with great honor. As he sat in the hall he noticed on the walls the portraits of his kingly predecessors, and jocosely asked if his own were among them. The abbot, desiring to pay some great compliment, answered that he hoped to have him in some more *honorable place*.

The words at that time were devoid of meaning, but proved to be *prophetic*. Edward was *murdered* at Berkeley Castle, and three monasteries refused to receive the corpse, dreading the anger of the ruling powers. Abbot Thokey, however, stepped forward, and brought it in honorable procession to his monastery, and there interred it near the great altar. This event gave the monastery an incalculable increase of *wealth, popularity, and influence*, for King Edward III. speedily overthrew his father's murderers, and every one was glad for the son's sake to come and pay their respects at his dead father's shrine.

Offerings flowed in a continual glittering stream. The monks, we are told, were obliged to sell some hundreds of pieces of silk interwoven with gold, their treasury being so overcrowded. The young King Edward III., being on one occasion in danger of shipwreck, vowed a *golden ship* to the shrine if he escaped, and he performed the vow, but subsequently redeemed the ship for one hundred pounds.

Among the monuments are an alabaster tomb of Edward II., a statue of *Edward Jenner*, the discoverer of vaccination, and a mural tablet bearing the names of the Rev. J. Stock and *Robert Raikes*, who are stated on it to have been conjointly concerned in establishing the *Sunday School* system.

In the cathedral is a whispering gallery mentioned by Lord Bacon, bearing the following rhyming inscription on its walls :—

"Doubt not but God, who sits on high,
Thy secret prayers can hear,
When a dead wall thus cunningly
Conveys soft whispers to the ear."

BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

Its Monastic Origin—Spared by Henry VIII. and Made a Cathedral—The Remains of the Original Abbey Church—The Fine Norman Gateway

THIS building was *originally a monastery* dedicated to St. Augustine. It was built in 1148 by Robert Fitzharding, the founder of the present Berkeley family, and a feudal lord of some importance during the stormy times of King Stephen. He was what was then called a *prepositor* of Bristol, an office which was a combination of overseer and chief magistrate, very like to the present official position of the Lord Mayor of London.

Stephen was here met in 1141 by the barons who were fighting on the side of Maud or Matilda, Daughter of Henry I., whose right to the crown Stephen disputed. Fitzharding being a powerful lord was able to make his own terms with Stephen; in return for certain favors he threw his influence on Stephen's side, and in consequence Stephen was enabled to treat with Maud's friends at Wallingford and close the civil war.

The Augustine monastery afterwards attained to such a degree of wealth and splendor that when Henry VIII. was laying his hands upon the religious houses, he was induced in some measure to spare this one. Part of the church, however, was already destroyed when the king's attention was called to it; but as he found the abbey lands were so extensive and fruitful, he erected it into a bishopric and gave the abbey the rank of a *cathedral*.

The transept, the eastern part of the nave, and the choir are the only parts of the *original church* which are saved, and their stately grandeur gives some idea of the vast proportion and beauty of the building when in its entirety. The painted windows are very ancient, as are also some of the monuments. The architectural style of the cathedral is the *early Norman*. The See of Bristol was united by an order in Council with that of Gloucester in 1836.

THE ABBEY GATEWAY, BRISTOL.

This beautiful architectural monument, of which we present a view on our front page, is universally esteemed one of the *finest Norman gateways* in England. It is conjectured that it was built even

read? Not at all; their history was much more romantic than that.

A gentleman-squatter had taken a native from the Wellington police-cells not very far from us—an Italian and thence to England. There the black was bleached, clothed, and made a gentleman, with a wardrobe at his back. He knew the tenets of civilization while among the civilized; but sometime after his return to quarters all encumbrances, broke the case of his watch, and cutting the works into his remaining two-four parts, a portion came no better into the hands of the heir-apparent of the Eagle-Hawk.

But now we are approaching that part of the creek where game most abounds; and if Dick cannot understand a museum or a watch, he has arts and sciences of his own, transmitted by generations of ancestors, who have inhabited this continent for—how long? Ask says for countless millenniums before Adam. But Ash has no ideas of chronology and other more important ologies, I am afraid.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BUDDING FIG-TREE—A POST-SCRIPT.

By Rev. William Maude.

A Scheme for Jewish Colonization—Emigrants for Palestine—Oppression an Element of Pressure—Mr Oliphant's Object—The Fig-Tree already Budding

SINCE the article bearing the above title which appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of January 20th and 27th, was written, an important and interesting book having a distinct though indirect bearing on the subject has issued from the press. I allude to the work of Mr. Laurence Oliphant, entitled "The Land of Gilead."

Mr. Oliphant's name has for some time past been associated with a scheme for the establishment of a Jewish colony in Palestine, under either Turkish or English auspices. Regarding this project and its practicability Mr Oliphant says: "As the area of land which I should propose in the first instance for colonization would not exceed a million, or at most a million and a half, of acres, it would be hard if out of nearly 7,000,000 of the Jewish people attached to it by the tradition of former possession, enough could not be found to subscribe a capital of £1,000,000, or even more, for its purchase and settlement, and if out of that number a selection of emigrants could not be made possessing sufficient capital of their own to make them desirable colonists. I should not expect such men to come from England or France, but from European and Asiatic Turkey itself, as well as from Russia, Galicia, Roumania, Servia, and the Slav countries where they are more especially oppressed, and where there are many among the richer classes who would gladly exchange the persecution under which they live for the freer air which they would breathe (even) under Turkish rule in the land of their forefathers."

It is true that about 25,000 are there already, but they are for the most part, of a mendicant class, and are deprived of that protection which they would enjoy under the auspices of a company and a charter securing them a certain amount of self-government. As to its condition in

THE SEPHARDIC JEWS

in Palestine contrasts favorably with that of the Jews in Russia or Roumania, while in other parts of Asiatic Turkey they form in many instances the richest section of the community, and contribute largely by their capital to the prosperity of the country. Mr. Geary, in an interesting account of a journey recently undertaken from India to Europe through Asiatic Turkey, thus describes a community of Jews which he visited near Bagdad:

"The Jews of the town of Hillah," he says, "form a large body, and the capitalists among them advance money to the cultivators of the soil to make irrigation cuttings and plant crops. It is said that agriculture, such as it is, of half Mesopotamia would come to an end if it were not for the Jews of Bagdad and Hillah, who are in that country what the Sowcars are in India. They carefully abstain from buying land, and as a rule from building houses, so that when the moment comes that summons them to Jerusalem they may not be delayed by the necessity of turning immovable property into ready money. For the most part they are the descendants of the Jews of the Captivity, a Jewish community has lived in this struggle land by the waters of Babylon since Israel was led captive, but it has never ceased to yearn for a return, more or less triumphant and numerous, to the heritage of the seed of Abraham."

The journey of which this book is the narrative was undertaken by Mr Oliphant for the purpose of judging by personal observation what part of Palestine would be the most suitable position for his proposed colony. Before deciding definitely, he says, whether the scheme was a practicable one or not, I found that it would be necessary to visit the country, with the view of selecting the district and examining the local conditions. . . . Prior to starting, however, it seemed to be my first duty to lay the matter before the Government, with the view of obtaining their support and approval, and I therefore communicated to the then Prime Minister and Lord Salisbury the outline of the project.

From both ministers I received the kindest encouragement and assurances of support, so far as it was possible to afford it without officially committing the government. And I was instructed to obtain, if possible, the unofficial approval of the French Minister of Foreign Affairs of the scheme. I therefore proceeded to Paris, and submitted it to M. Waddington, who was sufficiently favorably impressed with the idea to give me a private letter to the French ambassador at Constantinople and other diplomatic and consular representatives in Turkey. I was also similarly provided with letters of recommendation from our own Foreign Office.

The result of Mr. Oliphant's searching out of the land is thus given: "The region which I should propose for settlement, in the first instance, would be the entire district of the Belka from the Arnon on the south to the Jabbok on the north, extending eastward as far as the Hadj road, or, at all events, to the limit of the good land, and, if necessary, including such portions of the peninsula of Ajlun to the north of the Jabbok as might be deemed the most desirable, making a tract of at least a million, or possibly a million and a half acres. The western boundary would be the Jordan and the western shore of the Dead Sea, thus including that singular sheet of water within its limit.

"As I was prevented from extending my trip as far south as the Arnon, I will refer to the testimony of Canon Tristram as a proof that, in recommending the plains of Moab as well as the land of Gilead for settlement I have good authority for dwelling upon their advantages. Indeed, the universal opinion of those familiar with them is that it would have been sufficient evidence were none other forthcoming that the pastoral and agricultural purposes the tribe of Reuben occupied the most favorable region in Palestine."

The special object, however, in these remarks is not to discuss particulars with Mr. Oliphant's scheme and its particular merits or demerits, but rather to draw attention to the confirmation which he indirectly affords of our expressed conviction that

THE JEWISH RESTORATION

has even now dawned, and consequently that the millennial summer is nigh at hand. Mr. Oliphant, it must be understood, is not himself a believer in Jewish restoration as the fulfilment of inspired prophecy. "The restoration of the Jews to Palestine," he remarks, "was been so often urged upon sentimental or scriptural grounds, that now, when it may possibly become the practical and commonsense solution of a great future difficulty, a prejudice against it exists in the minds of those who have always regarded it as a theological chimera, which it is not easy to remove."

The mere accident of a measure involving most important international consequences having been advocated by a large section of the Christian community from a purely Scriptural point of view, does not necessarily impair its political value. On the contrary, its political value must be estimated on its own merits and admitted, the fact that it will carry with it the sympathy and support of those who are not usually particularly well versed in foreign politics is decidedly in its favor.

The fact that Mr. Oliphant thus views the subject in one sense gives a special value to his testimony as confirmatory of the opinion expressed in my former paper that the Jewish question had now become one of practical politics. On this point Mr. Oliphant writes as follows:

"If, unwillingly after the treaty of Berlin, the Porte had finally acted upon the advice of England, and relied upon the honesty of her desire to preserve Asia Minor to the Sultan, instead of fostering the suspicion that she wished to conquer it for herself, I believe that a reform, which should have begun at the centre and extended to the extremities of the empire, might have been successfully carried out. Unfortunately it is now too late; the patience of England is exhausted, new political combinations have been formed, and it behoves us to anticipate the complications which may arise out of the altered relations of England and Turkey.

"Political events in the East have so shaped themselves that Palestine, and especially the provinces to the east of the Jordan, owing to their geographical position, have now become the pivot upon which of necessity they must ultimately turn. Situated between the holy places at Jerusalem and the Asiatic frontier of Russia, between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, between Syria and Egypt, their strategic value and political importance must be apparent at a glance; and the day is probably not far distant when it may be found that the most important interests of the British Empire may be imperilled by the neglect to provide in time for the contingencies which are now looming in the immediate future.

"Nor can we, in connection with this project and the possible future of Palestine, ignore the great change which has taken place during the last fifty years in the relations which the Jewish race occupy toward the governments of Europe. As a consequence of the more enlightened policy which has been pursued toward them of later years, they have been enabled to increase in wealth and numbers, while their social and political status has been so improved as to have made it possible for them to acquire an almost paramount influence in the finance and press of many civilized countries. It is evident, therefore, that a colony founded by their enterprise would enjoy a protection of a very special character, and that the influence of the race upon the several governments under which they possess civil rights would be exercised in its favor.

(*To be concluded.*)

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* The opinion here expressed by Mr. Oliphant is in exact accord with my remarks as to the purpose of God in retaining so large a proportion of His ancient people in those Eastern lands where they are still so much exposed to persecution. And this is the opinion of Jews themselves for we find the *Jewish Chronicle* quoted by Mr. Oliphant writing thus: "It is the old story of the Israelites returning from exile to their native land, longing for the hanging gardens and the soft sensuous delights of Babylon. When Jeshurun waxed fat he kicked, and he wanted to remain in his well-stored manger. But there are many of the children of Jeshurun who have not waxed fat, and are lean and hungry even as Cassius himself. The prosperous Jews form but a small portion of our brethren. Those who are comfortable and content are comparatively few. These perhaps, would be loth to leave their assured and luxurious homes to find a new country and a new civilization. But those who are oppressed and unhappy long for the advantages which a reconsolidated nationality would give them. *Oppressive and persecuting have kept our people, as a rule, alone and homogeneous.* The more the Jew is downtrodden the more he clings to the faith of his fathers and its observances. Liberated and anxious to compete, socially, with his fellow-countrymen, he throws over the restrictions which are deeply respected by those whom he would conciliate by their abandonment, with the simple result of making himself appear contemptible and sycophantic. *It is oppression, and not prosperity, which will lead us back to our proper place in the Holy Land.*"

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Public Interest During the Past Week Continued unabated in the contest between the President and the stalwart wing of the Republican party, which, now for more than six weeks, has blocked the progress of national business. But there is little sympathy manifested for either side of the opposing forces, in spite of the persistent efforts of partisan journals to arouse it. This result was inevitable from *the nature of the conflict.* The people fail to see that either party is fighting their battle, or contending for any high moral principle. If the efficiency of the Civil Service were involved, then there would be an abundance of popular enthusiasm, but it is not. The Custom House is well managed by Colonel Merritt, and it is not pretended that Judge Robertson, able as he is, would improve it. Nor is the emancipation of the Republican party from Boss rule an issue in the contest; that too would be *a most desirable result.* But the President's victory would probably merely issue in the substitution of the Blaine for the Conkling machine in New York, a change not worth struggling for.

The contest is generally considered to be merely one of political and personal reward, and even in that aspect has not been well managed. Judge Robertson was the initiator in the movement which killed the third term at Chicago. That step earned for him the gratitude of President Garfield and the enmity of Senator Conkling. It is natural that the President should wish to reward Mr. Robertson, but there was a lack of prudence in selecting this particular reward which would be certain to provoke the Senator's antagonism. If the President was indebted to Mr. Robertson for *his nomination*, he was indebted for *his election* to a considerable extent to Mr. Conkling and his allies, whose exertions turned the tide of battle and carried New York for him.

The struggle, calmly and dispassionately considered, is deplorably sordid. It will probably result in *injury to both parties;* it is regretted by all who desire the prosperity of the Republican party, and by patriots of all classes, who are grieved that Republican institutions are through this contest brought into contempt throughout the civilized world.

The Nomination of Mr. Stanley Matthews to be an Associate Justice of the Sureme Court was confirmed in the Senate on Thursday by *a majority of one.* The yeas were 22 and the noes were 21. This nomination was originally made by Mr. Hayes, who is the brother-in-law of Mr. Matthews, but as the Senate did not act upon it before March 4th, it lapsed until renewed by President Garfield. The narrow majority cannot be satisfactory either to Mr. Matthews or the public. Mr. Matthews will feel, on taking his seat, that the honor he enjoys was accorded to him with a reluctance by no means complimentary to his judicial ability, and the people regret that so marked a difference of opinion as the vote indicates, should exist as to the capacity of an important public functionary. There are cases in which a narrow majority only indicates that between rival candidates of almost equal excellence, there has been a doubt as to which is the best, but in this case the nomination was made and decided on its intrinsic merits. The Judicial Committee, by a vote of seven to two, pronounced against it, and nearly one half the Senate indorsed that opinion. Mr. Matthews may make an impartial and able judge, but it is unfortunate that he should enter on his judicial career with the prejudices of the public against him. These prejudices do not arise from any special knowledge of the man, but from the fact that so many Senators of his own political party should disapprove of his appointment, and also from the nature of the reasons assigned for their opposition. These were that his conduct in relation to the Louisiana Returning Board in 1876, and his affiliations with monopolies indicated his unfitness to exercise judicial functions in the Supreme Court, where questions of grave moment await adjudication, and where it is, beyond all other considerations, important that the judges be men in whose impartiality suitors and the public generally have unbounded confidence.

Another Step in Refunding was Made on Thursday by the Secretary of the Treasury. The signal success which has attended his scheme for dealing with the six per cents suggested its application to the five per cents. On May 12th Mr. Windom issued a call for $128,000,000 coupon five per cents for redemption or continuance at three and a half per cent, and he also announces that until July 1st he will, in addition, receive for continuance in like manner $250,000,000 of the outstanding registered fives, the remaining $77,000,000 being reserved for redemption from the surplus revenue. "This, as was stated in explanation by a prominent Treasury official, "is a call for all of the $456,000,000 five per cents." The same official also expressed the opinion that they will be rushed in for continuance at three and a half per cent, so as to avoid redemption. Especially is this likely to be so in regard to the $250,000,000 registered fives, because about $77,000,000 are to be redeemed outright, and holders of the registered class will make haste to get in first, in order to be sure of securing transfer into three and a half per cents. A novel feature of this call is in the fact that the Secretary offers to *prepay three months' interest* on such of these bonds as shall be sent in for continuance.

The Resignation by Senator Conkling of his United States Senatorship is announced in a telegram from Washington, just as we go to press. The reasons for this unlooked-for step are not given, but it seems probable that the Senator, finding that he cannot act harmoniously with the Administration, considers that the more dignified and patriotic course is to resign rather than antagonize it.

One of the Most Interesting Anniversary meetings of the past week was that of the Women's National Christian Temperance Union, on May 9th. The report of the Secretary stated that the Union, which was formed in 1873, now comprises more than 500,000 ladies among its members. Beginning with the visitation of saloons in the West, the society had developed into an extensive organization. It meets its expenses in the main by five cent monthly contributions from its members.

In a speech by Miss Fannie J. Barnes, of Brooklyn, an appeal was made to young women touching their influence over men. She told what young women are doing in this direction, not merely with young men but also with their own sex in the cities of Brooklyn, Trenton, Newark, Philadelphia, and elsewhere, and she urged the young women of New York to rise up in their social and intellectual might also and rescue their male friends from the intoxicating cup. Mrs. Barnes drew a sad picture of *a talented and wealthy young lady* of Brooklyn of her acquaintance, who, from tippling at balls and social parties, has become a confirmed drunkard, so that she will sell even her wearing apparel to procure liquors. Her mother is almost broken-hearted over the daughter's condition.

Rev. George E. Reed, who addressed the meeting, predicted the certain success of the Union and generally of the temperance movement, for three reasons, to wit—Women are engaged in it, and it affects women in their social life more than anywhere else. Then it is sure of success, because the women have given up their desultory crusading and are now organized. He was surprised when he began to look into this matter to find how thoroughly organized they are. And the third reason that Mr. Reed gave for success is the women's *dependence upon God* in this entire movement.

The Five Points Mission Day School held its thirty-first annual reception on May 3d, in the mission building, New York. Over 400 children in holiday dress sat behind the desks in the school-room and contributed to the success of the meeting by singing, recitations, and calisthenic exercises. The school-room was made bright with flags and bunting, besides several large bouquets of flowers, The report of the managers showed that last year the total receipts were $19,925.09, and the disbursements, $16,452.22. The food distributed amounted to 475,628 rations, 7000 more than in the previous year. There were 15,100 garments distributed, 5000 more than in the previous year.

The Serious Illness of Mrs. Garfield has evoked general sympathy with the Presidential household during the past week. Her complaint is intermittent fever, *brought on by fatigue* and by *the malarial influences which pervade the White House.* An excellent constitution will, it is hoped, bring her through safely. The President is greatly distressed at her suffering, and spends much of his time at her bedside. One night he remained with her until daybreak. She has never, it is said, been so seriously ill before; and the assurances of the physicians are not sufficient to relieve the President of his great anxiety. The White House faces on the west toward the marshy flats that border the Potomac, and the malarial atmosphere from the river has unobstructed access to the rooms occupied by the family. Besides, the building itself is old and decaying, much of the wood work being rotten. If in the Providence of God Mrs. Garfield's life should be spared, the family will remove for the summer to the Soldiers' Home, in the hope that a more wholesome and invigorating atmosphere may contribute to her complete restoration. The President in his painful anxiety receives the sincere sympathy of the whole people irrespective of party.

The Remains of William Penn, it has Long been felt ought to find a resting place in this country. The State Senate of Pennsylvania, on May 10th, unanimously passed a resolution and sent it to the House for concurrence, looking to the transfer of the remains from Jordan meeting-house graveyard, Buckinghamshire, England, to Philadelphia. The resolution also provides that copies be sent to Peter Penn Gaskell, of Ireland, and William Stewart of England, representatives at law of William Penn, asking their co-operation in the matter, and requests the co-operation of the President of the United States, if necessary, in securing this object. William Penn was the renowned member of the Society of Friends, to whom in 1681 King Charles II. of England granted the tract of land which is now the State of Pennsylvania, so named after its founder.

A Most Successful Year is the Report given of the National Temperance Society's work for 1880. At the anniversary meeting on May 10th, Mr. Secretary Stearns in his report declared that the past year had been one of the most successful in the history of the temperance reform. The treasurer reported the permanent working capital as $22,605.25; total receipts, $71,787.58; total expenses $64,690.82; cash on hand, $7,159.68. President Dodge had offered to be responsible for *twenty thousand dollars* if $50,000 could be raised for the society, and the raising of $60,000 was the result.

The Atlanta Cotton Exhibition Promises to be successful beyond all expectation. Governor Hardiman, of Georgia, who has visited the principal Southern cities as a special Commissioner on behalf of the exhibition, reports a hearty reception and an enthusiastic co-operation everywhere. Applications for exhibition space are pouring in, and $200,000 has been raised thus far toward paying the expenses. The exhibition will be held in Oglethorpe Park, Atlanta, a locality admirably suited to the purpose. The main building, on which three hundred men are now at work, will be devoted to exhibits of textile fabrics and the machinery for producing them. Another building, 250 feet long by 100 feet wide, will be filled with machinery for preparing sugar, rice, and similar products. A still larger one will contain exhibits of all varieties of tobacco, its products, machinery, and everything connected with it. A building on the plan of that which contained the Kansas and Colorado exhibits at the Centennial Exposition will be given up to a comprehensive display of the agriculture, the minerals, and the woods of the South.

An exhibit which will probably attract the attention of more visitors than any other will be a cotton-field, showing the plant in all stages of growth.

An Important Drawback in the Gratification we have in the increase of our revenue must be made. The internal revenue receipts for the year ending June 30th will, it is announced, exceed those of the previous year by nearly $10,000,000. But it is an ominous fact that a large part of the increase is due to the collection on cigarettes, and this increase marks the spread of an injurious habit among growing boys. No one who keeps his eyes open as he walks about the streets can have failed to observe that many of the small boys he meets are smoking cigarettes. Furthermore there is unhappily no doubt that *women and girls* make every year a larger contribution to the revenue derived from cigarettes.

An Antique Brooch Worth Fifteen Hundred dollars was found in an old trunk last week by a poor man who had purchased it for fifty cents. The trunk was bought from an ashman who had carted it away with other rubbish from a house in Fifth Avenue. It lacked a hinge, and the purchaser on his way home opened it to see if the hinge were inside. He did not find the hinge, but saw a small parcel which, being opened, revealed a brooch with *eighty-one diamonds* in it. It had in some way slipped between the trunk and the lining, and the rough handling it had in the ashman's hands had dislodged it. The name of Mrs. Vanderbilt was on the trunk, and the finder honestly carried the brooch to her son, who munificently rewarded him. Such treasure trove is very rare, but it is by no means rare for men to find in a Bible, that would not sell for fifty cents, a treasure compared with which Mrs. Vanderbilt's brooch is a worthless bauble (Matt. 13 : 46).

The Statistics of the American Tract Society embodied in the report presented at the annual meeting on May 11th, indicate how useful a work that Society performs. The Society issued 106 new publications during the year. It also reprinted over 199,000 volumes, and nearly 5,000,000 tracts. Nearly 60,000,000 12mo. pages of tracts, valued at $39,748.83, were distributed gratuitously through colporteurs, agents, and members of the Society. About one tenth of the whole has gone to the army and navy, the freedmen and immigrants. During the year, 192 colporteurs were employed, of whom 13 were students. They labored in 32 States and Territories of the United States and in Ontario.

An Act of Heroism was Performed by the engineer of the eastward bound train on the New York & Greenwood Lake Railway, on Saturday, May 7th. The train was approaching Belleville Avenue station, and while descending the grade the engineer, Albert Riker, saw a little child upon the track a short distance ahead. The air brakes were at once applied and a warning whistle was sounded. The engineer saw, however, that the train could not be stopped in time to save the child, and he hurried out upon his engine and down on the cow-catcher. Taking a firm grip with one hand to steady himself, he leaned over, grasped the child before the engine touched it, and lifted it out of danger, frightened but only slightly bruised. The child was only two years old ; he had made his way through a loose paling in the fence surrounding the grounds belonging to the house, and had climbed a high embankment of the railroad. It was the only child of wealthy parents, who overflowed with gratitude to the brave man who had risked his life to save that of the child. Such gratitude any parent would feel in the circumstances, but children encounter worse dangers than even that child was threatened with, yet parents are not careful to point them to Him who saves even to the uttermost (Heb. 7 : 25).

A Dying Child's Letter to her Friend was recently sent to Pittsburg, Pa. The writer was Mattie Hunter, aged eleven, who lived at Beitner, Mich. She died on Tuesday evening, April 19th, of spinal meningitis. Mattie was a little girl of uncommon goodness and sweetness of disposition. When dying she called her brothers and sisters to her to kiss them and bade them good-bye, and charged them to meet her in Heaven. She then told her father to get a paper and pencil, as she wished him to write a letter for her to a little friend in Pittsburg, Pa., and with difficulty she dictated to him the following lines : DEAR VINNIE : I am just dying. It is vacation and I am dying. *You are to come to Heaven to see me.* My Aunt Betsy is here. Dr. Ashton sent me some oranges. Good-bye, all of you, and little Tommy too. From your loving and dying friend, Mattie May Hunter. The simple message is very pathetic, and one can only hope that the appointments the child made may all be kept. Those who have tried to comfort bereaved unbelievers can appreciate the cheering hope that springs from faith in Jesus (2 Samuel 12 : 23).

A Magnificent Gift has been Made by Mr. Vanderbilt to a Southern University. A Nashville, Tenn., journal announces that Theological Hall, of Vanderbilt Institute, was formally dedicated on May 8th. One of the lecture-rooms was thronged with people. Bishop Paine, the senior bishop of the Southern Methodist Church, presided. It being the sixtieth birthday of W. H. Vanderbilt, the donor, a full length portrait of that gentleman was placed in the hall. In his name Bishop McIntyre, President of the Board of Trustees, presented the building to the senior bishop for formal acceptance and dedication, and the ceremonies were impressively performed. A rising vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Vanderbilt by the faculty, students, and citizens. The building cost over $100,000.

A Diamond Ring in a Horse's Hoof.—A blacksmith's wife in Tennessee recently handed to a physician of the village where she lived a diamond ring, worth fifteen hundred dollars, which her husband had found in the hoof of the doctor's horse. In paring down the hoof to prepare it for a new shoe his knife touched something hard, which on being dislodged proved to be a ring, and the honest man sent his wife with it to the owner of the horse. It appeared that the doctor's daughter had dropped the ring while out riding, and it had lodged between the horse's hoof and the shoe and had remained there. She had ridden to and fro many times over the road searching for the lost gem, yet it had been near her all the time. The search reminds us of men who go hither and thither consulting priests and who read theological treatises to find the way to heaven yet omit the great Source of Knowledge (Deut. 30 : 11–14).

A Remarkable Towns Meeting at Clayton, near Camden, N. J., is described in the New York *Tribune*. It seems the prosperous and happy little town has just settled the liquor question in an original and effective way. The proprietor of the only public house in the place had a considerable stock of wine and spirits which he was unwilling to throw away and was licensed to sell. Upon this presentation of facts the people formed a Temperance Hotel Company with a capital of $8000 divided into $10 shares, bought the public house and all its belongings, including liquor license. The people gathered in a vacant lot behind the town hall, *the doxology was sung, and the liquor was poured upon a blazing bonfire.*

THE CANDLE.

A New Sermon by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Delivered on Sunday Morning, April 24th, 1881.

" Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick ; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—MATT. 5 : 15, 16.

Christian Influence—Secret and Manifest—The Diffusive Light—A Homely Metaphor—I. The Lighting—The Work Divine—Separating—Personal—Peculiar and Distinct—Needs Sustaining—Consecrates to Service—II. The Placing—Removal Sometimes Necessary—Placed where it will do most Good—Self-Placed Christians—A Prohibition—A Parsonificated Gospel—A Command—Religion in Politics—In Business—III. The Shining—Involuntary—Yet Needing Care—The World Growing Darker—Your Orders.

OUR Saviour was speaking of the influence of His disciples upon their fellows, and He first of all mentioned that secret but powerful influence which He describes under the figure of salt : " Ye are the salt of the earth." No sooner is a man born unto God than he begins to affect his fellow-men with an influence which is rather felt than seen. The very existence of a believer operates upon unbelievers. He is like a handful of salt cast upon flesh ; he has a savor in himself, and this begins to penetrate those who are in contact with him. The unobserved, and almost unconscious influence of a holy life is most effectual to the conserving of society and the prevention of moral putrefaction. May there be salt in every one of us, for " salt is good." Have salt in yourselves, and then you will become a blessing to all around you.

But there is about every true Christian a manifest and visible influence which he is bound to exercise, and this our Lord sets forth under the figure of light : " Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid." In any case the genuine Christian will exercise the silent and unseen salting influence upon those who come into immediate contact with him ; but let him also labor to possess the second, or

ILLUMINATING INFLUENCE,

which covers a far larger area, and deals more with real life ; for salt is for dead flesh, and light for living men. " Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."

Saltness and light are the power of a Christian. I do not believe that any man will give forth light if he has not first received salt ; and yet some have a measure of salt who are none too liberal with their light. May God grant us grace to balance the inward and the outward. May we have the conserving salt and the diffusive light. Our thoughts will now run toward light-giving, and I pray that I may be helped to move the more retiring and less active among us to exert their influence upon others to a greater extent ; to crown the silent testimonies of their humble faith by an outspoken witness-bearing for their Saviour. All who have salt will now be urged to show their light.

The figure which our Saviour uses is a homely one, borrowed from the eastern tent and house. He speaks of a candle, or, more accurately, of a lamp. We should read the passage—" Neither do men light a lamp and put it under the bushel, but on the lampstand, and it giveth light unto all that are in the house." I shall use the figure both in its eastern and in its western dress, and sometimes we will make a lamp of it and sometimes a candle. *Perhaps we shall see all the better with both a lamp and a candle ;* and, though we may confuse the metaphor, we shall not confuse anybody's mind upon the important truth which it sets forth.

Three things are in the text. The first is *the lighting*, the second is *the placing*, and the third is *the shining*. The first two are both intended to produce the third. May He who alone can create light illuminate our minds while dwelling on His word.

I. First let us consider

THE LIGHTING.

" Neither do men light a candle." What is this lighting up of the souls of men ? They are with-

out light by nature, "having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God, through the ignorance that is in them." What, then, is this lighting?

It is, first of all, *a divine work*. God began His creating work of old by saying, "Let there be light," and there was light. And as in the old creation so in the new, the first thing that God worketh in the heart of man is light: "the entrance of thy word giveth light." Well said David, "The Lord is my light and my salvation." The Holy Spirit enlightens the understanding, so that the man perceives the desperateness of his own condition, and his inability to win salvation by his own works. The Lord pours light into the soul, so that Christ is seen by faith and at the sight of Him the heart catches fire and light takes hold upon the inner man, so that he not only sees light but has light. The light not only shines upon the heart but from the heart.

This lighting is

A SEPARATING WORK.

This light always separates a man from those around him who are as the darkness. It does not take him away from his surroundings, it does not shut him up in a monastery, but the separation is complete; for to set a division between a candle and the darkness all that is wanted is to light it. The tiniest spark will by its very existence be distinguished from the darkness. There is *no need to label light* to prevent its being confounded with the darkness, and there is no need for it to sound a trumpet before itself, saying, "Here am I."

What fellowship hath light with darkness? No sooner cometh the light into a man's heart than he is separate from those who are round about him, called by the grace of God by a vocation which at once sets a difference between the called ones and the rest of the sons of men. The darkness could not have created the light, for it does not even comprehend it, "the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not." Those that are round about the Christian man cannot make him out, for his life is hid with Christ in God. At his conversion they perceive that a strange alteration had come over him. At first they set the change down to melancholy, until the man's experience flashes into delight, and then they call it fanaticism or a kind of madness, a sort of twist of the mind. *Oh, blessed twist!* Would God that those who know it not could be twisted after the same fashion! It is the kindling of the candle, so that where all was darkness before there may now be the heavenly light.

Furthermore, this light giving is *a personal work to every man* who is the subject of it. The text says, "Let *your* light so shine before men." When a man lights a candle the light does not belong to the candle originally; but when once the candle has accepted the flame the light becomes the candle's own light, and the candle begins to shine by its own light. So, beloved, the grace of God, the light from Heaven, must come to each one of us individually from the divine hand, and we must personally receive it. Light is not inherent in any one of us, and therefore it must be bestowed. Its bestowal necessitates a personal acceptance. It is not bestowed upon us as part of a nation or family. In its enlightening operations grace does not deal with men in the gross, but with each man by himself. Sin is personal, and so must grace be. We are individually in the darkness, and must be individually kindled into light.

In each man the light is *peculiar and distinct*. There is a difference in the lights of various oils and gases, and so there is in your light, my brother, and my light. It is very possible that you would like to put my candle in order; you may do so if you can, but

DO NOT SNUFF ME OUT.

Your own light is, however, your main concern, and you had better ask for special grace that it may not fail. Your light is distinct from mine, as distinct as your life is from mine, though in another sense it is true that your spiritual light is one with all the light that ever shone in this world. There is in the lighting a personal appropriation of the divine flame, and afterward a personal and distinct sending forth of the sacred light in the individual's own way. Look ye well to this, lest ye be mistaken, and suppose yourselves to be lighted from Heaven when you are the mere will-o'-the-wisps of delusion.

In this world there are many lights, but none too many. We could not spare the sun, and it would be a calamity if the smallest star were quenched. We cannot spare those modern inventions which so cheer us by turning our city's night into day; but I wot we should miss even the glow-worm from its dewy haunt in the quiet lane. We cannot afford to lose a ray of light in this *misty, foggy, all-beclouded sky of ours*. The Church and the world need all the light that has been vouchsafed, and much more. I, therefore, would press upon all my brethren and sisters here who may happen to have but one talent the necessity of their putting it out to interest. Your light, my friend, may be but *a farthing rushlight*, but you must not hide it, for all lights are of God, and are sent with a kind and gracious purpose by the great Father of lights.

Note further, that lighting *is a work which needs sustaining*. While lighting is a process performed in a moment, it is also, as a matter of fact, prolonged; for the lamp needs to be trimmed, and it would be ill to light a lamp and leave it to itself. The lamp must have fresh oil from time to time, since by shining it consumes its fuel. Do not any of you, therefore, think if you can fix upon a certain time and say, "I was converted then," that you may live as you like afterward. God forbid! The saints prove their conversion by their perseverance, and that perseverance comes from a continual supply of divine grace to their souls.

Judge ye, then, yourselves by this, not so much whether on a certain special occasion you were turned from darkness to light, but are you still "light in the Lord?" Have you oil in your vessels with your lamps? Are you looking unto Jesus? *It was well that you looked; but are you looking?* for that is the great thing. Remember, it is a present business—looking. It is well that you came to Jesus, but that is merely the beginning: it is "to whom coming," coming continually, as unto a living stone.

Once again, let me say that this work of lighting is a work which, when it is done upon a man, *consecrates him entirely to the service of light giving*. A candle once lit, if it continues alight will be all consumed in giving light. It is what it was made for, not to be laid by in a glass case and looked at, but to be burned away. Blessed is the man who can say, "My zeal hath consumed me." You will say that in the case of the lamp the lamp itself is not consumed. No, but it is consecrated to the one purpose of lighting the house, and it contains the supply of oil by which the flame is fed.

You may use a candle for many purposes; I saw a man grease a saw with one the other day, and another made his boots fit for walking in the snow in like manner; but still these are not the objects for which a candle is designed; it has missed the object of its existence if it does not give light. I suppose on occasions you might use a lamp for a weight, or for some other purposes; but it would not be the fit instrument for any purpose except that of giving light.

Everything is best when fulfilling its proper purpose. Have you ever seen a swan out of water? How ungainly is his walk! What an unwieldy bird he seems! But see him on the water. What a fine model for a ship! What grace! What beauty! So is it with the Christian, his beauty is best seen in his proper element; give him any other aim and he is awkward and uncomely.

II. We will now, in the second place, consider

THE PLACING.

"No man lighteth a candle and putteth it under a bushel." It is a great point, this placing of a man—it may hide his light or send it further afield. *The chief matter is the lighting him*, and getting him to have light to give; but the next most important thing is where to put him when he is alight. For some men when they first find Christ are in the wrong place altogether. How can a lamp shine if it be dropped into a river?

After the conversion of certain persons their removal becomes necessary. It is significant that when God called Abraham He did not let him stop in Ur of the Chaldees; the place for Abraham to shine was not even in Haran; but he must get into the chosen country and wander as a shepherd prince, for only there and in that character could Abraham shine to the glory of God. Most men will be wise to stay where they are and shine; but others must undergo

A GREAT CHANGE OF POSITION

before they will be able to scatter their light to the extent which the Lord intends for them.

That may account, my friend, for your having more trouble since you were converted than you ever had before. You have been left to lie till now, but *you are wanted*, and so you are *fetched out from your hiding*. It did not matter where you were when you gave no light, you were just as well behind a box or in a closet as anywhere else; but now that you are lighted, you must be put on a lamp-stand, and hence you are undergoing processes of providence that are somewhat painful to you. Our placing, whether it has necessitated removal or not, is largely done by the providence of God; one man is placed here and another there, and it is well for us to look at our position from this point of view.

God puts us where we can best serve His cause and bless our age. If you had your choice, perhaps, if you had to be a street lamp, you would like to be a lamp in Hyde Park, to *shine upon the nobles* who pass that way. But the poor souls want lights far more down that blind alley, down that den of a court, where wild Irish are quarrelling, or drunkards murdering their wives. He that loves God, if he had his choice, might sooner choose to shine in the worst place than in the better. "Oh, that I lived in the midst of a warm-hearted church!" says one. If you are an earnest, thorough-going man, I am glad that you are placed in that dreary village where the people are pretty nearly starved for spiritual life. "What," cries one, "glad that I have to suffer so much?" No, not for that, but because if you are a strong man, you will not suffer, but you will *make other people suffer*; that is to say, make it hard for the minister, and the deacons, and the church to remain in their wretched condition of lukewarmness. I hope you will be the means of arousing them, and bringing them nearer to Christ.

But though I have thus spoken of Providence, a good deal of our placing is in our own hands. There are ways of placing yourselves—for instance, that mentioned in the text, which may be as ruinous to our influence as if a candle were placed under a bushel; or you can put yourself in a place of advantage, as when a lamp is set upon a lamp-stand.

First, note the word in *the negative*—"Neither do men place it under a bushel." A bushel is a good and useful article. In almost every eastern house there was a corn measure, here called a bushel, though it did not generally measure much more than a peck; this measure was commonly in every house, because they ground their own corn, and so were generally dealing with the neighbors. That useful corn measure to me represents the pursuits of ordinary life—the proper and natural avocations of the household. Many men and women hide the candle that God has lit under

THE BUSHEL OF BUSINESS

and domestic cares. But you ask, Is not a housewife to be a housewife? Certainly; but not so a housewife as to conceal her godliness. Is not the laboring man to work with his hands? Certainly, but not so to work for the bread that perisheth as to miss life eternal. Is not the man of business to give his best attention thereto? Of course he is, but he must see to it that he do not lose his own soul, or injure the souls of others. Keep your bushel; nobody asks you to burn it; but do keep it in its place. Subordinate all worldly things to the glory of God.

Suffer not your possessions or your desires, your pleasures or your cares to act as a bushel hiding His light. This happens with a great many. I must ask conscience to be so kind as to preach for me for a minute or two. Will you look at home, dear friends, and see where you place your business and your religion? Which is uppermost?

Which is foremost? Is religion your business, or is business your religion? Does you candle shine upon the bushel, or *does the bushel hide the candle?* I will not dwell upon the question, because it will be well for you to answer it in quiet, each man for himself.

I know how a minister can put his light under a bushel—he can be a mere official and perform service, being nothing more than a performer. The worst thing to do with the gospel is to *parsonificate* it. As soon as we preach as mere officials we have lost all power: we must speak as men to men. A brother minister one day said to me, "The moment I shut the pulpit door I shut out my natural self." This will never do: a man must be all there when he is serving God, and if ever he is himself it must be in preaching. We can also cover the candle by using hard words, words which are not hard to educated people, but to the bulk of our hearers. We can also use technical creed words, such as we might use in the class-room or in the discussion hall, and these may conceal our meaning from the people.

I know some Christians who put their light under a bushel by being *excessively bashful*, and shamefaced. They are not so dreadfully retiring when five-pound notes are to be made; but if anything is to be said for Christ then they blush and stammer. Oh that they could overcome this hindrance. Others put their light under a bushel by *inconsistency;* they do not act as Christians should act, and when people see their bad works they do not glorify God. God forbid that in the house our darkness should be more conspicuous than our light. Some, I fear, cover their light under

THE BUSHEL OF INDIFFERENCE;

they do not seem to care how things go with the kingdom of Christ. They look well to the state of their flocks and herds, but for the house of the Lord they have small concern. I pray you, dear friends, do not hide your light in any way. Let not your lawful callings, your relationships, your sicknesses, your literary pursuits, or your personal sorrows become so exaggerated as to conceal the divine light within your soul.

The text is, however, *positive*. Put yourself on a candlestick or on a lamp-stand. What must that be? A candlestick is an appropriate exhibitor of the light; and each man should make an appropriate confession of his faith. The best way is prescribed in God's word. It is written, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Take care that when you have faith you declare it in the ordained manner; for he that with his heart believeth and with his mouth maketh confession of Him shall be saved. O lamp, do not say, "I will shine, but I will lie upon the floor and do it." No, your place is on *the stand which is provided*. Dear Christian friend, join the church, that you may be placed where you will be in order with the arrangements of the divine household.

A lamp-stand should also be something which makes the lamp sufficiently visible. If you do not come out and diffuse your light willingly and cheerfully it is very likely the master of the house will fetch you out. Providence will arrange that the light shall not be hidden. See what the Lord did for His church years ago; He allowed her to be persecuted into publicity. What a lamp-stand was found for Christianity in the martyrdoms of the Colosseum, in the public burnings by pagans and papists, and in all the other modes by which believers in Christ were forced into fame.

I long for the day when the precepts of the Christian religion shall be the rule among all classes of men, in all transactions. I often hear it said "*Do not bring religion into politics.*" This is precisely where it ought to be brought, and set there in the face of all men as on a candlestick. I would have the Cabinet and the Members of Parliament do the work of the nation as before the Lord, and I would have the nation, either in making war or peace, consider the matter by the light of righteousness. We are to deal with other nations about this or that upon the principles of the New Testament. *I thank God that I have lived to see the attempt made* in one or two instances, and I pray that the principle may become dominant and permanent.

We have had enough of *clever men without conscience*, let us now see what honest, God-fearing men will do. But we are told that we must study "British interests," as if it were not always to a nation's truest interest to do righteousness. "But we must follow out our policy." I say, No! Let the policies which are founded on wrong be cast like idols to the moles and to the bats. Stand to that most admirable of policies: "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." Whether we are kings or queens, or prime ministers, or members of parliament, or crossing sweepers, this is our rule if we are Christians.

Yes, and bring *religion into your business*, and let the light shine in the factory and in the counting house. Then we shall not have quite so much china clay in the calicoes wherewith to cheat the foreigner, nor shall we see cheap and nasty articles described as of best quality, nor any other of the dodges in trade that everybody seems to practise now-a-days. You tradespeople and manufacturers are very much one like the other in this: there are *tricks in all trades*, and one sees it everywhere. I believe everybody to be honest in all England, Scotland, and Ireland *until he is found out;* but whether there are any so incorruptible that they will never be found wanting this deponent sayeth not, for I am not a judge.

Do not put your candle under a bushel, but let it shine, for it was intended that it should be seen. Religion ought to be as much seen at our own table as at the Lord's table. Godliness should as much influence the House of Commons as the Assembly of Divines. God grant that the day may come when the mischievous division between secular and religious things shall no more be heard of, for in all things Christians are to glorify God, according to the precept, "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

III. Our time has gone, but I must detain you a little while I speak upon

THE SHINING:

"Let your light so shine before men."

When a candle shines it is because it cannot help it. Shining is the natural result of possessing light, and I want you, dear brethren, to exert a holy influence upon others, because the grace of God is really in you. Some men made desperate attempts to *appear* good; they would be far more successful if they would seek to *be* good. Grace must be in a man as a living fountain, and then rivers of living water will flow from him. The natural result of a renewed heart is a renewed life, and the natural result of a renewed life is that men see it and glorify God.

Shining, however, is not altogether a thing of necessity so as to forbid our attention to it, for the text demands care of us. "Let your light so shine." I must ask the printer to put the two letters—s, o—in very large capitals. "Let your light SO shine—let it so shine that men may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven." You will not shine in the best manner, though you may have grace in your heart, unless you abound in prayerful, watchful, earnest care. You must guard heart and lip and hand, or your light will not *so* shine before men as could be desired. *Your light will need trimming*. Neglect it not.

The shining which comes from the Christian is here described as "good works." Good talk is very well, but it takes a great deal of talk to light a room. Good works are the *splendor* of the light of God. What works are good works? I would answer—upright actions, honest dealings, sincere behavior. When a man is scrupulously true, and sternly faithful, all right-minded persons admit that his works are good works. Good works are works of love, unselfish works, works done for the benefit of others and the glory of God.

Good works, like the shining of a candle, have *good effects*. A candle cheers the gloom. What a comfort it is when you have long been wandering in the dark to spy out a twinkling candle in a cottage window! A candle directs and guides men, and by its illumination it instructs them. In its light they see, discern, and discover. He who acts teaches. The man who lives Christianity preaches it. He is the truest evangelist whose life brings glory to God and good-will to men.

But note, it is said, "it giveth light to all that are *in the house;*" so that when we are lit from on high we are first to shine at home. It is not abroad alone that we should make our Christianity known, but chiefly at the fireside, to those who are in the house. Some have a very little house, they live in a couple of rooms with a small family; let them take care that they have grace enough to make a few thoroughly happy, which is not always the easiest thing in the world. Others have a large family; may they have grace enough to influence the whole. A few have large workshops, and employ many hands, and these ought to exercise a holy influence over all their workfolks.

The text says that the candle gives light to *all* that are in the house. Some professors give light only to a part of the house. I have known women very good to all but their husbands, and these they nag from morning to night, so that they give no light to them. I have known husbands so often out at meetings that they neglect home, and thus their wives miss the light. I have known masters who are utterly indifferent about their servants; and mistresses who quite forget to seek the good of their maids. If our light be in good order it will illuminate the parlor and the kitchen, the drawing-room and the scullery, shining upon all that are in the house. Candles do not shed all their light either that way or this, but they shine in all directions. A Christian should be an all-round man, blessing all, both great and small, who come in contact with him.

I have had to hasten over all this, but I pray God to make it none the less effectual for the stirring up of every Christian here to use all the light he has.

IT IS A DARK WORLD,

and *it seems to get darker*, for the emissaries of Satan are going about thirsting to quench every light. Look ye well to your lamps—look ye well to your lamps, ye virgin souls. Trim well the flame, and go you forth even into the black night to meet the Bridegroom.

Churches do not exist for themselves, but for the world at large. Have ye though of this, ye professors? Ye are blessed that ye may be a blessing. Take heed that ye behave aright. You go to Christ's wedding feast, and you are glad to hear that He turneth water into wine, and you are ready to bless Him that He has kept the best wine until now. But oh, ye servants of God, remember what is said, "Draw out now and bear." These are your orders.

Neglect not your duty as servitors at your Lord's great feast. Your Master has taken the bread, and has blessed and broken it, and then He has given it to you. Is that the end of the process? Do you stand there and munch your own personal morsel with a miserable self-satisfaction? Nay, if you be indeed disciples of Christ you will remember that the next words are, "and the disciples to the multitude, and they did eat." Break then your bread among the hungry that surround you. Take the whole loaf of Christ, and rightly divide and distribute it, and you shall have as much left as at the first; yea, more, you shall gather of the fragments many baskets full. Only see ye to it that ye freely give what ye have freely received, lest hoarded manna breed corruption, lest a canker come upon your hoarded gold and silver, and lest your very souls grow moldy even to reeking rottenness before God, because you have not drawn out your souls unto the hungry, nor sought to teach those who are perishing for lack of knowledge.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Luke 8.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

PETER'S HOME TRAINING.

A Temperance Story by Rev. James B. Dunn.

The Young Lady's Remark upon Peter's Downfall—Their Parents' Custom—Its Evil Influence upon Peter—He is Turned Out of His Home—Delirium Tremens—What Brought Him to It.

"AH, sir, but it is a comfort that he never saw drunkenness under his father's roof!" was the remark made to me, a short time ago, by a young lady, as I stood gazing upon the perfect wreck of a young man who lay on a pallet of straw, suffering from an attack of *delirium tremens*. It was her brother, to whom she still clung with sisterly affection, notwithstanding his profligacy. Finding I could render no relief, with a sorrowful heart I withdrew from the affecting spectacle, pondering over the words, "He never saw drunkenness under his father's roof!" Was it true that his father's house had nothing to do with his present condition? Let us look at the training he there received; for to become a drunkard it is not necessary to see drunkenness.

It was the custom of the parents to use intoxicating liquors in what is called moderation, and occasionally to allow their children to partake with them. These drinks were always introduced at dinner, in the form of ale, porter, wine, when the children had their share of some of them. Then when parties were invited to dinner or supper, and this habit of drinking was carried to its fullest extent, the children were led to believe that the persons invited on these occasions were the particular friends of their parents; and the preparations made induced them to suppose that it was their wish to make the visit as happy a one as possible, and to do so the drink must be circulated.

This course went on from year to year; but as the children grew up, the fruits of the system were seen in the irregularities and bad conduct of some of them. One of the sons, the eldest, had formed a strong appetite for intoxicating liquors, as well as for the gay society of companions like himself; and sometimes he came home late at night under the influence of liquor. The poor mother was the first to perceive the evil courses of her favorite son, and hoping to be able to stop him before he went farther, concealed them for a while from the father.

But all her tenderness and persuasion could not induce the young man to stop, and he proceeded farther and farther, until she could no longer hide the case from her husband. With tears she now disclosed the awful facts of the conduct of their unhappy child, and the fruitlessness of her efforts to reclaim him. Then was the father angry both with son and wife, and declared that if he did not reform he should quit the house.

The young man was called in, examined, entreated, and at last threatened. Making some confessions, he promised to amend. For a while there was an improvement in him; but the temptations to which he was still exposed in his father's house, and the love of his former indulgences, were too powerful; he went back to his old habits, and became worse than before.

At last, the enraged father could bear with him no longer, and in a passion drove him from the house, telling him to go where he pleased, but not to disgrace him. The young man, now left to himself, and reckless of all consequences, having lost all self-respect, as well as all regard for the good opinion of others, plunged deeper and deeper into the vortex of pleasure, until he was brought down by *delirium tremens* to the gates of death.

In this condition I was called to see him. The parents were informed of the situation of their outcast child, and would now do anything to save him. But it was too late! Most devotedly did his sister wait upon him, till she closed his eyes in death. True, it may have been that "he never saw *drunkenness* in his father's house." But was there no connection between *his training* in that father's house and his miserable *end?*

On the following day—the heart-stricken mother being unable to endure the sight—the father alone went with me to the bedside of the dying youth; but what an object there presented itself to his view! He could hardly recognize the features of his own son, and for a while could give no expression to the feelings which agitated his breast. But he must speak, for it is the last opportunity which he shall ever have of addressing this lost child—and he must speak as becomes a father under such circumstances.

"Son," he said, "you have fallen low indeed, by the evil life you have followed. Where did you learn the habit of intemperance, which has reduced you to this condition?"

"Father," the young man replied, with a faltering voice, "I learned it in your house. Not that you tempted me to be a drunkard, but you taught me to like intoxicating drinks, and you showed me, by *your example, that I could safely use them.* I acquired the love for such things at your own table, but I have not been able to keep within those bounds of moderation which you have preserved, and I die a victim to intemperance first begun in my father's house!"

The case of this young man is not a rare one. Innumerable are the homes and hearts ruined by the fireside usages and examples of inconsiderate parents — parents otherwise estimable, loving, tender, prayerful; but they will drink, moderately it may be, but nevertheless they drink, and have reared up those who drink under their own roof-tree, and unintentionally hastened many an ardent young soul to destruction.

"A TEASPOONFUL OF RUM TODDY BROUGHT ME TO THIS,"

said a young man, a few days before his execution; and on being asked to explain himself, continued: "When a child, my father was in the custom of taking me on his knees at dinner-time, and giving me one teaspoonful out of his glass; and by this means the taste for drink was acquired, under the influence of which I committed the crime for which I am about to suffer." Think you that a father, after having laid in a drunkard's grave the wrecked form of his first-born, would touch the intoxicating cup again? Surely not!

A YOUNG LADY WAS RECKLESS ENOUGH TO REACH

over the Table-rock which overhangs the Falls of Niagara, that she might pluck some flowers which grew upon its edge; but as she stooped she lost her balance, and—dreadful thought!—was dashed from that awful height to the abyss below! We almost think we hear her wild shriek and feel her giddy whirl. By and by a father comes to the spot to gaze on that scene of unrivalled sublimity. The flowers attract the notice of his little child, and she, too, steps forward; but quick as thought the parental hand drags her back, while, with all the eloquence of a father's voice, he tells the fatal story.

Fathers and mothers! thousands of little ones have gone down a more awful gulf! Will you sport on its brink as if there were no danger? Or will the hand that drags back from temporal death furnish the means of more dreadful ruin? Show by your *abstaining from intoxicating drink* that you possess the Spirit of our Lord, who said, "The Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them."

INCIDENTS OF THE FIVE POINTS MISSION.

A Priest Converted at a Deathbed.

ONE Sunday morning the mission-room was filled as usual with rescued children and attentive adult listeners. The missionary preached from "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." He explained simply and solemnly the nature of true repentance, its necessity, and the fearful results of neglecting it. While enforcing the subject his eye rested upon a countenance he had not seen before. It was that of a respectable-looking man in the prime of life. It indicated deep and troubled thought, but as visitors were frequent at the mission, and his whole appearance seemed to show that he did not belong to that region, the natural conclusion was that he was a casual though deeply interested visitor. The time and place of the class-meeting were announced, and a general invitation was given to all anxious on the subject of religion to attend.

The evening came, and in the little mission-room were assembled from twenty to thirty ignorant and degraded men and women. In some, curiosity had been the predominant motive; in others a vague alarm had been awakened; in some the influence was asserting its power; in others the spirit of true repentance was revealing the past, and awakening a faint hope for the future. As the missionary glanced over his little flock to take anew the gauge of their necessities, he saw the stranger who had attracted his notice on the preceding Sabbath. He was there, in that little simple meeting. Who was he? what brought him there? thought the missionary, too much accustomed, however, to strange things to feel more than a momentary hesitation.

The hymn was sung, the prayer uttered, the usual testimony elicited, suitable advice given to all who were in the habit of attending, and the missionary *accosted the stranger.* He rose and in a calm, impressive manner made (in substance) the following remarks: "I was brought up a Roman Catholic. I was for many years a priest in that communion; but several years ago, *through the reading of the Holy Scriptures,* I became convinced that neither the doctrine nor the practice of that Church was in accordance with the Word of God. I left it and have ever since been seeking after light and rest. I left my native country, and am here a stranger in a strange land.

"Last Sunday, sir, I heard you preach. You explained the nature of true repentance. With exceeding power the question was forced upon my mind, Have I repented? I felt I had not, according to that rule. You spoke of forgiveness of sins and the consciousness of pardon. I saw there was an experience I had never known. I had professed for years to forgive the sins of others, *and I felt that hour that mine were not forgiven.* You enforced the text that all would perish except they repented: I saw I was among the number, and I became alarmed. I went home to read and think and pray, but the conviction continues. I am alarmed to-night. What must I do, sir, to obtain rest and safety? I came here to be instructed in these important truths."

He sat down, and for some moments silence prevailed. The missionary was praying for "the wisdom that is profitable to direct." A conversation then ensued. Feelings were expressed, difficulties stated, and explanations given. The plan of salvation was simply unfolded, and passages of Scripture marked for examination and for proof. They parted with the mutual agreement to pray earnestly for the enlightening influences of the Holy Spirit until they should meet again.

For weeks a similar course was pursued. On the Sabbath he was a wrapt and prayerful listener. In the temperance meetings he exerted all his influence, and in the class-meeting he narrated his struggles and his desires. His manner was singularly calm and quiet. He would give the most perfect analysis of his emotions, compare them with the Word of God, note where they were in accordance with it and where they came short of its requirements. But to his own perception this seemed a mere intellectual process. He *complained that he did not feel,* while the missionary and his wife, who were sympathizing with him at every step, saw clearly that while light increased his spirituality increased also, and that he was gradually approaching that point where the witness of acceptance would seal the perfect consecration and the consciousness of adoption fill him with joy unspeakable.

Three months passed by; for occasionally he was impeded by harassing doubts and fears. Justification by faith was a mystery not yet grasped. He saw clearly his need of a Saviour. He recognized Jesus as that Saviour. He rejoiced in the redemption accomplished for the world. He believed that he was included in it. But the simple reliance of the soul upon Christ, as a personal present Saviour, was not yet exercised. The transition point was not yet passed.

Some months previous to this *a youth* connected with the Sabbath-school of the mission had been taken ill, and he was now about to die. Peace reigned in his heart and heaven was opening before him. A summons came to the missionary to visit him once more, and he invited his anxious friend

to accompany him. Together they stood beside that bed of death. The wasted pallid face grew bright at their approach, and to the missionary's question, "How do you feel now, Thomas?" came forth the triumphant response, "Oh! I am happy, Mr. Luckey. I feel I am going home. My sins are all forgiven: praise, praise the Lord!" They bowed in prayer and praise, and then, having an engagement, the missionary immediately left. His companion remained beside the dying lad. Weak and exhausted, the latter lay motionless, with his eyes closed, looking as though the vital spark were even then extinguished.

Solemn and varied were the thoughts that occupied that watcher's mind and filled his heart with almost uncontrollable emotion. Not that the scene in all respects was new. He had stood beside scores of death-beds, and heard confessions, and given absolution, and applied *holy oil*. He had seen souls trembling on the verge of "purgatory" and *shrinking in utter dread* from the undefined process which was to prepare them eventually for a distant heaven; and he had soothed them with the promise of innumerable masses which were to redeem them from the bondage of another sphere. But in the clear light which had lately shone into his mind, he saw that this was not the truth. He saw that earth was the place where redemption was achieved and where victory was promised.

In the Bible he had read, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?" "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." And here, before his eyes, was a living, yet dying, exemplification of these glorious truths. He saw clearly that Christ was indeed a Saviour, an almighty Saviour. The triumphant words of the dying lad were ringing in his ears—"I am happy: I am going home: my sins are all forgiven." Unconsciously his personal confidence was increasing, and faith and hope were gaining ascendency over doubt and fear. He sat gazing on the boy. *Suddenly the closed eye opened* and fastened its earnest gaze upon him, and with supernatural energy the dying lad exclaimed, "Mr. ——, are your sins forgiven by Christ your Saviour?" The dim eye closed again, and the mortal put on immortality.

"Is Christ your Saviour?" The question echoed through that gazer's heart. Rapidly his mind surveyed the past, the present, and the future. The fulness and freeness of redeeming grace opened to his spiritual vision. His weary heart reposed itself on Christ. The witness of acceptance was clearly and joyously experienced, and he exclaimed, "Oh! yes. I feel He is my Saviour. O Thomas, would that you had lived till I could have told you so!"

THE COMING PRINCE OR ANTICHRIST.

By R. Anderson, LL.D., Barrister-at-Law.

The Coming Prince—Daniel's Representation—The Head of the Revived Roman Empire—The New Jerusalem Typifies the Jewish Church—Babylon the Apostacy of Rome—Satan's Master-lie a Travesty of the Incarnation.

IN the Book of Daniel the "Coming Prince," or Antichrist of the last days, is presented as the head of the revived Roman Empire of the future, and a persecutor of the saints. There is not a single statement respecting him that presents the smallest difficulty. But some of the statements of St. John seem inconsistent with the earlier prophecies. According to Daniel's visions the sovereignty of Antichrist appears confined to the ten kingdoms, and his career seems limited to the duration of the seventieth week. How then can this be reconciled with the statement of St. John that "power was given him over all kindreds, and tongues, and nations, and all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him?"* Is it credible, moreover, that a man endowed with such vast supernatural powers, and filling so marvellous a place in prophecy, will be restrained within the narrow limits of the Roman earth?

If these points be urged as objections to the truth of Scripture, it is enough to mark that the prophecies of Christ were beset with kindred difficulties. Such prophecies are like the disjointed pieces of an elaborate and intricate mosaic. To fit each into its place would baffle our utmost ingenuity. To discover the main design is all we can expect; or if more be demanded of us, it is enough to show that no part is inconsistent with the rest. And these results will reward the student of the Apocalyptic visions of Daniel and St. John, if only he approach them untrammelled by the crude views which prevail respecting the career of Antichrist.

These visions are not a history, but a drama. In the twelfth chapter of Revelation we see the woman in her travail. In the twenty-first chapter she is manifested in her final glory. The intervening chapters afford brief glimpses of events which will fill up the interval. It is with the thirteenth and seventeenth chapters that we have specially to do in connection with the present subject, and it is clear that the later vision unfolds events which come first in the order of time.

THE FALSE CHURCH AND THE TRUE

are typified under kindred emblems. Jerusalem, the bride, has its counterpart in Babylon, the harlot. In the same sense in which the New Jerusalem is the Jewish Church, so likewise Babylon is the apostacy of Rome. The heavenly city is mother of the redeemed for ages past (Galatians 4 : 26); the earthly city is mother of the harlots and abominations of the earth (Revelation 17 : 5). The victims who have perished in the persecutions of Antichristian Papal Rome are estimated at *fifty millions* of human beings; but even this appalling record will not be the measure of her doom. The blood of "holy apostles and prophets"—the martyred dead of ages before the Papacy arose, and even of pre-Messianic times—will be required of her when the day of vengeance comes (Revelation 18 : 20).

As it is only in its Jewish aspect that the Church is expressly symbolized as the bride, so also it is at a time when this, their normal relationship, has been regained by the covenant people that the apostate Church of Christendom, in the full development of its iniquity, appears as the harlot. The vision clearly indicates, moreover, a marked

REVIVAL OF HER INFLUENCE.

She is seen enthroned upon the ten-horned beast, herself arrayed in royal hues and decked with gold and costliest gems. The infamous greatness of Papal Rome in times gone by shall yet be surpassed by the splendor of her glories in dark days to come, when, having drawn within her pale it may be all that usurps the name of Christ on earth, she will claim as her willing vassal the last great monarch of the Gentile world.

As regards the duration of this period of Rome's final triumphs Scripture is silent; but the crisis which brings it to a close is definitely marked: "The ten horns and the beast shall hate the whore, and shall make her desolate and naked, and shall eat her flesh and burn her with fire (Revelation 17 : 16).

One point in the angel's description of the beast in relation to the harlot claims special notice. The seven heads have *a twofold symbolism*. When viewed in connection with the harlot, they are "seven mountains on which the woman sits;" but in their special relation to the beast they have a different significance. The angel adds, "*and they are seven kings;*" that is, "kingdoms," the word being used "according to its strict prophetic import, and to the analogy of that portion of the prophecy which is here especially in view."

In the seventh chapter of Daniel the beast is identified with the Roman Empire. In the thirteenth of Revelation he is identified also with the lion, the bear, and the panther, the first three "kingdoms" of Daniel's vision. But here he is seen as the heir and representative, not of these alone, but of all the great world-powers which have set themselves in opposition to God and to His people. The seven heads typify these powers. "Five are fallen, and one is." Egypt, Nineveh, Babylon, Persia, Greece, had fallen; and Rome then held the sceptre of earthly sovereignty, the sixth in succession to the empires already named. "And the other is not yet come, and when he cometh he must continue a short space."

Here the prophecy is marked by the same strange "foreshortening" already noticed in each of Daniel's visions. While Rome was the sixth kingdom, the seventh is the confederacy of the latter days, heading up in "the Coming Prince." The Coming Prince himself, in the full and final development of his power, is called the eighth, though belonging to the seven.

The subject of the twelfth chapter is the dragon, the woman in her travail, the birth of the man-child and his rapture to heaven, the conflict in heaven between the archangel and the dragon (verse 7); the dragon's banishment to earth; his persecution of the woman, and her flight to the wilderness, where she is sustained for "a time, and times, and half a time," or 1260 days (verses 6–14)—the second half of Daniel's seventieth week. The chapter ends by the statement that, baffled in attempting to destroy the woman, the dragon "went to make war with the remnant of her seed, which keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ." The thirteenth chapter, crossing the lines of Daniel's visions, represents the fulfilment of the dragon's purpose through the agency of the man of prophecy, whom he energizes to this end. Whatever meaning be attached to the birth and rapture of the woman's child, there can be no reasonable doubt that the obedient, faithful "remnant of her seed" is the Jewish Church of the latter days, the persecuted "saints of the Most High" of Daniel's prophecy.

The serpent, the woman, and the man, appear together on the earliest page of Scripture, and they reappear upon the latest. But how significant and terrible the change! No longer the subtle tempter, Satan is now displayed in all his awfulness as the great fiery dragon who seeks to destroy the woman's promised seed. And instead of the humbled penitent of Eden, the man appears as a wild beast, a monster, both in power and wickedness. The serpent's victim has become his willing slave and ally.

God has found a man to fulfil all His will, and to Him He has given up His throne, with all power in heaven and "on earth." This will hereafter be travestied by Satan, and the coming man shall have the dragon's "power, and his throne, and great authority" (Revelation 13 : 2). Both the dragon and the beast are seen crowned with royal diadems (Revelation 12 : 3; 13 : 1). Once, and only once, again in Scripture the diadem is mentioned, and then it is as worn by Him whose name is "King of kings, Lord of lords" (Revelation 19 : 12–16). It must be as pretenders to His power that the beast and the dragon claim it.

The personality of Satan and his interest in and close connection with our race throughout its history are among the most certain, though most

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of revelation. The popular classification of angels, men, and devils, as including intelligent creation is misleading. The *angels* that fell are "reserved in everlasting chains, under darkness, unto the judgment of the great day" (Jude 6). *Demons* are frequently mentioned in the narrative of the Gospels, and they have also a place in the doctrine of the epistles. But the devil is a being who, like the archangel, seems in his own domain to have no peer.

This will afford an insight into the character of the predicted serpent-worship of the last days.* Satan's master-lie will be a travesty of the incarnation: he will energize a man who will claim universal worship as being the manifestation of the Deity in human form. And not only will there be a false Messiah, but another being, his equal in miraculous power, yet having for his only mission to obtain for him the homage of mankind. The mystery of the Godhead will thus be parodied by the mystery of iniquity, and the Father, the Son, and the Spirit will have their counterpart in the dragon, the beast, and the false prophet.

(To be concluded.)

* Rev. 13 : 7, 8. In the best reading of verse 7, the same four words occur as in 7 : 9—"nations, kindreds, people, and tongues."

* All the world wondered after the beast; and they worshipped the dragon (serpent) which gave power unto the beast; and they worshipped the beast (Rev. 13 : 3, 4).

TOUCHES OF REAL LIFE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Lady Hope, of Cariden.

(*Continued from page 303.*)

Mike Pleads for a Visit to Aleth—Aleth's Grief Over His Disappointment—Mr. Habershon Interferes—Mike's Visit—Aleth's Interest in the Burnt Shed—Etta's Influence—Etta Visits Mrs. Clemence—Project of Renewing the Shed.

"POOR little thing," said Miss Habershon to Mike! it's very sad. But oh, no! I don't think it would do for you to see her. Oh, no! It would frighten her so."

"Frighten her! Why, miss, I'd take my word old Michael wouldn't frighten nobody, leastways a little angel like that! The angels is always about us—beg your pardon, miss (making a sort of dab at the front of his hat)—and they're quite used to the likes of us poor men. They used to come about our Saviour, and He didn't only look like a working-man. An' *she's* a angel, if there ever was one on this earth. I've a seen her lots o' times a-runnin' about with her hoop on that 'ere road, and with her pretty hair and smiling face and rosy cheeks in the church."

This unexpected burst of eloquent feeling on Mike's part rather took Miss Habershon aback, she being by no means a person of many words; however, that it had taken some measure of effect was evident from her reply,

"Well, I will see about it, and let you know the next time you come. But if you *do* see her, it must be in an afternoon. She never can see any one in the mornings."

With repeated bows, and thanks even for the hope, Michael departed; while at the same time Miss Habershon retired to her housekeeping duties, following them up by a visit to Aleth. When Aleth heard that the giver of her many little presents, old Michael, whom Hutton liked so much, and whom she had seen in the church and on the road, had asked to see her and had been sent away, she covered her face with her white little hands and burst into tears.

This very rare expression of grief on Aleth's part put Miss Habershon into a perfect flutter of fright. She rang for the nurse, got a bottle of eau-de-cologne, provided a pocket-handkerchief out of the drawer, and furthermore disappeared into the study to confess to her brother the mistake of which she had been guilty. Mr. Habershon went up, and found his sunbeam smiling through the tears like a little rainbow. Nurse had found out in a moment the disappointment, and had made the child laugh by telling her that "old Mike was wanting now to bring her a talking jackdaw." This piece of news was on her lips as Mr. Habershon reached her low couch. He fondled and petted her, and kissed her little hands and face; and when he went down-stairs he said,

"Jane, I think you might let the old man come up some afternoon for a few minutes. Any little variety is good for her. She has had no fresh visitors lately. I dare say he will bring her some flowers or something, and she will like to see him."

"Very well," said Miss Habershon; "I will see that he comes up the next time he is here."

The "next time" was very soon. Mike arrived about three o'clock smartened up wonderfully, and carrying in his hand a flat paper parcel. After an interview, first with the "master," and then with the "miss," he was duly ushered into Aleth's presence, where, making the lowest of bows, he said,

"Be ye better, my dear? They're all a-askin' arter little miss."

"Thank you, I'm quite well," said Aleth. "Was the Shed all burnt?"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" inwardly groaned poor Michael. Was the bone of contention and derision and the great sorrow to be brought up so suddenly, and in such august and ecclesiastical precincts, into the uncompromising daylight of Aleth's queries!

So he hastily said, "Yes! my dear. Yes! yes! Burnt down it was—burnt down. There's been a lot of fires. Please, miss, did you ever hear of the pretty little story 'bout the Gentle Shepherd, how he gave His life for the sheep, and how He gathered the lambs to His fold? And there was that sheep that ran away over the mountains. Wasn't it a pity? but the Good Shepherd, He brought it back, He did."

"Oh yes," said Aleth; "that was Jesus. I know all about Him. He is our Saviour. He told the story, and said, 'I am the Good Shepherd.'"

"Then here it is!" said old Mike, delightedly undoing his parcel, and presenting Aleth with one of the Tract Society's simple colored pictures of "The Good Shepherd," which he had framed himself in straight, varnished deal, painted like mahogany.

Aleth's pleasure was undisguised, and her thanks so profuse for this and all the other presents that poor old Michael looked as bashful over their unworthiness, as proud of the favor they had found.

"But the Shed!" began Aleth again. Only the nurse was present this time; so, it was not so alarming to Michael as before. "Can it never be built up again? What will everybody do? Won't they be in great trouble?"

Michael lowered his voice, and said confidentially, "Oh no, Miss Aleth, dearie, you mustn't think nothing about the poor old Shed. It's all done and gone now. Perhaps we was too fond of it," he added, soliloquizing, "and now it's gone."

"But," said Aleth, raising her head, and getting rather too animated, "what can you do? It's such a dreadful pity! and where do you have the prayer-meetings that Hutton likes so much? Do you have them in the church? Do ask papa to let you have them in here. I *would* like to see them so much!"

"Now, I think you are getting excited," said the nurse. "I shall have to ask Mr. Michael to go away."

"Oh no, no, nurse!" pleaded the child, "I have got some more things to ask him."

"Then don't talk nonsense," said the nurse; "talk sensible, can't you?"

Old Michael had passed his coat-sleeve over his eyes, and was once more trying to introduce a different topic, when Aleth said,

"Oh, do ask papa about it, Mr. Michael. He's got all the parish, and he can do anything he likes; and he's very rich too, at least I think he is, isn't he, nurse?" she said, appealing to the higher authority.

"Miss Aleth," said Mike, "look 'ee here! I don't never want to trouble nobody about the poor old Shed, nor nothing else—nor none of us don't. We've got a Father up there. He's good and kind; and we ask Him for all that we want. He don't never forget us."

Aleth lay thinking. Then she said, "I pray too. I say 'Our Father,' and 'Thank Thee, O God!' and 'Make me very patient!' and some more things besides. And I say a hymn to nurse sometimes, and to Etta too. Etta likes you very much. Etta says you're her good 'angel.'"

"Oh, dear me! I don't know whatever the child's talking about!" said bewildered old Mike, turning to the nurse.

"It's the young lady at the Hall," said the nurse; "she's been coming in pretty often to see her; and she teaches her to mind all sorts of bits of hymns and texts. She's a wonderful child for memory," the nurse added *sotto voce*. "Now, then, can't you say something, my dear?" she added in a louder tone.

Folding her hands, Aleth recited the hymn commencing, "My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here."

"May the Good Shepherd bless the child!" said Michael, bowing his head reverently, and speaking in a very quavering voice.

And thus the interview ended; for Mike, whose devotion to the child was growing every moment, began to see plainly, in the light of prudence, that if he did not soon bring his visit to a termination, it would be considered too long, and perhaps lose its chance of repetition.

Aleth, in her sympathizing inquiries after the "Shed," did not know that, nothing daunted by the downfall of their shelter, Hutton, Michael, and the other men, who acted in that town, in their humble way, as the Lord's "remembrancers," had arranged to have their little meetings alternately at one another's houses; one evening in the week having been claimed by Mr. and Mrs. Clemence for the "little room" in their own house, which was truly, like most other rooms in Ferncroft, "a place where prayer was wont to be made."

Not many weeks had elapsed from Lady Isabel's visit, when, after sundry little notes had been exchanged, Etta arrived at Ferncroft for the miscellaneous evening meal, and the promised chat afterward, when, to Mrs. Clemence's pleasure, both were able to open their minds to one another much more freely than she had expected. Shyly at first, and then more frankly, Etta admitted the blank left by her crushing sorrow, and the gradual entrance of the recognition of Christ—her Lord—as her Saviour, her Master, her Friend.

A more personal acquaintance with Him, a clearer knowledge of Him, she *implied*, though her words were few; and Mrs. Clemence understood. With her own persuasiveness and gentle tact she drew out more of her guest's real feeling than any of Etta's other acquaintances could or would have succeeded in drawing out; and this, not from dislike of the subject, but from a natural reserve, as well as dislike of anything like pretence or mere *talk*.

"I have always hated the idea of getting into a *rut*," she said; "and I always imagined that religion in most people *was* a 'rut!' that is, a narrow, stiff, conventional, gloomy thing—I don't quite know how to express myself—that put its votaries instantly, or gradually, as the case might be, into a system of straight cases and corpse-like bandages. And then in my great sorrow," she continued, hesitating, "I longed and thirsted for *some* one, *something*, that would be a real presence to me, that would fill up the yawning chasm, the blank in my life. In fact, I began to long for a God—I *do* say it with reverence, dear Mrs. Clemence!" she interrupted, suddenly clasping in hers the soft, thin hand that lay so temptingly near her, and seating herself on a low stool almost at Mrs. Clemence's feet; "but I wanted One who would be an original friend to me! I do not know at all how to explain myself; it is so impossible to put such ideas—and yet they are realities!—into words. I wanted some one all for myself, who would *suit* me."

"You wanted One who could both know and understand and help you; and you wanted a Friend who could comfort too," answered Mrs. Clemence in a low calm voice. "I understand you, dear."

Then Mrs. Clemence told Etta that on this evening, usually, a little prayer-meeting was held in their small outer room, and explained that though she herself and Mr. Clemence generally went in for some part of the time, they never stayed the whole hour, because they thought it well to let the men have the freedom of expression and pleasant interchange of thought among themselves, which might not be so unfettered if they were present.

"To-night we will go in for the end," she said; "and you will see what it is like; and can join in the simple, earnest praise and heartfelt petitions that, among the working people, is so refreshing, when they are *truly* Christians."

To tell the truth, poor Etta rather trembled at the idea of anything like a "prayer-meeting!" Echoes of such a thing she had heard, once or twice, as a murmur in the dim distance. But to be brought into actual contact with it! that was rather alarming.

When they went in the men were reading round the fourth chapter of the Book of Acts. Their simple, descriptive remarks, and their comments, so touching, so spiritual, amazed at least one of their guests. She had never heard anything like it before. Then their prayers! Her heart was overflowing, and her eyes—poor Etta! she was rather ashamed of the tears that *would* come—all but her lips, and they were sealed. She could not answer a word, even to old Mike's enthusiastic and delighted greeting at the close; nor could she respond as she would have wished to the more deferential, though none the less warm, welcome of one or two of the others who recognized her as a new friend.

"They lost that old Shed they used to be so fond of," she said to Mrs. Clemence afterward. 'I had no idea *that* was what they used to do here! It is a great, great pity they have no place that they can use whenever they like.

Here Mr. Clemence interposed. He said, "For twenty pounds I believe they could build it up again, and by paying a very trifling rental they might have the use of it all the year round—"

"And might use it for all sorts of purposes," chimed in Mrs. Clemence; "keeping it for a prayer-meeting during two or three times in the week. Have you heard," she said, turning to Etta, "of Lady Isabel's delightful plan for the men at Thornham?"

"I know," answered Etta; "my brother Harold wrote to me about it. He said it seemed a capital plan, and that all the men looked so happy and comfortable in it. How I *wish* we could have one here! It would be very nice indeed. Do you really think," she added, "that the Shed, if it were rebuilt, could be turned into such a blissful arrangement as Lady Isabel's coffee-room?"

"It would be the very thing," said Mr. Clemence. "The only difficulty is the old story—*want of funds!*"

"Yes, that is always the difficulty," said Etta. "Yet they have just spent two thousand pounds on the new chancel; and they are talking now of another thousand for the bells."

"A fraction of it might save many souls, if put into the Lord's hands, and blessed by Him," said Mr. Clemence. "The *whole* of that sum might, if spent in missionary effort, entirely renovate this and many other towns."

"Yes," said Etta thoughtfully, "I do believe you are right. You mean by sending out preachers, and Bibles, and books, and teachers?"

"Yes, and in many other ways besides, too numerous and too elaborate to enter into now. *One* way would be 'the Shed,'" he ended, laughing.

"And the dream vanishes!" said Mrs. Clemence. "How melancholy! but it may solidify *some* day. There is no saying."

A bell rang, Etta's footman was in the hall, and the evening terminated, with many hopes on *her* part of a frequent repetition of it.

(*To be continued.*)

PARABLE OF THE POUNDS.

S. S. Lesson for May 29th. Luke 19:11-27. Golden Text, Rom. 14:12. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE hearts of the twelve Apostles were set with determinate expectation on the promises of God that the kingdom and glory should return to the land of Israel (Jer. 33:6-22); they longed that Jerusalem should be again "a name of joy, a praise and an honor before all the nations of the earth;" they yearned for the fulfilment of the prophecy, "They shall take them captives whose captives they were; and they shall rule over their oppressors" (Isa. 14:2). The Lord Jesus had plainly told them of His coming sufferings (Luke 18:31-33), but "they understood none of these things; and this saying was hid from them, neither knew they the things which were spoken." Even after the resurrection, and immediately before the ascension of our Lord, they asked, "Wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel" (Acts 1:6)? Thus it is not surprising that the occasion of the parable in our subject was "because He was nigh to Jerusalem, and because they thought that the kingdom of God should immediately appear." Of the men of faith it is said, "Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city" (Heb. 11:16).

But great responsibility must accompany great privilege, and this is the teaching of our parable. "So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God," says our Golden Text, and may God teach us to walk daily in the sense of our just accountability to Him.

Jesus said therefore, "A certain nobleman went into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom, and to return." Jesus said to Pontius Pilate, "My kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews; but now is my kingdom not from hence" (John 18:36). We who are God's children have already a pledge of His coming kingdom, for "the kingdom of God is . . . righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost" (Rom. 14:17). "And he called his ten servants, and delivered them ten pounds, and said unto them, Occupy till I come." No man in his senses would trust the management of his business affairs and his money into the hands of people who were unknown to him, still less to those who were in a position of enmity; tried and trusted servants alone could be charged with the responsibility. Thus we cannot reckon the "servants" to be unconverted people who are in charge of the Master's goods, the only charge which such have is the message of reconciliation by which they may some time or other enter into His service. They are in the position of the citizens who "hated him and sent a message after him, saying, We will not have this man to reign over us."

What, then, is our charge as servants? In what have we to occupy till our Lord come? Everything. As redeemed, as blood-bought, we owe it to the Lord that our existence shall have no meaning but for Him; that our presence shall be His presence, our life His life, our words His words, our works His works. We owe it to Him that everything we do shall be in charge for Him, and every detail of our life pressed into His service as a means of glorifying Him. We owe it to Him that in every success He shall gain the credit; that in every difficulty He shall extricate us; that in every temptation He shall deliver us, in every sorrow He shall comfort us, in every sickness He shall heal us, in every perplexity He shall counsel and guide us. We owe it to Him that our life in every particular shall furnish Him with one opportunity after another of manifesting His glory. O to live every moment in the consciousness that we are in charge for God!

When the nobleman "was returned, having received the kingdom, then he commanded those servants to be called unto him to whom he had given the money, that he might know how much every man had gained by trading." This is the judgment-seat of Christ, mentioned in 2 Cor. 5:10; Eph. 6:8; Rev. 20:12, etc., and does not seem to be the same as the judgment of the wicked which takes place after the millenium (Rev. 20:5, 11-15), where the question is as to whether their names are written in the Lamb's book of life; for these here are the known servants of the Master, and are rewarded, not according to their faith, but the fruits which their faith has brought forth.

The first servant came, and in the account which he gave in he spoke no word of his own faithfulness or energy, "Lord, thy pound hath gained ten pounds." Thou also hast wrought all our works in us (Isa. 26:12); we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained (or prepared) that we should walk in them" (Eph. 2:10).

The servant had been enabled to render tenfold the Master's goods which were in his hand. Reader, are there tenfold more living souls in the circle of your influence since you were converted? Is the standard of Christianity in your family or in your church tenfold higher since you knew the Lord, and were put in charge by Him? Is the standard of morality in business among Christians tenfold purer around you since God trusted you to represent Jesus as a man of business? If not, what has your trust produced? The nobleman "said unto him, Well, thou good servant: because thou hast been faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities." Whether this authority over cities will take place in the regenerated earth during the millenium remains to be proved when Jesus comes; the redeemed sing in heaven, "We shall reign on the earth" (Rev. 5:10). "And the second came, saying, Lord, thy pound hath gained five pounds:" the result was less, no praise for faithfulness is accorded in this instance, but the reward is in just proportion: "Be thou also over five cities."

"And another came, saying, Lord, behold here is thy pound, which I have kept (not lost) laid up in a napkin; for I feared thee, because thou art an austere man: thou takest up that thou layedst not down, and reapest that thou didst not sow." This was no stranger, but a servant who had been known and trusted by his master; but he saw that master through the colored glass of his own evil heart. Are there not many among those who have received forgiveness of sins, have been reconciled to God, who nevertheless know Him as a hard Master, who think of Him only as exacting an impossible obedience, requiring a faithfulness which is beyond their power, and that which to others is a precious charge is to them a hard duty. These are they who calculate with how little religion a man may get to heaven, who think it a denial to give up worldly amusements for the Lord's sake, who hold to the point that they are saved through faith with the greatest tenacity, cling to their pound, but never make use of it to win others, or to increase the kingdom of God on earth. They receive what they can get from God, but never yield themselves unto Him: these are the souls who try the love and patience of more faithful Christians: some say they are not converted at all, and certainly they are not converted from living for themselves; they believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and they claim to have everlasting life, but, like Lot, they must in the end suffer loss.

The nobleman never denied that this man was a servant; he said, "Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant. Thou knewest that I was an austere man, taking up that I laid not down, and reaping that I did not sow; wherefore then gavest not thou my money into the bank, that at my coming I might have required mine own with usury? And he said unto them that stood by, Take from him the pound, and give it to him that hath ten pounds." "Take from him the pound." This is awful, but this is the word of Jesus. The servants who are not true to their trust must lose at that time of righteous retribution that grace of God which they have received in trust; but the faithful ones will receive at that time an additional share. The enemies of Christ, however, who remain unbelieving, who have never come nigh unto Him, nor entered into His service, "bring hither," He says, "and slay them before me." The Lord make us true to Him and faithful to our charge!

Lighted Home by a Torch.—A Minister walked, one evening, two miles into a neighborhood where very few could read, to spend an evening in reading to a company who were assembled to listen. When about to return by a narrow path through the woods, where paths diverged, he was provided with a torch of light wood; but he objected that it was too small, weighing not over half a pound. "It will light you home," answered the host. "Yes," was the reply; "but the wind may blow it out." "It will light you home" was the rejoinder. "But if it should rain?" was again objected. "It will light you home," the host insisted. Contrary to apprehensions, it gave abundant light all the way home, furnishing an apt illustration to the way in which doubting hearts would be "lighted home" safely along the "narrow way," if they would take the Bible as a light to their feet, and lamp to their path. Some men bring forward objections to the Bible, but they may be answered in the words of the friend who furnished the torch, "it will light you home."'

What a Few Tracts Did in Bengal.—Some years ago a missionary was preaching in the neighborhood of the Garrow hills, in north-eastern Bengal. He had been fiercely opposed; he found it impossible to gain a hearing; discouraged and saddened he turned to depart; before leaving, however, he distributed a few tracts. Those who received them were about to tear them up, when two or three hillmen who happened to be in the crowd begged that they might be given to them. They took the tracts to their native hills; the reading of them awakened a spirit of inquiry; ere long a deputation waited on the missionary; they entreated that Christian teachers might be sent among them. This was done, and at the present day there is a flourishing Church of several hundreds of members in those hills.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Marriage of the Heir to the Crown of Austria, Prince Rudolph, to the Princess Stephanie of Belgium, was solemnized at Vienna on May 10th, with imposing magnificence. The marriage is a very popular one in both countries, and the princess received a hearty welcome from the people over whom her husband expects to reign. This arises from the report that Prince Rudolph wooed and won his bride as ordinary lovers do, and that it is more of a love match than Imperial marriages usually are. The cable reports of the ceremony, say that the bride bore herself with charming modesty and grace, and won all hearts by her ingenuous and simple manner. *An affecting incident* occurred at the critical stage of the ceremony. The princess, who had maintained an apparent composure up to that moment, broke completely down and burst forth into a fit of weeping and trembling from long-suppressed nervous excitement. Prince Rudolph was calm and collected, and succeeded in calming the agitation of his bride.

In commemoration of the marriage the Emperor Francis Joseph has founded twenty-two scholarships at various schools, and has given 100,000 florins for the free admission of ten pupils to the establishment for the education of the daughters of officers. He has also granted complete or partial amnesty to 331 persons imprisoned for various offences.

Prince Rudolph is twenty-three years of age, and is described as being manly and good natured, and passionately fond of sport. He has been carefully educated, and speaks English, French, and Italian fairly well. The bride is only sixteen. Her first experience of the outer world was gained at the Paris Exposition, to which she was taken incognito by her father. It is related that an American gentleman met the King and his daughter there, and, unaware of their rank, was so delighted with the beauty and intelligence of the Princess that he made her a proposal of marriage.

The Irish Land Bill will, it is Hoped, be Read a second time in the House of Commons on May 20th. It will then be debated clause by clause, and after that ordeal the final stage of the third reading will be reached, when if it is passed it will be sent to undergo the same process in the House of Lords. Mr. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland, in a speech at Bradford expressed himself as very hopeful of the fate of the bill, as he believed the landlords themselves wished the question settled speedily.

A striking commentary on the State of Ireland may be obtained from a speech Mr. John Bright delivered May 9th, in the House of Commons. He said that if a great fleet, assembled at Cork or Galway, offered free passage to the whole population of Connaught it was probable that all, certainly that half, would find their way to the United States.

The Subject of Free Trade is Assuming Serious proportions in England. The Anglo-French Commercial Treaty which Mr. Cobden negotiated with the Emperor Napoleon III. in 1860 will not be renewed by France, and it is proposed to make alterations in the French tariff, the mere mention of which has caused something like consternation in the commercial and manufacturing centres. The new system, if put into operation, will have the effect of shutting out many of the most important descriptions of English goods; and the English public is opposed to the imposition of retaliatory duties on French wines and silks. The American prohibitory tariff checks English trade in this direction, and if trade with France is also restricted there is a probability of a serious decline in British commercial prosperity.

The Success of the French Operations against Tunis is causing serious alarm in Europe. The French Government seized on the opportunity offered by the turbulence of a Tunisian tribe on the borders of the French province of Algeria, which the Bey professed himself unable to quell, and occupied the territory. They then surrounded the capital of the Bey, who was meditating a flight, and forced him to sign a treaty guaranteeing all they required and giving them a controlling influence over Tunis which is little less than annexation. England, Italy, and Turkey are all aggrieved by this high-handed proceeding. Italy protested and Turkey prepared to send a war vessel to protect the Sultan's interests as Suzerain of Tunis. The French ambassador at Constantinople was however instructed to hand to the Porte a note, saying that the despatch of any armed force to Tunis by Turkey would be regarded as a declaration of war.

The British Government has decided to express an opinion on the annexation of Tunis in a despatch which will maintain the ground hitherto taken by England, that Tunis is a part of the Ottoman Empire, the integrity of which is guaranteed by the European Powers, but for the present nothing further is intended than to place this protest on record. There is, however, cause for disquiet apparent to England, where the prevalent feeling about the question is that the policy of semi-annexation will have an injurious influence on the fortunes of the French Republic and the peace of the Continent. From both points of view the policy of France appears most unfortunate and may easily lead to deplorable results.

The Hostility Between the Authorities and the people of Ireland increases in spite of the Land Bill. Earl Spencer, Lord President of the Council, speaking in the House of Lords, said "the government regretted that its hopes of the result of recent legislation for the maintenance of order in Ireland had not been realized so far." Agrarian crimes, assassinations, and arrests under the Coercion act are of daily occurrence, and the state of the country is described as little short of anarchy.

The landlords are making almost superhuman efforts to recover their rents. Sheriffs' sales and evictions are frequent, and each is attended by a demonstration which contains all the elements of *some future encounter between the people and the military and police.* The feeling of exasperation against the constabulary is becoming more and more bitter every day. Even large bodies are attacked and stoned in the most determined manner There is a growing opinion that the people are determined to resist the police by force of arms if necessary. The feeling among the detachments in the country districts is one which bodes no good for the people if any outbreak should occur.

Mr. Bradlaugh, the Infidel Member of the British Parliament, made another attempt to take the oath and his seat on May 10th. Entering the House he advanced to the bar to be sworn. The Speaker ordered him to withdraw. He refused to do so, when the sergeant-at-arms, at the Speaker's request, approached and touched Mr. Bradlaugh on the shoulder. He still refused to withdraw. Sir Stafford Northcote then moved that he be removed and not permitted to enter the door again until he promised that he would not further disturb the proceedings of the House. The motion being carried, Mr. Bradlaugh left the House, and sent a written protest to the Speaker. Mr. Gladstone's bill to facilitate his admission is postponed during the consideration of the Irish Land Bill. The prosecutor in the late case is endeavorig to force Mr. Bradlaugh into bankruptcy, which would force him to vacate his seat in Parliament.

The Motion to Erect a Monument to the late Lord Beaconsfield in Westminster Abbey was passed in both Houses of the British Parliament on May 9th. Mr. Gladstone in making the motion delivered an eloquent speech, which, considering that Lord Beaconsfield had been his most inveterate political rival for many years, has raised his character for magnanimity throughout the world. In the course of his speech he said that although himself separated from Lord Beaconsfield by longer and larger divergence than perhaps ever existed between two persons so constantly in contact, yet he had pleasure in dwelling on his great qualities; on his extraordinary intellectual powers, which all would do well to remember; on the strength of will and persistency of purpose manifest throughout his career; on his strong sympathy with his race, and his kindness to struggling literary genius. In conclusion, Mr. Gladstone took occasion to record his firm conviction that Lord Beaconsfield was never actuated by *personal antipathy towards himself.* Sir Stafford Northcote, who succeeded Lord Beaconsfield as leader of the Conservatives in the House of Commons, in seconding the motion, said Mr. Gladstone had already erected a *monument better than marble.*

Mr. Gladstone in making the motion imperilled his popularity with a large section of his party. The London correspondent of the New York *World* reports that even the members of the cabinet were not in accord on the subject, and that five of them ostentatiously walked out of the House before the division on his motion; these were Sir Charles Dilke and Messrs. Bright, Chamberlain, Fawcett, and Leonard Courtney. It is an unprecedented thing for a premier to be thus publicly deserted and snubbed by members of his own ministry.

The "Spirit Ration" in the British Army is about to be discontinued, a motion to that effect having been made in the House of Commons on March 22d. This by no means implies, of course, a peremptory enforcement of total abstinence from ardent liquors on the part of soldiers. But, happily, of recent years a great reformation has taken place in the drinking habits of the military class. A very considerable proportion of men have, if not taken the pledge—though very many of them have done even that—renounced intoxicating beverages altogether, and, in consequence, sell their spirit ration to their comrades, with what results may be easily imagined. It used to be a tradition in both the army and the navy that the fighting spirit was sustained, and even stimulated, by a generous distribution of potent drinks: but never was a theory more thoroughly blown to the winds than by the exploits of Sir Henry Havelock's "water-babies," as they were disdainfully nick-named on the march to and relief of Lucknow.

A Brave Saddler of Turin, having been Summoned to Nice by a business engagement, took with him his only daughter, a child of seven, whose fondness for music prompted her to persuade her father to purchase seats in the theatre which was recently destroyed by fire. He secured places in the gallery, and was occupying them with his little girl when the alarm of fire rang through the house. Snatching up the child, he broke through the panic-stricken crowd to the gallery door; but during the struggle his child was torn from his grasp. By an almost superhuman effort he contrived to re-enter the gallery, by that time plunged in all but total darkness, and, while groping about among the overthrown seats, caught hold of a little girl, insensible from fright, whom he carried out into the street, fully believing her to be his own daughter. *She proved, however, to be a strange child.* Hastily setting her down upon the pavement, he desperately fought his way for the second time into the burning theatre, from which he never again emerged alive. His charred corpse was found, two days later, among the ruins of the gallery stairs. The danger this child was in, in the burning theatre so excited the father that he risked and lost his life in the effort to save her; yet parents see their children in danger of eternal fire and yet make no attempt to secure their salvation.

"Coming Wars," by the Rev. M. Baxter. Two Pamphlets; price five cents each by mail. *First Pamphlet* contains "Ten signs of the End, and Description of Approaching Events;" with two maps of the territory to be under Antichrist's rule, and four large diagrams. *Second Pamphlet* contains valuable quotations from twenty-six Expositors on the same subject. Address, with price enclosed—THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

The Following Works by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon are for sale at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Office, at prices much below what they can be obtained for else where. Remittances must accompany orders: *John Ploughman's Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 cents. *The Treasury of David*, a homiletica exposition of the book of Psalms, four vols., as far as Psa. 103, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon Birth-Day Book.* This popular gift-book contains a suitable passage selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every day in the year, with a blank space opposite for autographs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon appear at their respective birthdays. The book is gorgeously bound, and the price is 75 cents. Remittances should accompany orders.

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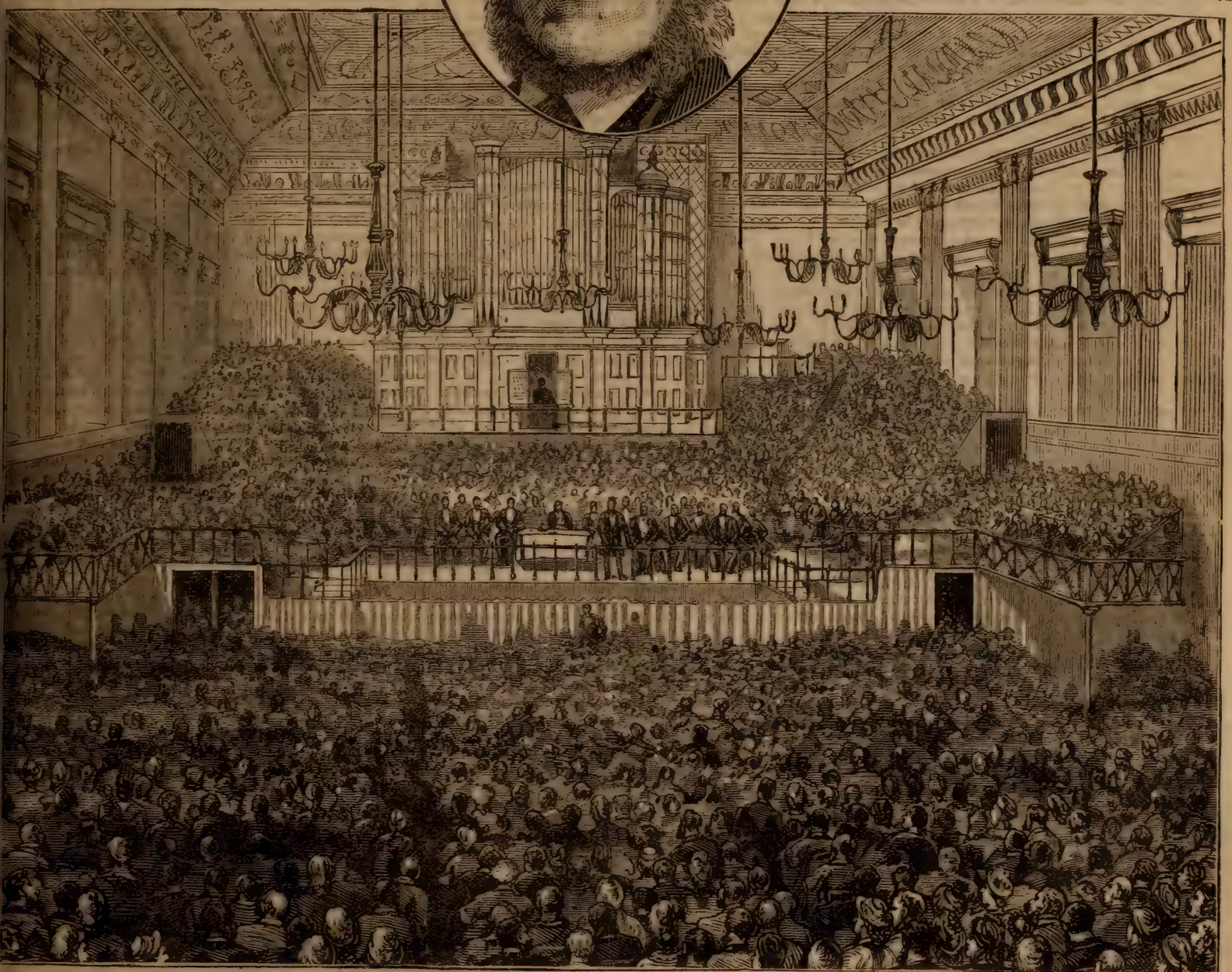

The Right Hon. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G.—The Re-opening of EXETER HALL, by the Y. M. C. A.

EXETER HALL JUBILEE AND RE-OPENING.

Fifty Years' Retrospect—The Site of Shows—A Wonderful Elephant—"Seeing the Lions"—The Opening of the Building—State of England at the Time—Scene of the May Meetings—Eminent American Visitors—Ecclesiastical Interference—The Hall for Sale—A Philanthropic Rescue.

As already mentioned among our notes on Foreign Topics, this historic building in London, renovated and greatly improved, was formally re-opened on March 29th. The edifice has become the property of the Young Men's Christian Association, and on the afternoon of the opening day a numerously attended prayer-meeting was held in the Lower Hall, presided over by Mr. George Williams, the munificent treasurer of the Association. In the evening of the same day a public meeting was held in the Large Hall, which was crowded in every part by a most enthusiastic audience.

Among those who were present on the platform were many gentlemen well known by reputation on this side the Atlantic. Of these were: The Earl of Shaftesbury (the President of the Association, who occupied the chair), the Archbishop of Canterbury, Earl Cairns, the Lord Mayor of London, Lord Mount-Temple, the Revs. Canon Fleming, Prebendary Wilson, J. P. Chown, W. M. H. Aitken, and Messrs. Hugh Matheson and Samuel Morley, Sir Thomas Chambers, M.P., Lord Radstock, etc. It may prove to be interesting to our readers if we take

A RETROSPECT OF THE FIFTY YEARS

which have now culminated in a jubilee, which, in turn, has been made the starting-point of a new era of life and usefulness. In half a century England has made such wonderful strides of progress that the mind finds itself unable to appreciate the advances made—advances which Exeter Hall, or rather Christian work associated with its meetings, has stimulated in no small degree. There is some interest attached to

THE SITE,

because the land immediately contiguous formerly belonged to Exeter House, one of those fine mansions with spacious gardens which were once the charm and glory of the metropolis. When the house was removed, some adventurous spirits erected rooms on the spot for the *exhibition of works of art*, and it was there, when, in 1802, she landed in England with her waxen images, that *Madame Tussaud* first held her court. Close at hand were the rooms in which the *Beefsteak Club*, of which George IV. was once a member, held on its not very creditable course until 1869, when the silver gridiron and dining-plate realized fancy prices.

FORMERLY A MENAGERIE OF WILD BEASTS.

The *exact* site of the present hall was formerly occupied by *Exeter Change*, where in 1809, and some following years, a show of wild beasts was to be seen. The Change must have been a great disfigurement to the Strand, projecting as it did over the pavement, and its front being plastered all over with pictures of wild beasts. Country cousins, however, came to London in large numbers to see it, with its menagerie. In those days the Zoological Gardens were not in existence, and Exeter Change and the Tower of London were the only two places in the metropolis where wild beasts could be seen alive, except, of course, in the travelling wild beast shows; so that visitors to London were generally taken first to the menagerie in the Strand to "*see the lions.*"

The great attraction was a wonderful elephant named "Chunee," who weighed nearly five tons, stood eleven feet high, and was estimated to be worth $5000. After about twelve years of captivity he became ungovernable, and on March 1st, 1826, Mr. Cross, the proprietor, in his great alarm, sent for a guard of soldiers from Somerset House. The soldiers, being marshalled in due order, fired several volleys, and the gigantic beast fell at last, pierced with more than *one hundred and fifty musket bullets*. With the death of "Chunee," the chief attraction, Exeter Change itself soon passed away, and in 1830 the Hall whose jubilee has just been celebrated arose on its ruins, a more lasting temple, devoted to nobler uses.

One other notable circumstance may be fitly mentioned here. Anthony Ashley, the first Earl of Shaftesbury, resided for a time in old Exeter House; and little did he or his son or his sceptical grandson imagine that years later, so near the spot, a building would arise which would be so intimately connected with the name of their philanthropic descendant.

When Exeter Hall was opened, fifty years ago, England was in a transition state, and the era of modern progress set in with the accession of William IV. in 1830. For years, however, the bark of the state was driven by fierce Euroclydons through such a tempestuous sea that no political seer could have prognosticated the calm and prosperity which ultimately ensued. When the *battle for Reform*, in 1832, shook the country from end to end, the day of victory seemed only to embitter and intensify party rancor. While the dawn of the new era of general advancement was deepening into sunrise, the people do not appear to have been quite sure whether they cared to change the old for the new order of things. *Railways* were eyed with something more than suspicion; for the Stockton and Darlington line, the first opened for passenger traffic in the kingdom, was not only indicted for a nuisance, but a verdict of "guilty" was actually entered against the enterprising directors. *Arson and machine breaking* were also rife; and the working-men, suffering from grievances the origin of which was misunderstood, were clamorous for relief. England was asking for the *Repeal of the Corn Laws* and for *Free Trade*, which were only granted after a long struggle.

When Exeter Hall was opened, in times like these, and in a London greatly differing from the modern British metropolis, the epoch of

MAY MEETINGS,

as we understand them, had not set in, one of the grandest religious events of the year then being the annual sermon at Surrey Chapel, a building which, on March 21st, 1881, passed away for ever. Though *Sunday-schools* were extending their influence among the poor, the *London City Mission* was as yet not even thought of. Compared with their present magnitude, the great missionary societies were only humble agencies. The *Religious Tract Society* quietly pursued its useful course, publishing little books, and two small periodicals a month; while the *British and Foreign Bible Society* scattered about one fifth of the number of the sacred volume now annually issued.

The day was, nevertheless, one of abundant promise; abuses were threatened on every side, old prejudice was giving way, but the ability was not given to every one to read the signs of the times. Sweeping storms, such as the riots consequent on the Lords' rejection of the Reform Bill, were clearing the atmosphere; and Exeter Hall was destined to become a rallying centre of those reformers of a higher grade whose aim was the social and religious elevation of the people. According to Lord Macaulay, "Exeter Hall set up its bray"; but the said bray was, after all, representative of an unspeakably momentous work.

Fifty years ago there was, unfortunately, plenty to "bray" about on the part of those who, yearning for the salvation of the world, lived for something higher than shining in society, or showing off their gifts in Parliament. Women and children were kept at their labor for fifteen hours a day in factories and coal mines until Lord Ashley's *Ten Hours' Bill* ameliorated their condition.

This is the kind of work in which the present Earl of Shaftesbury has been engaged during *the half century* that Exeter Hall has existed; the life of the Earl constituting thus a part of the history of the building. Evangelistic and kindred work, both at home and abroad, from time to time has been stimulated by the meetings held in the familiar Hall, while such reformative agencies as the City Mission and the Ragged School Union have actually been called into existence during those fifty years. In fact, there are few modern buildings in London that possess such

A CROWD OF HISTORIC ASSOCIATIONS

as Exeter Hall. The building was really one of the latest products of the great Evangelical revival of the last century. The natural result of that movement was an outburst of missionary and philanthropic zeal, the chief of the societies which meet annually at Exeter Hall in May having been formed eighty or ninety years ago, were inaugurated at some humble tavern in Aldersgate Street, or coffee-house in Paternoster Row, but, growing in popularity and activity, Freemasons' Hall became for a time their chief rendezvous. At length, in 1830-31, Exeter Hall was erected.

Thirty or forty years ago the place had a strong Orange flavor about it. It was here that the defunct Protestant Association used to meet, under the Presidency of Lord Roden, or Lord Winchilsea, or some other Protestant peer, while Hugh Stowell or Dr. McNeile thundered against Romish aggression. Here, too, Dr. Cumming used to declaim against the Papacy. Here also Father Gavazzi, during his earlier visits to England, arrayed in *a black gown with an embroidered cross on the back*, poured out his fiery invectives against Pius IX.

As a rule, however, Exeter Hall has been more distinguished for its missionary and philanthropic activity than for mere polemics.

The memory of such men as Livingstone and Moffat, and Ellis, and Mullens will live when mere theological controversialists will have been altogether forgotten. It was on this very platform that William Knibb, in a burst of passionate oratory, held aloft, and then flung down, the clanking shackles of a West Indian slave. The earlier fame of Exeter Hall rests not upon theological controversies, but upon the breaking of fetters and the liberation of the oppressed.

Americans, too, have an interest in the great hall in the Strand. Many years ago *Emerson*, the philosopher of Concord, lectured within its walls. It was in Exeter Hall that *John B. Gough*, in the prime of his manhood, gave a series of dramatic orations on temperance, which first established his fame as a public speaker on that side of the Atlantic. On the same platform have been received the late Dr. Joseph P. Thompson, of New York, and other distinguished Americans, less known to English fame.

From time to time the platform of Exeter Hall has been turned into a temporary pulpit. The first occasion was when the late *Rev. Samuel Martin* was rebuilding his chapel at Westminster, where Dean Stanley has since so often fraternized with Nonconformists. Somewhat later it was the scene of

MR. SPURGEON'S FIRST SUCCESSES

as a popular London preacher. He was then little more than a lad, but he had already so filled his own once empty chapel in New Park Street that enlargement had become necessary. With the courage which has always characterized him, he ventured on Exeter Hall during the alterations, and very soon crowded it from end to end.

Later yet, it was engaged by a number of the London Evangelical Clergy for Sunday evening services, who were soon made to understand, through Episcopal interference, that they had unwittingly infringed the parochial system of the Church of England. The incumbent of the little church round the corner in Burleigh Street stood upon his technical rights, and the Evangelical clergymen had to succumb, although only for a time. It is hard to believe, in days when suffragan bishops preach in local town-halls, and rectors and laymen in theatres and music-halls, that such obstructiveness could have been submitted to less than five and twenty years ago. Nonconformists, of course, took up the work which Evangelical clergymen were thus compelled to abandon; and, more recently, Exeter Hall was made the headquarters of the great revivalists, *Moody and Sankey*.

Toward the end of 1880 it was rumored that owing to the expiration of the lease, the hall was about

TO BE SOLD,

and converted into a hotel or common variety theatre, but the rumor was soon authoritatively dismissed as "an evil dream." Evangelical Protestantism was happily rescued from this peril and shame by the energetic combination and munificence of *six Christian gentlemen*, J. D. Allcroft, R. C. L. Bevan, Samuel Morley, M.P., George Williams,

T. A. Denny, and E. M. Denny, who, subscribing the sum of £25,000, privately purchased the property from the original shareholders for the Young Men's Christian Association, and with the further design of providing, in its altered and renovated form, for the usual anniversaries and meetings of the Bible, Missionary, and other kindred institutions.

This aim has been realized; the edifice has been reconsecrated by the prayers of Christian men and women, and devoted anew to the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom; and we hope that our readers will earnestly pray that the Divine blessing may descend, not only on the noble-hearted friends whose wealth has been used in such a holy enterprise, and the Association which seeks to help and elevate the young men of London, 250,000 of whom are daily employed in commercial activities, but also that the annual May meetings in the newly beautified hall may receive a larger and a richer benediction than ever from the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

RT. HON. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

Philanthropic Labors—Help for Factory Slaves—Ragged Schools—Bible Society—The Y.M.C.A.—The Exeter Hall Meeting—Octogenarian Celebration.

NO living man could have been more fittingly invited to preside at the re-opening of Exeter Hall than Lord Shaftesbury. During a long public life his lordship's name has ever been identified with every good and philanthropic movement; but in no organization has he taken a deeper or warmer interest than in the Young Men's Christian Association.

As Lord Shaftesbury was born on the 28th of April, 1801, he is nearly as old as the century, but still retains a clearness and strength of faculty and a power of expression which render his speeches as interesting and forcible as ever.

Having already given in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for November 7th, 1878, with his portrait, many details respecting his lordship's ancestry, we shall now confine ourselves to the mention of a few of the more prominent movements in which he has taken part.

His efforts on behalf of

THE FACTORY POPULATION

of England will long be remembered with gratitude by his countrymen.

Although the appalling state of things had somewhat altered for the better when Lord Shaftesbury entered the field, some of the worst evils of the factory system remained, and these his lordship attacked both in and out of Parliament with an eloquent vehemence and persistency which ultimately bore down opposition and secured for the children of poverty and toil, in 1844, after a struggle of ten years, the Ten Hours' Bill, limiting the labor of factory operatives to *Ten Hours a day*.

THE ADVOCACY OF RAGGED SCHOOLS

and kindred institutions has also long been recognized as a noble feature of his public character. When the cause of Ragged Schools was yet in its infancy, and all sorts of doubts and difficulties were raised by the timid or the careless, Lord Shaftesbury, without one misgiving, made the *cause of the poor* and the friendless his own, and pleaded for the thousands of little outcasts who were his clients as if they had been his own children. Without a single exception, his lordship has *presided at every one* of the anniversaries of the Ragged School Union. It is said that since their establishment the ragged schools of London have been the means of rescuing from neglect and vice considerably more than 200,000 *children*, and to this magnificent result no man has contributed more largely than Lord Shaftesbury.

His Lordship is

PRESIDENT OF THE BIBLE SOCIETY,

a supporter of special religious services in theatres, etc., and a promoter of many schemes for the social, intellectual, and moral improvement of the masses. The City Mission, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, and the Society for the Conversion of the Jews, have also received much valuable help from the Earl.

The address he delivered as

CHAIRMAN OF THE GREAT JUBILEE MEETING

on the evening of March 29th was in all respects worthy of the man and the occasion. When the prolonged cheering which greeted him had subsided he said that long as he had been accustomed to Exeter Hall, he was overawed by the circumstances of the present meeting and by that vast assembly. They were present to commemorate a great and signal success and to quote the triumph of years, and while they were thankful for the past they were ambitious for the future. He saw that the metropolis and the other great cities were rapidly soaking up the physical and intellectual power of the country, and drawing thousands of youths into the midst of the greatest dangers and temptations to which they could be exposed, without the advantage of parental control and the securities of domestic life.

Knowing well that the strength of the nation depended upon the moral condition of the people, it struck them that an institution like this would be of the utmost service in promoting religion and culture among young people, and enabling them to overcome the obstacles and oppressions to which they might be subjected. It was a grand conception, and had succeeded beyond all anticipation. The Society had branches throughout England, and alliances in India, the Colonies, and the United States, and he believed that its operations would do much to save the commercial reputation of the country—a reputation which had been rapidly falling into dishonor.

The character of England had now fallen into such dishonor that Hindoo merchants, who at one time confided implicitly in English traders, now carefully weighed and tested the goods sent out by them from Great Britain. These facts he regarded as a striking proof of the need for Young Men's Christian Associations, while the history of those Associations abundantly proved their adaptation to the purposes for which they were designed.

Toward the close of the meeting the Earl, in acknowledging a vote of thanks, said that he had now been for

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION,

and was the only president they had had. In rejoicing that the Hall was preserved for its original purpose, he was reminded of the saying of a good though mistaken man—Macaulay, who had hoped that the brayings of Exeter Hall would come to an end ere long. He (the Chairman) thought some of those brayings, like those of Balaam's ass, spoke the words of truth and soberness. Exeter Hall stood on what had been the gardens of the Earl of Exeter. One of his ancestors had lived there, and had married a daughter of the house from whom he (the Earl) was descended. The primate had reminded him that he could not live very long. Well, he hoped to be able to meet them once again, but, should it be ordered otherwise, they might rest assured that he would not cease as long as he lived to pray for their welfare, temporal and eternal.

THE EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

of this popular nobleman occurred on April 28th this year, and the various societies with which he is connected resolved to make the occasion an opportunity to express publicly their sense of his long and valuable services. The Lord Mayor of London offered the use of the Guildhall for a public meeting. The vast hall itself was thronged as it had seldom been before, the gathering including members of all the principal religious denominations and of various shades of politics. In the Guildhall yard there were *donkeys attached to barrows* and decorated with small flowers, in testimony of the manner in which his Lordship has long befriended persons of the costermonger class, while inside, the scene on the platform was enlivened by flowers, brought to the hall in baskets by girls in neat-looking dresses, who represented the Watercress and Flower Girls' Mission. The spacious platform was crowded with friends of the noble Earl, and the chair was occupied by the Lord Mayor, who was attended by the sword and mace-bearer, and wore his civic robe as chief magistrate of the city. Congratulatory letters were read from the Duke of Abercorn, Lord Northbrook, Lord Hatherley, the Duke of Grafton, Lord Leigh, the Marquis of Ailsa, Lord Elcho, Mr. Gladstone, and others. A letter was also received from *Mr. Alfred Tennyson*, the Poet Laureate, who said: "Allow me to assure you *in plain prose* how cordially I join with those who honor the Earl of Shaftesbury as the friend of the poor, and who wish him many years of health and strength in which to continue his good works, and to invite others to follow his example."

The following resolution, moved by the Earl of Aberdeen, and seconded by the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P., Mr. Gladstone's Secretary for Ireland, was carried by acclamation:

That this meeting desires to record its grateful recognition of the distinguished services rendered by the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G., who for more than half a century has unceasingly and ungrudgingly devoted his time and talents in ameliorating and improving the condition of the laboring classes, and for his philanthropic efforts in bringing under humane and Christian influences the neglected and depraved juvenile population of London and other large cities, by which, in London alone, at least 300,000 of the youth of both sexes have been rescued from the ranks of the criminal and dangerous classes, and made good and useful citizens, loyal and faithful subjects of Her Majesty.

Mr. Williams, one of the leaders of the Ragged School movement, read an address to Lord Shaftesbury on behalf of the Committee of the Ragged School Union, which concluded with the following words:

With a view to commemorate your lordship's birthday, as well as the signal services which you have rendered to the Ragged-school movement, the children and teachers, aided by a few friends of the Ragged-schools of London, have asked the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor to present to you on their behalf, and with their affectionate regards, the accompanying portrait, which has been subscribed and paid for in sums ranging from the smallest current coin of the realm—viz., from one farthing—to one guinea. The blessing of the Lord be upon you. We bless you in the name of the Lord.

At the word "portrait" a full-length likeness of Lord Shaftesbury, in the form of an oil painting, which hung on the wall at the side of the platform, was unveiled.

An address, beautifully illuminated, and from a graphic or pictorial point of view a decided work of art, inclosed in a handsome morocco case, with chasings of silver dipped in gold, was also presented by the same Union.

Lord Shaftesbury was visibly affected by the congratulations he received, but evinced in his speech the consciousness of the source of the influence for which his friends were so thankful. The noble Lord concluded as follows: "You have heard the address and the speeches; you have heard the touching things which have been said in my honor. let me remark, with the deepest sincerity—ascribe it not, I beseech you, to cant and hypocrisy—that if those statements are partially true, it must be because power has been given to me from above. It was not in me to do these things. 'What hast thou that thou didst not receive?' I now come before you—I cannot conceal it—I come before you with three score and twenty years upon my shoulders. I am what the Hebrews would call 'a son of eighty years.' Yet, with all that, by God's mercy I am still 'able to come in and go out before my people.' How long that may last is another thing. While it remains, may I continue to enjoy your esteem, and to have a lively and grateful recollection of a day the events of which I could never have believed unless they had been assured to me as they have been this afternoon by your actual presence and your personal testimony."

Dr. Robert Moffat, the Venerable Missionary who labored for many years with blessed result in Africa, was entertained by the Lord Mayor of London at the Mansion House on Saturday, May 7th, who gave a banquet in his honor. Many distinguished guests were present by invitation of the Lord Mayor. Dr. Moffat was the father-in-law of Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer.

TWELFTH ANNIVERSARY.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Delivered February 20th, 1881.*

"They came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water."—EXODUS 15 : 27.

A Favorite Scriptural Number—Twelve Wells of Reminiscence—Church Progress in Hard Figures—Characteristics of a Brooklyn Pastorate—A Difficult Pastorate—Brooklyn Pulpit Lights—A Conspicuous Pastorate—The Newspaper the Pulpit on the Wing—Everybody Comes—Brooklyn Pastorates Usually Brief—Distinguished Old Pastors—A Happy Pastorate—Financial Difficulties Overcome—Tears in the Wells—An Inscription over the Doors—"Sympathy"—For The Young—For the Old—For Business Men—For the Fallen—Gratitude to God—For Health—For Multitudes of Hearers—The High Noon of Professional Life—A Pastoral Salutation.

IT is astonishing what a favorite scriptural number twelve is. Twelve tribes of Israel. For the ancient tabernacle, twelve chargers, twelve silver bowls, twelve bullocks, twelve lambs of the first year. Further on, twelve stones taken from the depths of the Jordan to build a memorial; twelve lions on the steps of Solomon's throne; twelve legions of angels; twelve apostles, twelve baskets of fragments, twelve stars for the woman's crown in Revelations, twelve gates of Heaven, with twelve pearls and twelve foundations, with the names of the twelve apostles, and twelve manner of fruits. In my text the tired and thirsty Israelites came upon an oasis in the desert, and lo! there are just twelve wells of clear, bright, heaven-brewed, God-given water.

Preaching my twelfth anniversary sermon as your pastor, I find myself surrounded by

TWELVE WELLS OF REMINISCENCE

into which this host of God's Israel on the march shall dip their canteens and bring up refreshment, and instruction, and gratitude, and congratulation. We have come this morning to Elim, where there are twelve wells of water.

If you ask me in *hard figures* what has been the growth and what is now the condition of this church, I tell you that our financial income for the last year was $29,946.65. The current expenses of the year were $25,966.97. Net gain applied to the sinking fund, $3979.68. Our contributions to the poor, $629.65. Sabbath-school collections for the last three months, $779.02. Sabbath-school membership, 1405. As to the enlargement of our church membership, we have to report that we have received during the past year 640 on profession of faith and 61 from sister churches, making 701 new members. Received during my ministry of twelve years, 2793 members. Subtracting the deaths and dismissions, our present membership is 2296. So that, you see, all these wells of blessing are full of gracious reminiscence.

I had thought that in this my anniversary sermon I would make mention of the obstacles which have been thrown in our way by the fire of 1872, and by the hotter fires of persecution and abuse; but this morning the greatness of God's kindness obliterates everything, and if I wanted to *build a groan*, I do not know in what forest I would hew the timber, or from what quarry I could dig the foundation-stone, or who would construct for me an organ with a tremolo for the only stop; and so this morning I occupy my time in building one great massive, high, deep, broad, heaven-piercing hallelujah, standing within which there is an organ of twelve stops, run at full diapason with the waters from the twelve wells of salvation. May God help me while I preach, and keep me from the orthodox but unpardonable sin of pulpit dulness.

I have thought this morning it might be well for me to give some of the characteristics of

A BROOKLYN PASTORATE.

And, in the first place, I remark that a Brooklyn pastorate is always *a difficult pastorate*. No city under the sun has a grander array of pulpit talent than Brooklyn. The Methodists, the Baptists, the Congregationalists, the Episcopalians, all the denominations send their brightest lights here. He who stands in any pulpit in Brooklyn, preaching, may know that he stands within five minutes' walk of sermons which a Saurin, and a Bourdaloue, and a John M. Mason, and a George Whitefield would not be ashamed of. No city under the sun where a poor sermon is such a drug in the market.

For thirty years Brooklyn has been *surcharged with homiletics*, an electricity of eloquence that struck every time it flashed, from the old pulpits which quaked with the power of a Bethune, and a Cox, and a Spencer, and a Spear, and a Vinton, and a Farley, to the present pulpits with Buckley, and Gallaher, and Cuyler, and Scudder, and Pentecost, and Ludlow, and Ingersoll, and Hall, and Vandeveer, and Beecher, and Storrs, *and Van Dyke!* So that during all the time there has been something to appeal to every man's taste, and to gratify every man's preference.

Now, let me say to all ministers of the Gospel who are ambitious for a Brooklyn pulpit, that it is always a difficult pastorate. If a man shall come and stand before any audience in almost any church in Brooklyn, he will find before him men who have heard the mightiest themes discussed in the mightiest way. You will have before you, if you fail in an argument, fifty logicians in a fidget. If you make a slip in the use of a commercial figure of speech, there will be five hundred merchants who will notice it. If you throw out an anchor or furl a sail in the wrong way, there will be ship captains right off who will wonder if you are *as ignorant of theology as you are of navigation!* So it will be a place of hard study. If you are going to maintain yourself, you will find a Brooklyn pastorate a difficult pastorate.

I remark still further, a Brooklyn pastorate is always

A CONSPICUOUS PASTORATE.

The printing-press of the country has no greater force than that on the sea-coast. Every pulpit word, good or bad, wise or ignorant, kind or mean, is watched. The reportorial corps of these cities is an organized army. Many of them have collegiate education and large culture, and they are able to weigh oration, or address, or sermon. If you say a silly thing you will never hear the end of it, and if you say a wise thing it will go into perpetual multiplication. There is no need of decrying that fact. Men whose influence has been built by the printing-press spend the rest of their lives in denouncing newspapers. *The newspaper is the pulpit on the wing.* More preaching done on Monday than on Sunday. The omnivorous, all-eyed printing-press is ever vigilant.

Besides that, a Brooklyn pastorate is always conspicuous in the fact that everybody comes here. *Brooklyn is New York in its better mood!* Strangers have not seen New York until they have seen Brooklyn. The East River is the chasm in which our merchants drop their cares and their anxieties and their business troubles, and by the time they have greeted their families in the home circle they have forgotten all about Wall Street and Broadway and the shambles. If they commit business sins in New York during the day, they come over to Brooklyn to repent of them!

Everybody comes here. Stand at the ferry gates on Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, or Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock, and you see North, South, East, West—Europe, Asia, Africa, New Zealand, Australia—coming to Brooklyn to spend the Sabbath, in the persons of their representatives. Some of them fresh from the sea. They have just landed, and they want to seek the house of God publicly to thank the Lord for their deliverance from cyclone and the fog-banks off Newfoundland. Every song sung, every prayer offered, every sermon preached in New York and Brooklyn, and all along this sea-coast, in some shape goes all round the world. A Brooklyn pastorate is at the greatest altitude of conspicuity.

Again I remark, that a Brooklyn pastorate is

CHARACTERIZED BY BREVITY.

I bethink myself of ten or twelve excellent ministers of the Gospel who have for a score of years administered in Brooklyn; but the vast majority of the *two hundred and seventy-five* evangelical churches in Brooklyn have changed sentinels again and again, and my brief residence in Brooklyn of twelve years has made a comparatively long pastorate.

Sometimes the pastorate has been brief for one reason, and sometimes for another reason. Sometimes the ministers of the Gospel have been too good for this world, and Heaven has transplanted them. Sometimes they changed places by the decree of their denomination. Sometimes they came with great blare of trumpets, proposing to carry everything before them, and got *extinguished* before they were *distinguished!* Some got preached out in two or three years, and told the people all they knew! Some with holy speed did in a short time work which it takes us a great many years to do.

Whether for good or bad reasons, a Brooklyn pastorate is characterized by brevity; not much of the old plan by which a minister of the Gospel baptized an infant, then received him into the church, after he had become an adult married him, baptized his children, married them, and lived on long enough to bury almost everybody but himself. *Glorious old pastorates* they were. Some of us remember them—Doctor Spring, Peter Labaugh, Dominie Zabriskie, Daniel Waldo, Abram Halsey. When the snow melted from their foreheads it revealed the flowers of an unfading coronal. Pastorates of thirty, forty, fifty, fifty-five years' continuance. Some of them had to be helped into the pulpit or into the carriage, they were so old and decrepid; but when the Lord's chariots halted one day in front of the old parsonage they stepped in vigorous as an athlete, and as we saw the wheels of fire whirling through the gates of the sunset we all cried out, "My father, my father! the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

I remark again: a Brooklyn pastorate *is characterized by*

ITS HAPPINESS.

No city under the sun where people take such good care of their ministers. In proportion as the world outside may curse, a congregation stands close up by the man whom they believe in. Brooklyn society has for its foundation two elements—the Puritanic which always means a quiet Sabbath; and the Hollandish, which means a worshipful people. On the top of this an admixture of all nationalities—the brawny Scot, the solid English, the vivacious Irish, the polite French, the philosophic German; and, in all this intermingling of population, the universal dominant theory that a man can do as he pleases, provided he doesn't disturb anybody else.

A delightful climate. While it is hard on weak throats, for the most of us it is bracing. Not an atmosphere made up of the discharged gases of chemical factories, or the miasms of swamps, but coming panting right off three thousand miles of Atlantic Ocean before anybody else has had a chance to breathe it! More pure, elevated men in our offices of trust than any city I know of. All through the city a society of kind, genial, generous, sympathetic people. How they fly to you when you are in trouble. How they watch over you when you are sick. How tender they are with you when you have buried your dead. Brooklyn is a good place to live in, a good place to die in, a good place to be buried in, *a good place from which to rise* in the beautiful resurrection.

In such a city I have been permitted to have twelve years' pastorate. At

THIS MILESTONE

we are as a church in a better condition of prosperity, financially and spiritually, than ever before. Our history has been so peculiar, I have sometimes felt that I was almost indispensable to this church; but that time has passed, and now I can think of a great number of men any one of whom would be adapted to this pastorate. Do not let any of us be egotistic, and feel that the church depends on any of us. If there came an epidemic and swept off the pastor, and all the elders and all the trustees, this church would not stop a half-second in its upward progress. God started it, and He is giving it momentum. It will stand long after we are all gone, doing its work for God and eternity.

* Dr. Talmage did not occupy his pulpit at the Brooklyn Tabernacle last Sunday; we therefore avail ourselves of the opportunity to publish the interesting discourse he delivered on the occasion of the twelfth anniversary of his settlement in Brooklyn.—ED.

For the first time in our history we are in smooth waters, and the same skill that could run the machinery of a village church of two hundred people could conduct this. Through the generosity of our friends here and our friends everywhere, we have got beyond all financial perturbation. While we shall always want your earnest and hearty financial support, the dollar question will never be an irritation or an exhaustion. We are all ready to move on in solid phalanx for the comfort and salvation of a struggling world.

Standing amid these twelve wells of water, these twelve wells of reminiscence, as I stir the water I find some of your tears. During these twelve years how many heart-breaks, how many financial losses, how many bereavements! Hardly a family of the church that has not been struck with sorrow. But God has sustained you in the past, and He will sustain you in the future. I exhort you to be of good cheer, O thou of the broken heart. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

While I stir the waters of this last, and the twelfth well, I find some of my own tears. At half past ten o'clock on the night of January 6th I got a new baptism. I hope it will not make me less cheerful and buoyant; but I am quite certain it will make me more sympathetic. We have, I believe,

EIGHTEEN DOORS

to the Tabernacle, and I wish over every door, and on the posts of each of the eighteen doors, there might be written one word, "Sympathy."

SYMPATHY FOR ALL THE YOUNG.

We must crowd them in here by thousands, and propose a radiant Gospel that they will take on the spot. We must make this place so attractive for the young that a young man will come here on Sabbath morning, put down his hat, brush his hair back from the forehead, unbutton his overcoat, and look around wondering if he has not by mistake got into heaven. He will see in the faces of the old people, not the gloom which some people take for religion, but the sunshine of celestial peace, and he will say, "Why, I wonder if that isn't the same peace that shone on the face of my father and mother when they lay dying?" And then there will come a dampness in his eyes through which he can hardly see, and he will close his eyes to imprison the emotion; but the hot tear will break through the fringes of eyelashes and drop upon the coat-sleeve. He will put his head on the back of the pew in front and sob, "Lord God of the old people, help me!" We ought to lay a plot here for *the religious capture* of all the young people of Brooklyn.

Yes, sympathy for the old. They have their aches and pains and distresses. They cannot hear or walk or see as well as they used to. We must be reverential in their presence. On dark days we must help them through the aisle, and help them find the place in the hymn-book. Some Sabbath morning we shall miss them from their place, and we shall say, "Where is Father So-and-so to-day?" and the answer will be, "What, haven't you heard? The King's wagons have taken Jacob up to the palace where his Joseph is yet alive."

Sympathy for business men. Twelve years of commercial life in New York and Brooklyn is enough to tear one's nerves to pieces. We want to make our Sabbath service here a rescue for all these martyrs of traffic, a foretaste of that land where they have no rents to pay, and there are no business rivalries, and where riches, instead of taking wings to fly away, brood over other riches.

SYMPATHY FOR THE FALLEN,

remembering that they ought to be pitied as much as a man run over with a rail train. The fact is that, in the temptations and misfortunes of life, they get run over. You and I, in the same circumstances, would have done as badly; we should have done worse, perhaps. If you and I had the same evil surroundings, and the same evil parentage that they had, and the same native-born proclivities to evil that they had, you and I should have been in the penitentiary, or outcasts of society. "No," says some self-righteous man, "I couldn't have been overthrown in that way." *You old hypocrite*, you would have been the first to fall!

We want in this church to have sympathy for the worst man, remembering he is a brother; sympathy for the worst woman, remembering she is a sister. If that is not the Gospel, I do not know what the Gospel is. Ah! yes; sympathy for all the troubled; for the orphans in their exposure; for widowhood with its weak arm fighting for bread; for the household which erst resounded with merry voices and pattering feet, now awfully still—broad-winged sympathy, like the feathers of the Almighty—warm-blooded sympathy, everlasting sympathy—sympathy which shows itself in the grasp of the hand, in the glittering tear of the eye, in the consoling word of the mouth—sympathy of blankets for the cold, of bread for the hungry, of medicine for the sick, of rescue for the lost. Sympathy!

Let it thrill in every sermon. Let it tremble in every song. Let it gleam in every tear and in every light. Sympathy! Men and women are sighing for sympathy, groaning for sympathy, dying for sympathy, tumbling off into uncleanliness and crime and perdition for lack of sympathy. May God give it to us! Fill all this pulpit with it, from step to step. Let the sweep of the gallery suggest its encircling arm. Fill all the house with it, from door to door, and from floor to ceiling, until there is no more room for it, and it shall overflow into the street, and passer-by on foot and in carriage shall feel the throb of its magnificent benediction. Let that be *our new departure* as a church. Let that be my new departure as a pastor. *Sympathy!*

GRATITUDE TO GOD

demands that this morning I mention the fact that during all these twelve years I have not missed a single service through sickness. When I entered the ministry I was so delicate I did not think I would preach three months; but *preaching has agreed with me*, and I think the healthiest thing in all the earth is the religion of Jesus Christ. In the twenty-four years I have tried to serve God in the Gospel ministry I have never had one sick day. Bless the Lord, O my soul! What ingrates we are in regard to our health.

I must in gratitude to God also mention the multitudes to whom I have been permitted to preach. It is simply miraculous, the attendance morning by morning, night by night, and year by year, and long after I have got to be an old story. I know some people are dainty and exclusive in their tastes. As for myself, I like a big crowd! I would like to see an audience large enough to scare me! If this Gospel is good, the more that get it the better.

Many have received the Gospel here, but others have rejected it. Now, I tell you what I am going to do with some of my dearest friends who have hitherto rejected this Gospel. You are not afraid of me, and I am not afraid of you, and some day, O brother, I will clasp your hands together, and I will turn your face the other way, and I will take hold of your shoulders, and while you are helpless in my grasp I will give you one headlong push into the kingdom of God. Christ says we must *compel* you to come in; I will *compel* you to come in. Can I consent to anything else with these men, who are as dear to me as my own soul? I will compel you to come in.

I am solemnized this morning with the fact that I have come to the midnoon of my professional life. I am in

THE MERIDIAN OF WORK.

I am not young. I am not old. Profiting by the mistakes of the past, I must do better work for you and better work for God. Lest I might, through some sudden illness or casualty, be snatched away before I have the opportunity of doing so, I take this occasion to declare my love for you as a people. My heart burns toward you with affection seven times heated. It is different work if a pastor is placed in a church already built up, and he is surrounded by established circumstances. There are not twenty people in this church that have not been brought into the church through my ministry. *You are my family.* I feel as much at home here as I do in my residence on Oxford Street. You are my family—my father, my mother, my sister, my son, my daughter. You are my joy and crown, the subject of my prayers.

Your present and everlasting welfare is *the object of my ambition.* I have no worldly ambition. I had once. I have not now. I know the world about as well as any one knows it. I have heard the handclapping of its applause, and I have heard the hiss of its opposition, and I declare to you that the former is not especially to be sought for, nor is the latter to be feared. The world has given me about all the comfort and prosperity it can give a man, and I have no worldly ambition I have an all-consuming ambition to make full proof of my ministry, to serve you in the Gospel, to get to heaven myself, and to take a great crowd with me. Upon your table, and cradle, and arm-chair, and pillow, and lounge, and nursery, and drawing-room, and kitchen, may the blessing of the Almighty God come down.

I throw my soul into *this pastoral salutation.* Standing here amid these twelve wells of reminiscence, I want to vow with you, God helping, that after our work is done we will go in through one of the twelve gates, and stand within the twelve foundations, amid the twelve apostles and twelve patriarchs, under the tree of life which bears twelve manner of fruits. In this high noon of the Sabbath day, let us pledge new fidelity while the city clock strikes twelve—twelve for the hours of the passing day, twelve for the meridian of my professional life, twelve for the years of our pleasant acquaintanceship. May the Lord God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and Joshua, and Paul, and John Knox, be our God for ever!

"DIED POOR."

"IT was a sad funeral to me," said the speaker, "the saddest I have attended for many years." "That of Edmonson?" "Yes." "How did he die?" "Poor—poor as poverty. His life was one long struggle with the world, and at every disadvantage. Fortune mocked him all the while with golden promises that were destined never to know fulfilment." "Yet he was patient and enduring," remarked one of the company. "Patient as a Christian, enduring as a martyr," was answered. "Poor man! He was worthy of a better fate. He ought to have succeeded, for he deserved success." "Did he not succeed?" questioned one who had spoken of his patience and endurance. "No, sir. He died poor, just as I have stated. Nothing that he put his hand to ever succeeded. A strange fatality seemed to attend every enterprise."

"I was with him in his last moments," said the other, "and thought he died rich." "No, he has left nothing behind," was replied. "The heirs will have no concern as to the administration of his estate." "He left *a good name*," said one, "and that is something." "And a legacy of *noble deeds* that were done in the name of humanity," remarked another. "And *precious examples*," said a third. "Lessons of *patience in suffering*, of hope in adversity, of heavenly confidence when no sunbeams fell upon his bewildered path," was the testimony of another. "And high *truths*, manly *courage*, and heroic *fortitude*."

"Then he died rich," was the emphatic declaration. "Richer than the millionaire who went to his long home on the same day, miserable in all but gold. A sad funeral did you say? No, it was a triumphal procession! Not the burial of a human clod, but the ceremonies attendant on the translation of an angel. Did not succeed? Why, his whole life was a series of successes. In every conflict he came off the victor, and now the victor's crown is on his brow.

"No, no; he did not die poor, but rich—rich in neighborly love, and rich in celestial affections. And his heirs have an interest in the administration of his affairs. A large property has been left, and let them see to it that they do not lose precious things through false estimates and ignorant depreciation. There are higher things to gain in this world than wealth that perishes. He dies rich who can take his treasure with him to the new land where he is to abide for ever; and he who has to leave all behind on which he placed his affections dies poor indeed."

JAMES GRAHAM'S BUSH LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

(*Continued from page* 311.)

A Day's Hunt and its Incidents—A Magnificent Cave—Universal Dread of Incensed Deity—Nature or God?—How the Kangaroos were Caught.

THE miall and boree trees (male and female of the same species) grow plentifully around here. The miall yields most beautifully grained ornamental wood, which, from its scent, is called violet wood. The boree grows something like a weeping-willow, and about the same size. Horses browse on it, and grow fat. Cattle also, eat it. In spring it is covered with strings of blossoms like the laburnum, only greener; now with ripened peas.

One of these trees grew in our way on the creek. It was then covered thickly with hundreds of birds—ground pigeons, wogna-wognas, and cockatoos. "A capital shot," said Ash. "Now, Dick, you throw your wammerah and raise them, and we'll shoot when they rise." We were full a hundred yards from the tree. Dick threw his best throw; and, as the birds rose, we fired four barrels and brought down some sixteen; some three of them were the victims of the wammerah. Dick made it ricochet among pigeons feeding on the ground, and bagged twice as many.

When we came to the creek, a water wagtail was perched on a high reed, and Dick said—"I b'lieve mine spear him." Ash thought it impossible. I was more credulous. Dick drew out his woomerah, or throwing-stick, a straight stick, about four feet long, with a socket turned up on the end to hold the knob of the light spear. It acts as a second arm or sling. Dick adjusted a slender grass-tree spear, and slung it about thirty yards off, and pierced the bird through. Ash declared there was not a rifleman among her Majesty's sharp-shooters could beat that, or bring down a bird like that with so little noise or loss of ammunition.

Ash had never been in "the caves," though I had more than once; so I prepared myself to enjoy duck-shooting at the entrance, and his admiration through the interior. These caves are found on the Baroo Narang creek, between the Macquarie and Turon Rivers. The creek is dry in summer, except a chain of "billibongs," as the natives say, or water-holes, as we phrase them. In winter it overflows from the rains, and the surplus waters of the rivers. The surrounding formation here is limestone.

The first we enter is the "Dome Cave." The entrance is an arch of not more than twelve feet high, but the first stalactite apartment is a dome between forty to sixty feet high and ninety wide. There is a little lake of pure water in it, which is fed by a stream purling under the stalagmite floor, and afterwards issuing forth into the creek. As we entered, a cloud of wild ducks flew out, or rather would have done so, but that we met them with four barrels, and brought down over two dozen. It was a murderous volley on closed ranks, and the column doubled back on itself into the dome. While we charged our pieces some attempted to escape, and Dick, with his ten-foot long currywang spear, skewered a couple more. We felt remorse at wasting life needlessly, and did not fire again. Poor Colwah groaned under his burden of game, with which we determined to send him back to the huts by-and-by, as a pleasant variety to salt pork and mutton.

The cave delighted Ash. Apartment opened on apartment till it grew dark, and we had to strike lights; and then the first gleam showed stalactite columns in various fantastic forms. Here they represented an open work of columns, like the screen that shuts off the choir in a cathedral. There, a pulpit and preacher in flowing white surplice; there, a silent congregation all in stone and in the dark, except for this gleam. Ash made some severe remarks on petrified ecclesiastics, and sermons in the dark, and hearers with hearts of stone. These remarks I attribute to his education in the dissecting-room, where he had so much to do with bodies, and so little with souls. But I tell him he ought to have observed that there was a great difference between the body when the soul was in it and when it was gone from it—"returned to God who gave it."

But surely these wondrous caves, and the minds that admire them, must have had a great and good Author—blessed be His name! Dick does not admire the dark parts of the cave; and Colwah won't enter. The latter trembles lest, "Devil-Devil jump up;" and the dashing Dick has a dread of the same, but he imitates our assurance, and fears our laugh. When we, to hear the echoes, fired a blank shot, and sang or shouted, Colwah fled to safe distance. How is it that all men naturally dread darkness and invisible power? Does it not at once prove man's spiritual nature, and that his spirit is consciously guilty and fallen?

The dreaded anger of an offended Deity is common among all tribes of the most degraded peoples of the earth. How imperative the duty, how honorable the privilege, to carry to them the glad news of Christ's Gospel, which tells of a sacrifice which has been offered and accepted for the guilty, and that pardon, and peace, and purity, come through believing in Jesus, "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world!"

In going along the creek to the Bridge Cave we shot several brace of teal. In this same place ere now, concealed in the sheep hurdles, I have brought down four brace at a crack. There are black ducks that build in the long reeds, and in stumps of trees all along; and but for the snakes one might get nests' full of eggs. There also abounds here a kind of duck that builds and hatches in *high* trees in the wood. The mystery is how they get their young to the water so many score of feet below them.

Dick and Colwah affirm that they have seen them carry the downy ducklings, one by one, in their bills to the creek, "where their pickaninnies learn to swim." "Well done, again, old mother *nature*," cries my friend. I take the liberty to quote a book which says—"In wisdom hast Thou made them all." Surely, surely, it *is* reasonable and happy to believe in the care of Him, "Whose tender mercies are over all His works;" and who has not forgotten the commissariat of these poor, ignorant children of His—these blacks. The young duck, leaving its dark life in the shell, bursts into a wider one, through sun and sky, and forest and pool. May not some such thing await Colwah and Dick and *ourselves!* "*Perhaps* so," says Ash. Again I quote the book—"Jesus Christ hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel."

The Bridge Cave is under a natural bridge thrown across the hills where they narrow up, at the end of the creek. Over this bridge, of some hundred feet in extent, there is a cattle track; and, strange to say, there rises on it a beautiful spring of water. It soaks down from the hills, till it forms a reservoir in the hard limestone, that only lets as much into the cave as forms the fantastic stalactites below.

We entered and explored the varied and spacious apartments—a palatial suite of rooms built in silence and long ago. Just as we were half-way through, and saw daylight on the other side, Dick's eye caught some object. He beckoned us to be silent and stand still. He crawled over as silently as a snake, and then laughed aloud and called us. There was a large wombat innocently taken in a simple stone trap set for it by the natives. It is the Australian representative of our badger; a harmless creature, plump and fat, and delicious as sucking-pig, when stewed in its skin by the natives. I had seen native hunters smoke it out of its burrow, and, waiting for it at the exit, drop their tomahawk into its skull, and with a turn pull it out. Here was one alive, and which Ash wished to keep alive, to see, as he said, how it would behave in civilized life. Otherwise Dick would have had it for lunch.

We seated ourselves on the bank of the creek, and boiled a pot of tea—blacks and whites equally enjoying lunch after a ramble of some five hours.

Dick's restless eye was ever ranging on all sides even while smoking and chaffing. Suddenly he laid down his pipe and started, beckoning silence. "What's up now with Dick?" said Ash, while the black crossed the creek and crept under the dry bank down to the edge of a water-hole. Suddenly he rose and cast his spear at something in the shadow of a wrinkle in the bank. It rolled over, and Dick appeared not to mind it. Colwah was busy with the wombat, and we ran to Dick. He again beckoned silence; and fetching two stones, he put one of them on the mouth of a hole some eight yards up the bank, and another on a smaller hole within three feet of the water. Dick had transfixed a water-mole, or duck-billed platypus, just as it slept with its nose tucked in and its body rolled up in a coil as soft as a lady's muff.

By this time it was near noon; and Dick, looking up anxiously at the sun, said, "Ha, ha, euroka jump up high, high, above waddy; poor fellow, kangaroo, all tumble down, I b'lieve." If I must interpret for Dick, he said, "The sun has mounted to noon, over the tree; the kangaroos are all killed by this time, I guess." We walked as fast as the broiling heat would permit; and, after six miles over brown detached tufts of kangaroo grass, we came to an outlying waterhole, which was surrounded with great gum-trees. From behind these old Eagle-Hawk and about fifteen black fellows made their appearance. He looked daggers at Dick for being late; but some conciliatory grunts about "boombilly" (tobacco), made all right. They had been delaying the hunt for us. The gins were in a knoll of trees a short way off.

Old Hawk ordered one little fellow, with an enormous mouth full of white teeth, to ascend a tree and look out for the game. He did so; and descried a troop of kangaroos in the distance. These they had tracked from the water, and they were now within reach. Then all advanced to the trees nearest the open feeding-grounds of the game. The gins were beckoned in; and they advanced with long thick branches of gum and mimosa which they gave to the men. They threw out detachments to surround the kangaroos, and each man advanced behind his screen of branches at measured pace. We got up on a tree to see the battue.

All is exciting, but quiet as midnight. Now the kangaroos take long leisurely hops among the tufted grass, and appear disposed to play as they feed. Anon they alternately stoop to eat and rise to look around, the black fellows watching the opportunity to advance, silent as shadows, sometimes standing still as if growing from the ground, but again crawling on. As they receded from us, they became almost undistinguishable from the branches they carried. At last the circle drew close, and the kangaroos rose on end to gaze. Just then the branches were thrown aside; and the blacks rose shouting and yelling, and hurling their spears at the affrighted game, which ran together, and against each other in consternation, one after another falling by the spears. Some eight fell, and as many more probably escaped.

Ash remarked as we were perched on the tree, that as the kangaroos fell within the coil of the blacks, so the blacks are falling within the coils of the civilization they do not comprehend, and that makes them its prey. And I, in answer, said it seemed to me to be the way in which poor human souls were watched by the Satanic hunter, who sought to take them as his prey. But just as I spoke a great flying doe bounded towards us, with the head of her young one protruding from her pouch. I shouted and levelled my gun. She stood still, stupidly gazing round. "Save the young one for me," said Ash. Had he not spoken, pity would have spared the great innocent-eyed maternal creature. The next instant her neck was perforated by a ball I had dropped down the right barrel. We descended and secured the young one; and, really the mother's dying look made me feel for a moment as guilty as if I had killed a fellow-creature. Dick that evening sent the kid, or fawn shall I call it? home, and added it to Ash's menagerie—the finest of all his pets.

Eagle-Hawk now walked about giving orders for dinner. The gins with their connois—long flat sticks which they always carry for digging roots, etc.—dug out four grave-like holes, in the bottom of which they laid flat stones, filled up with dry wood, which they burned till the pit was hot as an

oven. Then they cleared it out, and putting in the carcases for dinner, covered them up with hot stones and embers to stew. Roots were dug, grubs taken from the roots of a gum tree, calabashes were filled with water, and by-and-by, the stewed kangaroos produced. And, oh! ye admirers of venison, what a meal was there!

Old Hawk set his young men to amuse us after dinner. One pelted another with stones, which, with his little shield, he turned off in a style that would have saved his head to Goliath. You would hear them crack, and bang, and whirr. Sometimes the assailant would aim low, and then the defendant would leap, perhaps, five feet high. Songs, and dances, and football followed.

(To be continued.)

THE COMING PRINCE OR ANTICHRIST.

By R. Anderson, LL.D., Barrister-at-Law.

(Continued from page 317.)

Greatness of the Coming Prince—The Head of a New Principality—The Patron of Religion—Its Relentless and Cruel Persecutor.

A SILENT heaven marks this age of grace. Whirlwind, and earthquake, and fire may awe, yet, as in the days of the old Hebrew prophet,* God is not in these, but in the "still small voice" which tells of mercy and seeks to win lost men from the power of darkness to Himself. But the very silence which betokens that the throne of God is now a throne of grace is appealed to as the crowning proof that God is but a myth; and the coarse blasphemer's favorite trick is to challenge the Almighty to declare Himself by some signal act of judgment. In days to come the impious challenge will be taken up by Satan, and death shall seize on men who refuse to bow before the image of the beast.

The Antichrist will be more than a profane and brutal persecutor like Antiochus Epiphanes and some of the emperors of pagan Rome; more than a vulgar impostor like Barcochab. Miracles alone can silence the scepticism of apostates, and in the exercise of all the dragon's delegated power, the beast will command the homage of a world that has rejected grace. "All that dwell upon the earth shall worship him, whose names are not written in the book of life" (Revelation 13 : 8). If it were possible, the very elect would be deceived by his mighty "signs and wonders" (Matthew 24 : 24); but faith, divinely given, is a sure, as it is the only, safeguard against credulity and superstition.

But this is what he will become in the zenith of his career. In his origin he is described as a "little horn" (Daniel 7 : 8), like Alexander of Macedon, the king of a petty kingdom. Possibly he will be the head of some new principality to arise in the final dismemberment of Turkey; it may be on the banks of the Euphrates or perhaps upon the Asian shore of the Ægean Sea. The name of Babylon is strangely connected with events to come, and Pergamus, so long the home of serpent-worship in its vilest forms, is the only place on earth which Scripture has identified with Satan's throne (Revelation 2 : 13).

Of the

GREAT POLITICAL CHANGES

which must precede his advent, the most conspicuous are the restoration of the Jews to Palestine, and the predicted division of the Roman earth. The former of these events has already been considered in a previous chapter, and as regards the latter there is but little to be said. The attempt to enumerate the ten kingdoms of the future would involve a profitless inquiry. History repeats itself; and if there be any element of periodicity in the political diseases by which nations are afflicted, Europe will inevitably pass through another crisis such as that which darkened the last decade of the eighteenth century. And should another revolution produce another Napoleon, it is impossible to foretell how far kingdoms may become consolidated, and boundaries may be changed.

Moreover, in forecasting the fulfilment of these prophecies, we are dealing with events which, while they may occur within the lifetime of living men, may yet be delayed for centuries. Our part is not to prophesy, but only to interpret; and we may well rest content with the certainty that when the Apocalyptic visions are in fact fulfilled, their fulfilment will be clear, not merely to minds educated in mysticism, but to all who are capable of observing public facts.

Through the gradual unfolding, it may be, of influences even now in operation—or far more probably as the outcome of some great European crisis in the future—this confederation of nations shall be developed, and thus the stage will be prepared on which shall appear that awful being, the great leader of men in the eventful days which are to close the era of Gentile supremacy.

If we are to understand aright the predicted course of the Antichrist's career, certain points connected with it must be clearly kept in view. The first is that up to a certain epoch he will be, notwithstanding his pre-eminence, no more than human. And here we must judge of the future by the past. At two-and-twenty years of age, Alexander crossed the Hellespont the prince of a petty Grecian state. Four years later he had founded an empire and given a new direction to the history of the world.

In the career of Napoleon Bonaparte modern history affords a parallel still more striking and complete. When, now just a hundred years ago, he entered the French military school at Brienne, he was an unknown lad, without even the advantages which rank and wealth afford. So utterly obscure was his position that, not only did he owe his admission to the school to the influence of the Governor of Corsica, but calumny has found it possible to use that trifling act of friendly patronage to the disparagement of his mother's name. If, then, such a man, by the gigantic force of his personal qualities, combined with the accident of favoring circumstances, could attain the place which history has assigned to him, the fact affords the fullest answer to every objection which can be urged against the credibility of the predicted career of the man of prophecy.

Nor will it avail to urge that the last fifty years have so developed the mental activity of civilized races, and have produced such a spirit of independence, that the suggestion of a career like Napoleon's being repeated in days to come involves an anachronism. "In proportion as the general standard of mental cultivation is raised, and man made equal with man, the ordinary power of genius is diminished, but its extraordinary power is increased, its reach deepened, its hold rendered more firm. As men become familiar with the achievements and the exercise of talent, they learn to despise and disregard its daily examples, and to be more independent of mere men of ability; but they only become more completely in the power of gigantic intellect, and the slaves of pre-eminent and unapproachable talent."

By the sheer force of transcendent genius the man of prophecy will gain a place of undisputed pre-eminence in the world; but if the facts of his after career are to be understood, considerations of a wholly different kind must be taken into account.

A STRANGE CRISIS

marks his course. At first the patron of religion, a true "eldest son of the church," he becomes a relentless and profane persecutor. At first no more than a king of men, commanding the allegiance of the Roman earth, he afterwards claims to be divine, and demands the worship of Christendom.

And we have seen how this extraordinary change in his career takes place at that epoch of tremendous import in the history of the future, the beginning of the 1260 days of the latter half of Daniel's seventieth week. Then it is that that mysterious event takes place, described as "war in heaven" between the archangel and the dragon. As the result of that amazing struggle, Satan and his angels are "cast out into the earth," and the seer bewails mankind, because the devil is come down into their midst, "having great wrath because he knoweth that he hath but a short time" (Revelation 12 : 7–12).

The next feature in the vision is the rise of the ten-horned beast (Revelation 13 : 1). This is not the event described in the seventh of Daniel. The beast, doubtless, is the same both in Daniel and the Apocalypse, representing the last great empire upon earth; but in the Apocalypse it appears at a later stage of its development. Three periods of its history are marked in Daniel. In the first it has *ten* horns. In the second it has *eleven*, for the little horn comes up *among* the ten. In the third it has but *eight*, for the eleventh has grown in power, and three of the ten have been torn away by it. Up to this point Daniel's vision represents the beast merely as "the fourth kingdom upon earth," the Roman empire as revived in future times, and here the vision turns away from the history of the *beast* to describe the action of the little horn as a blasphemer and persecutor.

It is at this epoch that the thirteenth chapter of Revelation opens. The first three stages of the history of the empire are past, and a fourth has been developed. It is no longer a confederacy of nations bound together by treaty with a Napoleon rising up in the midst of them and struggling for supremacy; but

A CONFEDERACY OF KINGS

who are *the lieutenants of one great kaiser*, a man whose transcendent greatness has secured to him an undisputed preeminence. And this is the man whom the dragon will single out to administer his awful power on earth in days to come. And from the hour in which he sells himself to Satan he will be so energized by Satan that "all power and signs and lying wonders" shall characterize his after course.

There is a danger lest, in dwelling on these visions as though they were enigmas to be solved, we should forget how appalling are the events of which they speak, and how tremendous the forces which will be in exercise at the time of their accomplishment. During this age of grace Satan's power on earth is so restrained that men forget his very existence. This, indeed, will be the secret of his future triumphs. And yet how unspeakably terrible must be the dragon's power, witness the temptation of our Lord! It is written, "The devil, taking Him up into an high mountain, showed unto Him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time; and the devil said unto Him, All this power will I give Thee, and the glory of them, for that is delivered unto me, and to whomsoever I will give it. If Thou, therefore, wilt worship me, all shall be Thine" (Luke 4 : 5–7).

It is this same awful being who shall give to the beast his throne, his power, and great authority (Revelation 13 : 2), all that Christ refused in the days of His humiliation. The mind that has realized this stupendous fact will not be slow to accept what follows: "And power was given him over all kindreds, and tongues, and nations; and all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him, whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb" (Revelation 13 : 7, 8).

Of the events which afterwards must follow upon earth, it behoves us to speak with deep solemnity and studied reserve. The phenomenon of sudden and absolute darkness is inconceivably terrible, even when eagerly looked for with full intelligence of the causes which produce it. How unspeakable, then would be its awfulness if unexpected, unaccounted for, and prolonged, it may be, for days together! And such shall be the sign which Holy Writ declares shall mark the advent of earth's last great woe. The signs and wonders of Satanic power shall still command the homage of mankind, while the thunders of a heaven no longer silent will break forth upon the apostate race.

Then will be the time of "*the seven last plagues*," wherein "is *filled up* the wrath of God"—the time when "the vials of the wrath of God" shall be poured out upon the earth. And if in this day of grace the heights and depths of God's long-suffering mercy transcend all human thoughts, His wrath will be no less Divine. "The day of vengeance of our God," "the great and terrible day of the Lord." Such are the names Divinely given to describe that time of unexampled horror.

* The Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a *still small voice* (1 Kings 19 : 11, 12).

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Adjournment of the Senate Without day, on Friday, May 20th, closes the extraordinary session in which it was convened on March 4th. The session has deserved its name, in its literal as well as in its technical sense. There has been nothing extraordinary in the quantity or quality of the work done, for that might have been easily performed in as many days as the Senate has sat weeks; but in the spirit developed, and the influence exerted on political parties, and in the complications it has evolved, the session has been extraordinary indeed.

It opened with a struggle over organization. Three vacant seats on the Republican side gave the Democrats temporary control. The Republicans filibustered till those seats were filled. Then by the aid of Mahone and the Vice-President's casting vote the committees were organized in the Republican interest. Then came the struggle over the officers, and the country had before it the spectacle of men holding the high and honorable position of Senators of the United States wrangling over such questions as whether the doorkeeper should be a Republican or a Democrat. After those questions were—not settled, but laid aside for future contest, the President's nominations were considered. Then came the split in the Republican party, the victory of the Administration, and the resignation of the two New York Senators, with all that that act portends. Such is a brief summary of the work of a session which will probably be potent in its results on the future of the country.

The Nomination of State Senator W. H. Robertson to be Collector of the Port of New York was confirmed, no one objecting, on May 18th. This result must be considered an Administration triumph, and it has been received by the anti-Stalwarts with unbounded enthusiasm. There is no question about the victory, but there are doubts in many minds whether it is not one of those victories which are more disastrous to the conqueror than a defeat would have been.

The question on the surface must be decided in favor of the Administration. The President has the constitutional right to nominate the Collector, and the Senate has an equally valid right to reject the nomination, if it is one not fit to be made. That is the superficial view. But as we call to mind the history of the past five years, other considerations arise. The President knew the history of the Hayes administration. He was perfectly well aware of the antagonism which counteracted good intentions through four years. He also had excellent reasons for being aware of the schism in his party. He was at Chicago, and saw the compact phalanx of 306 third-termers well organized and firm to the last. In the campaign last fall he saw the Stalwarts, disappointed as they were, fighting shoulder to shoulder with his followers in his cause, and he is seated in the Presidential chair mainly through their exertions. Having won the victory he throws down the gauge of battle to the Stalwarts by the Robertson nomination. The act was a bold one, but from a party point of view was it a wise or prudent one? That question the future will decide.

It may be supposed that the President desires the continued supremacy of his party, and he may believe that in antagonizing the Stalwarts and eliminating them, he purifies the party; and he may believe too that the anti-Stalwart wing is strong enough to dispense with Stalwart support. That, too, remains to be proved. It is certain that the schism in the party has been widened by the President's policy, and if the country witnesses during his term a perpetual conflict between the President and his nominal supporters, in which he is obliged to dicker for opposition aid, the prospect of another four years of Republican rule is of the haziest kind. These and like considerations suggest the doubt whether the bold attitude of the President is a wise one in the interest of his party.

The Resignation of Senator Conkling, Followed by that of Senator Platt, is still the principal topic in political circles. Neither in the verbal utterances of the Senators nor in the letter they sent to Governor Cornell does there appear adequate reason for the act. It is worthy of remark too that the resignations have been generally condemned even by Stalwart journals. Though the fact has not been authoritatively stated, it is believed that both Senators are candidates for re-election. In that case the resignations are more of an enigma than ever. The indorsement of the Albany legislators is *not an indorsement by the people*, which alone could materially strengthen the position of the Senators if they were re-elected. The public is reluctant to come to the conclusion that the resignations were caused by personal pique and childish pettishness arising from defeat; yet it would appear that if they believed that the President's policy was injurious to the country, the more manly course would have been to stay in the Senate, where alone they had power to oppose it. The other conclusion, that the Senators being unable from conscientious motives to support the President, preferred private life to a public career of opposition, is negatived if they seek re-election. There is undoubtedly some motive actuating the Senators not yet publicly declared, but the many guesses hazarded at that motive are not worth discussing, though some of them are plausible if they are not honorable.

A Disastrous Fire Occurred at Nashville, Tenn., on May 17th. It commenced in a wholesale paint and oil store. It spread rapidly from one building to another, and thirty-four large warehouses were destroyed before it was finally overcome. Happily no lives were lost, though several severe injuries are reported. The total loss of property, it is feared, will aggregate over half a million dollars.

The Death of the Railroad Millionaire, Col. Thomas A. Scott, occurred at Woodburn, Delaware Co., Pa., on Saturday, May 21st. He had been for some time in ill health, but being anxious to attend the wedding of the son of his old friend, Rev. Theodore Cuyler, D.D., of Brooklyn, he was driven to the house, but on his arrival was found to have had a paralytic stroke on the way. He was taken home again, and physicians summoned. He revived under treatment, but last week he suffered a relapse, from which he never rallied. He was born in 1824. His first connection with railroads was when he became the clerk of his brother-in-law, Major James Patton, who was collector of tolls at Columbia, where considerable freight was transferred from the State canals to the Philadelphia and Columbia Railroad. His salary at that time was *fifty dollars a month* on which sum he married. At the time of his death his fortune was estimated at not less than thirteen million dollars. There is no doubt that his life was materially shortened by his ceaseless activity.

He took an active part in the war, and for some time held the post of Assistant Secretary of War. *A thrilling incident* is related of him in connection with the battle of Antietam. When the Union soldiers were in great need of ammunition, Colonel Scott took personal charge of a train of *cars filled with powder*, and hurried it forward to its destination at such a high rate of speed that, to the great alarm of the trainmen, *the boxes on the wheels began to smoke*. Despite the danger of an explosion, Colonel Scott would not allow the train to be stopped, and to the amazement of the spectators and to the great relief of the men on the train as well as to the soldiers, the cars, with burning wheels, came rolling into the town in time and in safety.

Colonel Scott's liberality throughout his life was shown in many ways. Among his latest gifts were $50,000 to the Jefferson Medical College, $50,000 to the University of Pennsylvania, $50,000 to the Washington and Lee University of Virginia, $30,000 to the Orthopedic Hospital, and $20,000 to the Children's Department of the Episcopal Hospital.

A Quarter of a Million Copies of the Revised Version of the New Testament were sold by one publishing house in New York before three o'clock on Friday afternoon. Allowing for all the influence feelings of curiosity may have exercised, the fact is very suggestive as indicating the intense interest taken in the book. Popular as many books have been, no such record of one day's sales has ever been made in this city before. Colonel Ingersoll and many other infidels have disparaged the New Testament, and have publicly asserted in this city that its influence and authority were rapidly losing their hold on the people; but these unprecedented sales do not confirm that assertion.

The examination of the changes made by the revisers has elicited many widely differing opinions. It is, however, a significant fact that they all turn upon considerations of a literary character. The ordeal through which the book has passed, the searching examination of authorities, and of every passage, has not resulted in undermining the foundation of a single doctrine of Christianity. It is clear that God has exercised His watchful care over His word, and while it has been assailed on all hands through the centuries, it has never been destroyed or corrupted. The revisers compared it with a copy written *in the fourth century*, and with others of the fifth and sixth centuries, yet they have found no material error, and have not had cause to make a single correction affecting our faith in, or reverence for, the inspired word as we have had it in bygone days.

The Coffee House Movement, which has Become very popular in England, is about to be made the subject of experiment in New York. Dr. J. G. Holland, J. N. Stearns, Charles Watrous and others have decided to organize the Metropolitan Coffee House Company with a capital of $100,000. It is proposed by the company to buy suitable property near Grand Street, and put up a four or five-story building. On the ground floor there will be a spacious coffee-room, where the best quality of food and non-intoxicating drinks will be sold at low prices. With this will be connected a well supplied reading-room, and smoking-room. There will be on the second floor a hall capable of seating a large audience, where lectures, concerts, and exhibitions will be given.

A Way of Brightening the Lot of the Sick and suffering that is within the reach of most people is suggested by a letter sent to the *Tribune*. It refers to the files of newspapers, magazines, etc., that accumulate in many homes. One who has witnessed the beneficial result of the plan advises the owners to tie the magazines and picture papers and the books that are no longer wanted up into neat bundles and send them to the hospitals and other charitable institutions for the poor inmates. The stories, sketches, and illustrations will be new to most of them, and will help lighten many a weary hour. More especially is the plan commendable in the case of religious periodicals and books. Men stretched on a bed of suffering, some of them face to face with death, might by means of a passage read there be by the blessing of God moved to apply to the Great Physician of souls for spiritual healing.

The Labors of the Society for the Prevention of Crime were described on Friday last at the annual meeting of the Society in New York. The following extract from the speech of Dr. Howard Crosby, the President, shows how comprehensive as well as how beneficial its operations are: "It attacks gambling and policy shops, houses of prostitution, pool selling, concert saloons, abuse of wives by drunken husbands, and of children by drunken parents, physicians for dishonorable practices, pool playing for drinks, policemen for cruelty and misconduct, housekeepers who withhold servants' wages, lottery places and liquor dealers—in short, wherever crime is generated the agents of the society are found." The most important work performed by the society is in initiating and prosecuting proceedings against those who break the laws of the State in reference to what are called places of amusement. That the society has been successful in spite of all the difficulties placed in its way is evident from the fact that the fines paid by the parties prosecuted by the Society last year amounted to $1468.

Mr. J. M. Sutherland, the Converted Actor, who as "Senator Bob Hart" was a well-known favorite of theatre-goers, has been appointed assistant pastor of the Laight Street Baptist Church, New York. The Rev. Halsey W. Knapp, pastor of the church, finds the work has become so arduous of late that the society has determined that it is too great for one man to perform. Mr. Knapp was prostrated during the last winter by a serious attack of sickness, and during his indisposition Mr. Sutherland frequently officiated at the evening services. Evidence of the genuineness of his conversion has been given by church labors of nearly two years, and the congregation of the Laight Street church selected him as the most available man to further the efforts of their pastor. Mr. Sutherland will devote special attention to Gospel Temperance work, in which department he has been the means of doing much good in several localities.

A Woman was Married and Murdered on the same day at Guttenburg, a village near New York, recently. Her remains were found horribly mutilated in a lonely wood on May 14th. An investigation resulted in the discovery that a minister living in the neighborhood had performed the marriage ceremony between her and a man who, it is alleged, brutally murdered her a few hours afterward. An arrest has been made, based on strong circumstantial evidence, and it has also been elicited that both the supposed murderer and his victim were already married, and their respective partners alive at the time this fatal ceremony was performed. We send missionaries to heathen lands, and it is our duty and privilege to do so, but this horrible crime shows what sore need there is for earnest Christian work at our own doors. Disregard for the laws of God characterizes large masses of our population, and though brutality like this is exceptional, the sins men call venial will, unless pardoned through the blood of Christ, issue in endless punishment (Psa. 52 : 5).

A Deplorable Mistake, the Consequences of which are not yet fully ascertained, has been made in the case of an emigrant. About the middle of April two Polish women, name Stanislawa Trudnezka and Agnes Yallas, arrived at this port on board the steamer Victoria as steerage immigrant passengers. When the doctor boarded the ship at Quarantine it was found that the two women, among others, were suffering with smallpox. They were sent to the fever hospital on the Quarantine Island, *each patient being ticketed* with an order giving her name and the disease with which she was suffering, according to the usual practice. On the 29th of April the Board of Health received a notification that the woman Trudnezka had died, but that the other patient was recovering. Meanwhile Mrs. Trudnezka's husband had been anxiously expecting his wife's arrival. He reached here only to learn that she was dead and buried.

It has now been discovered that a serious mistake has been made. By some accident the orders given to the patients when they were sent to the hospital were exchanged, and as neither woman could speak English the error was not discovered, so that it was not Mrs. Trudnezka who died, but her companion. When released Mrs. Trudnezka appeared at Castle Garden in search of her husband, but he disappeared immediately after being informed of his wife's death and no trace of him can be found. As he was last seen in a despondent frame of mind the fear has been expressed that he made away with himself. We can only hope that the husband did not commit the rash act, but the number of people is increasing, who, when trouble comes upon them are ready to commit the crime of suicide. They are destitute of faith in God or they would show a different spirit (Job 2 : 9 and 10).

Lights that Guide are Advertised by a Hotel proprietor as an advantage guests enjoy at his house. They are red lights, and are placed in the halls. Firemen say that the greatest difficulty guests experience in a burning building is in finding their way to the stairways. The passages are frequently long and tortuous, and even one quite familiar with their windings is apt to go wrong under the influence of any sudden excitement. For this reason the hotel keeper has placed *red globes* on the gas fixtures in the halls that lead to the staircase, and *white lights* in those that do not. A stranger can open his door at any hour of the night, and, by running along the row of red lights, reach the stairs in the shortest possible time. The idea is valuable, and might, in the event of a fire occurring in the night, be the means of saving lives, if those in peril understood the significance of the two colors. The impenitent sinner, we are taught, is in danger of everlasting fire, but an escape is provided in that Light "which lighteth every man that cometh into the world" (John 1 : 9).

The Narrow Escape of a Party of Tourists from a terrible death is recorded by a San Francisco journal. They engaged a private conveyance at Napa to carry them to the Geysers. The vehicle was not provided with a brake to carry it safely down the steep grades on the way, but the driver said he used a rope, which answered better than an ordinary brake. When within about a mile of the Geysers, with the valley *a thousand feet below them* at one side of the road, one of the horses suddenly shied and pushed his mate off the road, when both shot down the hill like an arrow, carrying with them the vehicle and its affrighted occupants. A large oak tree happened to be directly in the line of descent, and against this, horses, vehicle, and passengers were projected, the pole striking the trunk and breaking into fragments. Strange to say, neither the driver nor any member of the party was injured. There are many travellers on life's road who have commenced the downward path of a sinful life, trusting for their safety to some equally inefficient safeguard. Those who escape eternal disaster in such cases are often such as are arrested in their mad career by some obstacle that the world erroneously calls a misfortune, but which is really a voice from God calling them to repent and turn to Him.

A Meeting Between two Brothers who had never seen each other before occurred at Cleveland, O., recently. Sixteen years ago a man named Dinkle left his home in Germany and came to America. He settled in Southern Illinois, began farming and butchering. He prospered, married, and has ever since been doing a thriving business. A few weeks after leaving his home in the old country a brother was ushered into the world, who was given the name of Andrew. The latter, a few months ago, expressed a desire to come to this country and labor with his elder brother for a home and a fortune. Arrangements were made for his coming, and the Illinois brother agreed to meet him on a given day at Cleveland. As they had never seen each other, as may be supposed, the brothers were anxious how they were to know each other? The elder one took a stand near the platform of the cars, and as the passengers stepped down, his eyes riveted themselves upon the countenance of each passer by. At length the brother approached, a momentary pause ensued, and then a swift glance of recognition and a hearty embrace testified to the family likeness. A day will come when Christians will similarly recognize each other by the family likeness the sons of God will bear to each other and to their Saviour (1 John 3 : 2).

HEARKEN AND LOOK; OR, ENCOURAGEMENT FOR BELIEVERS.

A New Sermon Delivered April 27th, 1881, by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, at Exeter Hall, London.

(*The Annual Sermon on behalf of the Baptist Missionary Society.*)

"Look unto Abraham your father, and unto Sarah that bare you: for I called him alone, and blessed him, and increased him. For the Lord shall comfort Zion," etc.—ISAIAH 51 : 2, 3.

An Injurious Habit—Sights that Discourage—Look Where God Points—I. Toward Abraham—Called out of a Heathen Family—The Call Miraculous—Abraham Naturally Great—God Can Repeat the Act—Abraham but One Man—What one Fire Can do—A Lone Man—One who Had to be Stripped—Cease from Calculating—II. The Main Characteristic of the Chosen Man—Faith all Through—Sarah's Faith—Faith Under Domestic Trials—Faith has Great Power of Reception—Uses God-given Strength—Can Wait God's Time—God Loves her—A Solid Reason for Encouragement—The Uniform of Christ—III. Our Relationship to Abraham—A Grand Old Covenant—IV. Our Position—God Unchanged—The Covenant Unchanged—A Practical Word—Bread and Cheese Faith.

THE second verse contains my actual text. It is the argument by which faith is led to look for the blessings promised in the third verse.

It is habitual with some persons to spy out the dark side of every question or fact; they fix their eyes upon the "waste places," and they study them till they know every ruin, and are familiar with the dragons and the owls. They sigh most dolorously that the former times were better than these, and that we have fallen upon most degenerate days. They speak of "*shooting Niagara*," and of all sorts of frightful things. I am afraid that a measure of this tendency to write bitter things dwells in almost all of us at this present season, for certain discouraging facts which cannot be ignored are pressing heavily upon men's spirits. The habit of looking continually towards the wilderness is injurious because it greatly discourages; and any thing that discourages an earnest worker is a serious leakage for his strength.

It is therefore a dreadful thing when the Christian Church begins to be discouraged, and means must be used to stay the evil. Such means we would use this day. Lo, we lift the standard of the divine promise. "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people," sounds out like a silver trumpet in the front of the host. Be encouraged, O ye of the faint heart; there are no more difficulties now than there were of old. The cause is no more in jeopardy than it was a thousand years ago. The result, the end, the consummation of all things is absolutely certain; it is in His hand who cannot fail, therefore be of good courage, and in waiting upon the Lord renew your strength.

O ye whose eyes are quick to discover evil, there are other sights in the world besides waste places and deserts, and hence my text hath near to it twice over the exhortation, "*Look*"—Look unto the rock whence ye are hewn;" "Look unto Abraham your father." Why should your eyes forever ache over desolations? Probably you have seen as much in the wilderness as you are ever likely to see there. It does not take long to discover all the treasures and comforts of the burning sand; you have probably discovered them all by now. Gaze no longer at the thirsty land; turn your eye where the finger of the Lord points by His word.

I. We shall first

LOOK TOWARD ABRAHAM

that we may see in him the original of God's ancient people, the foundation stone, as it were, of the dispensation by which God blessed the former ages. In Judah was God known, His name was great in Israel: let us look to the rock whence Judah and Israel were hewn.

We observe, first, that the founder of God's first people was *called out of a heathen family*. "Your fathers," says Joshua, "dwelt on the other side of the flood in old time, even Terah, the father of Abraham, and they served other gods." Abraham, the founder of the great system in which God was pleased to reveal Himself for so long a time, and to whose seed the oracles of God were

committed, was a dweller in Ur of the Chaldees, *the city of the moon-god.* We cannot tell to what extent he was actually engrossed in the superstition of his fathers, but it is certain that the family was years afterward tainted with idolatry; for in Jacob's day the teraph was still venerated, and Rachel stole *her father's images.*

Abraham, therefore, was called out from the place of his birth, and from the household to which he belonged, that in a separated condition, as a worshipper of the one God, he might keep the truth alive in the world. Recollect, then, that the first man from whom sprang that wondrous nation which God hath not even yet cast away, was originally himself an idolater, and had to be called out of his sinful state by effectual grace. Why, then, might not the Lord, if the cause of truth were this day reduced to its utmost extremity, again raise up *a church out of one man?* If an almost universal apostasy should hide the divine light, could He not kindle a torch among the heathen, and by its light illuminate the earth again?

Is anything too hard for the Lord? Is He not able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham? As to anything like discouragement, it ought to vanish at the thought that not only out of your Sunday-schools, your colleges, and your pulpits can God raise up leaders for His Church, but He can find them in the very centre of heathenism. Where Satan's seat is, even there can the Lord raise up advocates for His cause.

"Ah," you say, "but men are not called now, as Abraham was, by miraculous calls from Heaven." I reply—The statement may be true; but God's visible means of calling men are now so many that there can seldom be need of miracle. The Lord can by His Spirit make one of the millions of Bibles scattered over the world to be as powerful a means of call as though He had sent an angel from Heaven; yea, a solitary leaf of a printed tract, if wafted by the wind, or carried by the wave, may be borne where God shall bless it to the calling forth of a champion ordained of old to do great exploits. Where ordinary means are so plentiful wisdom resorts not to signs and wonders. The same Spirit who called Abraham by a supernatural voice can call others by the word of truth.

Instead of regarding it as a prodigy that a man should be unexpectedly called out from among the heathen, I look for it, and shall not be surprised to hear that in the remoter provinces of China, or in the centre of Thibet, or in the recesses of Africa men have been raised up to found churches for our Lord Jesus. "Omnipotence hath servants everywhere." Let us never dream that the God of Abraham is short of means for calling out chosen men to build up His Church.

"Ah," say you, "but Abraham was naturally *a man of noble mould.* Where do you find such a princely spirit as his?" I answer, Who made him? He that made him can make another like him. There is a grace of God which goes before what we are accustomed to call saving grace; I mean a grace of God, which in the creating of the nature, makes it a fit instrument for the grace which is after to be bestowed. The Lord can just as soon make a man after the type of Abraham as after any other type; and doubtless He has such in store even now, to whom His call will yet come. We may expect to see men of strong convictions converted into believers who "stagger not at the promise through unbelief." From among priests and pagans we may hope that the Lord will raise up pillars for His Church. Is not this hope encouraged in your breasts as you "Look unto Abraham your father, and unto Sarah that bare you?"

Look again and observe that Abraham was

BUT ONE MAN.

Do not be startled at the sound which seems to have such terrors for certain brethren. I have heard the cant of those who object to a "one-man ministry," a ministry to which all the while they usually submit in their own meetings; but to my ear there is music, and not terror, in the term "a one-man ministry." I bless God that all my hope of salvation hangs upon the divine ministry of the One Man. Is not Christ, as the servant of God, the very pattern of all ministries which are of God?

We are this day, not one man, but many, and we all desire to live for the glory of God, and for the spread of His Gospel; but if our hosts were so diminished that we could be numbered by a little child upon his fingers, still there would be no excuse for dismay, for the God of Abraham still liveth, even He who created a people to His praise by one man, of whom He says, "I called him alone, and blessed him, and increased him."

Think, my brethren, of the power for good or evil which may be enshrined in a single human life. What mischievous results may come of one man! *One sinner* destroyeth much good, and if there were but one person left who had knowledge of the ways of vice and the words of blasphemy that one man would suffice to infect the race with his abominations. If evil be so mighty, is not good with God in it quite as powerful. We may rightly measure quantities in reference to many things, but with others it is absurd.

It would be ridiculous to measure the power of fire by the quantity which burns on your hearth. Give us fit materials and a single match, and you shall see *what fire can do.* If ordinary fire, that may so readily be extinguished, is thus powerful, who shall venture to measure the power of the fire from Heaven, which neither men nor devils can quench, the fire which fell at Pentecost, and burns among us still. *Ye carry fire,* ye servants of God; ye work with a Heaven-sent force of boundless energy. Why, therefore, should you despair? If all the lights in the world were put out except a solitary lamp, there is enough fire in one wick to kindle all the lamps in the universe. What inch of ground remains for despair to stand upon?

Furthermore, we are bound to notice that *this one man was a lone man.* He had not only to do the work of God, but he had nobody to help him. "I called him alone." True, he was attended by Lot—*a poor miserable lot* he was, costing his noble uncle more trouble than he ever brought him profit. How little did he maintain or adorn the righteousness which, nevertheless, had saved him: true type of many a feeble professor in these days. Abraham was not backed by any society when he crossed the Euphrates and afterward traversed the desert to sojourn in Canaan as a pilgrim and a stranger. If ever man was fairly cut adrift and cast upon the Lord it was the great father of the faithful. He certainly found no patronage in his onward course save the all-sufficient patronage of the Lord his God.

And now, my brother, if in the town or district where you live you seem to lose all your helpers; if they die one by one, and it seems as if nobody would be left to you; if even the prayer-meeting fails for want of earnest, pleading men, still persevere, for *it is the lone man that God will bless.* "He setteth the solitary in families."

Once more, I cannot help asking your attention to the fact that Abraham was not only a man called from heathendom, one man, and a lone man; but he was

A MAN WHO HAD TO BE STRIPPED

yet further. The blessing was, "Surely blessing I will bless thee, and multiplying I will multiply thee," but the manifest fulfilment of it was not by and by. As we have already seen he must come away from his kindred and his father's house, and he must dwell in Palestine till the promised seed was born. But how long he waited for the expected heir! Twenty, yes, almost thirty years rolled away, and the man Abraham was ninety years old and nine. He is very old; and yet he is to be blessed with a son. He must number the full tale of a hundred years before Isaac can be born. This promised child was to be according to promise, and therefore it could not be born till nature was recognized as spent.

The believing pair had waited on till in an evil hour Sarah suggested a desperate attempt to fulfil the promise, in which she still firmly believed. That *artifice broke down;* it was a part of the divine plan that it should do so. The covenant promise was not to the seed after the flesh. When that scheme had been set aside, the Lord in His own time fulfilled His word.

Joy! joy! in the house of Abraham and Sarah. What a feast there was that Isaac was born, filling the house with laughter. But he must die! "Get thee up," said God, "and take thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and offer him for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of." *The grand old man* will do it. He will get up early in the morning, and the father and the son will journey together silently; for the aged heart is too full to talk. He believes God, and is sure that even if he should actually slay his son at God's command the promise would somehow be kept. Abraham could not tell how, but it was no business of his to tell how; he was fully persuaded that what God had promised He was able to perform.

Now, if in all these trials Abraham was yet blessed, and God's purposes were accomplished in him, can we not believe that the same God can work by us also, despite our downcastings and humiliations? When we are utterly broken and crushed, may not the Lord's strength be made perfect in our weakness? Let us not question the promise because of our personal deadness and inability, but believe God without wavering, for He hath said, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

Now, brothers and sisters, here is the sum and substance of this first head of my discourse; in looking to the rock whence we are hewn, we have to see the Lord working the greatest results from apparently inadequate causes. This teaches us to

CEASE FROM CALCULATING

means, possibilities, and probabilities, for we have to deal with God, with whom all things are possible. Almighty God can assuredly do whatever He says He will do. Who is to hinder Him? Let the voice ring out over all the earth, and let it be heard in hell itself, Who shall stay the arm of God when He wills to achieve a thing? He fears no opposition, and He needs no help.

If you desire an illustration, look at our own body of Christians. History has hitherto been written by our enemies, who never would have kept a single fact about us upon the record if they could have helped it, and yet it leaks out every now and then that certain poor people called Anabaptists were brought up for condemnation. From the days of Henry II. to those of Elizabeth we hear of certain unhappy heretics who were hated of all men for the truth's sake which was in them. We read of poor men and women with their garments cut short, turned out into the fields to perish in the cold, and anon of others who were burnt at Newington for the crime of Anabaptism. Yet here we are, blessed and multiplied; and Newington sees other scenes from Sabbath to Sabbath.

As I think of your numbers and efforts, I can only say in wonder, What a growth! As I think of the multitudes of *our brethren in America,* I may well say, What hath God wrought? Our history forbids discouragement. Never cause more hopeless once; none more hopeful to-day! It matters little what may yet happen, the cause is safe. What if all our Baptist organizations expire? What if but one man should be left faithful to the old banner, our Captain would yet triumph gloriously, for He saveth not by many nor by few. Though all else faileth, the Lord shall reign for ever and ever. This is the lesson which, I pray, we may all of us learn, and then, by faith, go forth to act upon it.

II. With great brevity I shall dwell for a moment upon the second point, namely,

THE MAIN CHARACTERISTIC

of this chosen man. The text says, "Look unto Abraham your father, and unto Sarah that bare you," and it must mean, Consider him, and see what he was, that you may learn from him. You perceive at once that his grand characteristic was *his faith.* In this faith many other most brilliant qualities are comprehended, but his faith lay at the bottom of all. Here is his epitaph: "Abraham believed God." That was a mainspring of all his acts, the glory of his life. "Abraham believed God." The men that God will work by, whatever else they have not, must have faith in God. Though it is to be desired that the believer should have every mental and moral qualification, yet it is astounding how, if there be real faith, a multitude of imperfections are swallowed up, and the man is still a power.

The like faith also dwelt in the breast of Sarah; and as we are told in the text to *look to Sarah* as well as Abraham, let us not fail to do so. The faith of Sarah was not little when she left home with her husband; forsaking her kith and kin from love to God, and to Him whom she called "lord." Nor did the trial of her faith end with the moving; she had to take up with tent-life and all its inconveniences. It is the woman that knows the discomfort of domestic life under such circumstances. How readily she entertained her husband's guests. Though they might drop in at most unseasonable hours, or call her to bake bread in the heat of the day, she was glad to welcome strangers, for like her husband she was given to hospitality.

I saw you smile, dear friends, when I mentioned domestic matters; but to me it is the solemnity of faith that men and women can not only pray and sing, but can put up with household discomforts out of obedience to God. Certain people look upon faith as a fine, airy, sentimental thing with which to roam among the stars, anticipate millenniums, and enjoy yourself in lofty contemplation. I believe far more in a faith which, whether it eats or drinks, does all to the glory of God; faith which like Sarah dwells in the tent and works there; faith which is cheerful over a scanty meal and drives away the fear of want; faith which can come down in life from the mansion to the cottage, if providence so decrees.

Christian men and Christian women, mark well this fact—that the characteristic of the person whom God will bless is that he believes and acts upon his belief. Without faith it is impossible to please God; but

THE MAN OF FAITH IS GOD'S MAN.

And why is this? Because faith is the only faculty of our spirit which can grasp God's ideal. The greatest man, without faith, cannot tread in the divine footsteps. The ideas of God are as high above us as the heavens are above the earth; and therefore it is not by any fancied vastness of our feeble minds that we can ever rise into fellowship with God. Love alone can rival it, for it embraces the infinite God Himself. With the far-reaching plans and promises of God, faith alone is fit to deal; carnal reason is out of the lists.

Faith, too, has a great power of reception, and therein lies much of her adaptation to the divine purpose. Self-confidence, courage, resolution, cool reasoning, whatever else they are good at, are bad at humbly receiving. Those vessels which are full already are of no use as receivers; but faith presents her emptiness to God, and opens her mouth that God may fill it. Mercy needs not a jewel, but a casket into which to put her gems, and faith is exactly what she wants.

Then, again, *faith always uses the strength that God gives her*. Pride would vapor with it, and doubt would evaporate it; but faith is practical, and economically uses the talent intrusted to her. Faith has already spent all her own strength, and she so yearns to achieve her purposes that she uses all the power that God will lend her. Faith eats her manna, and leaves not a morsel for worms to breed in.

Faith, too, can wait the Lord's time and place. When faith is weak men are in a dreadful hurry; but strong faith does not judge the Lord to be slack concerning His promise. As God achieves His purpose with infinite leisure, He loves a faith that is patient, and looks not for its reward this day or the next. "He that believeth shall not make haste;" that is to say, he shall not be ashamed or confounded by present trials so as to rush upon unbelieving actions. Faith leaves times and seasons with God, to whom they belong.

God loveth faith, and blesseth it too, because *it giveth Him all the glory*. The true believer will not allow a trace of self-glory to linger on his hands. "Where is boasting then?" was a question once asked in the house of faith, and the searchers examined every nook and corner in every chamber to find it, but they found it not. Then they said to faith, "Where is boasting?" She answered, "*I shut him out.*" "It is excluded," shut out, and the door fastened in its face. You do not believe God if you boast of what you are doing; least of all do you believe if you pride yourself in your faith, for faith is not mistrustful of her God, but of herself.

Faith looks to God *to keep her alive* as well as to fulfil the promise that He has made to her. This, then, is the kind of faith which was characteristic of Abraham, and the question is, Have we got it? Have we so much of it that God can largely bless us? The comfort is that, if we have it not, the author of faith can give it to us, and if we have it in scant measure He can increase our faith.

Is not this *a solid reason* why you and I should take heart? You who do not believe that missions will succeed; you who readily become discouraged and discourage others; I beg you go home and seek more faith. We cannot go down to the battle with such soldiers as you; you do but incumber the host. The men that lapped are the only ones that Gideon will take to war. Send the fearful ones to the rear, and let them take care of the baggage, so that when the battle is won they may have a share of the spoil, according to David's law. For actual service and warfare we must have men of faith.

Cromwell found that when his men came dressed in all sorts of suits and colors they were apt to injure one another in the melee, and so he put them all in uniform. *The uniform of the Prince Immanuel* is faith; no man may call himself a soldier of the cross who hath it not. This is the victory which overcometh the world, even your faith. Brother ministers, let us take heed lest we be found qualified for our ministry in all respects except this one. You have learning, eloquence, industry, honesty, but do you so believe in God as to expect His word to act divinely on men's hearts. Do you preach believingly? Do you pray believingly? I leave the question with you.

III. I have shown you, dear friends, that God effected His purpose, and raised up a chosen nation out of one man, whose chief characteristic was his faith; and now I want you to notice

OUR RELATIONSHIP

to that one man. I dwelt upon that while reading the chapter (Romans 4). There is a relation between us and Abraham even as Paul assures us in the epistle to the Galatians, "Know ye therefore that they which are of faith, the same are the children of Abraham." Something, surely, is expected of the children of such a man as Abraham. O for shame, thou unbelieving one! Is Abraham thy father? Art thou one of the faithful seed? Great mountains are often succeeded by low valleys. Perhaps that is the case with you; but it should not be so. The natural seed were cut off because they had no faith; let not those who are grafted in, think to do without it. It is by faith that you are a son at all. You disprove your pedigree if you tolerate unbelief.

Brethren, because we are the seed of Abraham, the apostle declares that the blessing of Abraham has come upon us also. I pray that all the friends and laborers in our Missionary Society may grasp the blessing of Abraham. What is it? It is a covenant favor that belongs to all who are the servants of God by faith. Here is the substance of it: "Surely blessing, I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thee," That is *the grand old covenant promise*, and it belongs to the Church.

Note that the blessing is attended with multiplying. Some friends are afraid of statistics which represent the increase of the churches; I am far more afraid of those statistics which will show that we do not increase as we could wish. The blessing of the Church is the increase of the Church. The two go together: "Blessing, I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thee." How much are Christians to be multiplied in the world? At the present moment we do not seem to be increasing as fast as the population. I am afraid that the number of converted persons relatively to the population is scarcely as great as it was thirty years ago; we long to be multiplied at a very different rate from this—and we shall be if we have faith in our God.

IV. Last of all, consider for a minute

OUR POSITION

before Abraham's God. Do not let anything that I have said about Abraham for a moment take your mind off from the Lord Himself, because the pith of it all lies here—"*I* called him alone." Look to Abraham, but only as to the rock from which the Lord quarried His people;" your main thought must be Jehovah Himself. "*I, I* called him alone, and blessed him." "*I* the Lord do all these things." Look unto the everlasting God, who doeth great wonders, and stay yourselves upon Him.

Let us joyfully recollect that *the Lord our God has not changed*, nay, not in one jot or tittle. He is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." There is so far a change in the revelation of Him, that it is brighter now in the person of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, than it could have been through seer and vision; but that should be a motive for increased faith. "His arm is not shortened that He cannot save, neither is His ear heavy that He cannot hear." This God of Abraham is still almighty, and still in the midst of the covenanted ones. If the ages that have passed over His awful brow could wrinkle it and His strength could decay, then might we also decline in our confidence; but it is not so. He fainteth not, neither is weary.

Our behavior toward Him, therefore, should resemble that of Abraham; and especially, representing, as we do many of us, the churches of Jesus Christ as ministers or deacons, we must never dishonor the Lord by unbelief. Doubt everything but God. Let God be true and every man a liar. This the everlasting decree which none can change—Christ must reign; he shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied; the kings of the earth must bow before Him. Do not doubt it, for God hath sworn by His own life that all flesh shall see His glory. Here is the grand argument for strong faith.

Notice next that *the covenant of God has not changed*. God hath not recalled His words, nor taken a pen and struck out His promises from the record. Read the covenant words, and write them upon the door-posts of your mission house, "In blessing, I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea-shore; and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." This is the covenant with the one spiritual seed of Abraham; this is the marrow of it, and it has never been revoked.

But there is this also to be added, that this work which we desire the Lord to do is in some respects even less than that which he has done with Abraham. What ask we? Not that He should begin with one man to build up a nation, or create a church? No, but that Zion being builded, He should comfort her, and cause her waste places to rejoice. The field is the world, and the seed is ready for the sowing. The Gospel is in the hands of those who have the best means of spreading it. Everything is ready for its ultimate triumph. The train is laid; we only need the heavenly fire to touch it, and the deed is accomplished. O that the work of the Lord may be speedily done; that the Lord may carry on His work of righteousness and make a short work in the earth.

Brethren, it remains for me only to add

THIS PRACTICAL WORD.

Let us throw ourselves more and more upon our God. If you have any work appointed you of the Lord, and it is within the compass of your strength, shame upon you if you do not perform it at once; but if it be beyond you, herein will God be glorified if you do it by His power. If there remaineth no might, wit, or wisdom in you, if you are deeply conscious of your weakness, you are by this experience made the more fit to be used of the Lord, for when we are weak then are we strong. If you have confidence in God, all things are possible to Him that believeth.

Oh, when will the Church cast herself upon her God as men throw themselves into the stream when they mean to swim? They seek no longer for foothold, their foot leaves the spot whereon it rested, and they throw themselves trustfully upon the wave. The everlasting ocean of love and power is ready to upbear us; we shall swim gallantly to shore if we will but trust this blessed sea of love.

The faith of Abraham is a faith that saith to wayfaring men, "Turn in, and I will get you a little water and wash your feet." It is a practical, active, living, week-day, every-day faith. I will speak very broadly and plainly, and say we need *a bread-and-cheese faith*—that is to say, a faith which believes that God who feeds the ravens will send us our daily bread; a faith which believes that the Heavenly Father who clothes the lilies will much more clothe His children; the faith that can believe God about the things that are actually around it, and that does not live in the region of fiction. See how God blessed Abraham with flocks and herds, and everything temporal as well as spiritual, because he walked in reference to these things along the line of faith; gave Lot his choice of pasturage, refused the offer of the king of Sodom, and resolutely paid the children of Heth the full price for the cave and the field. If we walk by faith in business life, God may not in every case bless us with abundance of temporal mercies, but assuredly we shall be blessed. He may send us adversity and poverty, but in these things faith is more than conqueror, glorying in tribulations also.

In the Lord's work of evangelizing the world you must have a downright, practical faith; not a faith that will sing when the organ begins to play, and then be so busy fumbling the hymn paper as to *forget the collection:* not the faith of those who boast of Carey, and Marshman, and Knibb, but whose own names never appear in the subscription list for a single shilling; not a faith which sings,

"Fly abroad thou mighty Gospel,"

but never lends a bit of down to make a feather for its wings.

Let us hear the Scripture, as it says,

"HEARKEN!"

If you have faith as a grain of mustard seed, "Hearken!" for you may hear the Sabbath bells ringing in the everlasting peace, and angel songs welcoming the reign of grace over all nations.

Then *look!* till you see the temples of false gods crumbling into dust. See how the shrines are tottering, and the idols breaking as though smitten with a rod of iron. Mohammed's crescent wanes, never to wax again; and she, of the Seven Hills, is hated of the kings, and they burn her with fire. "Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations He hath made in the earth!" Thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy. They fall! They fall! They are as the slain. The day breaketh, and the shadows flee away.

O ye watchers that look for the dawning, fall not asleep through sorrowful weariness. The morning cometh. It shall not tarry. Do you doubt it? Know ye not that the Lord reigneth? Is He not the Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle? "The glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." If you doubt it, dissolve your Missionary Society, and do not pretend to do a work in which you have no faith; but if you believe in the triumph of God's work, and that you are called to it, behave worthily to so divine an enterprise. God do so to you as you deal with Him in this matter. Amen.

INCIDENTS OF THE FIVE POINTS MISSION.

Mary's One Wish.

ON the first Sabbath the school opened, a timid-looking girl, about twelve years of age, hovered around the door. She resisted every effort to induce her to enter, generally fleeing as soon as she was spoken to to her home in the Old Brewery, where she lived with a wretched drunken mother. At times the teachers pursued her with words of kindness, but in vain. After some time, of her own accord she entered, and immediately became an attentive and interested scholar. Months rolled away, and her improvement became evident, but being retiring and reserved, we could learn but little of her feelings.

Last winter (this story was written in 1854), it was announced that Mary was ill, and she was visited in her wretched home. We found her in bed, in a corner of a large room, where at least twenty persons were accommodated at night, and where cooking and eating was done for and by all. She did not seem sick, but she would not rise nor eat, nor scarcely speak. It was ascertained that *grief for her wretched mother* and her own forlorn condition were pressing her to the grave; yet she resisted all wishes to remove her to the hospital and thus separate her from her mother. She was supplied with needful things, was comforted and encouraged, and for a little time seemed to rally, and crept, pale and sad-looking, into the Mission room.

Soon, however, it became apparent that she was failing fast. She had been removed to a comfortable room, and was continually visited by Mr. and Mrs. Tuckey and other friends of the Mission. A friend who visited her one day, after conversing on spiritual things, asked, "Is there anything you would like to have, Mary?" She shook her head and said, "Nay." "Can't you think of anything? I will get you whatever you wish" (thinking perhaps her sickly appetite might be craving some of the luxuries of life). Again a languid negative was given. Her kind friend still lingered, and suddenly the color mounted to the pale face, a look full of animation succeeded the languid glance, the thin lip quivered, and she exclaimed, "*Oh, yes; I want one thing*" and raising herself in the bed reiterated, "I want one thing." "What is that, Mary? I promise you you shall have it." A moment's pause, and the answer came, "I want you to bring some of the Sunday-school children here, and let them sing for me. Oh, will you?"

The Sunday after the request was granted; and the exquisite enjoyment written on that pale suffering face, the tearful eye, and the unspoken gratitude formed a scene for a painter to witness and portray. "There is a happy land," was the favorite hymn; and many times since then has the only wish she has expressed been thus gratified. She is slowly fading away; she converses but little; but when we speak of the Saviour her color rises and her eyes fill with tears. She says she is trusting in Christ, and those who know her best have full confidence that our God is thus gently preparing her to enter "the happy land." In her home of poverty, amid her many privations, sinking in languor and pain, she utters no complaint, nor breathes one earthly wish. Thank God for the wondrous power of His redeeming grace to strengthen and to satisfy.

THE BUDDING FIG-TREE.—A POST-SCRIPT.

By Rev. William Maude.

(*Continued from page* 311.)

The Predicted Millennial Summer—The Project Apart from Prophecy—Assured Prosperity of Palestine—The Restoration as an Encouragement to Faith—A Jewish Alliance.

As regards the

FUTURE PROSPERITY OF PALESTINE,

Mr. Oliphant holds this to be in any case assured. "Under any circumstances," he writes, "it is impossible that the region which comprises within its limits the luxuriant pasture lands of Jaulan, the magnificent forest-clad mountains of Gilead, the rich arable plains of Moab, and the fervid subtropical valley of the Jordan, can remain much longer neglected. Whether we regard it from an archæological, a commercial, or a political point of view, this territory possesses an interest and importance unrivalled by any tract of country of similar extent in Asiatic Turkey. It remains for England to decide whether she will undertake the task of exploring its ruined cities, of developing its vast agricultural resources, by means of the repatriation of that race which first entered into its possession three thousand years ago, and of securing the great political advantages which must accrue from such a policy."

And he adds in another part of his book, "In this anticipation I am borne out by the testimony of all intelligent and unprejudiced travellers. Captain Burton, whose intimate knowledge of the country entitles his opinion to especial weight, says, in his 'Unexplored Syria,' 'The Holy Land, when provided with railways and tramways, will offer the happiest blending of the ancient and modern worlds. It will become another Egypt, with the distinct advantage of a superior climate and far nobler races of men.' And again, 'Syria and Palestine, I may safely prophesy, still awaits the hour when, the home of a free, a striving, and an energetic people, it will again pour forth corn and oil, it will flow with milk and honey, and it will bear, with proper culture, almost all the good things that have been given to man.'"

As he meets with such testimonies as these from able and "practical" men of the world, the Christian may well be led to exclaim, "How marvellous are thy ways, O God!" It is not many years since by such men "the restoration of the Jews" was treated scornfully as the fond dream of those foolish enough to believe "all that the prophets have spoken." Now how differently do they regard it! Long ago Ezekiel prophesied: "Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I, even I, will both search my sheep and seek them out. As a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered; so will I seek out my sheep, and will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day. And I will bring them out from the people, and gather them from the countries, and will bring them to their own land, and feed them upon the mountains of Israel by the rivers, and in all the inhabited places of the country" (Ezekiel 34: 11–13).

And lo! to-day our eyes behold this ancient prophecy touching its fruition. How, then, should this strengthen our faith, not only in Israel's restoration, but in all the blessed promises which are associated with it. For is it not written: "When the Lord shall build up Zion, He shall appear in His glory" (Psalm 102: 16)? And does not our Lord Himself give this as a sign to us, as well as to Israel, when He says: "When ye see these things coming to pass, know ye that the kingdom of God is nigh at hand" (Luke 21: 31)?

With one other passage—which casts a most interesting light on the subject of the "*seven years covenant*" which the personal Antichrist is to make with the Jews—we must close our extracts from this valuable book, the perusal of the whole of which we would recommend to all who are interested in the subject of Jewish restoration. "I would remark," says Mr. Oliphant, "that the advantages of

AN ALLIANCE WITH THE JEWISH RACE

to any power likely to become involved in the impending complications in the East, which may possibly involve a general war, appear to have been altogether overlooked by European statesmen. It is evident that the nation that espoused the cause of the Jews and their restoration to Palestine would be able to rely upon their support in financial operations on the largest scale, upon the powerful influence which they wield in the press of many countries and on their political co-operation in those countries, which would of necessity tend to paralyze the diplomatic and even hostile action of powers antagonistic to the one with which they were allied. Owing to the financial, political, and commercial importance to which the Jews have now attained, there is probably no one power in Europe that would prove so valuable an ally to a nation likely to be engaged in a European war, as this wealthy, powerful, and cosmopolitan race."

"I could multiply quotations to the same effect from the reports of Colonel Warren, Lieutenant Conder, and other officers who have surveyed the country on behalf of the Palestine Exploration Fund, which are fully borne out by the opinions of old residents, and by the experience of those who have already become agriculturists in the country.

"From whatever point of view, then, we regard a project that has for its object the ultimate regeneration of Palestine—whether from one of sentiment, as involving the repatriation of a nationality which surely has its claims upon us equal to if not greater than those of the Slav or the Greek; or from one of practical benevolence—for a considerable resident population would immediately benefit, while the success of the experiment would promote its extension to regions sorely in need of development under a like system, or from one of political expediency—for it is only by means of such development that the Ottoman Empire in Asia can

either be preserved and consolidated, or adequate provision made for the contingency of its disruption.

"It holds out inducements which the public of England should be the first to recognize; for as we have special interests, so we have come under special obligations in regard to this quarter of the globe. The population of Palestine in particular, of which twenty-five thousand belong to the Hebrew race, is looking to England for protection and the redress of grievances; and those who see in the relations which our own country now occupies toward the Holy Land the hand of Providence, may fairly consider whether they do not involve responsibilities which cannot lightly be ignored."

THE BACKWOODSMAN'S THRILLING STORY.

SPECIAL services were being conducted in the East of London recently, and at one of the meetings an old man desired that the well-known children's hymn, commencing—

"I want to be an angel,"

might be sung. In compliance with the request the hymn was sung, and the impression made was of a most encouraging character. Many present were touched with the simplicity and tenderness of the words, and most felt that they would like to enter into "the rest that remaineth for the people of God." Among those who remained for prayer was the old man himself, and he was completely broken down. Christian friends present inquired how it was that he was so affected by the hymn, as he had been on the Lord's side for a number of years, and knew that when death came he would "enter in through the gates into the City." He replied—

"Many years ago I was living in the backwoods of America, and, although I was far away from companions, my life was a very happy one. A loving wife and little daughter were the sunshine of my home, and made even bush-life far from monotonous. I was not, however, a Christian, and felt quite unconcerned about my soul's salvation. Death, however, came into my home, and took away my wife. I then began to think seriously about the importance of decision for Christ, and reconciliation to God. But, alas! I did not yield to the strivings of the Spirit, and, in order to deaden my impressions, and to silence my conscience, *I gave way to drink*, and day after day I became worse and worse

"Thus I was going headlong towards perdition. My little daughter was neglected, and, furthermore, forbidden even to read her Bible or attend the Sunday-school, some three miles distant, and which was presided over by a Christian missionary. In my drunken fits I treated her most cruelly, and threatened that *I would shoot her if she crossed the threshold of the Sunday-school any more.* With a cry of sorrow she would say, 'Father, I do love Jesus! I do love my teacher! and I do so want to go to heaven when I die! I hope you will let me go to school.' My heart was not in the least affected by her pleadings, but rather hardened, and I resolved that if she would insist upon going I would punish her severely. The following Sunday, however, on my return home, I found that she was absent, and being almost mad with drink, I took down my gun and made for the direction from which she would come.

"On meeting my child I at once levelled the gun, but was stopped from firing by her entreaties. On perceiving that I fully intended to commit this diabolical act, she cried, 'Stop a minute, father, I want to pray;' and after a few words of simple prayer, she sang the following verse—

"I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
With a crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand.
There with the blood-bought children,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll make the sweetest music
And praise Him day and night."

No sooner was the verse sung, than I fell to the ground without accomplishing my wicked deed, and for several hours I remained in a state of unconsciousness, but on my recovery I seemed to hear the voice of God, saying, 'The fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers . . . and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone.' For many days and nights I was in a most distressed state of mind lest God's judgment should come upon me, and that I should have my part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. But I cried unto the Lord for mercy, and He heard my cry and saved my soul, and now I want all present to thank God for His goodness."

"I LIKE TO WEAR MY OWN CLOTHES FIRST."

Temperance Story by the Rev. C. Garrett.

"HALLO! Bill, I declare I thought it was the Squire coming," said a good-natured looking, but poorly dressed working-man, as he met one of his shopmates coming from a place of worship one Sunday morning. "Has somebody died and left thee a fortune?"

"No, Jim," was the kindly reply, "I haven't many friends that can help me; but I have always tried to be my *own* friend, and to make the best of what God gives me." "Well, but," said Jim, "*I* never had such a suit as that on *my* back since I was born, and I don't see how, with my wages, I can ever hope to get one; I've never had a chance of getting on."

"You are wrong," said Bill; "the fault is not in the wages, but in yourself; your wages are much the same as mine; indeed, if there is any difference, I think I could show that the advantage is on your side. The only difference between us is this—that *I* like to wear my own clothes *first*, while *you* pay the publican to wear yours for you, and then you wear them when he's done with them. The suit I have on now cost me four pounds, that is eighty shillings; now you spend from half a crown to ten shillings every week-end. Suppose we say four shillings; in twenty weeks, or about half a year, you will have spent enough to buy a suit like the one I have on. It all depends whether you go to the drink-shop or to the tailor's shop; and what a difference it makes to your family!

"As I came by your house last week I saw your Jane, looking very different from what she looked when you were courting her. You mustn't be vexed at me for what I am going to say, but I couldn't help thinking that the dress she had on when I saw her was very much like one that Mrs. Wilkins, the landlady of the Red Lion, wore two or three years ago."

Poor Jim, who, like many men that are slaves to drink, had a kindly heart, tried to speak, but a choking in his throat made it almost impossible; at last he said, "Bill, thou art right; I have behaved better to the landlady and her family than I have to my own wife and children. Jane has been all that a wife could be to me. When I was laid up through the fight I had with Joe Tomkins, she watched over me like an angel, and never said a wrong word to me about it. And when I was down in the fever, she never had her clothes off for nearly a fortnight, and the doctor said that, but for her nursing, I should never have got over it. And as to dress, I haven't bought her a new one for many a year, and I dare say you are right about the one she wears; we bought it the other day at Skinem's, the pawnshop, for four shillings, and I shouldn't wonder a bit if it were an old one of Mrs. Wilkins's. It's a burning shame that my lass should have to wear her cast-off clothes; and yet how can I help it?"

"Help it?" said Bill, "why, easily; you have but to carry your four or ten shillings home on a Saturday night, instead of carrying it to the Red Lion, and you will soon have a wonderful change. Give your Jane the money, and see if, at the end of the year, there doesn't turn out of your house a mother and children dressed that you will be proud of them."

"That's right enough," said Jim, "but you see I must have something to keep up my strength, and a glass of beer is both victuals and drink too. I don't see that I shall mend matters by committing suicide."

"Suicide!" replied Bill, "that's the very thing you have been doing the last dozen years. I was downright sorry to see you as you came into the shop on Tuesday morning; you were fit for nothing, and you looked as if you were ready to finish your suicide by jumping into the canal. Drink keep your strength up, indeed! Why, it is bringing it down every day.

"Jim, you are a good fellow, and I want to see you doing better. There is, however, but one way, and that is by becoming what I am—a stanch teetotaler. Drink has been your worst enemy. It has kept you poor and made you miserable, and so it will do to the end if you continue to take it. Try teetotalism and there will soon be a happy change. I have tried it for nearly twelve years, and I can say it is good for both body and soul—for this life, and the life to come."

Excited by his own words, Bill held out his hand to his shopmate, and said, "Come, old fellow, be a man, and not a walking beer-barrel. Try total abstinence for one year, and if at the end of one year you are not better in every way, I'll buy Jane a new dress; so any way she will be the better for it." After a moment's hesitation, Jim put his hand into the hand of his friend and said, "God helping me, I will."

That week he had a hard struggle, for habit, appetite, and companions were all against him. Bill, however, cheered him on, and more than once, when he saw by his dejected look that he was in danger of yielding, he whispered, "Don't forget that God will help us if we ask Him."

In a few weeks everything brightened. His companions, seeing his fidelity, ceased to tease or tempt him; the habit which had bound him so long was broken, the appetite subdued. Not many weeks passed before Jane was gladdened by the sight of a new dress for herself, and another for the eldest girl. As the little one sprang on his knee, to thank him, Jim said, with feeling, "Jane, God being my helper, from this day we'll wear our own clothes first."

Reader, have you made this resolution? If not, why not? We talk about trade being bad, but what makes it bad? The true answer is, because there are so many people who don't wear their own clothes first. If you have commenced to drink, stop at once. It will save you from a life of sin and trouble. It will make you happy in this world; it will help fit you for a better world above.

Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

Evangelistic Services in Germany are being conducted by Mrs. M. Baxter, who writes:—"The gracious awakening with which the Lord has been visiting Barmen, a German manufacturing town, of between twenty and thirty thousand people, had its rise in the month of June in last year, since which time several small weekly meetings have gradually increased, and a considerable number of conversions have taken place, and thus new life has been infused into a population already much impregnated with the truths of the Gospel. In almost every congregation there has been faithful preaching of the Gospel, and the ground was thus well prepared. In the month of January, 1881, Dr. Somerville, from Glasgow, held meetings in Elberfeld, the streets of which run into Barmen, and he had large and enthusiastic audiences.

"In March, on my arrival with my friends, we took the lesser hall of the Vereinshaus, which holds about three hundred people, but numbers could not get in; and the after-meeting, perhaps the first public after-meeting ever held in Barmen, was large. The following evening our meetings were transferred to the large hall, and some nine hundred women assembled, more than a hundred of whom remained after the address, anxious to be spoken with. The small force of workers we had made it necessary to appoint a time to all anxious souls in our rooms as well as after the meeting. In the course of ten days more than *two hundred and fifty* came for private interviews, every one seeking spiritual help."

TOUCHES OF REAL LIFE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Lady Hope, of Cariden.

(*Continued from page* 319.)

Etta will not Go to the Ball—Her Self-appointed Work—The Old Shed—A Letter to Lady Isabel—An Invitation—Parental Opposition—A Letter Taken Out of the Bag.

ETTA heard her sisters saying as she wentdown to breakfast, "New dresses for the ball," that was the fact. They were to be chosen and arranged, so that each fair wearer might be attired in the most becoming colors, and exhibited in the most attractive style, to that portion of the outer world which would meet before long at a neighboring house. Etta heard it all; and when, perhaps rather severely, one of the sisters next to her in age, inquired—

"And what are *you* going to do, Etta? are you coming too?" she noticed the just noticeable smile of satire that flitted infectiously from one lip to another.

"No! I am not coming," she answered very decidedly, "It would not be in my line now."

"Why not?" said more than one; and Etta felt the difficulty of reply.

"I have got something better," she replied. "I should not care to begin again that sort of life."

Her sisters did not care to argue the point. They turned away to their absorbing work, while she turned to hers. Its first phase was household arrangement. In this sphere of self-accepted duty she was getting plenty of practice, to the relief and comfort of her mother. Her next was the quiet Bible-reading hour with the younger ones. This effort, begun with much fear and trembling, had proved so popular in the schoolroom, that now it stood on its own basis, and was daily carried on without interruption.

While Etta was teaching, or rather *educating—i.e.*, drawing out the learning the children already possessed, and at the same time confirming and enhancing it by throwing many a fresh light on the sacred page, she was all the time learning fresh lessons for herself, receiving strength to her heart, increasing her own powers of mind. This short period of Scripture study was certainly a precious one to all engaged in it.

The older ones, who considered themselves above all schoolroom exercises, often lamented Etta's disregard of her former pleasures, and failed as yet to see how much higher was the standard of her new choice. Neither did they perceive the fact that the *two* objects in life were incompatible! While they acknowledged that they did not care for *hers*, they wondered she did not care for *theirs!* thus proving how fundamental was the change that had taken place in *her* ideas, or rather in her heart; and how deep and real was the difference between them.

When the schoolroom reading was over, Etta considered her time her own, and retired to her little room. There she sat down in front of a writing-table that stood by the window. This window overlooked the laurel walk which led to the town. There she sat for a few moments, her face buried in her hands. She was praying.

"O Lord!" she silently pleaded, "direct me! teach me! . . . Show me Thy ways! lead me in Thy paths! . . . What wilt Thou have me to do? Tell me Thy will. I long to know it better, to understand it!"

She paused, and prayed again—

"I have no wisdom to guide me, and no friend at home to help me. To whom shall I go? Lord! be Thou my friend! Direct, strengthen, and help me. Look upon the unhappiness of our little town; and, if it be Thy will, show me how to do *something* for the people! . . . Bless those miserable homes. Comfort and satisfy the poor, and show them Thy love!"

Then she took a pen and sheet of note-paper, and she wrote—

"DEAR LADY ISABEL—Will you give me your advice? You have always written to me so frankly and kindly about my little difficulties, that I venture to apply to you again!

"You heard of the old shed that was burnt down in our little town lately, which had been the frequent resort of some of the working men. They used to hold little 'prayer-meetings' in it, and Mrs. Clemence says they miss it very much. So does old Bateman, the old man of whom I told you in one of my former letters.

"Several of the families here interest me very much now; and in visiting them I see that their great trouble is 'drink.' Some drink very much indeed, and neglect their homes altogether; and some only are occasionally the worse for it. But this is altogether the source of most of the misery, *i.e.*, sin and poverty, of the town.

"Mr. and Mrs. Clemence both think that if another shed were put up, and rented, it might be of great use, if it were devoted to the people and used in various ways. They think it might be something like your coffee-room, or managed on the same principles. Do you think that I ought to make an attempt? If you think so, will you kindly tell me, dear Lady Isabel, whether you know of any one who would give me some practical advice on the matter? I shall be most grateful—

"Yours very sincerely,
"ETTA FENNECKER."

The letter was despatched, and an answer eagerly looked for. Put away in some safe investment, there were a few hundred pounds belonging to Etta, for her "sole and separate use," the parting gift of an aged relative. This had not yet been touched; but Etta had quite determined now, that if Lady Isabel's advice should coincide with her own wishes, and if her parents should agree, that she would devote fifty pounds of that sum to the purpose she had considered.

Though very short, the answer was direct, and altogether better than her wishes. It was—

"DEAR MISS FENNECKER—Can you come here on Friday, and stay for a few days? You can then see the coffee-house, and I will secure you an opportunity of consulting my right-hand man here, the builder's son, about the more practical points of your proposal.

"Come by the three o'clock train, and I will meet you at the station. I shall be alone that afternoon.—Yours very truly,

"ISABEL HAMILTON."

The reception of this epistle necessitated an immediate interview with both parents, who at first gladly agreed that the invitation should be accepted; but when they heard the object of the visit, looked grave, and advised that the answer should be delayed. While many a cheque had gone into various jewelry, millinery, and drapers' houses without a demur beyond the words, "Young people *must* have their pleasures!" this unexpected suggestion of outlay, and for such a purpose, provoked at first a decided refusal.

In vain Etta protested that her ball days were done; she never wanted "to look stylish" again; no more money should be spent on amusements for her; she wanted to help the poor in the little town. It was apparently breath wasted. Little did she know how the sweet submission, and gentle usefulness of her new life, was being marked and noticed. While her parents might think her mistaken in some of her recently adopted "ideas," they could not but acknowledge to themselves her loving thoughtfulness and constant readiness to help and serve each one—from the oldest to the youngest—in her home. Though now she yielded to the denial of her request, she prudently determined to delay her answer to the note, hoping that possibly some change might occur.

But, no! the clouds did not seem to break. The note of refusal must be sent.

"Bob! will you put this letter in the hall for the post?" she said, as her youngest brother passed her door on the following morning.

"I say, Etta, what *is* the matter?" inquired the boy; adding, "you look awfully glummy!"

"Take it down, Bob, or it won't be in time," was Etta's reply, as she vanished into her room again.

"Mamma!" he said, as his mother passed him on the landing, "what's up with Etta. She's in the blues to-day;" and he darted down the stairs, letter in hand, to place it in the general postal repository that stood on the hall table.

When he had stood on tiptoe to reach his cap and whistled himself out of the hall, shutting the door securely behind, Mrs. Fennecker followed his line of retreat down the stairs, though in a rather more leisurely and dignified manner. Taking the letter in her hand, she turned it over to read the address. This she found to be—

"THE LADY ISABEL HAMILTON,
LIONEL COURT,
THORNHAM."

It was quite evident that inclosed in this envelope was Etta's reply to the invitation; her mother conveyed it into the library, where Mr. Fennecker was taking a last hurried, standing glance at the *Times* newspaper.

"I am afraid Etta has been writing to Lady Isabel," she said, "to refuse her invitation. I do not know what else she could have written about. Here is the letter!"

"That's evident," said Mr. Fennecker; "and a very good thing, I think."

"I am not quite sure of that," said the lady. "Lady Isabel is a very nice person; and I should rather like Etta to go there. It is a very good opening for her; and she will not go into society like her sisters."

"I have no patience with that sort of thing," Mr. Fennecker answered abruptly. "The girl is so full of '*notions*.' She *won't* go to balls, and she *will* do this, that, and the other. She ought not to be encouraged in such nonsense. Besides, I don't *like* Lady Isabel's way of doing things. Such a fuss about nothing, and quite stepping out of her place. Having coffee-rooms and meetings. I don't like it." This he said very impatiently, as he turned away.

Mrs. Fennecker was too shrewd to return the letter to the post-box; she put it in her pocket.

In the meantime Etta was putting on her hat and jacket, and had slipped out of the side glass door, that led her directly to the avenue, which again led her into the town. Going direct to the house of the young man who had been so ill, but who had now recovered and was at work again, she knocked at the door, and received a smiling welcome from the poor woman. She certainly looked very different. A neat shawl, a clean cap, and a dark wincey skirt, protected by a tidy apron, were only a portion of the external change.

In her face, already worn into seams, and furrows, and wrinkles, that told too plainly of many a past sorrow and many a present anxiety, there had dawned a look of hope; a smile of love played about her careworn features; in fact, the woman looked as though she knew she was cared for. If that were all, it was surely a point gained, in the happiness of at least *one* life. But it was not all. The blessing had gone further than this. You can discover it by her first sentence:

"O Miss Etta!" she was already saying, "my Bill do look for you so! That he do! He was sore about that he comed home just too late for your call o' Tuesday. Better, thank you," she continued in response to an inquiry after his health; "ever so much. But, miss," and here poor Mrs. Archer lowered her voice to a profound whisper, "I do feel afraid that he'll go back to them 'bominable public houses. Whatever shall I do?"

"Do you think he wants to go back to them?" asked Etta.

"Well, miss, I'm sure I don't know," said the woman. "He don't say much about nothin' o' that sort; but you see his father keeps on a-goin' to 'em. So, in coorse, the young'uns goes. That's how it is. They don't know no different. There wasn't any money comin' in to Bill, not for a long time, when he couldn't go to work, and then it war a good thing, for he had to keep hisself to hisself. But now, see, it's different. He gets his wages again."

"What could be done?" said Etta. "It would be a great pity if he were to begin going back to them again."

"Well, that's what I was goin' to say," responded Mrs. Archer. "If any one could stop him, you could, miss. He'd do *anything* for you. That he

would," she continued more earnestly, as she saw an incredulous look pass over her visitor's face. "I was thinking, perhaps, as how, if you was to come in to-morrow evening, after he's in from his work, he would be pleased to see you; and then, perhaps you'd say a word to him; and then maybe the father'd be in too."

This was by no means the first time that Etta had been asked to "say a word" to the men of this cottage; but the task offered to her was by no means an easy one. The "word" was the most difficult thing to say, and she generally shirked it by every means in her power. To-day she felt as though the duty were greater than it had been before, and as if something must be tried.

"Pray about it, Mrs. Archer," she said. "Ask God, in the name of His Son Jesus Christ, to keep your husband and sons from going to the public-house, and I am sure He will answer you. He answers *my* prayers, and I am sure He will answer yours."

"Your prayers is very different," responded the woman. "You're a young lady, and you know how to speak. I know very little about it, and I don't go to church nor nothing."

"Why don't you go?" said Etta; "you ought to go, I should think; and you might if you liked."

"Bless you, my dear!" said Mrs. Archer, forgetting all her manners. "I'd as soon go inside the Queen's palace, and a deal sooner! Why, them stiff pews—and then you're poked away right under the orgin gall'ry, or whatever they call it—and just a dinning, humming noise in your head the whole time. And you can't hear nothing the parson says—or not above half, anyways—and you can't understand half o' *that*. Leastways *we* can't."

"I am sorry for that," said Etta; "but I cannot stay any longer. I will just give you one text before I go;" and then she repeated in a clear soft voice, that had long ago won its way to this aching heart, "Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you."

Twice she said these words, reminding her listener that they were the Lord Jesus Christ's words, which could not be broken. And then she went on her way, leaving the poor mother with an eased heart, and a burden lightened by sympathy.

(To be continued.)

THE SAVIOUR LIFTED UP.

S. S. Lesson for June 5, Luke 23 : 32-46. Golden Text John 12 : 32. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

OUR theme for to-day is the Saviour lifted up, and we cannot but think of His own words, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life" (John 3 : 14, 15). The brazen serpent was made in the likeness of the destroying serpents which wrought such pain and death in the camp of Israel, and so "God, sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh: that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit" (Rom. 8 : 3, 4). We who believe "have borne the image of the earthy," and "we shall also bear the image of the heavenly" (1 Cor. 15 : 49); but Christ for our sakes bore the image of the earthy, and more still, bore the imputation of all our sins that He might make it possible for us to bear the image of the heavenly. "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them" (2 Cor. 5 : 19), "because the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

Who among us can form any conception of what it was for Him "who knew no sin" (2 Cor. 5 : 21) when He, for our sakes, came in contact with, and adopted as His own, all the awful guilt of our sin; when He so incorporated Himself with us that His soul and body were given over to the consequences of sin, when disease set in upon His body, and He took our infirmities and bore our sicknesses (comp. Isa. 53 : 4; Matt. 8 : 17); when every form of iniquity, hypocrisy, impurity, pride, came pouring in upon His pure soul, and He must bear "our sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Pet. 2 : 24); surely here is a mystery of suffering and of shame which no words or thoughts can fathom, and it becomes us better to preserve silence.

The Son of Man was lifted up that He might draw all men unto Him. But O how different are the degrees in which men are drawn from sin, from the world, and from self to Him. Around the cross of our beloved Lord, as He hung there under the veiled heavens bearing our sins, there were many friends and foes. We read, "Now there stood by the cross of Jesus His mother, his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene" (John 19 : 25). These three women, Mary His pure virgin mother; the other Mary, the family woman, but yet the disciple of Jesus, and Mary Magdalene, the reclaimed sinner, stood, with the disciple whom Jesus loved, in the most conspicuous place among the multitude, not afraid to be known as belonging to Him. The raillery and mockery which was directed against Him must have fallen with almost equal force on them. The whole world was crucified to them, and they unto the world, by the cross of Jesus, where they stood. They had already left all to follow Him; they had turned their backs upon the world, and all which the world had to give, and in their eyes there was nothing else but Jesus. They had chosen Him, and in doing so their choice was exhausted, they had choice for nothing else, they had accepted Him, and in life or death, time or eternity, earth or Heaven, they wanted nothing else; they seem to have had neither fear nor shame. Surely these are the virgin souls who "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth" (Rev. 14 : 4)!

But in the 49th verse of our chapter we read that "all His acquaintance and the women that followed Him from Galilee stood afar off, beholding these things." Within sight, and yet afar off, looking on, but yet not running the risk of sharing in His suffering! Alas! this is the condition of many believers, many of Christ's acquaintance in our own day. They are not ashamed to receive from His hand the pardon of their sins, but nothing will induce them to do that which they think will make them singular; they would rather stand among the multitude who do not believe in Him, undistinguishable from them, than take such a position of unworldliness and self-renunciation as to be looked upon as peculiar for His sake. They have yet to learn the true self-renunciation which was the distinguishing mark of Christ Himself, and which is that of His true followers. How many among those who have found peace with God are afraid to dress simply, to live in a simple way, and to travel second or third class, because they are afraid of losing their position in society, and thus they have no money for the work of God, no time for Him, although He has done so much for them.

O how many must have been in this company; many eyes were there to which the touch of Jesus had given sight; many cleansed lepers perhaps were there; Simon of Bethany, in whose very house He had been staying, Martha, Lazarus, Bartimæus were probably there; the very disciples themselves were there, it was the credited company of believers among themselves. But only four were in that little unpopular inner circle who stood by the cross of Jesus. Had it been in our day, perhaps some of the best known Christians and even ministers would have been found standing afar off, *i.e.*, afar in comparison with the little group of four.

There were present also bitter enemies, "and, sitting down, they watched Him there." Men could sit down to see Him in His dying agony who had been known as the bringer of health, joy, sight, hearing, peace, love, and comfort. What made them so furious? The most awful battle was raging which the universe ever witnessed, and those who did not take their part on His side, who through death was destroying "Him that hath the power of death, even the devil," were obliged to take their part with and be impelled by the wicked one. In their demoniac enmity to Jesus, "They wagged their heads, saying, Thou that destroyest the temple, and buildest it in three days, save thyself. If thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross. Likewise also the chief priests mocking Him, with the scribes and elders, said, He saved others; Himself He cannot save. If He be the King of Israel, let Him now come down from the cross, and we will believe Him" (Matt. 27 : 39-42). O it was true, "He saved others, Himself He cannot save." Himself He would not save; for He came to give Himself, that He might teach us to give ourselves. His enemies could not understand how He could possess the power to save others and fail to use that power to save Himself; it was beyond the range of their conceptions, there was nothing in their hearts to answer to it. The Lord teach us the great lesson of Christ-likeness to save others but not to save ourselves! What if He had accepted the blasphemous challenge of His enemies? what if He had taken them at their word? Then the whole work of man's salvation would have been at an end, and would have come to naught. But He bore with these blasphemers, for "knowing all things that should come upon Him," He had said, "If any man speak a word against the Son of Man it shall be forgiven him" (Matt. 12 : 32).

Besides these open enemies there were present the mercenaries who executed the sentence of the chief priests. With them gain was the great object, they were paid to do it; and these were they who parted His garments among them before He who wore them had breathed His last. Such are they whose only thought is for their own fleshly needs and desires, who do not think enough of Jesus to be personally against Him, but are ready for the sake of gain to go to any length of persecution against Christ and His people. No better than these were they of whom it is written, And all the people that came together to that sight, beholding the things which were done, smote their breasts and returned." Ready they were for any excitement. One day they were crying "Hosannah to the Son of David!" another day "Crucify Him!" Now they smite their breasts, and soon they will be helping in the stoning of Stephen. These are such as are swayed by every popular movement, do as every one else does, but never come to personal contact with God, and thus lose their own souls.

Finally, we come to the two malefactors, "who were crucified with Him." In the first instance both reviled Him, and both of them "cast in His teeth" what the chief priests had said (Matt. 27 : 44). But afterward Jesus said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." It was probably these words of intercession, His unhindered saving of others which came with convincing power upon the dying thief. "One of the malefactors which were hanged railed on Him, saying, If thou be Christ, save thyself and us. But the other answering rebuked him, saying, Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss." It is a marvellous thing that among the multitudes who had heard Jesus, and been healed by Him; that among the twelve and the seventy who had been sent forth by Him to preach and to heal; that even among the faithful women who had followed Him from Galilee, not one spoke in the defence of Jesus in His dying hour, but this malefactor. He then made a personal appeal to Him; he alone in that hour called Jesus Lord. "Lord," he said, "remember me when thou comest into Thy kingdom." It may be that this man had stood some time in the outskirts of the crowd when Jesus was preaching, or it may be that the earnest cry of the seventy had reached his ears, "the Kingdom of God is come nigh unto you." Anyway now he knew that Jesus was a King, and that He had a kingdom which was not from hence, and the poor sinner was willing to cast in his lot with Jesus. This was mighty faith, for, with the exception of the four who looked, perhaps utterly helpless in their grief, there stood no man by Jesus, and yet the thief had faith to believe in Him. His own twelve had forsaken Him and fled, but the thief clung to Him. "To-day," said the Master, "shalt thou be with me in Paradise." One other, an unbeliever till now, stood there, the centurion, a Roman, and when he saw that Jesus with His last breath commended His Spirit to His Father, "He glorified God, saying, Certainly this was a righteous man."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Second Reading of the Irish Land Bill was agreed to in the British House of Commons on May 20th, by a vote of 352 to 176. This vote, according to the doctrines of British Parliamentary usage, is an expression of *approval of the principle of the bill.* It often happens that members vote for a second reading of a measure which they think defective or impracticable in its details, and these defects they have an opportunity of correcting in its later stages. Thus it is possible that the organization of the arbitration courts, the length of the leases, and other details may undergo alteration before the Land Bill finally passes the House of Commons.

The second reading was energetically opposed by the Conservatives, one of whom expressed his conviction that portions of the bill were revolutionary. He said the proposal to take away the landlords' rights without compensation was confiscation, and concluded by expressing hostility to what he characterized as the greatest and most unhallowed act of public confiscation ever attempted by any statesman in a civilized country. In spite of this opposition the bill was approved by a vote of two to one in a full house.

How Much Sincerity there is in Mr. Parnell's pretensions as a patriot may be learned by the fact that he refused to aid the Government in passing the measure. He has been posing as the friend of the Irish people for a long time, yet when Mr. Gladstone devised a scheme for their benefit which was so thorough as to be denounced as revolutionary, he and eighteen of his friends walked ostentatiously out of the House instead of remaining to vote for it. The spectacle excited derisive laughter in the generally grave and decorous assembly. This act of Mr. Parnell's may be advantageously considered by the confiding people in this country who are sending him so much money. His excuse for not voting for the bill was that it was not sufficiently sweeping in its provisions; but even he would probably admit that it grants all and perhaps more than all there is any possibility of the Parliament conceding. What Mr. Parnell desires may be learned from his speech in Parliament. He urged the Government to "transplant the surplus population to land capable of improvement, *find employment for the people and create* an increased supply of food, instead of getting out of the difficulty by promoting emigration." He said one of the great reasons why Irish enterprise was so kept down was that Ireland is under the curse of foreign rule, and until the English rulers are cleared out, bag and baggage, there would be little hope for the Irish people. Such a scheme is Utopian. It is the idea of paternal government reduced to an absurdity. The man who advocates such a scheme is a visionary, not a statesman.

The Proposal of Russia and Germany to Hold an International Council with a view to devising methods of putting down Nihilism and Socialism has not been favorably received. One of the methods suggested was to facilitate the extradition of political offenders, and thus do away with what is known as the "right of asylum," at the request of the power against which the offence had been committed. The Government of France declined to unite in the council, and Earl Granville, the British Foreign Secretary, stated in Parliament that from no sympathy with Nihilism, her Majesty's Government declined to participate in a conference, believing it would have no practical result, and that for the Government to join it, would not be agreeable to either Parliament or the country. He believed that the powers the English Government possessed under existing laws were adequate to punish persons guilty of inciting to murder.

Serious Danger Exists of an Armed Outbreak in Ireland, as the result of the many evictions now taking place. A desperate fight occurred on Saturday last at New Pallas, where 400 soldiers and 100 police were dispatched to aid a sheriff in making seizures and serving processes of eviction. On their arrival it was discovered that the people had left their homes and had taken possession of *a large castle upon the estate*, which they had loopholed and put into a state of defence and rendered impregnable except against artillery. The military and police were fired upon from the castle, and volleys of stones were thrown. Several soldiers were severely wounded. They had their guns loaded, but they received no order to fire. They, however, used their sword-bayonets, batons, and rifle butts, and several desperate, and, it is supposed, fatal wounds were inflicted. The force returned to Limerick without having accomplished anything. The whole district is almost in a state of insurrection. Orders have been given to the Scots Guards in Dublin to hold themselves in readiness to go south at an hour's notice.

A Roman Catholic priest named Sheehy has been arrested under the Coercion Act. He has taken a leading part in inciting the people to acts of violence, and was extremely popular with the lower classes. His arrest has caused intense excitement. It is believed that he was instigated by the League to provoke his own arrest, in order to arouse the religious feelings of the peasants against the Government.

The Plague in Mesopotamia is still Raging. Reports from the Sanitary Commission say the mortality in Nedjef was 56 per day for the week ending May 2d. Four thousand inhabitants are dispersed in camps completely isolated. These camps are now free from plague, as are also the localities of Elzayad and Djara, whence the disease was originally propagated. The remaining inhabtiants of Nedjef will leave shortly, when the officials hope to completely destroy all the latent germs of the epidemic.

Turkey Obstinately Refuses to Yield the Ceded territory to Greece, or rather the Sultan attaches so many onerous conditions to the cession that Greece is justified in rejecting them. The ambassadors have at last lost patience with the Sultan, and blandly informed him that he must either cease to obstruct the process of surrender or be prepared to take the consequences. This step was taken on the advice of Mr. Goschen, the British minister, and it may prove effective, as the Sultan knows he has nothing to hope from the British Government while Mr. Gladstone is in power.

The Attack of France upon Tunis Continues to cause anxiety to European statesmen. The treaty the Bey of Tunis signed under compulsion does not so much provide for the preponderance of French influence at Tunis as for the exclusion of the influence of all other powers. It provides that French occupation will cease when the Bey has shown that he can insure the security of his frontier, but the phrase is so vague that it is generally considered equivalent to annexation. Both Turkey and Italy protest against the conduct of France, and if either power were strong enough would probably declare war. As it is, there is a strained feeling prevalent which in the present condition of Europe is ominous of future trouble.

It seems probable that France, influenced by a desire to allay the unfavorable impressions produced in England by the conclusion of the Tunisian treaty, and to show the price she sets on the maintenance of friendly relations with England, is disposed to make concessions in the question of the commercial treaty.

The Young Czar of Russia is Apparently Opposed to granting a constitution. An impression prevailed that the concession had been definitely agreed upon, and the fact that General Loris Melikoff was appointed President of the Council confirmed the impression. Last week the cable announced the resignation, for unknown reasons, of General Melikoff and the appointment of General Ignatieff to succeed him. The change creates great uneasiness in political circles, being direct evidence of the Czar's intention to continue absolutism. General Ignatieff has addressed a circular to the governors of the provinces announcing the views of the Government on the internal condition of the country. The circular refers to the irreligious education of the youth, the inactivity of the authorities, the indifference of many holders of public offices to the general welfare, and their avaricious management of the public property. "Herein," says the note, "is to be found the explanation of the painful fact that the great reforms introduced by the last Government did not yield the full benefit the deceased emperor had a right to expect. The first task to be accomplished is the extirpation of the spirit of rebellion, which society must counteract of its own initiative. The second task is to strengthen faith and morals.

There is no hint that the Government of Russia will be anything other than a despotism, and the Nihilists have in consequence announced their resolve to continue their plots.

The Persecution of Russian Jews Continues. Some Hebrew families have already fled from Russia, and others are depositing their valuables in the banks. Numerous Hebrew fugitives are arriving at Warsaw from all parts of Russia. Many of them will emigrate to America. The Vienna *Presse* says the Galician corn merchants have received an urgent warning to withdraw the grain stored in Russia, as there is danger of *general plunder and destruction.* A newspaper correspondent at St. Petersburg writes of the outrages: At Podwalyska several peasants were killed. Four grain warehouses and nearly all the buildings around the railway station were burned. At all the stations along the Southeastern Railway houses were plundered and burned. The Austrian frontier towns are crowded with fugitives. At Odessa the plundering is continued. The rich Jews have fled, and the poor ones are in a pitiable condition. The Jewish quarter of the town looks as if it had been sacked by Tartars.

Two Strong Shocks of Earthquake Occurred at Chios, the scene of the terrible disaster of April 3d, on Friday last, and several houses were thrown down. The correspondent who telegraphs the intelligence gives no further details, but adds that the suffering among the people is very great.

A Puzzled Cardinal.—In the New Report of the Chiesa Libera, or Free Church of Italy, is related a fact from Bologna which truly depicts the existing division of opinion on religious questions in Italian families. A lad of thirteen who had been long unwell fell seriously ill. The father is an unbeliever, but a bigot for the sake of gain. He ran and called the priest, but the boy, educated in the Evangelical Sunday-school, would neither look at priest nor crucifix. The mother, who is an Evangelical, called her minister, and from that time there was a constant going and coming of minister and priest, without the two ever meeting. At last the boy died, and the husband, angry at the Protestant minister having been called in, summoned his wife before the Archbishop Cardinal Parocchi. Alas! for the poor Cardinal. Exhorting the mother to abjure the Gospel and to return to the bosom of the Church, he had to listen to such replies from that courageous woman as to make him glad to dismiss her without her signature to any document which might be used against her in a civil court. She obtained a complete victory, and is now permitted to worship in accordance with her Protestant convictions.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) for May may be obtained at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Price six cents.

"Coming Wars," by the Rev. M. Baxter. Two Pamphlets; price five cents each by mail. *First Pamphlet* contains "Ten signs of the End, and Description of Approaching Events;" with two maps of the territory to be under Antichrist's rule and four large diagrams. *Second Pamphlet* contains valuable quotations from twenty-six Expositors on the same subject. Address, with price enclosed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

The Following Works by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon are for sale at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Office at prices much below what they can be obtained for else where. Remittances must accompany orders. *John Ploughman's Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; cloth, 60 cents. *The Treasury of David*, a homiletica exposition of the book of Psalms, four vols., as far as Psa. 103, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon Birth-Day Book.* This popular gift-book contains a suitable passage selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every day in the year, with a blank space opposite for autographs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon appear at their respective birthdays. The book is gorgeously bound, and the price is 75 cents. Remittances should accompany orders.

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NED WRIGHT, THE CONVERTED BURGLAR.

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"LET the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." Such is the message which the man familiarly known in London as Ned Wright, carries into the haunts of sin in the British metropolis. God has, he believes, committed to his charge those Ishmaelites of society whose hand is against every man and every man's against them. It is to the burglar, the pickpocket, the jail-birds of all kinds that Ned Wright directs his message. There is evidence in his success that the mission enjoys the favor of God. It is manifest that he was selected as a special instrument for the work. Violent, passionate, desperate, well acquainted, by sad experience, with the temptation and sorrow of a criminal's life, Wright, in speaking to a man in jail, or just released, knows exactly how to address him. He can recall his own sensations at a like period of his own life, and can remember how he was affected at the time. The message of God is many-sided, though its end is one; it has words for every season, and he best serves his Master, who, taught by the Spirit, selects at the fit season the word of entreaty and of love or the word of stern warning and reproof. Thus the quick perception and sympathy experience gives has aided the ex-burglar and he wins his way to hearts which would be closed to more eloquent but less judicious appeals.

He was born in that depraved region of London called Lambeth, on July 28th, 1836, and is now nearly *forty-five years of age*. His father was a journeyman barge-builder, and until his conversion was occasionally intemperate. This momentous event was effected in the following manner:

CONVERSION OF NED WRIGHT'S FATHER.

The banks of the Thames being much lower than at present, the high tides caused considerable inconvenience and dismay. On one occasion the tide was very high, and, with the exception of a female lodger, Mrs. Wright and Ned, then little more than an infant, were in their house in Pitt's Place alone. The water began to run in by the doorway, and soon covered the floor, when Mrs. Wright cried for assistance to a man who came in a boat down the court. He, however, rowed on to the rescue of his own family, and Mrs. Wright was compelled to entreat the services of the lodger upstairs, and offered to forego all claims for rent if she would rescue her and her child. This was done, although the water in the room reached above her knees, and rose yet higher before the tide began to fall.

Ned's father had endeavored to make his way home by holding on to the railings outside New Park Street Chapel (subsequently the scene of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's early ministry in London), and walking along the brickwork. Suddenly, however, the top of the railings gave way, and he, falling into the water, had to wade through it to reach home. Soon after this incident, impelled by motives of curiosity, he ventured with his wife into the chapel, where the late Rev. James Smith, the well-known author of several devotional publications, was preaching. *Both were that evening converted to God*, the father ceased from his drunken habits, the Bible was daily read as a message from God, and at every meal a blessing was sought upon the provision of the table.

JUVENILE ESCAPADES AND PERILS.

As a boy Ned was noted for insensibility to danger, and on one occasion he was *nearly drowned* while playing at the edge of the river. He was taken home insensible, and appeared to be dying. But God spared his life. Having shortly afterward recovered from a severe attack of whooping-cough, his *daring* seemed to grow with his growing strength. He soon showed a propensity for *fighting*, and on one occasion, when quarrelling with a neighbor's child, recollects striking her. That same child grew up to be the wife of her youthful assailant.

From fighting he proceeded to other feats of juvenile irregularity. Though he was taken to chapel, admitted into the Sunday-school, accompanied his father on his rounds as a tract-distributer, and often heard his father pray at the meetings held in his house, yet his disposition to evil increased. He could not be kept at school; whatever school he entered he was repeatedly reprimanded for bad conduct, and ultimately expelled. Having once *spent his school fees* with his companions upon curds and whey and cake, he was chastised by his father, and while he was being punished a woman expressed her satisfaction therewith. This aroused his ire, and vowing vengeance against her, he resolved to throw a large knife at her. In attempting to carry out his malevolent design, he fell with his head against a brick wall, making a deep gash, *the scar of which remains* to this day. About this time, too, young Ned was suffering from what was thought to be an incurable liver disease, and the doctors believed that even if he reached the age of fourteen, he would never see the year of his majority.

Ned's father finding employment in the neighborhood of London, the family removed thither, and Ned was sent to school. But he was found to be as hardened and incorrigible as before, and proved to be a source of deepening anxiety to his father. With the view to deliver his son from his bad companions, the father found work and removed to Rotherhithe. Here Ned was sent to a Wesleyan Sunday-school, and was so impressed by witnessing the death of a scholar that hopes were entertained of a favorable change in the lad's feelings. The impression did not last long, and one evening he took one of his mother's brass candlesticks, hid it in the yard, struck it with a hammer against a stone, which doubled it up, then took it to a ragshop and sold it as old brass.

THE EVIL INFLUENCE OF "JACK SHEPPARD."

Ned now only required a little stimulus to make him a skilful and habitual thief, and this he found one evening at a theatre where the play of *Jack Sheppard* was being performed. It was his first visit to a theatre, and his vitiated tastes were aroused to enthusiasm. "I was not a little startled at the glaring gas and scenery," says Ned; "and as I watched the performance, I well remember how often I fancied I could have got over the top of the walls of that house as well as Jack Sheppard did, and *I am sure I was taught that night a way to thieve, and escape without being caught, that I was not acquainted with before.*"

SENT TO SEA.

His father now thought that a little rough sea-life would do him good, and prevailed upon a pilot to get his unruly Ned into a ship in the coal trade. As the boy had learned to row with some skill, the captain consented, and so he proceeded on board the "Ann of Hartlepool," which place was to be her destination.

The voyage promised to be pleasant and satisfactory, as it was a beautiful day when he first stepped upon the vessel's deck. Up to the time of reaching Gravesend Ned had been running about the rigging liked a wild cat, when a breeze suddenly setting in, the ship rolled heavily, and the young sailor fell very sick, and thought it was his fate to die. Added to the pangs of a troubled conscience, he had to bear the reproaches of the captain and the men, who likened him to Jonah, and *offered to make some whale a present of him*. This, as may be imagined, greatly disturbed him, for he clearly remembered the story of Jonah, which he had heard in the Sabbath-school at Rotherhithe.

The captain and the men left the ship with a broom at her mast-head, signifying that she was for sale, Ned remaining on board, eating the remains of tough "salt junk" and biscuits. "At the end of a week," he says, "having visited several ships, whose men very kindly gave me a little to eat, I was compelled from destitution to beg my way from door to door in the town of Hartlepool. This lasted for about ten days, when I at length persuaded the captain of a vessel, called the "Stokesley of Stockton," to give me a passage to London; but we had only just fairly got out to sea when I again fell a victim to sea-sickness."

The lad was put ashore at Woolwich, and having picked up a small sailor's chest, he resolved to sell it. At the Arsenal gates he was stopped by several policemen, who demanded to know what he had inside the chest upon his shoulder; but ultimately he was allowed to pass, and after selling the box in the town he walked on to London and reached his home. Work was procured him by his father, and for a few weeks he conducted himself with propriety, bringing home the money he earned, and resolving to labor honestly and with diligence, but his good resolutions were soon forgotten.

Unhappily, he was surrounded by evil companions, who rejoiced in his daring spirit, and urged him to attempt bolder deeds of wrong than he had yet committed. He again lost his employment, and so was thrown more hopelessly into the path of ruin. The restrictions of home became increasingly irksome; his father's admonitions and prayers made him wretched, and he longed to get away from those who sought so earnestly and persistently to restrain him in his evil courses.

SEIZED WITH AN ATTACK OF CHOLERA.

During one of his adventures he was seized with cholera, and though he felt himself to be an outcast and a vagabond, and unworthy to enter his mother's house, yet where could he go but to that home which he should never have left? But to his surprise his father had removed to Bankside. The distance from Rotherhithe was considerable, but it must be walked, and that quickly, for fear the police, who knew him well, might arrest him upon some charge. Never did he feel his loneliness more than at that hour. His anguish was so great that he felt like a maniac, and presently reaching his mother's door, he fell helplessly on the step. His groans awakened his mother, and he was soon inside the house. He received the kindest treatment, without one word of reproach, and *he resolved* for the future that he would act differently. But his old habits had a stronger hold upon him than his mother's affection.

A DROWNING COMPANION.

One summer's day, shortly after his recovery, while he was attending to some pitch that was being boiled on the shore of the river, several of his companions came down to bathe. The tide was fast ebbing, and the shore was getting dry; however, fearing the police, they got into a coal-barge and undressed themselves. One lad, more venturesome than the rest, named Larney, made for the stern, where the water was deep, and where a rope hung over the side of the barge. Larney was one of those fierce young spirits whom no discipline could tame, and had gained an unenviable notoriety in Rotherhithe as *an incorrigible thief*, liar, and blackguard; even his own associates both feared and disliked him, although he was regarded as their leader.

Knowing that he could not swim, they warned him of his danger, but with a volley of oaths he requested to be let alone. Again they warned him, but his only reply was, "I'll chance it." He was holding on to the rope, when suddenly it slipped, and he fell into the water and sank to the bottom. Immediately the cry was raised, "A lad overboard!" The cry for help aroused the watermen who were lounging about, including Ned, who, leaving his pitch-pot, ran hurriedly to the scene. When he arrived there he found that Larney had sunk a second time. Ned, without taking off any of his clothes, plunged into the river, and diving beneath seized the drowning lad as he was again sinking.

The moment Larney felt the touch of his rescuer's hand he laid hold of him, placing his arms and legs around Ned's, leaving him powerless either to help himself or Larney. It was a critical moment, requiring great self-possession, determination, and skill, and a desperate effort which only a strong man could make. But Ned was equal to

it. Having successfully struggled to get his legs free, he made another effort to disengage himself from the lad's death-hug, and as he was losing his consciousness, his body was seen to rise to the surface. Some watermen seized him by the hair, and dragged him in an insensible state to a boat; but Larney was drowned.

ENLISTS AS A SOLDIER.

Having spent twenty-one days on the treadmill of old Brixton Prison for some offence, he determined to become *a soldier*, and enlisted under an assumed name; but the new kind of life and treatment he received soon disgusted the raw recruit, and he seized the first opportunity to desert. For a time he settled down quietly, but the old spirit of lawless rebellion remained within him, and once again he sought his former companions. The irresistible charms of a bonfire on the 5th of November won him fairly into the enchanted circle he had for a time forsaken; and it was while in the old society, witnessing the commemoration of "Guy Fawkes' Day" that a quarrel arose between him and a young man, which it was decided should be fought out between them. The fight continued for an hour, and at the close Wright was pronounced the victor.

A FIGHT IN THE PRIZE-RING.

This victory led him to take an interest in pugilism, and after a time he entered the prize-ring as a regular pugilist. His fight with Harry Cooper, which in many of his addresses to the lowest classes, Ned has described as lasting for two hours and a quarter, has left upon him, in the shape of *a broken nose*, a memento that he will carry to his grave. He was, however, proclaimed the conqueror. He was taken to a public-house, and at first it was feared he would lose his sight; "my head being like a pumpkin, it was so very much swollen." He had hardly arrived at the house when his poor mother, fearful lest he should be hurried from such a dreadful scene into eternity, took him home and continued to keep him until he got better.

Shortly after he was committed to Newgate, and was sentenced to three months' imprisonment with hard labor at the Wandsworth New Model Prison.

Ned Wright says of this circumstance, "On arriving at Newgate I proceeded up the stairs into

THE DOCK.

This being my first appearance at the Central Criminal Court, I seemed for a moment confused, and as one witness after another appeared to give evidence against me, the chain of which was so firmly linked together that, when their testimony was complete, the jury returned a verdict of 'guilty,' without leaving their box." The three months having expired he issued forth from the huge iron gates, with so awful a feeling of isolation in the midst of life, that it made him wretched and despairing. He had not taken many steps before he espied an aged, gray-headed man, with a bundle under his arm, walking steadily toward the prison. Ned's heart sank within him as he saw it was his own father, who was carrying *the best robe* he could afford to his prodigal son.

Those were quick steps that the ragged prodigal son took to go to his father and ask for his forgiveness. "Yes, I forgive you," he tearfully exclaimed, "but don't do it again, or you will send me and your poor mother with our gray hairs sorrowing to the grave." And so they walked, silent and sorrowful, to a neighboring coach-house yard, where Ned speedily exchanged his old rags for the brand-new clothes provided by a father's love.

Various interesting incidents we have not space to describe took place in Ned Wright's history between the event just recorded and his conversion. We now proceed to narrate the circumstances which happily culminated in Ned's becoming "a new creature in Christ Jesus."

CONVERTED AT A THEATRE.

He was under an engagement to fight a well-known pugilist named Jack Connelly when Easter Day—the most memorable day in his life—arrived. After tea he informed his wife of the projected prize-fight, and invited her to accompany him to Pimlico, so that if any of his companions should call that night, with a view of persuading him to drink, he might escape a temptation that would materially interfere with his training and prospects of success in the approaching encounter. The children were put to bed, and the parents commenced their walk.

Husband and wife had not proceeded far toward Westminster Bridge when they were accosted by a boy, who, handing them a small bill, informed them that a working-man was announced to speak at Astley's Theatre that evening, the particulars of which he could read for himself. "But," said Ned, "though I can read a little, I can't manage such small type as that." The lad, therefore, read aloud the bill, and when he got to the words, "All seats free; no collection," Ned, nudging his wife, whispered, "That will do for us, there's nothing to pay."

The address was an impassioned appeal, full of references to the sublimities of heaven, the terrors of hell, the nearness of death, and the certainty of a judgment day. To Ned it was but an idle tale, and, rather wearied by the sermon, he was about to leave the building, when *his attention was suddenly arrested by the preacher falling upon his knees*, and praying so earnestly that Ned was constrained to listen.

"While praying," he says, "for all runaway children, I could not help believing that he meant *me;* and here came an urgent appeal that God would save the young men who were sending their fathers' and mothers' gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. After this prayer he cried with a loud voice, '*Young man, where will you spend eternity?*' All my past history rose up before my mind, even from my very boyhood. Then came the thought that I was unprepared to die, and I remembered the preacher's words, 'The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God.' This all tended to harrow my feelings, until at last I swooned."

It was while in this partly unconscious state that *a vision* seemed to bring to him all the lessons of truth he had heard during his life. When he came back to consciousness he was standing against a column, the perspiration streaming from his brow, and tears were channelling his cheeks. The service was over, the preacher had left the stage, and was speaking to those who accepted his call to remain for religious conversation. Ned was about to leave the building, when he was accosted by *a young man, who read and explained to him John* 3:16, and endeavored to make plain to him the way of salvation. The Holy Spirit was moving in his heart and in that of his wife, and that night both of them gave themselves to God.

Since that day sixteen years have passed, but Wright looks back to it as his spiritual birthday. It was not possible with his temperament to hold his peace about the great change God had worked in his soul. He diligently sought further knowledge of the gospel, and as he learned he resolved to impart to others. Gradually, as he was led by God, he commenced the work which is at present actually in progress and which is very extensive and generally interesting. It divides itself into three leading branches, each of which is very valuable. First a private work among thieves; second, the work which centres around the Christian Workers' Hall, and, third, the outside evangelistic work.

The first is a branch most difficult to describe, and even Ned speaks guardedly on the subject lest his means of usefulness should be abridged by his being regarded as an informer. From the time of his conversion Ned Wright felt that he must get at his old companions, men with whom he had spent so much time in prison. The *bonâ fide* criminals were not to be reached by gospel services, however rough the class attracted. Hence *suppers were given, at which the invited guests were solely convicted thieves.* Considerable success attended these efforts, and arrangements were made whereby lodgings would be given to those desirous of earning an honest livelihood. Christian men of business kindly co-operated, and thus hundreds have been drafted from the actual criminal classes, placed in situations, and are now quietly and steadily at work, giving satisfaction to their employers, and gradually gaining for themselves a good character. Of course there have been failures among these men; but many of them are devoted followers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

In many ways Mr. Wright is at work among the thieves, establishing an influence over them, gaining their confidence, and ever holding before them the fact that he seeks their highest good, the salvation of their immortal souls. His own quaint but forcible words to a man who had been sentenced illustrate the character of his testimony to such: "Now, old fellow, you'll have to work while you're away (*i.e.* in the convict prison); better work outside honestly. And mind you, there's One that died because He loved you."

The middle section of the lower portion of our frontispiece gives a representation of

ONE OF THE NUMEROUS TEA-MEETINGS

held in the Hall, George Street, Camberwell, which is the centre of Mr. Wright's Christian enterprises; and *the right hand corner of the lower portion* of our front picture indicates the

ROUGH TREATMENT IN BILLINGSGATE FISH MARKET

he once received at the hands of some carriers and laborers. Early one morning he took his stand there in a conspicuous position, and began to tell the good news of salvation. Missiles of all kinds had been thrown at him for some time while he was speaking, but he continued unmoved. At length a fish-carrier from behind placed

A BUSHEL BASKET ON THE PREACHER'S HEAD

amidst the uproarious laughter of the bystanders, and the service was brought to an abrupt conclusion, not, however, before evidence was given in the anxious looks of many that their attention had been successfully directed to the things of God.

His sale of Bibles and other religious publications, the mission-rooms he has opened in several localities in London, his teas, thieves' suppers, and mothers' meetings, and a variety of other Christian agencies he has set on foot, have produced and are still producing results which cannot be too highly estimated, and which will be known in their full extent only on the great day of account.

Gavazzi's Church and the Friar.—At the bridge of St. Angelo, in Rome, is the church in which Signor Gavazzi preaches Christ to his fellow-countrymen. Signor Conti, the accomplished assistant of Gavazzi at this church, last year accepted *the challenge of a friar* who had denounced the Protestants, and had printed the leading points of his accusation in a Papal organ. Placards were issued, and crowds gathered, but *the friar was absent.* An open door was then accorded to Conti, who carried on a series of conferences amid crowded audiences; of one of these we have to relate the immediate success. A Roman Catholic, who was a listener, had declared to an inquirer his indifference to all religion. Shortly after he was taken ill and carried to the hospital, where he was visited by the priest and a friar. To these he said, "I want neither priest nor friar, nor what they administer. I trust in the love of Christ and His death for sinners. Call the Evangelical minister *at the bridge of St. Angelo*, or otherwise let me die in peace."

A Conversion at Dundee, Scotland, is Reported in connection with the meetings of Major Whittle and Mr. McGranahan. One man who was looking inward to his own faith, and expecting a feeling of belief, instead of simply accepting as true the bare testimony of the Word about sin put away, was suddenly recalled from his introspection by the Christian worker who was dealing with him remarking, "There is *a ribbon-marker* in my Bible," at the same moment covering the end of it with his hand. "Is there?" said the man. "Yes. Shall I show it you, or will you take my word for it?" "Oh, I believe your word," said the inquirer. "What! without seeing it or feeling it?" "Yes." "Well," said the worker, raising his hand, and letting the ribbon be seen, "there it is. If you hadn't believed my bare word, it would have been there just the same, and you, believing me, did not make its presence there any more sure. The ribbon was there, whether you believed my word or whether you did not." The man grasped at the application, believed God's word and rejoiced in the assurance of sin forgiven.

THE DECORATION OF GRAVES.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Delivered Last Sunday Morning, May 29, 1881.

"The tower of David builded for an armory, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men."—SOLOMON'S SONG 4 : 4.

The Church an Armory—The Annual Decoration—An End to Acerbity—A Federal Soldier Saved by a Confederate Officer—The Gray and the Blue Blended at Last—The Twilight into the Day—What We Mean by Decoration Day—I. Instruction to a Whole Generation—Four Years of Blood—Waiting for News—The War a Needless Infliction—The Champion Curse of the Universe—II. Honor to Courage—More Backbone Needed in the Church—III. Honor to Self-Sacrifice—Remove the Epitaph "Unknown"—The Heathen Goddess on the Capitol—IV. The Future Defence of the Nation—Politicians Gnawing an Old Bone—Foreign Invasion May Come—Canada a Good Neighbor—V. The Beautification of the Tombs—A Quaint Inscription at Greenwood.

THE Church is here compared to an armory, the walls hung with trophies of dead heroes. Walk all about this tower of David and see the dented shields and the twisted swords and the rusted helmets of terrible battle. So we turn our church to-day into an armory adorned with memories of our departed braves. Blossom and bloom, O walls, with *stories of self-sacrifice*, the shadows gathered into this drapery typical of our grief for the dead, and the light clustered into these constellations symbolical of our national deliverance. You see it is not the blackness of darkness, but night with stellar illumination.

By unanimous decree of the people of the United States of America, the graves of all the Northern and Southern dead are every year decorated. All acerbity and bitterness have gone out of the national solemnity, and as the men and women of the South one month ago floralized the cemeteries and graveyards, so to-morrow we the men and women of the North shall put upon the tombs of our dead the kiss of patriotic affection. Bravery always appreciates bravery, though it fight on the other side; and if a soldier of the Federal army had been a month ago at Savannah he would not have been ashamed to march in the floral processions to the cemetery. And if to-morrow there be a Confederate soldier walking in Greenwood, he will be glad to put a sprig of heart's-ease on the silent heart of our dead.

In a battle during our last war, the Confederates were driving back the Federals, who were in swift retreat, when a Federal officer dropped wounded. One of his men stopped at the risk of his life, and put his arms around the officer to carry him from the field. Fifty Confederate muskets were aimed at the young man who was picking up the officer. But the Confederate captain shouted,

"HOLD! DON'T FIRE!

That fellow is too brave to shoot." And as the Federal officer, held up by his private soldier, went limping slowly, off the field, the Confederates gave *three cheers for the brave private;* and just before the two disappeared behind a barn, both the wounded officer and the brave private lifted their caps in gratitude to the Confederate captain.

Shall the Gospel be less generous than the world? We stack arms, the bayonet of our Northern gun facing this way, the bayonet of the Southern gun facing the other way, and as the gray of the morning melts into the blue of noon, so the typical gray and blue of old war times have blended at last, and they quote in the language of King James' translation without any revision: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." That you may act intelligently in this matter, I shall make this an ordination service to the beautiful ceremonies of to-morrow.

WHAT DO WE MEAN BY THIS GREAT OBSERVANCE?

I. First, we mean *instruction to one whole generation.* Subtract 1864, when the war ended, from our 1881 and you will realize what a vast number of people were born since the war, or were so young as to have no vivid appreciation. No one under twenty-six years of age has any adequate memory of that prolonged horror. Young man do you remember it? "Well," you say, "I only remember that mother swooned away while she was reading the newspaper, and that they brought my father home wrapped in the flag, and that a good many people came in the house to pray, and that mother faded away after that until again there were many people in the house, and they told me she was dead."

There are others who cannot remember the roll of a drum or the tramp of a regiment, or a sigh or a tear of that tornado of woe that swept the nation again and again until there was one dead in each house. Now it is the religious duty of those who do remember it to tell those who do not. My young friends, there were such *partings at rail-car windows* and steamboat wharves, and at front doors of comfortable homes as I pray God you may never witness. Oh, what a time it was, when fathers and mothers gave up their sons, never expecting to see them again, and never did see them again until they came back mutilated, and crushed, and dead!

FOUR YEARS OF BLOOD.

Four years of hostile experiences. Four years of ghastliness. Four years of grave-digging. Four years of funerals, coffins, shrouds, hearses, dirges. Mourning! mourning! mourning! It was hell let loose. What a time of *waiting for news!* Morning paper and evening paper scrutinized for intelligence from the boys at the front. First, announcement that the battle must occur the next day. Then the news of the battle's going on. On the following day still going on. Then news of 30,000 slain, and of the names of the great generals who had fallen, but no news about the private soldiers. Waiting for news! After many days a load of wounded going through the town or city, but no news from our boy. Then a long list of wounded and a long list of the dead, and a long list of the missing. And among the last list, *our boy.*

When missing? How missing? Who saw him last? Missing! Missing! Was he in the woods or by the stream? How was he hurt? Missing! missing! What burning prayers that he may yet be heard from. In that awful waiting for news many a life perished. The strain of anxiety was too great. That wife's brain gave way that first week after the battle, and ever and anon she walks the floor of the asylum or looks out of the window as though she expected some one to come along the path and up the steps, as she soliloquizes, "Missing! missing!"

What made matters worse, *all this might have been avoided.* There was no more need of that war than that this moment I should plunge a dagger through your heart. There were a few Christian philanthropists in those days, scoffed at both by North and South, who had the right of it. If they had been heard on both sides we should have had no war and no slavery. It was advised by those Christian philanthropists, "Let the North pay in money for the slaves as property, and set them free." The North said, "We cannot afford to pay." The South said, "We will not sell the slaves anyhow." But the North did pay in war expenses enough to purchase the slaves, and the South was compelled to give up slavery anyhow. Might not the North better have paid the money and saved the lives of 500,000 brave men, and might not the South better have sold out slavery and saved her 500,000 brave men? I swear you by the graves of your fathers and brothers, and sons to a new hatred for

THE CHAMPION CURSE OF THE UNIVERSE—

war! O Lord God, with the hottest bolt of thine omnipotent indignation, strike that monster down forever and ever. Imprison it in the deepest dungeon of the eternal penitentiary. Bolt it in with all the iron ever forged in cannon or moulded into howitzers. Cleave it with all the sabres that ever glittered in battle, and wring its soul with all the pangs which it ever caused. Let it feel all the conflagration of the homesteads it ever destroyed. Deeper down let it fall, and in fiercer flame let it burn, till it has gathered into its heart all the suffering of eternity as well as time. In the name of the millions of graves of its victims, I curse it! The nations need more the spirit of treaty and less of the spirit of war, less of the Disraelian and more of the Gladstonian.

II. Again, by this national ceremony we mean to *honor courage.* Many of these departed soldiers were volunteers, not conscripts, and many of those who were drafted might have provided a substitute or got off on furlough or have deserted. The fact that they lie in their graves is proof of their bravery. Brave at the front, brave at cannon's mouth, brave on lonely picket duty, brave in cavalry charge, brave before the surgeon, brave in the dying message to the home circle. We to-morrow put a garland on the brow of courage. The world wants more of it.

The Church of God is in woeful need of men who can stand under fire. The lion of worldly derision roars and the sheep tremble. In great reformatory movements at the first shot how many fall back! The great obstacle to the Church's advancement is the inanity, the vacuity, the soft prettiness, *the namby-pambyism of professed Christians.* Great on a parade, cowards in battle. Afraid of getting their plumes ruffled, they carry a parasol over their helmet. They go into battle not with warriors' gauntlet but with kid gloves, not clutching the sword-hilt too tight lest the glove split at the back. Deliver us from a womanish man, his hair done up with curling tongs, and his feet going with girlish steps, nothing wanting but pantalets.

In all our reformatory and Christian work the great want is *more backbone,* more mettle, more daring, more prowess. We would in all our churches like to trade off a hundred do-nothings for one do-everything. "Quit yourselves like men: be strong."

"Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

III. Again, we mean by this national observance to

HONOR SELF-SACRIFICE

for others. To all these departed men home and kindred were as dear as our home and kindred are to us. Do you know how they felt? Just as you and I would feel starting out to-morrow morning with nine chances out of ten against our returning alive; for the intelligent soldier sees not only battle ahead but malarial sickness and exhaustion. Had these men chosen, they could have spent last night in their homes, and to-day have been seated where you are. They chose the camp, not because they liked it better than their own house, and followed the drum and fife, not because they were better music than the voices of the domestic circle. South Mountain and Murfreesboro, and the swamps of Chickahominy were *not play-grounds.*

These heroes risked and lost all for others. There is no higher sublimity than that. To keep three quarters for ourselves and give one quarter to others is honorable. To divide even with others is generous. To keep nothing for ourselves and give all for others is magnanimity Christ-like. Put a girdle around your body and then measure the girdle and see if you are fifty or sixty inches round. And is that the circle of your sympathies—the size of yourself? Or, to measure you around the heart would it take a girdle large enough to encircle the land and encircle the world? You want to know what we dry theologians mean when we talk of vicarious suffering. Look at the soldiers' graves to-morrow and find out. Vicarious! pangs for others, wounds for others, homesickness for others, blood for others, sepulchre for others.

Those who visit the national cemeteries to-morrow at Arlington Heights and at Richmond and Gettysburg will see one inscription on soldiers' tombs oftener repeated than any other—Unknown. When, six or seven years ago, I was called to deliver the oration at Arlington Heights, Washington, I was not as much impressed with the minute guns that shook the earth, or with the attendance of President and Cabinet and foreign ministers and generals of the army and commodores of the navy as with the pathetic and overwhelming suggestiveness of that epitaph on so many graves at my feet. Unknown! Unknown! It seems to

me that the time must come when the Government of the United States shall take off that epitaph. They are no more unknown! We have found them out at last. They are the beloved sons of the Republic.

Would it not be well to take *the statue of the heathen goddess* off the top of the Capitol at Washington (for I have no faith in the morals of a heathen goddess) and put one great statue in all our national cemeteries—a statue of liberty in the form of a Christian woman with her hand on an open Bible and her foot on the Rock of Ages, with the other hand pointing down to the graves of the unknown, saying, "These are my sons who died that I might live." Take off the misnomer. Everybody knows them. It is of comparatively little importance what was the name given them in baptism of water. In the holier and mightier baptism of blood we know them, and to-morrow the nation puts both arms around them and hugs them to her, crying, "Mine forever!"

IV. Again, by this national ceremony we mean the

FUTURE DEFENCE OF THIS NATION.

By every wreath of flowers on the soldiers' graves we say, "Those who die for the country shall not be forgotten," and that will give enthusiasm to our young men in case our nation should in the future need to defend itself in battle. We shall never have another war between North and South. The old decayed bone of contention, American slavery, has been cast out, although here and there a depraved politician takes it up to see if he can't gnaw something off it.

We are floating off farther and farther from the possibility of sectional strife. Rutherford B. Hayes wrought four years toward pacification, and President Garfield has no better man in his Cabinet than Secretary Hunt, of New Orleans, Louisiana. The great sectional contests which raged from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific for many years, has dwindled down and dwindled down till there is so little of it that a bear-garden at Albany to-day attracts the attention of all the nation.

No possibility of civil war. But about foreign invasion I am not so certain. When I spoke against war I said nothing against self-defence. An inventor told me the other day at Washington that he had invented a style of weapon which could be used in self-defence but not in aggressive warfare. I said, "When you get the nations to adopt that weapon you have introduced the millennium." I have no right to go on my neighbor's premises and assault him, but if some ruffian break into my house for the assassination of my family, and I can borrow a gun and load it in time and aim it straight enough, I will shoot him.

There is no room on this continent for any other nation—except Canada, and *a better neighbor no one ever had.* If you don't think so, go to Montreal and Toronto, and see how well they will treat you. Other than that there is absolutely no room for any other nation. I have been across the continent again and again, and know that we have not a half inch of ground for *the gouty foot of foreign despotism* to stand on. But I am not so sure that some of the arrogant nations of Europe may not some day challenge us. I do not know that those forts around New York Bay are to sleep all through the next century. I do not know that Barnegat lighthouse will not yet look off upon a hostile navy. I do not know but that a half dozen nations, envious of our prosperity, may want to give us a wrestle. During our civil war there were two or three nations that could hardly keep their hands off us. It is very easy to pick national quarrels, and if our nation escapes much longer it will be the exception.

IF FOREIGN FOE SHOULD COME,

we want men like those of 1812 and like those of 1862 to meet them. We want them all up and down the coast, Pulaski and Fort Sumter in the same chorus of thunder as Fort Lafayette and Fort Hamilton. Men who will not only know how to fight, but how to die. When such a time comes, if it ever does come, the generations on the stage of action will say, "My country will care for my family as they did in the soldiers' asylums for the orphans in the civil war, and my country will honor my dust as it honored those who preceded me in patriotic sacrifice, and once a year at any rate, on Decoration Day, I shall be resurrected into the remembrance of those for whom I died. Here I go for God and my country! Hurrah!"

If foreign foe should come, her old sectional animosities would have no power. Here go our regiments into the battle-field: Fifteenth New York volunteers, Tenth Alabama cavalry, Fourteenth Pennsylvania riflemen, Tenth Massachusetts artillery, Seventh South Carolina sharpshooters. And such a strong conjunction of officers: Blaine and Conkling and Garfield and Grant and Mahone and Cornell and Sherman, and all the stalwarts and half-breeds and full-bloods. I do not know but it may require the attack of some foreign foe to make us forget our absurd sectional wrangling. I have no faith in the cry, "No North, no South, no East, no West." Let all four sections keep their peculiarities and their preferences, each doing its own work and not interfering with each other, each of the four carrying its part in *the great harmony*—the bass, the alto, the tenor, the soprano—in the grand march of Union.

V. Once more, this great national ceremony means

THE BEAUTIFICATION OF THE TOMBS,

whether of those who fell in battle or accident, or who have expired in their beds or in our arms or on our laps. I suppose you have noticed that many of the families take this season as the time for the adornment of their family plots. This national observance has secured the arboriculture and floriculture of the cemeteries, the straightening up of many a slab planted thirty or forty years ago, and has swung the scythe through the long grass and has brought the stonecutter to call out the half-obliterated epitaph. This day is the benediction of the resting-place of father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister.

It is *all that we can do for them now.* Make their resting-places attractive, not absurd with costly outlay, but in quiet remembrance. You know how. If you can afford only one flower, that will do. It shows what you would do if you could. One blossom from you may mean more than the Duke of Wellington's catafalque. Oh, we cannot afford to forget them. They were so lovely to us. We miss them so much. We will never get over it. Blessed Lord Jesus, comfort our broken hearts. From every bank of flowers breathes promise of resurrection.

In olden times the Hebrews, returning from their burial place, used to pluck the grass from the field three or four times, then throw it over their heads, suggestive of the resurrection. We pick not the grass, but the flowers, and instead of throwing them over our heads we place them before our eyes, right down over the silent heart that once beat with warmest love toward us, or over the still feet that ran to service, or over the lips from which we took the kiss at the anguish of the last parting. O my glorified father! O my sainted mother! O my beloved brothers and sisters! O my son!

MY SON! MY SON!

If you pass to-morrow near the new entrance of Greenwood, you who knew him will find his new-made grave. If you go that way, drop a flower on that mound. Your grief is mine, and my grief is yours. But stop! We are not infidels. Our bodies will soon join the bodies of our departed in the tomb, and our spirits shall join their spirits in the land of the rising sun. We cannot long be separated. Instead of crying with Jacob for Joseph, "I will go down into the grave unto my son, mourning," let us cry with David, "I shall go to him."

On one of the gates of Greenwood is *the quaint inscription*, "A night's lodging on the way to the city of the New Jerusalem." Comfort one another with these words. May the hand of Him who shall wipe away all tears from all eyes wipe your cheek with its softest tenderness. The Christ of Mary and Martha and Lazarus will enfold you in his arms. The white-robed angels who sat at the tomb of Jesus will yet roll the stone from the door of your dead in radiant resurrection. The Lord Himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout and the voice of the archangel. So the Dead March in Saul shall become the Hallelujah Chorus.

SAVED BY A FEW DROPS OF WATER.

By the Rev. F. Wagstaff.

WE who belong to the Band of Hope are often laughed at for drinking water. "I'd drink something better than *water!*" is often the cry; and it may do us good to remember how useful a thing water is. I could tell you a thousand purposes that water serves, for which nothing else would do as well; but to-day I want to tell you a simple story of *how a few drops of water saved no less than five lives.*

It was in a coal mine, of which there are several near where I live. One day, while the men were at work in one of these they heard a noise like thunder, in a moment every lamp was out, and all were in total darkness. Part of the mine had fallen in, and the stones, and coal, and rubbish had made several of them prisoners. This was on a Tuesday morning. The men who were at the pit's mouth came and collected all that were safe, and when they counted they found five were missing—four men and one little boy.

The men resolved to do their best to save them, and getting lights they made their way as far as they could till they came to the mass of stones and rubbish that had fallen. Were the five poor fellows killed underneath the mass, or were they shut in to die of starvation? They could not tell; but they were resolved to get them out if possible. They called and shouted, but there was no answer. Up go pickaxes and shovels to clear the way. It is a great labor and great risk.

After many hours' hard work, at night time, they heard something—every one stood still to listen. It was not a voice; only a tapping. It could just be heard; *clink, clink, clink, clink, clink!* Five times, as if a pickaxe had been struck against the stones; and then it stopped. Then they heard five more strokes, and then a stop. Five more and then another pause. What did it mean? One man guessed. There were five missing, and the five strokes were a signal that all five were alive and waiting for deliverance. The brave workmen went on at it with fresh courage, resolved to dig their comrades out.

Meanwhile, how did it fare with the prisoners? They were shut up in the dark—buried alive—and could do nothing but wait. They had a little food with them; but what should they do for water? They feared they must perish of hunger and thirst.

At first, in their excitement, they wandered about in the dark passages, quite hopeless; and after many hours had passed they sat down, too full of despair even to talk.

Presently amid the silence one of them heard a faint trickling sound It was water dripping from the rock. "*It seems to me,*" said one, "*as if this water was sent on purpose to put us in mind that God won't forsake us.*" They could only catch a few drops at a time in their hands; but these few drops gave them courage, and they sat down again to wait.

A little while after they could hear the sound of their friends at work for their deliverance, and feeling about in the dark they found some tools and began to work themselves. It was then that one of them thought of giving the signal of the five strokes hoping it would be understood. This was late on Tuesday night. Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and no rescue. The brave men outside worked hard, relieving each other in turns, but the space was narrow, and only a few could work at once.

The imprisoned men had exhausted all their food, and had nothing but the few drops of water to sustain them. They were too faint and feeble to work themselves, and as those outside heard no further signals, they feared they were dead. So Saturday came, and late in the afternoon the task was ended, and the prisoners were brought out faint and weak, but still alive, The few drops of water had saved five lives. Who shall say that water is a thing to be despised!

JAMES GRAHAM'S BUSH LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

(*Continued from page 327.*)

Picnicing with Savages—An "Odd-looking" Mortal—Native Vanity and Adornments—Jet Black Forest "Fops"—A Canoe Ride—The "Corrobora," or Young Men Coming of Age.

IT was a strange situation, that in which we then were—picnicing with savages in their own native wilds, and looking on at their pranks, and interpreting to ourselves, as well as we could, their post-prandial jokes. It was a variation certainly on dinners, and dining-rooms, and toasts, and speeches in either England or Ireland. Our dining-room was the forest, our dinner such as I lately described, old Eagle Hawk was our host, and did the honors, and his ladies gave us music by beating on opossum rugs stretched over their knees or rolled up between them, and by droning and howling their hideous songs, which had a kind of hoarse rhythm in them.

But let us do the savages justice. They were most hospitable to us, and maintained a degree of dignity in their bearing to each other; and, I can assure you, their jokes were some of them really witty; and altogether it was less savage than I have often seen at a feast among baptized heathens in Britain after a couple of quarts of potheen. It was interesting to mark the variety of height, features, temperaments, and dispositions among these natives. Man for man, I defy you to take at a venture out of any fair in Ireland, among "the finest peasantry in the world," fifteen straighter, taller, better chested, or better shouldered men. They were remarkably wiry and fleet of limb. The foreheads of some retreated sharply, their noses were flat, and nostrils wide; but some had heads as well formed as those of many white men. Some, like Jackey Wallangoon, were sullen and taciturn; some, like our friend Dick, merry as larks and talkative as parrots.

Once let the elevating and purifying influences of the Gospel of Christ be experienced by them, and they will show themselves to be a noble race of men, indeed, every way worthy of Him in whose image they and all of us were made.

One of the *oddest-looking mortals* I ever beheld was "Chinless Joey," or as the blacks much more significantly called him, "Coro"—the crow. His upper jaw and nose were enormous, his lower jaw appeared almost wanting, and his eyes were very large and white, and his voice like that of his native namesake. If you saw a real portrait of him you would say it was an ogre to frighten children. Even his own people looked upon him as ugly, and only one poor gin in the tribe would have him as her husband. I have no right, however, to say that his disposition was as repulsive as his looks. Indeed, I think that, like some rugged dark whites, Joey was rather kind-hearted and gentle, and much belied his looks. Very frequently a princely spirit inhabits a homely-looking body, even the matchless splendor of the Deity was once enshrined in mortal clay.

I observed some of the natives taking out with great care the small bone of the kangaroo's hind leg. This they polish with exquisite skill, and stick through a hole pierced for it in the partition of the nostrils. It is worn on state occasions, and gives a formidable appearance to the face, like a large second row of upper teeth. But manifestations of a similar kind of vanity are often made among civilized Christian people at home, therefore I must say nothing more about it.

Dick Nimagauley got a dozen kangaroos' teeth to take home as a present, to make a bracelet for the young woman—or child rather—to whom he was affianced; for blacks get betrothed to mere children, whom they treat with all the liberality their circumstances afford, thus winning their hearts against their wedding day, when the father or chief—generally the latter—gives the bride away to her future lord and master. I regret to add that this gallantry often ends with the setting of the honeymoon; and a blow of the waddy, or a wale with a stick, often reminds the weaker vessel of her lord's superiority.

Of course there must be jealousy among wives where there is more than one, but generally the first wife is chief of the seraglio, and the others obey. Some one always stands first in her husband's esteem and rules the rest. Many blacks, however, are so poor as only to have one wife all their days. They wonder that "white fellow hab many tousand sheep, and hundret dog, none gin only *one*—what for white fellow hab but one gin?" Of the dignity, sacredness, and equality of the one wife which the pure religion of our Redeemer has taught us, the poor black is too sunken to comprehend. Yet I believe there are, on the whole, fewer wife-murders or divorces among them than among much more polished folks.

I find myself, in the meantime, getting lost in a jungle of generalities. I must back to our sporting expedition with the natives. Old Eagle Hawk talked in pure Warragera with the two Wallagundery blacks. We soon saw it was resolved that but three of the Baroo clan should go to the corrobora. A few words from the old Hawk made the gins cut junks of bark, and on them, as trays, take up the remains of the feast and the dissected joints of the kangaroos. It is perfectly astonishing how much a gin can carry on a sheet of bark on her head, while she carries her picaninny in her narrabung on her shoulders, and smokes her pipe, if she has one.

I suppose old Eagle Hawk wished to show off a bit before us, for he equipped himself in triumphant hunter's trim. He stuck some brass spears in the fillet round his head, his kangaroo bone through his nose, and a couple of kangaroo tails in his belt. He also slung three opossum skins from his left shoulder; and as, holding his wammerah in one hand, and some three or four long spears in the other, he marched off, the men followed him in Indian file, and the gins in a mob brought up the rear.

The women, too, each had any bit of forest finery they could parade. One had a red handkerchief round her neck; another some tatters of a blue bed-gown round her waist, in a style the most grotesque. I do avow that such sights—and I often saw them afterward on a larger scale—are among the most picturesque and laughable I ever saw. I am always inclined to stand and look and laugh at that thing you call *a fop*; but no denizen dandies I ever saw surpassed the pomp and strut of these jet-black forest fops. They were shining with grease, which to them is a real luxury, as it lubricates the skin, keeping it from dryness and the brain from sunstroke, and making them as slippery and as hard to hold as an eel. They generally mix red earth with the melted fat. Our old Eagle Hawk was anointed with fresh oil and earth; and he returned home as vain as a peacock, and, in his way, as fine as the pink of the Sydney swell mob.

Dick Nimagauley, Tommy Narang, and a powerful fellow, fameus for throwing the spear, Miall Willy, accompanied us, together with the two strangers. When evening came we had passed over some fifteen or twenty miles of a thinly wooded and ill-grassed country; and we rested on the bank of the Macquarie till morning. Many splendid trees grew on the banks of this river, which, like nearly all rivers in Australia, has two sets of banks—one for summer and another for winter. As it was the middle of summer we camped within the winter banks, under a knot of flooded gums. Never, as at this time, surrounded as I was by so many proofs of the handiwork of God, did I comprehend the significance of the Psalmist's statement, "The earth is full of the *goodness* of the Lord."

Never did I see before, and seldom since, so many opossums as came out to feed on the trees and on the ground. They are nocturnal in their habits, and were most agile and playful, and came nibbling and squeaking quite close to us. The blacks, standing under the trees, "jobbed" a lot of them for their skins; and Ash succeeded in capturing a young flying squirrel, which lost its hold and fell stunned beside us. It was a beautiful little creature. The old ones can leap, or rather fly, forty or fifty feet at a downward bound from branch to branch or from tree to tree. They are formed on the principle of the bat. When they stretch themselves for a leap the skin between the fore and hind legs expands and catches the air, and breaks the fall. They have a certain motion like the flapping of a bird in leaping, which helps to keep them up; and they can steer themselves by the tail. Ash carried the little creature nearly the whole of the following day.

You remember that various creature, Bill Arnell—who was often called the "God-fearing tailor," and the "drunken tailor," and was, from the peculiar motion of those legs, broken in his country's service, called the "flying tailor." Had his skin been so loose that, when he stretched out his arms and legs, it would have extended from his little finger to his little toe, straight down along each side, and had he but a long and suitable tail to hang or steer by, he would have been a great human flying squirrel. When I told this to Ash he said there once had been such creatures, called *pterodactyles*—the flying reptiles (not tailors) of the earth before Adam.

Next morning we were awakened by a chorus of our friends the laughing jackasses, who made the woods and banks echo with their grotesque imitations of all sorts of sounds. This place, so near the river, was evidently a favorite resort of theirs, and they were vexed with our intrusion.

We found the blacks in high preparation to "catch munge"—fish. Dick had been acting, with dancing and grimace, the pantomime of the opossum fastening on Ash's head. They were on the bank beneath a great stringy bark tree, not mending, but making, their net. This is always done by the gins when they are present. We were interested in the process. When finished, it was put on a hoop of sapling, and formed a crescent drag-net. This again was tied on a long pole of currywang wattle, and with it they dragged several little bays and nooks in the river, and pulled out lots of small fresh-water cod, or Peel's perch, for breakfast. They also got a kind of fresh-water mussel which they eat; but we did not fancy it.

When we had breakfasted on fresh opossum and fish, with damper, we thought of our journey; but Dick said, "You first-rate black fellow. You bell jerran yan along canoe." ("You are first-rate black fellows. You are not afraid to go on the river in a canoe.") "Certainly not afraid, Dick; I swim like a duck; but where is the canoe?" "Buggerie canoe along a waddy" ("Beautiful canoe on that tree"), said Dick. A great tree was leaning over the river, with a bend in its trunk. They set to work with tomahawks, and marked out on the bark a canoe of about twenty feet long. In less than half an hour they had raised it up with their spear ends; and, all letting it down gently, we launched a ready-made canoe that carried the seven of us for twenty miles down the stream.

I afterward, with five weighty men, rode forty miles down the Lachlan in one similarly constructed, only, as it had less of a bend in it, we stopped its ends with grass, bitumen, and bark. We put seats across it, and the natives made it spin along with paddles where the water was sufficiently smooth and deep. Never in my life did I enjoy a wilder or more joyous excursion than with Dick and his company down the Macquarie to the Wallangundery corrobora. The weather was lovely. The banks of the river curved and wound through varied scenery. Flocks of water-fowl, ducks, teal, and swans rose from the river; and glittering clouds of parrots, of all hues and screams, rose from the trees by the banks. If it had not been for sin, the work of God's ancient enemy, the devil, which has so dishonored the human race and disfigured the fair earth with a curse, how beautiful the world would be. In a region like this one can imagine what the "New Earth" will be like, "wherein dwelleth righteousness," of which St. Peter speaks, and which will one day succeed the present earth, when conflict with evil shall close for ever in abiding triumph and holy peace.

At a bend in the river I shot a large swan. Our strange blacks could not have been much accustomed to see firearms; for though they sat steady, their eyes showed a larger margin of white, and they jabbered in excited tones, and looked at my double-barrel as if it were the dreaded Devil-devil's own implement—or even that black and fiery personage himself. The swan could not have been less than

twenty pounds weight. He had jet-black outer feathers, and beautiful white and azure down beneath. Ash kept his skin for stuffing; and as he was full of fat, the blacks got that as a rare delicacy to anoint themselves with for the ball that night. His flesh was more relished by the blacks than by us, as it tasted rather fishy.

We drew up our canoe on the bank; and after a walk of about four miles we came to the scene of the intended corrobora. Before night the gins with their connois dug a circle in the ground, like what a horse might move in while turning a mill. In the centre they raised a pile of dry wood and bark. As it grew dark they took their seats at some distance around, and about twenty young men—natives of course—seated themselves in the circle. Two old men went into the circle and fastened a cat gut-like cord of kangaroo sinew round the cutting-tooth, next they eye-tooth, on the right side of the upper jaw, in each of them. The cords were tied together. The gins began slowly beating time on the opossum rugs, and the crowd began to gather. They were evidently waiting for something to come. When it grew quite dark there was a dead hush.

Suddenly a booming and a whirring burst on the ear, and a sensation thrilled through all. This was the magic man, or crajee, coming from the forest, with a broad thin lath, nicked in the edges, tied to a kangaroo thong, and swung round his head to make this deep mysterious sound. When he drew near the dry pile of sticks blazed up, and it revealed such a scene as none can see but at the grand solemn corrobora that makes young men—the high mass, the grand masonic ceremony, of the Australian blacks.

As the fire blazed the gins began their beating time and singing in low rhythmic chant. The crajee came forward, tall and stately, daubed all over with gum, and covered with the down and feathers of the eagle-hawk.

(To be continued.)

A LAST CHAPTER OF SATANIC HISTORY.

By Rev. William Maude.

The Earth Originally Satan's Kingdom—Passages Misunderstood—Recognition of his Position—The Temptation—An Astronomical Aspect—Saul's Enmity to David a Type—Satan's Place in the Air—His Eviction from the Air.

THE connection of that great evil intelligence whom the Scriptures speak of as "the dragon, the old serpent, which is the devil and Satan," with our world and our race, since the day when by his successful temptation of our unfallen progenitors he "brought death into the world and all our woe," is a subject full of mysterious and terrible interest. The secret of his intense and unrelenting enmity to man is one of those which it has not pleased God clearly to reveal in His inspired Word; but, inferentially at least, there is much to favor the opinion entertained by the late Rev. George Stanley Faber, Mr. G. H. Pember, and other writers, that, previous to the creation of Adam's race, and before it fell into the chaotic state so graphically described in the second verse of the first chapter of the Book of Genesis, *this earth was the kingdom over which Satan exercised a Divinely-delegated rule:* and from which, in consequence of transgression, he was afterward deposed; man being elected in the Divine sovereignty to fill the vacant throne.

It may, perhaps, appear to be a somewhat serious objection to this supposition, that the fall of Lucifer, or Satan, is generally understood to have taken place *in heaven*, not on earth. This is, no doubt, the rabbinical and Miltonic account, but the Sciptures nowhere assert it. There are, it is true, a few passages which seem to lend it some countenance, but these need only to be examined in order to show how unstable a basis they afford. These passages are the following:

Isaiah 14:12: "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cast down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations!"

Luke 10:18: "And he said unto them, I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven."

Revelation 12:7; "And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven. And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the devil and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him."

"Whatever may be the general impression," observes an able writer, "which the reading of such passages may produce upon an unthinking mind, a very slight examination of each is sufficient to satisfy us that not the slightest indication is afforded in any of them of Satan having ever been really a prince in heaven.

"The first passage has no reference to Satan whatever, but applies to the king of Babylon whose power and dignity are represented as exalting him to heaven; and when that power and dignity were overthrown, he is represented as being cast down to the ground. It need scarcely be remarked that the king of Babylon never was in heaven. Even if the passage, therefore, had referred to Satan, the figure which is employed would not have been sufficient to prove that he was in heaven; but it has palpably no reference to him whatever.

"The second passage is not more conclusive than the first. It is true indeed that it is Satan who is spoken of as falling from heaven; but our Lord was speaking of the effect which the mission of the seventy disciples had produced when they went forth healing diseases, and casting out devils wherever they went; and the heaven from which he fell was the very same heaven from which the king of Babylon fell. It was the heaven of power and influence upon earth, not the heaven which is inhabited by angels. A few verses before the same figurative language is applied to Capernaum. This passage, therefore, as well as the other, refuses to countenance the idea of Satan having been expelled from heaven."

As for Revelation 12:7, it is even less available than either of the others, inasmuch as it refers to events which are still future. Of this we shall have to speak presently.

But while there is thus no evidence of a positive kind to be found in Scripture in proof of Satan having ever been a prince in heaven, there are, at the same time, suggestive though indirect indications that *this world of ours* was his original principality. Few things, I apprehend, must have struck the thoughtful and careful student of Scripture as more remarkable than the apparent recognition, not only by prophets and apostles, but even by our Lord Himself, of

SATAN'S POSITION OF OFFICIAL DIGNITY

in relation to this world. Thus he is spoken of as "the *prince of this world*," and "the *god of this age*" (John 12:31; 14:30; 16:11; Ephesians 2:2). And our Lord, in one of His minor parables, represents him as "the strong man armed," and this world as "his palace," in which "his goods are in peace" (Luke 11:21). And even when, face to face with the God of glory, he confidently claimed, as his undisputed right, "all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them," saying, "All this power will I give thee, and the glory of them; for that is delivered unto me, and to whomsoever I will I give it. If thou, therefore, wilt worship me, all shall be thine" (Luke 4:5-7). *The amazing claim was not denied.*

Now, how are we to account for this? If the rabbinical and Miltonian account of the fall of Satan *from heaven* be accepted—if Satan was originally one of the angels of the third heaven—then he is plainly a mere audacious intruder in the affairs of our world; nay, his very presence within this earthly sphere is a mystery. "Let us suppose," says the writer I have already quoted, "for a moment, that Satan was once in heaven, wherever that may be; we might well inquire, What should bring him to this particular planet of the solar system if he did not originally belong to it? Formerly, when heaven and earth were considered a fair and exhaustive division of the universe, nothing could be more natural than to suppose that if Satan was cast out from heaven, there was no other place than the earth to receive him.

"But looking at the world in an astronomical point of view, and supposing that Satan was cast out of heaven, it seems hard to believe that he and his angels should have been able to make the journey to our planet. Or, supposing them to have been able to make the journey, it is difficult to understand what would make them think of coming here, and remaining so long. So that if Satan be the prince of this planet, and of this planet only, it seems quite unaccountable how he and his subordinate hosts should have come into the possession and lordship of this earth *on any other supposition than that of its having been the place of their nativity.*"

If, then, this theory may be accepted, the secret of Satan's undying enmity against man is at once revealed. "The Lord hath rent the kingdom from thee this day, and hath given it to a neighbor of thine that is better than thou" (1 Samuel 15:28). So spake Samuel to King Saul at Gilgal, after the Lord had rejected him from being king over Israel. And these solemn words seem susceptible of a higher application. Though Saul still continued to rule for a time *de facto*, he had ceased to be king *de jure;* for the sentence of deposition had been passed upon him, and David was the Lord's anointed, destined in due time to occupy the throne which Saul, by his disobedience and rebellion, had forfeited. And as it was between Saul and David, so also would it be between Satan and Adam.

After Satan's fall man was, in the Divine sovereignty, made the inheritor of his forfeited kingdom, the crown fallen from the head of the latter being placed on that of the former. The human nature was exalted and crowned with glory and honor, while the angelic nature was cast down and cast out. How cruel a blow must this have been to Satan's pride! How awful a provocation to his murderous cruelty and revenge! Can we wonder, if this was actually the case, that it created a very hell in Satan's soul, and inspired the unceasing hatred with which he has pursued the race of Adam to this hour?

Unable to brook the presence of a rival throne, or more probably driven out by the tremendous convulsions which reduced the earth to the chaotic condition which we find described in Genesis 1:2, Satan had forsaken the earth ere Adam appeared upon it invested with dominion over all the works of God's hands. Henceforth he became "the prince of the powers *of the air*" (Ephesians 2:2); the king and leader of the "wicked spirits in the aerial regions" (Ephesians 6:12). In the place of thunder and tempest, the vast arsenal of the most potent forces of nature—with which, by popular instinct, he is so generally associated—he built his unstable throne, and organized his great confederation against our race.

"The angels that fell," says Athenagorus, "have their present station in the atmosphere, and around the earth." And this certainly seems to be taught us in the title bestowed by the apostle on Satan. Why call him "the prince of the powers of the *air*," unless, in truth, he has some special connection with the atmospheric heavens? On Ephesians 6:12, the Rev. G. S. Faber writes: "Our translators somewhat vaguely render the original 'against spiritual wickedness in high places.' Its proper rendering is 'Against spiritual wickedness in the higher region of the heavens;' not, of course, those heavens which are the regions of holiness and happiness, but simply and exclusively the relatively higher region of the atmospheric heavens."

Such, then, is Satan's present position in relation to man and his world. Though free to "go to and fro in the earth, and walk up and down in it"—sometimes "as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour," and sometimes "transformed into an angel of light"—his special abode and seat of government is in the aerial heavens, and his lawful style and title, "the prince of the powers of the air." But the things concerning him have not yet an end; there is still one dark and terrible chapter of his history to be written, and the light of prophecy falls on it so fully and clearly that its main incidents can be indicated without doubt or hesitation.

(To be continued.)

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Exciting Senatorial Struggle at Albany has during the past week engrossed the attention of all who take an interest in political affairs. Not only are ex-Senators Conkling and Platt candidates for re-election, but they are so anxious about the result that they have visited the State capital to conduct the campaign in person. Protracted conferences in their hotel have been frequent, and personal overtures have been made to such of the State Senators and Assemblymen as are supposed to belong to the anti-Stalwart wing of the party. The Vice-President has assisted in the campaign, and even General Grant has written a letter urging the re-election of Messrs. Conkling and Platt. Every conceivable effort appears to have been made by the ex-Senators and their friends to secure their re-election, but that issue is not as yet regarded as certain.

The situation is perplexing to all who are sufficiently disinterested to take a calm view of the subject. All the reasons urged in justification of the resignation seem inconsistent with this active candidature. If the former was intended as a display of dignity, the latter is certainly an act of humiliation of a more decided character. If the Senators resigned as a matter of principle, the indorsement of their act ought to have been spontaneous and unsolicited. If they sought to have their position in the United States Senate strengthened, the difficulty they experience in securing a re-election renders them weaker than they were before. These and like considerations suggest an explanation all who admire Mr. Conkling's brilliant abilities are reluctant to accept—namely, that the resignation was a political blunder, and the candidature is an effort to retrieve it.

The most vexatious aspect of the affair is that the whole question is so utterly sordid on both sides. The conflict is not on a question of national policy, like the tariff, or the currency, or the Indian question ; it is simply a vulgar quarrel over the distribution of the spoils. The character of all who have engaged in it—the President, the Secretary of State, and the two Senators—has been lowered in public esteem by the dispute.

A Bill to Regulate the Cleaning of the Streets of New York City has at length been agreed upon by the Conference Committee at Albany. While it is pretended that it is based on the Citizens' bill it contains provisions which nullify the principle of that bill. Under its operation the Mayor can neither appoint nor remove an officer without the concurrence of the three members of the Board of Health, one of whom is largely responsible for the present disgraceful condition of our thoroughfares. The mutilated bill is, however, accepted by the citizens with resignation. It cannot make things worse than they are without rendering the streets wholly impassable, and there is a possibility of the Mayor and the Board of Health agreeing upon some efficient superintendent. It is understood that the Mayor will nominate Commander Gorringe, who proved his ability by transporting the obelisk from Alexandria to New York. Should he be appointed to this *more formidable task* of removing the filth from our streets and succeed in performing it, he may yet be the means of saving the city from a pestilence, which if it visited this centre of trade would inevitably spread throughout the land.

One of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church South lately stated that he had entered into conversation, in the railroad cars, with a gentlemen of Carroll County, Ga., regarding the measure adopted by the inhabitants *forbidding the sale of intoxicating beverages ;* and that the gentleman had given him a fact in his own experience as city marshal of Carrollton in that county. It appeared that he used to draw an income of from $1200 to $1500 a year in fees and dues in connection with the city prison, but that the first year after the sale of intoxicants was stopped his income from that source fell to $500, and the second year was nothing at all. The gentleman also informed the bishop that several leading citizens of Carrollton had opposed the measure on the ground that it would keep away business men from the town, but that in fact the trade exactly doubled itself in twelve months after the wholesome law was enacted.

Fifty-one Thousand Sunday-school Children in line was the interesting spectacle witnessed in Brooklyn on May 25th, when all the Sunday-schools of the city celebrated anniversary day. This was the fifty-second anniversary celebration, and the large number of children and teachers present testified that the interest in Sunday-schools is not declining. There were seven divisions, subdivided into 127 sections, each representing one Sunday-school. The Mayor, the President of the Sunday-school Union, and other friends reviewed the procession from the stand in Prospect Park.

A Ceremony of Cheering Significance was witnessed at Richmond, Va., on May 26th, when the Boston Commandery of Knights Templars, marched to Capitol Square, and, forming around the statue of Stonewall Jackson, stood with heads uncovered, and while their band played a memorial overture the knight in command moved forward and placed at the base of the monument a beautiful wreath of evergreens and rare flowers. This tribute from brave New Englanders to the great Confederate general, occurring, as it did, on Memorial Day," was deeply affecting, and moved some of the spectators to tears. The Commandery then marched to the Washington Monument, within the same grounds, and decorated it also.

An Appalling Steamboat Disaster which Occurred at London, Ont., on May 24, surpasses in its fatal results all the catastrophes of last summer. No less than two hundred and forty dead bodies have already been recovered from the wreck, and it is feared that many more are buried in the bed of the river under portions of the steamer. The narratives of surviving passengers and of the captain and officers of the boat differ as to the details of the disaster. It appears, however, that the Victoria was on its return trip to London from Spring Bank, laden with excursionists who had been celebrating Queen Victoria's birthday by a pleasure trip. Their number is variously estimated from 450 to 700. The steamer was licensed to carry 400, and the excessive weight brought her main deck to the level with the water's edge. She listed heavily to starboard, and as the people moved from side to side the oscillation of the vessel alarmed the captain, who called to the passengers to go to the port side. A rush was made, and the steamer lurched so heavily to port that *the decks were in an almost perpendicular position*, and many passengers slid off. Then the boiler which was placed on the lower deck, and was not properly supported, rolled over, carrying with it the supports of the upper decks. Then an indescribable *scene of horror* ensued ; the upper decks with their passengers fell on those beneath, killing some and burying others in the ruin, while the water surged over all. The steamer Princess Louise promptly came to the rescue, and several boats were dispatched from the shore, but it was impossible to extricate the drowning people from the timbers which held them under water in time to save their lives. Those who witnessed the scene describe it as heart-rending in the extreme.

The Revised New Testament.—An Erroneous impression prevails as to the suggestions of the American Company. The Appendix contains a large number of suggestions which the English Company did not approve, but those constitute but a small portion of the whole number made by the American Company. The bulk of them were accepted by the English Company, and are incorporated in the text.

A Solemn Question was Addressed to the citizens of Boston recently from the pulpit by Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D. After referring to the sin of Sabbath-breaking, which, he asserted, is now brooding over New England like an eclipse, he spoke of the liquor traffic, and said that in 1879 Massachusetts had derived from it $500,000. She not only gave her sanction to the business, but thus made herself a direct partner in it. It is a question for Christians to consider, *Shall Massachusetts give her legal sanction* to a business that is the source of more sin and crime and wretchedness than all other causes combined? The time is fast approaching when that question will be the most prominent one in all our State capitals and political conventions.

A Narrow Escape from a Living Tomb is reported from Colorado. The recent earthquake shock, which was felt in many places in the West, was most severe in the vicinity of the Twin Lakes, where it caused great consternation and alarm among the miners. Some men were engaged in blasting in a tunnel connected with the Steadfast lode, when the rumbling began. *A dull roar* like distant thunder was succeeded by a shock which dislodged a considerable mass of ore. When the vibration ceased, the men found that the entrance to the tunnel had been nearly closed by the falling rocks, and that two miners, named Adams and Sedgwick, had been seriously injured. The orifice through which they escaped was barely large enough to admit the passage of a man's body.

A Lawsuit over Three Cents is being Tried, according to the *Republican*, of Scranton, Pa. One of the suitors, it was alleged, had neglected to give the other three cents due him in change, and after a considerable lapse of time, being irritated by some act of apparent injustice, he sued for the three cents in the courts. The case was unusually vexatious and frivolous, but there are many other lawsuits which indicate a disregard of the divine command (Matt. 5 : 40, 41).

A Jewish Mayor is Enforcing the Sunday Observance laws in Florida. The mayor of Jacksonville, Fla., who is a Jew, but as an honest man and a good citizen, having sworn to see that the laws are executed, is enforcing the laws which require the closing of stores and shops on Sunday. This is much more than nominally Christian mayors in some cities have the disposition or courage to do.

A Warning to Lawless Anti-Chinese Agitators has been pronounced by Recorder Smyth of New York, in sentencing to thirty months one of a gang of young roughs who broke into the laundry of a Chinaman, on Eighth Avenue, assaulted the laundryman and his assistant, and carried off $50. The Recorder said : " It has become the custom in other cities to look on the Chinese laundrymen with disfavor. Roughs like you, who spend most of their time in idleness and debauchery, while the Chinese are acquiring an honest livelihood, fancy they have full license to beat, rob, and even kill them. However successful this mob rule may have been in other cities, I desire to announce officially that its course here, so far as this court has power to prevent it, shall be short-lived and unpleasant. The severe punishment I impose upon you may be expected by all those who disturb the peace and dignity of the community by outrageous attacks upon those who, to all appearances, are inoffensive."

A Scene of Dissipation was Suddenly Changed into one of terror and death at St. Joseph, Mo., on May 24th. A travelling minstrel combination were rehearsing in the basement of a saloon about nine in the evening, when an explosion suddenly occurred, and the whole building collapsed like a house of cards. The basement was divided, the front portion being used for storage purposes for *Danforth's fluid*, and the latter for a rehearsal-room, where large crowds of colored folks have been wont to gather nightly. It is presumed that when the rear room was lighted the fluid in the front room was accidentally ignited, causing the explosion. The floor over the cellar was occupied as a liquor store and billiard-room, and was kept by a colored man. A number of negroes were in the place at the time, several of whom lost their lives. The concussion blew the walls of the building outward, and several who were blown out with the walls found themselves in the debris, from which they were rescued more or less bruised.

The Governor of Pennsylvania and his Catechism.—When a child, Governor Hoyt of Pennsylvania learned the Shorter Catechism, and the other day he said: "If anybody wants to ask me any of the one hundred and seven questions, I am ready to give him the answer. I don't live up to the Catechism, perhaps, as well as I ought, but it is one of the things I claim to know." Knowledge of the Catechism is not generally considered one of the essential qualifications for aspirants to political office, but we may be sure that the Governor of a great State is no less efficient for being possessed of such knowledge. This would be a new kind of Civil Service Reform, if we put every candidate for office through a course of questioning in the Shorter Catechism.

"The American Hebrew," a Jewish Journal published in New York, publishes a letter from a prominent member of the Jewish community referring to Mr. Laurence Oliphant's project of colonizing the Holy Land with Jews. It shows that the hope of returning to the Land of Promise is not abandoned, as some would have us believe. The following is an extract from the letter:

"Reformers in this country only abandon the doctrine of the re-establishment of our state. Orthodox Jews do not; and while they declare that it does not necessarily imply that all the Jews in the world shall be caged up between the Euphrates and the Mediterranean, any more than all Americans are in America, or all Frenchmen in France, they say, and with justice, that the geographical position and extreme fertility of Palestine point to a grand future for it as soon as it is rescued from the incapable government of the Sublime Porte, sublime only in its indifference to progress in all parts of its unhappy empire. Now, as an attentive reader of the Bible, I cannot but be struck with the fact that the realization of Mr. Oliphant's plan would be *a wonderful coincidence* when compared with the announcement of the sacred volume. A colonization of Palestine by the Jews, with the sanction and assistance of the various kings and potentates, would be in strict accordance with such passages as Isaiah 49: 22, 23; 50: 3, 4, 5, etc."

A Cunning Plot to Obtain a Copy of the Revised Version of the New Testament before the day fixed for its issue, was devised and tried upon Dr. Philip Schaff, chairman of the American Revision Committee. A letter was presented to him, dated from the steamer Brittanic, purporting to be written by Mr. Frowde, the London agent of the Oxford University Press. In the letter the writer said: "I have some friends who came out with me, and who are *en route* to Japan, on work connected with the Church, and I much desire to explain to them some points in connection with the Revised Testament. I can't get at my box—in which I have a number of copies, and where I placed them for safety—until to-morrow some time. These gentlemen go away on the evening train, West, and I desire a copy for a few hours only. Were it Monday, I could secure a copy with ease. If you will kindly permit the bearer to bring me a copy to my hotel, the Fifth Avenue, I will esteem it a great favor, and will return the book this evening or to-morrow forenoon, just as you desire, and I will protect it in every particular." Dr. Schaff was too cautious for the schemers, and the copy was not sent. The unprincipled plotter was not prompted to the act by anxiety to read God's word, but by the fact that if he had succeeded he could have sold the book to a publisher for two thousand dollars. The plot failed, and its author was probably grievously disappointed; but if he were prayerfully to read the New Testament he might find an eternal prize which even a much larger sum would not tempt him to surrender (Psa. 119: 72).

Prohibition by Purchase Appears to be growing in favor. Since the Town Meeting at Clayden, N. J., mentioned two weeks ago, where all the intoxicating liquor in the town was cast on a bonfire, an arrangement has been made whereby another town, that of Berwick, Pa., will be free from the traffic for a year. The arrangement was made by the Jackson & Woodin Company, who employ more than a thousand men in their mills and car shops. They called the saloon and hotel keepers together and offered to pay them what profit would accrue on their liquor sales for the coming year if they would abstain from selling; it was estimated at $6000. The liquor dealers finally agreed to do this, and the money was paid over. The managers of the company believe that the purchase will prove remunerative in the improved morals and industrial capacity of the workpeople, although higher motives prompted the act.

The Prospects of the South form the Subject of a report written by a special correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, who is now on a tour in the Southern States. In the course of a long and detailed narrative of the scenes through which he passed he makes two remarks which have especial significance as evidence of the revival of a spirit pregnant with hope for the future. He says: "I have attended several temperance conventions and meetings for the promotion of education in different Southern States, in which white and black men have participated without any discoverable manifestation of prejudice against color or race, and I think there is not now any serious difficulty about the people of the two races working together for any such practical interest."

In another part of his letter he adds: "Lincoln's portrait is seen even more frequently than Davis's, while the likenesses of Generals Grant and Sherman are very common. Southern men everywhere speak with much animation of the great kindness and magnanimity of Grant and Sherman to the Southern soldiers at the close of the war."

A Roman Catholic Priest at Philadelphia has issued an appeal to his co-religionists in the city, urging them to remove their children from the public schools, and 375 children have been withdrawn in consequence. The alleged cause is, that one of the teachers has been honorably acquitted of a charge brought against her by the priest. It was asserted that in explaining to the children the historical facts of the Reformation she had imparted denominational instruction. The priest is said to have made no provision for the education of the children, who are now idling about the streets. It would appear that he prefers them to remain uneducated rather than they should acquire a knowledge of facts, which must, if taught at all, be taught in their integrity.

A Lawsuit which has been Thirty Years Before the courts in different forms reached another stage in its progress a few days ago. It is the suit of the Liverpool, New York and Philadelphia Steamship Company, to recover $1,093,000, paid as head-money on immigrants brought by the vessels of the company. Chief Justice Taney of the United States Supreme Court, and all the Associate Judges except Judge Nelson, wrote opinions as to the constitutionality of the law requiring a payment of $1 for each immigrant. In 1878 Congress passed a law making valid the collection of head-money already made, and declaring that no suit should be maintained to recover the money. Judge Shipman decided in favor of the Commissioners of Emigration, that the act of Congress was constitutional, and dismissed the company's complaint. The company will appeal to the United States Supreme Court, so that it is possible that all the original parties may die before the end is reached.

THE PRIEST ORDAINED BY THE OATH OF GOD.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"And inasmuch as not without an oath he was made priest: (for those priests were made without an oath; but this with an oath by him that said unto him, The Lord sware and will not repent, Thou art a priest forever after the order of Melchisedec:) by so much was Jesus made a surety of a better testament."—HEB. 7: 20–22.

A Key-word—The Betterness of Christ—I. His Special Ordination to the Priesthood—Why Confirmed with an Oath—His Greater Dignity—Eternal Character of His Work—A Larger Lie Than Ordinary—God's Ultimatum—The Reality of His Priesthood—The Oath Strengthens Faith—II. The Special Character of the Priesthood—After the Order of Melchisedec—Surpassing and Superseding all Others—United with Kingship—The Sole and Only Priest—Master of all—Bestowing Blessing—A Priest Forever—III. The Covenant Superior—The "If" in the Covenant—IV. His Relationship to the Covenant—How Jesus is a Surety—On God's Part—On our Behalf—Rejection, Eternal Suicide.

THOSE of you who read Scripture carefully will have noticed that the word "better" is *one of the key-words* of the Epistle to the Hebrews. You are constantly meeting with it. In the opening chapter we read that our Lord Jesus Christ is "made so much better than the angels, as He hath by inheritance obtained a more excellent name than they." Look a little further and you are taught that He is better than Moses, inasmuch as Moses was faithful as a servant in the Lord's house, but Christ as a Son over His own house. Further on we find our blessed Lord described as better than Aaron, while His blood is mentioned as speaking better things than that of Abel; and He is declared in our text to be the surety of a better covenant, of which it is said that it is established upon better promises.

It would be a very delightful subject to work out *the betterness of Christ*, and of His blood, and of His covenant, and to show that however good other things may be, they must all yield in excellence to Him. It is implied in the use of the word "better" that the ordinances of the ceremonial law were good in their place, but Jesus is better than the best of all visible things; the eternal Christ is better than the best of all the temporal arrangements which God has made for the good of man. How much better what heart shall conceive? "If the ministration of condemnation be glory, much more doth the ministration of righteousness exceed in glory. For if that which is done away was glorious, much more that which remaineth is glorious."

It behooves us, my dear brothers and sisters, to have a firmer faith than Old Testament saints, because we see more clearly our ground of trust. Those who lived in the comparative darkness of the previous dispensation were saved by faith, and among them there were not a few eminent believers; surely we also ought to excel in our confidence in God. Let the eleventh of Hebrews stand as *a triumphal arch* with the names of ancient believers recorded thereon; these all died in faith, and they were no mean men; but inasmuch as we enjoy a brighter light, and are living under a better economy, we are called upon to be their superiors in faith.

My object at this time will not be so much to enter into details of doctrine concerning our Saviour's priesthood as to utter practical truths, and press them on the heart. I shall not attempt to exhaust so wonderful a subject as the parallel between Melchisedec and Christ, but I shall try to strengthen the faith of believers, and also to leave unbelievers without excuse if they will not believe in Jesus Christ, whom God hath sent, confirming His mission by an oath. We want practical results this morning, and no practical result will content us but this, that ye believe on Jesus Christ, whom God hath sent.

To our text, then, and may the Spirit of God graciously be with us in speaking upon it.

I. Men should believe in Jesus Christ with their

whole heart and rely upon Him with unstaggering confidence; first, because of

OUR LORD'S SPECIAL ORDINATION

to the priesthood. The Lord Jesus Christ was ordained to the priesthood, according to the hundred and tenth Psalm, in a manner distinct from all others. His ordination was unique, for neither Aaron, nor his sons, nor any of the priests of the tribe of Levi, were ever ordained by an oath. Ceremonies most important, imposing, instructive, and impressive were performed, but *there was no oath.*

God gave promises to the house of Levi, but He expressly stopped short of anything like an oath to them, not because His promise can be broken, but because that promise was conditional, and must not be confirmed by an oath, as though it constituted a perpetual engagement. But our Saviour is made a priest by an oath, and it is written as if to make it exceeding sure, "The Lord hath sworn and will not repent;" not because God ever can or doth repent, or run back from His oath in any case, but for the confirmation of our faith in the immutability of His word it is expressly added "He will not repent." By an oath which standeth fast for evermore Christ is made a priest forever after the order of Melchisedec. But

WHY AN OATH FOR JESUS,

and none for other priests? First, because of *the greater dignity of Christ* above all other priests that ever were, for He is the Son of the Highest, as they were not. They were men that had infirmity, but He is sinless; they lived and died, and so were changed, but "thy throne, O God, is forever and ever." They were ordained to be types and emblems, serving for the time of Israel's infancy, but He came as the "I am," the substance of the whole. They were mere men and nothing more, but Jesus counted it not robbery to be equal with God, though for our sakes He assumed our nature. It seemed becoming that God should settle Him in the priesthood by an oath, seeing He is above all, and infinitely superior to all others that have ever exercised the priesthood.

I tremble while I speak of the oath of God; for God's lifting His hand to Heaven and swearing by Himself, because He can swear by no greater, is something so solemn that one scarcely dares to think of it. The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain. The devout soul is full of awe at the bare thought of God in His most fatherly and ordinary acts, but how shall we think of the Lord girt with solemnity, resolute in purpose, stern in truth, as lifting His hand and taking an oath? Surely this is the innermost sanctuary of mystery, the holy of holies.

This oath was for the honor of His dear Son as He assumed the sacred priesthood on behalf of the sons of men. The glory of His character, the dignity of His work, the certainty of its accomplishment, and the supreme excellence of His motive in entering upon it, all lift up the priesthood of Christ out of the category of all human priesthoods, and therefore the eternal Father signalizes it by *a special mark of distinction*, and Himself makes oath that His only-begotten Son is a priest forever after the order of Melcheisedec.

Another reason is found in *the eternal character of His work.* The priesthood of Aaron and his successors was intended to be temporary. God did not confirm the priests of old in their offices, because He held in reserve the right to set them aside when He pleased, and He from the first intended that their functions should be abolished when the fulness of time should come for another and better priest to take their place. They were candles for the darkness, but the sun was to rise, and then they would not be needed; they were pictorial representations, but when the substance was come they would not be required. He allowed their priesthood to be one of imperfect men, because He intended by and by to supersede it by a perfect and enduring priesthood; hence no oath of God attended the ordination of the sons of Aaron.

But our Lord Jesus Christ's priesthood, and all the economy which He has ushered in, was intended by God to be perpetual, therefore doth He confirm it with an oath. No end of days will ever happen to our High Priest, nor shall the economy of grace be supplanted by another and clearer revelation. It shall be developed from strength to strength, and we shall see greater things than these in the days of the personal reign and the millennial glory, but no new economy of grace shall overthrow the present. Think not, O ye ungodly, if ye reject Christ that there will yet come a Saviour better than He; for you there remaineth no other sacrifice for sin.

I have heard men talk of "*a larger hope;*" I believe it to be *a larger lie* than ordinary if it supposes more mercy than is revealed in Christ Jesus. There is no larger hope than that which Christ has revealed; if it had been so He would have told us. Stars can be excelled by other stars, but what shall outshine the sun? One human Gospel can be eclipsed by another, but how can there be a more loving, tender, gracious gospel than that which is embodied in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasing life"—is that message of grace to be exceeded, and is greater love yet to be revealed?

No; the gospel is

GOD'S ULTIMATUM;

He will go no further; we have the last proclamation of mercy to men, the last Saviour, the last foundation for hopes to be built upon, the last fountain in which sin can be washed away, the last door of hope by which men shall escape from the guilt and punishment of sin. I beseech you, avail yourselves of it, for God has confirmed it with an oath that it may stand forever; it is your one and only hope for eternity; lay hold upon it while you may. The oath of God sets forth the dignity of our Lord's person and the eternity of His office; see that ye despise not one who is thus great and abiding.

By an oath also was our Lord set apart, because of *the reality of his priesthood*, and the substance that dwelt in His sacrifice. As we have already said, the Levitical priesthood dealt only with the shadows of good things to come, and not with the very substance of the things. In Christ is the actual putting away of sin, the effectual atonement, the real and efficacious substitution for guilty men, *the redemption which actually redeems*, the sacrifice which reconciles. In Him dwells the truth of the matter; He is not prediction, but fact, not promise, but fulfilment. Oh, never listen for a moment to those who would spiritualize Christ Himself, and make out even His person and work to be a shadow.

Certain teachers have arisen who seem to look upon our Redeemer's life as a sort of allegory, an instructive parable, or a myth, out of which eclectic minds like theirs may spell out mystic truth. It cannot be so; *Christ Jesus is a fact;* God was on earth in human flesh; that mysterious person, the Son of God, the Son of Mary, lived and loved and died and rose again; His sacrifice once offered has forever put away sin, and it has bestowed upon Him the power by His intercession to save unto the uttermost them that come unto God by Him.

But perhaps to usward the main reason of Christ's being installed in the priesthood by an oath of God is this, *for the strengthening of our faith.* Brethren, an oath for confirmation among men is the end of all strife; when an honest man has sworn to it, the testimony stands in evidence, and may not be questioned. When God not only gives His promise and His word, but swears to His declaration, who shall dare to doubt? Shall blasphemy go the length of accusing Him of perjury, or shall profanity give Him the lie in the teeth of His oath?

There was no need for God to swear if there had not been in us a fearful lack of faith, but "by two immutable things in which it was impossible for God to lie" He hath given us strong consolation by swearing by Himself that it shall be so. I do beseech you, since God's design is the confirmation of your faith, pray that your faith may be confirmed by it. No measure of faith in Christ can ever be too great. If we trust Him blindly, implicitly, immeasurably, with every interest for time and for eternity, we cannot have ventured too far. He that is ordained with an oath may be rested on without fear; He cannot fail; it is not possible while God's own truth is staked upon His mission, and guarantees its success.

Beloved, ought not this great truth to bring many tremblers to believe in Jesus Christ? The Christ we preach is not an enthusiastic amateur who has come among men with high purpose but without commission, with good intentions but without authority; but God Himself hath appointed Him to His office and settled Him in it, in the most solemn manner, swearing, "Thou art a priest forever after the order of Melchisedec." Will you not trust Him with your soul since God entrusts Him with His honor?

I know not how else to express the sureness of that to which God hath set no less a seal than His own oath. Right joyfully do we see the whole nature of the infinite God guaranteeing the office of our glorious High Priest, for by swearing by Himself the great Jehovah hath made his very being a hostage for the performance of the covenant of which Jesus is the surety, and put forward His own character for truth as the pledge of Christ's eternal priesthood. May no soul among us dare to refuse a priest so surely ordained to His office, and settled in it by Jehovah Himself.

II. Secondly, we ought to believe on the Lord Jesus because of

THE SPECIAL CHARACTER

of His priesthood. This is seen in the tenor of the divine oath, which runs thus: "Thou art a priest forever *after the order of Melchisedec.*" Very briefly let me mention some of the respects in which our Lord Jesus is a priest after the order of Melchisedec. These ought all to be reasons for our faith, and I pray the Holy Spirit to use them for that purpose.

First, our Lord is of the order of Melchisedec as *surpassing and superseding all other priests.* As surpassing—for Melchisedec comes before human view as priest of the Most High God, blessing Abraham, "and without doubt the less is blessed of the greater." Abraham, and Levi in his loins, pay Melchisedec homage. Now, whatever may be said about the priesthood of other men, there can be no doubt about the superior priesthood of Melchisedec. Abraham acknowledged it at once, so that before there were any Aaronic priests there was a greater priest.

Even while the law was in its palmy days, and the priest wore the Urim and the Thummim, there was a note struck in the Psalms of David which intimated the ending of it all, because there was another priest, not of the house of Aaron, who surpassed all of them, being made a priest by oath, even while they were priests without an oath.

It was a priesthood which *united with itself the dignity of kingship.* This Melchisedec, priest of the Most High God, was king even as Jesus Christ is King of kings, as well as High Priest over the house of God. He is, first, Melek Zadok, king of righteousness, setting up a kingdom of righteousness, and fulfilling all righteousness Himself; and then is He King of Salem, or of peace, bringing peace to those that believe in Him and follow after righteousness. Now, it is a main ground of trust in Jesus that He is King as well as Priest, with power in His arm as well as merit in His blood; with power to rule and govern and protect us, as well as with an efficacious sacrifice to purge our sins.

Our faith should also rest on the fact that our Lord was, like Melchisedec, "*without father, without mother.*" We find no father or mother mentioned in the case of Melchisedec, because he did not come to the priesthood by natural descent as did the sons of Aaron; and in this he is the great type of Jesus, who is not one of a line, but *the sole and only priest* of His order. As a priest he is "without beginning of days or end of years," neither taking the priesthood from a predecessor, nor passing it on to a successor, nor laying it down because of old age.

This great priest of ours is *Master of all*, for as Melchisedec received homage from Abraham in the form of tithes, so doth our blessed Lord receive the reverence of all who believe. The day cometh when every knee shall bow to Him, and every

tongue shall confess that He is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. Therefore come and trust Him; trust the Lord of all. O ye guilty ones, who desire salvation, I beseech you repose upon Him, for He must reign, and you must either kiss Him with the homage of your heart, or else He will break you as with a rod of iron in the day of His power.

Perhaps one of the main points about Melchisedec is that he is represented as *bestowing blessing*. When he came to meet Abraham the chief thing he did was to bless the patriarch. The apostle does not refer to the bringing forth of bread and wine by Melchisedec, because he regarded it as a temporal blessing included in the greater spiritual one. Our Lord Jesus blesses all that trust Him; blesses them with the riches of heaven and earth, with the eternal word which sustains their souls, and with supplies for this mortal life, so that they live and praise Him.

Once again, Christ is never to be changed or superseded. He is a priest *forever*. As we read nothing of Melchisedec's having given up the priesthood, so depend upon it Christ never will lay down His office while there remains a single man to be saved. "Once a priest always a priest" is true of the Lord Jesus Christ, though true of nobody else. Once was He ordained, and none can put Him from His priesthood; as once the Father set Him upon the hill of Zion as King, and the kings of the earth cannot dash Him from His throne. O ye who pine for certainty and seek everlasting life, come and rest your everlasting hopes on His everlasting priesthood. That is my point all the way through. You have not to trust a mere man; you have not to rely upon one who will die, or leave his office to another who may not know you or care for you; but you are to trust One who cannot change or die.

If I were called upon to be the advocate of human priests this morning, if I were ordained to tell you to trust to *the shavelings of Rome*, my tongue would cleave to the roof of my mouth for lack of arguments; for what can there be in them that we should trust them? O sirs, the most brutish delusion in the world is to rely upon any priest of our own sinful race. I would as soon trust my salvation with the Norwood gypsy as with a Cardinal Archbishop. Her imposture is not so daring as his.

What can priests do for us? "They can give absolution." The Lord absolve them from the blasphemy of such a pretence. There is one pardoning Priest, and there is none other under heaven. He hath made all His people in another sense to be priests unto Himself; but as atoning priests, or as men that offer a propitiatory sacrifice, He hath ordained none, and all who pretend to such power must answer for it before the bar of God. Think ye of Roman and Anglican priests as of priests of Baal, and have no fellowship with such deceivers. Pray God to open their eyes that they may themselves be delivered from the delusion. As for you and for me, let us keep to the one Melchisedec priest, and yield subjection to none other. In Jesus we are complete; to look elsewhere would be to dishonor His perfection.

III. I beg you next to notice that our text speaks of

THE SUPERIORITY OF THE COVENANT

under which our Lord officiates, in which also we shall find abundant argument for believing in Jesus. It says, "By so much was Jesus made a surety of a better testament." Learned men have fought each other very earnestly over the word translated "testament." Some say that it means "testament;" others answer that in the Septuagint Greek it is used as the interpretation of the Hebrew word which signifies "covenant." I feel quite sure that the combatants are both right. I am always glad when I can conscientiously take both sides in a battle, and I do so in this instance, because it matters nothing which of the two conquers, though it would be a loss for either side to be defeated.

The old covenant was on this wise: if the Israelitish people kept to God as their God, and if the priests obeyed His law and offered sacrifice according to divine rule, God would accept and bless them. Thus there was an "*if*" *in the covenant*. It was conditional, and therefore liable to failure. The people said, "All that thou hast spoken we will do." Eagerly, with all hands up, they cried, "We will do it. We will do it all." Within forty days they had broken the law, and to pieces went the covenant. A man's covenant is sure to be broken if it promises holiness on the part of the sinful, and perseverance on the part of the fickle-minded. Man cannot bear the burden of the needful requirements of a covenant with God. Our great High Priest represents another and surer covenant. There is no "if" in the covenant of grace. It runs thus: "I will," and "You shall." That is the tenor of it. Its essence lies in the supreme word, "I will." Therefore, because the conditions of the covenant of grace have been fulfilled it is in no danger of abrogation, and Christ Jesus has become the surety of a better covenant.

IV. Now of such a covenant or testament has Jesus Christ become the priest and surety, and with that we shall close, dwelling upon

THE RELATIONSHIP

in which He stands to that covenant. This is our fourth point. I am sure we did not expect as we were reading this passage that we should come upon the word "surety." The apostle was speaking of our Lord as a priest, and he puts it thus, "By so much"—that is, by reason of His being inducted into His office by an oath—"was Christ made *a surety* of a better testament." However, there is the word "surety," and doubtless there is excellent reason for the unexpected turn in the sense. Testaments do not need sureties, therefore the passage should be read "covenant." But why did He turn from the idea of priesthood to that of suretyship? How is our Lord Jesus a surety?

He is so, first, because we are absolutely certain that the covenant of grace will stand because the Redeemer has come into the world and has died for us. Brethren, the gift of Christ is a pledge that the covenant, of which He is the substance, cannot be dissolved. Christ has been born into the world, God Himself has become incarnate; that is done and can never be undone; how can the Lord draw back after going so far? More, Christ has died; He beareth in His flesh to-day the scars of His crucifixion; that also is done and can never be undone. If God had ever meant that this covenant should be temporary He would never have given His Son to die as the substance of that covenant. It cannot be that so vast an expense should be laid out upon a transient business.

Moreover, Jesus lives, and as long as He lives the covenant must be regarded as a reality. It cannot possibly be that a work should be regarded as a fiction when it has been wrought out by such an one as He is. The ever-living Son of God did not die to perform a mere representation: the abiding essence of the matter is in His work, and He lives to prove that it is so. The priests of the house of Aaron were poor sureties of the former covenant, for they could not keep it themselves, but Christ has kept the covenant of grace; He has fulfilled all that was conditional in it, and carried out all that was demanded on man's part.

But next, *Christ is a surety on God's part*. I know that divines say that God does not need any surety, that He is to be trusted without it. This is true, and He is to be relied upon without an oath, but even as He takes an oath for our sake, so He provides a surety for our sake, that we may believe with stronger confidence. Christ is the bondsman of God on the Father's behalf, that the covenant shall be fulfilled.

But then mainly *He is a surety of the new covenant on our behalf*. Adam entered into a covenant with God for us, but that covenant went to pieces in a very short time. Then the second Adam became our covenant head and surety, and represented us before God. "Lo, I come," saith He—this is the brief of it—"to stand in their stead, to roll away the reproach of thy law, and so to save that which is lost." Now, the sinner is not saved in a way which casts a slight on justice, for Jesus has honored the law, and borne its penalty on the behalf of the men whom the Father gave Him.

It was a wonderful act of grace on Christ's part thus to become our surety before the throne of justice, but He did it, and smarted for it, and fulfilled all that it involved. Beloved, I would not like to have gone to heaven over a broken law; no right-minded man could be eternally happy and yet know that the law of God had to be dishonored before he could be rescued from hell. What would the universe say but that God was unrighteous, for He had saved the ungodly, and tarnished the honor of His justice by allowing sin to go unpunished, thus proving that the law was needless, and the punishment superfluous?

But now they cannot thus speak concerning any one of us who are saved in Christ Jesus. The saved one's sins have been punished; every believer has borne the punishment of his guilt in the person of his great Substitute. The law is satisfied; we owe it nothing, for we have obeyed it actively and passively in the person of our Surety. Even the infinite holiness of God can demand nothing of any believer but what the Lord beholds and accepts on the believer's behalf in Christ Jesus our representative.

It comes to this, that

WE MUST BELIEVE IN JESUS

and take Him to be our priest, or be out of the covenant of grace. God will not deal with us without a Mediator, and "there is one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." Will you have Him? Will you have Him, or forever be excluded from the covenant of grace, and consequently condemned under the covenant of works, and cast away forever and ever? Will you, O unbelievers, will you despise the oath of God? I spoke of it with trembling just now, feeling a solemn awe at the very mention of the oath of God. Will you give the lie to that oath? Will you say, "Thou has sworn to Christ that He shall be priest, but He shall never be mine"? This would be the honest expression of what your heart feels if you refuse Jesus; will you venture so to speak? Will you reject Heaven's own appointed Saviour, and deny the witness of the Lord? See that ye do not this, for the Lord your God is a jealous God; and if you touch His dignity so far as to strike at His oath, what more atrocious crime can you commit? "He that believeth not hath made God a liar, because he hath not believed on the Son of God." Will you refuse the ever-living Saviour? Is there one here so foolish as to be trusting to another priest? Oh, can it be that you are so far gone as to look to a man instead of looking to the Son of God?

Dear friends, if Christ deigns to be priest for us we ought gladly to accept Him; there ought to be a rush at Him. We are bound to cry, "Great Priest, intercede for me; let Thy sacrifice avail for me; wash me in the cleansing blood." It ought to be a joy to all mankind to accept this Heaven-sent Priest and Surety. Will you refuse Him? Will you neglect His salvation? If you do so, remember you shut yourselves out from the better hope, and the better covenant, and the better promises; you are barring the door of heaven against yourselves.

He who rejects the Saviour commits *eternal suicide;* his blood shall be upon his own head. This shall be the hell of his hell, the very centre of its fire, the worm that never dieth, that he himself put from him everlasting life, and counted himself unworthy of the kingdom, and would not have Christ whom with an oath God had set up, that whosoever believeth in Him might live. God bless these all-important truths to every heart for Christ's sake. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Hebrews 8.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

ANECDOTES.

Related at the May Meetings in London.

THE Baptist Missionary Society held its twenty-ninth anniversary in Exeter Hall, when the report read by the Secretary showed that the past year had been the most successful from a financial point of view in the history of the Society. The income for the year was equivalent to $257,295.

THE OFFICER AND THE LEOPARDS.

The Rev. E. C. B. Hallam, of Allahabad, said: "There are those who come home from India who try very hard to make you believe that we missionaries are deceivers, and that our work is all humbug. I remember an instance of this not very long ago, which occurred on board one of our ships coming home from Ceylon. There was a man there who was a government officer, a civilian. He did not know much about the missions, and he cared less; but when he saw a Wesleyan missionary a fellow-passenger, he thought he must have a sly slap at him, and he took the opportunity of saying in his presence to his fellow-passengers, that all these flaming missionary reports that came out of the offices in London were nonsense, and that the missionary speeches in Exeter Hall and elsewhere were all moonshine—there was nothing in them. 'Why, sirs,' he said, 'believe me, I have been in India over twenty years, and I never saw a native Christian.' The missionary did not attempt any reply.

"Only a day or two after he heard this same man boasting of the great things he had done as *a sportsman*. He was telling of the number of tigers he had bagged, the leopards he had shot, and the bears he had killed, and he had done most wonderful exploits as a sportsman. The missionary went up to him, and with a happy smile, said, 'Sir, I have been in India twenty-five years, and I never saw a leopard there.' 'Well, sir,' he said, 'you surprise me; you astonish me!' 'Oh, you need not express any surprise whatever. *I can tell you why* I never saw one.' 'Why?' he asked, '*Because I never went where they were, and for that same reason, sir, you never saw a native Christian.*'"

BRAHMA WORSHIP DECLINING.

"We have the evidence of the Brahmins themselves that idol worship is declining, and that Brahma worship is declining also. When I first went to Orissa it was nothing at all unusual to see a man of the lower caste put his forefinger to his tongue, then dip it in the dust, put it to his mouth, and *eat it, as an act of adoration* to a Brahmin who was passing. They used to wash the Brahmin's feet, and then drink the dirty water. It exists now; but there is less of it than there used to be in those districts where the gospel has long been preached. The Brahmin in charge of the Temple of Middenpore came to us and ventured the statement that we were taking the food out of his mouth. 'How is that?' said one of our number. 'Why, since you came here preaching Jesus Christ every day, the receipts at my temple have been reduced 50 per cent.'"

"Some years ago, our General Baptist brethren in Southern Orissa wanted to send a company of preachers to a district where they had never preached, and had never distributed books. Some of the preachers were called out, and were sent to the district. They moored their little boat to the shore, and went to the nearest village to preach. It was not very long before a respectable Hindoo came up, a young man, and said, 'Sirs, can you give me a copy of "The Jewel Mine of Salvation"? That is the title of the gospel paraphrased, and put into metre in a beautiful tract; and I myself know of a dozen conversions which I can trace to the reading of that alone.

"The native preacher started and said, 'How did you know that we had such a book, we have never given away our books here before?' 'Oh! I know it well; you are the men who preach about Jesus Christ and this new religion, and that is what this new book tells about. I have seen a copy of it, and for months I have been trying to get a copy of it; will you give me one?' 'No, we will not give you one till you tell us all about it, and where you saw it.' 'My name,' said he, 'is' so-and so; 'but I have not time to tell you about it to-night. Come to-morrow early, and I will tell you all about it.' They went, and he told them the story.

EXTRAORDINARY CONVERSION OF A HINDOO.

"'About two years ago my father put a quantity of merchandise upon his bullocks' backs, and went on a three days' journey into the district, to attend a market; while there he met a friend of his from another village from the opposite direction. This friend said to him, "I have three little books teaching a new religion." He showed them to my father and my father asked him to give him one, and he did, and that was the book—"The Jewel Mine of Salvation." When he got home he put away his bullocks, and washed his feet, and sat down to read his book, and that book perfectly bewitched my father.

"'In a few days he had *lost his appetite*, and as he read the book we noticed great big tears trickling down his cheeks, and he became altogether a changed man, his face looking so sorrowful and sad. As we thought father was *bewitched* by that book, we decided to burn the book and mix the ashes in water and give it to him to drink, to take the witches out of him; but he guarded the book, and we could not get at it. As he read, a still more wonderful change came over him; his tears dried up, his face became happy, and *his appetite returned*, and he took food as usual. But he would not go to the idol temple any more, and he would not have anything more to do with Hindooism or the Hindoo religion.

"'Well, that father died a year ago; but when he was dying the Brahmins came and stood about the door, and wanted to come in and get their presents; but father waved them away with his hand and said, "No Brahmins are needed here. I need not your help;" and he would not allow a Brahmin to set foot inside his house. Then, when we saw the end was approaching, my mother, my brothers, and myself gathered round and said, "Father, you are dying, you are dying; do call on Krishnu, for you are dying." He looked up with a pleasant smile, and said, "My boy, I have a better name than that—the name of Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of the world, of whom I read in my little book; that is a better name than Krishnu." And my father died with the name of Jesus Christ on his lips.'"

NATIVE CHRISTIAN MARTYRS.

"I landed in India just three months before the fearful mutiny broke out. I was not in the disturbed districts, though I was exposed more or less to danger, and had to go from my station to another place for safety; but during that mutiny there were both white and black Christians who sealed their testimony for Christ with their blood. We lost brother Mackie, of Delhi, who fell into the hands of the mutineers. Then there were crowds of Hindoo and Mohammedan Sepoys going through the place, looking for Christians, black or white, and demanding that they should *either deny Jesus or die*. They found one of our men on the highway in Delhi—whether preaching or not I do not know—and with drawn swords held over his head, they said: 'Now, then, we have got you; deny Christ or die!' With hand upraised to heaven he said, '*Strike! my Jesus I never will deny.*' They *did* strike, and hacked him in pieces then and there. He sealed his testimony for Christ with his blood. God forbid that your faith and mine should ever have so sore a trial as that; who knows whether or not our faith would have the strength of his?"

AT THE WESLEYAN MEETINGS,

the Rev. Charles Garrett, speaking on the subject of special providences, related the following illustrative incidents:

"NO FOOD, BUT THE TABLE READY.

"I recently called at a beautiful home, in which the young lady told me of a singular event that had happened on the previous day. She rose deeply impressed that she ought to take a basket of provisions to an old lady living some distance off. She was not acquainted with her and did not know her circumstances. She consulted her mother about it, and they made up a basket of provisions, which she took to the house. She knocked at the door, which was opened by the old lady herself; and when she had explained her errand, the old lady exclaimed, 'Oh, what a covenant-keeping God I have! I ate my last bit last night, but, as you see, I have laid the cloth for my breakfast, for I knew it would come.'

"'I HAVE ONLY TO TELL GOD ABOUT IT.'

"During the cotton famine in Lancashire, I met a class-leader and local preacher, who had not had work for two years, and who, notwithstanding that he had a large family, had been assisting the members of his class, until he acknowledged, on pressing him, that he had only a shilling left, 'But,' the man exclaimed, 'don't trouble about me. I have only to tell God about it.' What happened? On the following morning I received a letter offering to give twelve shillings weekly to a leader until the end of the famine, and I at once concluded that my friend had been *telling God about it*, and that this letter was the answer.

"A BILL PAID.

"On another occasion, as I was going to the home of my dear friend, the Rev. David Hay, I met a class-leader, a shopkeeper, who said he was not taking a shilling a day, that he had two children to keep, and that he had to meet on the following Monday morning a bill for £50, toward which he had not been able to raise fifty pence. I went on to Mr. Hay's, and there on the mantelpiece was a letter from Mr. Gurney, the shorthand writer, asking if they had a local preacher in want of money. I wrote to him the same evening, and by the next day's post there came another letter from Mr. Gurney, saying that a good Quaker lady wished to give £50—the very sum required—to some struggling local preacher."

A SUCCESSFUL TRACT.

The Rev. D. Hill said in his speech at the Missionary breakfast, that during the government examinations in literary subjects held every third year at Wuchang, Hoopeh, at which there are usually 10,000 or 12,000 candidates, the young men frequent the chapels to hear the gospel preached. On the last occasion a special effort was made by the missionaries residing in that centre to reach these literary gentlemen, and Mr. John, of the London Mission, prepared a special tract, entitled "The Gate of Wisdom," for circulation among them. Some 10,000 copies were struck off and distributed at the gates of the examination hall. These were, for the most part, received in a friendly spirit, and would be conveyed by these gentlemen to every county in the province, where they are now circulating among the 27,000,000 of the people.

"One most pleasing instance of *conversion* in connection with the effort I may mention. A gentleman of private means from a district about eighty or one hundred miles from Hankow, who was up for examination after he had received and read the tract, was led to seek further instruction, was baptized, invited Mr. John to his house, gathered his friends together, and actively set about doing Christian work. And when I left Hankow a few months ago he was residing in the London Mission Hospital, and trying to pick up a little medical knowledge, with a view to doing good among his own countrymen. This is but one case—one tract, one out of the 10,000 which have been sown broadcast o'er the land, and shall they return unto Him void?"

A CHINAMAN'S PRESENT OF PEACHES.

Referring to the advantages arising from medical missionary effort, Mr. Hill said: "On one of my recent boat journeys on the Yangtzee I put in about dusk at the market town of Hwang Sz Kang, and I had no sooner finished preaching on shore than a man rushed after me on to the boat, with his hands full of peaches, and pressed me to take them. 'You are from Hankow, are you not?' said he. 'Yes,' I replied. 'Well, a few years ago I went up to your hospital there, very ill indeed, and had it not been for Dr. Mackenzie I certainly should not have lived. And when all my money was exhausted he supported me for a whole month, and both he and the native assistants treated me with so much kindness that, when I saw you here, knowing as I did that you must be connected with the mission, I thought the least that I could do was to give you some slight acknowledgment of the kindness shown me in Hankow. I am but a poor huckster, but I shall be only too glad if you will

accept these peaches ;' and feeling hardly satisfied with his expression of gratitude he brought me later on in the evening *a further present of peaches and sweetmeats*. And thus it is throughout the province."

CHRIST'S PROPHECY ON THE MOUNT.

MATTHEW 24.

By Rev. Richard Chester, A.B.

Prediction of the Destruction of Jerusalem—And of the Second Advent—A Double Signification—A Double Fulfilment, Partial in the Destruction of Jerusalem—Total in Second Advent—False Christs—Wars and Rumors of Wars—Abounding of Iniquity—Preaching of the Gospel—The Abomination of Desolation.

THIS memorable prophecy, spoken by Him who "spake as never man spake"—who is Himself the source and sum of all prophecy, to whom "give all the prophets witness"—cannot be otherwise than specially interesting and instructive ; more so, we may well believe, than any other which the sure Prophetic Word contains.

I shall take it for granted, rather than attempt to prove, that this prophecy comprises predictions such as He alone "who knows the end from the beginning" could utter, both concerning the then future, but *now* long since accomplished, destruction of Jerusalem by the Roman army under Titus, with preceding and attendant events ; and that it also contains predictions most explicit and emphatic concerning the *yet future* Second Advent of the Lord Jesus Christ. This, as most of our readers are probably aware, has been denied. I have read, some years ago, a work by M. Pressensé, the well-known French Evangelical pasteur, in which the writer labors with much ingenuity to prove that not only this prophecy, but the entire of the predictive judgments of the Book of Revelation refer only to the destruction of Jerusalem, and have received their complete fulfilment therein.

In order to refute this theory, it is only needful to advert to one passage in the prophecy (verses 30, 31) : "And then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven ; and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn ; and they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory ; and He shall send His angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather His elect together from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other." To affirm that in any event which happened at, or in connection with, the destruction of Jerusalem there was a fulfilment of these words ; or to affirm that any event other than the actual coming of the Lord from heaven could possibly fulfil them, is to invest this prophecy in particular, and all prophecy in general, and all the words, prophetic or otherwise, which the Lord Jesus Christ, the utterer of these words, has spoken, with a character of exaggeration, and of a consequent vagueness and uncertainty belonging rather to the fabled oracles of the heathen Sibyl than to the Holy Oracles of the God of truth.

While thus maintaining the comprehensive and

DOUBLE CHARACTER

of this memorable series of predictions—features in which they resemble a large portion of Old Testament prophecy, and furnish us, as I believe, with a key to the right interpretation of the Book of Revelation as being also double in its signification and fulfilment—I would desire altogether to disclaim the possibility of making anything like an exact division in it, and affirming, as some commentators have done, that so much belongs exclusively to the destruction of Jerusalem, and that the remainder belongs altogether to the Second Advent of our Lord. I have met with many attempts to establish such a division, and they each and all have seemed to me to be utterly unsuccessful.

The true, and therefore by far the easiest and simplest mode of interpreting the strictly prophetic portion of Matthew 24 I believe to be this—that it refers in its entireness to

TWO GREAT EVENTS,

the one of which is the type, the other the antitype ; and that while there are several particulars which belong, some only to the one, and some only to the other of these events, the general scope and tenor of the prophecy includes *both* and refers to *both*, although in some instances more immediately to the one than to the other. The strictly prophetic portion of the chapter to which these remarks apply terminates, it will be observed, at verse 35. The sequel of the chapter, with the entire of chapter 25, belongs to the hortatory and practical, rather than to the exclusively prophetical, portion of the teaching of our Lord.

Having, in the first instance, affirmed (verses 1, 2) concerning "the buildings of the Temple," that there should not be "one stone left upon another that should not be thrown down," the Great Teacher's object manifestly appears to be to give an answer sufficiently definite, and yet not too definite to be pre-eminently practical, to the twofold question of the disciples (verse 3) : "When shall these things be? And what shall be the sign of thy coming (Greek, *presence*), and of the end of the age?" They evidently expected—probably from their knowledge of the prophecy of Zechariah (chapter 14), that "the coming," and "the end" would be coincident with the overthrow of the Temple. The answer was accordingly so shaped as sufficiently to distinguish between these events, so that they should not be in anywise confounded with, or mistaken for, each other, and yet to leave the disciples in intended ignorance of the protracted interval which should elapse between the destruction of Jerusalem and the Second Advent. For *always*, when speaking upon the subject of the Advent—and never more clearly than in the latter part of this and in the parables of the succeeding chapter—did our blessed Lord put that event before His hearers as one which might occur during their own lifetime, and for which, therefore, they were, each of them personally, to be always watchful and expectant. This special object of our Lord in this discourse, as also the relationship of type and antitype which exists between them, is, it seems to me, amply sufficient for any apparent intermingling of the two events, which we now know to be so widely separate, both as to time and character, from each other.

THE FIRST SERIES OF EVENTS,

accordingly, which the Lord, in answer to their questions, put before His disciples in connection with the overthrow of the Temple, and with His coming at the end of "the age," or dispensation, is that of the rise of false Christs, and false teachers or prophets, and the occurrence of "wars and rumors of wars," which He warns them should be but "the beginning of sorrows," or "birth-pangs" (verses 4–11). It is remarkable, however, that while there were false Christs and false teachers in the period of the world's history shortly prior to the destruction of Jerusalem, that period is conspicuous upon the page of history for the total absence of war, the frequently-open temple of Janus having been at that time closed. Consequently the rising of "nation against nation, and kingdom against kingdom" (verse 7), here so distinctly foretold, is altogether inadmissible as an event connected with, or a sign preceding the destruction of Jerusalem, and must necessarily be referred altogether to the period prior to the Second Advent. That this latter period is also to be specially distinguished by the rise of, at all events, ONE false Christ, several other prophecies very fully affirm.

Thus the character of this prophecy would seem to be established as referring *primarily* to the destruction of Jerusalem, in which some of its particulars have been *partially*, and so far remarkably fulfilled ; but referring especially to the Second Advent, in which

A COMPLETE EXHAUSTIVE FULFILMENT

awaits the entire wonderful prediction of Christ, from its commencement to its close.

The "abounding of iniquity," and the consequent "waxing cold of the love of many" (verse 12), would seem, in like manner, to belong *especially* to the period prior to the Advent, and are in exact accordance, as every student of prophecy must be aware, with numerous predictions, both of the Old and New Testaments, which undeniably refer to that event.

The "preaching of the gospel for a witness among all nations" (verse 14) is also, without question, to be regarded, not as a sign preceding the destruction of Jerusalem, but—as the emphatic words, "and then shall the *end* come," are sufficient to determine—as a marked and specially noteworthy token that the Lord is, indeed, at hand.

The "setting up of the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, in the holy place" (verse 15) would seem evidently to have received *some* fulfilment at the destruction of Jerusalem, from the historically recorded fact that the seeing what they regarded as such did cause many Christians at the time to comply with the warning of the immediately succeeding portion of the prophecy, and to escape to Pella, by which means their lives were preserved. That it cannot have then received—and that it therefore still awaits—its *complete* fulfilment in events connected with the Second Advent, a reference to the three passages in Daniel (to which our Lord's own words direct us for its import) seems to me most conclusively to establish.

The first occurs in Daniel 8 : 11–14. The preceding context proves it either to refer (as I believe it does *primarily*) to Antiochus Epiphanes ; or else (as I believe it does *chiefly*) to the future personal Antichrist. It cannot possibly have received its complete fulfilment in anything that was done by the soldiers of Titus. The second passage occurs in chapter 9 : 27. It describes the event referred to as taking place in the middle of the last of the seventy weeks of Daniel, where *any* reference to Titus and his army as agents in the matter is simply out of the question.

The third passage occurs in chapter 11 : 31. Here the setter-up of "the abomination" is affirmed, in exact accordance with chapter 9 : 27, to be also the taker away of the daily sacrifice. Both these acts are further ascribed to the "wilful king," whom no one asserts or believes to be Titus. But neither is he Antiochus, only or chiefly, inasmuch as our Lord's words affirm "the setting up of the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet," to have been, when He uttered His prophecy, *a yet future event*.

In verses 21–28 of Matthew 24 we read of "a great tribulation," which a reference to the parallel passage, Luke 21 : 23, 24, proves to refer especially—although other portions of the Prophetic Word teach us not exclusively—to the land and the people of Israel ; and which both passages, as also the parallel one, Mark 13 : 19–24, set forth, so far as these are connected with it, as commencing with the siege and destruction of Jerusalem, and lasting until, and terminating only with, the close of "the times of the Gentiles," and "the coming of the Son of Man in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory."

That this tribulation will, so far as the Jewish people are concerned, be fearfully intensified during the time of the last Antichrist, and will embrace at that period Christendom as well as Israel, we find foretold explicitly in many portions of the Prophetic Word. With this correspond exactly the words of our Lord (verses 21, 22) : "For there shall be great tribulation, &c.

It can scarcely be needful to remind my readers how exactly the prophecy before them, viewed in this twofold aspect, accords with very many of the Old Testament prophecies, especially with several passages in the Books of Isaiah and Jeremiah, in which the dispersion of the Jewish people, their captivity among the nations, and their restoration to their own rebuilt city and re-fertilized land, are foretold ; and which, while only being partially fulfilled in their return from captivity in Babylon, await their complete fulfilment in a yet future restoration and conversion of the entire nation of Israel.

Thus far this prophecy, if only the possession of this twofold character be allowed to it, is by no means difficult of interpretation. It is remarkably free from any observation by means of either symbol or metaphor. It is, moreover, most distinct in its utterance. We can take *it* in one hand, and the history of the destruction of Jerusalem in the other, and, comparing the two together, we can gain from this as fully as from any other portion of God's Prophetic Word the substantial evidence of the inspiration of the sacred volume.

(*To be continued.*)

TOUCHES OF REAL LIFE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Lady Hope, of Cariden.

(*Continued from page* 335.)

Old Michael's Reception of Etta—The Old Shed Uppermost—The Very Far Distances—Another Call Needed—The Drunken Fly-Driver—A Cause of Preoccupation—A Scheme Pronounced Nonsensical.

ETTA'S next visit was to Michael. She knew well now where he lived, and that, when she entered his territory, she was on friendly ground.

He gave her a characteristic reception.

"I was just tellin' the Lord about ye," he said, "and I was a-sayin', 'Lord! she's a dear young lady, she is. 'Courage her heart, now do 'ee. An' help her on i' the right way. An' bring her right down 'mongst us of a evenin'.' I'm only a simple, homely old man," he continued, "but I knows one thing. I knows as how you aire a-doing a good work here. And perhaps you'll do ever so much more."

"That is just what I can't do," said Etta, "and for reasons that I can't explain. You wouldn't understand if I *could* explain them. But I came to ask you to-day"—and here she paused, and looked at the old wife and sundry grandchildren who seemed to be *everywhere* in the cottage.

"Missus!" ejaculated Mike, "you look arter the young 'uns, will ye? Take 'em to see the chick-a-biddies a' the back yard." And so saying, he suited the action to the word, and began to clear the front premises of his very lively belongings.

"I have been wondering whether anything could be done again about that old shed," said Etta, "whether it could be rebuilt; and a great many other things too; but, as I said before, life is not so easy to me as you would think. I can't do all I should like; and sometimes I get greatly puzzled."

All this time old Mike was leaning up against the window-sill, and resting the small of his back against the old deal table; but now he drew himself up, and sat upon the table, his arms folded across his chest, and his legs hanging down. With his usual politeness he was striving to repress a fervent desire to speak. When at last his mouth was opened, he said:

"Well, I never! If that old shed ain't always bein' brought uppermost! There I was up at the rectory the t'other day, a-seein' o' that 'ere blessed child—the rector's young lady"—he explained, "and what should she say first thing, but summat 'bout the old shed! I *war* surprised. However the child come to hear about it, I couldn't think. But Mr. Hutton, *he* told me how it was."

"I wish we could have the shed rebuilt," said Etta. "Then you could use it for your meetings again, and we might make it very comfortable, and get in some of the other men too. You see they did not like it before, because it was so dark, and it let the rain in, and there was nothing for them to do or to look at."

"We used to look at the King!" said Michael, in a reverie. "It was all beautiful to us. You know, miss, we don't want nothing grand, or painted glass windows, or them gold organs, nor pulpits, nor any o' that. We only want to see Jesus. *That's* what we want!" he added very energetically. "Please, miss, did you ever read about the b'liever's telescope?"

"No; I don't know what you mean," said Etta, who, although she was beginning to understand in some degree the original character of his conversation, could by no means always fathom his eccentric expressions. She soon learned to discover that this one was not so eccentric as she had thought. Nor was it the first specimen of a similar discovery. He interested her, and she listened while he quoted—

"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off."

"Very far distances," Etta found that it was in the margin of her Bible when she reached home; and then she understood Michael's simile better. In the meantime she listened very quietly, and as she listened, she was putting two and two together, and pondering thus. Though her thoughts were not very defined, if put into words they might have taken this shape—

"Is it not a far greater degree of spirituality to be able, like these poor men, to commune with God—to 'see His beauty'—in a poor, tumble-down old place, made of common wood, and to rejoice in His presence there; than to be dependent, as we are for our devotions, on so much that is external? They require no 'aids to devotion!' They see God. They know Him. How is this? Where does the difference lie? It seems to me as though *they* had faith, while we have only sight!" and she gave partial expression to her thoughts by saying to Mike, in answer to his remark:

"Doesn't it say something in the Bible about 'walking by faith, and not by sight?'"

"Oh yes, it do!" said poor old Bateman, quite unconscious of his comparative altitude in the Christian course as he said it; though he must have *felt*, and did acknowledge in saying it, that he was taking his Master's position, who prayed in the boat and on the sea, and at the mountain-top, and by the roadside, and in the garden, and on the shore, and *with* the lowly fishermen, and *for* His persecuted followers.

"It's in the book," said Mike, "'*We walk by faith and not by sight*,' and then the Lord said to Moses—and it was in the *wilderness*, it was, not in a church—'My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.'"

"Oh, but Michael," said Etta, "you know there was a tabernacle, and then a temple, and the Lord commanded the people to go to them three times a year."

"Yes," answered Mike, "but I have heard the minister read, and I've seen it in my Bible too, that they people went to the outer court, and on'y the High Priest was to go into the beautiful part 'long with the ark, and the gold, and the light. The Priest was Jesus!" he continued warmly.

Here Etta was out of her depth; and, preferring to avoid any further flounderings with Michael, she wisely determined to search out the matter for herself. But she had got a great lift, a help almost unconsciously. Her talks with the old man generally landed her in a higher and more ethereal region of thought than that to which she had been accustomed hitherto. To-day she was about to return with quite a new line of suggested subjects for her own Scripture search and meditation. But as she was going out of the cottage Mike said to her in his most mysterious tones:

"There's Dan'l Higgins. He's the fly-driver. He's been and lost everythink through drinkin'. Poor chap! It's dreadful to hear him swearin' and a-goin on. Do you think you could call up his way, miss?"

The suggestion of such a visit did not sound pleasant. It was not altogether so attractive that it must needs be accomplished at that very moment; so, after a moment's hesitation and nodding a vague acquiescence, Etta proceeded on her way home. But the recollection of this request from old Mike and the bare idea of this combined state of wickedness and misery into which a neighbor had plunged himself, quite haunted her.

When sitting by the prettily-decorated dinner-table that evening, and afterward in the depths of a luxurious chair in the drawing-room, her mental panorama of the morning's scenes resolved itself into a variety of *tableaux*—the mother in her bare cottage, troubled by the sins and cruelties of her husband and sons; Mike, sitting on the end of his rough deal table, giving utterance to his eloquent and graphic description of facts past and present; his parenthetical mention of sweet little Aleth; her reverie invariably wound up with the bankrupt fly-driver, driven to recklessness by his liquor-loving propensities.

Certainly, in her more thoughtless days, Etta had never been so much accused of pre-occupation as she was now. Her sisters, and even her brothers, would constantly rally her on being "absorbed," or "meditative," or "full of something or other." It was certainly very strange that, though "*buried*" was not too strong a word for the state of trance-like inaction into which her sisters would pass for hours together, when a new novel of exciting tone was in their hands, yet no one seemed to object or to consider their normal state of coma, at such times, by any means singular or unnatural.

Her far-away looks, or abstracted replies, at any moment of the day, or only *for* a moment, were generally pounced upon either by a satirical smile or a look or word of censure. It was a "bad habit," a result of "these new ideas," or a sign of "want of interest" in passing events. How little did the other members of that pleasant home realize how much of the *real* romance of life—not to say *comedy* and *tragedy!*—Etta was passing through; only that each new phase of it was really none the less true because so novel.

Actual acquaintance with the lives and histories, past and present, of those around us, has in it far more of the sensational excitement of mystery and general interest than the wildest pages of fiction. If a condition of vulture-like feeding on our own internal being conduces to many an ill result, generally classified under the wholesale term "morbid"—for which, let it be remembered, people usually have as little pity or sympathy as for *hysteria*—then by the order of reverse, an occupation of mind with external interests, and those of the highest kind, must tend naturally to happiness and self-elevation; and these we must acknowledge to be benefits in themselves, apart from the benefits thus conferred on the beings by whom we are surrounded.

"No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." If we endeavor to live to ourselves, and, in fact, indulge the morbid propensities to which we are all liable, we are violating a natural law, and thereby injuring, not only ourselves, but those also to whom, as fellow-creatures, we "owe" the debt of "love." No possible benefit can accrue from it. But, too often, those who are *not* self-absorbed, but occupied with far higher thoughts and deeper considerations than those their friends quite understand—who are occupied, in fact, with the Lord Himself, His teachings, His marvellous illuminations of heart and intellect—are considered "morbid."

Such was Etta's case. The fact was that her new interests and her consideration of them were misunderstood; and this for the simple reason that they had not yet become the interests of the others. What would she have given for a little sympathy in them!

How she wondered now that no one could *care* for these streets lying close round their path, and teeming with human life, immortal spirits—each cottage wall embracing a miniature *world* of its own, joy, sorrow, light, darkness, sin, purity, selfish cruelty, unselfish devotion!—all these, and many other phases of life, being represented not *falsely* as within the yellow covers of the fascinating railway novel, but exhibited in their true kaleidoscope of colors, the actual daily facts of real life. Many would seem to think that these must necessarily be prosaic. But there is intense poetry in all reality, as well as reality in true poetry; and Etta, Lady Isabel, Mrs. Clemence, and even pretty little Aleth were daily becoming more fascinated with its pages. They had the advantage after all, for their delights were true, lasting, and ennobling.

"A penny for your thoughts, Etta!" said Bob, pulling a lock of her hair, as he passed through the shadowed circle of gauzy, evening-garbed sisters. "What's up?"

A sweet smile answered his mischievous glances, while the hand stretched out to replace the loosened tresses lovingly patted the broad, red little fist of the marauder. Had she been gifted with the comprehension of herself—a mystery beyond the cleverest of us!—as well as with the gift of prophecy, she might have answered Bob's query thus:

"Wait a little. I am just now in all the bewilderment of groping my way into a new life. By and by, when all is clear, and my path is plain, I shall be the merriest and happiest of you all."

Yes, Master Bob, have patience; your sister has passed out of the phase of ball-dresses, gossip, and butterfly existence, but she has not yet reached her goal. Her tossing boat has not yet entered "the haven where it would be." When once harbored *there*, firmly anchored on the shores of Truth, she will be as happy as you wish. Her

own mind at rest, she will be able to give her attention to those around her. All claims will then be satisfied.

In the meantime, the note directed to Lady Isabel was peacefully reposing in Mrs. Fennecker's pocket. At bedtime a conference took place between mother and daughter.

"I intercepted your note, Etta, this morning. The fact is that your father does not wish you to think any more about this chimerical scheme that you proposed; and for that reason did not wish you to accept the invitation to Lionel Court. But he now agrees with me that there is no objection to your going if you will quite give up that most foolish idea of yours—*unpleasant* idea, I call it, for a young lady to take into her head—and simply pay an ordinary visit. Of course you will easily say to her when you go there, that we 'don't approve of the scheme' you proposed. 'Nonsense,' your father calls it. I say it is worse than nonsense."

The reply that was naturally coming from Etta was stopped by the words:

"It would grieve me very much if you were to think any more about coming out in this line. I know quite well all that you would say in defence; but, as it distresses me very much, I would rather not hear you say it."

Etta bit her lips and was silent. Then she said, "Dearest mother, it shall be as you wish." And after this the only course left for her was to retire to her room. There she prayed. All her wishes, difficulties, *everything*, were spread before Him who is tender in love as He is mighty to help. Opening her little Bible her eye fell upon the words, "For we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

(*To be continued.*)

THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

S. S. Lesson for June 12, Luke 24:13-35. Golden Text, ver. 32. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

DURING the time of His sojourn upon earth our blessed Lord had continually sought to lead His disciples to the truth of His resurrection. But how should they, who would not receive the truth concerning His death, believe in His resurrection? Mary alone, who anointed Him for His burial, grasped the truth of His sacrificial death, and if she was the same as Mary Magdalene, it was but natural that He should appear first unto her (Mark 16:9). It is even so with many followers of Christ, they look for power and for the anointing of the Holy Ghost in their own spiritual life, but forget too often that the way to resurrection goes through death, and that if we would reign with Christ and be glorified with Him, we must also suffer with Him (Rom. 7:17), must deny ourselves, take up our cross, and follow Him.

Two of the disciples on the evening of the resurrection day went to a village called Emmaus, and "talked together of all these things which had happened." They had seen the mighty power of the Son of Man in healing the sick and raising the dead; they had heard many say, "Never man spake like this man" (John 7:46). They knew the prophecies of glory which should be fulfilled by the Messiah when He came, but now Jesus was dead, apparently conquered by the very death which He had conquered in the case of others; it would seem as though His mission had become a failure. But these rumors of resurrection, and the undeniable fact that His grave had been found empty, were their subjects when "they communed together and reasoned." O if they had remembered His own words instead of leaning on their own reason they would have understood.

"Jesus drew near and went with them;" blessed be His name, He is ever ready to go with us, although we go so tardily with Him. "But their eyes were holden, that they should not know Him." O how often God's children take for granted that the Lord is absent from them, although He has said, "Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world" (Matt. 28:20); "Fear not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness" (Isa. 41:10). How often they want a stronger warrant for believing that He is with them than His own saying so; and yet the word which they so lightly esteem had power to bring all things into being, "For He spake and it was done; He commanded and it stood fast" (Ps. 33:9). They could not see Him, but He was there; He spoke to them as He often does to us, but in such an unexpected way that the voice is not recognized. When we take for granted that Jesus is with us because He says so, then we shall also be able to take for granted that He is speaking to us, our ear will become more and more accustomed to the sound of His voice, and no circumstance, however trivial, will occur without our being able to hear through it what He has to say, and our whole being will become like a listening ear and a ready hand to hear and to do His will.

In answer to His question as to what was the subject of their discourse and their sadness, they asked Him if He were only a stranger in Jerusalem, and then recounted to Him their story about Jesus of Nazareth, whom they called "a prophet mighty in deed and word." Was it then forgotten among the disciples that Simon Peter had said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God?" True, He had charged His disciples to "tell no man that He was Jesus the Christ" (Matt. 16:20), but could that be the reason that in their sadness for His death they speak no word of His being the Son of God? Could the dying thief and the centurion alone acknowledge Him in His shame and death? These disciples said with regard to Him that they trusted "that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel," and then they mentioned to Him whom they still held as a stranger, the rumors about His resurrection.

O how like is all this to the blindness of many of God's children, who speak of His truth as though their eyes were only half open, and mention great truths as though they were mere possibilities. How many reason over, instead of yielding themselves up to the word of God's grace, and thus they stand afar off from a dying Jesus, and are blind to a risen Christ. Only the power of the Holy Ghost, the indwelling God, can make such weak members of Christ's body to be a living power in the world. The Lord Jesus spoke severe words to them, "O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken: ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into His glory? And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself."

Veil after veil fell from before their eyes as the Scripture opened, and they could see things in a light in which they never before appeared. The power of a future reigning Messiah was to them a well known Scripture doctrine, but a present redemption from the power of sin and Satan through His blood—a present nearness to God through the rent vail of His flesh—a present kingdom of righteousness, peace, joy in the Holy Ghost—this was all new, even to those who had heard Jesus preach these truths, for they had never come home to them as realities. Until Jesus really died, they could neither see in the Scripture that He *must* die, nor the great reason for His death. O how often must God bring us to severe and bitter experience that our hearts, slow to believe, may take in His meaning; and O how blind we often are to the clear statements of His Word.

They drew nigh unto the village whither they went without discovering who was their companion. But there was an attraction, a fascination, about Him which they could not resist nor understand; their hearts burned within them while He talked with them and opened to them the Scriptures, but they were so persuaded that Jesus was dead, that the possibility did not seem to occur to them that this was He. How near is Jesus sometimes and we know it not; we have lost, perhaps, something of the sensuous enjoyment of His presence, and therefore conclude that He is not near us, that He is dead to us, and inactive for us, and perhaps the very apparent deadness is His own voice calling us to understand what is written, and to believe His Word rather than our experience. We are taught to look off unto Jesus; thus every moment in which we are occupied with our own experience is a moment of unbelief and disobedience. We dare by faith to count upon His unseen, unfelt, but promised presence at all times, and know that He will never leave us nor forsake us.

When "He made as though He would have gone further," they "constrained Him, saying, Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And He went in to tarry with them." The disciples in Jerusalem were all well known to one another, this stranger was not one of them; how then could they show Him so much of their confidence? At last the spell was broken, "As He sat at meat with them, He took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them." This was enough. Although they are not mentioned as having been present at the last supper, yet there is no doubt that every detail of this time of sorrow was known to all the little band of a hundred and twenty who believed on Him in Jerusalem. "And their eyes were opened, and they knew Him; and He vanished out of their sight." He had led them to His Word, that must now suffice them. They returned to Jerusalem with the glad tidings and their newly discovered treasures in the Word, but before they could tell out their tale of gladness, answering tidings were given by the eleven and them that were with them, doubts began to give way, and they knew that the Lord was risen indeed.

INCIDENTS OF THE FIVE POINTS MISSION.

Jemmy Hyde and the Gold Watch.

ONE little fellow, with a good honest face and amiable expression—little Jemmy Hyde (for, although fourteen years old, he was small for his age)—by his orderly conduct and his diligence in study merited the approbation of his teachers. On Thanksgiving Day *a silver pencil* was given to him as the best boy in the school. And Jemmy had an opportunity of proving the strength of his principles. One day as he was walking in Broadway he picked up a handsome gold watch. Jemmy had never had anything so beautiful in his hands before; there was a rich gold chain, fashioned like a serpent, and a gold locket containing two pictures, and two rings, and a little gold purse, and other charms the like of which he had never seen.

He took these beautiful things home to his mother, and she put them in her trunk. Jemmy wanted to advertise them, but she said she had no money to pay for the advertisement, and she kept them, looking daily for an advertisement and reward. None met her eye, and as several weeks passed, she was afraid to let it be known that she had the watch in her possession. But Jemmy's conscience was troubled; he could not rest; he knew that he ought not to keep what did not belong to him; and he came and told the missionary all about it; and his face looked brighter, and his heart felt lighter for the telling.

The watch was advertised, and the same day a gentleman brought a letter in which every article was described. The watch belonged to a lady residing in Boston, a niece of *the Hon. Rufus Choate*, and it was the last gift of her father, so that she had mourned over the loss of this precious memorial of his affection. She kindly sent *fifty dollars* for the boy, with the assurance that she should ever feel a lively interest in the welfare of her little unknown friend, and in the mission school where such good principles were instilled. The money was placed in the savings bank, to be paid to the boy when he was eighteen years old.

But this is not all. Jemmy said that he wanted to get away from the evil influences of the Five Points, and the missionary was about to procure him a place in the country where he could learn a trade. But a lawyer in whose office Jemmy had been employed a short time, pleased with the intelligence and integrity of the boy, offered to give him a home and clothe and educate him. Thankful and happy for the fair prospects opening before her son, the mother exclaimed that always from the time he was a very little boy Jemmy had said, "I will be a jintleman yet."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Another Important Arrest has been Made in Ireland under the Coercion Act. On May 23d, Thomas Brennan, secretary of the Land League, was arrested in the offices of the League at Dublin and taken to Naas jail in Kildare. The charge in the warrant is one of "inciting persons to commit riot and assault for the purpose of obstructing and preventing the execution of the process of law, committed in Queen's County; and also of being an inciter to acts of violence, tending to interfere with law and order." That the authorities had serious reasons for arresting the secretary is well known. In the last speech he delivered before his arrest he said: "Let us have no more nibbling with this question, but let every man in Ireland who pays rent *only pay rent when he is forced to do it at the bayonet's point.* Let them bring their bailiffs, sheriffs, and soldiers, those hired mercenaries who are recruited from the slums of England and brought here to shoot down the Irish people. Allow rent only to be collected when they have put all their machinery in force. You should do this with regard to all writs for the recovery of rents, and as for the recovery of possession and notices of ejectment, you should treat them just in the same way."

The Prosecution of Herr Johann Most, Publisher of the *Freiheit*, the socialist journal published in London, on a charge of inciting to murder, has resulted in conviction. The jury was absent from the court-room twenty minutes, and returned with a verdict of guilty on all the counts, but recommended the prisoner to the mercy of the court, on the ground that he is a foreigner. The sentence of the court is deferred pending argument on the point of law raised by Mr. Sullivan, Herr Most's counsel, that the statute against inciting to murder does not apply to newspaper invective. The judge, however, during the trial, said that his present impression of the meaning of the statute was adverse to Mr. Sullivan's contention, and he directed the jury to find a verdict on the separate counts; so, apparently, even if the reserved point is decided in favor of Herr Most, it will only result in the amelioration of his sentence.

Rumors of Newly Discovered Plots Against the life of the Czar of Russia are again in circulation. In the course of a letter from the correspondent of the London *Times* the following information on Russian affairs is given on authority for which the correspondent vouches: "It is a great mistake to suppose that the fears for the new Emperor's safety are exaggerated. It is, indeed, strange to see a man of thirty-seven, of robust frame and Herculean strength, a prey to terror, for the Emperor has extraordinary physical strength, and I remember seeing him *bend a horseshoe with his finger;* yet such is the case, owing to the influence upon him—he is an excellent husband—of the Empress' nervousness. His departure for Gatchina was a veritable flight.

"The population of St. Petersburg were greatly impressed at the Emperor's absence from the fortieth day's mass for his father, the presence of a son on that occasion being more obligatory in Russia than attendance even at the funeral. The Empress was likewise absent. On Easter Sunday, when from time immemorial every Russian could see and even kiss the Emperor, nobody could catch sight of him, which stupefied all Russia."

Serious Disorders Prevail in Greece Owing to the popular dissatisfaction with the Government on the question of the Turkish frontier. The people are intensely opposed to the Turco-Greek convention. The disaffection is also increased by the fact that large defalcations have been discovered in the Treasury Department, in which a number of prominent officials are said to be implicated. Brigandage prevails everywhere. It is now said that the Government has decided to assume the responsibility of ratifying the boundary convention with Turkey without convoking the Chamber. The representatives of the Powers have made an urgent representation to M. Coumoundouros, the Greek Premier, to induce him to send immediate instructions to the Greek minister at Constantinople authorizing him to sign a special convention between Turkey and Greece for facilitating the surrender to Greece of the ceded territory. Premier Coumoundouros replied that it will probably be necessary to summon the Chamber of Deputies before signing a convention.

The Treaty Between France and Tunis Appears not to have been so much of a surprise to the Bey as he represented in his dispatch to Constantinople. The French Foreign Secretary states that the overtures General Bréard was instructed to make to the Bey of Tunis previous to the signing of the treaty contained nothing unexpected for the Bey, as he knew beforehand the general sense of the stipulations which were to be submitted to him, and on the bearing of which his mind had had time to reflect. A correspondent adds: "The truth is that substantially the same treaty was submitted to the Bey more than a year ago, when after two days' consideration he refused to sign it." The French War Office estimates the cost of the expedition at 14,000,000 francs ($2,800,000), and of this sum Tunis will probably be saddled with 10,000,000 francs.

The French are preparing to attack the Kroumirs from Soutarba. They do not conceal the fact that they wish to justify the entry of so many troops into the regency by some military exploit, and with this object they likewise contemplate an attack on the Arabs at Mater.

Professor Robertson Smith's Published Works some time ago caused serious uneasiness in the minds of orthodox ministers in Scotland, who saw with alarm that a man intrusted with the training of students for the ministry held erroneous views respecting the inspiration of the Bible. The subject has been brought before the General Assembly of the Scotch Free Church, who have adopted, by a large majority, a resolution that, considering the nature of certain writings of Professor Robertson Smith, in particular an article on the Hebrew language and literature in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," the Assembly feel constrained to declare that they no longer consider it safe or advantageous for the Church that Professor Smith should continue to teach in one of her colleges. Professor Smith's friends have made an ineffectual appeal to the Assembly to give him a trial before the Presbytery.

A New Coin, Composed of Gold and Silver in carefully calculated proportions and of the value of a dollar, has been struck for presentation to the members of the Monetary Conference. It was intended as a suggestion to them, in the event of their being able to agree on a bimetallic standard. The London *Daily News*, in its financial article, referring to the coin, says: "The experiment may be successful in furnishing *a good token coin* for circulation in France, and perhaps in other countries of the Latin Union; and, if so, it will supersede the unwieldy silver five-franc pieces and the minute gold coins which are so easily lost. It is impossible that the new coins should become international money in the full sense of the term, for their value would *continually fluctuate according to the value of silver* in the bullion market."

An Infidel Detective was Once Listening to Ned Wright reading the Bible near the "Elephant and Castle," London. The detective knew the reader well, and had often "wanted" him before he was converted to Christ. As Ned looked at him he saw him wipe away a tear, trying hard all the time to conceal his feelings; but it was only too plain that he was broken-hearted, and shortly went away because he could not listen any further. A few evenings after this, while Ned was preaching at a hall in the neighborhood, a lady entered, and at the close of the service asked him, "You will, perhaps, excuse me, sir, but are you 'Ned Wright,' the converted burglar?" "I am," he replied. "Then, sir," said the lady, "you are the person my husband talks so much about. He has been an infidel all his life; but he is now very ill, and says that you haunt him day and night, asleep or awake, and that he is continually thinking of you. Will you come and see him?" On arriving at the house, what was Ned's surprise to find that it was his old friend, the detective, on his dying bed! Ned began to talk earnestly about the salvation of his soul, and the greatness of the love of Christ for all poor sinners, and the way by which sinners could be saved. But the dying man cried out, "Oh, Ned, say no more, say no more; I cannot bear it—it will break my heart." The poor man was led to see that "there is life for a look at the crucified One," and looking, he lived. Shortly after, he fell asleep in Jesus, and his wife is now an earnest Christian.

Bismarck's Personation of a Lady's Cousin took place forty-six years ago, as follows: A young Swedish nobleman was studying at the Berlin University. A lady cousin of his was to pass through Berlin, and her father asked him to call and show her over the city. She arrived at Berlin in due course, and was waited upon at her hotel by a stalwart young student, who escorted her during the three following days to museums, picture-galleries, and other places of interest. On the fourth day he attended her to the Post-Amt, whence she was to depart by diligence for Ems, and before taking his leave, said, "I must no longer conceal from you that, as a matter of fact, I am not your cousin at all. A friend of mine, however, has that honor. He is undergoing his examinations at college, and confided to me the agreeable duty of carrying out your papa's wishes. My name is Von Bismarck." This very lady visited Berlin last year, and took occasion to remind the Chancellor Bismarck of the above incident, reiterating the expression of her gratitude for his chivalrous politeness of nearly half a century ago. Interrupting her with a genial smile, Prince Bismarck observed, "Pardon me, madam; it is I who am under obligation to you in that matter. Thanks to you, I was at that time enabled to visit the museum. I have never had time to do so again!"

Conversion of a Burglar in a London Theatre.—The Rev. Aubrey Price, whose services in the theatres of London have been blessed to many remarkable conversions, relates that on one occasion he was accosted by a rough-looking man who said: "You were at the Victoria Theatre on Sunday night. I was there, too, and" (taking out of a side-pocket a number of house-breaking instruments) "with these. I was engaged with two other fellows *to commit a burglary* after midnight. I was walking up and down outside the theatre waiting for my pals, when the thought came into my head, I'll go in and hear what the parson has to say. I did so. I heard you say that Christ would pardon the vilest sinner, and now I am come to ask you whether He will pardon me." The man was evidently most earnest. His whole soul seemed thrown into the question he put. After a long conversation with him Mr. Price left him full of hope that the Spirit of God was at work in his soul. The man subsequently emigrated to the West Indies, and Mr. Price recently heard from his employer who spoke of the converted burglar as an earnest consistent Christian.

Vol. III. of The Christian Herald and Signs of our Times, bound in cloth, containing all the numbers for 1880, with a complete index, is now ready. Price, $3, including postage.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) for May may be obtained at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Price six cents.

"Coming Wars," by the Rev. M. Baxter: Two Pamphlets; price five cents each by mail. *First Pamphlet* contains "Ten signs of the End, and Description of Approaching Events;" with two maps of the territory to be under Antichrist's rule, and four large diagrams. *Second Pamphlet* contains valuable quotations from twenty-six Expositors on the same subject. Address, with price enclosed—THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

The Following Works by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon are for sale at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Office, at prices much below what they can be obtained for else where. Remittances must accompany orders: *John Ploughman's Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 cents. *The Treasury of David*, a homiletica exposition of the book of Psalms, four vols., as far as Psa. 103, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon Birth-Day Book.* This popular gift-book contains a suitable passage selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every day in the year, with a blank space opposite for autographs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon appear at their respective birthdays. The book is gorgeously bound, and the price is 75 cents. Remittances should accompany orders.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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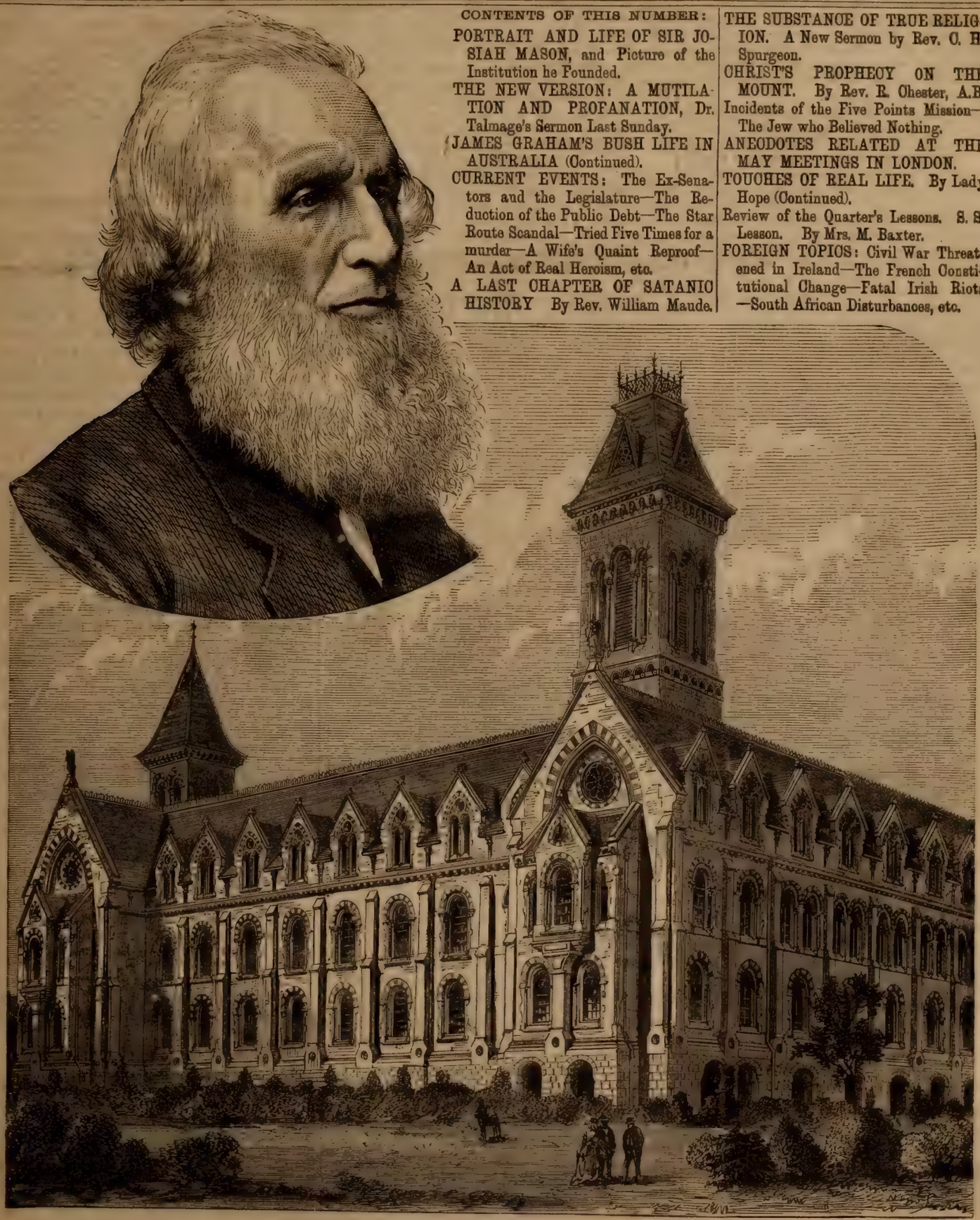

Sir JOSIAH MASON, and THE ORPHANAGE he founded near Birmingham, England.

SIR JOSIAH MASON,

The Eminent English Philanthropist.

Early Struggles—A Business Disappointment—A New Sphere—Split-rings, Steel Pens, etc.—The Electro-Plating Industry—Generous Gift of Two Million Dollars.

AMONG the princely givers of the present day must be reckoned Sir Josiah Mason of Birmingham, England, whose portrait appears this week on our first page. It is well that such acts of munificence as those performed by this Christian philanthropist should be widely published, because it is often charged against the Christian Church by her enemies, that all her efforts are directed to proselytizing and spiritual change, while the works of charity and benevolence are neglected.

The best reply to such charges is to *point the accuser to facts*. In no nation do institutions for the physical and spiritual benefit of the afflicted flourish as they do in countries where Christianity is taught in its fulness, and if it were possible to take an accurate census throughout the world of such institutions and the means of their foundation and support, it would be found that those people who have been most active and most munificent in this field have been Christian men and women. Especially is the fact and the inference manifest in the case of those whom death has bereaved of their natural protectors. God, who is the Father of the fatherless and the Husband of the widow, has raised up men who have "delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless and him that had none to help him, and have caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

The following particulars of Sir Josiah Mason's life and the institution he has founded and endowed will, we think, interest our readers, who will recognize in the philanthropist not so much his nationality as his brotherhood with them in Christ, and will rejoice that God has given him the means and the disposition to manifest in this manner the vital power of religion.

On February 23d, 1795, in the busy English town of Kidderminster, Josiah Mason was born. Only five days before, in Danvers, Mass., another child first saw the light, one who was destined to hold the highest place in that honorable roll of the world's benefactors on which Josiah Mason's name is inscribed. We refer to *the illustrious American philanthropist*, George Peabody, whose portrait and biography appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of July 31st, 1879. Like Peabody, Josiah Mason was born in a humble home. His early life was one of great struggle and hardship. His *father* was foreman in a carpet factory in the town, where, in order to "make both ends meet," he also kept a small general store, which was managed by the mother of Josiah. When the boy was only twelve years old his father died, and henceforth Josiah was thrown entirely on his own resources. At one time he had no other means of earning a livelihood than that of *selling rolls as a baker's boy in the streets* of his native town. His education was of the most meagre character, for the schools to which boys of his class could go, were, in those years, few and inefficient.

HIS EARLY STRUGGLES.

In a modest autobiographic sketch which he has written, he tells us that from his earliest youth he was engaged, first as *a shoemaker*, then as *a baker*, and then as *a carpet-weaver* at Kidderminster, and then, at the age of twenty, in 1815, he went to Birmingham. In the manufacturing metropolis he worked as a *jeweller* and *gilt-toy maker* for ten years. From the very outset of his career he gave signs of that enterprising character which was afterward so successfully developed. He neglected no opportunity of gaining knowledge and capital.

When he had nearly completed his ten years in Birmingham in the jewelry and gilt-toy trade, and had given ample proof to his employers of his assiduity, usefulness, and powers of invention, he was *promised a partnership* in the concern; but this promise was not kept, and he therefore quitted the house, disappointed and discouraged with the results of his long and faithful service. He was at this time thirty years of age, and his only capital was a sum equivalent to seven dollars, with which he had to face the world. He deeply felt the injustice which had been practised upon him; but he was not the man to sink under disappointment, heavy and bitter though it might be. Happily to one of his energy and skill, Birmingham presented a wide field for profitable activity.

"Go to Mr. Harrison," said a friend to him, who met him shortly after he had left his late employer; "he wants just such a man as you." Mr. Harrison was a maker of steel split-rings and key-rings in Birmingham, and to him Mr. Mason forthwith went and asked for employment. "You are not afraid of dirtying your fingers with work?" asked Mr. Harrison. "Try me," was Mason's rejoinder. Mr. Harrison *did* try him; the trial resulted in a permanent engagement; this led to a life-long friendship of the closest kind; and when Mr. Harrison died Mr. Mason succeeded to his business, which, for more than half a century, he has been carrying on upon the same premises.

A STEEL PEN MAKER.

About the year 1828, while walking through a street in Birmingham, he saw in a stationer's window a card of steel pens, marked at the rate of a dollar each. They were clumsy contrivances, looking little likely to supersede the quill pens then in use. Mr. Mason, however, with his quick practical insight, saw their capability of improvement, and entering the store purchased one of the pens. "The novelty," said Mr. Mason, in telling the story, "induced me to go in. Mr. Peart, the stationer, was writing with one of the pens, and called it *a regular pin*. I instantly saw that I could improve upon it, and I bought it."

On examining it, Mr. Mason made out the name of the maker to be "Perry, Red Lion Square, London." Going home, he *made three pens*, from which he selected the best, and sent it by that night's post to Mr. Perry. A few days afterward Mr. Perry presented himself in Birmingham to see the man who had made a better pen than his own, and to ascertain if he could make them in large quantities, and to conclude a bargain with him. His interview with Mr. Mason satisfied him of his skill and ability, and an arrangement was made between them for the manufacture of steel pens. This was the beginning of Mr. Mason's career as one of the most extensive manufacturers of steel pens throughout the world.

ELECTRO-PLATING.

Mr. Mason still continued his business of manufacturing steel rings, although the production of pens soon dwarfed that department in extent and profit. He was becoming well known in the business community in Birmingham as a man of considerable skill and sagacity, and was rapidly accumulating a fortune. In 1842 he embarked in another enterprise—that of electro-plating. The idea of plating inferior metals with a coating of more precious ones was yet in its infancy, but it was quickly developed by Mr. Mason's perseverance and fertility of resource. A very large amount of capital was sunk in the early experiments, but the trade became extremely remunerative, and the name of Elkington, Mason & Co. became a household word among all the civilized nations of the world.

The death of Mr. Elkington in 1865 dissolved the firm, and as Mr. Mason was at that time seventy years of age, he preferred to relinquish his share in the business rather than enter into the new partnership with Mr. Elkington's successors. He therefore confined his attention to the manufacture of pens and split-rings, in which he regularly employed from 300 to 400 workpeople.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF HIS WEALTH.

In the autobiographic sketch already referred to, he alludes to the wealth which crowned his multifarious efforts in the following terms: "And the said Josiah Mason hath dedicated a portion of the wealth so acquired, in *erecting* and *endowing* at Erdington, near Birmingham, an Orphan Asylum for boys and girls; and, being deeply convinced, from his long and varied experience in different branches of manufacture, of the necessity for, and benefit of, thorough systematic scientific instruction, specially adapted to the artistic requirements of the Midland districts, and particularly of the boroughs of Birmingham and Kidderminster, hath determined to devote a portion of his remaining property to the foundation of an institution wherein such systematic scientific education may be given; and in order to connect the said institution with Josiah Mason's Orphanage, and to commemorate his connection with Birmingham and Kidderminster, he hath determined to provide for such preference for certain of the pupils of the said Orphanage, and for persons born in the said boroughs of Birmingham and Kidderminster, as is hereinafter provided."

In the foregoing simple statement we have the summary of his life from the time he started, amid hardship and struggle, to the period in which he was numbered among the wealthiest, and, better still, among the most benevolent men of the day. Altogether in all probability Sir Josiah Mason acquired an immense fortune, as is shown by his munificence in the building and endowment of his Orphanage, Almshouses, and College, which alone aggregated over two million dollars.

THE ERDINGTON ORPHANAGE AND ALMSHOUSES.

Origin and Growth of the Institutions—Commenced in 1860, Opened in 1869—Its Valuable Endowments—Management—Regulations for Admission.

THE above institutions (*a view of which appears on our frontispiece*), are situated in the village of Erdington, near Birmingham. They were at first designed to receive a number of aged women and a few orphan children. By degrees, as Mr. Mason thought them out, his plans enlarged themselves until at last he resolved to maintain the Almshouses for forty-six women, and to erect in addition a magnificent range of buildings capable of receiving about *three hundred orphans*, admission being restricted to those deprived of both parents. The erection of the Orphanage was begun in a quiet, unostentatious way, about 1864, on a fine and healthy site of thirteen acres, at some distance from the Almshouses, and lying behind the village of Erdington.

In August, 1869, the Orphanage was finished, and the founder *quietly opened it without ceremony*. He had by this time become *Sir* Josiah Mason, having been knighted by the Queen. It will be remembered that her Majesty desired to confer the same mark of her favor on Mr. Peabody, but that gentleman was an American citizen, and he courteously but firmly declined the offer so coveted by the subjects of Queen Victoria.

The cost of the buildings and their site, as nearly as can be ascertained, was equivalent to $300,000. It is endowed with property of the estimated value of *one million dollars*. It may be added that all the children received in the institution are *taught*, *fed*, and *clothed gratuitously*, at the expense of the charity, and provision is made to place them in service or in trade on leaving the Orphanage. The instruction given is a plain education in English, embracing all the branches usually taught in government elementary schools, with special training in household work for the girls.

The religious teaching is confined by the trust-deed to instruction "in the Holy Scriptures in the authorized English version, and the truths therein contained;" and it is expressly provided "that no catechisms, formularies, or articles of faith, whether of the United Church of England and Ireland as by law established, or of any other body of professing Christians, shall be taught to the children." Divine worship is conducted daily on the same unsectarian principle; and as regards admissions there is no restriction of sex, country, or creed.

THE VALUABLE ENDOWMENTS.

The endowments of the Orphanage consist of about 1032 acres of freehold land. Of this about two acres and a half consist of building land in the heart of the town of Birmingham, mostly covered with buildings, and of increasing value. One of these properties, erected about twenty years ago, is let at more than $7500 a year, and the total rental of the Orphanage estates cannot be much less than $50,000 a year. In a very few years this amount will probably be doubled by the increasing value of the endowments, and in view of this con

tingency the trustees are directed to apply any surplus funds, when these are sufficient, to the erection of other orphanages, in accordance with the general scope of the trust deed.

Sir Josiah provided that after his death the number of trustees should never be less than ten nor more than fourteen, of whom seven are always to be nominated by the Town Council of Birmingham. The Council are to keep up this number of seven trustees by election as vacancies arise.

REGULATIONS FOR ADMISSION.

The regulations of the Orphanage provide that there shall always be *twice as many girls as boys*. The number is not restricted to three hundred, and the building is large enough for *five hundred*. The children must, when admitted, be under the age of nine years, and may be retained, boys until the age of fourteen, and girls until eighteen, exceptions being made in special cases indicated by the deed. The only other conditions are that the children shall be legitimate, destitute, and that both parents shall be dead. "In all respects the Orphanage is *absolutely free*, and, from the moment at which they enter the institution until that at which they leave it, the whole charge and care of the children are undertaken by the charity, no contributions being received from the friends of inmates, who, however, are permitted to visit the children at stated intervals, and to give them toys and other presents not incompatible with the rules."

THE SCHEME OF INSTRUCTION.

The *scheme of instruction* is plain and simple. Great stress is laid by the founder upon the physical and industrial training of the children. It is provided by the deed that the girls especially shall be instructed in "sewing, baking, cooking, washing, and all ordinary household and domestic duties." The boys are regularly and efficiently taught handicraft trades. The school teaching is confined to "reading, writing, spelling, English grammar, arithmetic, geography, and history," and Sir Josiah directed that "no instruction in any language or grammar other than the English language and grammar" shall be given in the Orphanage. When the inmates leave the Orphanage each of them receives *a Bible* and an outfit of clothing; and the trustees pay apprentice fees when necessary.

The Orphanage building occupies, with playgrounds, plantations, garden ground, and fields, about thirteen acres of land, lying high, on a gravelly soil, well open on all sides, and commanding fine views of the surrounding country, from which its great central tower, 200 feet high, may be seen for many miles. The building, which is bold and massive in general form, is of the Lombardic style, varied to suit modern requirements. The plan is that of an irregular oblong, presenting a length of 207 feet at the north-west or entrance front in Bell Lane, 190 feet to the north-east or playground front, 300 feet to the east or garden side, and 270 feet to the west side, where the out-offices are placed.

The interior contains large school-rooms, dining-rooms, dormitories, baths, a chapel, and all other appliances for habitation and instruction. The domestic offices are on an unusually complete scale. All the cooking and laundry work is done by steam, and the whole building is warmed by hot water, on a system devised by Sir Josiah himself, who possesses a high degree of mechanical skill. All the arrangements required for the comfort, health, and recreation of the children are most carefully devised: indeed, the whole building bespeaks a degree of thoughtfulness which could have been bestowed only by a man deeply penetrated with a love of children, and a knowledge of their wants and ways. In the present case this is the more remarkable as, although married, Sir Josiah Mason has no children of his own. The *staff of instructors* consists of a matron, sub-matron, school and drill master, sewing mistress, outdoor mistress, and other teachers, the elder children taking part in the school work, and also doing the housework. Two physicians are appointed to the medical care of the inmates.

THE SCIENTIFIC COLLEGE.

We can only mention, in conclusion, that the other work of Sir Josiah Mason's life is the Scientific College—a project which was conceived in 1870. The *object* of this college is to impart a "thorough systematic scientific instruction, specially adapted to the practical, mechanical, and artistic requirements of the district." It may be mentioned as characteristic of Sir Josiah Mason's disposition, that although he has given away so large a sum of money in charity, and has become very popular in Birmingham, he has never sought public office or honor, but has shrunk from anything like ostentation or display.

ANECDOTES,

Related at the London May Meetings.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON IN A CHINAMAN'S PULPIT.

The Lord Mayor of London, speaking at a missionary breakfast, narrated the following incident:

"When I was in Melbourne (Australia), I was asked to preside at a missionary meeting in connection with the China mission. I went, and it was a most interesting meeting. On the following Sunday I went with my friend Dr. Wall to one of our churches in Melbourne. He said to me, 'Come, I think we will be in time to go to the Chinese church.' We drove to the Chinese church and found it pretty well filled with Chinamen. There was a native Chinese missionary preaching Christ to the people, and they were listening with profound attention. The good man in his pulpit, when he saw me coming in, turned round to the people and said, 'I see a gentleman has come in, and I must leave.' and down he came from the pulpit and put me in it, and he got an interpreter, and I had the pleasure of addressing the congregation. Therefore, I think I may lay claim, in some respects, to be a returned missionary."

THE DYING AFRICAN CHIEF.

The Rev. John Kilner said: "After one of the most terrible journeys I ever undertook, being a day of forty or fifty miles' travel through one of the most terrible thunderstorms I ever encountered, and assailed by one of the most furious hurricanes that ever a man on shore had to meet—at half-past nine or ten o'clock, drenched to the skin, I and the junior member of the deputation crept into the mission-house of the locality presided over by a native African chief.

"We had a tolerably warm reception, but what interested me most was *an interview with native royalty*. There they keep up all forms of regal etiquette, and it is good for them that they do so. We were permitted to go into the palace so-called, and there, stretched upon his *caross*, lay *an old chief*, a man that had been a hero, a warrior, afraid of nobody and of nothing—a man celebrated for his hunting propensities. Many a lion and other wild beast had fallen to his assegai. But there he lay, weary of life and apparently on the verge of the other world, and they had brought him out into the sunshine under the lee of a fence. There upon his *caross* he lay, his commander-in-chief supporting his head, and his queen keeping a respectful distance under the veranda. Through the medium of the missionary I had intercourse with him.

"I talked with him about one thing and another, and just as I was leaving him I took his hand and said to him, 'I come from England; the great country has sent me to see into our mission matters in this land, and I am returning to England, and I shall have to tell them things touching you and others. What shall I say? That you die trusting to idols or clinging to Jesus? What?' I waited for a response. His hand gripped mine; and his eye fastened itself upon mine, and there was an evident perturbation in the quivering lip. 'Tell them in England,' said the old chieftain, '*tell them in England that I die a poor sinner clinging to Jesus.*' This was one proof of the missionaries' reward; and there are hundreds like it cropping up in all directions."

A KAFFIR WARRIOR'S CONVERSION.

"I remember preaching in South Africa. A chief who was a mighty warrior was there. After service we were plying the chief from side to side with reasons why he should embrace Christ and repudiate the absurdities and superstitions of his creed. And what said he after a while? *He would give it his best thought.* I had travelled two or three stages further on when I received a letter which I have, and which I should like to show to people who are unbelieving. 'It will gladden your heart,' said he, 'to learn that Makowlah has put away his heathenism; that Makowlah has sent away twenty-five out of his twenty-six wives; that Makowlah has burst asunder from the trammels of witchcraft, and asks your prayers that he may steadfastly hold to Christ.'

THE MAD ZULU AND THE MISSIONARY.

"There is a lone, solitary man. Watch him there in his study. There comes a man furious as though possessed by a legion of demoniacs, and every demoniac was a mad Zulu, and every Zulu had a dagger. He rushes into the study of this solitary, lone man. There he sits, and in comes the furious chief with his fists clenched, and flourishing those great, mighty fists of his—he was six feet four inches in height—and with every indication of intensity of rage. 'How dare you?' said he, and the missionary looks up to him in the midst of the uproar and says, 'Chief, would you like a cup of tea?' Why, the Duke of Wellington never marshalled his troops better. He collapsed, and fell at the knees of the missionary, and was in tears at once. 'Forgive me, teacher; forgive me;' and he could have carried him like a babe wherever he wanted him to go."

SAVAGE TROOPS DISBANDED BY A MISSIONARY.

"You see there right upon the top of the hills dark lines of crested warriors, and they mean war; here lies in the plain below *a missionary station*. These warriors are coming; here is Kreli still at large, the terror of that part of the land. Kreli comes with his martial host to wreak vengeance, and who is to resist Kreli? You see there the smoking kraal, and there a circle of ominous triumph on the part of the foes, and a presage of the inevitable destruction of those who had trusted. The missionary says to his local preachers and leaders, 'Mount your horses and be ready at such an hour.' They mount their horses, some ten or fifteen of them.

"I went up the route that they took. Up one serpentine path we had to go, and our horses had to make a desperate leap over a sort of right-angled difficulty. We got to the crest of the hills. And 'There,' he said, 'is where Kreli's camp was.' By the time we had got to the bottom of the hill half of his troops had vanished. On he went with his diminished force till he got to the top, and when he reached the summit half the rest had vanished, and with these picked men, drawn to him by an influence that was resistless, on he went. 'If he is going to die,' said they, with the old instinct, 'let us go and die with him,' and to death these men marched. Straight to the camp of Kreli does the missionary walk.

OUT COMES KRELI! WHAT FOR?

To honor the man. He had heard of him before; aye, he had seen him before. He knew the man; and the missionary said, 'What, Kreli! I hunger, Kreli, I hunger.' Instantly the hospitality and generosity of the chief were called to the front, subordinate passions were kept in abeyance; kill the fatted calf and let the missionary eat, and there you see Kreli and the missionary joining in the repast. 'Kreli, the Government of England will be surprised to find you here.' Kreli nodded assent. 'The Colonial Government, Kreli, will be surprised to find you here.' And he nodded a dull assent. 'Kreli, I am surprised to see you here.' The man stood still.

'KRELI, GO HOME!'

The repast is finished, the missionary withdraws. Ah! and if it were not the bugle that sounded it was the well-known sound which the Kaffir warriors knew, 'Retreat home to your tents, ye soldiers of Kreli!' And as you look they that were to have descended like so many hungry vultures, and with one fell swoop to have destroyed the lovely little paradise in that missionary station, are marching home at the bid of whom? Not Kreli, but the unknown, unrecognized hero. *That man is in London to-day.* Let the name be known at last, henceforth and forever—

THAT MISSIONARY IS PETER HARGREAVES."

THE NEW VERSION: A MUTILATION AND PROFANATION.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning, June 5, 1881.

"And when they came to Nachon's threshing-floor, Uzzah put forth his hand to the ark of God and took hold of it, for the oxen shook it. And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah, and God smote him there for his error."—2 Samuel 6 : 6 and 7.

The Bible Like the Ark—It and Its Contents Sacred—The Meaning of the Agitation—Every Man's Stake in the Property—Denominational Anxiety—Our Verdict Demanded—Reasons for Rejecting It—I. It is Too Late to Reconstruct the Bible—II. Its Mechanical Inferiority—A Literary Botch—III. Its Amazing Triviality—Infinitesimal Changes—IV. Issued at an Inopportune Time—V. It Shakes the Faith of Man in the Truth of the Bible—VI. It Opens the Door for Future Revisions—Other Masterpieces for Revision—Practical Advice—Hold on to Your Bible—The Commentary of Tears—A Solemn Prayer.

THE sacred chest of acacia wood called the ark of the covenant, about four feet by two, golden lidded, golden hinged, and mounted by two cherubims, and made to contain the divine covenant, and at one time holding a bowl of wilderness manna and Aaron's rod that budded, was the most sacred box ever formed. It was in the presence of that chest God communed with the Israelites. *Improperly to touch that box was death.* All the people understood it. On one occasion fifty thousand and seventy people lost their lives by irreverence to the box. The circumstances of my text were these : That precious chest was being transferred on a cart drawn by oxen. Now, oxen are an uncertain team, especially when on a hot day they come near a shadow ; for without reference to the safety of that which they draw, they dart aside for the cool place. For this or some other reason the oxen with this precious chest made some sudden start and the box rocked, and Uzzah, the driver, put his hand upon it. He had no business to touch it under any circumstances. Under the judgment of God this driver drops dead by the cart wheel.

We have *a sacred chest*, an ark of the covenant, the Bible. Like the ark of old it contains the divine covenant and the manna for poor wildernessed pilgrims, and the rod of trouble that has budded into fragrant consolation, and over it the mercy seat. It is so sacred that the hands of worldly criticism and the hands of pedantry and the hands of useless disturbance had better keep off it. Wrongly to touch that omnipotent box—which is our ark of the covenant—is to die.

We are in the midst of

A GREAT AGITATION

consequent from the new revision of the Scriptures. We had a translation two hundred and seventy years old, embosomed in the warmest affections of all the good of earth, interlocked with the best secular literature, and pronounced by Webster and the Washington Irvings as the masterpiece of English prose; the translation at work blessing and revolutionizing the nations for good, and all Christendom satisfied with the translation, except a few doctors of divinity. But two companies, an Old Testament Company and a New Testament Company, have been busy for ten years changing the book, and a few days ago the New Testament Company launched the results of their labors upon the world. After great universal advertisement of the intended book and the dramatic withholding of the book till a certain day, and then withholding it till a still further day the work comes forth. The English printing press keeps a tight grip on the copyright, and when our American publishing houses offered a large sum for the privilege of reproducing the book simultaneously, the English presses rejected the offer in cavalier and abrupt style.

Two million copies are sold in two days. What a compliment to the Scriptures! Yes, but be not deceived. Did the two million people suddenly become passionately fond of Scripture reading? No. These two million Bibles went into houses where the Bible was already enthroned. All those of us who honored the book wanted to know what these men had been doing for ten years with our favorite book. Had we a statue in New York City Hall Park that had been the pride of the nation since its foundation, and sculptured and lifted at vast expense, and thirty-eight men for ten years had been busy under cover, changing that statue, on the morning the cover dropped and the changes should be revealed, there would be no room in the streets or squares approximate to hold the spectators.

In addition to this general curiosity which we all felt about the iconoclasm of parts of our best book, the denominations of religionists were anxious to see if their peculiar views would be favored or opposed by the new version. The Baptists wanted to see what the revisionists had done for immersion, and the Presbyterians what had been done about the decrees, and the Episcopalians to see what had been done about Apostolic succession, and the Methodists to see what had been done about free grace, and the Congregationalists to see what had been done about the democracy of religion, and the Universalists what had been done with future punishment, and so we all rushed for the revised New Testament.

The Church and the world have the famous revision before them. We are

ASKED FOR OUR VERDICT.

We all have a vote. The humblest person in this house has a vote. "What do you think of it?" is the perpetual question. Some say, "I like it very much." Others say, "I like it to a certain extent." Others say, "I want a year to consider it," which means, "I want to hear what others say, and then I will say the same thing." There are many who do not want to offend *the ecclesiastical Ring*, for each denomination has such a ring, and there is as much *bossism in the Church* of God as in the world, and monopoly would rule the kingdom of Christ, if it could, as it rules the money markets and legislatures of the world. There are two voices that have not yet been fully heard.

First, the unpretending Christian scholarship of America and England is displeased more than it can express at many of the changes made, and the other voice is the voice of the great masses of Christian people, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand, who regret in the depths of their soul that this revision has been attempted, and who look upon it as a desecration and a profanation and a mutilation and *a religious outrage.* That last sentiment will come up like the surges of the Atlantic after a tempest of ten days.

I shall give you *my reasons* for rejecting this new revision of the Scriptures. I am willing to take it as a commentary, and to stand it respectfully on my bookshelf beside other human opinions of the word of God. But to put it upon my private study or in my family room or on my pulpit, as a substitute for King James' translation, I never will. I put my hand on the old book and take oath of allegiance. So help me God! I am glad to know that Lord Shaftesbury and the Archbishop of York, and many other strong men on the other side of the sea, are anti-revisionists. But supported by high authority or no authority, I here and now take my stand.

These fifty men for ten years busy in *tinkering the New Testament* agree in the statement that they find no new doctrine. Differing on many other things they all agree here. If it had been found that the old translation was teaching any false ideas of God or the soul or eternity, I would say, by all means give us a new revision and put forth immediate and mightiest effort for the organized obliteration of the old translation. The world cannot afford to have wrong notions of God and the soul and eternity. But *the new version keeps all the old doctrines.* Then what good reason could there be for this disturbance of sacred association, this loosening of the faith of Christendom.

I. It is *too late to reconstruct the Bible.* When King James' translation was made the Bible was a sparsely circulated book, and the changes made caused no wide perturbation. But this revision of 1881 is a depreciation of 300 million copies of the Bible out in the world and doing their work. It assails the magnificent liturgy of the Episcopal Church and makes all her prayer-books vast inaccuracies. It makes the inscriptions on the graves of your dead untrue. It reflects upon the old family Bible, and to the uninitiated leaves nothing about it certain save the record of marriages and births and deaths. If this new revision succeed, for the next few years you will have to watch your children's evening offering of the Lord's prayer and jerk them up short before they run over the "evil one" into an uninspired doxology. It is an out and out war against all the religious literature of the ages. Away with your Cruden's and Brown's concordances. Your Bible dictionaries wrong. Matthew Henry's commentary wrong, Kitto's readings wrong, Zahn's archæology wrong. All your religious books wrong. In matters of religious accuracy it means chaos and old night.

Who undertook this impertinence on the other side of the sea? I know not the qualifications of the archbishops and archdeacons and professors who have done the work on the other side of the Atlantic. I understand that many of them are far from being the best scholars of Great Britain. I know that men with great titles are often the merest accidents and their high office no sign of scholarship. D.D., LL.D., and F.R.S., are often the *heavy baggage of a very slow train.* I only judge them by this revision. It is pedantic and capricious, and false to the principle which they declared at the outset would guide them ; namely, that they would make no unnecessary changes.

As to the work done by *the American revisionists*, I have this to say, one gentleman here takes the responsibility of choosing a group of American scholars to revise the New Testament. The gentleman taking this responsibility having been born and educated in a foreign land was not especially adapted to make wise selection among American scholars. This gentleman in making the selection derided the living and dead generations of Bible readers by saying and reiterating : "The Christian people for years have been drinking the water of life from the jaw-bone of a royal ass." This gentleman selects a group of scholars to revise the New Testament, and excepting four of them they are unknown outside of their little circle. I could call the roll of a hundred scholars superior to all those employed in this work, except the illustrious Dr. Woolsey. If such a work, must needs be done, why not call in convention all the great and good scholars of America, and have them make selection of revisionists? Where in this New Testament Company is the scholarship of Princeton, and Columbia, and Middletown, and New Brunswick?

II. The work is a

A LITERARY BOTCH

which will never be adopted if all the people fearless of criticism and rebuff speak out their real sentiments. To come down to *the mechanical arrangement* of this new version, I vehemently reject the mode of putting the scripture in columns like a solid newspaper column instead of the division of verses as in our present translation. It is the charm of our old book that a business man or a wife overborne with household cares, or an invalid with no power of consecutive thought, can take up a verse and carry it all day.

I open a page of this new version and I find one paragraph a column and a half long. By this new translation one will be tempted to think "I can take the whole page, so I will take nothing." That shortest verse of the Bible, an ocean of sympathy compressed in two words—Jesus wept—is set in a solid paragraph of one column and a half. You can find it if you look long enough for it ; but it needs to stand out isolated and alone in its grandeur, and tenderness, and pathos, and omnipotence of meaning. Another mechanical misfortune is the dropping of the headings of the chapters. It is an important part of the old translation. We all want to know what the chapter is about before we begin to read it.

III. I reject the new version for

ITS AMAZING TRIVIALITY.

You have more control over your sense of the ridiculous than I have if you can read without a smile some of the changes made or proposed. You remember Christ's sermon where He speaks of the inaptitude of putting new wine into old bottles. In our revision of 1881 it is rendered : "No man putteth new wine into *old wine skins*, else the

skins burst and the wine is spilled and the skins perish. But they put new wine into fresh wine-skins." The change is evidently made to show that the bottles of olden time were made out of the skins of animals, but is it not just as easy to explain the bottles to the people as to explain the wine-skins? "Show me a penny," said Christ wishing from the kingly stamp on it to illustrate its earthly currency. That will not do, say the American revisionists. Instead of "Show me a penny," "*show me a denarius.*" The revision changes the "beasts" of Revelation into "living creatures." But will you not have to explain the living creatures as well as the beasts. The old translation was too much for the delicacy of the American part of the New Testament Company. Where it says of Simon Peter "he girt his coat about him for he was naked," the American Committee suggests that it should read in the margin "had on his undergarment only." The old translation said: "Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel but on a candle-stick." The revisers reject "candle-stick" for "stand."

The new revision makes other changes of how little importance judge ye when it says that the old translation which reads "into a mountain" ought to be "into *the* mountain;" where the old translation says "into a ship" it ought to be "*the* ship," and instead of "*a* teacher in Israel" it ought to be "*the* teacher," instead of "*a* good fight" it ought to be "*the* good fight" and instead of "*a* crown of righteousness," it ought to be "*the* crown of righteousness," and instead of "*a* bushel" "*the* bushel," and instead of "*covered* with waves" it ought to read "becoming covered," and instead of "nets break" it ought to read "were breaking," and instead of "straining *at* a gnat," it ought to be "straining *out* a gnat" and other infinitesimals of difference with which I shall not worry your patience.

Thirty-eight men for ten years hunt for inaccuracies, and all this only a foretaste of what we shall have when after three years more of labor the forty-one members of the Old Testament Company will launch their work. I have sometimes wondered what the thirty-eight gentlemen of the New Testament Company and the forty-one gentlemen of the Old Testament Company might have accompliished for good if they had spent the last ten years in preaching the old translation instead of finding fault with it, and if the hundreds of thousands of dollars which directly and indirectly have been expended in the preparation of this new revision had been put into the American Bible Society and the British Bible Society for the spreading abroad of that old translation out of whose loins civilization and Christianity were born, and under whose influence England and America are what they are, and the dark skies of heathendom begin to flame with the morning.

What the world wants is not critics but evangels; not men to knock the doxology out of the Lord's prayer but men to make all nations kneel proclaiming at the feet of Christ, "Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever. Amen." At the opening of the service to-day I led you in the Lord's prayer according to the new version, stopping before the doxology, but I will never do it again, either in public or private, unless in *my dying prayer* my breath should go out at that point, and then I would finish it in heaven, for that is the only part of the Lord's prayer appropriate for both Church militant and Church triumphant.

IV. I reject this revision because it comes

AT A MOST INOPPORTUNE DATE.

The great battle between sin and righteousness is fully open and all the batteries are unlimbered. While the forces of heaven and hell are in hand-to-hand fight it is asked that we stop to discuss whether our weapons might not be hammered into a little better shape, whether we can't have a better tassel put on the hilt of our sword since they make *better tassels now* than they used to. While the apocalyptic angel is flying through the midst of heaven proclaiming to all nations, and kindreds, and people the Gospel, we are criticising the angel's plumes and trying to catch him till we can stroke his feathers another way.

V. Again I reject this new revision for

IT SHAKES THE FAITH

of many in the truth of the Bible. Out and out infidelity, after hundreds of years of bombardment, instead of demolishing, has only driven the Bible further into the affections of the world. The chief danger is from the mistaken friends of the Bible. Unbelief and scepticism are not logical. But you have to take men as they are. The revisionists begin their work by saying there are in the New Testament ten thousand mistakes, and that there are one hundred and fifty thousand varieties of reading to the New Testament. The devil takes these statistics, which you can manage without damage to yourself, and he makes them the everlasting ruin of a great multitude. This movement will turn more souls into stark infidelity than the thirty-eight gentlemen of the New Testament Company will ever argue out of it, though they should live the eight hundred and ninty-five years of Mahalaleel, the nine hundred and sixty-two years of Jared, and the nine hundred and sixty-nine years of Methusaleh aggregated.

The greatest work of the last two hundred years has been to have the people understand that this was the Word of God; the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. And now you say there are only 10,000 mistakes in it, and only about 135,000 readings; 40 changes to be made in the Sermon on the Mount. You say they are not radical mistakes. Why, then, all this excitement of the public mind? Look out lest while with torches you are hunting for *rats in the cellar*, you do not set in conflagration the august temple.

For ten years, and ever since I heard of the movement, I have deplored it. But there has been no good time to speak on the subject till now. I may be scoffed at for my words in very high places, but I am only putting into words the sentiment of more people than ever thought strongly the same way on any one subject since the world was created, and they will be heard; and this is only the muttering of the on-coming tempest of popular indignation cis-Atlantic and trans-Atlantic. *Hands off the ark of the covenant.*

THE END OF THE WEDGE.

VI. I reject this new version because it opens the door for revisions innumerable. Have you any idea that these changes will stop here? In the back part of this New Testament there are twelve pages of practical protest on the part of the Americans of the New Testament company, against the revision of the Englishmen and Irishmen of the same company. Hence, we shall have another revision to revise this, and another revision to revise that, and as in 1823, Noah Webster published his revision of the Bible, and Professor Noyes and Moses Stuart and Bishop Ellicott, and Dean Alford offered their revision of different portions of the scripture, so we shall have revision on the top of revision, revisions in flocks, revisions in herds, revisions in swarms; and after a while Presbyterian revision and Baptist revision and Episcopalian revision—perhaps I shall issue a revision! and the time will go on if we allow this thing to pass without denunciation until the church will go into paroxysms of revision and there will be nothing intelligent, satisfactory, and appropriate left either in Bible or prayer-book, but the ejaculation, "Good Lord deliver us!"

These discoverers of 10,000 mistakes, and the 135,000 different readings have actually got hold of the music of the angels over Bethlehem. If those angels had known that they were within hearing distance of the New Testament Company, they would not have sung so loud. Instead of the translation which says, "On earth peace, good will toward men," it is to read "on earth peace among men in whom He is well pleased." The rhythm gone, the wide sweep of meaning gone, the Christmas carol choked till it is black in the face. I wonder if the brethren will not go on, now they have their hand in, and give us a new revision of Handel's "Messiah," and Haydn's "Creation," and chisel out a few improvements on Powers' Greek Slave, and touch up Angelo's "Last Judgment," and improve the sunrise and the sunset, and show us the aorist of the spring blossoming of last year, and let us have universal revision.

Meanwhile to private Christians let me give

A WORD OF PRACTICAL ADVICE.

Hold on to your pocket Bibles, your family Bibles, your church Bibles.

THE OLD BIBLE IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

It has brought so many sons to glory I am hoping through its teaching to get safely there myself. The old Bible is good enough for you. If you have money that you want to spend in augmenting your scriptural knowledge, do not spend it on this mutilation of the scriptures, but purchase Scott's or Clarke's or Barnes' or Jacobus' or Alexander's or Bridges' or Stuart's or French's or Plummer's commentaries. The three hundred million copies of King James's translation will soon vote down the four or ten million of the new revision. Besides it will take more than seventy-nine revisionists to revise the memory of whole generations of Bible readers. The Bible as you now quote it, will be the Bible as quoted till the end of time.

The only revision your Bible will bear, will be the marks of your own lead pencils in the margin, stating how certain passages have been illumined in your own solaced experience. I should not wonder, if upon some of the consolatory passages of the Old Testament, you wrote your own commentary not with pen and ink, but by the indelible signature of a tear. Better than Gustave Doré's illustration of the Scripture would be that Bible illumination. I also advise all private Christians all up and down the earth, and teachers of Sunday-schools, parents and all ministers of the gospel who have unterrified utterance, to be quick and vehement in their protest against this scholarly profanation. Speak out now or forever hold your peace.

I pray God that this excitement about the new revision may wake us all up to higher appreciation of that great monarch of books before which the Iliads and the Odysseys and the Korans and the Vedas and the Shasters and the Zend-Avestas and the national libraries of earth must yet kneel. By its torch may we find our pathway to the end of the pilgrimage, and on its pillow of gracious promises may we drop off into the calm, cool, dreamless slumber that waits for the first resurrection.

A Gallant Rescue has been Acknowledged by Queen Victoria in the presentation of the Albert medal to George Williams, boatman, of the coast-guard. On Sunday morning, the 6th of March last, during a heavy gale, the Norwegian brig Ranger was wrecked at Marywells, when Williams was the means of saving the four survivors of the crew. Communication with the wrecked vessel was obtained by means of the rocket apparatus, but the crew did not seem to understand how to use it, so Williams got into the buoy and hauled himself out hand over hand. On getting within about twenty yards of the wreck, and finding he was making no headway, he dropped from the buoy on to the rocks, and made his way over them and through the wreckage to the wreck, on reaching which he found the crew quite helpless. After almost incredible exertions and difficulties, he saved the four men on board; but his hands were greatly lacerated, and his back severely bruised, and he has since suffered severely from the effects of the exposure and the shock to the system. We can find no words too strong to express admiration of men who endanger their own lives to save those of other people, but we often fail to realize that Christ actually gave His life to ransom rebellious men.

"The Gospel at Rome also."—The Rev. James Wall, of Rome, Italy, mentions in a recent letter that "Signor Barratti had just come to Florence, bringing about seven hundred-weight of copies of the New Testament and Gospels. The people in the street in which the Gospel-room is situated stared at the great boxes which they saw deposited at the door, and when they knew their contents, several strong men offered their help to get them upstairs. After prayer for blessing the boxes were opened, and the missionaries sallied forth to sell the New Testaments, give the Gospels, and invite the people to a meeting in the evening. One hundred New Testaments were sold on the spot, and the meeting afterward was crowded with persons listening to the Word of Life."

JAMES GRAHAM'S BUSH LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

(*Continued from page 343.*)

A Quaint Ceremony—A Grand Hunt and Feast—An Attempt to Shoot Frustrated—Lock Joins a New Firm—"Getting on"—James Graham Innocently Sent to Jail for Three Months.

THE Crajee's face is painted, and his head dressed with feathers and cockatoo top-knots. The fire reveals the warriors standing all around with their weapons in their hands. Lines in white pipe-clay are drawn from their breast-bone along their ribs on either side, and down the outside of their legs and thighs, so that they appear a circle of hideous skeletons, surrounding the inner circle of youths who are about to emerge from picanninies to young men.

As the crajee approaches the music rises to its highest pitch, and when it has reached its climax a number of warriors step forward, and with their waddies knock the young fellows on the side of the head, and as they pull the kangaroo cord, out flies a tooth from every head.

The crajee then steps into the middle of the circle, the music having ceased, and all being still, he in true native Warragera, reads them a long eloquent lecture on the laws of the tribe and of their own future course, and pronounces punishment on them for any breach of chastity they may have previously committed.

Every adult male black you see in Australia wants the second incisor tooth in the upper jaw. *This is the mark of manhood.* Each must lose a tooth ere he can get a rib; and from this strange extraction, as from Father Adam's in Eden, family life dates. No one can tell whence the immemorial custom is drawn. I do not think they have any tradition of the Bible Eden in it.

Next day the young men are led away into a district of the forest, far from every human resort, and there they are compelled to live on certain roots, grubs, and reptiles, with perhaps an occasional snake or opossum; being compelled to keep Lent, after their fashion, by abstaining from certain proscribed game, especially from kangaroo. For three moons they must not approach a human habitation.

At the end of three moons they make their appearance in the distance; and their friends go forth, and bring them home to as high a feast, in their way, as is the Roman carnival after Lent. Then they live in the young men's camp together; and when any father will betroth his daughter to them or the chief allot them a wife, they may get married; and when they get the gin in possession they remove to the camp of the married men.

We got back next day to the station, having learnt something more of bush life among the natives. I fear, however I have dwelt too long on this excursion; and shall finish off with an account of the jubilee corrobora, when the young men returned after three months, and which we were curious to see.

There was a grand hunt of kangaroos, emus, and opossums just before the end of "the three moons," and a great feast was made to welcome the young men. When the new moon was seen the young men approached the camp, and their friends went out and brought them home with great demonstrations of delight, and the feast commenced.

Some of their wittiest fellows, in different clans, had prepared songs, with appropriate music. These they had rehearsed among some friends of their own; and after the feast they were recited by the composers two or three times in presence of all the company. After the author had sung and danced his solo till all had caught the spirit, air, and dance of the piece, then, with wonderful precision, they commenced their performance.

There was the war dance, in which young men got terrible lessons as to how they were to yell at their enemies, and how to handle the club, the wammerah, and the spear. The kangaroo and emu hunt, in which one party, as hunters, inclosed another, as victims of the chase, was very laughable. There were also songs of patriotism and love. Some mimicked the white man's ignorance of bush life and his peculiar habits and vices. Some of these were exceedingly droll.

All sung a patriotic song in an old dialect inculcating truth to the tribe, and that young men should not wander from it for wives. As they sing it the music commences low, and the men with spears and shields beat time overhead, while they keep time with their feet in the dance. It rises to great vehemence before the end; but closes in deep guttural bass and pectoral grunts. Every clan of the tribe knows and sings it.

I could not help praying most fervently at the close of that day, after my usual evening chat with young Ash, that these people who observed laws of chastity with commendable consistency, and whose hearts were capable of feeling the warm fire of devoted and unselfish patriotism, might ere long rejoice in the health-giving radiance of the Fountain of everlasting life, and learn to sing those songs of redemption which rise from the hearts of those who know and love the name of Christ, the Saviour of the degraded and lost, and to which the Father Divine Himself listens with delight and complacency.

The latter part of the time I remained at Baroo with Ash, Alder, and Lock was not very pleasant. It was not without its incidents, however. One evening as young Ash and I were returning from a distant part of the sheep-run, a fellow bailed us up with a great musket in his hand, which he pointed at Ash's breast, and threatened to shoot him if we did not give up all the money we had. I perceived there was *no lock on the musket*, and stepping up I wrenched it out of his hands; and, having given him a sound banging with it, dismissed him and took it home.

Little adventures of this kind together made young Ash and me fast friends. Why I mention this you will see by and by. Lock and he, as I before said, could not agree together. We all lived in the one house, and ate at the one table. And as husband and wife, by night and day, have the very best opportunities of mutual annoyance, so young Ash and Lock had the next best. They did not let them slip, for two more opposite characters than close, worldly-wise Lock, and candid, generous Ash could not well be. At length Ash and Alder gave notice to Lock for a dissolution of partnership.

Before news of this got abroad, Lock went to a most opulent squatting firm near Bathurst and induced them to receive him as partner, on condition of his bringing so much capital with him. He was looked on as one of the ablest buyers and salesmen, and so he was. I never knew a man who, before he bought, could so persuasively say, "It is naught, it is naught" (Proverbs 20:14), or so quietly show the good points of what he had to sell. I never knew a man who could so steadily and silently keep a long complex plan in view, and with true calculation realize every step.

Messrs. Bullock and Sheepshanks were quite right in thinking they had got an able partner in Jerrold Lock. The latter soon gave proof of his business habits; for he had a stamped agreement, with regular articles of partnership, at once drawn up by his favorite solicitor, Mr. Holdfast, of Bathurst.

Lock drew, as well as I remember, £550 from Ash and Alder. Perhaps it was that he feared money would injure *me*; but except the experience I had gained, and the clothes and stores I had drawn, he proposed I should have only some £10 for my two years. Young Ash spoke very strongly, I was told. He declared that if the man that did work deserved money, I deserved it better than Lock. They generously gave me the sum of £60.

When they had settled all, and the other partners gave me a strong recommendation to a magistrate, whom (as the history is so modern I prefer an occasional change of names) I shall call Benjamin Pyrphren, Esq., he engaged me at a salary of £50 per annum as general overseer.

But to return to Lock. No sooner had his former partners heard of his intended partnership with Bullock and Sheepshanks than they thought it their duty to advise them of Lock's style of sharp practice. They took the alarm and repudiated the agreement. Lock smiled at them, and directed them to his solicitor. The result was that they paid him some £400 of damages for breach of contract. He had then upward of £1000 in money and stock.

My employer had a son-in-law lately appointed a stipendiary magistrate, by name and title Edward Cabbage, Esq., S.J.P. He had seized the confiscated stock of an old government man, who after his emancipation had become a successful stockholder, but who had to fly for a grievous misdemeanor. The law was that such stock should be sold by public auction. But as only some fifty head of very poor cattle were found at the station, Lock went to the magistrate and offered to buy them by private contract; for it would not be worth while to have a public sale of so few and such poor cattle. Cabbage consented, and sold them, on account of government, at two pounds a head.

Lock had a bill of sale of all the stock of Dick Flylaw made out at the same price. He asked me to witness the payment of part of this money as well as the magistrate's signature. He had been very gracious that morning, having brought news from home, and I was soft enough to comply. He put the whole affair into the hands of Holdfast.

Before a week above two hundred head of prime cattle belonging to Flylaw were driven in out of the bush with his unmistakable brand. I suppose Lock had information that the outlaw's friends had driven them away. They were worth more than double what Lock had bought them for.

The result was that my employer and Cabbage had to compromise with Lock for £300. My employer, before the suit came on, wanted me to go a hundred miles up the country to look for stray cattle till the trial should be over. Lock adjured me by Heaven and honor and friendship to do justice between man and man. I told my employer I must do so as a witness. He grew black in the face, and answered, "Then remember it."

Lock was making a rapid fortune. He soon set up stockkeeping for himself, and one day he met me he gave me excellent advice, and backed it home by saying, "Graham, I came to the colony as poor as you; how is it you cannot get on like me? I fear you will be all your life in the service of others."

I felt my inferiority, and remained dumb; though I felt tempted to compliment him on his skill in making law contribute to his gain from the fruit of the industry of others, whereas I could only make money by my own hard work. I did not then recall to mind the fable of the tortoise and the hare. And it was clear that Lock did not care to remember the statement in the Bible, that "an inheritance may be gotten hastily at the beginning; but the end thereof shall not be blessed" (Proverbs 20:21).

Before a month my employer had his noose set for me. He told me to take his saddle-horse and go into Bathurst to inquire of certain stockmen concerning a mob of cattle bearing his brand that had strayed into the bush before I took oversight of the station. I did so, and he had me summoned to the bench on the charge of deserting my duties on the station without leave, and, moreover, riding off his own saddle-horse.

There was no witness, but God, that he gave me the orders, and several witnesses of my being in Bathurst at the time he said. My character was blameless, and known through all the district, but all in vain. My employer's brother-magistrates believed him and disbelieved me; and, though he was plaintiff, he sat on the bench while I was sentenced to *three months' imprisonment in Bathurst jail.*

Young Ash and his uncle had removed away to Sydney, I think, and Lock was nowhere. I felt stunned by the unjust and unexpected blow; but this is a simple, unvarnished statement of facts. Indeed, such things were quite common to men in the colonies then; though I did not then know it. When I came to understand such things I did not so much wonder at my treatment, or that so many unfriended and injured men betook themselves to the bush and to the wild justice of revenge. It is rather a damaging thing to a man to say of him that he was convicted and imprisoned once in his life; but my experience has taught me charity in judging, for if I ever did a true and upright act it was that which got me convicted and imprisoned.

But now of Lock—though it anticipates my story. When he heard I was in prison he came to

see me. He heard all, and learned that for his sake my salary was cancelled, my deposit forfeited, and myself without money or character, and, in jail. He was dressed like a gentleman; and as my offence was one of the lightest I had leave to walk with him to and fro to the porter's lodge, and sit down there and talk.

(To be continued.)

CHRIST'S PROPHECY ON THE MOUNT.

MATTHEW 24.

By Rev. Richard Chester, A.B.

(Continued from page 349.)

The Great Tribulation—Easy of Interpretation—A Different Advent—Reconciliation of Two Aspects—The Jewish Remnant.

WE can point to the site upon which the once proud buildings of the Temple stood, and to the recent records of "the Palestine Exploration Society," in proof of how accurately the opening words of our Lord's discourse, as here recorded, have been accomplished, and "not one stone" of all that glorious structure "left upon another," but "all of them thrown down." Having done this, may we not triumphantly ask if there be any room for doubt or question, or misgiving as to the equally *literal* accomplishment in the glorious Second Appearing of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ of each and every particular foretold in the prophecy, which has not as yet completely come to pass?

From verse 36, however, to the end of the chapter, we get upon altogether

NEW GROUND,

and encounter statements and warnings which it is not at first sight easy, I may almost say possible, to reconcile with what has gone before.

In the former portion of the chapter we read of an Advent preceded and heralded by many most remarkable and portentous events—an Advent which cannot possibly take place until these events shall have each and all of them occurred. So fully must this be the case that our Lord speaks (verses 32, 33) of the occurrence of these signs as betokening the nearness of His coming, just as the buds upon the fig tree most surely betoken the advent of the summer. But the sequel of the chapter, from verse 36 to the end, forewarns us of an Advent, "the day and hour of which knoweth no man" (verse 36), which shall come upon the world unexpectedly, even as the flood upon the world of the ungodly (verses 37–39)—which shall come so suddenly that "two men shall be at work in the field—two women grinding at the mill"—the world's business and the world's pleasures going on in their ordinary every-day course—when all at once "one" of the two thus employed "shall be taken," the other "shall be left" (verses 40, 41).

We read in the former part of the chapter of an Advent, of which, owing to its premonitory signs, those who are alive upon the earth at the time cannot but be aware, previous to the occurrence of these signs, that it is still at some distance, and when they occur that it is positively close at hand. In the latter part we read of an Advent so unheralded as to the actual time of its occurrence by any premonitory signs that we are expressly bidden (verse 42) to be *evermore* upon the watch for it, inasmuch as "we know not what hour our Lord shall come;" to be *always* ready for it (verse 44), because it is "at an hour *that we think not* the Son of Man cometh."

How are these two aspects of the Second Advent to be reconciled? There is but one way that I know of, or can possibly conceive.

Our blessed Lord's First Advent, foretold throughout the Old Testament Scriptures as one event, consisted nevertheless of

TWO DISTINCT ACTS

or parts—His coming to the stable at Bethlehem to be born, His coming to the cross on Calvary to die as a sacrifice for the sins of the world.

There was an unrevealed interval of thirty-three years between these two. Even so I believe that the Scriptures which foretell His Second Advent do, not obscurely or uncertainly reveal to us that it in like manner will consist of two separate acts or parts—His coming *for* His saints to *the air* to "receive them to Himself" (1 Thessalonians 4:15–17; John 14:3). His subsequent coming *with* His saints to *the earth* in judgment upon the world of the ungodly (Zechariah 14:1–12; Revelation 19:11–21). And that there will in like manner be an interval of unrevealed duration between these two events. To this *latter* aspect of His Advent, and to its memorable type in the destroying judgment upon Jerusalem under Titus, our Lord, I believe, refers exclusively in Matthew 24:1–35. To the *former* aspect of the Advent, I, for my part, feel perfectly satisfied that He refers altogether in the sequel of the chapter, verses 36 to the end.

It may, however, not unnaturally, be asked, why, if such be the case, should the reference to what you regard as the *first* part of the Advent come *last?* Why should not the latter part of the prophecy have preceded the former? The reason for this is not, it seems to me, difficult to determine. Our blessed Lord was led to the whole subject by the fact of His disciples having directed His attention to the buildings of the Temple, and by the questions which they put to Him concerning the overthrow of these buildings, when He had announced it to them. He had, therefore, to deal *first* with the events connected with that overthrow, and with that aspect of His Second Advent of which they formed so remarkable a type.

In so doing, it seems specially worthy of our notice, He spoke to His disciples as the representatives of—and, therefore, the recipients of the teaching concerning His Advent which was intended for—not so much the members of the yet uncommenced Christian Church, which did not begin to exist, and of which these disciples did not become members until the subsequent memorable day of Pentecost, but which teaching was specially intended for

A FAITHFUL JEWISH REMNANT,

which several predictions in the Old Testament and in the Book of Revelation (for instance, Zechariah 14, Revelation 7), represent as in Jerusalem in the days immediately preceding that Advent. Of such the disciples whom the Lord was upon this occasion addressing were the becoming representatives at that time. They were *Jews*, believing in, and faithful to, Jesus of Nazareth as their long-promised Messiah at a time when their nation was rejecting Him. They were in daily expectation of His "taking to Himself His great power" and "restoring the kingdom to Israel." But they were not yet *Christians*.

Of Jesus as the crucified and risen Redeemer—of the distinctive doctrines which constitute men and women, whether Jews or Gentiles, members of the Church of Christ—they were as yet in utter ignorance. Therefore, the Lord here addresses them as representatives of a faithful Jewish remnant of the latter day—the "one third," it would seem, who are spoken of (Zechariah 13:8, 9). He sets before them the circumstances under which His Advent to the Mount of Olives (Zechariah 14:1–5) shall find this remnant, and the aspect which it shall wear to them (verses 32, 33), and the far different aspect which it shall wear to the unbelieving world (verses 29, 30), as also its result (verse 31) to the still dispersed members of their elect nation then to be completely restored.

That such is the tenor of this portion of the chapter seems very evident from the language of verses 15–21. None but those actually in Jerusalem at the time can witness the setting up of "the abomination of desolation," which I have already shown to be a yet future event. To none else can the words of verse 16, "Then let them which be in Judea flee into the mountains," have any possible application, or the future warning of verses 17–19. While the exhortation of verse 20, "Pray ye that your *flight* be not in the winter, neither on the Sabbath day"—utterly inapplicable to, and therefore never acted upon or obeyed by, any members of the Christian Church—seems conclusive upon the matter.

If it be thus manifest that the language of this first portion of the prophecy is specially intended for Jewish disciples as such, no less evident is it that the sequel of the chapter (verse 36 to the end) has a general application, was addressed to the disciples in their then future position as the first members of the Christian Church, and representatives, as such, of all its members to the end of the age. The first portion is specially designed for those upon whom the Advent would come in connection with trials and dangers out of which they were to flee, the latter for those whom the Advent would find working in the field, grinding at the mill, engaged in their ordinary every-day avocations; and of whom one would be "taken"—the same verb as in John 14:3, "I will receive you unto myself"—and the other would be "left." The exhortation to these accordingly is not, "Pray that your flight be not in the winter, neither on the Sabbath day." It is, verse 42, "*Watch therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.*"

INCIDENTS OF THE FIVE POINTS MISSION.

The Jew Who Believed Nothing.

[The following story is told in the words of the missionary connected with the Five Points Mission about thirty years ago.]

Not long since, as I was sitting in the office, a poor-looking Jew, with the longest possible face and a most woe-begone expression, came in and asked me if I could do something for him. I told him that I did not know what he wanted. He said, "I wants some clothes, to make me look so as people will like me and give me work." "What is your business?" said I. "I am glazier, but my diamond is in de pawn-shop, and I has not de means to get it out, so as I can work." "Where do you live?" "Around in de next street; but I is very poor, and cannot get any sleep all tree nights. I wish you could give me some place to sleep." I told him I would help him in some way.

He brightened up at this, and I asked him, "Do you love Jesus?" "No." "Do you believe in Him?" "No." "Do you believe in God?" "Yes, but not Jesus; no, no, not Jesus." "Do you believe the New Testament?" "No." "Well, come with me," said I, as he followed me to the wardrobe, where I clothed him, and then inquired, "Do you think Nature a sufficient teacher?" "Yes; do you know my faith?" I said I did not. "Well, den, *I am pantheist, and don't believe noting.*" "It was the religion of Jesus," I replied, "that put it into the hearts of Christians to send these clothes to me for you, and then put it into my heart to give them to you, and (handing him some silver) gave others and me a heart to give you this. Do you not think there is something in the religion of Jesus?" "I don't know," he said, shaking his head; but as he was going out, I saw the big tear roll down his cheek. I was deeply moved with his cold, cheerless unbelief, and as I knew not how to meet his many objections to the religion of Jesus, I the more earnestly prayed for him.

It was some time before I saw him again, and when I did he said he was sick, and I sent him to Dr. McNaire, who examined him and found his liver somewhat affected, though convinced, as he has since told me, that his trouble was more of the mind than the body. He came back to me from the doctor, and said he "felt very bad." I at once began the old story: "You must be converted. The blood of Jesus can alone take away your sins, and without it you will be lost after all your good thoughts." He sighed deeply, and I spoke earnestly to him, showing him that immediate reconciliation with God through Jesus Christ was his only way of escape. I was called away, and when I came back he was gone.

Some time elapsed before I saw him again, and then I met him in the street. I asked him how he felt, and to my great surprise and wonder his only reply was, "*I tink I need de blood of Jesus.*" Without another word I went on my way, thinking that the Spirit was doing the work, and needed me not. Some days after I met him full of smiles, with the queerest expression of face imaginable: a tear standing in each eye, and his mouth in a half-laugh, half-cry form. "How do you do?" said I. With deep earnestness he replied, "I feel such a loveness to Jesus I could not sleep last night." "Do you believe the Bible now?" I asked. "Yes, I believe, but I do not understand." "Are you sure your sins are all forgiven?" Laying his hand on his breast, he said, "Oh, yes! I know it here."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Senatorial Contest at Albany Last Week was of an indecisive character. The caucus summoned in the interest of the ex-senators was attended by only thirty-six Republicans, while at the administration conference there were present fifty-seven members. The latter wing of the party were united in opposition to Messrs. Conkling and Platt, but did not agree on any candidates of their own for the vacant offices. The Democrats nominated Senator Jacobs and Ex-Senator Kernan. Balloting commenced on Tuesday, May 31st, and has been continued on every day since, with substantially the same results as on the first day. The vote has stood, for Mr. Conkling, 35; for Mr. Platt, 29; for Mr. Jacobs, 53; for Mr. Kernan, 54. The balance of the Republican vote was scattered among some twenty candidates, of whom Governor Cornell is apparently the strongest.

However the struggle may end, the fact of there being a contest of this character at all, is in itself substantially a defeat for the ex-senators. Their resignation and candidature for re-election was apparently a strategic movement designed to increase their strength in their conflict with the administration. That movement has failed, for, even if re-elected, their position will be weaker than it was before they resigned. *Then* Mr. Conkling was the unanimous choice of his party in the State, *now* it is plain that a large proportion, if not the majority, of the party are opposed to him. A triumphant and spontaneous re-election would have been, in a measure, an expression of popular opinion which might have influenced other senators, and possibly have had its weight with the President and his cabinet; but anything short of an unsolicited and unanimous re-election is worthless for that purpose.

Among the possible issues of this split in the Republican party is a postponement of the election until after the fall, when the Democrats may gain sufficient strength to elect two Democratic senators and so gain the control of the United States Senate. Both the President and the ex-senators would probably in such a case entertain a new opinion as to the importance of the issue on which they have fought.

Both the Ex-Presidents Have Favored the public with their views on the senatorial contest. Gen. Grant, in his letter to Senator Jones, and in other ways, has expressed his sympathy with Mr. Conkling, but he is reported to have said that, otherwise, he will take no part in the fight. If the report is true, the general's decision is an evidence of his prudence, and it may simplify matters in many ways. Mr. Conkling, reflecting upon it, may decide to take no hand in any fight on the general's behalf in the future, and so the troublesome question of a third term may be finally eliminated from the field of politics. Ex-President Hayes's contribution to the discussion is the statement that he considers Mr. Conkling "a monomaniac." Mr. Hayes is not complimentary, but he probably thinks this a favorable opportunity to retaliate on the antagonist of his own administration. The present position of Mr. Hayes outside the circle of politics, his character and experience, entitle his opinions to general respect. If he would also tell us what he thinks of Assistant Secretary Brady, and some other of his former officials, he might rely on an attentive audience. A satisfactory explanation of certain irregularities said to have been discovered by President Garfield's administration would be a relief to many people who gave Mr. Hayes and his cabinet their stedfast support.

The Resignations of the Sixth Auditor of the Treasury and his deputy have been tendered, at the request of Secretary Windom, and accepted. The sixth auditor is intrusted with the examination of the post office accounts and his office is in the post office building. It is understood that Mr. Windom's action was taken at the suggestion of Postmaster-General James and the Attorney General, who considered the removals necessary to the thorough investigation of the star route contracts. It is claimed on behalf of the auditor and his deputy, that their duties were confined to ascertaining that the accounts were in due form and arithmetically correct. The resignation of First Assistant Postmaster-General Tyner was also announced on Saturday last. The appointment of Colonel William A. Cook as Special Assistant Attorney General to take charge of the star route business seems to imply that criminal proceedings will be taken. The net annual saving on star route and steamboat mail service so far effected by reductions and discontinuances, amounts to $745,568.

The Reduction of the Public Debt at the close of last month amounted to $11,150,721. This sum makes the total reduction for the eleven months of the fiscal year $89,250,323. The receipts during May averaged one million dollars daily, and it is believed that if, as is probable, that rate is maintained during the month of June, the reduction during the entire year will reach the large sum of one hundred millions. The internal revenue, which Mr. Sherman estimated would produce $130,000,000, has already amounted to $123,443,283, and there are still to be made the collections for June.

The Pertinacity of the Opponents of Dr. Talmage has probably reached its limit. Their complaint was originally presented to the Presbytery, who dismissed it; they then appealed to the Synod of Long Island, who declined to entertain it; and finally they appealed to the General Assembly, the highest ecclesiastical court in the Presbyterian Church. Last week the General Assembly dismissed the complaint, thus confirming the Synod and the Presbytery in their decision that it was not of a character demanding investigation. We may now hope that the last has been heard of this movement. It was generally deplored at its initiation, and its conduct was marked by the display of a spirit so uncharitable, if not actually vindictive, as to excite wide-spread sorrow among Christians jealous for the honor of Christ's Church and zealous for the spread of the Gospel in the world.

Police Brutalities have been Brought under public notice by the publication in one of the New York dailies of a list of persons who during the past three months have suffered unjustly at the hands of these officials. The list records the cases of men who, while suffering from sudden and severe sickness, have been found unconscious in the streets and have been flung into a police cell under the charge of drunkenness, when they should have been sent to an hospital. In one case, after lying in a cell for some time, the victim was found still unconscious and after a rough examination was supposed to be dead and was *actually sent to the Morgue*, though he there recovered under proper treatment. Citizens are startled by the discovery that if rendered unconscious in the street by sudden injury or sudden sickness, they may be first clubbed over the head, and then dragged to a prison. The danger is a serious one, and some attempts should be made to counteract it. The ignorant and brutal ruffians who manage to obtain appointments among the intelligent members of the force should be taught that discrimination is necessary in cases of insensibility. It may seem to a policeman an over-nice and fastidious distinction to draw between the case of a man suffering from an epileptic attack and that of one drunk and incapable, but the public has a different opinion and thinks such a distinction should be made or that those inhuman monsters who perpetrate the outrages should be dismissed from the force.

The Excitement Produced in this City on Wednesday, June 1st, by the intelligence that Iroquois, an American horse, belonging to Mr. Lorillard, had won the famous English race known as the Derby, indicates how far society still is below that standard of life which the religion of Christ sets up as the true estimate of progress. The brokers of the stock exchange stopped buying and selling to join in the general exultation, and the American success was the general topic of conversation in the cars and in the streets. One newspaper went to the expense of telegraphic arrangements by which the result of the race was flashed *from the course to its office in four seconds from the moment* the horses passed the winning post at Epsom, and no greater interest could have been manifested had the fate of nations hung in the balance. All this excitement and agitation over a horse race, while the great prize of the Christian life, which the Apostle Paul describes under the figure of a race, is a matter of indifference to the world!

Miss S. A. Sewell, whose Christian Work in the prisons of New York and among the employees at railroad depots in the Western States has been so signally blest of God, arrived in New York from England on June 2d. For more than a year she has been laboring in the cities and large towns of Great Britain with remarkable success. In every place at which she was invited to hold meetings the Holy Spirit was present quickening and converting souls. In the Mile End Road, London, a locality notorious for the poverty and squalid misery of the inhabitants, many of whom belong to the criminal classes and nearly all are Godless and depraved, Miss Sewell's services were thronged with anxious listeners, and she was the means of the conversion of large numbers of *abandoned profligates*. At Bristol over *three hundred people* came forward to acknowledge Christ before men, as the result of God's blessing on her work, and at many other places her services were similarly blessed. Miss Sewell had a stormy and tedious voyage to America, in the course of which she suffered severely. She proposes to take a short season of rest, and then to recommence her work in such places and spheres as the Lord may direct.

Some Facts Deserving Serious Consideration were elicited in the course of a trial at Philadelphia two weeks ago. A woman was charged with the murder of her new-born babe. Her husband had deserted her, and she wandered about the streets penniless and in rags. She was found there by a woman almost as poor as herself, but who generously gave her bread and shelter for the night. The next day she took her from one wealthy charity to another, and being refused at each on account of some technical objection, she finally took her to the almshouse, but she was refused admission there too, *because she was married*. For several days the woman wandered about the city without food. Three times she fell fainting in the street from sheer weakness and fatigue. At length hopeless of obtaining assistance, she begged a few cents and hired a wretched garret room, in which there was not a single article of furniture. There her child was born, and there she was said to have killed it in her frenzied despair. We have been often told of the advantages of organized over indiscriminate charity, but there is something wrong about a system under which such an experience as this woman's is possible. It would seem in this case that the rules of the institutions were too rigidly enforced, and sufficient discretion was not allowed to the officials. This revelation ought to be a warning to the managers of our charities.

The Y. M. C. A. of Mobile Ala., Presents a very encouraging report of its position and progress. It has only been two years in existence, yet at its anniversary on May 16th, the membership was stated at over five hundred, though at the commencement there were only seventeen members. One interesting feature of the organization is that by a resolution adopted last year ladies may become honorary members. The experiment has been eminently satisfactory, the finances of the association have profited by the exertions of the lady members, and the meetings have become more interesting and profitable since they have participated in them.

An Appeal to Christians Against the Wicked practice of duelling has been made by Bishop Howe, of the Episcopal Church in South Carolina. The bishop expresses his conviction that in the greater number of these encounters, men professing to be Christians have been directly or indirectly concerned. The bishop urges preachers to warn their hearers of the sin of this practice, and ladies especially to exert their influence against it. This appeal is timely, and the public journals give evidence of its necessity. "The code of honor," and "the satisfaction customary among gentlemen" are fine phrases, but it ought never to be forgotten that deliberate and premeditated murder is not excused by such phrases, and that we are expressly forbidden by God to avenge ourselves (Rom. 12 : 19).

Color-Blindness has been Made the Subject of investigation by the surgeons of the United States Marine Hospital service, which has resulted in inducing the belief that the peculiarity, while generally hereditary, is in many cases acquired. It is found to be a symptom of some diseases of the brain and optic nerve, and it is recommended that pilots and engineers, after any exhausting disease, such as typhoid fever, be tested as to their perception of color before again resuming their duties. Injuries about the head may, it is said, produce partial color-blindness, and the same effect is sometimes produced by the excessive use of *alcohol and tobacco.* Its effect is that the sufferer is unable to distinguish one color from another. The fact that it is sometimes induced by vicious habits suggests the thought that it resembles the spiritual state of the man who has sunk into so low a state of degradation as to be unable to recognize sin in practices which the soul enlightened by the Holy Spirit perceives are grievously wicked.

A Husband was Reproved in the Presence of his dissolute companions recently by his wife at Cape Girardeau, Mo. She had suffered severe privations from his neglect, while he wasted his money in drink and frivolous amusements. One day she traced him to a barroom, where he was playing cards with several companions. Setting a covered dish she held in her hands down upon the table she said, "Presuming, husband, that you were too busy to come home to dinner, I have brought you yours," and departed. With a forced laugh he invited his friends to dine with him, but on removing the cover from the dish found only a slip of paper, on which was written, "I hope you will enjoy your meal; *it is the same your family have at home.*" The influence of a dissipated life on the conscience is to harden it, causing the sinner to become oblivious of his duties toward God, his family, and the world. In such cases an open reproof so forcible as this wife administered sometimes produces the effect needed (Prov. 13 : 18).

A Surgical Operation was Performed by a cough at Norristown, Pa. recently. The *Philadelphia Press* says that General William J. Bolton, while Colonel of the Fifty-first Regiment of Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, was awaiting orders on a mound at the time of the famous mine explosion at Petersburg, July 30th, 1864, when a Confederate canister-shell exploded near him, and a small bullet entered his lower right jaw at the very point where he had received a bullet wound at the battle of Antietam. Since then General Bolton felt pain and oppression in his neck, which of late was more intense, and he felt some sharp object cutting its way toward his throat—pieces of his shattered jawbone he thought. On May 20th this year, while in business, he had occasion to stoop, and was immediately taken with a violent fit of coughing. Placing his hand instinctively over his mouth something dropped into his hand. He found it to be the painful little ball. It was covered with rust, and its surface was traversed by sharp ridges. In this case nature succeeded in ejecting the troublesome intruder after scientific skill had failed. According to some pernicious modern teaching, men may unaided so eradicate evil from their nature, but the attempt has always proved a failure. Holiness and purity are the work of the Holy Spirit alone (Titus 3 : 3-5).

A Man has been Tried Five Times for a Murder at St. Louis, and the fifth trial ended on May 21st in his conviction. His name is Charles F. Krug, and he is found guilty of murdering Mrs. Dora Droemser on January 15th, 1875. This is the second time he has been convicted and sentenced to death. His counsel has again given notice of motion for another trial, so that it is possible the prisoner may be arraigned the sixth time. Krug, if he is really guilty, has been able to evade the just punishment of his crime for a long time, and his and similar cases operate prejudicially on the criminal classes, inducing a hope that their crimes may not bring judgment upon them. Sinners indulge the same hope with regard to God's warnings, but they will be deceived. God is very merciful, but His judgments are not only just but certain (Eccles. 8 : 11–13).

An Act of Genuine Heroism was Performed by a mere boy at a fire at Waterville, Conn., a few days ago. A Connecticut paper, describing the fire, says that just as the flames burst out from the explosion of the oil-tank a boy named William Reed was seen emerging from the building, his clothing apparently on fire, with *a keg of gunpowder* in his arms, calling out and warning others to get out of the way, as the powder might explode. His own danger he did not mind, but bore the keg to a place of safety. There was real nobility displayed in that daring act which is a rebuke to the spirit of worldly prudence now too prevalent. According to the world's maxims the boy's first duty when he perceived the impending danger was to provide for his own safety, then, if he could do so without peril, to warn others, but this brave lad reversed the policy. We too should never forget that although we may not be called to perform such an act, yet our own convenience and interests ought not to prevent our taking advantage of opportunities for Christian usefulness. Christ Himself taught this (John 10 : 30–37).

A Piteous Spectacle was Witnessed at a Funeral in Pittsburg on May 30th. As the coffin containing the remains of a prominent citizen was deposited in the church the divorced wife of the dead man was observed entering the edifice, where she remained during the service weeping bitterly. As the relatives surrounded the coffin to take a last look at the face of the dead, the erring woman approached the group, begging that she might look once more at the man she had loved. She was repulsed, for they knew how bitter had been the suffering her sin had caused her husband. She continued her appeals until the glass was covered, and even then followed the coffin to the grave and tried unavailingly to induce the gravedigger to remove the cover, now wet with the tears wrung from her by remorse. The scene was a very sad one, but none could say that the woman's sin did not merit this denial of her request. But for her, and such as her, there remains the consolation that true penitence and faith will be accepted by Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost.

Twenty-three Years of Prayer have been answered in the conversion of one of a troop of minstrels. The young man related the circumstances at a meeting in New York last week. He said his father prayed twenty-three years for his conversion. The speaker was a minstrel and achieved notoriety. His father was a beloved and respected minister. The father died not having received the fulfilment of the promise, but now after his death the son was converted. Since his conversion he has sought to do a good work in the field of Gospel temperance, and has been eminently useful.

THE SUBSTANCE OF TRUE RELIGION.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"But ye should say, Why persecute we him, seeing the root of the matter is found in me."—JOB 19 : 28.

The Essential and the Ornamental in Religion—I. The Essential Defined—Firm Faith in the Redeemer—Religious Fancy Goods—Appropriating Faith—Trust in God—The Living Redeemer—Confidence in Certain Salvation—II. The Essential Described—A Rootless Tree mere Timber—The Root a Vital Necessity—Comprehends all else—III. Its Possession Discernable by Others—Sometimes Hidden—An Inward Thing—Should be Avowed—A Source of Comfort—A Defence against Opposers—IV. Demands Tender Respect—A Rebuke to Persecution—The South Sea Islanders and a Romish Picture—An End to Ungenerous Denunciation—Persecution by Mistrust—Encourage the Tender Root.

YOU will always understand a passage of Scripture better if you carefully attend to its connection. The habit of picking out portions from the Bible and separating them from their context may be carried a great deal too far, and in the process the reader may miss the mind of the Spirit, and force upon the words a meaning of his own. If we were to treat men's books as we do God's Book we should, probably, be judged to be *insane.* It is, indeed, a wonderful book to bear such mangling. Every sensible person will see that it must always be wise to study the context, for it is likely enough to cast a light upon the passage in hand.

Job in the verse before us is answering Bildad the Shuhite. Now, this Bildad on two occasions had described Job as a hypocrite, and accounted for his dire distress by the fact that, though hypocrites may flourish for a time, they will ultimately be destroyed. In the two bitter speeches which he made he described the hypocrite under the figure of a tree which is torn up by the roots, or dies down even to the root. The inference he meant to draw was this: you, Job, are utterly dried up, for all your prosperity is gone, and therefore you must be a hypocrite. The assault was very cruel, but the sufferer successfully parried it. No, says Job, I am no hypocrite. I will prove it by your own words, for the root of the matter is still in me, and therefore I am no hypocrite. Though I admit that I have lost branch, and leaf, and fruit, and flower, yet I have not lost the root of the matter, for I hold the essential faith as firmly as ever; and, therefore, by your own argument, I am no hypocrite, and "Ye should say, why persecute we him, seeing the root of the matter is found in me?"

There is then, dear friends, a something in true religion which is its essential root. It has *fundamental matters* which cannot be dispensed with under any circumstances. Some things pertain to godliness, are ornamental, useful, pleasant, and desirable, yet these may be absent and still there may be the truth of religion in the soul: but there is a something which cannot be absent in any case without its being certain that the man is not a true child of God; there is a something which is vital, without which there is no spiritual life. Of

THIS ESSENTIAL THING

we are going to speak this morning as we are enabled by the Holy Spirit.

Job derived comfort from the fact that the root of the matter was in him, whatever his accusers might say, and I trust that others will be encouraged as they too shall find that the root of the matter is in them. It will be pleasant to my heart to cheer the fainting, and equally so if I can lead my stronger brethren to deal tenderly with such.

I. Our first thought will be that *this root of the matter may be clearly defined.* We are not left in the dark as to what the essential point of true religion is; it can be laid down with absolute certainty. True there has been considerable disputing over the phrase before us and questions have been raised as to what Job meant by "the root of the matter," but I conceive that if we read the verse in its own connection, apart from any extraneous suggestion, there will be no doubt about its meaning.

Commence at the twenty-fifth verse, and read on as Job spoke, and he tells us plainly *what is "the*

root of the matter." Here it is: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me." This knowledge of the Redeemer is evidently the root of the matter. Come, then, let us look more closely into this choice confession of faith. I shall not attempt to expound this golden utterance, but I shall glance at it with the one object of showing what Job considered to be the essence of true religion.

And, first, it is clear that "the root of the matter" is

FIRM FAITH

in the Redeemer; it is to be able to say from the inmost heart, "*I know* that my Redeemer liveth." Not I think so, but "I *know;*" for saving faith is certain, and the true believer is a positivist. Faith abhors conjectures, it will not put its foot down upon fictions, but rests upon matters of fact. Faith never deals in *the fancy goods* of opinion, theory, speculation, and probability; she searches for the priceless pearl of certainty; she must needs *know.* Such was the faith of Job, and he expresses it in firm, decided, clear language, saying, "I *know* that my Redeemer liveth."

This faith was an appropriating one, so that Job took to himself the Redeemer. "I know that *my* Redeemer liveth," laying hold upon the Lord to be unto him all that he was meant to be, namely, a Redeemer who would set him at liberty from his misery. He embraced the Redeemer as his own, and believed that he would be raised by Him from the pit of corruption. Come, brethren, have we such a faith as this? a faith which knows that there is a Saviour able to redeem and sure to accomplish the work? And do we take Him for our own, saying, "my Redeemer?" This is the point: Do we accept him in His ordained office and cast our soul entirely upon Him? Are we content to sink or swim with this God's appointed Saviour? If saved it shall be by Him; and at His cross foot are we content to lie and wait the issue? This is the "root of the matter;" a recognition of the redeeming Lord, and a simple dependence upon Him for sure salvation.

Look steadily at the passage, and especially gaze into its original meaning, and you will see that in this "root of the matter" there is *a recognition of the blessed Christ of God in the peculiar relationship which he has taken up to man.* It is "I know that my *goel,* or kinsman, liveth." You know what the next of kin was among the Jews: it was he who must redeem the inheritance if it had been alienated from the family: he was the guardian of those to whom he was next of kin. If there had been manslaughter committed, it was

THE GOEL,

the near kinsman, who must take vengeance on behalf of the murdered man. The *goel* was the patron of the weak ones of the family, and the defender of the whole clan.

Beloved, this is a cardinal point of saving faith, that Jesus Christ the eternal Son of God is next of kin to us poor, guilty men. His name is Emmanuel, God with us: not only God from before all worlds, but God with us in our nature. The Word was made flesh: Jesus was born at Bethlehem, and there he was nursed at the breast of a woman. He lived among our race, bearing our infirmities, and tempted in all points like as we are, though without sin. It is most sweet for faith to say, He is nearest of kin to *me;* my *goel,* my Redeemer; bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh,

"In ties of blood with sinners one."

He is the Head, the second Adam of our race, a brother born for adversity, yea, and more than a brother.

Because He has deigned to enter into the closest of all relationships with us by taking upon Himself our nature, the Lord Jesus has now become our Redeemer, bound to restore to those who are in Him the inheritance which was forfeited by the fall. Glory be to His name, He has restored that which He took not away; He has redeemed from the hand of the enemy that which sin and Satan snatched from us by our first parents' fault. Nor is this all—the *goel* was bound also to avenge the quarrel of his client. Our Lord is now our advocate with the Father, pleading our cause both by the word of His mouth and by the power of His arm. "Thou hast pleaded the causes of my soul," O Jesus! Thou art my defender and my exceeding great reward.

Still look at the text further, and you perceive that the root of the matter is to believe that this kinsman, *this Redeemer lives.* We could never find comfort or salvation in one who had ceased to be. We have no lively hope unless we believe that our Lord Jesus Christ was raised from the dead. If it were possible for us to believe in the merit of Christ's death, and to deny His resurrection, our faith would have a fatal flaw in it. "He was delivered for our offences, but He was raised again for our justification;" and, therefore, we must believe in the resurrection or we are not justified. It is because He ever liveth to make intercession for us that He is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by Him.

Still there was more than this: Job believed in this next of kin of his who still lived, *that he would surely save him, seeing he trusted in him.* He expected that he would right all things, however wrong they might be, and clear the character of his servant. Job felt that though his accusers might condemn him, and his appeal to God might not win him a vindication, so that he might go down to his grave under a cloud of reproach, and lie there and rot with a dishonored memory, yet he would be cleared one day. Though the worms might devour his body till no rag or relic of him remained, yet his living kinsman would never rest till he had cleared him, and enabled him to see God without fear. This is

THE GRANDEUR OF FAITH

to feel that whatever God may do with me, if I am in Christ and behave myself as His faithful servant He will preserve me from all harm.

Yea, and I shall see my God again, and even my poor failing body, full of aches and pains and weakness, after resting in the grave a little, shall rise again in beauty and power. *The grave is a refining pot* wherein the bodies of the saints are purified and made fit to dwell with the pure and holy God forever. Faith has no question about the resurrection; she has not a mere hope, but a firmly assured belief, so that she cries, "I know that in my flesh through Christ my Redeemer, I shall see my God without fear."

Every man in a certain sense will see God, for every eye shall behold the King upon the throne of judgment; but that expectation would not be a ground of comfort, and therefore more is here meant by seeing God. Job evidently expected to see God with acceptance and with delight, and this he felt quite sure about, though the corruption of his body looked like an effectual barrier to the realization of such a hope. All his friends may condemn him, and treat him as an alien and a stranger, but he so trusts himself with his Redeemer that he is quite sure of justification before God and men. Those who have a divine advocate must be cleared in the judgment. Now, soul, answer this question, Dost thou commit thyself wholly and entirely to the Mediator, the Incarnate God, the Kinsman of humanity? Say, dost thou look alone to thy living Advocate, in life, in death, and in eternity? Is Christ thine all in all, thy sole and solid hope? Oh, then, rest thou assured that "the root of the matter is found in thee."

II. Secondly, let us spend a few minutes in remarking that in our text *this fundamental matter is most instructively described* by the words which I have so constantly repeated—"the root of the matter." What does this mean?

First, does it not mean that which is *essential?* "The root of the matter." To a tree a root is absolutely essential; it is a mere pole or piece of timber if there be no root. It can be a tree of a certain sort without branches, and at certain seasons without leaves, but not without a root. Look at the trees in the winter. Their substance is in them when they lose their leaves; the foliage has all fallen, but the bare boughs and stem still make a tree, because a root is there. You may call it a tree even though only the trunk remains rooted to the soil. But it is not a tree if you have taken the root away and set it up in the hedge—it is mere dead timber for the scaffold or the fire. So, if a man hath faith in the Redeemer, though he may be destitute of a thousand other most needful things, yet the essential point is settled: he that believeth in Christ Jesus hath everlasting life.

The root, again, is not only that which is *vital* to the tree, it is from the root that the life-force proceeds by which the trunk and the branches are nourished and sustained. There is hope of a tree if it be cut down that it shall sprout again, at the scent of water it shall bud; so long as there is a root there is more or less of vitality and power to grow, and so faith in Christ is the vital point of religion; he that believeth liveth. If thou dost not know the living Redeemer thou dost not know life. Without trust in the work of Jesus a man may attempt to follow the moral teachings of Jesus, but he will miss salvation, since no morals which do not begin with faith in God can be acceptable to the Most High. The practical teaching of our holy religion is admirable, and we must obey it or be lost; but the root of holy living is faith in Christ, neither can it be produced otherwise.

Again, it is called the "root of the matter" because it *comprehends all the rest;* for

EVERYTHING IS IN THE ROOT.

You walked in your garden in the winter and many plants were entirely invisible; there was not the slightest token of their presence in the soil: now they are above ground, they are flowering, they are proceeding to fruit. Where was the plant? It was all in the root. Leaf, branch, fruit, seed—all were there. Even so, all the elements of a perfect character lie hidden in faith in Christ. The holiness of heaven is packed away in the faith of a penitent sinner.

III. So I come, thirdly, to dwell upon a further remark: *This root of the matter may be personally discerned, as being in a man's own possession.* Job says to his teasing friends, "Ye should say, Why persecute we him, seeing the root of the matter is found in me?" Notice the curious change of pronouns. "Ye should say, Why persecute we *him,* seeing the root of the matter is found in *him?*" that is how the words would naturally run. But Job is so earnest to clear himself from Bildad's insinuation that he is a hypocrite that he will not speak of himself in the third person, but plainly declares, "The root of the matter is found in *me.*" Job seems to say, "The vital part of the matter may or may not be in you, but it is in *me,* I know. You may not believe me, but I know it is so, and I tell you to your faces that no argument of yours can rob me of this confidence; for as I know that my Redeemer liveth, I know that the root of the matter is found in me."

Many Christian people are afraid to speak in that fashion. They say, "I humbly hope it is so, and I trust it is so." That sounds prettily; but is it right? Is that the way in which men speak about their houses and lands? Do you possess a little freehold? Did I hear you answer, "I humbly hope that my house and garden are my own?" What, then, are your title-deeds so questionable that you do not *know?* Is this the way in which you speak of your wages at the end of the week: "I sometimes have a hope that these shillings are mine?" Is that the way you talk about your wife? Is that the manner in which you speak of your own life? Are you afraid even to call your soul your own? No, no; we demand certainties in reference to things of value, and so it ought to be with regard to Christ and eternity; we cannot put up with mere hopes and surmises in reference to them.

Note well that *sometimes this root needs to be searched for.* Job says, "the root of the matter is *found* in me," as if he had looked for it, and made a discovery of what else had been hidden. Roots generally lie underground and out of sight, and so may our faith in the Redeemer. His interest in the Redeemer may have been a question for self-examination with Job, when first his griefs came thick and heavy; it may be a matter of search with us, too.

"He that never doubted of his state,
He may—perhaps he may, too late."

I can understand a Christian doubting whether he is saved or not, but I cannot understand his being happy while he continues to doubt about it, nor happy at all till he is sure of it. Job had made his personal condition the subject of investigation; he had digged beneath the surface, and had seen within his heart. You cannot always find roots in winter time, unless you use a spade and turn over the soil: there are winter times with us when we cannot tell whether we have real faith in Christ or not till we examine ourselves whether we be in the faith. After searching, Job found the treasure, and said, "the root of the matter is found in me."

And note again, the root of the matter in Job was

AN INWARD THING.

"The root of the matter is found *in* me." He did not say, "I wear the outward garb of a religious man;" no, but, "the root of the matter is found *in* me." If you, my hearers, are in the possession of the essence of true Christianity, it does not lie in your outward profession, your baptism, your church-membership, or your reception of the Lord's Supper; but it lies within your heart and mind. Faith, which is the evidence of the inner life, is altogether spiritual and inward; its abode is within the vitals of the spiritual being, in the very core of the renewed heart. True godliness is not separable from the godly man; it is woven into him just as a thread enters into the essence and substance of the fabric.

When grace is found in us, and we do really believe in our Redeemer, *we ought to avow it;* for Job says, "The root of the matter is found in me. I know that my Redeemer liveth." Are there not some among you who have never said as much as that? Some of you who are believers have never yet owned your Lord. What did I call some of you the other day? I think I compared cowardly believers to rats behind the wainscot that come out of a night to eat a crumb or two, and then run in again. The rat is a poor creature to be compared with: it is a domestic animal, I suppose, for it lives in the house; but it is not a beautiful object to be likened to, and so I will not compare you to it, although there might be more untruthful comparisons. I pray you try and alter before I am driven to the simile, and never be ashamed of Christ, or if you ever are so, be more ashamed of yourselves.

The fact of our having the root of the matter in us *will be a great comfort to us.* "Alas," saith Job, "my servant will not come when I call him, my wife is strange to me, my kinsfolk fail me, but I know that my Redeemer liveth. Bildad and Zophar, and others of them, all condemn me, but my conscience acquits me, for I know that the root of the matter is in me." It is a blessed thing to be able to hear the harsh speeches of men as though we heard them not. What matters it after all what others judge of me, if I know what I do know, and am sure in my own soul that I am right with God? What if men find fault with our eyes, does it signify if we can say, "One thing I know, whereas I was once blind now I see." Critics may find fault with our experience, and they may call our earnest utterances rant, but this will not affect the truth of our conversion, or the acceptableness of our testimony for Jesus.

There is more real comfort in the possession of simple faith than in the fond persuasion that you are in a high state of grace. When we proudly think, "Oh, I need not look at the root of the matter, for my flowers and fruits are evidence more than sufficient," we are getting dangerously elevated. That man is in a perilous plight who glories in himself, saying, "How useful I am! how gifted! how influential! How highly my brethren think of me!" All this will turn out to be *unsubstantial comfort* in the hour of trial, but the root of the matter yields the sweetest and surest consolation at all times. If your Redeemer lives you shall have a candle lighted for you in the darkest shades.

This fact also will be *your defence against opposers.* Thus may you answer them in Job's fashion, "You ought not to condemn me; for, though I am not what I ought to be, or what I want to be, or what I shall be, yet still the root of the matter is found in me. Be kind to me, therefore." Carefully observe this, my dear young friends. You have been lately converted, and if you fall in with those who are very stern and censorious you must not be surprised. Some venerable professors have not so much grown ripe as sour, and they show their sourness by censuring their younger brethren. It does not occur to them to say, "Why persecute we him, seeing the root of the matter is in him?"

Thus much on our third point.

IV. Now we come to the fourth subject of discourse, which is a practical lesson from the text for those believers in Christ who have passed beyond the root stage into a further development.

Notice, then, that this root of the matter is

TO BE TENDERLY RESPECTED

by all who see it. "Ye should say, why persecute we him, seeing the root of the matter is found in me?"

What a rebuke this is to the *persecutions* which have been carried on by nominal Christians against each other, sect against sect! Romanists have fiercely persecuted Protestants, and Protestants have persecuted one another. If they had but listened to their gracious Lord and Saviour they would have heard Him whisper, "Ye should say, wherefore persecute we him, seeing the root of the matter is found in me?" How can those who trust in the same Saviour rend and devour each other?

In many of the islands of the South Seas our missionaries have been the means of converting the people to the faith. In one of these the shaven crowns of Rome began to put in their appearance, with the view of turning away the people from the faith to the errors of Rome. Among their cunning instruments of conversion was a picture representing the tree of the Church. Certain twigs were represented as rotten; they were cut off, and were falling into the fire: these were such persons as Luther, Calvin, and other famous teachers of the Gospel. The Protestant missionaries, too, were dead twigs, and were all to be removed from the tree. The natives were not quite sure about this, and made more inquiries. Certain other branches were green and vigorous; these were the priests of the Catholic Church, and the larger boughs were bishops and cardinals of the same community; the natives were not quite clear about that, and passed on to examine the trunk. This of course consisted of an array of popes, of whom the islanders had never heard. They passed on, hoping to come to something presently; and so they did, for at the bottom was the name of our Lord Jesus. The inquiring islanders said, "And what is this at the bottom, marked with the name of Jesus?" "That is the root," said the priest. "Well, then," shouted the natives, "we have the root! The new teachers say we have the root, and so we are all right; our missionaries have told us the truth." There was philosophy in that. Let us see to it that "we have the root."

Friend, dost thou believe in Jesus Christ, the Son of God? If so, thou hast the root. I shall be very sorry if you belong to the Church of Rome, for she teaches much error; but if you rest wholly in Christ Jesus *you will be saved.* Do you believe in the once crucified but now living Christ? Well, my brother, I am sorry you should be a high-churchman, or anything else which is not according to Scripture, but *your faith has saved you.* I pray you think the same of me, if I too am a believer in the one Redeemer. If I believe, and rest my soul on the one salvation which God has provided in Christ Jesus, have charity toward me, for this rock will bear both thee and me. This should end all religious persecutions.

But next, it ought to be the end of all

UNGENEROUS DENUNCIATIONS.

If I know that a man is really believing in Jesus Christ, I may not treat him as an enemy. If I perceive that he holds a great many wrong notions, I am to be grieved at his mistakes, and to labor for his instruction, but I ought not to feel rancor toward him. It is my duty, especially if I am a public instructor, to expose and refute his errors; but as for the man himself, if he trusts in the atoning blood, I am not to treat him as a reprobate. Does he believe in Jesus Christ alone? Does he hold vital, fundamental truth, then I am not to make him an offender for a word, and twist his language into a meaning what he never intended by it. I am *too near akin* to every believer in Jesus to take down bell, book, and candle and excommunicate him for not being so well instructed as he might be. If the Redeemer is next of kin to me and next of kin to him, why, then, we are near of kin to one another, and it is unseemly for us to strive together, being brethren.

Further than this, the question is, "Why persecute we him?" We can do that by a

COLD MISTRUST.

I have seen chill suspicion exercised by good solid, substantial Christians, who have had a chronic fear and trembling lest new converts should not be true converts. The young man seems to be very earnest; he is evidently much impressed; he forsakes his sin, and there is a great change in him; he boldly declares his faith in Jesus Christ; but the jealous guardian of the purity of the Church objects, for the young man was converted in an irregular way; he did not go among the Presbyterians, or Baptists, or Congregationalists, or Evangelical Church people, and get saved in a respectable manner, but he went out in the street and he heard a mere ranter, or *a salvation army captain,* and therefore it is feared that it cannot be a genuine work of grace.

The cautious brother does not *say* much, but he draws himself into himself and retires from the person whom he suspects, just as a snail draws in his horns and hides himself in his shell. The elder brother is angry and will not go in; and in that way he persecutes the returning prodigal. Why, some of these icy critics will cause the very marrow of a poor fellow's bones to freeze while he looks at him. Do not let us stand off in holy isolation from any who have the root of the matter in them. Wherefore should we persecute such? Let us encourage them, and give them information upon the points in which they are deficient.

Dear brothers and sisters, I beg you to be on the look-out in this congregation for those who have just received the root of the matter, those that have just had the seed dropped into the soul. It has hardly begun to sprout yet, but you can see it is there. They can just say,

> "We are poor sinners, and nothing at all,
> But Jesus Christ is our all in all."

Do not frighten them, do not distress them, do not chill them like a sharp frost. Cheer and encourage them, and say, "I, too, was once as you are. Ay, and I, too, often am as you are. Ay, and I, too, sometimes wish I were as you are, for I would still keep on my knees, keep humbly dependent upon Christ. Come, if elder brethren will not receive you, I will, and I will cheer you and encourage you for Jesus' sake."

Well, try and do that this morning, if you can, before you leave the Tabernacle. There may be somebody sitting next to you who just wants a word. Try it. I know some will be quite frightened at your venturing to speak to them. Very well, frighten them a little it will not hurt them. Try the power of courteous personal appeal. It may be if you frighten one or two you will be the means of blessing so many more that if those who are frightened do not forgive you they will not break your heart. God Himself will not, because there will be nothing to forgive. He will commend you for what you have done, and I pray you, therefore, do it for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

[PORTIONS OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Job 19, Psalm 92.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

ANECDOTES,

Related at the London May Meetings.

AT the anniversary meeting of the *British and Foreign Bible Society* in Exeter Hall, Lord Shaftesbury presided, and it was stated that the income of the society during the past year had been a sum equivalent to $1,047,595, and the expenditure $965,000. The issues of Bibles, New Testaments and Portions for the year had been 2,846,029, making a total since the formation of the society of 91,014,448 copies, in 248 languages and dialects.

The Rev. Sylvester Whitehead, Wesleyan missionary from China, in the course of an interesting speech, said: "The Bible began to flash its light upon the minds and to touch the hearts of the Chinese, even when in the process of translation and printing. Dr. Morrison tells us that *his first convert*, while 'employed in superintending the printing of the New Testament, began to see that the merits of Jesus were sufficient for the salvation of all mankind, and hence believed in Him;' and that, taking the conduct of Philip as a guide, at a spring of water issuing from the foot of a lofty hill by the seaside, away from human observation, he baptized in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, Trae A-Ko, the first China Protestant Christian.

"One of the first *American missionaries*, Bishop Boone, gives a similar account of the conversion of his Chinese teacher, who assisted him in translating the Scriptures: One day, much to the missionary's surprise, he came hastily into the room with an open Testament in his hand, and exclaimed, 'Whoever made that book made me; it knows all that is in my heart. It tells me what no one else except God can know about me. Whoever made me wrote that book.' The result was his conversion to Christ. The Book by its blessed truths attracted and transformed some of the first Chinese minds that came in contact with it; their souls, dead in trespasses and sins, no sooner touched it than, like the dead man upon the prophet's bones, they were quickened into life. These are specimens of the transformations it has been working ever since.

A CHINESE GRADUATE CONVERTED.

"Some time ago a Bible was given by a missionary to a literary man, a Bachelor of Arts, who looked into it from curiosity, but soon put it aside. Hearing some time afterward of the progress the Gospel was making, he was led to take up his book again, and such was the light that dawned upon his soul that he went to a native catechist for instruction. It cost him a struggle to break with the past, to let go all he had reverenced from childhood—to give up Confucius for Christ—but he did it. *He sacrificed everything for Christ*—wife, child, literary fame, money, and friends, and he is now the native principal of a theological college.

A CONFUCIAN TEMPLE-KEEPER MARTYRED FOR CHRIST.

"A Confucian temple-keeper named Ch'é, at the city of Poklo, on the Canton East River, received the Scriptures from a colporteur of the London Mission, became convinced of the folly of idolatry, and was baptized by Dr. Legge. He gave up his calling, and set to work among his acquaintances and friends as a self-appointed Scripture-reader. He went through the streets of the city and the country round with *a board on his back containing some text of Scripture*. So successful was he that in about three years' time about one hundred of the people were baptized: and so mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed that surprise and hostility were excited, and a fierce persecution broke out. The Christians were driven from their villages, and their property was plundered. Ch'é, the colporteur, was seized, and twice within forty-eight hours dragged before the Literati, and *called upon to recant*. This he steadfastly refused to do; he was therefore *tortured* by being suspended by the arms during the night. The next morning he was brought forward in an enfeebled state, pale and trembling, for a second trial; but the brave old man was still firm in his resolve to cleave to the Bible and Christ, and *expressed a hope that his judges would some day embrace the new doctrine*. This was more than they could tolerate, and like the judges of Stephen they ran upon him with one accord and *killed him on the spot* by repeated blows of their side arms, and *threw him into the river*. Thus perished the first Protestant Christian martyr of China."

PARRICIDES AND THE BISHOP.

The Bishop of Moosonee, whose diocese is in the region of the Hudson's Bay territory, and inhabited chiefly by Ojibbeway Indians and Esquimaux, said: "Let me take you in thought to a place a hundred miles distant from my own home in that country, a place called Rupert's House. One morning I had before me a large congregation of Indians. I knew that among them there were four men who only a month or two before had murdered their fathers and mothers, and I intentionally placed those men directly in front of me. Of what crime were those poor murdered people guilty? They were guilty of a crime of which we may any of us be guilty, and of which some of us here already begin to be guilty—the crime of growing old. Accordingly the old father and mother were told that they had lived long enough, and that it was time for them to die, and the bow-string was speedily placed round their necks, and with one son pulling at one end, and another son or perhaps a daughter at the other, the poor old people were deprived of life, and then hastily flung into a grave. Happily *this state of things has now passed away.*"

A CONVERTED SWEEP.

The *Rev. Dr. Stoughton* said: "There was once a chimney-sweep who came to me to apply for church fellowship, and I inquired of the man what reason he had to believe he had experienced a change in his soul. 'Why, sir,' he said, 'if it were not that I still see the same houses, and the same trees, and the same faces, I should not believe that I was in the same world.' I thought that was a beautiful testimony to the marvellous effect which is produced by the Gospel of Jesus Christ when men are made new creatures in that Jesus, and old things are passed away and all things become new.

THE COLPORTEUR AND THE JEWELLER.

"A colporteur says that in the course of some visits which he paid to a town where there was a fair being held, he met a man, a jeweller, with whom he had been connected in earlier life. This man came up to him, and said, 'Have you got any romances to sell?' 'No,' said the colporteur, 'but I have got the Bible.' 'Well,' he said, 'you know the Bible is all very well for priests and ministers, but I do not care about that.' Then the colporteur began to talk to him seriously, and wanted the man to confess that he was living a very ungodly and immoral life. He had no religion, and hardly believed that there was a God. The colporteur went on talking to him very tenderly, very lovingly, and at last he saw the tears begin to start in the man's eyes, and he said, 'Well, I must acknowledge that it is a very blessed thing to be religious, and I only wish that I could be so.' They spent some four days together. The colporteur continued his conversations with him, and reading the Scriptures, until it ended in the man making a profession of faith in Christ, and manifesting in his conduct afterward such a moral change that his father and his family were filled with perfect astonishment, and they said, 'Here is our son who was once leading such an immoral and ungodly life, and now he is a perfectly altered man.'"

A PARTING REQUEST.

The *Rev. George Everard, M.A.*, dwelling upon the value of the Bible to young men, said: "Here is a lad at school; one morning his sister is just passing by on a coach. She is going out to Africa, and she has only a little while to stay. She runs up into her brother's bedroom, gives him a good hug, and then she says a few earnest words to him, and leaves his room with these words, 'Robert, read your Bible!' Forty-three years pass by. Go to the death-bed of a missionary in India; he is passing away full of peace and bright joy and hope. A friend of mine stands by his death-bed; he turns to him, and he says, 'There is an old story that when you were a lad your sister told you to read the Bible—is it true?' And Robert Noble answers my friend, 'She told me to read my Bible, and I have done it; I have done it; I have done it.' Ah, and that had made Robert Noble a brave, devoted missionary to the young men of India; I suppose as useful to those young men as ever a man had been. There was one fruit of a young man following the Word of God.

THE BIBLE SUPPORTING THE DYING.

"The day after my ordination I went with Dr. Merriman to see one of his young men, who was very ill. The day before they thought he was dying. Dr. Merriman took him by the hand and said, 'Luke, were you afraid yesterday when you thought you were dying? Why was it you were in tears? Were you afraid to die?' 'No, sir.' 'Why were you in tears?' 'Why,' he said, 'my poor widowed mother—I thought—what would she do when I was gone?' But he took his Bible from underneath his pillow, held it up in Dr. Merriman's face, and said, 'This kept me from being afraid to die; the promises of this Book were my rest and my comfort when I thought death was near.'"

THE BIBLE AND THE YOUNG LAWYER.

Dr. Sinclair Patterson said, among many other excellent things: "There was a man whose labors were known throughout Scotland. He was learned in the study of the law, and occupied a promising position in Edinburgh, but he was an unbelieving young man. One morning his wife, a godly woman, went to church and left him at home. He took up the New Testament and began to read the Gospels, and when his wife returned she found him melted in tears. The word of God had found him. He gave up his legal studies and profession, and became a preacher of the Gospel of righteousness, and his name was fragrant in the city, where he labored for many years as one honored to turn many from darkness unto light, and from the power of Satan unto God.

The following anecdotes were related at the annual meeting of the

WESLEYAN HOME MISSIONS:

The Rev. Charles Garrett said: "I have seen a woman who said that for thirty years she had never been without a bruise from her husband's hand. She and her husband were both converted through a home mission agent. All the rooms we can hire in my neighborhood are crowded. My attention was attracted to one street by the papers remarking on its bad character, when it was supposed a missing young woman was detained there. I engaged two rooms, and put a married man in them. All the services there were crowded. There was a woman lying drunk in a pool of bloody water. The flies were covering her face, and the home mission agent drove them off and laid a tract on it. When she recovered sensibility she read the tract, and then came to the service. She is now one of the best and bravest of members. The children in this district are in a wretched state. In one house the father was found drunk, the mother dead, and the children in rags. Especially for the neglected little girls am I anxious. One sent to Mr. Stephenson's home had to be washed again and again *before her skin could be seen*, and then it was found to be covered with wounds from the buckle of her father's strap."

At the eighty-second anniversary of

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY,

the Rev. C. W. Park said: "About 250 or 300 miles inland from Bombay, in the very centre of Hindostan, and perhaps in its darkest portion, the dominions of the Nizam of Hyderabad, is a little village. That little village with its two or three hundreds of people has an hereditary watchman whose business it is to guard it day and night. He is now an old man, 60 years of age perhaps; his hair is gray; but in his earlier days he was known as a mighty man of valor, and, worse than that, as a daring robber, and

LEADER OF A GANG OF THIEVES,

and for his crimes was apprehended and sent to jail. He returned to his village and his conscience troubled him, and the feeling took possession of him, "I am a sinner; I have deserved evil, not alone of my fellow men, but of my God;" and after the manner of his people he went from place to place, from one temple to another, from shrine to shrine, making his offerings, falling at the feet of his heathen gods, and striving to find peace to

his troubled conscience. But there was no peace. His mind had no rest, and he knew not where to turn.

"In the year 1874 there came to his door one day a traveller, a Hindoo, like himself, a man of the lowest caste, who asked for water, and the old watchman brought forth the water and gave him, and then his visitor began to speak to him of the living water, and told him where the soul burdened with a sense of sin might find rest and peace and joy. The watchman's soul was thirsty, and as he heard the words of everlasting life and salvation and of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ he said: 'This is the Saviour that I want, and here at the feet of Christ my soul finds peace.' Now the old watchman, the ex-thief, is the pastor of a little congregation of Christian Hindoos gathered from among his own caste—people not alone in his own village, but from other villages lying round about.

"The work has gone on spreading in wider and wider circles, and now there are more congregations than one in that dark region of the Nizam's territory, where but a short time ago there was but the unbroken darkness of heathenism. 'What connection has this with the work of the Tract Society?' This: the man through whom the watchman first heard of the Gospel was from a village about forty miles nearer to Bombay. He was called Ramjee. He was a religious teacher, and taught Hindooism. There once fell into his hands a little tract published by the Bombay Tract Society. It was written by a pious Christian officer in Hindostan, and the title of it was 'The True Way.' Ramjee read it; he believed what it said; he became a Christian; it was my privilege to baptize him; and then he went round from place to place wherever his disciples lived, teaching them of his new religion, of his new hope, and of the new and the truer way which he had found, and in which he was beginning to walk, and is still walking."

THE LAST CHAPTER OF SATANIC HISTORY.

By Rev. William Maude.

(*Continued from page* 343.)

America a Refuge—The Energizing of the Antichrist—An Unscriptural Opinion—The Separated Seventieth Week—The Purification of the Air.

THE first of the events referred to in the foregoing chapter, one which cannot now be far distant, is

THE EVICTION OF SATAN FROM THE AIR.

This is fully described in the twelfth chapter of Revelation, in a passage which has already been partially quoted: "And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought, and his angels, and prevailed not; neither was there place found any more in heaven. And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the devil and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: he was cast out (*lit.*, cast down) into the earth, and his angels were cast down with him. And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of His Christ; for the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accused them before our God day and night. . . . Therefore rejoice, ye heavens, and ye that dwell in them. Woe to the inhabiters of the earth and of the sea! for the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time" (verses 7–12).

The interpretation of this chapter in detail is attended with great and almost insuperable difficulties; but, nevertheless, some points are sufficiently clear. It is clear, for instance, that the war in heaven between Michael (Christ) and his angels and the devil and his angels is an event which is *still future*. This is proved not only by the relation in which this vision stands to the seventh trumpet and the rise of the personal Antichrist, but also by the fact that when thus cast down to the earth Satan knows that "he hath but a little season," which could not be said if any pre-Adamic fall from the third heaven was alluded to.

Again, the character of the action taken by Satan after his being cast down to the earth is plainly revealed in the thirteenth and following verses: "And when the dragon saw that he was cast unto the earth, he persecuted the woman which brought forth the man-child (*see* verses 1, 2). And to the woman were given two wings of a great eagle, that she might fly into the wilderness, into her place, where she is nourished for a time, and times, and half a time, safe from the face of the serpent. And the serpent cast out of his mouth water as a river after the woman, that he might cause her to be carried away of the river. And the earth helped the woman, and the earth opened her mouth, and swallowed up the river which the dragon cast out of his mouth. And the dragon was wroth with the woman, and went to make war with the remnant of her seed, which keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ."

Now, if by the woman in this chapter we are to understand the Church, then the waters which the dragon casts out of his mouth may denote the future ten kingdoms of the Roman earth in a state of revolutionary and democratic anarchy; while, on the other hand, the earth—society in a more orderly and settled condition—describes nations in the more distant parts of the earth, as America, Australia, etc., to which the persecuted worshippers of God will be compelled to fly; while the "remnant of the woman's seed" will fitly describe those unready believers who are left on earth when the rapture of the waiting saints takes place, or who are subsequently converted. These will become the objects of Satan's relentless persecution, whether they be Jews or Gentiles, and the great instrument which he will employ for this purpose will be the personal Antichrist.

Accordingly the very next thing we read of, at the commencement of the thirteenth chapter of Revelation, is

THE ENERGIZING OF THE ANTICHRIST.

"And he (*i.e.*, the dragon) stood upon the sand of the sea, and I saw a beast rise up out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns, and upon his heads the names of blasphemy. And the beast which I saw was like unto a leopard, and his feet were as the feet of a bear, and his mouth as the mouth of a lion; and the dragon gave him his power, and his throne, and great authority." In these words we have the fulfilment of St. Paul's prophecy in 2 Thessalonians 2: 9, "Whose coming is after the energizing of Satan, with all power, and signs, and wonders of falsehood."

Some of the ancient Christian writers, indeed, were of opinion that antichrist would be a veritable *incarnation* of Satan. Thus the great Augustine writes: "But let us now see what is to be the beginning of Antichrist. . . . Now He will be born in the usual manner like other men, and not, as some say, of a virgin alone. . . . But at the very moment when he beings to be conceived, the devil will enter at the same time into his mother's womb, and of the power of the devil will his substance be quickened, compacted, and fostered in his mother's womb, and the power of the devil will ever be with him. . . . Thus shall the devil descend on the mother of Antichrist, and fill her totally, surround her totally, hold her totally, and possess her totally, within and without: that she may conceive by the co-operation of the devil through a man, and the thing that shall be born be altogether sinful, altogether damned" ("De Antichristo").

Theodoret expresses himself on the same subject as follows: "For the devil will imitate the incarnation of our Lord and Saviour; and as the Lord was manifested by the instrumentality of man's nature, and wrought our salvation, so shall the devil also take a meet instrument of his wickedness, and by means thereof show forth his own operation, deceiving such men as are indolent and off their guard with false signs and wonders, and a parade of marvels in appearance" ("Opera" ii., 1207, in Daniel 7: 26).

This opinion, however, is not scriptural, for not only in Revelation 13: 4 do we find the worship of the dragon distinguished from the worship of the beast, when it is said: "And they worshipped the dragon which gave power unto the beast: and they worshipped the beast," etc.; but in Revelation 20: 10, the devil, the beast, and the false prophet are all three mentioned separately. The beast, therefore, cannot be an incarnation of the devil, though energized by him.

Chronologically the casting down of Satan to the earth would seem to synchronize with the great prophetic period of seven years—Daniel's seventieth separated week—which intervenes between the first rapture of the waiting saints, according to 1 Thessalonians 4: 16, 19, and the Lord's subsequent manifestation with His saints in judgment, according to the first chapter of the same epistle.

We arrive at this conclusion on two separate grounds. In the first place the beast of Revelation 13: 1 is raised up by Satan subsequently to his descent on the earth; but previously to the conclusion of the seven years' covenant between Antichrist and the Jewish nation, which seven years' covenant will coincide with the last week of Daniel. And in the second place, one main reason for the expulsion of Satan and his angels from the aerial regions is obviously to prepare and purify them for the presence of Christ and His risen saints, and the descent of Christ into the air will evidently take place previous to the commencement of the seven years of Antichrist's reign.

Thus, as Auberlen says, though now "we live in an atmosphere poisoned and impregnated with deadly elements,

A MIGHTY PURIFICATION

of the air will be effected by Christ's coming." "By and by," writes William Kelly, "God will not allow Satan any longer to taint the air of heaven. He is forcibly cast down thence, and has only power to deal with mankind in an earthly way. Satan is henceforth entirely prevented from usurping his higher place as prince of the power of the air. The heavens will be cleared of him and his angels, never to regain their place above."

How awful will be the condition of the world, especially of the Roman earth, during these last years of the present dispensation, it is difficult to conceive. From the day when Adam fell and was driven from Paradise, the history of our world has indeed been a dark and troubled one. But now the darkness will deepen into a very noon of night. The Divine Hinderer of the world's moral and spiritual corruption will be gone out of the midst. The saints of God—those who by their holy example and loving ministry illumined with star-like beauty the darkness of this evil world—will have heard and obeyed the call, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh!" The devil, "having great wrath," will be here raging like an imprisoned wild beast; and Antichrist, his chosen instrument, while by His great signs and wonders He shall deceive all but the very elect, will deluge the earth with the blood of those who refuse to worship Him, or to receive His mark in their forehead or in their hands. Hence, in tender compassion for the miseries which believers in Him will be called upon to endure in those coming days, did the Lord say, "Watch ye, therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man" (Luke 21: 36).

(*To be concluded.*)

A Whale's Attack on a Vessel, in April last, is reported by Captain McPhail, of the ship Anna, in the Atlantic. A large whale was seen making direct for the vessel. The captain seeing its approach ordered her to be luffed up, so that the whale should not strike her on the broadside. This was done, and proved a wise precaution. The whale came up from behind and struck the stern of the bark with great force, the wood being much splintered. Passing on in its course the whale on reaching the bow struck it a blow with its tail which almost knocked away the cutwater from the 11-inch mark to the keel. A streak of blood was visible in the water after the whale had disappeared. A gale of wind was blowing at the time. The pumps were sounded, but it was found that the vessel was not leaking. Captain McPhail thinks that the whale was seriously hurt by the collision.

TOUCHES OF REAL LIFE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Lady Hope, of Cariden.

(*Continued from page 351.*)

Etta's Morning Occupation — A Visit to the Drunken Hackman—Something Accomplished—Aleth's Lessons—The Rector Learning.

In the morning, when Etta looked out of her window, the sun was rising in a pale glow of color, that irradiated the dark evergreens, and kindled into warmth and brightness the misty mazes of the far-stretching park; even tipping separately each little ripple on the lake surface, till the whole shone like burnished gold. A sheet of varied color lay before her, so exquisite that it wrung from her heart the incense of praise; and she understood, better than she had ever understood before, the impulsive, many-noted song of multitudinous birds, that echoed, in all their sweetness of voice, the joy of light after darkness, the birth of Morning from its mother, Night.

The duties of the day were hastily conned in prospect, as she concluded her dressing. The visit to Lady Isabel was promised, and the note despatched by an after-breakfast post. Her housekeeping performances were finished, her hour with the children accomplished, one or two other small items of daily routine performed; and then she considered her morning her own.

To-day her recreation must be a walk alone amid the beauties that had tempted her sight so early. She set off accordingly. And here we leave to the pen of spiritual thought the tracings of infinite refreshment that she found in this solitary ramble, as she talked with the One she had already learned to love the best. Her God was her Friend; and to her, to-day, was the truth of that verse experienced—

"Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him; I will set him on high, because he hath known my name. . . . With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation" (Ps. 91 : 14 and 16).

Etta might now have endorsed this verse, as many of us can, by the insertion of the feminine pronoun throughout.

When Mrs. Clemence called that afternoon, she was told that "Miss Fennecker and her sisters had gone out driving—Mrs. Fennecker was at the rectory."

On her way home in the wagonette, Etta desired the coachman to set her down in the High Street; and from thence she proceeded to call on the fly-driver, of whom Bateman had told her.

It was not difficult to find his residence. Knocking at the side door she waited for a response, and then courageously knocked again. This proceeding resulted in the half opening of the door, its narrow aperture being filled by a rough, red-faced, half-dressed man, whose appearance sent Etta's "heart into her mouth"—and at the same time convinced her that she had found the object of her search.

"May I come in?" she said.

"Missus isn't in," said the shock-headed man doubtfully.

"Then I *should* like to come in, for I came to call upon you," said Etta.

His worst manners would not permit Alexander Selkirk to dismiss from his door a young lady possessing so flattering an intention. Therefore leading the way, in a clumsy, stumbling fashion, he proceeded up the stairs, ushering her into a small room that looked down into the street. As he shut the door firmly behind him, Etta bravely began—

"I am very glad to see you; for you know you are our neighbor; and I often pass near your door."

"Ya-as!" said the man. "It's been better weather lately."

A plunge into the important topic was necessary as soon as possible, for the golden opportunity was quickly passing.

"You have been here a long time, haven't you? But I have never seen you before."

"Yes; been here some fifteen year," responded the man.

"It would be so nice if you could get the Lord's blessing upon your house, wouldn't it?" Etta continued. "It seems to me it is very little worth our while having *anything* without that."

"Oh! yes, yes," said the man; "no doubt, no doubt."

"But wouldn't *you* like to have it? O Selkirk! you know Jesus Christ—the Lord of glory—*left* His Father's home, and came down to save us. You believe He died instead of us, don't you? And He can forgive all *your* sins and *mine*."

By this time Etta's courage was waxing strong, while poor Alexander's was proportionately waning. He was gradually becoming intensely nervous, not to say frightened. And to relieve himself of a superabundance of electric force perhaps, which was gradually bringing the perspiration into beads on his forehead, he had seized the cat, who up to that moment was inoffensively lying before the fire.

At this point he so violently squeezed the cat's tail that he rung from her a yell of pain. This interrupted Etta for a moment; however, she went on again—

"In my little Bible I read this verse to-day. It is very nice; I know you will like it:

"'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

"'Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

"'For my yoke is easy; and my burden is light.'

"Wouldn't you like to have a word and a touch from Jesus?" she was continuing, looking very earnestly at him, when unfortunately the application proved too much for him, and he hung his head again, while once more he afflicted the cat, causing her to utter renewed cries of anguish.

"Oh, do put the poor cat down!" said Etta.

It was mechanically dropped, and Etta began again—

"I know you would like to be happy, and have the Lord Jesus Christ for your Friend forever and forever. Wouldn't you? You *will* think of what I am saying. I *know* you will."

And then she read another verse, and yet another, her listener sitting by in silence. After this she proposed prayer, saying—

"Do you ever ask a blessing on this house and on all your earnings? Suppose we ask it now. And then I want to ask the Lord to give you eternal life, through His dear Son. He can give it you, if you like."

So she knelt down, asking the fly-driver to do the same.

She was very simply offering—and *very* earnestly—these requests when, by a sort of evil fascination, or perhaps knowing her to be a mutual friend, the cat jumped up on her chair; she vainly tried to keep it from going across to its master. Alas! he seized it once more by the tail, as he knelt, and it gave a terrific yell, a howl, which suddenly brought both to their feet.

But something had been accomplished. Etta was allowed to take down the big Bible that had not yet been sold or pawned, and to place a marker in it at the third chapter of St. John's Gospel, outlining with her pencil the precious verses within its columns which have, by the teaching of the Holy Spirit, proved the turning-point of so many bewildered, sin-oppressed souls.

When Etta left the house, she felt that she had at least gained that man's friendship, and, through God's blessing, she hoped far more than that.

From that time they never met without a friendly recognition of one another. Just a smile or a word it might be, but sufficient to prove that her gentle effort made in faith had not been in vain. She soon heard too the glad news, offered always as a profound secret, that Aleck Selkirk was not "going to the public-house nearly so much now." And then, still more wonderful to relate, she heard that he had been once at old Michael's meeting! Tidy clothes he had not mastered as yet, so he would not take his place in the church pew. But "a straw will show which way the wind blows," and these first steps showed that her friend was *thinking*, and that was something. Perhaps a light that would burn through all eternity was being kindled in his heart.

The pain of Etta's life at present was that all these new interests, so great to her, must be buried in her own bosom. She could not impart them to her parents, brothers, or sisters; for if the subject were even approached, a look of amusement or censure would instantly put to flight her confidences. Perhaps a less reserved nature would have felt this penalty to be a still harder one. But even reserve, and even the strong character, needs sympathy, craves it.

Here the heart is often taught to fill up this vacuous blank by a fresh reception of the Lord Himself, in His tenderest sympathies, and in His most healing power. This was the open page of her daily lesson-book at present. For though in a class very near the *door* of the Great School, and only in the A B C of her heavenly training, she was learning fast; for the Master had found in his child a willing pupil, and He could trace, as she could not, the elements of beauty, as well as of power, in both her natural and spiritual character. The true metal must pass through the heated furnace ere it can be fully moulded to the Refiner's will; and to this rule Etta's lot was no exception.

When we reach the portals of light—perfected, glorified light—where every mystery will be unfolded and the secret things revealed, perhaps one of the marvels that will greet our enraptured and yet astonished gaze, will be the amount of tension that gentle spirits have been able to bear continuously here.

If regrets *could* hamper us amid the ineffable blessedness to which we look forward *there*, perhaps one of the bitterest would be our harsh and uncomprehending condemnation of the half-expressed murmur, or look of pain, that revealed so *little* of the actual suffering endured in the sight of God, and endured by our means, but borne in humble patience. We see a faint shadow of the external friction that lies in its hidden realities exposed to the "Father of Lights." Let us be on our guard that we do not come beneath the censure given by our Lord to the professing Pharisees, "Ye bind burdens on men's shoulders, grievous to be borne."

While thus the small events of daily life flashed and flickered their varied reflections on the interior and exterior of Shenstone Hall, Aleth lay on her window couch learning *her* lessons. She was teaching too! teaching far more than the highly-certificated preceptress of the parish school, in whose abilities and success Mr. Habershon was wont to profess his pride. Miss Barker was dragging innocent little brains into a state of normal stupefaction, from an overcrowding of intricate facts and arithmetical problems into the smallest given space, namely, an infantine cranium; and thereby provoking many motherly growls throughout the community. Aleth was humbling, unconsciously, many a proud heart, and drawing down many a cold professor to gaze upon the place of learning at the Saviour's feet, and to *covet* that place.

"Good afternoon!" said Mr. Habershon, in his usual off-hand, patronizing manner, to a poor woman one day. "Children getting on at the school? *Excellent*, mistress, excellent!"

"Yes, sir, thank ye, sir," said the woman, dropping a rapid courtesy. "Take a chair, sir?"

"Thank you; yes, I will; just for a moment," said Mr. Habershon. "And the children are getting on nicely, are they?"

"Well, sir, they has hedducks (headaches) and there's Lucy. Miss Whatever-you-call-'em says she's a-gettin' on uncommon with her 'metics, but she do get terrible faint and bad at school and when she comes home, lor! bless ye, sir, can't get her to do nothing. No, sir. Nothing at all. She don't seem *fit* for nothing; and she can't work, not as *I* used to when I was a child. My mother, and our school teacher too, in those days, was *werry* partikler of us sewin', they was sir."

The speaker paused, and wiped her face with her apron, while her audience first smiled and then fairly laughed.

"It is high education, you know, Mrs. Comfor

That's what it is. But I am sure you can't mean that you don't value it. The children here are very well off to have such a teacher."

Poor Mr. Habershon's rather long-worded argument having silenced, though apparently not convinced the mother, he concluded his visit, wishing her "Good-day!" and proceeded toward the school.

Here he found Miss Barker, in a state of white heat, catechising the girls. Mr. Habershon looked gravity condensed while the ordeal of catechising proceeded.

In the evening he said to his sister, "How has Aleth been to-day? Poor little darling! I don't think I should like her to have Miss Barker for a preceptress."

"Miss Barker! What *do* you mean?" ejaculated that worthy personage.

"I was only following the line of my own thoughts," he answered. "I was hearing her catechise the children to-day."

"Oh! she is a first-rate schoolmistress," answered Miss Habershon. "First-rate, I believe. We were very fortunate in getting her."

"Oh, yes, I know that," said the rector. "I am sure she is very harsh to those unfortunate children. That is a fact. Poor little things, they seemed quite bamboozled this afternoon."

"Of course," said Miss Habershon, "every one knows they are very slow, stupid children here. But that is not *her* fault, poor woman."

"Well, really, I am not so sure," said Mr. Habershon.

"I am going up to Aleth for a little while," he said, as he rose and pushed his chair away from the fire.

(To be continued.)

REVIEW OF THE QUARTER'S LESSONS.

S. S. Lesson for June 19. Golden Text, John 3 : 2. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

"RABBI, we know that Thou art a Teacher come from God." Such is our golden text, and such was the testimony of a seeker after truth as yet unrenewed by the Holy Spirit. "A Teacher come from God," God's Messenger with God's message, and yet rejected! There is power in the Messenger and power in the message to bring life out of death, and to bring life and immortality to light through the Gospel (2 Tim. 1 : 10). O God, give us holy reverence in coming to Thy Words, that we may consider the issues which are at stake, if we reject or even neglect Thy Word spoken. "See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh. For if they escaped not who refused him that spake on earth, much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from Him that speaketh from heaven" (Heb. 12 : 25).

The first of our Lord's teachings which we considered during this quarter was "following Jesus": the manner of following Him, and the cost which it involves. We learned that this vocation cannot be made to accord with other ends which we may have in view; it must be in itself a life's vocation or it is none at all. To follow Him is to have a new centre and a new end, to sacrifice self and to live Christ. Ruth said to Naomi, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me" (Ruth 1 : 16, 17). Such is the spirit of one who truly follows Jesus. The unworthy thought does not enter into his mind, "Is there harm in this? Is there harm in that?" The object of his life is not to avoid that which may harm himself, but that which may dishonor God. He does not say, "I see no harm in going to a concert, or to a quiet croquet party"; rather he says to Jesus, "Lord, can I follow Thee there? Entreat me not to leave Thee. I can well do without music and croquet, but I cannot do without Thee, and unless I can seek these things for thee, they have no attraction for me." The true following of Jesus is no unnatural strain put upon the natural man, from which there must be reaction afterward: it is the entering in of another life, another spirit, and other tastes.

Our second lesson is a practical illustration of following Jesus. The good Samaritan did not wait to know whether the poor man who had fallen among thieves was a worthy object of his benevolence; he did not think whether it would serve his own interests to help him, whether it would increase or decrease his popularity, whether in the circle of his friends it would be approved or disapproved: the poor man was in urgent need, and as one to whom God had given the power to help him, the Samaritan treated him as a brother, although in social and in religious matters the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans. It was a Christ-like deed, and the Master says to each of us, as well as to the lawyer, "Go and do thou likewise."

Our next lesson contains Christ's reproof to the Pharisees. They possessed a piety which was altogether external, made for the eye of man, and not for that of God; their real object was not to *be* holy, but to *appear* so; not really to hold communion with God, but that men should think they did. They were ready to go any length in external observance, but their heart was the same old, proud, wicked heart as before. Jesus saw through all this, and said unto them, "Woe unto you." But oh, how much of this spirit is there even among believers! How sweet is it to some minds to hear commendatory phrases spoken in their favor, and how bitter to them if they are disparaged! In measure as we live in the light of eternity, the opinion which is held about us, even by the most advanced Christians, ceases to afford us pain or satisfaction, for we seek the eye of God alone. If we know that our consciences are clear before Him, we can afford to be blamed by His children; if, on the contrary, He lays His holy finger upon a fault, and speaks with us about it, no justification of it from the holiest men will make us see ourselves other than He shows us to be. Our next lesson upon Covetousness strikes again at the root of self, for Christianity is the living a life for another and in another. Oh how opposite to covetousness was the early Church of Christ, when there was no "my own," when their possessions consisted in Christ and one another, when the loss of one was the loss of all, the gain of one the gain of all, when in glory and in shame they shared alike, and their foes were obliged to say, "See how these Christians love one another."

We came next to the parables in Luke 15, the lost sheep, the lost silver, and the lost son—all precious to the owner—the two first sought after, the last seeking his own way back. Let us not forget that every soul is either a gain or a loss to the Master; no one can take a neutral position; every man on earth is either lost or found. Dear reader, which is it with you? Do you know the place of safety on the good Shepherd's shoulder, and have you made it yours? Are you like the silver in the tradesman's hand, increasing the wealth of the kingdom, or are you lost among the dust and rubbish of the things of time? Are you a son, conscious of your creation in the image of God, fully aware of the call you have to union with that God, knowing your responsibilities, and yet violating them, through your idolatrous love of pleasure, fame, or other passing things of earth? O arise, and come to your Father, have the matter fully, honestly out with Him; return, and give His heart the joy of welcoming you as a returned prodigal.

God calls us to the highest holiness, to be as Christ was in this world (1 John 4 : 17). He calls us to become partakers of the divine nature, "having escaped the corruption which is in the world through lust" (2 Pet. 1 : 4). But holy as He is, He comes down to every soul in every state and condition. It is His will that we should not sin (1 John 2 : 1), but in His deep love He makes provision for the sinner; although the loss incurred by the sinner is our eternal loss, and the years he has wasted are lost for eternity, and the strength which he has spent in folly is no more his to devote to the cause of God, there remains yet forgiveness for him through the precious blood of Christ; the lost sheep has a way of the return to the fold, the silver may yet come into use again, the son can again take his place in his father's house, for our God is "the God of all grace" (1 Pet. 5 : 10).

Our next lesson was "the rich man and Lazarus," and here we had a picture of the miserable littleness of a life lived only for this world: we have seen how such a life is the most common and ordinary around us. There are hundreds of thousands of whom men say that they are good sort of men, meaning that they are not particularly bad nor particularly good: in fact, they do as other men do, and sheltering themselves under the excuse that if they are lost most other men will be lost too, they live a life void of communion with God from beginning to end. Their religion is that which is expected of their position, and the thought of rational and real intercourse with God is completely foreign to them.

From this sad picture we turned to the Lord's parables on prayer, and learned first, through the importunity of the widow, that perseverance which becomes those who have to deal with God. If we have a right to approach Him, and if His Word gives us to expect that our prayers shall receive an answer, then the failure in perseverance is a doubt of God's faithfulness. Let us never look at ourselves when we pray, but at Him in whose name we draw near, and then we see the impossibility of our petitions being refused. Oh how little we know of the mighty power which lies in the name of Jesus. From the Pharisee and the publican we learned the difference between reality and unreality in prayer. The Pharisee neither knew himself nor his God; comparing himself with men, and not with God's holy law, he was inflated with pride and self-satisfaction. It never occurred to him to think what he might have been, had he been placed in the same circumstances as the publican; glorifying himself and condemning others, he was as much really without God as the rich man of the previous lesson. The consciously sinful publican, on the contrary, measured himself by God, and knew that he was "found wanting," and this man obtained an answer, while the other did not even seek for one.

Our next lesson was one of solemn responsibility—the charge which devolves on the servants of the Master to occupy until He come, the reward of the faithful, and the irreparable loss of the unfaithful. To keep "the charge of the Lord" (Num. 9 : 23). this is our high vocation, and it enters into everything which belongs to our life here on earth; we are in charge for Another, and not acting for ourselves; in every relation of life, in every experience of soul or body, we are on duty for God, and in charge to occupy "till He come." This is no bondage to a loving heart, it is the fullest, most precious freedom, and He provides grace for all which He demands; only He will be inquired of. He will have us to do with Him about all these things.

We next come to our Lord's sacrificial death in our course of lessons—"the Saviour lifted up"—and we thought of those who stood around His cross in their different degrees of nearness to Him or of distance from Him, His friends and his enemies: some close to Him, sharing His shame; some friends, but afar off, two alone daring to acknowledge Him by word; one of these was the dying thief, and the other the heathen centurion. And we thought, "Where is my place upon Calvary? Am I near the Master, the Crucified, or am I, in word, in thought, in action, standing afar off? Am I among His friends or His foes, and if the former, in which class of them? If the latter, how long shall I continue to be the enemy of Him who has loved me unto death?

Our last lesson was the Saviour's last words, the Gospel to the world. God wills that every creature should hear the glad tidings of Christ's salvation, and that redeemed and saved sinners shall be His messengers. He could have sent messengers from His angel host, but in His tender love to His redeemed He chose those who had been lost, committed to them this precious, solemn charge, and then said, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace" (Isa. 52 : 7). And "this God is our God for ever and ever; He will be our guide even unto death" (Ps. 48 : 14).

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Ireland is on the Brink of Civil War, says the correspondent of a New York journal. The intelligence is very grievous, but it is confirmed by reports received, almost daily, of conflicts between the people and the military. The Queen's picked troops in large numbers are employed in protecting process-servers and landords' agents, and there is abundant evidence that their presence in Ireland alone prevents a general rising. Men who have been witnesses of the three great agitations during the last forty years describe the present one as far more formidable and difficult to grapple with than that of O'Connell or of the Fenians. It is rumored that decisive measures are under the consideration of the government, among which the suppression of the Land League, the suspension of trial by jury and the substitution of courts martial are contemplated. It appears that prisoners are acquitted by Irish juries in the face of overwhelming evidence, and that every juryman knows when he enters the box that his life would be in peril if he convicted a Land Leaguer. Under these circumstances it is urged upon the government that for the protection of loyal subjects summary powers ought to be confided to the judges.

A serious danger of bloodshed arises from the fact that the soldiers and police are bitterly incensed against the populace. They have not until recently been allowed to use their arms for their own protection, and they have seen their comrades injured severely and in some cases fatally, and the criminals going unpunished. There is some risk of this indignant feeling assuming a form dangerous to discipline and may lead to an irrepressible outbreak of fury against the people or acts of retaliation upon the inhabitants of the garrisoned districts. Mr. Parnell, who is largely responsible for the excited state of public feeling, is aware of the danger, and advised the government to refuse to give the assistance of armed force to landlords in carrying out evictions, and warned them that, if they continued to employ the military and police, there would be *extensive bloodshed* before the Land Bill was passed. If blood, he said, was shed by the police and military there would undoubtedly be retaliation, and the lives of many landlords and tenants would be lost.

The French Senate has under Consideration an important constitutional change, which may, if enacted, have a material influence on the future of France. It is known as the *scrutin de liste*, and is strongly advocated by M. Gambetta. The object of the new project is to do away with the present system of voting by *arrondissements*, which are equivalent to our wards, and to substitute therefor the *scrutin de liste*, a method by which the constituencies are enlarged. Paris is now divided into twenty *arrondissements*, each of which returns one Deputy to the Chamber. The result is that each *arrondissement* being in the hands of the local politicians, they fix upon one of their friends, who may or may not be a man of capacity, and send him to the Chamber as their representative. Should the proposed law pass, the number of representatives will remain the same, but each voter will have twenty votes, one of which he will cast for each of the twenty men he chooses from the list of candidates. By this method it is hoped that a more intelligent class of representatives will be elected, and the mere ward politician, whose political capital is his popularity in a small circle will be forced to retire in the wider field. The bill has been passed by the Chamber of Deputies, and is now before the Senate. The Senators fear that it may concentrate public attention too much on a few men, whose power may become dangerous to the Republic.

A Riot Occurred at Clonmel, in Ireland, on May 31st. A land sale was proceeding in the town under the protection of a large force of military and police. An excited crowd had gathered, when the cry was raised that a priest had been arrested. It appears that a policeman was conversing with the priest, and was observed to lay his hand on his arm, an act which gave rise to the excitement in the crowd. Immediately a scene of wild confusion ensued. A rush was at once made on the police, but was repelled. The riot act was then read, and the hussars charged and recharged the mob, who hurled volley after volley of stones at the military, inflicting upon many of them severe injuries. The charge of the cavalry down the short street was so impetuous that several *horses and riders dashed through the shop windows* at the end of the street.

Another riot occurred in County Clare on June 2d. A party of soldiers and police accompanied a bailiff who was serving writs on some tenants at Bodyke. The people were gathered together by the ringing of the church bells and the blowing of horns. *They assembled in thousands* in the village and on the surrounding heights, and attempted to impede the progress of the police force. The first collision took place at the entrance of the town. Six mounted policemen were ordered to charge the crowd which barred ingress to the village. In this charge one man was severely injured. Then a regular fusillade was opened on the party from the heights. A clergyman, in running up the hill to implore the people to desist, had a narrow escape from being shot, *a rifle bullet perforating his coat*. Meanwhile firing was continued, and the Riot act having been read the fire was returned by the police, who charged the people.

At Fort Anbeg, a town in the vicinity, the police were surprised by an armed party lying in wait, and who immediately opened fire on the police from an adjoining wood. No less than *forty shots were counted in regular file-firing order*, the bullets whizzing over the heads of the force, happily doing no injury. The police briskly returned the fire, but with what effect is not known. About a quarter of a mile further on they were again fired on by another armed party from behind some hedges, and one of the horses in the car on which sat the County Inspector, was shot dead.

The Irish Land Bill is Making Slow Progress in the House of Commons. The number of amendments placed on the file is now fifteen hundred. The House has adjourned for the Whitsuntide holidays, and when the members left, line thirteen of the bill was under discussion, but as the first seven lines belong to the preamble, six lines represents the amount of progress made in three sittings. The bill contains 1085 lines. At this rate of progress, supposing no fresh amendments are introduced, the House would have to sit daily for 568 days to complete the bill. But fresh amendments are added daily. Sir Stafford Northcote, speaking at a Conservative demonstration on May 31st, observed that he thought there were not ten men in the House of Commons who had confidence in the land bill. It seems probable that even if it runs the gauntlet of all this opposition it will not reach the House of Lords early enough to be considered this session.

The South African Boers.—The British Commission appointed to settle the details of the peace convention with the Boers, has been holding preliminary sittings. The surrender of Potchefstroom, which was obtained by the treacherous concealment of the armistice by the Boers from the garrison, has been the chief topic of discussion, and Sir Evelyn Wood demands the right of reoccupation by the British troops. It is said that the Boer leaders have shown a conciliatory spirit, and appear determined to maintain peace, but the same cannot be said of their followers, while the feeling among the Europeans and the loyalist Boers, who have been ruthlessly plundered by their rebellious brethren, is wholly against the proposed settlement. Large numbers of loyalists are leaving the country, and monster protestation meetings are being constantly held throughout South Africa, while a rising of the natives against the Boers is looked upon as probable.

The Death of Major Malan, on Tuesday, May 17th, was painfully sudden. It resulted from an ulcer in the mouth. Miss Marsh, the authoress of Captain Hedley Vicar's Life, wrote on May 14th: "No one can look upon the face of that brave and patient sufferer without seeing that he is going through a hot fire of affliction. Not many days ago, when I went up to see him, he wrote on a sheet of paper (for he did not attempt to speak) in answer to the inquiry of sorrowful sympathy, 'I fear your pain is *severe?*' 'I ought not to speak of suffering; I am *borne over* it.' Later on he wrote to my sister, the closest friend of the mother he lost in his childhood, and to him a mother ever since, 'I am beginning to find out that *the valley is no playground*. But I have had a sweet afternoon with the Father and with our Lord Jesus; I have beheld Him in Gethsemane, and have learned His prayer. I have prayed for strengthening by the Spirit, and *I am* strengthened. My anxious, anticipatory mind tries me, but I believe faith will be given to trust for the day. Thank you for your motto text. Yes, 'His banner over me *is* love.'"

Rev. Joseph Cook at Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, in London.—After a long succession of platform triumphs in England, the Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, Mass., gave a lecture on May 10th in the Tabernacle to a large audience. Mr. C. H. Spurgeon was to have presided, but was represented by his brother, who read the following letter from the eminent preacher: "I am very sorry to be absent from Mr. Cook's lecture. I believe in him, and greatly admire his attainments and his zeal for the orthodox faith. *I wish that we had in England* a man so well able to meet the skeptics and heretics of the day upon their own ground. He is loyal to our own old-fashioned Puritanism, and he smites the adversaries with heavy blows. I have the fullest confidence in the man and his communications, and I hope many a wavering mind may be confirmed by his testimony." Mr. Cook then delivered a most eloquent lecture. He has been exceedingly well received in all the towns he has visited, and his popularity is nearly as great in Great Britain as on this side the Atlantic.

William Penn's Remains will Probably Remain undisturbed in their resting-place on English soil. It appears they were interred, in accordance with wishes the distinguished Friend expressed during his lifetime, in the quiet graveyard near the building where he with his brethren conducted their simple worship in those unquiet times. The trustees of the property held a meeting when they became aware of the application of the Philadelphia citizens having been dispatched, and resolutions were passed protesting against the removal of the body. A committee was appointed to take charge of the matter and to see that nothing was done contrary to the resolutions.

Mr. Spurgeon's Pulpit Experience. At a Recent meeting of the Pastor's College Mr. Spurgeon took the young men into his confidence in respect to his difficulties in preparing for his pulpit. He said he often walked up and down, anxious to find something to say to the people on a Sunday. He would sometimes get the outline of a sermon in his mind with a good text, and, after saying to himself, "That will do," he would find in his well-marked Bible how it had been preached before, while what he had thought out closely resembled the printed copy. Time had been when at 10 o'clock on Saturday evening, or even on Sunday morning, he had found himself without a text; but sometimes, when thus driven in a corner, with nothing to say, he did best.

"Coming Wars," by the Rev. M. Baxter: Two Pamphlets; price five cents each by mail. *First Pamphlet* contains "Ten signs of the End, and Description of Approaching Events;" with two maps of the territory to be under Antichrist's rule, and four large diagrams. *Second Pamphlet* contains valuable quotations from twenty-six Expositors on the same subject. Address, with price enclosed—THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

The Following Works by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon are for sale at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Office, at prices much below what they can be obtained for else where. Remittances must accompany orders: *John Ploughman's Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 cents. *The Treasury of David*, a homiletica exposition of the book of Psalms, four vols., as far as Psa. 103, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon Birth-Day Book.* This popular gift-book contains a suitable passage selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every day in the year, with a blank space opposite for autographs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon appear at their respective birthdays. The book is gorgeously bound, and the price is 75 cents. Remittances should accompany orders.

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The Rev. ROBERT MOFFAT, D.D., Fifty Years a Missionary in South Africa.

DR. ROBERT MOFFAT.

Birth in 1795—Goes to Sea in his Boyhood—Becomes a Gardener—His Godly Mother's Influence—He Leaves Home for Cheshire, and is Converted to Christ—A Memorable Visit—Resolves to Become a Missionary—Accepted by the London Missionary Society—Sets Sail for South Africa—Reception by a Boer Farmer—Mr. Moffat's First Sermon to Hottentots—Africaner's Career and Conversion—Mr. Moffat's Marriage—Fifty Years' Work—Return to England.

THE banquet given by the Lord Mayor of London to Dr. Robert Moffat, the venerable missionary, has directed public attention anew to his long and successful career and to the distinguished services God has enabled him to perform in His cause. Our readers will, we think, enjoy the perusal of a biography of this devoted man.

Robert Moffat, "the Patriarch of Kuruman," and the "Apostle of the Bechuanas," was *born* at Ormestone, near Haddington, Scotland, on December 21st, 1795, and is therefore now in the eighty-sixth year of his age. The greater part of his *boyhood* was spent at Carron Shore, near the great Carron Iron Works, where his father held an appointment in the Customs.

COMMENCES LIFE AS A GARDENER.

When Robert was about twelve years of age, he was ambitious to be a *sailor*, and at the request of a ship's captain, his father consented that he should have a taste of sea life in a coasting vessel; but not finding much that was pleasant on board ship or during the voyage, he returned to school, and began to study botany and horticulture, in order to qualify himself for the position of a skilled gardener.

Some time after this—the exact period cannot be ascertained—Robert's father removed to Inverkeithing, Fifeshire, and the lad obtained congenial employment near the town in the gardens of the Earl of Moray. Scotch gardeners then, as now, had a good repute in England, and he was invited to a situation in Cheshire, where he continued two or three years pursuing his studies with the greatest avidity.

Robert's *parents* were pious, God-fearing people. The virtuous and consistent example of his father produced upon him the happiest effect. From his mother he received instruction of a more positively religious nature. The worthy woman had set her heart upon her boy, "knowing from a child the Holy Scriptures, as able to make him wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

HIS MOTHER'S REQUEST ON HIS GOING TO ENGLAND.

When about to quit his native country for his new situation in England, his mother wished him to promise that he would read his Bible every day, both morning and evening. Sensible of his own weakness, and perhaps also of his boyish disinclination, he tried to evade the request. But as she was about to bid him farewell, she took his hand, and looking into his face with tearful eyes, said, imploringly, "Robert, you *will* promise me to read the Bible; more particularly the New Testament, and most especially the Gospels—those are the words of Christ Himself; and there you cannot possibly go astray." He could not resist such an appeal, and replied "Yes, mother, I make you the promise." He knew, as he once remarked in relating the circumstance, that the promise once made must be kept. "And oh!" he added, "I am happy that I did make it."

Not long after he went to Cheshire the reading of God's word, and the preaching of the Gospel, were blessed by the Holy Ghost to his *conversion* to Christ. Though the particulars of this momentous event are nowhere published, it is believed to have been consummated at a Methodist service, conducted in a farm-house, in the Warrington circuit, to which Robert occasionally went, and where the Rev. J. Beaumont frequently ministered. It is a matter of absolute certainty, however, that it was in Warrington that the great change in the life of the now venerable missionary happened.

Moffat's temperament being earnest and vigorous, the new impulse he had received at his conversion was not likely to be dormant in his breast. He must work and work for God, but how and in what sphere he knew not. One of those circumstances the world calls "accidents" determined the course of his future. He was a chosen instrument to bear the Gospel message to the heathen, and the circumstance God employed to turn his steps in that direction was apparently insignificant, but it was sufficient, because God's hand used it. Walking to the neighboring town of High Leigh on business one summer evening he noticed a large poster on a blank wall announcing a meeting in connection with the London Missionary Society, at which the Rev. W. Roby, of Manchester, would speak. A glance at the date told young Moffat that the meeting had already been held, but the word "missionary" sank into his mind, and his thoughts, by an unseen influence, centred upon it, until he seemed to see in it the finger of God directing his steps. His business prospects were encouraging, and he had before him a career which to men of his class seemed an enviable one, but he resolved to abandon all the rewards of the world for this one thing, that he might preach the Gospel to those who dwelt in darkness. His friends and patrons said "*his brains were turned.*" "And so they were," he responded, "but turned the right way."

ACCEPTED AND ORDAINED AS A MISSIONARY.

The same influence that had made the mute placard speak to Robert's heart induced him to resolve upon going to Manchester, and seek out Mr. Roby for the express purpose of offering himself for mission work. Not without much timidity and some sense of misgiving, he knocked at the door. Mr. Roby received him with great kindness, told him to be of good courage, and promised to use what influence he had with the directors of the Society on his behalf. The final consequence was that Robert Moffat was *accepted* by the Society, and, in October, 1816, was, with eight other young men, *ordained* in Surrey Chapel, London, as a minister of the Gosple to the heathen.

The youthful missionary sailed

FOR THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE

on October 31st, 1816, being not quite twenty-one years of age. Like the pioneers of Protestant missions in India, he was tried by a discouraging reception. When he reached the Cape he had to solicit the permission of the British Governor to visit the heathen beyond the boundaries of the colony. This was refused for some time; but while waiting he was not idle. Day after day, with commendable importunity, he repeated and emphasized his application to the agent of the British Government. The post of Resident with one of the Kaffir chiefs was offered to him, where he might act as agent and as Christian instructor at the same time; but the noble-hearted youth declined to be fettered, even though the chains were of gold, and in God's strength was determined to secure the untrammeled liberty of a missionary of the Cross.

RECEPTION BY A BOER AND HIS WIFE.

Lodging with *a godly Hollander*, he soon acquired the Dutch language, so as to be able to preach the glad tidings of salvation to the Dutch Boers and their native servants. At length permission was granted him to go up the country. Immediately he set out, and at the end of his first day's journey begged a night's lodging with all the bashfulness of timorous youth. The brusque and burly Boer blustered and bellowed as though the young traveller had petitioned him for the gift of a hundred oxen, and in a stern tone peremptorily refused his request. Fear, however, had not put to flight the mother-wit of Scotia's son, and Mr. Moffat thought to himself, "I'll e'en try the guid wife." The homeless "laddie," far away from his "ain mither," met with a most generous reception, and both bed and board were provided for him.

During the evening meal the question was put to him, "Whither are you bound, and what is your errand?" "Well," replied the grateful guest; "I am bound for Orange River to teach the rude tribes the way of salvation." "What!" said the incredulous hostess, "to Namaqua-land, that hot, inhospitable region! And will the people there, think you, listen to the Gospel, or understand it if they do?" Be that as it might, when asked by the kind-hearted Frau to preach it to her and her gruff husband, he promptly returned, "Oh ay; nought else would give me greater delight." The sermon which Robert Moffat preached on this occasion was in reality—as a part of his congregation were Hottentots—his first publication of the news of redemption to the heathen.

AFRICANER'S CAREER AND CONVERSION.

The path of duty and the scene of action which at length opened to the enthusiastic missionary was on the Northwest border, beyond the Orange River, where a Hottentot family, known as the Africaners, had gathered a fierce body of desperate marauders about them and fixed their abode. Their *chief*, named "Africaner," had been outlawed from the Colony for *the murder of a farmer* named Pienaar, who was shot down in the presence of his wife and family. To escape the vengeance of the Dutch for that deed of blood the party hastened to the north of the Orange River, and settled in Great Namaqua-land. Many attempts were made by the colonial authorities to destroy Africaner, but they only excited him to reprisals, and he became *the terror of all the farmsteads* in the Border Country.

It was to the kraal of this dreaded outlaw and "banditti chief" that Moffat set forth. The farmers at whose houses he was entertained *en route* assured him that Africaner would think no more of taking his life than he would of slaying a zebra or an antelope. One said the outlaw chieftain would set him up for a mark for his young men to shoot their arrows at; another, that he would strip off his skin and make a drum of it to dance to; another, that he would strike his head from his body and use his skull for a drinking cup; and a motherly old lady, wiping the tears from her eyes as she bade him farewell, said "Had you been an old man, it would have been nothing, for you would soon have died, whether or no; but you are *young*, and going to be eaten up by that monster!" Undeterred, however, by these reports, with a firm trust in the protecting care of Him in whose service he was engaged, and with a full faith in the all-subduing influence of that Gospel which it was to be his life-work to proclaim, Robert Moffat proceeded onward on his journey.

THE MISSIONARY'S EARLY ORDEAL.

At length Moffat arrived at Africaner's kraal, and found that though the appearance of things was somewhat discouraging, the chief was not so formidable as he had been pictured by the fears of the planters. He received a reluctant welcome, but presently the order was given to make a house for him.

The young missionary's *sincerity* and *fitness* for the work which he had undertaken was at the very commencement crucially *tested*, but his devotion rose as hardships and difficulties increased. Through the day he was fully employed in teaching school; and in the stillness of the evening he silently retired to a pile of rocks in the neighborhood, where he poured out his soul in prayer.

ENCOURAGING SIGNS ARE SEEN.

After a long time those daily prayers and teachings brought forth fruit. The difficulty of learning the dialect was surmounted, the natural dislike of the people to the white man was overcome, and, better than all, Moffat noticed that an increasing interest was manifested in the religious services and in the Bible as he interpreted it to those who would listen to him. The chief Africaner was himself the most marked example of this change. He not only gave intelligent attention to Christian teaching, but he was the subject of converting grace. The Holy Spirit touched his heart, and the fierce savage, the murderer of white men, became gentle and teachable as a little child.

The outlawed robber chieftain now submitted himself in all things to the missionary, as "his guide, philosopher, and friend;" and some months after his conversion Mr. Moffat proposed that he should accompany him to Cape Town. Africaner said, "I had thought you loved me, and do you advise me to go to the government to be hung up as a spectacle of public justice?" then laying his hand on his head, he said, "Do you not known that *I am an outlaw*, and that one thousand rix-

llars have been offered for this poor head?" t last, however, Mr. Moffat having assured him at he would be well received in Cape Town, he nsented to go.

A BOER FARMER'S INCREDULITY CURED.

On their way they came near the farm house in nich the missionary had received kind entertain-ent when travelling toward Namaqua-land. Mr. offat left the wagons and went alone to meet the rmer. The latter seemed startled by his appear-ce, and asked, in rather a wild manner who he as. When the name was given the farmer ex-aimed, "Moffat, it is your ghost!" And it was th difficulty he was persuaded it was the living issionary, for the current report was that he had en murdered by Africaner, and one man de-ared that he had seen his bones.

While walking toward the wagon they were eaking of Africaner, and Mr. Moffat said, "He now a truly good man." "*That* I cannot edit," replied the farmer; "but if what you as-rt be true, I have only one wish, and that is to e him before I die. As sure as the sun is over ir heads, upon your return I will go with you to e him, though he killed my uncle." They were en near the chief, and Mr. Moffat said, "*This Africaner.*" A few questions having been tisfactorily answered by the former sanguinary arauder, the farmer raised his eyes to heaven, id exclaimed, "*Oh God, what a miracle! 'hat cannot Thy grace accomplish?*"

Africaner was kindly and affably received in ape Town by the governor of the Colony, Lord harles Somerset, and many in the town who had ard of his terrible exploits years before were led with astonishment as they witnessed the oofs of the wonderful transformation which had en effected.

AFRICANER'S DEATH.

He was *faithful to the close of his life*, and when found his end approaching, he called all the ople together after the example of Joshua, and ve them directions as to their future conduct. We are not," he said, "what we were, *sav-es*, but men professing to be taught by the Gos-l. My former life is stained with blood, but Je-is Christ has pardoned me, and I am going to eaven. Oh! beware of falling into the same ils in which I have frequently led you; but seek od, and He will be found of you to direct you."

So died the man, whose black hands had often en red with the blood of Dutch Boers, and hose black face lifted in savage triumph had ten been brightened in the glare of blazing farm-eads. The great missionary who guided him to ie cross of Christ and whose crown of life will e jewelled with many memorials of heroic service one in the cause of the Divine Master, will have one more conspicuous than that on which the ame of Africaner will be engraven.

MR. MOFFAT'S MARRIAGE.

While in Cape Town on this memorable occa-on, in the year 1819, Mr. Moffat was *married* to liss Mary Smith, who had gone out from Eng-nd. She was the sister of the amiable Rev. ohn Smith, of Madras. For more than fifty years ie was the loving and faithful companion of her usband, cheering the loneliness of an African ission station by her bright and genial presence, nd diffusing encouragement by a buoyant hope-lness that rarely failed, even in the darkest days f trial and disappointment. Her consecrated life n earth was changed for the rest and triumph of nmortality on January 10th, 1871, and four days ter her remains were interred in the Cemetery at orwood, near London. She was seventy-six years f age.

Though strongly attached to Africaner and his eople, Mr. Moffat did not go back to Namaqua-nd, for a deputation from the London Missionary ociety being at the Cape at the time of his mar-age, wished him to prosecute a mission among ie Bechuanas. Mr. and Mrs. Moffat went for a hort time to Griqua Town, while Mr. Hamilton, ereafter to be associated with them in Christian ork among the same tribes, went forward to

THE KURUMAN FOUNTAIN,

nd founded a station there, and in 1821 we find hat the three devoted standard-bearers of the truth had fairly settled there and were hard at work.

Their patience was severely tested for a long time by the selfishness and perversity of the natives. They had no religious system, no idea of a Creator, no belief in the immortality of the soul—nothing which might form a groundwork for conveying to them instruction in spiritual things. For *a bit of tobacco*, or some little equivalent, the missionary might gain their attention for a little time; but his efforts to convey to them the idea of a Creator and a Saviour, appeared as futile as the attempt to transform a granite rock into arable land. For *more than five years* the people thus continued callous and indifferent to all instruction, unless it were followed by some immediate temporal benefit.

Regardless of their filth and fearless of their ferocity, he went and *lived alone* among them. He waked, he slept, he wandered, he hunted, he rested, he ate and drank with them, till he had thoroughly mastered the legion of uncouth and fugitive dialects which constituted their tongue; and then he began to preach to them the redemption of Christ. Through the long space of *ten years*, amid difficulties and distresses of all kinds, now and again aggravated by threats of murder, he labored patiently on, *without one sign of success*. At length they listened, and then they trembled, and finally they wept. The heart of stone was broken, was melted; repenting of sin, they forsook it; and, hearing the Gospel, believed it.

With the acquisition of the Sechuana language (the vernacular of the Bechuana tribes), an important point was gained. Mr. Moffat did not content himself with simply *preaching* the Gospel, but *translated* a number of simple evangelistic hymns. These were learned with avidity and sung by old and young, by day and night. But the great need was the Bible—the Bible in the Sechuana tongue. Without any intention of attempting so colossal a work as the translation of the Scriptures himself, Mr. Moffat, after composing a primer in Sechuana, translated a few Scripture lessons for the use of his schools. But being disappointed in not receiving help from the Bible Society, as he had anticipated, he was induced by the pressing need to make a commencement, and by the year 1832 had completed the Gospel of Luke. He then proceeded to Cape Town to get it printed, but as printers were scarce, this was easier planned than executed, so *the missionary had himself to set the type* at the Government Printing Office, the plant being placed at his disposal by the kindness of the Governor.

When he returned to his home at the Kuruman he had the pleasure of taking with him a supply of type, a press, paper and ink, which had been sent out from England for his use. These, with the newly acquired skill to use them, furnished him with the means of supplying the long-needed knowledge to the natives.

CONFRONTS A SAVAGE CHIEF.

The early trials of the little band of Christian pioneers were increased by a long drought, for which they were blamed and cursed. It was said that their chapel-bell frightened away the clouds; and even Mr. Moffat's black beard and a bag of salt he had brought in his wagon from Griqua Town were imagined to have something to do with the unkindliness of the heavens. The feeling indeed, fomented and intensified by the professional "rain-makers," became so stormy against the missionaries, that they were informed they would be driven out of the country if they did not speedily take themselves away. The chief who conveyed this message stood at their cottage door, *quivering a spear in his right hand* in an imposing manner, delivered the decision which had been arrived at in secret council; while Mrs. Moffat stood calmly with a babe in her arms watching the crisis, for such undoubtedly it was.

As fearlessly as David before Goliath and the Philistines; strong, too, like him, in the Divine power on which he threw himself and his cause, with a steadfast, unflinching gaze the missionary looked the spear-bearing chief straight in the eyes, and said with the utmost deliberation, "We were unwilling to leave you. We are now resolved to stay at our post. As for your threats, we pity you, for you know not what you do. We have suffered, it is true; it is no more than we are prepared to expect from those who know no better. As for me, my decision is made, *I do not leave your country.*" Then, throwing open his waistcoat, he stood erect and fearless. "Now, then," he added, "if you will, drive your spears to my heart; and when you have slain me my companions will know that the hour has come for them to depart." "These men," said the chief to his twelve armed attendants, "must have ten lives. When they are so fearless of death, there must be something in immortality."

RUMORS OF MYSTERIOUS WARRIORS.

The confidence of the Bechuana savages having been won by the intrepidity of the missionaries, they enjoyed a complete immunity from any further molestation, and Mr. Moffat had soon an opportunity of rendering services to the tribe by which he gained their cordial esteem.

For more than a year there had been startling rumors in the settlement at Kuruman, about a *woman* named Mantatee, who was said to be advancing with a mighty army from the interior, conquering all before her, and leaving desolation in her footsteps. Mr. Moffat did not give much credit to the rumor, but being up the country on a mission to a powerful chief, who lived about two hundred miles from the Kuruman, he was convinced that here was truth in the story of the Mantatee army, and saw that unless vigorous measures were adopted it would not be long before his own station would be overrun by the mysterious and insatiable warriors. He hastened home, and communicated the alarming tidings to the people, who were in such consternation that some of them proposed immediate flight to the Kalahari Desert.

Mr. Moffat suggested, as a wiser plan, a request to the Griquas for help. The suggestion was agreed to, and Mr. Moffat himself went to Griqua Town, where he succeeded in his purpose with the chief Waterboer. This bold but judicious action saved the chief of the Bechuanas and his people, who a little while before had sought to drive away him who was now their deliverer. The Griquas, joining with the Bechuanas, advanced against the invading army, whom they so completely routed that they fled from the country.

From place to place in this wild unknown land Moffat went preaching the Gospel to savage tribes, his life often in peril from wild beasts, from men scarcely less ferocious, and from disease; but God preserved him to see the fruit of his labors. Many *incidents of thrilling interest* are recorded of his adventures and hairbreadth escapes, some of which we hope to give in an early number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

RETURN TO ENGLAND.

In the summer of 1870 the veteran missionary and his wife were compelled by failing health to bid farewell to their beloved Kuruman and return to England, where they were welcomed with the enthusiasm due to their long and faithful services. Dr. Moffat had spent *more than fifty years* in Africa, and had been in perils from savage men and savage beasts. He had known weary wanderings in the desert, when his tongue was so parched with thirst as to be almost deprived of the power of speech; he had visited and conciliated barbaric kings, whose rude halls were hung with the execrable trophies of cruel and exterminating wars; he had confronted and overcome Herculean difficulties in the spirit of a Christian heroism loftier than that which animated his ancestors on the sanguinary field of Bannockburn; and he had witnessed transformations of character and social life more wonderful than poetry has ever imagined.

Looking back from the height of his numerous years on the scenes of protracted and agonizing toil and sublime achievement, still glowing with the missionary ardor which, in the beginning of his course impelled him to dangers and hardships amid the sterilities of Namaqua-land; and having before his eyes visions of Africaner and a crowd of glorified converts from Kuruman, beckoning him to eternal beatitude, he is worthy of the golden phrase which, in happy parody of Milton, the Rev. W. Arthur applied to him on a great public occasion, "That old Man Magnificent."

NOT GIVEN UP.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage, Preached on Sunday Evening, February 13, 1881.*

"How shall I give thee up, Ephraim?"—HOSEA 11 : 8.

God's Favorite People—What He Did for Them—God's Large Heart—Slow to Give a Man Up—A Letter from a Penitent Prisoner — How Many Moves God Has Made to Save—The Birth, Life, and Death of the Saviour—Personal Experience—Childhood—Sickness in the House — Your Wedding-day — The Death of Your Child—A Business Upsetting—The Warning of Sudden Deaths—Never Give a Man Up—A Wife's Twenty Years of Prayer—Never Give Up a Child—A Fate Worse than Death—Boys' Prayed Back Home—Ministers Never to Give Up Their People—An Eternal Disappointment Experimenting with God's Patience—An Awful Entry in the Book of Remembrance.

THOSE people with black eyes and raven hair and olive complexion and arched nose, whom we recognize, whether in New York or London or Berlin, as Jews, were once God's favorites. He takes other people by the hand, but the Jews, the Bible says, He lifted by the arms, as a nurse carries a child over a ditch or lifts it up. So God cared for them. Were they hungry; God made bread in heaven and dropped it down to them. Did they want *a lantern* to travel by; He raised one a mile long against the sky. Were they dry; He made the water bubble up from the scoop in the rock. He flung over their enemies flies, and locusts, and boils, and blains, and darkness, and the Red Sea. He did everything for those Jews, yet they acted outrageously. They grumbled, they pouted, they lied, they swore, they thrust the fist of their obstinacy into the very face of God. Travelling as they were to the large and beautiful clusters of Canaan, they wanted to go back and get the offensive onions of Egypt.

What are those *Assyrian swords* being sharpened for and being scoured up for? Look at the sharp blades. Run your finger across the edge cautiously, as you test the sharpness of a razor cautiously, lest it cut you to the bone. Why are those swords being sharpened? It is to hew and cut to pieces these very Jews; but the Lord seems to break down in emotion. He reviews what He has done, and thinks what an awful thing it would be to have them perish, notwithstanding all their advantages, and it seems as if He cannot consent to the massacre, and His voice trembles and there start *the tears of a God* as he exclaims: "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim?"

Oh, what a great, large, generous, sympathetic heart the Lord must have! I wish I could measure it. *He has a large hand*, for the ocean is represented as lying in the hollow of it, and the waves that whelm Eddystone Lighthouse dash from beach to beach without tossing outside the palm of that hand. But His heart is bigger yet, and though all earth and all heaven have rolled into it, still He longs for other worlds to conquer; and if, as Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Dick thought, the stars are inhabited, at the winding up of all things, when the world shall fly on wings of light into God's heart, after the last world has nestled in the bosom of eternal love, God will throw out His hand over the empty space of immensity, crying, "And yet there is room!"

But if some poor world, some waif of a world, some prodigal world, should insist in flying off in the other direction, methinks God's heart would burst into a tempest of agony as He flung out His hands toward it, crying:

"COME BACK! COME BACK!
How shall I give thee up?"

There are two things for me to do to-night. First, to show you *how very slow God is to give a man up*, and in the next place to show how very slow we ought to be in giving a man up. While I was thinking of this *a letter* was sent in to me, dated from one of the prisons of the city, in which a man says: "My happiest days were three years ago, when I was a member of the church in Baltimore and had a Sunday-school class. I have been lying in prison waiting for my trial. Had I been more attentive to my spiritual welfare and not neglected my duties to God, I should not have been where I am now. I feel as if when I pray to God that it seems like mockery on my part; or, in other words, now that I am in trouble I go to Him. Why did I not go before? God be merciful to me, a miserable sinner, is all I can say." When I read that I said, "Another illustration of how slow God is to give a man up."

One would have thought that Noah's ark would have settled down while God was waiting for the people to come into it. For more than a century the door stood open, and if, as many suppose, all the different kinds and species of creatures went into that ark, there were five thousand species of birds that went in, and two thousand species of reptiles, and a hundred thousand species of insects; and surely, while they were going in, and their forage for that strange voyage was being shipped, there was room enough for a great crowd of people to have gone into that ark But no, they would not go. God waited and waited. If in these times a vessel gives ten days' previous notice of the fact that it is going to sail, we consider that sufficient; but before this vessel sailed God gave more than a century of notice, and He waited and waited. It seems as if He could not give the people up.

But why should I go so far out and so far back to get an illustration, when I can get one here and now? Shall I from the lives of the people in the gallery bring illustrations for those who are below? Or shall I, for those who sit below, bring illustrations from others? No, no, I will come nearer; within three feet of where you sit I shall find an illustration. From the one that sits next to you in the house of God I shall prove the truth of what to-night I am saying. Aye, I will come closer home; I will take yourself.

HOW MANY MOVES HAS GOD MADE

for your redemption? And now, I am not talking to the audience, but to you personally. How many moves has God made for your salvation? *The first* I think of was in Anno Domini one. The meteor that swung out from the Bethlehem cabin was kindled for you. Pull back the swaddling-clothes from that child. That is your Lord and King. I come on down to Anno Domini 33. Hark to the splitting of the mountain shelving at the martyrdom of God! Look at those outspread hands, wounded clear through. Look at those mashed feet. Listen to that sigh, that prayer, that strangulation. "Father, forgive them." Whom did He mean? He meant you, "It is finished." *What did He mean?* He meant your salvation.

Oh! Lord, didst Thou begin eighteen centuries before this man was born to look to his welfare? Was it so long ago? Yes. Mercy began to plan for your relief nigh two thousand years before your mother held you in her arms. Behold the height of it. Behold the depth of it. Behold the length of it. *The love of a God!*

But I come down and see *the second move* for your salvation. I look to

THE DAYS OF YOUR CHILDHOOD.

Was it the picture of Samuel or of Jesus, or the whisper of a Christian saint, or the sickness and death of a playmate, or the counsel of a Christian father, or a Bible lesson? I do not know what it was. But I know that your soul was called mightily. You felt it through and through and through. You tried to shuffle it off. You drowned it out by running your fingers over the lighter keys of the piano, or plunging into a season of rioting, frivolity, or worldly gayety. God called you and called you. It seemed as if He could not give you up.

I come down to *the third move* which God made for your salvation. There was

SICKNESS IN YOUR HOUSE.

Your father was very ill. You remember the anxiety on all the faces. You remember how carefully the physician studied the critical case, and how he shook his head when he went out of the house, and how soon he came back again. You remember the shrill cry on the night when your father died. You remember the vendue when the furniture was sold. You remember when you had to move out of that home. You remember how you bade farewell to all familiar associations. You remember how you felt while you were going to the other house. You remember the sensation of nailing the old pictures against the new wall. You remember how hard it was for you to get used to the new surroundings.

God was calling you then; through all that sore-heartedness, through that upsetting of your interests, through that desolation, He was saying "Oh! man, this world is not your home. I have something better prepared for you. Build not on uncertain foundations. Build for eternity." God waited and waited to have you repent. It seemed as if He could not give you up.

God made *the fourth move* for your salvation You had a home of your own.

THE WEDDING-DAY

came and passed. In a few years you had a beautiful dwelling. There were adornments on the mantel and on the table; but brighter than all were *the bright eyes of the little one* that looked up into yours. Her laugh, her skip, her queer questions, her waking moments, her slumber, snug under the coverlet, the kiss she gave you when you went off in the morning, the kiss she gave you when you came back at night, were to you perpetual fascination. But, alas! for the sudden cold, and the hot cheek, and the throwing out of the fevered hands, and the unavailing cry for recovery, and *the death of the first-born*, and the crying through all the house: "Dead! dead!"

There is a cloud on everything. On the dining-room, for there she ate. On the hall, for there she played. On the nursery, for there she slept. God was calling you to *look upward toward the gate* through which the little one had gone, saying "Oh! man, this world is not a place for your residence. There is a better place toward which you ought to aspire." And God waited and called through all that desolation of your home, and called again and waited again. It seemed as if He could not give you up.

God made *the fifth move* for your salvation. It was

A BUSINESS UPSETTING.

You had laid out all your plans, but somehow there was a change in your affairs. There was some useless machinery thrown on your hands, or you bought a large bill of unsalable goods, or you were over-persuaded to an indorsement, or there was a general panic and you were thrown penniless, with no courage to start again, and the men whom you helped when they were in a strait did not help you when you were in a strait.

Oh, it was hard after so much toil and struggle to see it all go. And God stood there saying "These are not treasures to seek after. I have taken these away that you may look for heaven treasures in banks that never break." And God stood there amid the wreck of your fortunes waiting, waiting, calling, calling. It seemed as if He could not give you up.

I believe that in the last fifteen years God has made five thousand moves for your salvation, my dear brother, my dear sister. Every night of the year, every week-day night, there are New York and Brooklyn merchants, bankers, and mechanics leaving their stores, offices and shops for eternity. If there were a great fire to-night, on Fulton Street or Wall Street, or Broadway, or Water Street, all the engines and hook and ladder companies might be in full uproar; these men of whom I speak would not come down to see it. Why? They have gone home to die.

There are so many

STARTLING TIDINGS IN THE AIR,

such fatal slippings on the ice, so many cases of pneumonia, such falling down between boat and bridge, such crashing through of scaffoldings, so many victims of heart disease and apoplexy, such droppings down lifeless of robust men, that you have all been warned. God put down His foot by you. He took you by the shoulder. He tried to make you think, and repent, and pray, saying by all these things: "Life is uncertain. You may be gone. Are you ready. Are you ready?" *God stood waiting*, waiting, calling, calling. It seemed as if He *could not* give you up.

* Dr. Talmage did not preach at the Brooklyn Tabernacle last Sunday. We therefore publish this week one of his recent evening discourses.

And now do you think that God has gone away from you? That He has turned His back upon you and left for other parts? No. He is in the Brooklyn Tabernacle to-night. Instead of your being on your knees before God, God is on His knees before you, reviewing the past, the imploration He has given you, the rebuffs and sins of your soul, what you have lost and what you seem determined to lose in the great future, and He throws Himself against you and seizes you in the embrace of a heaven-astonishing love, while His heart seems breaking as he cries out: "Why will you perish? *Are you determined to die?* Is not my Bethlehem humiliation sufficient? Is not my Calvary excruciation enough? Is there nothing in tears and blood to move your soul? Oh! you poor soul. Stop! Stop! My omnipotence breaks down at the thought of your overthrow. How shall I, how shall I give you up?"

When I see how God holds on to a man after his case seems hopeless and forlorn, I learn for my soul and for your souls the lesson that we ought

NEVER TO GIVE A MAN UP

—never. Perhaps you were, a good many years ago, at the marriage altar. The record of that is on the church book or on the county books; but were you at that time married for all time and for all eternity? I want every Christian husband and every Christian wife to realize the truth that you ought never to give up, ought never to surrender the eternal salvation of an impenitent companion. Amid a great throng that stood at the church altars, there was

A CHRISTIAN WIFE

who held her husband by the hand, and she said to me: "Mr. Talmage, my prayers have been answered. For *twenty years*, morning, noon, and night, I have prayed for the salvation of this man. He seemed to be going on further from God and further from heaven. I asked him to come to the house of God. He scoffed at me. I told him of the worth of the soul. It made him mad. But the more he resisted Christ, the more I prayed. I begged God for Jesus' sake, for the sake of our only child, for the sake of everything that was good and beautiful and true, to save this man. People said I might as well give up the prayer, it would not be answered; but I kept on, sir, and I have brought him at last. He wishes to connect himself with the church of God. Will you ask him a few questions?"

I said to him: "Do you feel that you are a sinner?" "Oh, yes," he said, "it is nothing but that, it has been that all through." I said: "Do you think that God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven your sin?" He said: "I know He has." I said: "Would you like to be baptized, and to sit at the holy sacrament?" "Well," he said, "I would if you think I am fit." "Ah," I said, "my brother, we are none of us fit to come. Not the righteous, but sinners Christ came to call;" and there and then I joined the hands again of that husband and wife. "Married for time," I said, "now be *married for eternity*. The angels of God witness the banns."

But I said to her: "Your daughter will be coming soon, will she not?" "Oh," she said, "bless the Lamb, I forgot all about her in my anxiety for my husband. She is coming. Here she is. Ask her a few questions. She would like to unite herself with the church of Christ." I said: "Mary, have you come, too, to join your father and mother in heaven?" She said, "I have," and then I thought of how Christ took the little children in His arms and blessed them; and I saw the three started on the way to glory.

Oh, Christian husband, Christian wife, never give up the salvation of an impenitent companion. Why do you not pray? "Oh," you say, "I have been praying." But you have not prayed hard enough; you have not prayed long enough. Is it not worth a struggle for fifteen years? *Satan loves divorcement*, and if he sees souls united in this world pleasantly for a long while he likes to have them parted. He has failed to make the separation here; he wants to make eternal separation beyond the grave. Oh, after you have lived so pleasantly on earth together, will you suffer him to bring any such bill of divorcement? Cry aloud to God to-night: "Save my husband! Save my wife!" Why will you be parted forever? Oh! be married in a bond that shall never be broken. Take him, while I speak, by the hand, crying, "How shall I give thee up?"

But I remark still further

NO PARENT OUGHT TO GIVE A CHILD UP.

This parental tie, oh! how tender and strong it is. I was never more impressed with it than on last Thursday, in that great storm, when a man came to my house on a matter of business—he was an *entire stranger*. As he was going out of the door he said, "Three weeks ago we buried our little one." I said, "Was it sudden?" "Very sudden," he said. "She sat at the table in the evening, with a good appetite, and was as bright and fair as ever I saw her, and the next day at four o'clock she was gone." I said, "What was it? Was it scarlet fever or croup?" He said, "It was scarlet fever. But," he said, "there is *one thing that comforts* me and my wife very much." I said, "What is that?" "Well," said he, "we know where she has gone."

And so I have thought he expressed the ambition of every Christian parent to have the child saved. If the child goes out of the arms in infancy, it goes straight into the peace and glory of heaven. One moment after the mother kisses it good-night on earth, Jesus kisses it good-morning in heaven. But suppose the child grows up and comes to years of responsibility, and then wanders off—oh! it is very hard. There are few tougher things than that. That is *worse than death*. If the body were in Greenwood, it would lie peacefully there; but if it be in a gilded, dissipating saloon, it is worse than death.

But let me say that no parent ought to give up a wandering child. You have a mighty lever to lay hold of. "I will be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee." I have seen parents praying their boys back from Omaha, from San Francisco, from Pekin, and from Madras. With your wrinkled hands lay hold of the eternal God, and put your gray hairs against His bosom, and sob out the all-conquering prayer of the righteous. "Oh!" you say, "how can I give him up?" *You cannot afford to give him up.* If you give him up who will do for him? You are his last chance for reformation and salvation. By the cradle in which you rocked him, by the bosom on which you nursed him, by the God to whom you consecrated him, do not, do not, do not give him up!

But I must say

SOME WORDS TO MYSELF.

If a man preaches nine-tenths of a sermon to his people, may he not preach one-tenth of it to himself? And so I say to myself, as well as to all those Christian ministers whom I see scattered through this audience to-night, and in all our services—I say to my own soul, and I say to you, we cannot afford to give up the eternal salvation of the people to whom we preach. I look off upon the assemblage, and know, as well as I can know anything, that there are multitudes of you tramping on all unprepared toward an unhappy deathbed or an accidental decease, and know that soon the book of God's reckoning will drop open its iron lids and you cannot get rid of it. I feel as if I must make another move for your eternal salvation. God help me. God help me now. "How shall I give thee up?"

I have so set my heart upon having all these people brought to God, young and middle-aged and old, rich and poor, wise and ignorant, that if you do not come to God it will be to me *an eternal disappointment*. I have thought how pleasant it would be if to-night every family in this congregation would go home and set up an altar and put their best affections upon it. I have thought how beautiful it would be if these young men were manly and courageous enough to step out for God. I have thought how glorious it would be if people who have come here to-night, indifferent about their souls, would now wake up to the questions of eternity. I have thought how magnificent it would be if all this audience in solid phalanx would march through the wide-open gates of eternal life. "How shall I give you up?"

I have preached to many of you so long, I have implored you so often, I have mingled with you in such vicissitudes, I have told you so frequently about the bleeding heart of the despised Christ, upon whom you have set your hard heel, I have told you so often that the cord of life was being gnawed off and soon the last strand might snap asunder, I have told you as well as I know how, again and again, what it is to be saved and what it is to be lost, and yet you halt, and yet you turn away, and yet you die. Oh, "how shall I give you up?"

What evil spirit possesses thee? What infatuation binds you? Where gettest thou the brawn and the muscle with which to battle the God that made thee, and the Christ who redeemed thee, and the Holy Ghost who piles up implorations before thee? How shall I give you up?"

I CANNOT! I CANNOT!

Between you and death I heave up to night a barricade made up of all the Christian deathbeds at which you have ever stood, of all the communion-tables to which you have ever been invited, of all the pulpits that have poured warnings into your ear, and then I climb up on the top of that barricade with the sword of God's truth, two-edged, and I strike right and left, fighting you back from the massacre of your eternal interests. Do not attempt to climb over that barricade. Get back! Get down! Why will ye die? "How shall I give you up?"

There is one thing that I forgot. While the text shows how hard it is for God to give a man up, it implies that sometimes *He is compelled to do it.*

You go on a little too far in experimenting with God's patience; you go along too far in the resistance of the Holy Ghost, and then there is a short and important record made in God's book of remembrance, recording the two words, "Given up;" and the Holy Ghost that has been striving with your heart closing the door of mercy cries, "Given up!" and the angels of God that have been watching for the return of your wandering spirit cry one to another, "Given up!" and the cheek-blanching, heart-killing announcement must be made that, notwithstanding all that God has done to save your immortal soul, you are—must I tell it? must I declare it?—"given up!"

Mrs. Baxter, who is now Holding Meetings at Stuttgart in Germany, adds in regard to the recent revival at Barmen: "Each evening those women who had already found the Lord went into the smaller hall to pray together and render thanks for God's rich blessing upon them. Those who were present say that their prayers were most touching, and it was like one great stream of praise and intercession. As all the seats were needed in the large hall, the lesser hall, where the prayer meeting was held, was without any seats, so that every one had to kneel on the ground without support of either chairs or benches. But this did not hinder their kneeling down. The Lord alone knows how many of those precious souls will be His when He comes to make up His jewels. The world was from beginning to end God's work and not man's."

Healing by Faith.—Miss Margaret Wintry writes to an English journal: "When a child I was an invalid, and my dear parents took me to Bad Goll, Germany, where Pastor Blumhardt received sick persons from all parts of the world to pray over them, and many left his house after a short stay, healed and blessed in body and soul. My malady was pronounced beyond the skill of one of the best doctors in Heidelberg, and yet I am now in comparative strength and health, and can, with a joyful, thankful heart, praise the Lord for his healing mercies for more than twenty years. One friend dying of consumption (according to the verdict of the doctors), whose case I made a matter of prayer, is now gaining strength daily; and another lady in great distress at having to undergo a second operation to prevent total blindness, told me a few days ago that the Lord had so markedly heard prayer that she can see better than she has been able to do for years, and that the doctors are amazed, and call it 'nothing less than a miracle.' So God is glorified and our faith increases; and to Christ alone be all the praise."

JAMES GRAHAM'S BUSH LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

(*Continued from page* 359.)

Lock's Paltry Gift—Inside the Prison—A Vindictive Prosecutor's Sudden Death—A Degraded Bargain—A Laughable Wedding—Mock Courts of Justice—Dandy Child's Wicked Exploits—An Irish Criminal's Capture.

WHEN Lock heard my story he burst into tears; at least, I thought he did so, for he averted his head and used his silk pocket-handkerchief. When he mastered his emotions he paid me the most flattering compliments I ever received as to my manliness and conscientious integrity.

"Graham," he said, "some money will be useful to you here," and he put some money in my hand. I looked at it. It was silver. I counted *fifteen shillings* exactly. I felt my blood boil. "Lock," I said, with a choking voice, "this is just the change exactly of my own five-pound note out of which you bought my coat and boots in Sydney." "That *is* it," he said; "good-by, Graham; God be with you."

Perhaps it was as well he did not leave me any more money or promise any. Whether *he* calculated the effect or not, his cool act of prudence and literal justice did produce in me an effect that has never left me since. I then and there resolved to apply to no living man for help in future, and to depend only on God's aid and on my own resources.

Alas! I also formed a resolution never to write home till I should have something really cheering to write; and the only favor on earth I would have asked of Lock was to maintain utter silence concerning me to my family till they should hear from me themselves. In regard to this I shall tell you more again; but from that day Lock and I did not meet for twenty years. But next for my experience in jail.

I believe it is not a pleasant thing to be sent to prison anywhere, not even to one of your best warmed, ventilated, and provisioned aviaries for English prison-birds; but it was most unpleasant to be sent to the vile, stenchful prison of Bathurst, which served justice before the present respectable one was built.

It was a long, low room where all the male prisoners herded together, without regard either to health or decency. There were a couple of cells at the end of it for female prisoners, who were generally *much viler than* the male, on the principle, I suppose, that nothing scalds more dreadfully than boiling honey, and that the fairest things in health are the foulest in decay.

I cannot tell you the depression that sunk like midnight on my heart when I found my vindictive employer had succeeded in getting me falsely condemned and imprisoned. Before I left prison, however, *he suddenly expired of apoplexy*. I had rather again go to prison than do as he did by me; for a man may have a clear conscience who is falsely sent to prison, but not so he who falsely sends him. Though he was my accuser, he sat on the bench with his brother magistrates when I was sentenced; and thus the decision was illegal as well as cruelly unjust.

But, through Divine mercy, I got over it all; and I now leave the whole affair to that tribunal of the Great and Glorious Judge where there is no partiality.

I felt my honor sadly sullied; and I felt it would be worse than death for my family at home in Ireland to hear I was *in jail*. I knew, however, I was innocent; and I tried, as schoolboys exhort each other before a flogging, to "keep a stiff upper lip." In this I was helped by a spectacle that made me laugh, though going to disappear in the "stone jug." It was in itself a ludicrous sight, and recalled one most pathetically laughable.

About four months prior to this there was at Baroo, in the capacity of stock-keeper, a loose haveril of a fellow called Walker. I forget what part of John Bull's land was his calf-ground. He had purchased from a black fellow a gin for three months, for six new clay pipes and a fig of tobacco. At the end of the stipulated three moons the black fellow came to claim his gin. Then a scene began that beggars description, and before it was over all hands at the station were round Walker's hut.

The black imperatively claimed his gin. She began to wail and scream, "Yackaday, yackaday!" and, throwing her arms around the white man, could scarcely be torn from him; he bellowing and clinging to her much in the same way. This made the blacks wild with mirth, and laughter; indeed, even Lock laughed heartily, as did we all.

We expostulated with Walker for setting his affections on a black woman, and she another man's wife. He could not see the impropriety of taking *one* wife, where her husband had several left. He was inconsolable, and proposed a fresh bargain for her. The black consulted with his friends, and demanded *a fat bullock* for giving her for three moons more. The bullock was given; and the blacks held a high feast and dance, in which the poor degraded woman was one of the merriest, and then went back to Walker.

The next time I saw Walker was on the occasion I have referred to. He was then in Bathurst, filling up the black void in his affections by getting married to a poor *green* immigrant girl. Such bridegroom and bride I never beheld before or since. He stood in a pair of white moleskin trousers, very stiff. They might have fitted a giant for size, but lay loose about him. He wore also a blue jacket and canary-colored waistcoat, equally large. His hat stuck on his head by a great pad of rags between it and his forehead. They were all borrowed, I think.

The bride was suitably dressed. She had an immense old Leghorn hat, the rim of which, being large and slack, hung down about her ears and swayed with the breeze, and yards of ribbon floated from it down her back. The rest of her bridal dress was in keeping with this. Had I been free I should have joined, I think, the crowd that followed them. I wonder how the parson could stiffen his face enough to perform the marriage ceremony. It was the most laughable wedding I ever saw; and, depressed as I was, this flash of the comic made me for a moment forget my own tragedy.

You have been in a prison, I dare say, but have never been a prisoner. I did not come out here to paint *jail-birds;* but if I could give faithful word-pictures of those sixty inmates of Bathurst old jail they would exceed any in the naturalist's portfolio. What a company of adepts in crime—and adepts in law too. For there they would pass hours trying, and pronouncing sentence on, each one; sometimes they would gather into separate knots, playing cards, chaffing, or yarning—anything to kill, time, keep up the spirits, and banish thought. Most of them were as merry as drunken skippers who had thrown aside chart and compass and laughed through the hour that preceded wreck on the breakers ahead. The fear of God was certainly not before their eyes.

One of the most sinister and notorious characters among them is Johnny Stutters, commonly called "Dandy Child." He has a strong Dublin accent. His face is as utterly without a shred of hair as his heart is without conscience. Nature denied the one and *sin killed the other*, and the absence of both facilitated his nefarious trade.

Then he was in league with a female pickpocket more accomplished than himself. She was finely dressed as a governess, and he as a gentleman's son. In this capacity they went through jeweler's shops, she looking at costly articles, and he quietly depositing them in his pocket or sleeve.

One day, as he tells, he professed to have lost his governess, and in great distress went into the shop of a jeweler, who took the distressed child into his parlor, and behind his counter, till his governess should be found. When she came, in the distraction of grief and joy, to take him home, he had stolen more than a hundred pounds' worth of costly articles.

When wishing to narrate one of his most dexterous and comic exploits, he relates how he *robbed a blacksmith* in the colony and was tried for it; but witnesses broke down and he escaped. When coming out of court he met the blacksmith, and said, "Let us have a glass together, and not part as enemies." The poor blacksmith consented; and while they took a glass together Johnny abstracted his purse, containing sixteen pounds—the price of his tools and forge, which he had sold with a view to removing to another part of the country.

The smith soon missed the purse after they had parted, and ran in distress to the magistrate to say Stutters had robbed him again. He was dismissed as a silly fool or an arrant knave. Pocket-picking was an art in which even colonial thieves—the first of their kind—yielded the palm to the flexible fingers and scheming brain of the notorious Dandy Child. He was a good hand at sheep-shearing, but he ever and anon relapsed into his more congenial trade of *fool-fleecing*. He had fingers so flexible that he could bend them back to his wrist, and a voice of great softness. Yet I do not, with some philosophic fellow-prisoners, believe in the conscience-drugging doctrine that he was as certainly made to be a pickpocket as the Duke of Wellington to be a general. He who made Johnny Stutters had said, "Thou *shalt not* steal;" and He did not make men to break His commands.

Irishmen, unhappily, have the pre-eminence here. The most notable and powerful man among the sixty in this dreary, filthy room is Christie Leonard, another Dublin man. The Irish capital is quieter without him. He is an erect, fine-looking, powerful man, about five feet eleven in height, and built in proportion. His countenance wears an habitual look of determination, though it has not an unpleasing expression. He was transported for robbing a man with violence in an unfrequented street.

He was in an iron gang in the Blue Mountains, and made his escape several times, but was recaptured, on every occasion getting so many hundred lashes at intervals as he could bear them, and so many additional pounds of iron. At length he escaped, and got fire-arms and took to the bush; and for months eluded the police and committed daring robberies. I do not think, however, he ever took a life; and he says he never would do so, except to save his own. A policeman once attempted to capture him single-handed. They exchanged several shots. One of Leonard's shots carried clean away the *knot of the policeman's neck-handkerchief;* then he ceased from the duel and let the bushranger escape.

At length he was taken very quietly. He was prowling along the Macquarie River, and fell into the fork made by the junction of the Turon River with it, where the Ophir and Turon diggings afterward broke out. The police tracked his horse among the gullies, and knowing that no stockman ever would ride in there they followed him; and, as he was coming out, they, with raised carbines, met and took him. He is sentenced to be hanged, for which purpose he is soon to be taken to Sydney. In the meantime he is as merry and witty as if his wedding were to come off in a week.

The morning came for Leonard and others to be removed to Sydney. A file of soldiers stood in the entrance before the inner gate, and in presence of the prisoners primed and loaded. They had flint guns. When Leonard's name was called he turned and said to us, "Now, boys, remember you'll hear of me being shot or in the bush soon."

He was handcuffed with another prisoner to a chain, and committed to two mounted policemen. They came to the hut on O'Connor's plains, at the entrance to the Blue Mountains, and stopped for the night.

At the next stockade there was a lock-up, but they were too late to reach it. The policemen dismounted and laid their carbines against a log. They went to light a fire. One of them retired to a little distance out of sight, and Leonard sprung at the loaded carbine, and had just liberty of hands enough to present it at the other policeman, declaring he would shoot him dead if he spoke. He compelled him to take out his key and unlock their handcuffs.

When the other policeman returned he was met with a presented carbine, and both were compelled to exchange clothes with the prisoners, who handcuffed them and rode off on their horses into the bush. The two policemen were degraded from ever wearing uniform again; but the triumph of Leonard was only very short.

In policeman's uniform he rode up to a house

and asked had any strangers been there. Several policemen were in the house, and they wondered to see a constable they did not know. They rushed out and recognized Leonard. One of them seized the bridle of his horse, while three others covered him with their carbines. His horse was too tired to obey the spurs, and he had to give in. In a fortnight from the time he left us he returned to prison again, and in triumph told how sheepish the policeman looked when changing dress with him.

In fact, he was the hero of the prison while he stayed, and appeared as indifferent to his fate as if his heart had been stone. He despised all petty thefts and all supple-fingered thieves like Dandy Child. No doubt there was a bit of bravado in his bearing, and had he been in a solitary cell he would have felt very differently. He would have made a most daring, gallant soldier, but he was "lost" to God, to society, and to himself. He completely answered to the New Testament description of such as he, "without God and without hope in the world. He was hanged in Sydney, dying as impenitent as he lived.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LAST CHAPTER OF SATANIC HISTORY.

By Rev. William Maude.

(*Continued from page* 365.)

The Imprisonment of Satan—A Fallacious Idea—Three Classes of Sins—The Satanic Release—The End of His Career.

THE next act in the solemn drama will be

THE IMPRISONMENT OF SATAN,

of which we read in the twentieth chapter of Revelation: "And I saw an angel come down from heaven, having the key of the abyss, and a great chain in his hand. And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the devil and Satan, and bound him a thousand years, and cast him into the abyss, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more, till the thousand years should be fulfilled" (verse 3). While Satan is still at large, and in possession of his great though not unlimited power to tempt, deceive, and destroy men, all hopes of any earthly millennium worthy of the name are baseless as a dream.

Hence an argument of irresistible cogency lies against the fallacious idea, still so fondly entertained by many, that by means of existing moral and spiritual agencies it is the Divine purpose gradually but surely to establish the kingdom of God upon earth. All experience, however, as well as all Scripture, points in the opposite direction. How can the progress of missions, the Christianization of society, or even the outpouring of the Holy Spirit in more than pentecostal abundance, bind Satan or consign him to age-long imprisonment? Yet without this there can be no deliverance for man or this world. But when Satan is once bound and confined in the abyss, though the world will not be entirely freed from sin, a great and blessed change will pass over.

There are

THREE CLASSES OF SINS

which we find in Scripture specially associated with Satan—those of pride, falsehood, and murder. In 1 Timothy 3:6, we have *pride* indicated as the peculiar cause of Satan's condemnation. In John 8:44, again, we find our Lord addressing this scathing denunciation to the Jews: "Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will to do. He was a *murderer* (*lit.*, a *man-slayer*) from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own, for he is a *liar*; and the father of it."

Accordingly it may fairly be anticipated that the millennial reign of Christ will be characterized by the almost utter repression of these sins. Apart from the absence of Satanic temptation thereto, the whole character of the dispensation will be eminently calculated to hide *pride* from men still in the flesh. There will be the abiding glory of the New Jerusalem ever visible to the eyes of the dwellers upon earth. The Lord and the King will be periodically manifested in the earthly Zion (Zechariah 14:16); and the risen and glorified saints, to whom the world will then be put in subjection, will be continually passing to and fro on their errands of mercy and judgment, the radiant messengers and vicegerents of the King of kings. And thus, in the words of the prophet in the manifested presence of these higher powers, "The lofty looks of man shall be humbled, and the haughtiness of men shall be bowed down, and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day."

Truth also will universally prevail, for who will hope to evade the judgment and the justice of Him who "shall not judge after the sight of His eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of His ears; but with righteousness shall He judge the poor, and give sentence with equity for the meek of the earth" (Isaiah 11:3, 4)? While as regards *murder*, not only is it expressly declared that men "shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation; neither shall they learn war any more" (Isaiah 2:4); but the reign of peace shall extend even over the animal creation; for it is written, "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them. . . . They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea" (Isaiah 11:6–8). But the peaceful years of Messiah's happy reign are not to run an altogether uninterrupted course. Once again—though only for a brief period—

SATAN IS LOOSED OUT OF PRISON,

as we learn from Revelation 20:3, where, after the announcement of his imprisonment in the abyss till the thousand years should be fulfilled, it is added: "And after that he must be loosed a little season." So, more fully, we read in verses 7–9: "And when the thousand years are expired Satan shall be loosed out of his prison, and shall go out to deceive the nations which are in the four quarters of the earth, Gog and Magog, to gather them together to battle: the number of whom is as the sand of the sea. And they went up on the breadth of the earth, and compassed the camp of the saints about, and the beloved city; and fire came down out of heaven and devoured them."

This is certainly in some respects one of the most startling and mysterious revelations to be found in the Scriptures. Why Satan, after he has once been safely bound in the abyss, and mankind have, during long and happy ages, been freed from his cruel machinations, should again be set at liberty to deceive and destroy, does seem to us hard to understand. We almost feel as though our faith in the Divine wisdom and love was put to an undue strain. But if we reverently consider the matter, we shall, perhaps, find light penetrating the darkness of our mind, and the purpose of God becoming in some degree apparent.

Is not that purpose to test the sincerity and genuineness of the allegiance which, in the coming age, men will universally offer to the Most High? Under every previous dispensation man has been tried and found wanting. Alike under the law and under the Gospel man has failed; but in both cases he had a twofold excuse to offer—he had to walk by faith, and he had mighty spiritual enemies to resist. Well, in the millennial dispensation all this will be changed. Men will then walk by sight, for Christ and His risen saints will be visibly present; and they will be free from external temptation, for Satan shall be bound in the abyss.

And what will be the result? Apparently good, for overt rebellion and open transgression will be almost unknown. But the Lord knoweth the thoughts of men that they are vain. Let but the test be applied, and at once man is found in mad and impious revolt against the manifested powers of the heavenly world; and once more the mournful verdict must be pronounced, "Man being in honor abideth not; he is like the beasts that perish." But judgment terrible and final speedily overtakes alike the tempter and the tempted. Of the latter it is said, "Fire came down from heaven and devoured them;" while the awful doom of the former is thus recorded: "And the devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, and shall be tormented day and night forever and ever" (Revelation 20:10).

SATAN IS CAST INTO THE LAKE,

and so ends his strange and appalling history. Never more shall he regain his misused power; never more shall he be permitted to tempt; never more shall he succeed in ruining the souls and bodies of men. Oh! thou enemy, thy destructions shall at last have come to a perpetual end; and as hell opens wide its fiery portals to receive thee, a shout of exultant joy shall be heard—joy, not at the terrors of thy doom, but born of the knowledge that now, indeed, the long reign of sin is at an end forever; and the hope of the ages shall be realized in those new heavens and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

ANOINTING WITH GOOSE-GREASE.

[THE following story is quoted from "The Parson of the Islands," by the Rev. Adam Wallace; a most instructive and entertaining biography of the late Rev. Joshua Thomas: price $1.25; obtainable at the office of *The Ocean Grove Record*, Asbury Park, N. J.]

During the period of which we now write, Brother Thomas was restored to health from a protracted and dangerous spell of sickness by a mode resorted to but rarely, if at all, at the present day. Various remedies had been applied, and no favorable indications of returning health appearing, he became restive under confinement, and troubled by the cares of the church and the exigencies of his family which pressed upon him, and greatly longed for deliverance.

Reading the pages of his Testament, he happened on some advice directly bearing on his condition. It was contained in the practical epistle of James, as follows: "Is any sick among you? Let him call in the elders of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up."

This, thought he, is a safe guide, and cannot fail to effect *a speedy cure*. "Elders" he supposed to be *elderly persons* of good report in the Church. His mind fixed immediately on Brother John Crockett and his brother Zachariah as answering the requirement. He sent for John in haste. On his arrival the matter was fully explained and the passage repeated. "Now, Brother John," said the sick man, "you must do exactly as the good Book directs. I have no oil, but yonder is *plenty of excellent goose-grease*, which I suppose will do as well. Use some of it, and then pray in faith."

"Brother John" was taken somewhat aback by this proposal, and confessed he had but little confidence that a cure could be effected in this way. He proceeded, however, with the anointing, and offered a fervent prayer for his beloved friend. There was no apparent relief obtained, and both agreed that the reason of failure was probably their weakness of faith.

"Go," said Brother Thomas, "and tell Brother Zachariah to come and try it." Zachariah soon arrived, and, after learning the particulars, goose grease and all, clapped his hands in a very decided and earnest manner and exclaimed, "Why, Brother Joshua, that is the very thing! I believe it will do you good; for it is the good Lord's plan."

"Go on, then," said the other, "and let us believe for a certain and speedy answer."

Brother Zachariah was of an ardent, impulsive temperament, and entered into this procedure with great zest. After an unctuous application of the goose grease, he knelt down and began to pray, telling the Lord what had been done according to His own Word, and how sick his "poor brother" was. "And now, Lord," said he, "*raise him up*. Send down the power."

The "power" came; first upon Zachariah himself, so that he became very happy and began to shout; then upon Brother Thomas, who *leaped from his weary bed*, cured in body and filled with the Holy Ghost, and joined in the rejoicing of his friend, praising God for the signal answer given and the verification of His holy Word, which thereafter more than ever was believed by both as an unfailing foundation.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Struggle at Albany Between the Aspirants for the United States Senatorships vacant by the resignation of Messrs. Conkling and Platt, was not marked last week by any decisive change of position. Mr. Depew gained a few votes, but the total administration vote given if it had been concentrated on one candidate, would not have attained the number necessary to a choice. Substantially the vote remained the same as between the Stalwarts, the Anti-Stalwarts, and the Democrats, as it did in the early ballots, and there were no indications of a compromise being effected. The Administration wing is still led by Senator Robertson, who though nominated and confirmed to the office of Collector of the Port, is allowed by the President to retain his seat at Albany that he may take part in the contest. The situation is a very significant one, and both parties may study it with advantage. A few months ago we were promised peace, harmony, and prosperity, now the leaders of the Republican party, in their effort to grasp their shares of the patronage of the government, have torn their party into sections, and have endangered its prospects of a continued lease of power. *The spoils system* is the rock on which the administration has struck. That rock should be marked on the political chart, so that future presidents may see the consequences of making nominations to reward personal service, and Senators may gain a new idea of the popular phrase "The courtesy of the Senate."

The Alleged Attempt to Bribe a Member of the New York Legislature has been the topic of all-absorbing interest in political circles during the past week. On Thursday last, Assemblyman Bradley, of Olean, in Cattaraugus County, rose in the House to make a statement. He said he had been paid *two thousand dollars* to change his vote in the senatorial contest from ex-Senator Platt to Mr. Chauncey M. Depew; that he had received the money, and had handed it to the Speaker of the House, and now asked for an investigation. Speaker Sharpe corroborated the statement as to having received the money, and a committee was appointed to investigate the charge. Before the committee Mr. Bradley repeated his statement on oath, and added that the bribe had been given him by Senator Sessions. Mr. Sessions demanded to be heard in reply and swore that in the conversations between himself and Mr. Bradley, which had occurred as stated, not a word was said about money, nor any payment made. Three other supporters of Mr. Conkling testified that overtures of a similar character had been made to them to change their votes. It is therefore obvious that either the supporters of the Administration are guilty of bribery or the Stalwarts have entered into a conspiracy to ruin a candidate by false accusation.

The question seems likely to be diverted into a party issue between the Conkling men on the one hand and the Administration men on the other. That would be a very unsatisfactory way of dealing with it. This is a question of fact, not of party, and it should be thoroughly investigated, no matter who may be hurt. The honor of the Albany Legislature, of the Republican party, and of American politics is involved, and it will be a national disgrace if the investigation is choked off. Should the committee fail to decide the question, it may be hoped that the Attorney General will take it in hand, for conviction and punishment ought to follow such a charge on the one side or the other. At present only one fact is clearly established, and that is sufficiently lamentable. Of two men selected from among their fellow citizens to legislate at Albany for the great State of New York, one has been guilty of wilful and deliberate perjury, for no explanation can reconcile the contradiction in the evidence of Messrs. Sessions and Bradley. Beyond that, the honor of others is implicated, for if Mr. Bradley's statement is true no one supposes that the briber was spending his own money; and if Mr. Sessions' statement is true, then Mr. Bradley must have accomplices whose names are more prominent in politics than his own. The issue is deeply humiliating, however it may be decided.

The Republican Convention of Ohio, which assembled on June 8th, was chiefly remarkable from a national point of view in the attitude and strength of the temperance vote. Observers noted that the subject of Temperance was the one most dangerous to the unanimity of the party. The managers were in the difficulty of having to conciliate total abstainers without offending the German voters, who would not support any ticket tending toward prohibition. Adroit management was needed, for the loss of the prohibition or German vote would involve defeat. Ultimately a plank was inserted in the platform adopted, stating that "The public interests require that the General Assembly should submit to a vote of the people such amendments to the Constitution of the State relative to the manufacture, sale, and use of intoxicating liquors, as shall leave the whole matter to legislation." The concession is of the smallest, but small as it is, it indicates a rapid growth of prohibition sentiment in Ohio, which will ultimately compel more decided recognition. Governor Foster was re-nominated by acclamation, and the policy of "Ohio's honored son, the chief executive," was heartily indorsed.

Some Anxiety is Expressed as to the Course the Republicans of Virginia may adopt in the fall campaign. The ticket nominated by the party led by General Mahone was framed with the view of securing the Republican vote, and many Republicans attended that convention; but some ardent sympathizers with the Administration are urging the nomination of a straight Republican ticket. Should such a ticket be nominated and actively or tacitly supported by the administration, General Mahone's action in the Senate might undergo a change as disastrous to Republican control as the election of Democrats in New York would be.

The Rapid Growth and Formidable Power even now exercised by Mormonism are not fully appreciated by the public generally, nor is the danger that menaces our institutions from Mormonism realized as it should be. It is, however, already doing serious moral harm, as an incident which occurred recently, demonstrates. A young man in one of our eastern cities had been visiting a family for some time in which were two sisters. He became attached to both, and both of them professed their love for him. He tried for some time to decide to which of the two he should offer marriage, but failing, he proposed that both should go with him to Utah and enter into a polygamous marriage. The two girls were persuaded to accept his offer and were duly received into the Mormon fold.

Professor J. M. Coyner, of the Salt Lake Collegiate Institute, has had opportunities of observing *the political influence* of Mormonism, and in the course of a recent sermon in the Seventh Presbyterian Church of Cincinnati, he made the startling statement that nearly one-third of the territory of the United States is virtually under the control of Mormons. "Over Utah as a centre," he said, "they hold absolute sway. They are masters in Arizona, Idaho, and Wyoming. They are swiftly and surely moving on Montana and Washington Territories, and politically in Nevada and Colorado they hold the balance of power."

Mr. James S. Coleman has been Nominated by Mayor Grace and unanimously confirmed by the Board of Health as Commissioner of Street Cleaning for New York city. Mr. Coleman was born in 1843. His education was received at the public schools in this city. Since he became of age he has been engaged as contractor and superintendent of various important public works in different parts of the country. He was connected with the construction of the Morris and Essex, the New Jersey Central the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western and other eastern railways. He brings to his task considerable experience in practical work and a developed capacity for organizing and controlling large companies of men. If he is not hampered by the politicians hopes may be entertained that the metropolis may yet be cleansed before the summer heat comes upon us.

An Autograph Testimonial Album has been prepared for presentation to Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes by the ladies of Illinois, as an expression of admiration of that lady's conduct in excluding intoxicating liquors from the White House during her husband's term of office. The album consists of six large volumes of six hundred and fifty pages each, elegantly bound in full Turkey morocco. All through the volumes are scattered India ink drawings.

The first signature is that of Mrs. James K. Polk, Nashville, Tenn.; the second, that of R. B. Hayes. Among the autographs in volume one are those of the members of the late "Hayes Cabinet," Chief Justice Waite and the Justices of the Supreme Court, and the Governors of nearly all the States and Territories, under the official seal of each, followed by Congressmen and prominent professional and business men. Volume two begins with the Representatives of the State of Illinois, including the city and county officials, and a large space is filled by the postmasters, followed by railroad officials and bankers. Volume three is devoted to *authors and poets*. Prominent among these are Oliver Wendell Holmes, Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Harriet Beecher Stowe. H. W. Longfellow subscribes his name, with a few appropriate lines. Then follow departments devoted to music, actors, painters, sculptors, science and education. Volume four contains autographs of *scientific and professional men*. Volume five, prominent *business men and journalists*. Volume six is devoted to the *representatives of temperance* and religion, both State and National.

A Strike Among Brewers' Employes is the latest trade dispute. On June 6th the brewers' employes of New York, Brooklyn, Morrisania, Staten Island, Newark, and Union Hill, N. J., struck for a reduction of their laboring hours to twelve hours a day, with no Sunday work; but the last clause of the demand was supplemented by an agreement to do the few hours' work necessary on Sunday morning for fifty cents an hour, a rate much higher than their usual pay. It is said that about twenty firms have acceeded to the demands of the strikers, while the remaining ones, about fifty in number, have formed an organization to take measures of self-protection against what they claim to be an unjust strike on the part of their employes. If this strike resulted in a decrease in the consumption of the beverage it would be a public benefit, and we might hope that the difficulty would not be adjusted.

The National Temperance Convention of the State of New York convenes at Saratoga Springs on June 21st. All associations of ministers and ecclesiastical bodies, and all temperance organizations, are invited to send delegates. The Convention will last two days, and prominent friends of the cause will prepare papers upon special topics, which will be put in type and presented to the Convention for discussion.

The International Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations held at Cleveland, O., fully realized the expectations of those who predicted for it a signal success. The regular convention was preceded by a four-days' conference of local, State, and International Secretaries, at which one hundred and fifty gentlemen who give their whole time to this work were present. The convention held its sessions in the First Methodist Church. John L. Wheat, of Louisville, Ky., was chosen president. Nearly *six hundred delegates* were present from thirty-one States, Territories, and Provinces, representing associations from Halifax to New Orleans and San Francisco. The report of the International Committee, showing the results of its plans for stimulating and developing Christian effort in regular and special work of the associations, attracted deep interest and profitable discussion. The convention decided to hold its next meeting at Milwaukee, Wis., in 1883.

Prayer for Sunday-schools.—In Accordance with a resolution adopted at their meeting in August, 1880, the Executive Committee earnestly recommend that Sunday, June 19th, 1881, the Sabbath immediately preceding the International Convention at Toronto, Canada, be universally observed as a day of united prayer for Sunday Schools throughout the world, invoking especially the manifest blessing of God to rest upon the Convention, that it may be fruitful in good issues to the cause in which we are engaged.

An Interesting Immigrant Arrived in New York recently in the person of Mrs. Margaret Hughes, the venerable mother of Thomas Hughes. She is so enthusiastic about the success of the colony her son has founded at Rugby, Tenn., that though eighty-three years of age, she has come to this country to spend the rest of her days there. She is described as being perfectly erect and even stately in her carriage. Her eyes are beautiful, so bright and clear are they, and her cheerful face is surrounded by thick, snowy curls. Her voice has the strength and music of youth.

Fishing for Nine Million Dollars is an Enter- prise in which the crew of a vessel which sailed from Philadelphia on June 6th has engaged. It appears that eighty-one years ago a Spanish man-of-war sank near the mouth of the Rio de la Plata. It was a vessel sent out to collect tribute from the different Spanish possessions, and was returning to Spain with $9,000,000 in Spanish gold when a storm arose. The ship sprang a leak and went to the bottom with every one on board. The money at the time was contained in a strong iron tank or safe, and is, it is supposed, to this day lying at the bottom of the sea undisturbed. The Fortuna has been fitted out by the speculators for the attempt to raise the vessel. It will be necessary to remove twenty feet of mud from the top of the wreck, which will be a work of immense labor and peril. The captain and crew are, however, enthusiastic in their effort, and are confident of success. The prospect of gaining gold, however dangerous and uncertain the enterprise may be, is sufficiently alluring to engage the best energies of worldly men, but a treasure which makes rich but adds no sorrow therewith is neglected, and the attempt to obtain it is often postponed as a disagreeable task until it is too late to seek it (Prov. 10 : 22).

Prayer for the New Version of the New Tes- tament is urged by a writer in a contemporary. The suggestion is practical and timely. It is evident that the work of the revisers will not receive unanimous approval, several eminent preachers in this country and in Great Britain having already expressed their objections to it. But there is no doubt as to the immense number of copies of it put in circulation and we may legitimately pray for God's blessing upon it.

One of the most remarkable scenes in connection with the issue of the book was *the scene in Wall Street* a few days after it was given to the public. Six enterprising street venders appeared in that temple of Mammon carrying trays loaded with small and neatly bound volumes and shouting "Bibles, only a quarter!" The pedlers, who were mostly active young men, were apparently very successful. Brokers and bankers, young clerks and Stock Exchange operators, were seen to walk away with a copy of the book in their hands or bulging from their pockets. Some of the dealers sold out all they had on their trays, and went away to return with a fresh supply. Altogether several hundred New Testaments must have been disposed of in the neighborhood of the Stock Exchange during the day. One old gentleman alighting from his carriage at his broker's door, stood amazed at the scene and exclaimed: "Well, I never expected to live to see the Bible sold in Wall Street. They need it here badly enough. Here, young man, I'll take two copies, just to set a good example."

Why Mr. Moody Always came in Late to his class when he was a young man was explained by a speaker at the recent Y. M. C. A. convention at Cleveland. In the course of a speech at the concluding meeting Mr. J. V. Farwell, of Chicago, said: "I remember that when Brother Moody began to come to the class in Chicago, to which I belonged, he used to come very late. He came in about a quarter of an hour before the meeting was out. I inquired the reason and found that he was out in the alleys south of our church for two hours in the morning getting the dirty and ragged children out of their beds, getting their faces washed and taking them around to the Sunday-school. I could not then understand why it was he wanted to do it, but it was the joy of the boy's life to get these ragged, dirty children where they could hear the Gospel."

A Secret was Carried to the Grave at North Attleboro, Mass., about six months ago. After the funeral of a well-known citizen his heirs commenced a search for documents known to be in existence, among which were his will and the record of his property. They could not be found, and for nearly six months diligent but unavailing search was made for them. At length it was resolved to disinter the body, and a permit having been obtained the casket was raised and opened. It was then found that the missing documents and a considerable sum of money were by inadvertence left in the pockets of the coat in which the dead man had been buried. It is seldom that dead men are interred with so much property in their pockets, and in this case it was only done through negligence, but many people act as if they expected to take their property not only into but beyond the grave. There is, however, a treasure we may lay up available in Heaven (Matt. 6 : 19, 20).

A Bride was Accidentally Shot at Denver, Col., on May 31st. The story of the shooting relates one of the most deplorable of recent crimes. The bride and her husband were dining with a real estate agent when a message was brought to the table that a gentleman was waiting to see the agent. He rose and went into the next room to meet his visitor, leaving the folding doors behind him partly open. As he entered the room he recognized the husband of a woman with whom he had had improper intimacy. This man opened fire upon him with a revolver as he entered, and emptied all the barrels, killing his enemy. One of the balls missed its mark and struck the bride as she was leaving the table with her husband. The missile went straight to her heart and she fell dead in her husband's arms. It is inevitable that crime should involve suffering for the innocent as well as the guilty, but this is one of the saddest and strangest instances of the rule.

Mr. Joseph Sabin, One of the Most Eminent of American Bibliopolists, died on Sunday June 5th, in Brooklyn. He knew so much about books that he was called a walking catalogue. Throughout his life he had been distinguished for his love of reading, and it is asserted that he was able to give from memory an intelligent summary of the contents of ninety thousand out of one hundred thousand books. His memory was so astonishingly retentive that he could recollect not only the exact title of any book he had ever seen, but could also tell its size, the author's name and the value of the book historically, commercially, and otherwise. Mr. Sabin compiled several works on his favorite subject, the principal one of which he had not completed when he died. It is the "Dictionary of Books Relating to America from its Discovery to the Present Time." Mr. Sabin was born in England in 1821 and came to America in 1848.

EVERYDAY RELIGION.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"The life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God."—GAL. 2 : 20.

The Influence of Faith on Life—I. It Inclines to Industry—The Vocation Should be Honorable—Its Sphere Directed of God—Suitable to Ability—II. It Leads a Man to Rely on God—For Requisite Qualifications—For Prudence and Wisdom—For Success—In Reference to Surroundings—III. To Serve God in Daily Life—By Obedience—By Manifesting Christian Spirit—Wesley's Advice to Sophia Cook—IV. It Reconciles to Discomfort—V. It Casts the Burden Upon the Lord—VI. It Moderates the Feeling as to Results—Two Gathered Roses—VII. It Enables a Man to Leave his Occupation Cheerfully When the Time Comes—Service Ended by Circumstances—By Weakness—By Death—An Old Puritan's Quaint Testimony.

I AM not about to preach from this whole verse, for I have done that before: this single sentence will suffice me. I shall not attempt to enter into the fulness of the spiritual meaning of this very deep and fruitful passage; I am merely going to bring out *one thought* from it, and to try to work that out, I trust, to practical ends. It has sometimes been objected to the preaching of the Gospel, that we exhort men to live for another sphere, and do not teach them to live well in the present life. Nothing can be more untrue than this: I venture to say that more practical moral teaching is given by ministers of the Gospel than by all the philosophers, lecturers, and moralists put together. While we count ourselves to be ordained to speak of something higher than mere morals, we nevertheless, nay, and for that very reason, inculcate the purest code of duty, and lay down the soundest rules of conduct.

It would be a great pity, dear brethren, if in the process of being qualified for the next life we became disqualified for this; but it is not so. It would be a very strange thing if, in order to be fit for the company of angels, we should grow unfit to associate with men; but it is not so. It would be a singular circumstance if those who speak of heaven had nothing to say concerning the way thither; but it is not so. The calumny is almost too stale to need a new denial. My brethren, true religion has as much to do with this world as with the world to come; it is always urging us onward to the higher and better life; but it does so by processes and precepts which fit us worthily to spend our days while here below.

The sphere of faith is *earth and heaven*, time and eternity; the sweep of its circle takes in the whole of our being—spirit, soul, and body; it comprehends the past and the future, and it certainly does not omit the present. With the things that now are the faith of Christians has to do; and it is concerning the life that we now live in the flesh that I shall now speak, trying, by the help of God's Spirit, to show the influence which faith has upon it.

There are seven points in which faith in Him who loved us and gave Himself for us will have a distinct influence upon the life which we now live in the flesh.

I. FAITH INCLINES A MAN TO AN INDUSTRIOUS LIFE.

It suggests activity. I will venture to say of any lazy man that he has little or no faith in God; for faith always worketh—"worketh by love." I lay it down as a thesis which shall be proved by observation that a believing man becomes an active man, or else it is because he cannot act, and, therefore, what would have been activity runs into the channel of patience, and he endures with resignation the will of the Most High. He who does nothing believes nothing—that is to say, in reality and in truth. Faith is but an empty show if it produces no result upon the life. If a professor manifests no energy, no industry, no zeal, no perseverance, no endeavor to serve God, there is cause gravely to question whether he is a believer at all.

Look at the prodigal, and note his early desires. The life of grace begins to gleam into his spirit, and its first effect is the confession of sin. He cries, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called

thy son." But what is the second effect? He desires to be doing something. "Make me as one of thy hired servants." Having nothing to do had helped to make him the prodigal he was. He had wasted his substance in *riotous idleness*, seeking enjoyment without employment. He had plunged into the foulest vices because he was master of money but not master of himself. It was not an ill thing for him when he was sent into the fields to feed swine: the company which he met with at the swine trough was better than that which he had kept at his banquets. One of the signs of the return of his soul's sanity was his willingness to work, although it might be only as a menial servant in his father's house.

Every one should follow an honorable vocation. It was a rule of the old church, and it ought to be one of the present—"If any man will not work neither let him eat." It is good for us all to have something to do, and plenty of it. When man was perfect God placed him in a paradise, but not in a dormitory. He set him in the garden to "dress it and to keep it." It would not have been a happy place for Adam if he had had nothing to do but to smell the roses and gaze at the flowers: work was as essential to the perfect man as it is to us, though it was not of the kind which brings sweat to the face or weariness to the limbs.

The text says, "The life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God." Does faith in the Son of God, who loved him and gave Himself for him, suggest to the redeemed man that he should be industrious and active? Assuredly it does; for it sets the divine Saviour before him as an example; and where was there ever one who worked as Jesus did? In His early youth He said, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

HE WAS NO LOITERING HEIR

of a gentleman, but the toiling son of a carpenter. In after life it was His meat and His drink to do the will of Him that sent Him.

True faith in Him who loved us, and gave Himself for us, also *seeks direction* of the Lord as to the sphere of its action, and waits upon Him to be guided by Him in the choice of a calling. This part of our discourse may be useful to young persons who have not settled upon what they are to do in life. Faith is a great service to us here. Much depends upon the choice of our pursuits. Some people are trying to do what they were never made for, ambitious beyond their line. This is a grievous evil. There should, therefore, be a seeking unto God for guidance and direction; and faith leads us to such seeking.

This prayer may be used in many senses: "Show me what thou wouldest have me to do." In the choice of a calling faith helps a Christian to refuse that which is the most lucrative if it be attended with a questionable morality. If the Christian could have huge purses of that gold, which is coined out of the drunkenness, the lust, or the ungodliness of men, he would scorn to put them among his stores. Trades which are injurious to men's minds and hearts are not lawful callings before God.

Dishonest gain is awful loss. Gold gained by deceit or oppression shall burn into the soul of its owner as the fire of hell. "Make money," said the worldling to his son; "make it honestly if you can, but, anyhow, make money." Faith abhors this precept of Mammon, and having God's providence for its inheritance, it scorns the devil's bribe. Choose no calling over which you cannot ask God's blessing, or you will be acting contrary to the law of faith.

Callings should be deliberately chosen with a view to our own suitableness for them. Faith watches the design of God, and desires to act according to His intent. It had been ill for David to have lived in retirement, or for the prophet Nathan to have aspired to the throne. The law of the kingdom is—"Every man in his own order;" or in other words, "Every man according to his several ability." If the Lord has given us one talent let us use it in its own market; or if two, or five, let us trade with them where they can be most profitably employed, so that we may be found faithful servants in the day of the Master's coming.

We should also by faith desire such a calling as Providence evidently has arranged and intended for us. Some persons have never had a free choice of what vocation they would follow; for from their birth, position, surroundings, and connections they are set in a certain line of things, like carriages on the tram lines, and they must follow on the appointed track, or stand still. Faith expects to hear the voice behind it saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it." Trusting to our own judgment often means following our own whims; but faith seeks direction from infallible wisdom, and so it is led in a right way. God knows your capacity better than you do; entreat Him to choose your inheritance for you.

So, then, you see, faith has much to do with the force and direction of our life in the flesh. It provides impetus by giving a man something to live for; it shows him the far-reaching influences of the thoughts and deeds of to-day, and how they issue in eternal results; and faith also takes the helm and steers the vessel along a safe channel toward the haven of holy rest. Happy are they who in the early days of their youth believe in Him who loved them and gave Himself for them, and so begin their life-walk with Jesus.

II. Secondly, faith leads a man

TO LOOK TO GOD FOR HELP

in his ordinary avocation. Here, again, it has a great influence over him. A believer may seek of God the *qualifications* for his particular calling. "What," say you, "may we pray about such things?" Yes. The laborer may appeal to God for strength; the artisan may ask God for skill; the student may seek God for help to quicken his intelligence. If you pray over your work I am persuaded you will be helped in it. If for your calling you are as yet but slenderly qualified, you may every morning pray God to help you that you may be careful and observant as an apprentice or a beginner; for has He not promised that as your day your strength shall be? A mind which is trusting in the Lord is in the best condition for acquiring knowledge, and getting understanding.

As to your *behavior* also in your work, there is room for faith and prayer. For, O brethren, whether qualified or not for any particular offices of this life, our conduct is the most important matter. It is well to be clever, but it is essential to be pure. I would have you masters of your trades, but I am even more earnest that you should be honest, truthful, and holy. About this we may confidently go to God and ask Him to lead us in a plain path, and to hold up our goings that we slip not. He can and will help us to behave ourselves wisely. "Lead us not into temptation" is one sentence of our daily prayer, and we may further ask that when we are in the temptation we may be delivered from the evil.

We need prudence, and faith remembers that if any lack wisdom he may ask of God. Godliness teaches the young men prudence, the babes knowledge and discretion. And so, dear friends, engaged in service or in business, you may go to your heavenly Father and ask Him to guide you with His counsel, and you may rest assured that He will order all your way, so that your daily calling shall not hinder your heavenly calling, nor your conduct belie your profession.

Faith bids you seek help from God as to the *success* of your daily calling. Know ye not what David says, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it. It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows: for so He giveth His beloved sleep." It is a most pleasant thing to be able by faith to consult the holy oracle about everything, whether it arises in trade, or in the family, or in the church. We may say with Abraham's servant, "O Lord, I pray Thee send me good speed this day." You may expect success if you thus seek it; and peradventure some of you would have prospered more if you had more believingly sought the Lord. I say "peradventure," because God does not always prosper even His own people in outward things, since it is sometimes better for their souls that they should be in adversity, and then the highest prosperity is a want of prosperity. Faith quiets the heart in this matter by enabling us to leave results in the hand of God.

Faith acts also in reference to our *surroundin* We are all very much influenced by those ab us. God can raise us up friends who will be e nently helpful to us, and we may pray Him do so: He can put us into a circle of society which we shall find much assistance in this li affairs, and also in our progress toward heave and concerning this we know that "The steps a good man are ordered of the Lord."

III. Thirdly, faith exercises a power over man's life of a remarkable kind, because it le him

TO SERVE GOD

in his daily calling. Never is life more ennob than when we do all things as unto God. T makes drudgery sublime, and links the poor menial with the brightest angel. Seraphs ser God in heaven, and you and I may serve Him the pulpit or in the kitchen and be as accepted they are. Brethren, Christian men are helped faith to serve God in their calling *by obedience God's commands*, by endeavoring to order eve thing according to the rules of love to God a love to men. In such a case integrity and u rightness preserve the man, and his *business comes true worship.*

Godly men exercise faith in God in their callin by trying to *manifest a Christian spirit* in all th they do. The spirit which actuates us may se to be a small matter so long as we are outwar right; but it is in reality the essence of the wh thing. Take away the flavor from the fruit, or t fragrance from the flower, and what is left? su is correct living without the savor of grace. T same thing can be done in several ways: you c do *a right thing in so wrong a way* as to make wrong. Even in giving to the poor, a churl w trample upon their feelings in the very act of l charity; while I have known others who have be unable to give who, nevertheless, have express their inability in so kindly a form that they ha comforted the disappointed applicant. Oh, to a in your trade and you calling as Christ would ha acted had He been in your place.

Furthermore, in all that we do, we should *aiming at God's glory*. We should do everythi as unto God, and not unto men. There would no eye-service if we left off being men pleasers a began to please God. Neither would there be i patience under injustice; for if men do not acce our service when we have done it with all c hearts, we shall comfort ourselves with the refl tion that our Master in heaven knows how little deserve the unrighteous censure. To live as kin and priests unto God is *the cream of living*. Th will you be the Lord's free men. Serve God serving men, and serve men by serving Go there is a way of working out those two sentenc even to the full, and thus rendering life sublin

Sophia Cook sought Mr. Wesley's counsel as what she should do in life, and he answered "L to-day:" a very short direction but one that is f of wisdom. "Live to-day" and to-morrow y may do the same. Plans for the whole term life many of you may not be able to construct, b mind that you work while it is called to-day. "Sc go work to-day in my vineyard" is the gr Father's word. How would a man live if he f that he was specially to live for God *this da* Suppose that to-day there was a vow upon you, some other bond, by which you felt that this wh day was solemnly consecrated to the Lord; h would you behave yourself? So ought you to b have this day, and every day; for you belo wholly to Him who loved you, and gave Hims for you.

IV. Fourthly, faith has a very beneficial inf ence upon the life that we live in the flesh, for

IT RECONCILES A MAN TO DISCOMFORTS

of his calling. It is not every calling that is ea or lucrative, or honored among men. It is a hap circumstance when a man has espoused a busine which is so congenial with his taste that he wou not change it for another if he could: but sor find their trades irksome to them. This is an e under the sun. Some employments are despis by the thoughtless, and involve much self-deni and hence those who follow them need much fai to enable them to live above the trials of their po

tion. Faith teaches the humble worker to see Jesus in all His lowliness, condescending to take upon Himself the form of a servant for our sakes.

Your faith ought to help you by arousing your gratitude for deliverance from *a far worse drudgery*. You did for Satan things of which you are now ashamed. Any work for the devil, and for his black cause, would be dishonorable : to rule an empire for Satan would disgrace us ; to wear the crown put on our heads by sinning would be a horrible curse, but to wash feet for Christ is glorious service. There is no degradation in anything that is done for God. Faith in God sanctifies the man, and his calling, too, and makes it pleasant to him to carry the cross of Christ in his daily labor. There are some who hold their heads high, who, nevertheless, do things that are disgraceful to humanity ; but surely you and I ought never to think anything a hardship which falls to our lot by the appointment of divine providence.

Faith is a great teacher of *humility ;* for it bids us think little of ourselves, and rest alone in God ; and because it fosters humility it renders a man's task pleasant when else it would be irksome. Pride makes a man stiff in the back : there are some works which he cannot do though he would be happy enough in doing them if he had not such foolish ideas of his own importance. Hard work is no disgrace to any man ; it is far more degrading to be leading the life of a fashionable do-nothing.

Faith also *removes discomforts* by reminding us that they will not last long. Faith says of trial, "Bear it ! The time is short. Soon the Saviour cometh, and the poorest of His followers shall then reign with Him." Toil on, O weary one, for the morning light will put an end to thy labor, which lasts only through the hours of darkness. The glory breaks : the night is wearing away, and the dawn appeareth. Therefore patiently wait and quietly hope, for thou shalt see the salvation of God. Thus faith takes the thorns from our pillow, and makes us learn in whatsoever state we are therewith to be content. Call you this nothing? Has not Jesus done much for us when by faith in Him we have learned to endure the ills of life with sweet content ?

V. Fifthly, faith has this further influence upon ordinary life—that

IT CASTS ALL THE BURDEN OF IT UPON THE LORD.

Faith is the great remover of yokes, and it does this in part by making us submissive to God's will. When we have learned to submit we cease to repine. Faith teaches us so to believe in God's infallible wisdom and perfect love, that we consent unto the Lord's will and rejoice in it. Faith teaches us to look to the end of every present trial and to know that it works together for good : thus again reconciling us to the passing grief which it causes. Faith teaches us to depend upon the power of God to help us in the trial, and through the trial, and in this way we are no longer stumbled by afflictions, but rise above them as on eagles' wings.

Brethren, if any of you are anxious, careworn, and worried, stop not in such a state of mind ; it cannot do you any good ; and it reflects no honor upon your great Father. Pray for more faith, that you may have no back-breaking load to carry, but may transfer it to the great Burden-bearer. Pray to your great Lord so to strengthen and ease your heart that your only care may be to please Him, and that you may be released from all other care.

What burden faith finds in her daily avocation she casts it upon God by prayer. We begin with God in the morning, seeking help to do our work, and to do it well. At His hands we seek guidance and prosperity from hour to hour. We pray Him to prevent our doing any wrong to others, or suffering any wrong from them ; and we ask Him to keep our temper and to preserve our spirit while we are with worldly men. We beg that we may not be infected by the evil example of others, and that our example may be such as may be safely followed. These are our great concerns in business ; we tremble lest in anything we should dishonor God, and we trust in Him to keep us.

To all this the example of the Saviour leads us, and His love within our hearts draws us. "He trusted on the Lord that He would deliver him," and "was heard in that he feared."

VI. Sixthly, faith hath a happy influence upon the present life, for it moderates a man's feelings as to

THE RESULT OF HIS WORK.

Sometimes the result of our work is prosperity, and here the grace of God prevents a surfeit of worldly things. There is a keen test of character in prosperity. Everybody longs for it, but it is not every man that can bear it when it comes. True faith forbids our setting great store by worldly goods and pleasures and enjoyments, for it teaches us that our treasure is in heaven. If we begin to idolize the things that are seen, we shall soon degenerate and turn aside from God. How easily we may spoil a blessing ! Two friends gathered each a rose : the one was continually smelling at it, touching its leaves and handling it as if he could not hold it too fast ; you do not wonder that it was soon withered. The other took his rose, enjoyed its perfume moderately, carried it in his hand for a while, and then placed it on the table in water, and hours after it was almost as fresh as when it was plucked from the bough.

We may dote on our worldly gear until *God becomes jealous of it*, and sends a blight upon it ; and, on the other hand, we may with holy moderateness use these things as not abusing them, and get from them the utmost good which they are capable of conveying to us. Many pursue wealth or fame as some eager boy hunts the painted butterfly : at last, after a long and weary run, he dashes it down with his cap, and with the stroke he spoils its beauty. Many a man hath reached the summit of a life-long ambition and found it to be mere vanity. In gaining all he has lost all ; wealth has come, but the power to enjoy it has gone ; life has been worn out in the pursuit, and no strength is left with which to enjoy the gain. It shall not be so with the man who lives by faith, for his chief joys are above, and his comfort lies within. To him God is joy so rich that other joy is comparatively flavorless.

But perchance the result of all our work may be adversity. Some men row very hard, and yet their boat makes no headway. When an opportunity presents itself the tide of trade suddenly turns against them. When they have corn in the mill the wind does not blow. Perhaps they lose all but their character, and then it is that faith comes in to cheer them under the disaster. I am deeply grieved when I hear of persons committing suicide because they were in difficulties : it is a dreadful thing thus to rush before one's Creator unbidden. Faith sustains the heart and puts aside all thoughts of such desperate attempts to fly from present griefs by plunging into far more awful woes. We shall bear up and come through our trials triumphantly if we have faith in God.

O brothers and sisters, faith is a precious preparative for anything and everything that comes ; mind that you have it always ready for action. Do not leave it at home in time of storm as *the foolish seaman* left his anchor. It is not a grace to be shut up in a closet, or fastened to a communion table, or boxed up in a pew, but it is an everyday grace which is to be our companion in the shop and in the market, in the parlor and in the kitchen, in the workroom and in the field ; ay, it may go into the workhouse with the poor, as well as into the mansion with the rich ; it may either cheer the dreary hours of the infirmary, or sanctify the sunny weeks of holiday.

Faith is for every place in which a good man may lawfully be found. "Should fate command you to the utmost verge of the green earth, to rivers unknown to song" yet shall a childlike faith in God find you a home in every clime, under every sky. Oh, to feel the power of it, as to all that comes of our labor, that the life which we live in the flesh may be lived by faith in the Son of God, who loved us and gave Himself for us.

VII. Seventhly, faith has this sweet influence upon our present life, that it enables a man

CHEERFULLY TO LEAVE HIS OCCUPATION

when the time comes. A Christian may have to quit a favorite vocation on account of circumstances over which he has no control ; he may have to emigrate to a distant land, or altogether to change his mode of living, and this may involve many a wrench to his feelings. It is not always easy to leave the old house, and all its surroundings, and to take a long journey ; nor is it pleasant to change one's settled habits and begin life anew ; yet true faith sets loose by worldly things, and is ready to haul up the anchor and make sail at the divine bidding. The believer says, "Command my journey, and I go." I am but a tent dweller, and must expect to be on the move.

Sometimes our vocations have to be given up through weakness or old age. It is a hard pinch to many a busy man when he feels that he has no more strength for business, when he perceives that other and more vigorous minds must be allowed to step into the long occupied position. The workman cannot bear to feel that his hand has lost its cunning : it is a sharp experience. Faith is of essential service here. It helps a man to say, "My Master, I am one of the vessels of Thy house ; if Thou wilt use me I will be glad ; but if Thou wilt put me on the shelf, I will be glad too. It must be best for me to be as Thou wouldst have me."

And then comes at last the leaving of your vocation by death, which will arrive in due time to us all. Then faith displays its utmost energy of blessing. Brethren, may we meet death as Moses did, who when God bade him climb the mountain, for there he must die, uttered no word of sorrow, but like a child obeyed his father, went upstairs to bed, looked wistfully out at the window upon the promised land, and then fell asleep. How sweet to look upon the goodly land and Lebanon, and then to be kissed to sleep by his Father's own mouth, and to be buried man knoweth not where. His work was done, and his rest was come. Beautiful are the departing words of Samuel, when, laying down his office, he can challenge all men to bear witness to his character. Happy man, to depart amid universal blessing. O that each one of us may be ready to render in his account before the judgment-seat of Christ—let the last day come when it may.

Our Master, by whose love we have been endowed with faith, has taught us *how to die* as well as how to live. He could say, "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do," and He would have us say it. Thrice happy man who, in laying down the shepherd's crook or the carpenter's plane, in putting aside the ledger or the class-book, never to open them again, can exclaim, "I have fought a good fight ; I have kept the faith ; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of life which fadeth not away."

A QUAINT ANSWER.

Good old Mede, the Puritan, when he was very old, and leaning on his staff, was asked how he was, and he answered, "Why, going home as fast as I can; as every honest man ought to do when his day's work is done : and I bless God I have a good home to go to." Dear aged saints, so near home, does not faith transform death from an enemy into a friend, as it brings the glory so near to you ? You will soon be in the Father's house and leave me behind ; and yet I cannot tell ; I remember that the other disciple did outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulchre, and so, perhaps, may I. You have the start of us in years, but we may be called home before you, for there are last that shall be first. Let death come when it may we shall not be afraid, for Jesus, who has loved us and given Himself for us, is the resurrection and the life.

Living this life in the flesh by faith upon the Son of God, we are waiting for *the usher of the black rod* to bring a message from the King to summon us to meet Him in the upper house. Why should we be loth to go ? What is there here that we should wait ? What is there on this poor earth to detain a heaven-born and heaven-bound spirit ? Nay, let us go, for *He* is gone in whom our treasure is, whose beauties have engrossed our love. He is not here, why should we desire to linger ? He has risen, let us rise.

Thus, from the beginning to the end of the life that we live in the flesh, faith upon the Son of God answereth all things, and all its paths drop fatness.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Matthew 6.]

MR. JOHN JAMES JONES, M.G.C., F.R.G.S.
The Christian Philanthropist.

His Early History and Marriage—His Conversion—How his Work Among the Cabmen in London came About—The Homerton Mission and Other Benevolent Works Conducted at the East of London—His Foreign War Experiences in Servia—At the Paris Exhibition.

THE life of a useful man is ever worth perusing, and it is pre-eminently the life of a useful man to which we have this week the pleasure of directing the reader's attention. Mr. John James Jones, Director of the "London Samaritan Society," better known under its former title of the "Homerton Mission," was the son of the late Thomas Jones, a builder and contractor in Chepstow. It was originally intended that he should be associated with his father in the business, and accordingly at the age of fifteen we find him entering upon that occupation, in which he soon attained a fair degree of proficiency. Four years later he occupied a position at Messrs. Cubitt's great building establishment in London; but being compelled to relinquish it on account of ill-health, he returned home. He was then offered a situation in the drapery and furnishing establishment of Messrs. Jones & Co., of Bristol, which he accepted; and on February 3, 1869, *he married the only daughter* of Abraham Board, Esq., of South Brent, near Bridgewater.

So far, Mr. Jones had led a careless life, and his heart had not been touched by the power of the Spirit. Like thousands of persons, then as now, he had a form of godliness without its living, vitalizing power; but that was soon to come. One Sunday the thought flashed through his mind, "I should like to hear *George Müller* preach." He had heard of his wonderful Orphanages, and of the miraculous manner in which they were sustained, and his curiosity was thoroughly aroused both to see and hear that remarkable man, to whom all Christendom points as having *that faith* which can do a more useful thing than remove mountains—feed, clothe, and house destitute orphans.

On the Sunday that Mr. Jones determined to go to Mr. Müller's church Mr. Müller was absent; but his pulpit was occupied by Mr. Benjamin Thomas. It is sufficient to say that an arrow from the Almighty struck the heart of the young man, and that night before retiring to rest he could say truly that he had found pardon and peace in Christ Jesus.

From that moment John James Jones was an altered man. He desired no longer to live for himself alone, but for the good that he could do to the perishing ones around him, whom he yearned to bring to a knowledge of the same peace that he himself had found. Having some private means, he no longer sought to aggrandize himself, but prayed for Divine guidance to show him what to do.

In the first place, like one of old, when converted, he went and told the good news *at home* at Chepstow, and soon arranged for a series of special services extending over two weeks. God so blessed the testimony he gave, that many professed to believe; and when he left Chepstow hundreds of persons accompanied him to the train to wish him God speed.

Mr. Jones found his first sphere of usefulness in the

NIGHT AND RAGGED SCHOOLS

of Bristol; and after a while in conjunction with Dr. Mackenzie, he took the "Theatre and Palace of Varieties" for special religious services, where he had for his associates Major Duncan, Major Tyerman, Mr. George Müller, and other Christian men of almost every denomination. Dr. Mackenzie and Mr. Jones decided to give up all their time to the Lord's service, and proceeded together to London to prepare for work in the *foreign field*. A very simple incident—and yet it is on these that often depend the great issues of life—occurred at the very end of the journey, which eventually completely altered Mr. Jones' intention. On his arrival at the house of his brother-in-law he spoke to the cabman, and gave him a small Testament, and was surprised to find how neglected that class was by the Christian community at large. He became greatly interested in cabmen, got up special meetings for them, and soon saw there was a vast field at home in which, though the harvest was plenteous, the laborers were few. This led him to relinquish the idea of foreign work. However, his friend Dr. Mackenzie went to China, and is now laboring in connection with the London Missionary Society as a medical missionary.

We now come to the leading feature in Mr. Jones' Christian life, viz., the organization of the Homerton Mission, but now known as the London Samaritan Society. The former title was inappropriate, inasmuch as the ramifications of the work extended all over London. It has been the writer's lot to attend the Early Sunday Morning Breakfasts in places far distant from each other, as Whitecross Street, Mile End New Town, and Camberwell. On inquiry we found that each of these was given through the agency of the Homerton Mission, of which Mr. Jones was the very life and soul, and without whom, under the blessing of God, it would never have had an existence. The extent of this work may be gathered from the fact that, during the last winter alone, no fewer than

85,000 FREE BREAKFASTS

were given, in connection with sixty-eight churches, chapels, and mission halls, through the agency of this mission, to the most destitute poor of London. There are missionaries connected with Mr. Jones's work laboring among the cabmen, the fire brigade men, and a colporteur distributes his tracts all about East London.

Another outcome of the work has been the "Chepstow Castle" Coffee Palace and Reading Rooms, a favorite resort with the working people of Homerton, and one which pays its expenses, and is therefore no drain upon the general funds. There is a Mission Hall attached, at which the services are taken by the ministers and lay preachers of all denominations. In fact, from beginning to end Mr. Jones has sought to make his work unsectarian, and has perfectly succeeded. But the narrow confines of this Mission Hall were totally insufficient to accommodate the crowds of working people who wished to be present at the services, and the question forced itself upon Mr. Jones' mind whether the time had not come to build *a far larger hall*, which should be used mainly for the spiritual, intellectual, and moral well-being of those who do not attend any regular place of worship.

Mr. Jones is pre-eminently a man of action, and having found a suitable plot of ground, he at once caused building operations to be commenced, and on the 24th of September, 1879, "The Homerton Evangelical Hall," for so the building is called, was opened under the happiest auspices, at a cost of about £4,000. The hall is well fitted, and will comfortably seat about 800 persons. Since the opening all the Sunday services and miscellaneous meetings that are held throughout the week have been crowded. All seats are free, and all who frequent the hall are treated on the same level, viz., that of sinners needing the precious blood of a Saviour.

Later still Mr. Jones opened a *Convalescent Home at Dover* for the destitute sick. There are hundreds of lives lost for the want of a little change of air, rest, and nourishing food at the time of recovery from illness, and this Home is intended, as far as means will allow, to supply this want.

Not the least important feature of Mr. Jones' life has been the service he voluntarily rendered to the refugees during the late Servo-Turkish and Russo-Turkish wars, for which service he was decorated by Prince Milan with the *Milan Grand Cross*, and on his return he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. In the first war he labored in connection with the Metropolitan Committee of London, and in the second with Viscountess Strangford's Fund, and exposed himself to perils to which it is needless to advert.

In 1878 Mr. Jones was asked to take the direction of some Christian work in Paris during the Exhibition, including the British Tea and Coffee Palace, and obtained for his supporters the Duke of Westminster, the Right Honorable Cowper-Temple, M.P., Samuel Morley, Esq., M.P., J. G. Barclay, Esq., F. A. Bevan, Esq., the Rev. Michael Baxter, London editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and others.

Mr. Jones left England on May 12th on behalf of the working classes of the United Kingdom and to make himself personally and practically acquainted with the large resources of Canada and the States, and their facilities for absorbing British immigrants, and as it is Mr. Jones's intention to take part in Christian work while in this country, if any of our readers wish to communicate with him or to send contributions for his work in England, they may address him in care of Mr. T. Board, Box 340, Windsor P. O., Ontario, Canada.

INCIDENTS OF THE FIVE POINTS MISSION.

A Woman in Cow Bay.

MY assistant and myself went out to visit the sick, and, among others, we called to find a woman in Cow Bay, who had sent for us. We entered one house and searched in every room without success. We then tried the adjoining one, and, after climbing the ricketty stairs and stooping along the low narrow passages, we reached the attic, at one end of which we saw a door, where we knocked for some time and at last opened it ourselves. Our hearts grew sad within us as, away in one corner, between a huge chest on one side and the brick wall on the other, we found the object of our search lying on the dirty floor. Her only covering was her birthday suit and a ragged cotton quilt, which formed no contrast in color with the floor.' She presented a fearful picture of *humanity wrecked*.

On inquiry we found she was suffering the results of crime the most awful. She had been for many months pursuing a course of most fearful intemperance, and was then living with a black man. The present sickness was occasioned in the first place by excess and had afflicted her about a year, but it had been greatly increased by shocking scenes in the room. A white woman, who had been horribly beaten by the black man with whom she was living, had died on the Sunday previous to our visit, and had not been buried until the succeeding Wednesday; the putrid body spreading contagion in every direction through the house and especially in this low narrow room.

Too weak to go out this poor creature lay in the room with the corpse three days and three nights—a situation horrible beyond description. Her decline was hastened by this; and the wretched creature lay before us writhing in excruciating agony. My assistant went for the doctor, and I talked with the poor woman about her soul. She had been piously brought up, and *her parents* still lived in one of the most aristocratic portions of the city, not knowing anything about her. She had often felt in her wildest revelry that she was a sinner, but intemperance and its kindred crimes had hurried her

onward until she had been brought to her present position at the early age of *twenty-three*. I prayed with her, and found her to all appearance deeply penitent. Such fearful self-condemnations I never heard; such wailings of despair as my mind had fancied belonged only to the pit itself. I directed her to Christ who could save even from these abysses of sin, and felt great satisfaction in telling the poor lost one the blessed story of the cross.

Several men and a woman now came into the room and stood silently looking on. Alone as I was among so many who, from their looks, were adepts in crime, my position was not at all pleasant; when, as I arose to take my seat on the great chest, some *pennies in my pocket* jingled, and I noticed a quick look from one to the other, a thousand thoughts flew like lightning through my mind as I saw at a glance that I was so completely in their power that they might accomplish any purpose they saw fit and I could only by a miracle escape.

My suspense was soon ended by the appearance of my assistant and the doctor, who prescribed for the sick woman. Among other things ice was ordered. He sent the woman who had come in for it, and I shall never forget the look of mingled satisfaction and pain that spread over her face as she saw me with my knife break the ice into small lumps and put them into the poor woman's mouth. She said, as I arose from the pleasant task, "Well, sah, you is kind." This opened the way for some conversation between us; and following it up we exhorted the whole company to forsake the ways of sin. The exhortations were honest ones, and the audience a wretched one. We knelt to pray; *the whole company knelt*, and as my assistant poured out his prayer to God, groans and cries filled the room. The wretched creature in the corner cried, "O God, be merciful to me, a sinner," and the same prayer rolled forth from other lips, whose only prayers had been imprecations, and whose penitence despair. If angels ever weep, they must have wept then.

After a few days we had the sick woman brought to our building, and she began to improve; but the burning thirst for liquor seemed to haunt her like an avenging spirit. One day we missed her, and we were not able to find her again. From some information we gleaned we thought she went out to satisfy her craving thirst for the fiery stimulant, now become so fatally necessary to her, and met her companion in crime, who then locked her up.

SAVE THE CHILDREN.

THE *Rev. Canon Farrar* made an earnest plea on behalf of the children in a speech delivered recently at a meeting of the National Temperance League in Exeter Hall, London. He said. "In working for the children you are working for the future; you are working in a region which is a region of hope. Do not be frightened from this effort to rescue the children by the talk of those who say that it is an injury to children to make them take the pledge. Those are persons who strain at the very tiniest and most microscopical of gnats, while they will daily swallow the most monstrous of camels. We have in England, it is said, 600,000 drunkards. Well, now, as those unhappy drunkards go too often prematurely to a drunkard's grave, who is it that fills up the gaps?

"The gaps are filled up by those who are now sweet and innocent children—merry and honest boys and girls. God grant that no sweet and innocent children of ours shall ever go to add to the number of that fearfully recruited army.

"I will tell you for a few moments what it is to which children are exposed, and what it is from which we are trying to save them. In the first instance, they are exposed to the most *shameful neglect*. Go into the low quarters of Glasgow, the filthy back streets of Liverpool, the foul fever-slums of almost any of our great cities, and there you will see bright-eyed, tattered, ill-fed children growing up amid the reek of gin and amid scenes of blasphemy, in low, infamous rooms, and in low, infamous streets, dirty, dissolute, and depraved—the very seed-plot of our future criminals—growing up without any parental control whatever.

"It is not only shameful neglect to which they are exposed—they are also exposed daily and weekly to *accident*. Not long ago a driver was driving through Southwark in the heavy, brutal way in which drunkards do drive sometimes through the streets of London, and there was crossing the road at the moment a poor woman with a little babe of eleven months in her arms, and she was also leading by the hand a little girl of four years old. This drunken brute drove over them, terribly injuring the woman, killing the little babe, and breaking the leg of the little girl of four years old.

"And they are not only exposed to accident, but also to *terrible cruelty*. In this very city a week ago, in this civilized Christian society, a horrified spectator saw a woman holding up by the legs a little child of five months old, and when remonstrated with she dropped the child upon the pavement and ran away. And they are not only exposed to accident and cruelty, but also to *absolute death*. I believe that every single year in England dozens—more than dozens—scores, ay, and even

HUNDREDS OF CHILDREN ARE KILLED

by being overlaid by their drunken parents. And the 'accident wards,' as they are called, of hospitals will tell you how frequently little boys and girls are brought in terribly burned over neck and face and hands because they have been intrusted to drunken women or neglected by drunken mothers. I do most deliberately declare that in my distinct conviction more children are sacrificed every year in England to the awful Moloch of drink than were ever burned alive in the worst days of Judean apostasy to Moloch in the Valley of the Children of Hinnom.

"Now, let us ask whether there can be anything worse than all this neglect and accident and cruelty and disease and death? Yes: there is something worse than all this—there is *sin*. Disease and accident and cruelty and death may maim and torture the body, murder and suicide may end the life, but sin *blasts and corrupts the soul*, and many and many a drunkard's child in England is being trained up deliberately in the habits of sin. How unspeakably distressing was the case which occurred only the other day at Lambeth. A woman of twenty-six, with her child, was brought up before the court for stealing glasses from a tavern. In the court the father was present. The little child ran to its father's arms. The father burst into tears, and said, 'I have always been an honest man, and I have worked for my bread. It has all been of no use. My wife has drunk away all my earnings. She has trained my child, as you see, and has left me overwhelmed with debt on every side."

"Save the children! Go home, and remember that these little children are of the same flesh and blood, and the same hearts and nature, and as full of eternity and immortality as those little children on whose rosy and innocent faces you look when you go to your abodes.

THESE LAST TIMES.

By Robert Anderson, LL.D.

TO living men no time can be so solemn as "the living present," whatever its characteristics; and that solemnity is immensely deepened in an age of progress unparalleled in the history of the world. But the question arises whether these days of ours are momentous beyond comparison, by reason of their being in the strictest sense *the last?* Is the world's history about to close? The sands of its destiny, are they almost run out, and is the crash of all things near at hand?

Earnest thinkers will not allow the wild utterances of alarmists, or the vagaries of prophecy-mongers, to divert them from an inquiry at once so solemn and so reasonable. It is only the infidel who doubts that there is a destined limit to the course of "this present evil world." That God will one day put forth His power to insure the triumph of the good, is in some sense a matter of course. The mystery of revelation is not that He *will* do this, but that He *delays* to do it. Judged by the public facts around us, He is an indifferent spectator of the unequal struggle between good and evil upon earth. "I considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun; and beheld the tears of the oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power, but *they* had no comforter." And how can such things be, if indeed the God who rules above is almighty and all-good? Vice and godlessness and violence and wrong are rampant upon every side, and yet the heavens above keep silence. The infidel appeals to the fact in proofs that the Christian's God is but a myth. The Christian finds in it a further proof that the God he worships is patient and long-suffering—"patient because He is eternal," long-suffering because He is almighty, for wrath is a last resource with power.

But the day is coming when "our God shall come and *shall not keep silence*." This is not a matter of opinion, but of faith. He who questions it has no claim whatever to the name of Christian, for it is as essentially a truth of Christianity as is the record of the life and death of the Son of God. The old Scriptures teem with it, and of all the writers of the New Testament there is not so much as one who does not expressly speak of it. It was the burden of the first prophetic utterance which Holy Writ records; and the closing book of the sacred Canon, from the first chapter to the last, confirms and amplifies the testimony.

The only inquiry, therefore, which concerns us relates to the nature of the crisis and the time of its fulfilment. And the key to this inquiry is the Prophet Daniel's vision of the seventy weeks. Not that a right understanding of the prophecy will enable us to prophesy. That is not the purpose for which it was given. But it will prove a sufficient safeguard against error in the study.

No words ought to be necessary to enforce the importance of the subject, and yet the neglect of the prophetic Scriptures, by those even who profess to believe all Scripture to be inspired, is proverbial. Putting the matter on the lowest ground, it might be urged that, if a knowledge of the past be important, a knowledge of the future must be of far higher value still, in enlarging the mind and raising it above the littleness produced by a narrow and unenlightened contemplation of the present. If God has vouchsafed a revelation to men, the study of it is surely fitted to excite enthusiastic interest, and to command the exercise of every talent which can be brought to bear upon it.

And this suggests another ground on which, in our own day especially, prophetic study claims peculiar prominence; namely, the testimony it affords to the divine character and origin of the Scriptures. Though infidelity was as open-mouthed in former times, it had its own banner and its own camp, and it shocked the mass of mankind, who, though ignorant of the spiritual power of religion, clung nevertheless with dull tenacity to its dogmas. But the special feature of the present age—well fitted to cause anxiety and alarm to all thoughtful men—is the growth of what may be termed religious scepticism, a Christianity which denies revelation—a form of godliness which denies that which is the power of godliness.

What concerns us here is the indisputable fact that rationalism in this its most subtle phase is leavening society. The universities are its chief seminaries; the pulpit is its platform. Some of the most popular religious leaders are among its apostles. No class is safe from its influence. And if even the present could be stereotyped, it were well; but we have entered on a downward path, and they must indeed be blind who cannot see where it is leading. If the authority of the Scriptures be unshaken, vital truths may be lost by one generation and recovered by the next; but if that be touched, the foundation of all truth is undermined, and all power of recovery is gone. The Christianized sceptic of to-day will soon give place to the Christianized infidel, whose disciples and successors in their turn will be infidels without any gloss of Christianity about them. Some, doubtless, will escape; but as for the many, Rome will be the only refuge for those who dread the goal to which society is hastening. Thus the forces are marshalling for the great predicted struggle of the future, between the apostasy of a false religion and the apostasy of open infidelity.

TOUCHES OF REAL LIFE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Lady Hope, of Cariden.

(*Continued from page 367.*)

Etta's Visit to Lady Isabel—The Secret of Successful Work—The Dying Saloon-Keeper—A Visit to the Sick Man—A Terrified Wife—Anxiety for the Visitor—A Miserable Death.

"MY pet!" the Rector said, as he went into Atleth's room and saw two bright eyes looking at him from the sofa.

"Papa!" the child echoed jubilantly; and in a moment her soft little arms were tightly twined round his neck, and warm kisses were being pressed upon his cheek.

"What's the news?" at last he asked, disentangling himself. "Any news to-day?"

"Mrs. Fennecker came and she brought me a little tiny musical-box! Look here. It can play some tunes. Isn't everybody very kind to me, papa?" the child continued. "Even old Michael is good to me. Say 'yes,' papa; say 'yes!' Aren't they kind?"

While he said, "Yes, darling, yes!" and kissed and petted his little treasure, she drank in the sweetness of his love, and smiled back again, and gently stroked his face. She little knew how, as she lay there from day to day, she was gradually forming a passive medium for the inflow, and outflow too, of higher and holier, and larger and warmer, thoughts and affections, through the somewhat rigid channels of her father's heart.

"I want you to be kind to Michael, father, and give him a shed," she continued. "You know his was burnt down. And he has given me so many things."

"You funny little girl!" said her father, kissing her once more; and then walking to the window he stood looking out, till, seeing the gardener stooping over a flower-bed, he turned round and said,

"I see your friend examining the oval rose-bed."

"My friend!" said Aleth. "I have got so many friends! Is it dear Mr. Hutton?"

The rector smiled.

"You are such an absurd child!" he said. "Never mind. The doctor says we shall soon have you well again now. Won't that be nice? And then you will go out and see them all."

Aleth clapped her hands.

"What shall I go in, papa?" she said.

"Oh, perhaps a wheeled couch at first," he said; "and if God will, then on your own little feet."

"God grant it may be so!" he added fervently, returning to his seat by the couch.

"You pray for everything, my darling! Do you ever pray that you may soon get well again?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, papa, either here or in heaven; and that I may be very good too. And I'd like to be a comfort to *you*."

Thus they talked till the sweet gloaming set in, and the birds hushed themselves to sleep in whispered twitters amid the trees.

Sometimes Mr. Habershon impatiently wished that Aleth were a little older, that she might be able to enter into his parochial as well as his private interests; but then, again, he longed to keep his little sunbeam forever and ever unchanged.

Miss Habershon could not participate in his fatherly feelings regarding the school-children. Her natural mental mould was a harsh one. Though kind and brave and good in many ways, there was a soured asperity, singularly unlike her professed Master, in the general tone of her life. This was the "fly that spoilt the ointment." As love and sorrow were unitedly, by their gracious influence, softening her brother's heart, she became less and less a companion to him.

The entrance of such thoughts as these—such doubts as to past ideas—were likely to benefit his pulpit ministrations. And it is a strange thing, that as we find our feet more and more firmly resting on the Rock that *never* changes, we begin more and more to doubt the expediency of always crawling along in the old ruts of prejudice, or red-tapeism, or human regulation, whatever we may call them. While we cling more tightly than ever to the unalterable lines of Divine revelation, we sit more and more loosely to the shreds of that unreliable garment, human opinion.

When Etta finally visited Lady Isabel in her home near Thornham, she was enchanted to find that she had entered a region of the most systematic, zealous work. Each department was organized with military precision, while at the same time the whole was kept fresh, and full of life and freedom, by the earnest spirit of prayer that pervaded the minds of all the principal agents in Lady Isabel's projects.

"How *can* you succeed so wonderfully in all you undertake?" she asked.

"How can we *not* succeed?" was Lady Isabel's answer, "when GOD works *in* us and *through* us! It would be impossible that He could fail! would it not?"

"Oh, of course! if you look at it in *that* way. It *is* impossible."

"If we attempt even an isolated effort in our own strength, we fail; that is, the most persuasive or eloquent appeal, the most untiring labors, are useless, if performed apart from the present power of the Holy Ghost, or in the slightest degree independent of Christ Himself. I say 'independent,' not alluding to theory, but a practical state, even for that particular hour, of non-dependence upon Him who is absolutely and solely the source of life to us, and therefore to our work."

Like Mary of old, Etta "kept these things and pondered them in her heart." Bright illuminations of former difficulties flashed each day upon her mental vision. Mysteries were cleared up, vails were lifted; and she began to realize with joy the boundless wealth into which, as a Christian, she had entered by right of another. Taking His name as her plea, she might demand and be satisfied—"satiated" as the promise told her.

By common consent the subject of the "shed" was banished from the conversation. But when, at her departure—rather a sorrowful morning, to tell the truth—Lady Isabel said:

"I have no doubt all that matter will come right; and when it is so you must come back again to me, and we will all have a discussion on the subject."

Lady Isabel was left to pursue her own devices. It was not a week after her friend's departure that, passing by a low saloon, a gaunt female darted out upon her, and in the most abject manner implored her to come in and see the "old man," who was "very ill," as she said.

Lady Isabel promised to comply with the request, and, returning home, she arranged that a trusty servant should wait outside, while she explored the interior of the little public-house. When she reached the door she found the gray-haired female, weird and forbidding still, amid all her terrors, straining her eyes "to see for the lady." When she went in they ushered her past the bar-parlor, along a narrow passage, up a low stair that creaked beneath her feet, into a low-roofed room, and from thence to another and inner room.

"Talk to him, pray to him!" hoarsely whispered the saloon-keeper's wife, for such the elderly woman proved to be. "He won't get no better, p'raps. We can't tell. He's very bad *now*."

There in a four-post bed lay a little wizened old man. Shrunk into brown wrinkles, his face distorted with pain, and his hands fiercely clenched, lay the unhappy master of the house. The attention of the visitor was arrested by the extraordinary, and as she thought, *unusual* collection of delicacies that lay by his bedside. Jelly, grapes, wine, iced water, lemonade, and flowers were piled together in untidy confusion; and these apparently for the benefit of the sufferer, who lay almost unconscious of his strange surroundings. The room began to fill with various members of the family, barmaids, and others, while Lady Isabel softly talked with him.

"Louder! speak to him louder, lady!" muttered the old woman in her ear, as she laid a cold, heavy hand upon her shoulder. "He's been wicked. Can't you pray to him? There ain't no time to lose. I am afeared he'll get insensible."

Bending over the patient, the woman continued shaking him, and almost screaming into his ear:

"Can't you hear, can't you? The lady's talking to ye. She'll make yer *good;* she will."

Lady Isabel shuddered. It was a new scene to her. She felt convinced that the gaunt woman was herself the worse for drink; and of this she felt more certain when a younger woman stepped forward, saying:

"Come back, mother. Let the lady do as she likes. She can talk to father;" as she imperatively drew the wretched creature back from the bedside.

The Scripture was read and prayer offered, while the attendant group maintained a respectful silence. Suitable texts were selected by the gentle lady, who first sat and then knelt at the bed-side. Like David on his way to the giant's stand-post, she had chosen from the Living Stream some ammunition for her sling, and, like him she ventured before the foe in that divine strength alone, "making mention of His name," whose power is unalterable, and whose willingness to save changeth not!

"Oh, my pain is so bad!" groaned the poor creature. "Oh! oh! oh! . . . and I'm that miserable! Oh dear!"

"Hark to him!" said the gaunt woman, trying to struggle back from her post at the bottom of the bed to a nearer position.

"Stop that noise!" she called out. "Can't you have no manners about you?"

Once more they quieted her.

"Now I must go," said Lady Isabel in the softest tones, laying her hand gently upon the sick man's. "When shall I come again?" she said as she went out.

"Soon!" gasped the dying landlord.

"As often as ever you can!" said the woman, stretching forward and hissing into her ear, her eyes shining with terror; she looked like a wild animal at bay.

Then, seeing Lady Isabel cast a parting and perhaps surprised, glance at the accumulated luxuries on the table and chest of drawers, she said—

"We tries to get him all we can. He don't want for nothing. But that won't do for by and by!" And then she laughed loud and long.

The scene and sounds were hellish. Downstairs mirth and rioting were vying with the clatter of glasses and calls for "a pint."

When Lady Isabel reached home she found that her visit to, and prolonged stay in, such quarters had given rise to a domestic commotion. The pompous butler was all in a flutter, his excitement being proved by the unwonted event of *a remark* from his usually silent lips.

"My Lady!" he said—and there was a portentous gravity on his brow as he said it—"does your ladyship know that that place is the house where a man was stabbed lately?"

A sweet smile and silencing nod cut short his comments, while his lady merely said,

"The landlord is ill there; I went to read to him."

Her maid was in something very like hysterics when she came into Lady Isabel's room.

"We've all been in such a way, my lady!" she said, "to think you was down in such a dreadful place. They say there's fighting, and murdering, and nobody knows what, going on there."

The only person who did *not* disapprove was her husband. *His* sympathy was enthusiastic.

"Perhaps if she succeeded in this case, she might get invitations to other places of a similar kind," he said.

He referred continually to the visit and asked many questions about it. They prayed together for the man and his family.

Twice she visited him the following day; three times the next.

How each one of those visits in turn haunted Lady Isabel's thoughts She thought of the squalor and luxury; she thought of the money and misery, the anguish and sin, the stony hardness and the cringing terror, the mirth and madness; and her heart bled for the countless myriads of victims to a deadly traffic.

One day she arrived only to hear the death-rattle in his throat, and to know that he was insensible at last.

"Quite deaf!" said the old woman; "we can't make him hear a word. But perhaps he may know *you*."

And it was true! Though apparently past the ergent line that thinly separates time from eter-y, he knew her touch, and was aroused by it to nething like recognition. Wildly he stretched his hands, . . . stared into vacant space. . . . l was gone!

The scene was terrific. The women shrieked; y screamed. The men tried to keep order; and n sank down sobbing by the bed. "Glasses" re called for, and in the confusion Lady Isabel led out and into her carriage.

(To be continued.)

THE GOSPEL FOR THE WORLD.

S. Lesson for June 26. Luke 24 : 44–53; Golden Text, Mark 16, 20. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

OUR golden text for to-day says of the apostles our Lord, "They went forth and preached everywhere." Again and again we find in the Acts of : Apostles a confirmation of this statement. For tance, immediately following upon the persecion headed by Saul of Tarsus which is mentioned the 8th chapter it is written, "Therefore they ich were scattered abroad went everywhere eaching the Word." Philip, one of the seven acons who was elected to preside with the other over the temporal affairs of the church in Jeruem, went down to Samaria, and the blessing ich followed his labors was a universal turning the Lord. When the apostles at Jerusalem ard of this work of grace they sent unto them ter and John, not to forbid the work because it s not done by the apostles, but to further and nfirm it. "They prayed for them that they ght receive the Holy Ghost," and then only d they their hands upon and they received the oly Ghost.

On their journey back to Jerusalem, Peter and hn could not pass by with indifference the popula-n of the places through which their journey lay—They preached the Gospel in many villages of the maritans." The Spirit of God having come upon e converts in Samaria they no longer needed ilip as a teacher; God had other work for him do, and led him in contact with the Ethiopian nuch; and when he was converted the Spirit of e Lord caught away Philip, who "was found at zotus," and passing through "he preached in all e cities till he came to Cesarea."

In the entire history of Paul's ministry there is e same feature; whether in Damascus, immedi-ely after his conversion (Acts 9 : 20), or at An-ch, when called upon by Barnabas to assist in the eat awakening which began by the labors of me who were "scattered abroad upon the perse-tion that arose about Stephen" (Acts 11 : 26); nether as a missionary chosen and "sent forth the Holy Ghost" (Acts 13 : 2–4); whether in the agogues of the Jews or among the heathen: nether as a free man by the riverside at Philippi cts 16 : 13), or as a prisoner before his judges, estus, Felix, and Agrippa—this was the burden of s soul, "necessity is laid upon me, yea woe is to me if I preach not the Gospel" (1 Cor. : 16). It was no heavy duty to these first disciples our Lord, no heavily imposed obligation, for ey said, "We cannot but speak the things which e have seen and heard" (Acts 4 : 20).

Was zeal such as this intended to die with the st generation of Christians? Are we to look on them as exceptional men, and upon the power God's Spirit in them as an extraordinary endow-ent which God withholds from His children in e present day? God forbid. The Lord Jesus in is last priestly prayer bears upon His heart, not e disciples alone, but "them also which shall lieve on Me through their word; that they all ay be one" (John 17 : 20, 21). The Lord Jesus akes no distinctions among His followers as re-rds the Spirit of power and zeal which is to ani-ate them." These signs shall follow *them that lieve:* "In my name they shall cast out devils, ey shall speak with new tongues; they shall take serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the ck and they shall recover." In office He made a fference, all were not to be apostles, in responsi-lity to win souls all were to be alike.

Thus in our subject for to-day the Lord addressed Himself, not to the apostles alone, but to the eleven and them that were with them (ver. 33), probably the women and the brethren of Jesus, on whom, in common with the twelve apostles the Holy Ghost came on the day of Pentecost (comp. Acts 1 : 13–15 with 2 : 1–4). And He said to them all, "Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer and to rise from the dead the third day; and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem, and *ye are* witnesses of these things." "Ye," *i.e.*, all the company, not one was exempt. It is the responsibility of every man who has been plucked as a brand from the burning that he pluck others out of the fire. It is the most unpardonable selfishness if a man whose eyes are opened, and who is turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God, who has obtained forgiveness of sins and inheritance among all them who are sanctified by faith which is in Christ, if he accept so unspeakable a gift, and yet leaves hundreds of thousands around him to perish. Jesus said, "He that gathereth not with me scattereth" (Matt. 12 : 34).

By the very passing from darkness to light, and from death unto life, at the time of our conversion, all of us who are converted are constituted watchmen of the house of Israel; and this is God's call to us, "When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand" (Eze. 3 : 18, see also to ver. 21).

But in order to bring home the Gospel to others we must first be ourselves permeated with its truths and with its power. The disciples were now in very different circumstances from that time when the Lord had repeatedly sought in vain to make them understand His death and resurrection. His death was now a fact, His resurrection also. Their unbelief, because they had not formerly understood Him, also was a fact; their having forsaken Him, the denial of Peter, all these were facts. And now when "He showed unto them His hands and His feet" and "opened to them the Scriptures," their own need of atonement and His actual risen body present with them, made the whole truth a glorious, precious reality to them, and they could speak now from a deep personal experience of sins forgiven and put away; if ever they knew repentance it was now, but it came with the joy of reconciliation.

His Word and His person, these were the great necessities to fit these first missionaries for their work, and so it must be in all ages for all real preachers of the Gospel. He who will preach without a deep knowledge of the Scriptures will soon find that he has said all he has to say, and will begin to borrow from other men instead of himself drawing water from the wells of salvation (Isa. 12 : 3). The Lord Jesus in opening to them the Scriptures showed them what they were to search for. He said "All things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the Psalms *concerning me.*" O how full of light is the Old Testament! When we search for Christ we find types of Christ, prophecies of Christ; Christ the Offering and Sacrifice, Christ the Guide in the desert; in Isaac and Joseph, Christ the Son; in David and Solomon, Christ the King; the shadows take substance, and the figures take life when Christ is seen in the Old Testament.

But in order to preach aright the disciples must have the motive power. Jesus said, "Behold I send the promise of my Father upon you; but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high." When, through the incoming of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost, they became like a well of water springing up unto everlasting life, like rivers of living water, then an irresistible force was urging them. When this force carries a preacher he cannot help preaching, and souls cannot help being conscious that they have to do with another power than that of man. And this power we need, not only for pulpit preaching, but for street preaching, for Sunday-school work, for house to house visitation, in order to be faithful in our own homes; it is the life power of God's children; do we possess it? After His charge to His disciples, the Lord was parted from them, with His hands lifted up in blessing; and surely the act of blessing is left unfinished and He is blessing us still. Let us be faithful to our charge, and carry His message or send His message "to every creature" so far as He enables us, remembering that we "are witnesses of these things."

HOW TWO SUICIDES WERE PREVENTED.

"How it rains! I think I will not go out with my tracts this afternoon," said a gentleman to himself one wet Sunday. Then, retiring from the window, he threw his bundle of tracts upon the table, and, yawning, dropped into his easy chair.

There he sat idly musing while the sacred hours fled. By-and-by his little daughter came in from Sunday-school. Seeing his tracts on the table, she said—

"Why, pa, haven't you been with your tracts?" "No, my dear." "Are you going with them, pa?" "Not to-day, my dear. It is *so very* wet." "Oh, pa, let *me* go with them. I've got my bonnet on and can soon take them round." "No, no! It's too wet for any one to go out. We must stay at home, my dear." "I won't get wet, pa. I'll take the big umbrella. The people will want the tracts. Do please let me go, pa."

These and similar pleas conquered the reluctant father. The little girl started. She knew the district and was soon at her work. A few steps led her to a large old house with a big knocker. She rapped again and again, but no one replied. The poor child's patience was almost exhausted when she heard a sound in the house. Another knock, and the door was opened by a woman who wore a good dress, but whose face the little girl thought looked very unhappy. The child smiled upon her, gave her a tract, finished her round, and went home, little thinking that by her walk in the rain that afternoon *she had snatched a soul from ruin, and a body from the jaws of death.* And yet it was even so; for the woman at whose door she had waited so long was *in the act of hanging herself when the child first lifted the knocker.* The rope was fastened to the high post of an old-fashioned bedstead, the noose was round her neck, and she was about to launch herself headlong into darkness. The knock disturbed her. She waited. It came again. She waited longer. It came again and again, until to get rid of the annoyance, she slipped the rope over her head, and went to see who might be the disturber. The loving look of the child disarmed her anger. She took the tract, read it, was convinced of sin, led to Christ, and the next Sunday told her joyful story to the little girl's father.

Thus did a little girl's hand armed with a tract pluck a brand from the burning.

Here is another case. A young man having been robbed of a sum of money by the nimble fingers of a gang of gamblers, was bent on putting an end to his own life. While on his way to execute his desperate purpose, a gentleman traveller put a tract into his hand, entitled "On the Worth of the Soul." It startled him, shook his purpose, and, to relieve his distress, he resolved to take a journey. In the carriage he met the giver of the tract, who, though ignorant of his character and purposes, gave him another tract entitled "The Suicide." The coincidence startled the young man, and during a pause in the journey he went to the giver of the tract and in very earnest tones said: "Pray, sir, give me a few more of your tracts, for they have saved my life!" He then gave the foregoing recital of his case, listened to much serious advice, and on parting with the tract distributor gave assurance that he would not neglect the salvation of his soul. Here was another brand plucked from the burning by a tract!

Courage, O laborer, in the field of tract distribution. Who knows but that you too may save souls, and having sown with tears the precious seed, may return again with joy, bringing your sheaves with you?

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Riots, Outrages, and Conflicts with the Police and the military continue to form the staple topic of intelligence from Ireland. In county Cork, serious disturbances occurred at the races, resulting in the arrest of forty-three desperate characters. The entire Skibbereen district is in a state of anarchy. The O'Donoghue and Mr. Warburton, the stipendiary magistrate at Skibbereen, have reported to the Executive that life and property are not safe, and large drafts of constabulary will shortly be despatched there. At Schull the mob wrecked the police barrack and post-office, cut the telegraph wires, and tore up the Cork and Bandon Railway. At Skibbereen the rioters attacked the house of a car owner who had supplied cars to the police, and cut the wires. The bridges have been destroyed or tampered with. The government have now over 30,000 picked soldiers in Ireland, besides the police, who are drilled and armed as soldiers.

An Attempt to Blow Up the Town Hall of Liverpool was made on June 10th. Two men were found sitting on the Town Hall steps, and when the policeman on the beat approached them they fled, leaving a bag containing a length of gas-pipe charged with *powder and gun-cotton*. The pipe, to which a lighted fuse was attached, exploded a moment afterward on the policeman throwing it into the street, breaking some of the windows in the Town Hall and in the buildings near by. The men were captured and taken to the Central Police Office. On being searched a large sum of money and a revolver were found on each. Both claim to be *American citizens*. Sir William Harcourt said in the House that they had recently arrived from the United States. They probably belong to the gang known as "*the skirmishers*," whose aims and methods O'Donovan Rossa recently lauded in a speech at his own house in Brooklyn.

Mr. Gladstone's popularity in England has suffered through this and similar lawless proceedings of the Land Leaguers. It has been recalled to the memory of the public that when Mr. Gladstone was conducting his electoral campaign in Midlothian and denouncing Lord Beaconsfield and his colleagues, he said that the explosion at Clerkenwell Prison in 1867, by which Michael Barrett and his fellow-conspirators killed twelve and lacerated one hundred and twenty innocent people, led up to the Church Disestablishment bill of 1869 and the Land bill of 1870. His opponents now say that in making the statement, he suggested to the Irish agitators a way to obtain fresh concessions.

The French Senate Rejected the Measure known as the *Scrutin de Liste* on Thursday last by a vote of 148 to 114. This step was unexpected, as it was supposed the Senate would consider the Chamber of Deputies had the right to regulate the methods of its own election. The senators however, occupy a logical position. There is to be a general election shortly, and by rejecting the bill they contend that the question is submitted to the decision of the people, who really constitute the proper tribunal in such a matter. The rejection of the bill is believed to have been caused by the fear that M. Gambetta is intriguing for supreme power. If the *Scrutin de Liste* became law the candidates would probably be selected by a central committee, which one clever manipulator might subject to his own control. It is feared that this division in the Republican ranks will give an advantage to the Royalists and Imperialists. Gambetta, when he heard the news, said: "The Senate wants to set itself above the Chamber, and fight both me and universal suffrage; so be it. I prefer open war to masked enmity; I was not the first to draw the sword and shall not be the first to sheathe it now that I am thrust, in spite of myself, into the heat of battle."

A Speech Delivered by Mr. Parnell in Hyde Park, London, on Sunday, June 5th, has been recognized in Ireland as the signal for seditious violence, and has been accepted by the government as sufficient evidence of the impossibility of making any compromise whatever with the Land League. He dwelt on the power of combination and the irresistible force of general and united opposition to the government. The irreconcileable attitude assumed by Mr. Parnell and his dupes is at length wearing out the patience of the Liberals, who are the advocates of a policy of mildness and conciliation to Ireland. Even the *Spectator*, one of the most pronounced organs of the Liberal party, which has advocated a generous Irish policy in season and out of season for years, is discouraged, and exclaims in a wail of despair: "Is it any use even to attempt to benefit a people so irrational?"

The irrationality consists in the fact that if the Irish members of Parliament succeed in their efforts to overthrow Mr. Gladstone's Administration, the government will be confided to the Conservatives, who make no secret of the course they would adopt if called to power. Agrarianism would be summarily stamped out, the League would be suppressed as an illegal organization, public meetings would be prohibited and Leinster, Connaught, and Munster at once placed under martial law. Mr. L. J. Jennings, the well known correspondent in England of the New York *World*, says: "I heard a prominent Tory exclaim the other day: 'Oh, for a week of Lord Strathnairn at Cork!' His lordship, who was in command of the forces in the Cork district in 1867, when the Fenians of that city marched out fifteen hundred strong, was asked by the authorities to report on the state of his district, and the old 'Bengal tiger,' as the Corkonians dubbed him, briefly replied that he was ready to reduce the city to ashes at a moment's notice and to sweep the county from Youghal to Bantry in two days." That this would be the Tory method of dealing with Ireland their journals frankly avow. The policy of opposition to Mr. Gladstone which must, if successful, issue in a Tory government may, therefore, well be called "irrational."

The Centenary of the Birth of George Stephenson, the originator of railroads, was celebrated in England on June 9th, the chief observance being at his birthplace, near Newcastle-on-Tyne. The day was also celebrated among railway employees in various parts of Europe. There was *a procession of railway locomotives*, near Newcastle, nearly every railway company in the United Kingdom being represented in the line by its most powerful engine. In the afternoon there was a procession of trade societies to the Town Moor in which 100,000 persons participated.

The Basuto War.—Sir Hercules Robinson, having been asked to mediate between the Basutos and the British Government, has given his award. According to this the Disarmament Law is to be maintained, but any Basuto *may retain his rifle* by obtaining the sanction of a magistrate, and paying a yearly fee equivalent to five dollars.

A Disastrous Conflagration Raged through the city of Quebec on Wednesday, June 8th, and the following day. Over *six hundred and fifty buildings*, including the noble church of St. John, were totally destroyed, and five lives are known to have been lost. The fire originated in the stable of a master carter named Lapériere, at the corner of Latourette and St. Marie Streets. The alarm was not promptly given, and the surrounding buildings, being all of wood, rapidly fell a prey to the flames. The firemen being divided into so many bodies, owing to the rapid spread of the flames, lost all control of the conflagration and became quite bewildered. St. Olivier, Latourelle, St. Marc, and Richelieu Streets were quickly a mass of fire for some hundred feet of each in extent, the flames from both sides of the streets overlapping in the middle and completely closing them to all traffic. From Geneviève Street west to the city outskirts nothing has been saved but a few low buildings.

One hour after midnight the clanging of the bells of St. John's Church in rapid and alarming tones told of danger threatening that edifice, and summoned assistance from all who had it to give. The whole efforts of the fire brigade were immediately bent on saving the church, but to no avail. Nothing was saved but the communion vessels and some of the most valuable of the plate and furniture. The fire had possession of the noble structure, and the finest and largest church in the city was doomed to destruction. It was a thrilling sight to witness the angry flames climbing *the steeples of the church* and to see their fall a few minutes later. The more northerly one of the two was the first to go. It gradually tottered over and then fell right over into the roof of the structure. The other steeple gradually sunk and "telescoped." The church must have been worth at least $100,000. The two bells in one of the steeples cost $6000, and the same amount could hardly have paid for the two organs in the interior.

Daring robbery was carried on during the progress of the fire by the lawless portion of the citizens. Stores and private dwellings attacked by the flames were ransacked for liquor, which was drunk openly by disorderly people. A band of these marauders entered one house while the owner and his family were busy removing the furniture and books. The robbers were ordered to quit the house, but instead of doing so commenced their search for valuables, but the owner shot the leader of the thieves and his followers fled.

When the flames were got under control, a search was commenced for the dead. In one ruined house a charred body was found, almost unrecognizable, but which was eventually discovered to have been that of a gentleman named Hardy. Further search revealed the body of Mrs. Hardy, or all that was left of it Their children had been saved. The body of Charles Marois, a joiner, of Richelieu Street, was also found among the ruins, and soon afterward that of Mrs. Laperierre and her two children, all lying in a heap, as though the mother had made a frantic but unsuccessful effort to save them.

Conflagrations are of Frequent Occurrence in Quebec. In May, 1845, a terrible fire devastated the faubourgs of St. Roche and St. John. Nearly three thousand buildings, most of them constructed of wood, were burned to the ground. About thirty people, aged, infirm, and sick, were known to have perished in the flames. Since then, in 1865, in 1866, in 1870, and in 1876, large fires have occurred, yet in spite of these calamities the authorities do not appear to have organized measures for the protection of the city. An observer says the extent of the present calamity is primarily due to the want of water. The city is supplied with *only one main pipe* from its source of water-supply ten miles distant at Lorette. The supply is so inefficient that when the city water is turned on at full in one ward it must be turned off in other wards. A delay always thus occurs whenever a fire breaks out in a ward having no water at the time.

Legislative Independence for Ireland has been pressed on the consideration of the English public by a conference recently held in London of English members of Parliament. Mr. Justin McCarthy, whose works are widely read in this country, was one of the speakers, and his address is attracting much attention. He said that what Irishmen most wanted was a domestic Parliament. Ireland, he asserted, would be a willing partner in an imperial parliamentary system, with the right to make her own domestic laws. She had asked for such a system as that which prevailed at present in *the great American Republic*. He contended that the block of legislation exclusively English, by Irish questions, would necessitate an Irish Parliament to decide Irish subjects. He said his English friends must wait for years without the legislation they required. So long as they attempted to legislate for all the countries of the empire in one Parliament the machinery must be suited to the work. If not great enough, greater machinery must be got and that must be in Legislative independence for Ireland. Thus the separation of England and Ireland, which prophetic students have so long believed would be made, is no longer a subject of scoffing but of serious consideration.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) for June may be obtained at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Price six cents.

"Coming Wars," by the Rev. M. Baxter: Two Pamphlets; price five cents each by mail. *First Pamphlet* contains "Ten signs of the End, and Description of Approaching Events;" with two maps of the territory to be under Antichrist's rule, and four large diagrams. *Second Pamphlet* contains valuable quotations from twenty-six Expositors on the same subject. Address, with price enclosed—THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the late Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, Rev. W. M. HAY AITKEN, Dr. DEEMS, or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1881. 15th Year. No. 25.—New Series.

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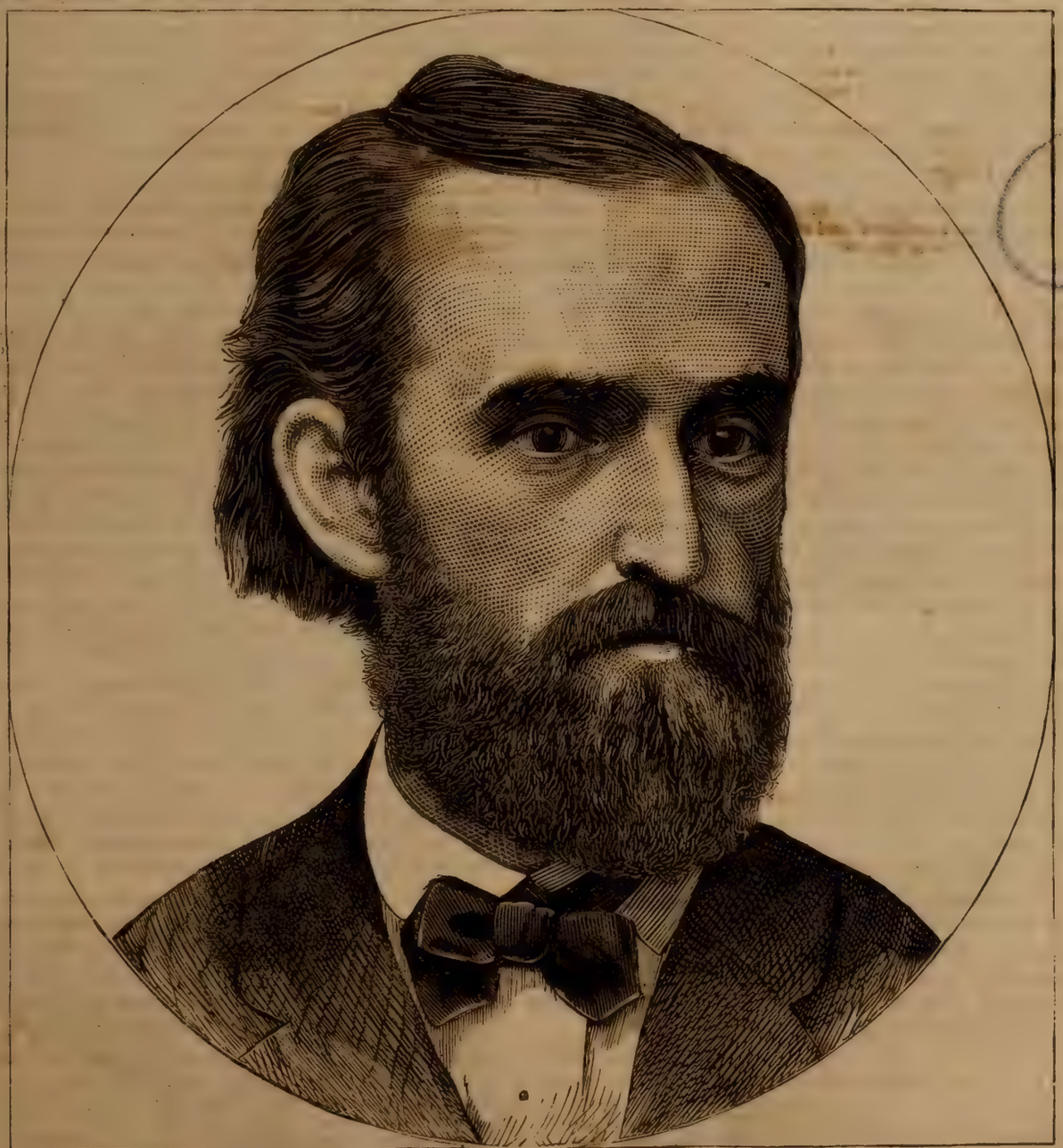

Rev. C. P. HARD, Returned Indian Missionary.

THE REV. C. P. HARD, M.A., B.D.*

Born in 1846—Converted at the Age of Five Years—Graduates at Syracuse—Enters the Ministry—Becomes a Missionary to India—His Arduous and Successful Work There—Failure of his Health—Return to America—His and Mrs. Hard's Popular Lectures on India.

THE Rev. Clark P. Hard was born on the 12th of August, 1846, in Rochester, N. Y., and from his childhood showed a devotion to books. His father, the Rev. Amos Hard, was through a long course of years a faithful and successful evangelist in the Methodist Church, who had no wish or ambition in life beyond serving his Master.

Brought up amid the best associations, Clark was able at a very early age to understand the character of Jesus Christ as the Saviour of the world; and when *five years old*, when his conscience had little more than begun to waken, and before he knew what consuming sin and overwhelming temptation were, he intelligently accepted the pardon which God offers, and believed that Jesus Christ, though invisible, was able and willing to be his guide through life. He thus verified the Word of God, where it says, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

Young Clark took in with a child's simplicity all he was told about the person of God and the history of Christ, and, before he knew what life was, believed that Jesus was a stand-by for every emergency. In time a knowledge of the world dawned upon him, but his experience never falsified his faith. Now he has reached the prime of life, but he has found that the Ark in which his boyhood took its start can be neither wrecked, nor swamped, nor put out of its course.

This great crisis in every Christian's life—namely, conversion—took place in the case of Clark Hard at a family prayer-meeting on Christmas Day, 1851.

The next event to record in the life of the subject of our sketch was his matriculation and entry upon *a college course* at the age of thirteen. Five years later he graduated as Master of Arts at Genesee College of the Syracuse University. During that time he made his first essays as a preacher of the Gospel under the M. E. Church.

Having thus early gained distinction as a scholar, and exhibiting other rarer qualifications for the post, he was, more than a year before attaining his majority, appointed Principal of the Western Home of Refuge at Rochester, which had

SIX HUNDRED BOYS

within its walls. He held that important place for one year, and then resigned it to enter upon the duties and responsibilities of a minister of the Church of Christ. He first preached regularly for six months, and having proved himself worthy and passed the usual tests, he received the degree of Bachelor of Divinity at the Garrett Biblical Institute, Chicago. That was in 1867, when Mr. Hard was twenty-one years of age.

Mr. Hard then joined the travelling connexion, and was appointed in succession to the following pastorates: Hornellsville, one year; Corning, three years; Rochester, six months; Cleveland, six months; Castile, two years.

In the beginning of 1874 an important change took place in his life and work. His thoughts and sympathies had for some time been drawn to *the state of the heathen* in foreign countries, and while he was looking in another direction for an opening to take him among them, the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church asked him to go out to their rapidly widening field in Southern India. He accepted the offer, and in doing so not only resigned prospects that would have been most tempting to a man with a different temperament, but also overcame home affections of too deep a nature to be appropriately described here. Some idea of what the parting from home must have cost him may be conceived from expressions in the letters he received from his parents after arriving in India.

His father wrote: "I don't pretend to tell what it cost me to give you to this work. It seems as though a part of myself were gone. I try to be resigned, and to say but little; but oh, the depth of my loss God only knows! No words can tell our love to you. Much prayer is offered everywhere for you." His mother's words were: "I am trying to be cheerful and happy, but, *oh, how I miss you!* But it is all for Jesus."

Mr. Hard was never to see his father again in this life. On the 5th of November, 1877, the Rev. Amos Hard fell into a culvert while walking beside the railroad near Corning, New York, and sustained injuries from which he died ten days afterward. He was aged sixty-five years, and had been an earnest and faithful minister of the Gospel for nearly half a century.

Mr. Hard

ARRIVED IN BOMBAY,

the commercial capital of India, soon after the middle of December, 1874, and crossing the peninsula by a railway journey of 792 miles, he reached Madras, the oldest British possession in India, on the 25th of the same month, the twenty-third anniversary of his conversion. He found the work of the Mission started, but not organized, among a large population of Indo-Britons, speaking the English language and professing the Christian religion, but with so little real godliness that they exerted no influence as a people on the surrounding heathen community. The work was being carried on purely by lay agency, and Mr. Hard was to get no ordained help for a year to come. The Sabbath and week-day services were held in *a spacious pandall*, such as is much used for public assemblies by the natives of that warm climate. We give on another page an illustration of the identical *pandall* Mr. Hard used to preach in.

At the end of a week, writing to the superintendent of the Mission, who was in Northern India, Mr. Hard said: "The Lord makes me glad in the work; and has, in the eight days just passed, permitted me to preach eleven sermons, lead five fellowship bands, make pastoral calls four hours per day, see the plan through the press, revise the leaders' books, prepare and write the church register of members and probationers, address three Sunday-schools and one day school, revive the (Methodist) Tract Society, sell some dozens of books, hold one watch-meeting (and arrange for four others), hold three love-feasts, administer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper three times, receive twenty-one into full membership, and sixteen on probation out of the twenty who have been converted within these eight days—most of them being men."

Mr. Hard began to study the Tamil language as soon as he arrived in the country, but the impossibility of apportioning a fixed time to the purpose, together with the likelihood that the English field would occupy him fully for several years, caused him to abandon for the time the idea of being a missionary to the Hindoos with which he had left America.

There was no check and no falling off in his work, which steadily grew in extent and stability, till what began as an unorganized circuit, under one pastor, became a great district of

SIX CIRCUITS,

including 2 that were independent circuits when Mr. Hard entered upon his work, and embracing the stations along four hundred miles of railway. Five churches were erected before Mr. Hard left the country, and two others have been completed since. There were also nine ordained ministers in charge. Of this district Mr. Hard was appointed presiding elder at the end of 1875. The three circuits within his daily reach contained 332 full members, 68 probationers, and five Sunday-schools, with 600 scholars and 60 teachers, using 350 International Lesson Leaves, and supplied with good libraries and music books—a splendid showing for India.

As may be imagined, this wonderful success was not achieved without a severe strain upon the pastor's nervous energy. A strong man could scarcely have stood the regular neglect of food and rest, and the unremitting activity of mind, while Mr. Hard had not a vigorous frame or constitution. So it happened that when he had been two years at Madras his friends began to see that he must either relax his labors or break down. The former was impossible with his temperament, so, after vainly struggling against weakness for another year, he gave in, and sailed for America, *via* London, on the 22d of April, 1878, accompanied by his esteemed and truly Christian wife.

The step, however, was not decided upon till it had been rendered imperative by *a physician's certificate* in these terms: "I hereby certify that the Rev. C. P. Hard is reduced to such a low condition of health that immediate return to his native land is essentially necessary to its restoration. A sojourn of some months on the hills [in India] would and could effect only a temporary improvement; for although Mr. Hard's present low state of health is very much the result of overwork, the extreme nervous depression he presents is characterized by so much impairment of recuperative power as to render the most complete and radical change necessary."

Before his departure a crowded

FAREWELL TEA MEETING

was given by the members of the congregation. Three addresses were delivered by gentlemen representing the congregation, the official board of the church, and the general public. The speaker on behalf of the congregation, said: "It would be difficult to exaggerate your zeal and self-denial. Like the apostle Paul, you have not accounted your life dear unto yourself, but by precept and constant example have taught us not to live unto ourselves, but unto Him who died and rose again for us." In conclusion he said: "We earnestly pray that God's blessing may be on you, and that He will speedily restore you to your wonted health and strength, and bring you back to labor among us in Madras again."

Enough has been said to show this missionary's complete self-denial and almost constitutional habit of ceaseless work from early morning till late at night. He carried out schemes at Madras which appeared Utopian to experienced men, because he systematically closed his eyes to difficulties and refused to be deterred by failures. Moreover, his restless and fertile brain found openings for new work, and contrived means for organizing it, which with God's blessing were crowned with success.

As a preacher Mr. Hard is always able to draw a full congregation. His style is neither declamatory nor practical, but purely doctrinal and expository. His remarkable success in arousing sinners to repentance is therefore due to his clear statement of Gospel truth and visible earnestness. His flow of speech is marvellous, and his manner of preaching animated. Having acquired the habit of occupying all odd intervals of time in reading, he is able to enrich his sermons with a great variety of matter. No species of work is more Mr. Hard's *forte* than

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

There he displays a fund of anecdote and illustration which keeps up the life and attention of the little folks.

He is also a favorite writer for the religious press. He ventured his first contribution at the *immature age of seventeen*, and not a month, and scarcely a week, has passed since without something from his pen appearing in print. He has written largely for Sunday-school teachers' journals and children's papers, chiefly in communication with his friend Dr. Vincent, the prince of Sunday-school workers. He has also been a contributor to periodicals on the higher life of Christian holiness.

Mr. Hard's health rapidly improved after his return to this country, and he received pressing invitations to give *missionary addresses*. He responded to as many of them as he was able, and in four months, from June to October, 1878, travelled four thousand miles, and delivered sixty addresses at Thousand Islands and Ocean Grove, at the Cazenovia Sunday-school Assembly, and at several District Conferences and camp-meetings; also in Ithaca, N. Y., where his elder brother, the Rev. Manley Hard, was Presiding Elder, and other towns and cities. Three of these addresses were announced in the Chautauqua Assembly programme as "The Men," "The Women," and

* By B. Aitken, who was a resident in Madras and Bangalore during nearly the whole of Mr. Hard's period of labor there.

James firmly refused, but with glowing gratitude. Green then took out one pound, and throwing it at Graham's feet, affirmed if the latter did not lift it he never should. Graham did lift it; and it helped him on his journey in a direction where his friend assured him he would find work enough. That act of kindness Graham never forgot. It reminded him of the good Samaritan in the Gospel. It helped to redeem human nature, or rather colonial human nature, in his estimation, and taught him to do similar acts to others.

Without stopping more than a night by the way, he went right down through Bathurst county, crossing the head-waters of the Belabula, an affluent of the Lachlan.

(To be continued.)

AN ADDRESS ON PROPHECY.

By Mr. H. Varley, at the Y. M. C. A., at Aldersgate Street, London.

ON Tuesday, May 24th, Mr. Henry Varley spoke on "The Purpose of the Second Coming of our Lord Jesus Christ in relation to the Church and to the world" at the Young Men's Christian Association Lecture Hall, in Aldersgate Street, London. There was a very large attendance.

Mr. Varley said: The theme of this evening naturally divides itself into two parts. On former occasions I have very clearly shown the truth of the Lord's coming again, and notably by two passages, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus that is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as you have seen Him go into heaven;" and again, "God shall send Jesus Christ which before was preached unto you, whom the heavens must receive until (mark the limit) the time of the restitution of all things."

Is it not time, with Europe simply an armed camp—a pretty issue, indeed of the Christian era, nearly nineteen centuries elapsed—and the great powers glorying in war, and holding banquets to commemorate its triumphs? It is said that within six months ten millions of men can be put upon the battle fields of Europe. A strange outcome of the Gospel dispensation, is it not? We have not yet come to the reign of the Prince of Peace. However men with common sense could think that we have is astonishing to me. When the Prince of Peace was here, the world said He was not fit to live, and they crucified Him; and is He more likely to be tolerated in such a state of society as we see today? Wars will go on to the end. They are the outcome of men's own corruption and sin, the result of their own rejection of Jesus Christ.

It is my wish this evening to show the first purpose of Christ's coming in relation to His *Church*; the first, as distinguished from His coming to the *world*. Have you ever noticed the distinction between Christ's coming *for* His people, and *with* His people! When He comes *for* His people, He comes to receive them unto Himself (John 14: 2, 3). Mark this, that when He comes *for* His people, there is no reference to the wicked dead, or to those who in the world at that time are living without knowing Him (Rev. 20: 4, 5). The spirit of every lost man whose body is dead is in Hades; that is, not in the place of full suffering and punishment, but in a position like that of a man charged by the police but remanded—not sentenced, though suffering meanwhile the loss of liberty, and knowing that the sentence when it comes would be heavier than the remand. Such is the condition of

THE SPIRITS OF THE DEPARTED WICKED.

I am not my body. There is a man living in this body. My head is not talking to you, but the man, and if the man were out of the house I should have greater energy than I have now. The body curtails my energy. You know how often we see people whose spiritual force exhausts the body, and if I were to leave this place by what is called sudden death, and you were to meet me (not my body) a week hence, you would expect to find me (and your expectation is a true one) exactly the same man that I am to-night. Death will make no difference to you. You are not going to cease sinning when you have done with life here. The fact of your going out of the body won't stop the operations of evil. Hence *the solemn reality of eternal punishment.* It is not the best way of presenting the truth of eternal punishment to say a man suffers for the sins he commits in this present condition. It will be seen in the age to come that if a man continues a sinner, in the necessity of the case punishment must continue; and you have a striking illustration of that in the appeal of Dives, that some one should be sent to warn his relations on earth. Sceptics often say, "No one has come back to tell us;" but, stop, Jesus Christ came back, and the first thing done was to bribe the Roman soldiers to say the disciples stole Him away while they slept." The manner of

TAKING AWAY THE LORD'S PEOPLE.

First of all, it will be a very solemn taking away. It is remarkable that almost every chapter of both epistles to the Thessalonians is about this subject (1 Thess. 1 and last). That is our present position in the world (1 Thess. 2: 19; 1 Thess. 3: 13; 1 Thess. 4: 13). The allusion in this last is to those believers whose bodies are in the grave and who have "fallen asleep." Death is an impossibility to the Christian. I have eternal life now; eternity has begun with me. I don't want the meeting to accept my statements, but I want to challenge and send people to the Bible to know whether what I say is true.

Well, I declare on the authority of this Book that with those who are really regenerate, eternity has really begun. They can no more die than the sun can fall from its place or fail to shine. If they are Christians they are now heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ.

What did Christ say? "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent me *hath* everlasting life." How can a man have everlasting life and lose it? It is a contradiction in terms. If a man says he has lost it, it is a clear proof he never had it; "and shall not come into condemnation, but *is* passed from death unto life"—not shall pass—not an assize at the end of this life. What the Christian is waiting for is, to be presented without spot, faultless in the presence of the Father's glory with exceeding joy (1 Thess. 4: 14). Absent from the body, they are present with the Lord.

Some of us have lost loved ones, I confess to this day my intense joy and conviction that I should see my own precious mother, who was the means in early boyhood of leading me to value these precious things. She is with God I know, and as surely as Jesus will come she will come, for He has promised it: "Those that have fallen asleep in Jesus, will God bring with Him;" and that which follows shows clearly that there will be many upon the earth when Christ comes, and that His coming will be a time of crisis. Not a word about the wicked, but, "the dead in Christ shall rise first," and then "we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air." This will constitute

THE MOST STUPENDOUS MIRACLE

that the world has ever known, and which will stand unparalleled in the history of the universe—the sudden and immediate resurrection of every one that has fallen asleep in Christ from Abel down to the last that will have died. They will be all changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, and then this corruptible, this clay house, will drop off. How? I don't know, but in a moment this corruptible will put on incorruption, and this mortal, immortality, and they will be caught up to meet the Lord in the air. The law of gravitation keeps us here now, but what is gravitation? Attraction to a centre, and Christ is the centre, and the very moment He comes, all that are His will be caught up to meet Him in the air. And the world will be left for a brief space to the bad men and women that are in it. My hearers may ask, "What is that?" to which I reply, "*It is a world with not a Christian in it.* The light gone, and the salt of the earth withdrawn—a lawless era; and personally, I say I would not be in the world then if you put the world with all its riches at my feet."

What the direful and ever-memorable revolution in France was at the close of the last century, when they did their best to obliterate the name of God, and took an harlot from the stage and put her on the altar in the church of Notre Dame, and bowed down before that almost nude woman (bear with me). "Veil her over," they said, "this is the only god the world knows." Be in Christ before that solemn hour comes, for come it will, as certainly as this book is true.

In support of these statements, I strongly urge you to read Luke 21; Rev. 3: 10, 11, and 1 Cor. 15: 51. In the millennial age death will be scarcely known in the world. Men will live as in the antediluvian period to six, seven, eight, and nine hundred years—a thousand years. The lengthening of human life is one of the blessings identified with the government of our Lord Jesus Christ, but how terrible would longevity be if men's characters were like those of Napoleon I., Alexander the Great, and Robespierre. I have no doubt the limitation of human life after the antediluvian age was just for this reason: God knew, what we know also, that very little change takes place in men's characters after their fortieth year. There is nothing easier than to develop into a state of permanent moral evil. The devil himself is a free agent, but he has lost the last shred of power or desire to be anything different from what he is.

There are many minor details which had better be left open questions. Some, for example, hold strongly that after the Lord has taken His people away, human history will go on in the earth for a short period, certainly not longer than seven years, and some think not more than three and a half. The removal of the Christians is not incompatible with the continuation of the world's history; just as if all present were to go to America, English history would still continue. I am by no means certain that the government of the universe is not delegated to men in unison with Jesus Christ. "Know ye not that the saints shall judge the world." "Know ye not that ye shall judge angels." "Father, the glory which Thou gavest me I have given them." There is not an angel to-day reserved in chains until that final day upon whose sentence Christ's ransomed ones will not be the adjudicators.

Two Brave Firemen were Presented with the Bennett Medal on January 6th in New York. Their names are Bauer and Levins. The heroic deeds which won for them this mark of distinction are still fresh in the memory of the people. Fireman Paul Bauer was at a fire in the buildings Nos. 405 and 407 West Fifteenth Street on the night of December 27th, 1879. He was at the scene before any company arrived and discovered Mrs. Avilla Staniford standing at a third story window with all the means of escape from the flames cut off. A ladder twenty-four feet in length was raised, but it did not reach to the third story. Bauer called upon some men in the crowd for assistance, and by his direction they mounted the stoop with *the ladder on their shoulders* and held it while he ascended to the topmost round. While in this perilous position he invited Mrs. Staniford to drop into his arms and she was thus rescued. In October last John Levins, of Hook and Ladder Company No. 2, while at a fire at No. 112 Easty Fifty-fifth Street, saved Mary L. Frey from a terrible death. The woman was asleep in a rear room at the breaking out of the fire, and escape by the stairway was cut off before she was aroused. Levins went into the adjoining building and climbing out of a window reached the room in which the woman was. A rope was thrown to him and by this means she was saved. Few who witnessed the action of the fireman expected to see him descend alive.

As Mayor Grace concluded his address and fixed the medals to the breasts of the gallant men two women pressed through the crowd. They were Mrs. Staniford, who was rescued by Bauer, and Mary L. Frey, who had been rescued by Levins. They bore handsome *baskets of flowers* which they presented to the heroes. It was a touching sight, for the women were acknowledging their debt of gratitude to their preservers. How many ministers of the Gospel and workers for Christ will be welcomed to Heaven with greater demonstrations of gratitude by those whom they have been by God's blessing the means of saving from a far worse fate than death in a burning house.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Ballots taken Daily last Week at Albany for the United States senatorships gave no indications of a break in the deadlock. The stalwart Republicans and the Democrats continued to vote solid for their candidates, while the efforts to combine the administration vote so as to give to any candidate the number necessary to a choice, ended in failure. During the latter part of the week a boom was raised for ex-Vice-President Wheeler, and he advanced from 16 votes cast for him on Monday to 38 votes on Thursday, after which date the attendance of senators and assemblymen of all parties began to drop off as usual. On Thursday Mr. Wheeler was six votes ahead of Mr. Conkling for the short term, and thirty-four administration votes were scattered—79 being necessary to a choice. For the long term Mr. Depew headed the administration list with 54 votes; Mr. Platt received 27, and twenty votes were scattered; the Democrats being solid for their candidate as in the ballot for the short term. General Grant has arrived in New York from Mexico, and has had several conferences with the ex-senators. It is reported that he will visit Albany this week and exert all the influence he has, on behalf of Messrs. Conkling and Platt.

The Committee Appointed to Investigate the alleged bribery at Albany was in session every day last week. No evidence has been obtained, however, directly proving or disproving the charge brought by Mr. Bradley. Whether Senator Sessions paid the Assemblyman two thousand dollars to change his vote to Mr. Depew, or Mr. Bradley has made himself the agent of a conspiracy to ruin a candidate by making a false charge, still remains undecided, but it is certain that one or other of those alternatives, humiliating as both are, must be a fact. There is no explanation possible which will exculpate both men.

At the interview in the Delavan House where it is alleged the money was paid to the Assemblyman, no witnesses were present, it is therefore evident that the truth can only be discovered through circumstantial evidence. Examination and cross-examination of witnesses has consequently been directed mainly to an effort to cast discredit upon the Senator and Assemblyman. The past record of both has been brought up against them with this object. On the one hand counsel have endeavored to prove from Mr. Bradley's admissions that he is capable of entering into a conspiracy as base as this, and of committing perjury to support it; and on the other they have questioned Senator Sessions with the object of showing that he has on previous occasions been directly or indirectly concerned in paying bribes. On this latter point the Senator admitted that before he attained the dignity of State Senator he was for six or seven years a regular lobbyist at Albany, and that he received large sums of money—$5500 in one case—for "promoting legislation." On being pressed to describe the methods he adopted for promoting legislation, he said that he influenced legislators "*by argument*" to vote for the measures he was paid to advance. He also acknowledged that both he and Mr. Depew are on intimate terms with Mr. Barber, a well known lobbyist, and that he frequently played at cards for money in his rooms, but he strenuously denied ever having offered a bribe to Mr. Bradley or any one else. An attempt was made to trace the notes in the possession of Speaker Sharpe which Mr. Bradley alleges were paid him as a bribe, and the bankers of Senator Sessions were examined to elicit information as to the checks he had drawn upon them lately, but no testimony was elicited connecting the Senator with the identical notes.

The Resignation of the Hon. J. A. Bentley, Commissioner of Pensions, has been tendered to the President, who has accepted it and appointed to the vacant post Colonel W. W. Dudley, of Indiana. That the resignation was not a voluntary act may be inferred from the ex-commissioner's letter to President Garfield, in which he says, "In compliance with the desire intimated by you at our interview yesterday that I vacate the office of Commissioner of Pensions *in order that you may be able to appoint another person to the place*, I have the honor to tender my resignation." Mr. Bentley was appointed by General Grant and held office throughout President Hayes's term, but he has latterly been the subject of complaint from the claim agents. It is alleged that he was more intent on protecting the national treasury than in satisfying just claims. The new commissioner, who at present holds office as United States Marshal of Indiana, took an active part in the war, in which he lost one of his legs.

The Changes and Reductions Already Made in the star routes by Postmaster General James, it is now stated will amount to about $1,000,000 a year in the expenses of that class of service. It is said at the Post Office Department that not one single complaint has been received from any quarter affected by these reductions that any necessary postal service or convenience has been taken away. The estimate of last year would, it was anticipated, leave a deficit of $1,376, 642, but if Mr. James's expectations as to the star routes are realized, and other alterations made fulfil his intention, the deficit for the coming year will be little over $200,000.

Where do the Immigrants Come From is a question often asked when strangers visit Castle Garden and see the immense numbers of foreigners arrive there.

The following statistics from the records kept at the Custom House, show the arrivals, by nationalities, during May at this port: Germany, 27,109; Ireland, 13,596; Sweden, 12,563; England, 7797; Norway, 3189; Holland, 2682; Austria, 2599; Scotland, 1697; Italy, 1694; Denmark, 1649; Switzerland, 1509; Poland, 630; France, 544; Hungary, 372; Russia, 218; Wales, 204; Belgium, 164; West Indies, 33; Spain, 31; Canada, 27; Finland, 18; Java, 8; Portugal, Roumania and "born at sea," 6; Malays, 3; South America, 2; Japan, China, and Isle of Man, 1 each; total, 78,359, of which 47,316 were men and boys and 31,043 women and girls.

One of the Most Destructive Tornadoes ever known swept over the Western States on Saturday, June 11th, and the following day. From St. Paul, Minn., and Des Moines, Iowa, distressing reports are sent of the injuries inflicted on crops, houses, and public buildings. A report from Northfield says, The wind blew at the rate of seventy-five miles an hour. The streets in many places were impassable by reason of *fallen trees, many of which were fourteen inches in diameter.* The steeple of the new Congregational church, which was 119 feet high, was blown down, and the whole building backed six inches out of plumb. The wind blew the windmill belonging to the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad into a hundred pieces, threw the tank-house about two and a half feet out of plumb, and carried one empty car standing on the side track a distance of twenty-five feet. In portions of Kansas and Missouri the wind raged with almost unexampled fury. In some places *many lives were lost*, and the tracks of the storms were littered with the fragments of property of all kinds. The hailstones are represented in many places as of the size and shape of door-knobs, weighing over a pound apiece, and covering the ground to the depth of six inches. Physicians from Melvern, Olivet, and Lyndon, are on the ground attending to the injured people, many of whom it is feared will not recover, and hundreds of people are helping to alleviate the general suffering.

The Seminary at Trinity College, N. C., has among its students a young Chinaman, Hann Card Soon, who was born at Icow, Canton, in the year 1863. His father's name was Hann Hong-jack; his mother's Bo-buey. Hong-jack was a ship chandler by trade, and had five children—three boys and two girls.

Accompanied by a young friend, Hann Card arrived at Boston, in 1878. During the fifteen years he lived in China he had never heard the name of Jesus. After a while he went on board the United States Revenue Cutter *Colfax*, Captain Gabrielson commanding, which was assigned to duty on the coast of North Carolina. The boatswain, Captain Jones, a member of the Fifth Street Methodist Church, Wilmington, N. C., a pious and devout man, became deeply interested in young Hann Card, and often took him to church.

In October, 1880, the Rev. T. Page Ricaud, pastor of the church, preached a sermon at Smithville, thirty miles below Wilmington, when young Hann Card was deeply convicted of sin, and presented himself as a subject for prayer. In the following month Hann Card was converted at Wilmington, and was baptized by Mr. Ricaud, and took the name of Charles Jones Soon. On Sunday, the 10th of April, 1881, the case of the young man was laid before the Trinity Methodist Sunday School, at Durham, N. C., by the Superintendent, Mr. J. S. Carr, with the suggestion that the School establish at Trinity College a scholarship to be known as the "Marvin Scholarship," and that Hann Card be placed there and properly educated, with the understanding that he would return to China as a missionary from the M. E. Church South. In about fifteen minutes the School had adopted the suggestion and raised the necessary fund, and now Hann Card is a student of the College. May He that is able to keep him from falling prosper him in his course and spare him to become a true missionary to his own countrymen.

Citizens of all Political Parties Will be pleased to learn that Mrs. Garfield is recovering rapidly. She dined at the family table on Sunday, June 12th, for the first time since her illness began. The President and his family expect to spend the next few weeks at Long Branch, where it is hoped that the sea air will impart to the lady, now happily convalescent, renewed strength and vigor.

Mr. Tom Hughes's English Colony in Tennessee has now a contemporary in Iowa. Mr. Close, representing some English capitalists, bought 10,000 acres of land, divided it into farms of 160 acres each, brought tenants from England, and now has it all under tillage. "Our system," Mr. Close says, "is not to hold virgin land on the chance of a rise in value, but, by building houses and ploughing the sod, to improve the property we buy and make it productive of income, wherein we conceive lies the distinction between legitimate business and speculation in land. Each 160 acres is let, as a rule, to one tenant, who provides labor and machinery, paying us rent for wheat lands in kind, on the half-share system, and for Indian corn lands at about $2 per acre. The tenant's own labor, with one assistant, usually a son, is enough, except at harvest time, to cultivate 160 acres, if divided between wheat and Indian corn.

A Suit which Deserves the Attention of trades unions, and may have an important influence on the tyrannical proceedings of some of those societies has been instituted. The wife of a puddler in Pittsburg has turned the tables on a trades union there, by bringing a suit against its officers for driving him from a situation because he did not belong to their union.

A Liquor Dealers' Trick Frustrated.—Eleven saloon-keepers in Constable Hook, a section of Bayonne, have been unable to procure licenses because there were not a sufficient number of property-owners to sign their applications, each application requiring ten signatures, and no property owner being permitted to sign more than one application. An ingenious scheme was hit upon to surmount the difficulty. John Van Buskirk, an ex-councilman, who owns a large amount of property in that section, transferred two acres to his son, and he transferred the two acres to 108 persons, taking mortgages for the full value of the property. This enabled every applicant for a license to get the necessary number of signatures. The plan did not work, however, for the City Council decided that property acquired in that way did not constitute the nominal owner a freeholder in the sense required by the law.

Leprosy in the United States.—The Annual report of the Louisiana Board of Health recently issued, contains a report of the progress of Asiatic leprosy in that State during the last century. In the Hospital for Lepers, at New Orleans, the majority of the inmates are white, of French, Russian, and German extraction, although in 1780 the only sufferers known, were colored people who had either been brought from the West Indies or were descended from those who had come from there. The President of the Board of Health has made a personal investigation into the extent of this disease, even venturing into the deathly swamps of the lower Bayou Lafourche. This whole district, he states, is several feet lower than the turbid bayou, sloping back into cypress swamps, liable to constant overflow from crevasses. He found Asiatic leprosy existing in different generations of six families. Some of these wretched creatures have been driven out from human habitation, and are living apart in the swamps, *dying of decay*. In some instances their flesh has become as insensible as bone, and they were able to *handle fire with impunity*. It was impossible to make a correct estimate of their numbers, as a rumor spread among them that the searching party had come to carry them off to an uninhabited island of the sea, and they hid themselves, their friends, too, refusing to tell their names or number.

The Return of a Long Lost Son Gladdened a home in Gloucester, Me., a few days ago. Eleven years ago a young man left Lewiston, Me., for the West, and since then no tidings of him had been received. Recently a gentleman arrived at a Lewiston hotel who said he came from Leadville, and stated that he formerly lived in Lewiston city. Making inquiries about his people, he found that they had removed to Gloucester. Hiring a team he drove to that town and found his father's house, and, without informing him who he was, inquired if he might stay to dinner. At dinner he drew his father into conversation. He asked his father about his son who had gone to Leadville. The old man replied with *tears in his eyes*, that he supposed George was dead, as he left for the West eleven years ago, and since then he had never been heard from. The scene can be imagined when the stranger said: "No, he isn't dead, father." Christ tells us that such joy as that father manifested is occasioned in Heaven when one sinner repents (Luke 15 : 7).

A Heart-Breaking Cable Message was Despatched to Scotland from New York on Saturday last. It was addressed to an aged couple living near Glasgow, and it contained the intelligence that John Arnott, their beloved son, twenty-seven years old, who landed in this city June 8th, had committed suicide at Earle's Hotel, where he boarded. Since the day of his arrival he had been drinking heavily, spending the greater part of his time in his room in a drunken stupor. Being denied liquor in the hotel, he took it to his room in a bottle from the nearest bar-room. On Friday he was found dead in his room with his throat cut. *A farewell letter* was found directed to "*my dear son, John Arnott*, on his leaving for America, signed by both his parents, which made it plain that the suicide, having led a riotous life in Scotland, and emigrated to make a future for himself in this country. The letter was full of encouraging wishes for the success of his effort. The father and mother said that they freely forgave him. Another letter, signed "your ever true and loving Bella," was from *the suicide's affianced bride*. "I will count the weeks and months till you return," she wrote; "but O John! take care of yourself, for I think that if anything should befall you now it would kill me. No one will pray more earnestly for your success than I will."

The young man must have had some good qualities or he would not have been so patiently and tenderly loved, but he had become a slave to Satan, who held him in one of his most potent bonds. His fate should be a warning to those who are commencing a similar evil course. How God regards the son who breaks his parents' heart by vicious habits may be inferred from the fact that under the Mosaic law he would have been publicly executed (Deut. 20 : 19–21).

An Ohio Minister's Song in Prison Recently, gave evidence of the power of the Gospel to sustain the Christian under very distressing circumstances. The Rev. Benjamin F. Leonard, an aged local minister of Caldwell, O., was put in jail on Saturday night by United States Marshal Miller, of Columbus, on a charge of perjury in procuring a pension seventeen years ago. The old minister spent the entire Sabbath day in a happy mood, praying, reading his Bible, and singing in his cell. Later an affidavit signed by his army surgeon, Dr. Cotton, of Marietta, Ohio, was received, fully establishing the aged clergyman's innocence of the charge, and the feeling of sympathy already evoked among his flock changed to one of intense indignation against the Marshal.

A Fall from the Window of a Theatre caused the death of a young man in Brooklyn last week. He occupied a back seat in the gallery of the Broadway Theatre on June 13th, and during the performance he was seen to fall backward through a window which had been opened on account of the heat. He died the next morning from his injuries. The cause of his fall was not elicited at the coroner's inquest, but it was supposed that he was flung through the window in the course of a scuffle which occurred near where he was sitting. The awful solemnity of death seems increased by the circumstances of this young man's end. To be summoned from such a scene to give an account of himself to God is a situation terrible beyond description. As we think of it we realize the truth of the inspired words (Eccles. 7 : 4).

The Morgue is Recommended as a Preacher whose voice ought to command attention, in an editorial in one of our secular contemporaries. It says, "By far the strongest temperance lecture of the season is the statement made by *the keeper of the Morgue* that four-fifths of the five thousand bodies that reach the city dead house every year are sent there by drunkenness. The jolly fellows who make fun of the anti-liquor agitation as they stand at bars and drink good old whiskey—for of course no other kind is sold—know only the beginnings of what rum can do; but the rough pine boxes, filled with what once was clear-headed, bright-eyed humanity, are just as directly the work of drink as bar room fun is. There may be cities in the world where men can drink spirits without injury to body and brain, but New York is not one of them. In a city where everybody, from the millionaire to the day laborer, is being continually impelled to begin more work than he can finish, whatever increases physical or mental excitement is a positive curse."

A Sum of Money as well as Direction was received in answer to prayer in this city recently. A Christian man was appl ed to for a loan by a friend whose necessities were pressing. The Christian had a sum of money in his possession sufficient for the purpose, but which he had laid aside to meet a payment of his own. He was anxious to assist his friend, but timid at incurring the risk on account of his own liability. As he sought guidance from God he felt that he had received the needed direction in the portions of Scripture which were impressed on his mind after praying. He gave the money, and that very day received *twice as much* from one who had owed it to him for six years, and whose debt he had considered bad.

THE JUDGMENT SEAT OF GOD.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"But why dost thou judge thy brother? or why dost thou set at nought thy brother? for we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ. For it is written, As I live, saith the Lord, every knee shall bow to me, and every tongue shall confess to God. So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God."—ROMANS 14 : 10–12.

An Argument for Christ's Divinity—Why Paul Wrote of Judgment—A too Common Habit—Judging Each Other, a Frivolous Amusement—Unnatural—Anticipatory—An Intrusion—It is Needless—Unprofitable—The Tribe of the Danites—Why Omitted in the Apocalyptic List—The Judgment to Come—I. It will be Universal—The Evidence—The Decision—The Challenge—II. It will be Personal—Of Individuals, not of Races or Tribes—An Account Required of Thoughts—Of Judgments—Connected with Full Submission—With Confession—Those who Have Kept no Books—III. It will be Divine—Truthful—By Supreme Standard—Searching—Impartial—Final—Sins of Heavy Weight—The Light Through the Clouds.

NO doubt there is *an error in our version*, for where in the tenth verse we read, "the judgment seat of Christ," it should be "the judgment seat *of God*." I suppose the word "Christ" slipped into certain manuscripts because Paul had been speaking of Christ, and it was thought to be natural that he should continue to use the same name. Paul did not say "Christ," but "God," but by that word he meant the same person. Paul knew that Christ is God, and when he was speaking of Christ it was no deviation from the subject for him to speak concerning him under the title of "God." It was necessary here for him to use the word "God," because he was about to quote from the Old Testament Scripture a passage which speaks concerning the sovereignty of God, which is to be acknowledged and confessed by all mankind. The passage runs, "We shall all stand before the judgment seat of God; for it is written, As I live, saith the Lord, every knee shall bow to me, and every tongue shall confess to God. So, then, every one of us shall give account of himself to God."

I beg you to notice how strongly this passage goes to prove the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ; because the whole run of the passage is concerning Christ. "To this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living." And then the apostle immediately, without any break in the sense whatever, speaks of God, because he was speaking of the same person, and he quotes a passage which relates to God Himself, and uses it as relating to Christ. It does, indeed, relate to our Lord Jesus Christ, for He is "very God of very God," and God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ.

The doctrine of eternal judgment, upon which I shall speak this morning, is introduced to us for a certain reason. Paul saw among Christians

A MUCH TOO COMMON HABIT

of judging one another. I suppose if Paul were to come among us now he would not see any remarkable difference upon that point. Just then the bulk of the converts were Jews, and as such they brought into the Christian Church their former religious habits; those men who had devoutly kept the ceremonial law felt as if they would violate their consciences if they did not continue to keep its more prominent precepts; and though they gave up certain of its observances which were evidently abolished by the Gospel, they kept up others, such as special days for religious fasts and feasts.

At the same time the church had in her midst men who said, and said correctly, "The coming of Christ has done away with the old dispensation; these holy days are all types and shadows whose substance is in Christ. Has not the Lord shown to Peter, who is the minister of the circumcision, that henceforth nothing is common or unclean?" The men of strong faith blamed their weaker brethren for being superstitious, and by their superstition bringing a yoke of bondage upon themselves. "No," replied the weaker sort, "we were not su-

perstitious; we are conscientious, while you go much too far in your liberty, and cause us to stumble." Thus while the strong looked down upon the weak, almost doubting whether they could have come into the liberty of Christ at all, the weak condemned the strong, almost charging them with turning their liberty into license. They were *both wrong*, for they were judging one another.

Paul, who was himself most strongly opposed to the Judaizing party, and in every respect came out clear and straight upon the bold lines of Christian liberty, was, nevertheless, so actuated by the spirit of his Master that he was ready to be all things to all men, and seeing grave peril of dissension where all should be love, he rushed into the breach, and he said, "Do not judge one another: what have ye to do with judging? There is a judgment yet to come." He mentioned the future judgment on purpose that by its powerful influence upon their minds they might be taken away from the frivolous amusement, for it does not come to much more—the *frivolous amusement*, the mischievous meddlesomeness of judging one another, when already the Judge is at the door.

Let us linger a minute over this practical point, and see how Paul rebukes the spirit of judging one another. First, he says in effect that it is *unnatural*. "Why dost thou judge thy brother? Why dost thou set at nought thy brother? He whom thou judgest or despisest is thy brother. Thou hast called the weak one superstitious, but he is thy brother: thou hast called the strong man licentious because he enjoys his liberty; but he is thy brother." If we must needs judge, certainly it should not be those who are linked to us by the ties of spiritual relationship. Are not all believers one family in Christ?

This judging among Christians, then, is, first of all, unnatural; and, next, it is *an anticipation of the judgment day*. There is to come a day when men shall be judged—judged after a better fashion than you and I can judge. How dare we, then, travesty God's great assize by ourselves mounting the throne and pretending to rehearse the solemn transactions of that tremendous hour? Judgment will come soon enough: may the Lord have mercy upon us in that day. My brother, why needest thou hurry it on by thyself ascending the throne?

CANNOT GOD DO HIS OWN WORK?

"Vengeance is mine: I will repay," saith the Lord.

Moreover, we not only anticipate the judgment, but we *impudently intrude ourselves into the office and prerogative of Christ* when we condemn the saints. "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ:" that is the true throne of judgment. How many times I have had to appear before the judgment seat of my fellow-men! Sometimes one's motives are impugned; another time one's actions, or mode of speech, or way of managing church affairs. Well, it is a small matter for us to appear before men's judgment seat: we may very well refuse to put in an appearance at all, for man is not our master, and we are not bound to answer to his summons.

Why is it that so many brethren seem to think that they are masters, and have a right to judge the Lord's servants? I know some Christians who not only form judgments, and very severe judgments, upon all that are round about them as to the facts that come under their notice; but they, also, without any facts whatever, conceive notions concerning persons whom they have never seen, and are full of obstinate prejudices against them. *Many twist words* into meanings which they were never intended to mean by the person who used them; and others, even without so much as the excuse of misunderstanding words, sit down and imagine evil against their brethren. They dream that they are slighted, and then hard judgments follow. Once imagine that you are badly treated, and then you will think that everything is done out of spite to you, and the next thing is to think spitefully of others.

There are persons about who are liberally gifted in the line of gossip, who by their talk would make you think you were living in Sodom and Gomorrah, if not in Tophet. You are made to fear that every one you have trusted is a vile deceiver, that every man who is zealous is mercenary, that every minister is preaching in public what he secretly disbelieves, that every generous subscriber only gives out of pride; that, in fact, you are living in a place where the race of Judas Iscariot is to be seen, reproduced ten thousand times over. One goes to bed and cannot sleep after talking to these talebearers. The consolation is that there is no truth in their wonderful discoveries. These slanderous statements are a base burlesque of judgment, and nothing more.

The apostle argues strongly against this evil spirit of censoriousness in the Christian Church; and to give

A KNOCK-DOWN BLOW

to it he says, "It is all *needless;* you need not judge one another, for both your brother and yourself will stand before the judgment seat of God. There is no need of your condemnation, for if any man be worthless the judge will condemn him: you may not interfere with the business of the great Supreme; he will manage the affairs of men far better than you can."

Yet more, your judgment is *unprofitable:* you would spend your time much more profitably if you would recollect that you also who can be so exact and severe in pointing out this fault here, and the other fault there, will be yourselves examined by an unerring eye. Your own account books have to be sent in, and to be examined item by item; therefore look well to your own matters. So the apostle winds up by saying, according to the most forcible rendering of the original, "We must each one of us give an account of himself to God,"

Brothers, sisters, I bring these truths before you because they are meant for brothers in Christ, and not so much for the outside world. It is to those who have faith, and are in the family of love, that the word of warning is given that we do not judge, and to us the argument is addressed that we shall each one give an account for himself to God.

I read the other day, in an interesting pamphlet upon the Apocalypse, a note which furnishes me with an illustration. The writer endeavors to explain *why the tribe of Dan is not mentioned* in the Book of Revelation as having its chosen twelve thousand. All the other tribes are there, but Dan is missed, and Manasseh is put in his place. The author says it is because Dan signifies "judgment," or "one that judges." He says: "These 'judges of evil thoughts' have been sad troublers in Israel in all ages; not fearing to judge their brother and set at nought their brother, they have judged everything and everybody but themselves. And so in the place of Dan, *The Judge*, we get Manasses, *One who forgets*, one who, though cast off by his brethren, forgets and forgives their injuries, and we account it a *good exchange;* and in the New Jerusalem home, where failure will be no more, Dan, 'a serpent in the way,' or 'a lion's whelp,' would be as much out of *work* as out of *place*." If any of the Danites hear or read this, let them pray for grace to change their habits and natures.

I. Now I come to the doctrine itself, the solemn doctrine of judgment to come. May God make it impressive to our hearts. Our thoughts are now directed to the future judgment, and we notice concerning it, first, that

THE JUDGMENT WILL BE UNIVERSAL.

"For we shall all stand before the judgment seat of God."

The man of one and the man of ten talents must alike be reckoned with. Weak Christians are exempted from many trials by the gentleness of God, but not from the ultimate trial, for we shall each one of us give an account of himself unto God: the strong and the weak. The men who bore office in the church will have to answer for it, even as saith the apostle Paul, in Hebrews 13:17, "They watch for your souls, as they that must give an account." And again, "It is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful: he that judgeth me is the Lord." I could *on bended knees ask your pity for myself*, having to minister to so large a congregation, and with so much larger a congregation outside to whom I weekly minister through the press. Ah me, who is sufficient for these things? Who shall be found faithful in such a position?

I think all ministers might with tears in their eyes cry to you, "Brethren, pray for us." It will be the height of my ambition to be clear of the blood of all men. If, like George Fox, I can say, in dying, "I am clear, I am clear," that were almost all the heaven I could wish for. Oh to discharge one's ministry aright, and to be able to render an account like that of Paul, who said, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith." This is my soul's longing.

What a motley throng will gather at that assize, of all nations and peoples and tongues! Persons of all ages, too. You boys and girls, and you who have lived through a long life. Kings and princes will be there to give in their weighty account, and senators and judges to answer to their judge; and then the multitude of the poor and needy, and those that live neglecting God, and forgetful of their souls—they must all be there. It is a universal judgment.

Saints and sinners too, only on what a different footing, are all to be judged out of the books, and out of the Book of Life. Thus saith the word of the Lord: "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in His body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." To the saints the judgment of the things done shall be according to righteousness, for these things shall be taken in evidence that they were indeed reconciled to God. The Judge will say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from before the foundations of the world." And then shall come *the evidence:* "For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; thirsty, and ye gave me drink," and so on. These fruits shall be the evidence that they were in Christ, the evidence of their being justified by faith; while on the other hand the sour and bitter fruit of the ungodly shall be an evidence that they were not planted of the Lord: "I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; sick and in prison, and ye did not minister unto me."

We need have *no fear of the judgment* to come when we know that we are in Christ, for who fears to enter a just court when he knows that by the highest authority he has already been cleared? How complete the Christian's safety! For there will be no accuser. So bright will be the righteousness of a saint through faith that no accuser will appear. Hark, the herald gives forth *the challenge!* "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" All through the court it rings; and God is there—the faithful and all-seeing God. Does He lay anything to their charge? Far from it. "It is God that justifieth." Who, then, need fear to enter the court when every accusation is silenced and a reward is expected?

Ah, how unwillingly will rebels come before that throne! Pharaoh! you must see a greater than Moses. Herod! you must see the young child upon his throne. Judas! you hanged yourself to escape the judgment of your conscience, but by no means can you escape the judgment of your God. Though four thousand years have elapsed since men died, and their bodies may have melted quite away, yet when the trumpet ringeth out clear and shrill their bodies shall live again, and they must all come forth, each one to answer for himself at that grand assize before the Judge of all the earth, who must do right with each of them. Let us, then, bow before the solemn truth that God hath appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained.

II. The second truth, which we must make as prominent as ever we can, is that

IT WILL BE A PERSONAL JUDGMENT

for each one. This is the pith of what the apostle is saying: "So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God." The judgment will not proceed in a rough, indiscriminate manner, as upon a race or tribe, but each man will have to stand apart, and the account reckoned will not be of a family or a band, but of each individually for himself. Note this carefully, O men: We shall have to give an account each man for his own actions, for his own thought, for his own words, for his own intention; nay, not only of that, but *of*

himself. We shall each man have to give account of the state of his own heart, of the condition of his mind before God, whether he repented, whether he believed, whether he loved God, whether he was zealous, whether he was truthful, whether he was faithful. If it only dealt with actions, words, and thoughts, the account would be solemn enough, but we must each one give an account *of himself*, of what he *was* as well as what he *did*, of what was in his heart as well as of that which came out of it in his deeds. Oh, what a trial will this be!

We shall then have to give *an account of our judgments* of others. We shall not have to answer for what they did, but for our daring to judge and condemn them. Did you ever think of this, you that judge others, that you are laying down the standard by which you will have to be judged yourselves? I generally find that those who are most severe toward others need and often expect great leniency toward themselves, but it will not be so at the last, for thus it is written: "With what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged." How easy it will be to judge the fault-finding at the judgment day. The Judge will only have to say, "They have already condemned themselves: they have condemned their own faults as they saw them in others; they have used the sharpest judgments against less faults than their own; out of their own mouth let them take the sentence and depart." You will have to render no account for other people, but you will have to render an account of yourself and how you judged other people. The last account will be wholly personal; therefore see ye to it.

That account will, according to my text, have connected with it full *submission*. "As I live, saith the Lord, every knee shall bow to me." You may to-day say, "I do not care about God:" you will have to care about Him. As truly as God lives you will have to bow. You may say, "What matters it to me what Scripture says?" It will matter to you, as certainly as God lives, which is putting it on the most solemn certainty that can be. God has taken an oath about it, and declares that you shall own His sway.

YOU HAD BETTER BEND AT ONCE,

for you must either break or bow. God means to have His sovereignty acknowledged by all mankind.

Next, you will have to *confess*; so the text saith. By this I understand that you will have to acknowledge that God is your Lord and Master, and had a right to your services; that you ought to have kept His law; that in sinning you have done unrighteously, and acted as you ought not to have acted. That confession you will not be able to withhold.

When God pronounces sentence, and the ungodly are sent down to hell, they will give their own assent to His righteousness in condemning and punishing them. The verdict of the castaways in hell is that they deserve it; and this is, indeed, the hell of hell, that they cannot deny the justice of those pains which come upon them as the result of their disobedience. God will see to it that we shall justify Him either in life or in death, by confessing that He is righteous.

I appeal to you, my dear hearers, whether you are ready with your account which you will have to render to God: have you kept one at all? Sometimes when men appear before a court they plead that they have no books, and it is *always a bad sign*. You know what the judge thinks of him. Can you dare to examine yourself, and answer questions? Can you give an account of your stewardship? Have you kept it correctly, or have you credited yourself with large things where you ought to have debited yourself? Your fraud will be discovered, for the great Accountant will read it through, and will detect an error in a single moment. Is your account kept correctly, and are you ready to render it in at this moment? Christian brother, you and I might hold back a little before we could say, "Ay" to that, and yet I trust we could say it, for we know ourselves to be accepted with God.

As for those who have scarcely thought of their God, their Maker, what will they do? what can they do, when each one of them must give an account before God, and they have no account except that which will condemn them for having wasted their Master's goods for having defrauded the eternal God of that which was justly His due, and having spent upon their lusts that which ought to have been dedicated to their God? This judgment, then, will be personal. *You cannot put your godly mother into the scale* with yourself; you cannot associate your dear old father with yourself in judgment. O children, you cannot be judged by your ancestry, but by your acts; for it is written: "The Son of man shall come in the glory of His Father with His angels; and then He shall reward every man according to his works." Oh, see ye to it; God help you to do so.

III. Thirdly,

THIS JUDGMENT WILL BE DIVINE.

"We shall stand before the judgment seat *of God*." The judgment will be universal, personal, divine; and because it is the judgment seat of God, it will be a judgment *according to truth*. God will make no mistakes: He will not impute any wrong to us undeservedly, and He will not give us credit for right because we bore the appearance of it. He will search to the very core and essence of the matter.

Are you ready to be tried as by fire? Trial by fire is but a scanty figure of trial by the searching eye of the Most High God. He will test us *by the supreme standard* of perfect justice. We judge by one another, and if we are as liberal, or as prayerful, or as gracious as others, we consider that it is all right. But the balances of the sanctuary are far more exact. It will not be you in one scale and I in another; and if I am as gracious as you, we shall both be accepted. Ah, no; there is another standard than that, the standard of truth and grace in the heart, and real love to God, and conformity to the image of Christ. Judge ye whether ye can stand that test.

That judgment will be most *searching*. "The Lord pondereth the hearts." He will not judge after the sight of the eyes, but search out our secrets. Then shall the foundations be tested, then shall all that the man rested on and stayed himself upon be tried, whether it be the Rock of Ages or whether it be the mere sand of presumption. There will be no such trial day before or after as that day of the assize of God.

That judgment will be *impartial*. You and I are always partial in weighing ourselves. We generally give the most lenient verdict except when we happen to be despondent in spirit, and then we are morbidly sensitive. But God will judge us without partiality. Rich friend, *that diamond ring* will answer no purpose in that day; my ladies, those fine garments will make no impression in that court. My learned friend, that handle to your name will be of no avail; and you, fine sir, with your knighthood, earldom, or dukedom, will be none the better off; for coronets, and even imperial crowns all go for nothing before the throne of God, who is no respecter of persons.

This judgment will be *final*. The sentence of the Supreme Court will settle all. Doth He say, "Depart ye cursed"? They can do no other. Doth He say, "Come ye blessed"? Oh, how blessed to enter into the eternal home. May none of you ever hear Him say, "Depart"; for He will never reverse the sentence: you will have to depart, and keep on departing, going farther, farther, and farther away from Him who is hope and life and joy. There is no hope held out that He shall ever say, "Come back again, ye cursed;" but no, "Depart into everlasting fire in hell." God save us from such an ultimatum as that.

At the last judgment

CERTAIN SINS WILL PROVE TO BE OF HEAVY WEIGHT.

I will do no more than mention a few of them. There is one that is never treated leniently by any judge: it is *contempt of court*. God will speedily condemn those who have despised His authority. Are there any such here who have despised the Lord their God, and set at nought His counsel? They seldom or never think of God or His law, or even regard His day; but they say, "Who is the Lord that we should obey His voice?" Beware, ye despisers, and wonder and perish, for the Lord our God is jealous of His great name, and He hears the voices of them that scoff at Him.

Rejection of mercy is also a high crime and misdemeanor. The Judge who shall sit upon the throne has already presented mercy to all of you, and the unconverted among you have refused it. Surely they deserve the deepest hell who slight eternal love. If the Judge can say, "The prisoner at the bar has had the glad tidings of forgiveness presented to him, but has refused to listen to the gracious message, or having listened, and being almost persuaded, he nevertheless put it off to a more convenient time, and here he stands a trampler on the blood of Christ." This sin will be a millstone about the soul forever.

Then there is the crime of *wilful, deliberate sinning*, with intent so to do. Have any of you been guilty of this fact, and have you not fled to Christ? Did you choose sin, knowing it to be sin? Are you still choosing sin, and living in it against the voice of conscience? Ah, believe me, sin repeated, sin continued in will bring swift and sure destruction. These sins go beforehand to judgment, and there lodge solemn plaints against the guilty.

I cannot close amid these clouds. Break forth, O sun! Turn to the passage from which Paul quoted; for there you shall hear a sweet gospel word which may fitly end my discourse. Paul's mind was at Isaiah 45:23. He did not quote the words literally, but he gave the sense. Here is the passage: "Surely I have sworn by myself, the word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return, that unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear." Now, what words do you think come before these? You shall look for yourselves I will wait while you open your Bibles. Do you see the blessed lines? God declares that every man shall bow before Him, and confess His authority; but what word of exhortation stands before that oath of His? I wish I could make it flash out at this moment in letters of light right round the building: "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else."

THAT MERCY MESSAGE

stands side by side with the judgment prophecy.

Come, then, dear hearts, you that are guilty, come and bow before your God ere He ascends the throne of judgment. Come and do willingly what you will have to do by and by unwillingly. Come now, and confess that He is Judge and ought to be honored; confess that He is King and ought to be obeyed; confess that you are His subject, and are bound to serve Him; confess that you have done wrong, grievous wrong, in having broken His law; come and make out your own indictment; come and be your own accuser; come and condemn yourself; come and bow your head when God's law condemns you; come and own that you deserve divine wrath, and submit yourself to the Lord's justice.

Then give another look to your God and Saviour and say, "My Lord, I know thou art my Judge; but thou art also my Redeemer; I accept the place of condemnation, but I see that thou didst stand there in my behalf, the just for the unjust, my substitute, bearing my sin and punishment. Blessed Lord, I accept thee as my substitute; I yield myself up to thee; I stand now tried, condemned, punished, dead, raised again in thee, and therefore pardoned, acquitted, justified, beloved, accepted for Jesus' sake." Oh, is not this a blessed ending to a solemn sermon?

> "Bold shall I stand in that great day,
> For who aught to my charge shall lay?
> While through thy blood absolved I am
> From sin's tremendous curse and shame."

God bless you. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Romans 14; 15:1-7.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

REV. CHARLES SPURGEON.

His Birth and Early Education — His Conversion — His First Evangelistic Work in Chatham Road, Wandsworth Common— He Enters the Pastors' College —Called to be a Pastor at Greenwich.

THE Rev. Charles Spurgeon, one of the twin sons of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, was united in marriage to Miss S. A. Jacob, on April 11th. He was born in Nightingale Lane, Balham, near London, on September 20th, 1856. Thomas, the other twin son, is now on a second visit to Australia for three years for the benefit of his health.

Mr. Spurgeon.

Mrs. Spurgeon.

Charles Spurgeon was *educated* at Camden House School, Brighton. Here he was noted as a cricketer, and one of the most active in every sport. He acquitted himself honorably in the scholastic department, and succeeded in obtaining some handsome prizes.

After a creditable course of study, school was quitted by the brothers in 1874. They returned to Balham, and prepared for the great business of life. Here their pathways, which had hitherto run from infancy in the same direction, began to diverge. Thomas adopted art as his profession, and attained some considerable proficiency in engraving; while Charles, whose perseverance was combined with a firm will, entered the office of a city shipping firm.

Charles Spurgeon's *conversion* took place under the following circumstances. He was riding a blind pony, and was accompanied by a Christian friend, when their conversation turned into a religious channel. Rain came on, and they sought shelter under a tree. Charles dismounted, and they both knelt down upon the grass, while his friend offered up a prayer. It was during this short season of communion that the glorious sunshine of truth broke in upon his young heart, and his warm affections and services were henceforth devoted to the Lord. This was the turning-point to which his religious and prayerful home-training had long been leading up.

The cry raised from Macedonia, long ages past, "Come over and help us," was raised from *a little mission* in the densely populated neighborhood of Chatham Road, Wandsworth Common, and reached Nightingale Lane, where it was readily responded to by the twin brothers.

They visited this place and found that meetings were being held in the cottage of a gardener, Mr. Rides, who was somewhat at a loss to find speakers. Here they labored together, and soon the project of erecting a chapel, formed originally by Mr. Rides, was taken in hand by the two brothers. It was nearly completed when ill-health compelled Mr. Thomas Spurgeon to sail for Australia.

Left to pursue this work alone, Mr. Charles Spurgeon felt the increase of labor it entailed. He was then in business, and besides the services on Sunday he held two and often three, week-night meetings. At last the commodious and comfortable building now in use was finished, and duly opened by a sermon preached within its walls by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. The labors of his son Charles were thus augmented. He had the sole care of this chapel; the only assistance he received being that rendered by a young friend in some minor affairs.

Although his father never sought to *persuade* him to become a preacher, doubtless it was an answer to many prayers breathed by the parents when Charles felt constrained to withdraw from commercial pursuits, to enter the Pastors' College, with a view to the ministry, in 1877.

Here, on account of his superior education, he speedily became one of the first scholars, adding to the Latin and Greek in which he was already proficient, Hebrew and general theological studies.

In the meanwhile it became evident that he was pre-eminently suited for a wider sphere of Gospel work than that of Chatham Road Chapel. The congregations could not be large in so small a chapel; and although he did not use long words or eloquent similes which were above the intellectual capacities of his hearers, yet his sermons were manifestly suited for a more educated class. Occasionally he had preached sermons in different parts of England, which were attended with great success, very many souls being converted. Among other places he visited were Cambridge, Oxford, Isle of Wight, and several of the large manufacturing towns.

In 1879 he *received a call* from the congregation at South Street, Greenwich. He had preached there once or twice, and at each service the commodious structure was crowded. The call was, after prayerful deliberation, accepted, and Mr. Charles Spurgeon entered upon his first pastorate there at the age of twenty-three.

The church to which he was called had relapsed into a lukewarm and indifferent state, the numbers being few and no pastor at its head. These difficulties Mr. Charles Spurgeon saw and grappled with. The battle against indifference was gained, and he has been greatly blessed by the Holy Spirit to the salvation of many souls in Greenwich. The building, which was almost empty, is now filled with nearly a thousand hearers. A debt of £1000 which incumbered the chapel has been paid off, and the church rejoices in many tokens of spiritual prosperity.

MRS. C. SPURGEON.

MISS S. A. JACOB, with whose portrait also we have the pleasure of presenting our readers, and to whom the Rev. Charles Spurgeon was married on April 11th, in South Norwood Congregational Chapel, by his father, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, is the only daughter of Mr. Philip Jacob, of South Norwood. Miss Jacob, who is now twenty years of age, first met her future husband at her father's house, where he had become a visitor through being associated with her brother in mission work.

At a very early age Miss Jacob became a decided Christian, and was baptized by the Rev. Frank White when she was not more than twelve years old. Prepossessing in appearance, intelligent, pious, and in all respects suitable for the position of a minister's wife, there is every reason to hope and believe that she will add materially not only to the happiness, but to the usefulness of her husband.

In wishing, as we do most heartily and sincerely, much happiness for the youthful couple, it is pleasant to remember that every respect paid to them is indirectly paid also to the honored and beloved pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle and his noble-minded wife.

Seldom has it fallen to the lot of a bride to exchange her name for one more renowned than that by which Miss Jacob will henceforth be known. May bride and bridegroom both be true to the God of their fathers, and have their earthly union consummated by the everlasting joys of heaven!

THE BOYS OF CITY STREETS.

EVERY city has its troop of vagrant boys. Various causes lead to the formation of these troops and recruit their ranks. Of these causes the principal one is that one or both parents are under the power of the intoxicating cup. The natural result of a father being a drunkard is to make the home miserable, and when drink has led to crime and imprisonment, as it frequently does, the wretched home is broken up and the children are left to pick up a precarious subsistence by selling matches or newspapers, or something of the kind in the streets. In too many cases they fall into the hands of vicious men who teach them to become pickpockets.

A lady in London who has taken a deep interest in these waifs of the pavement, and has been very successful in rescuing them from vice and sin and procuring employment for them, has recently sent an interesting account of her experience to a trans-Atlantic contemporary, from which we quote the following incidents:

It is 7 P.M., and the area bell has been rung several times, so I must hurry down to the front kitchen—which does duty as meeting-room—and receive my lads, as they are beginning to drop in. On opening the door, indeed, I find that three of them are there already—"Jumbo," "Rags," and "Tubby." * "Good evening." "Good evening," from the three.

Presently "Shwanky" comes in, and seats himself as close to the fire as he possibly can. He looks very cold, poor lad. Five minutes later, and "Parrot," "Ginger," "Croppy," and "Flamer," have arrived. There is an approach to a scuffle for the seat nearest to the fire, and the usual rubbing of hands in delight at its warmth. Then, with a few remarks, such as "Now, Billy, look wot yer a doin.'" "Can't yer let a feller have a smell o' the fire!" "Ye'r almost a-roastin' a'ready!" etc., they settle into their seats, there is peace, and all stare at the fire for a minute or so, as if they had never seen one before. On the table there are copies of a good many illustrated journals and periodicals, as well as some copy-books. But the fire is, at present, a superior attraction, and they prefer to sit round it.

By-and-by they begin to talk together and discuss. At times politics will have a turn, especially

* These names, the reader will kindly understand, are not in the least of my invention, but are simply those by which the lads referred to are usually called and known among their comrades.

if there has been a battle lately, or if one is likely, but their favorite topics concern horses and their own daily life.

Sometimes discussion becomes so hot that I find it necessary to interfere by changing the subject, or stopping it altogether, as otherwise I should be afraid to say what might be the consequence. The simplest way in such a case is to get the hymn-books, name a hymn in a firm tone, start it at once, and then before the first line is ended every one of the lads will be singing, and the discussion is at an end.

After a few hymns have been sung, some of the lads go off to the table to read or write, or to look at the pictures and periodicals. By about half past eight a dozen more lads have come—"*Buster*," "*Jog-along*," "*Raspberry*," and others—most of whom have been at work until now as butcher-boys, or at fishmongers' or other shops, though one owns a donkey and barrow and sells vegetables for himself. These also have a good warm, and then some take their seats at the table and try their hands at drawing, or write a page in a copy-book. Close to the fireside I see "Shwanky" now fast asleep, and one or two others nearly going off. Poor "Shwanky's" face looks as if it had had no soap on it for several days; but, dirty as he is, he has shown his love for this little evening meeting by coming straight from work—if he had gone home first he would have lost the greater part of it. Soap and water, and his evening meal too, have therefore been sacrificed in order to spend a quiet time with his young associates, and to enjoy a warm fire, which is a luxury not only to him, but to most of the lads who attend.

The evening having been spent in this way, ten o'clock draws near, writing and books are put away, and all sit in a semicircle round the fire to sing a final hymn. "Mayn't we sing 140th?" says one. "No," says "Croppy," "let's have 20th." Jack says very quietly to me, "Missus H——, 27 is a nice 'un." At last the favorite hymn is decided upon and is sung, then another, and then a third. The hymn-books are put away, and the chairs also put back into their places, and now comes the most difficult task of all—the final parting—the "good-night."

It is difficult for most of them, for they much prefer being here to going to their homes, and it is particularly trying to my feelings to part with them.

To be continued.)

A DANGER SIGNAL.

A Sermon by the Late Rev. W. M. Punshon, LL.D.

"Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth."—JAMES 5 : 19.

An Interrupted Letter—I. The Danger of Intellectual Error—Connection Between Faith and Practice—The Large Charities of Our Times—Melancholy Progress of the Victims of Error—A Wonderful Conversion—II. The Danger of Moral Error—The Deadliest Heresy—The Backslider's Past, Present, and Future.

THESE are some of the last words of the general Epistle of James. From the abrupt nature of its conclusion, and from the absence of the ordinary salutation and doxology, some have supposed that the original intention was to write at greater length, but at this part of the epistle the apostle was surprised by the tumultuous Jews, and suddenly *hurried off to martyrdom*. If this supposition be true, how solemnly the words stand as the last of a wise and generous spirit! With what worthier words than these parting counsels would any one wish to die? In any case, whether this supposition is true or not, there is very much instruction and encouragement couched in them, which will well repay our careful study.

The main reference, as you will perceive by the context, is to the case of one who had known the truth, who was once devout in spirit and congenial in fellowship, but who, by the seducing influences of false teachers, had been led astray. Such an one is by implication commended to the compassion and the guardianship of the faithful, who are urged by the remembrance of the grandeur of the moral results which shall follow their holy toil thus to recover the fallen out of the snare of the devil.

THERE IS INDIVIDUAL DANGER—

the awful possibility of erring from the truth. This danger may be either *intellectual* or *moral*; either the darkening of the understanding, or the corrupting of the heart. The allusion, evidently, is to one who, having known the truth, had departed from its safe and pleasant paths, and had come under the entanglements either of erroneous notions or of vicious life. And this twofold danger *is in existence still*.

I. There is now-a-days, I need not remind you, a danger of *intellectual error*. If, when the apostle wrote—in the very childhood, so to speak, of Christianity—the tares sown by the enemy were so rank in their luxuriant growth that there were some who denied the divinity of Jesus, and some who allied impurity to devotion, and some who dreamed that they had had a release from the obligations to personal obedience—surely the danger of intellectual error is not the less imminent now, when nearly every man has some form or theory of his own.

And when we consider the almost inevitable *connection between faith and practice*, we cannot join in the sentiments of those who deem it a matter of indifference as to what may be the peculiarities of creed. We cannot forget that because of his opinions the Moslem enters upon fierce wars of extermination; and that because of his opinions the Hindoo, personally merciful, defends infanticide, and mourns that widows are no longer burned nor captives immolated, as over some lost privilege. We cannot forget that in the Japanese who, amid barbarous rites, hold festival to uproot the Cross; and in the Thugs, who strangle from principle, and whose great merit is in the multiplication of murders—the

OPINIONS PROMPT THE DEED.

That man, I take it, must be a man of very eminent piety who can preserve himself constantly blameless when he believes in the Romish doctrine of indulgences. Even where the sentiments have no direct influence upon the practice, they are collaterally and always influential, leavening the nature of the entire man. We cannot, therefore, think it a trifling matter thus to err from the truth by a departure from the faith that was once delivered to the saints.

By many we know this would be considered as an old and groundless apprehension, and altogether inconsistent with the great liberality of the present times. There are some among the teachers of religion who denounce creeds and denominations almost as vehemently as they denounce infidelity and sin, and whose special mission appears to be to advocate the extinction, not only of the middle walls of partition, but of those old and venerable landmarks which guard the poor man's heritage.

Now, if by attachment to creeds you mean a blind and formal adhesion to a system of unrevealed truth, a thing of rubrics and genuflexions, but which holds not the truth in love; and if by denominationalism you mean that churlish narrowness which stands upon its own fleece, and can see neither goodness nor worth beyond the curtains of its own tent, then have at them with all your might as things which must pass away, and which are unworthy utterly of the Christianity which they disfigure. Root them out of our churches if you can.

But if creeds be, as they ought to be, expressions of an inner life, forms of sound words draping the living truth; and if denominations be, as they ought to be, towers of strength for combined resistance and aggression, then, in proportion as we value our Christianity, these, its expressions and its habitations, must be accounted and sustained.

We are quite jealous, brethren, of that Pantheistic false benevolence which holds all religions in equal esteem, which will render its sentimental adoration whether the creed be libertine or holy, whether the altar be crowned with flowers or draped with the dripping blood. That equal esteem springs, we take it, from a conviction of equal worthlessness existing in the one and in the other. The man who professes that universal attachment without some central affection—suspect him when you meet him; he has a selfish and a cruel heart within him.

THE LARGE CHARITIES OF OUR TIME,

the tireless compassions whose feet are swift in the relief of suffering, and who are open-handed in the abundance of their generosity—*whence do they spring*, and who are the men who support them? Not the lounger at the *café* and the club, whose life is an eccentric migration of universal activities, and whose affections are too fickle for an interest in any central direction. No; but the men who have domestic ties and happy homes; the men who know from the preciousness of their own family treasures the worth of such blessings to the world, and from their own agonizing anxiety in some crisis of perplexity and trouble, know how to sympathize with the homeless and with the desolate.

And so it is in the development of the religious life. It is a dangerous thing, believe me, to loose off from safe anchorage on matters of Christian belief or of Christian communion, or of Divine fellowship. We have seen men in our own day who have imbued themselves with the sentiments of Pope's hackneyed but *heretical* couplet—

> "For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight:
> He can't be wrong whose life is in the right;"

and in their privileged or fancied intellectual freedom they have cast off the restraints of creed, and they have belonged to a class, and gathered to themselves a company as motley, and almost as equivocal, as that of David in the Cave of Adullam, and for a while they have bounded and leaped in the very intoxication of their liberty.

We have followed these men in their

MELANCHOLY PROGRESS.

One by one they have shifted from the foundation-truths of Gospel faith and hope, and have rushed into the most holy place; that looseness of thought has induced laxity of life, and by-and-by they have become as the wild Bedouin of the desert, about among the churches, spiritual Ishmaels, their hands against every man, and every man's hand against them. It is no light thing, brethren, believe me, in this way to err from the truth, for *in the heart of every error there is sin*.

And in this wondrous age of ours—this age of enormous publicity, this age of bold thinking, this age of unbridled revelry and speculation—this danger assails us all. Some—here and there one, perhaps—but very, very few, from honest inability to understand the truth, more from intellectual pride, more still from very stubbornness of will, and, most of all, from sheer love of evil, have thus erred from the truth and made shipwreck of faith and of a good conscience together.

Brethren, *the great source of infidelity*, believe me, is not in the head, but in the heart; it is not because men are bewildered by the feebleness or the lack of evidence, but because they love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil. Are any of *you* thus in danger? Do I speak to one now upon whom a cloud of doubt has darkened, or who by listening to the blind suggestions of some infidel acquaintance has had his faith in Gospel verities unsettled and shaken. My brother, haste thee to cast out that demon; fling it away as a serpent, for there is death in its grip and in its fangs!

Aye, it behoves us all in the impending struggle of the times—a struggle, if I mistake not, fiercer far than we have hitherto known—to be rooted in the first principles of the Gospel of Christ, and to hold fast to the form of sound words. We do not ask—the genius of our religion would rebuke us if we did—your blind and traditional submission to its authority. It is a poor and sandy foundation for any man to build his faith upon an ancestral reverence, or an educational bias, or upon customary orthodoxy, or upon a minister's inspirations. Search the Scriptures for yourselves, only take care that you come to the investigation stripped of pride, prejudice, and preconceived hostility—with your spirits softened into a docile trust, with your hearts humbled to the obedience of the truth, and, above all, with fervency of prayer for the guidance of the good Spirit from on high, and that Spirit shall be given to the man that shall inquire, and you shall know of the truth or doctrine whether it be of God.

(To be concluded.)

TOUCHES OF REAL LIFE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Lady Hope, of Cariden.

(*Continued from page* 383.)

Lady Isabel's Visit to the Hardcastle Family—Lucy's Comforting Words—Etta at Lionel Court—Her News of Home Changes—Money for the Shed—A Consultation—Aleth's Communication—Robson's Advice—A Fatal Step.

"DRIVE round by Hardcastle's!" Lady Isabel called to the footman as she left the house in which she had witnessed the terrible death-bed scene.

The quiet, swift motion of the easy carriage, the cool air, and, above all, the half-hour alone with her Lord, soothed and composed her; and when she alighted, it was with perfect calmness that she entered the latticed room and took her seat by Lucy's chair.

She talked about the sunshine, the birds, Lucy's health, and then, covering her face with her hands, she burst into a passion of tears.

Lucy had seen quite plainly that her lady had something on her mind, but, with her usual tactful delicacy, had refrained from anything but direct answers to her visitor's own remarks. Now she stretched out her hand, and laid it upon the cold and trembling one beside her; then she said—

"Dear Lady! I knew something was the matter, but it will all come right. I know it will. We will ask Jesus to make it right."

"Oh no, Lucy!" sobbed Lady Isabel, her composure fairly gone: "it is too late—too late—it is all over now. He is dead—dead! what a dreadful word!" and she shuddered as she said it.

Lucy made no answer, but sat with clasped hands, the sympathetic tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Who, my lady?" at last she faintly asked.

"The old man I have been visiting. I am afraid he was wicked. Oh! I tried—I *tried* to talk to him. But perhaps I did not do it right! What *shall* I do? It is all too late now!"

"Did you *tell* him things, my lady? or did you read to him verses from the Bible? Was it *your* word or God's Word?" said Lucy.

"Oh! the Bible chiefly," said Lady Isabel.

"Then, my lady, you have made no mistake. If it was God's Word it was a living power. HE, the Great Jehovah, can and will use His own Word in His own way. It is 'the savor of death' to some, and of 'life unto life' to others."

"Thank you, Lucy, that is a great comfort!" said her guest. "It was just *my* duty to give the word, and I must leave the rest to God, to Him who sent it in fact."

"Yes! Lady Isabel! you and I can't do more than carry the message. It's as you once told me yourself—you are the 'errand-boy' taking the message. You take it direct from Him to the people, and then *leave* it with them, watered by your prayers. Isn't it so, my lady?"

"O Lucy! you have comforted me so. You always know exactly the word I want. Thank you many times. It was all such a dreadful shock. It quite upset me."

When she left the cottage Lady Isabel felt that her eyes had been opened, as never before, to see the realities of our twofold existence. Life and death, time and eternity, sin and purity, iniquity and yearning love, had, as an opened page, been clearly spread before her.

The wonderful peace of her pleasant home seemed inexpressibly sweet to her heart that evening; her husband's fervent interest and tender sympathy, her children's bright faces and innocent prattle, the pretty drawing-room so luxuriously fitted to her very taste—all seemed to draw forth her renewed thankfulness.

Had Lady Isabel spent that bright day in self-pleasing, her evening, so quietly passed, would not have brought with it the happiness it did. In pursuing pleasure, we *miss* it! the object of our search eludes us. But in following duty pleasure meets us at every turn!

As the bright spring days heightened into summer ones, and the shadows fled away, and sunny blue took the place of watery gray, and the birds chorussed into full rich sound the silent beauty wrapped before them, then it was that Etta returned once more to visit Lionel Court. Her beloved hostess gave her the radiant welcome on which she had so long been counting; and as she drew her to the sofa by the window overlooking the emerald slopes of lawn, she said—

"So, dearest Etta, you bring us good news this time! Is it all settled?"

"Yes!" said Etta, with a new look of happy animation in her face: "it is all settled! When I last parted with you, I was obliged to leave everything on trust."

"Obliged!" Lady Isabel interrupted, smiling; "but never mind, dear. Forgive me!" she said, taking her hand. I am longing to hear."

Etta smiled in return, and said, "I mean, that it all looked rather dark. But to give the brief epitome of the news you have already heard in detail from my letters. It was Edgar Harcourt's visit that did it. Father and mother both like him so much, and feel that they owe him such a debt of gratitude for his comforting talks with Arthur in his illness, that his opinion goes a great way in the house."

"*What* he said to them I never could exactly find out. But certain it was, that after worming out of me all my hidden schemes and projects, and some of my sundry little troubles—much to my shame and confusion of face!—he threw himself a good deal with my mother, and then with my father; he talked with Mr. and Mrs. Clemence several times, and, to make a long story short, through his means, everything was brought comparatively right."

"That is to say," she continued, seeing Lady Isabel's questioning glance fixed upon her, as though she were eagerly drinking in her simple story, "mother has begun to like Mrs. Clemence, and I may go to see her as much as I please; and my father has withdrawn his objection to 'the Shed' plan. Isn't it wonderful? *Every one* has to be thanked for that! Little Aleth, Mr. Habershon, Mrs. Clemence, your own dear self, Lady Isabel! my sisters and all. And last, but not least, the One who has so graciously heard and answered my prayers!"

"I am glad!" said Lady Isabel delightedly. "But *how* did your sisters come to help it? I am astonished to hear you say *that*."

"That also may possibly have been Edgar's influence. I am not sure; but I believe they told my mother that they all had *their* little pleasures, and they did not see why I should not have mine; or something of the kind. And so—and so—it came about!"

What they had *really* said, was—

"There is not the least fear of Etta's becoming strong-minded, Mother; if *that* is what you are afraid of. For that is not at all her line. Indeed it never was. And really she is so good and kind to every one, and takes such pains to help us in everything, that we should be quite sorry if she did not have *her* little wishes gratified."

It was all quite true. Etta had become every one's friend. Her loving gentleness had won its way. No sooner had her heart yielded to the Will of Peace than that blessed rule began to be Omnipotent in her heart. Her own will relinquished, His accepted, the *cross* was removed, for the opposing lines ran parallel. The victory thus won, each crooked fragment of her life began to shape itself into a perfect mosaic, beneath the eye and hand of her gracious, guiding Friend.

Her interview with Albert Eldridge the following evening was thoroughly satisfactory; for as they sat, with Lady Isabel, and Mr. Hamilton, in close conclave—pen, ink, and paper arranged before them—the summed-up items amounted to a total that could quite be accomplished, leaving a margin for extra, or unexpected expenses. Fifty pounds was to be the outmost bound of expenditure—so Etta's father had said; and Albert said this outlay would be sufficient. But when the next morning a letter of warm congratulation from Mr. Habershon arrived, inclosing a cheque for £20, in a small envelope which was accompanied by a single line,

"With Aleth's love,"

Etta was indeed thankful; particularly when Mr. Hamilton insisted on "clapping on," as he called it, "a ten-pounder." Then Mr. Eldridge was resummoned, and the council of war was renewed, the result being, that, were an economically-minded carpenter to be found at Shenstone, the adviser thought Etta might indulge herself in the complete *larching* of the shed throughout, which would not only smarten its interior, but perfect its warmth of temperature. A small stove at each end was to supply such artificial heat as might be thought necessary; though, as Lady Isabel remarked, the summer was already beginning, and no doubt the piece of grass outside, which, in his spare hours, Hutton had volunteered to put in order, would be the favorite resort of the men.

With so many willing contributors, Albert Eldridge for her gratuitous architect, and every present difficulty finally removed, Etta returned to her busy home-life, not a little cheered.

On her first solitary expedition into the streets of Shenstone, which now bore so different an aspect, because of the harmonized ray of hope and love that gladdened her own heart, and individualized into personal identity so many of the cottages and their inhabitants—before, alas! despised, at best overlooked—she met Mr. Robson. It was a pleasant interview, for his smiling face was always a cheering sight, but especially now that so strong a tie as spiritual relationship bound their hearts together in a common friendship.

Taking his hat off, Robson said—

"Good evening, miss!"

A few sentences passed between them about the town, the people, her visit, and then Robson said—

"You are doing a good work, miss. Don't let anything discourage you. I know you have difficulties; but don't you mind 'em, miss. Look above 'em all, right up to Him," he continued, suiting the action to the word, and looking straight up to the blue, softly-flecked sky above him.

"My difficulties are vanishing, in a wonderful, miraculous way, Robson," she said.

He smiled—"I knew they would," he answered. "We've been praying for you; we've been praying about it all."

"Oh, thank you!" said Etta. "I do value the prayers of that warm little meeting. Dear old Michael! I am sure *he* prays about the Shed! and everything else!"

"That he does!" said Robson. "You go on in faith, miss!" he ended, as their lines diverged.

He was soon out of sight; but he had left his sentences of bright trust ringing as chimes of hope through Etta's heart. Blest zeal! how little she knew that it was already sounding forth the first notes of a heavenly anthem—an anthem that would reverberate through higher vaults, ere another night should close. But so it was. Truth, ever stranger than fiction, supplies the sad detail.

Early the next morning, Robson went through the wood, to examine a small mill that had been put ready for use the night before, after a short season of enforced idleness.

Everything was in perfect order. Each screw, and wheel, and axle was oiled, and cleaned and in its place.

The sun had risen, and all nature was in its freshest glow of preparation for a beauteous day, when Robson, with quick step and upright gait, trod the little path that skirted fine old trees, standing in majestic groups, and forming an outline between the grassy park and fields of ploughed soil. Then, crossing a tiny wooden bridge that united the smooth little valley with its picturesque surroundings, to the bolder and more rugged forest slopes, he wended his way beside the gurgling river, over a wide green meadow, and into the land of a farmer, known well by name in Shenstone as a moral, money-loving, successful man.

This farmer's name was Archibald Macintosh. He was building a new house on rented ground, and had asked Mr. Robson to "call and pass an opinion upon it" at his earliest opportunity. He did as he was requested, inspected each portion of the premises, looking into the plans with the eye of a connoisseur; and then, at the close of business, as he ended his visit, standing there beneath the full light of a summer morning's sun, Robson: ever true to his Heavenly Master's work—said—

"Friend! do you remember hearing of the man

who 'pulled down his barns and storehouses to build greater?' that *very night* his 'soul was required of him.' Are you ready? Can you face those bright mansions above, and say, 'I have a place there?' 'Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come.'"

They were his last words to him. How little either of them thought it!

On he went, re-crossing the meadow, re-traversing the river path, until he reached the little mill, the special object of his workman-like solicitude. Standing on a slight eminence, in close converse with a friend who by agreement had met him there, Robson stood and gazed admiringly on the prospect before him, reserving his chief praise for the little mill that formed its foreground.

One moment more, and he had descended the steep bank that flanked its wall. Yet another, and his foot was on the wheel. Its slippery surface yielded in one huge turn, as he was testing its screw, and dragged him into its vault. In less than a second of time—in far less time than I can take to tell it—poor Robson lay a bleeding, headless, mangled corpse beneath the gory, dripping wheel.

His friend stood petrified! It was but for an instant. He ran, he called. The deep-brooding silence on every hand answered him in echoes. There was none to help, and had there been an army of willing hearts and hands, their aid would have been as powerless as his own. That earnest, loving soul was in his Father's presence, face to face with the Saviour, who for many a long year had been literally the "all in all" of his life. His labors were over. He had entered the "continuing city."

Bright moment to him! Who can picture it? But who can describe the agonizing wail that rang out from his bereaved home during the after hours of that eventful day, and many long days to come? It was, indeed, a desolating stroke. The whole neighborhood felt it.

(To be continued.)

ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

S. S. Lesson for July 3, Ex. 1 : 1–14; Golden Text, ver. 14. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

ALL the sons of Jacob were already dead, and his descendants, the children of Israel, were still in Egypt. God's word to Abraham was in course of fulfilment: "Know of a surety that thy seed shall be a stranger in a land that is not theirs, and shall serve them; and they shall afflict them four hundred years" (Gen. 15 : 13). During the life of Joseph the Hebrews had prestige among the Egyptians; but it soon came to pass that the world gained the upper hand, and they who were called by the name of the Lord had learned to suffer. They had the promise of deliverance; Joseph had said unto his brethren, "God will surely visit you, and bring you out of this land unto the land which He sware to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob" (Gen. 50 : 24); but many long years had elapsed since the words were spoken; generations had come and gone; and unless some had learned the date of their sojourning in Egypt from the words of God to Abraham, they might well have been hopeless and undone. Yet God's promises were being fulfilled in them: "The children of Israel were fruitful, and increased abundantly and multiplied, and waxed exceeding mighty; and the land was filled with them." Yet it would seem as though they were altogether unconscious of their own power, and alive only to their heavy trials.

What a picture this is of the children of God in the world! Oppressed, misrepresented, ignored or persecuted—this is God's will for them. "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world" (John 16 : 33); "We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Acts 14 : 22). Perhaps there is no greater trial for a child of God than that of being constantly surrounded with worldly people whose aim in life and whose principles of action differ in every respect from His, and who nevertheless is in a position in which he can neither explain nor justify his own principles. To a worldly mind Christianity is incomprehensible. "What, love your enemies! they deserve to be hated; and to love them is to encourage them in their wrong-doing." So speaks the world, and when a Christian does love his enemies, worldlings suspect some other motive than simply obedience to God. "What, not fight for your own rights? This is poor-spirited cowardice. Every man for himself." So speaks the world, while Jesus teaches us to "resist not evil," to seek not our own, to "endure grief, suffering wrongfully" (Matt. 5 : 39; 1 Cor. 13 : 5; 1 Pet. 2 : 19).

The world can prove by argument that it is in the right; the Christian is shut out from argument; he knows that "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned" (1 Cor. 2 : 14). Thus God leaves His children as "sheep in the midst of wolves" (Matt. 10 : 16), utterly defenceless if they "war after the flesh." But just as it was with God's ancient people of old, there is a strength with them which they fail to realize: "He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me" (Heb. 13 : 5, 6). The children of Israel were mighty on account of their numbers; Christians are mighty by the presence of God with them. Let us be conscious of the power of God with us, and we shall be untouched, unconquered by the outward oppression of the world.

The Egyptians took account of the strength of the children of Israel better than they did themselves. "There arose up a new king over Egypt, who knew not Joseph;" and then commenced a system of oppression much more marked than before. This new king sought to impress his people with the increase of the children of Israel, and said of them, "Behold, the people of the children of Israel are more and mightier than we; come on, let us deal wisely with them, lest they multiply; and it is come to pass that when there falleth out any war, they join also unto our enemies, and fight against us, and so get them up out of the land." Just like the tactics of politicians in our own day: they not only provide for the present, but seek to arm themselves with defences which they imagine would make them secure against any future contingency, ignoring that all things are in the hands of the Lord our God, ignoring that no fortress is impregnable to Him; one shock of earthquake and all is destroyed; that no mighty army can withstand His will; an epidemic, and they fall like the mown grass. Oh, how many millions of money are spent in this providing against contingencies, putting God altogether out of the reckoning.

The Egyptians little knew that the political oppression which they thus planned for the children of Israel would be the very occasion of their losing this part of their population. Their increase was in fulfilment of the word of God, and so would be their deliverance. The Egyptians "set over them taskmasters, to afflict them with their burdens. And they built for Pharaoh treasure cities, Pithom and Raamses." This is a piteous picture—the children of God strengthening thus the hands of their oppressors, and increasing their power and their riches! Yet so it is that believers who do not live in the power of Christ's redemption, who do not overcome by faith the difficulties of the way, become a gain to the world and to its prince. Every time a Christian is overcome or falls into envy, selfishness, impatience, or any other sin, the kingdom of darkness is a gainer by it. God keep us from thus strengthening the hands of our great enemy!

But God did not allow the counsels of Egypt to succeed against His people. The Egyptians sought to weaken and diminish the people. But "the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew." God does not give His people a prey into the hands of the ungodly. He carries out His purposes. "The Lord of Hosts hath sworn, saying, Surely as I have thought, so shall it come to pass; and as I have purposed, so shall it stand. . . . For the Lord of Hosts hath purposed, and who shall disannul it? and His hand is stretched out, and who shall turn it back?" (Isa. 14 : 24–27). And these words may be a strength to us in all suffering which we may receive at the hands of the unconverted. Truly suffering in itself has nothing purifying or elevating, but suffering in our Father's hands is the precious means of our education. He has pledged Himself that we shall not be tried above that we are able (1 Cor. 10 : 13), and He chastens us, not as earthly fathers, "after their own pleasure," but "for our profit that we may be partakers of His holiness" (Heb. 12 : 10).

The Egyptians "were grieved because of the children of Israel." Oh, how many nations have been grieved because of them! How many have sought to destroy or drive them out! but they could not do it. God's hand has been over them, and God works out His purposes through them. "The Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigor: and they made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar, in brick, and in all manner of service in the field: all their service wherein they made them serve was with rigor." God waited but for one thing—that His children should make an appeal to Him. No doubt they spoke to one another, and mourned over their oppression; but this was not enough: they must claim the help of Him who was their Father. And so, with every burden of God's children: He waits to be appealed to; He is ready, oh, so ready to help, but we must make the claim upon Him.

The Persecution of the Jews in Southern Russia continues unabated in its fury. A writer in a Russian periodical says: "I went to visit Petschersk, where I was told that the Jews who had been plundered had found a refuge. In an inclosure that serves as an ammunition store for the arsenal, I beheld, packed together like ants in an ant-hill, more than eighteen hundred Jews with their wives and children—many of them were infants. They were clad in rags and barefooted. Many of them bore traces of ill-treatment, and a number of them had bandaged heads. All mere ghastly pale and terror-stricken. As I approached them I saw a boy of ten dying in terrible agony. His mother sat by him, tearless, as if too deeply afflicted to weep. A little further on I came across another mourning group. Then I penetrated into their midst. There was hunger and cold, weeping and gnashing of teeth. A heart of stone would have melted, and I could not withhold my tears.

"I was told that among these wretched beings awful scenes had been witnessed. Mothers had lost their children, and there had been fights and struggles for the limited space allotted to them. All this had taken place at night in bad weather. Many of them told me their tale of woe. One of them said, 'I had 20,000 roubles and a small farm, now I have nothing but the rags on my back.' Another addressed me thus: 'My two brothers were killed in the wood last night, and I do not know what fate has befallen my son.' A third said, 'They wanted to hang my mother, but she escaped with the rope round her neck.' A fourth stated the case thus: 'They have robbed us of everything, even our clothes, leaving us naked.'"

A Vessel Struck by a Swordfish.—The Liverpool bark Junak, Captain Fred M. Woodhouse, now lying in Brunswick Graving Dock, Liverpool, where she has been docked to be recoppered, was found, upon examining the vessel's bottom, to have a large rupture in the copper, which, on closer examination, was found to have been caused by the sword or spear of a large sea monster. It must have struck the ship with terrific force, as it is deeply imbedded in her timbers, under the counter and abaft the waist, where it has penetrated through wood of Italian oak to a great depth. This encounter of the ship and the gigantic fish must have occurred in the Indian Ocean, for one evening, about eight o'clock, while about the latitude of the island of Mauritius, an unexplained shock aroused every one. Every such instance of the perils of the deep ought to deepen the gratitude of all who, in the midst of similar dangers, have graciously been preserved. All of us in sailing over the ocean of life have to maintain prayerful watchfulness against the attacks of sin in its varied forms, and whatever formidable aspect it may assume, we can find adequate protection in Christ alone.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Irish Land Bill Narrowly Escaped Defeat in the House of Commons on Thursday night. The aristocratic members of the Liberal party, aided by the Conservatives, supported an amendment moved by Mr. Heneage, liberal member for Great Grimsby, which proposed to take from under the operation of the bill all holdings which had been improved by landlords or their predecessors in title. This proposition, though seemingly fair, would have defeated the whole object of the bill if accepted, because it would have led to universal litigation. There are few estates on which the landlord has not effected some improvement, and if all those which have been so improved had been ruled out of the operations of the bill, it would have been of little value to Ireland. The amendment was supported by 200 members, only 225 voting against it. So great a reduction in Mr. Gladstone's majority indicates the spirit with which the Land Bill is regarded even in the ranks of his own party. Mr. Parnell and his friends supported the government on this occasion, or the majority would have been still smaller than it was.

A Second Important Temperance Victory was won in the British House of Commons on Wednesday, June 15th, by Sir Wilfred Lawson. He introduced a resolution expressing the opinion of the House that "it is desirable to give legislative effect to the resolution previously passed in the House which affirmed the justice of local communities being intrusted with power to protect themselves from the operation of the liquor traffic." The resolution was passed by a vote of 196 to 154. *Mr. Gladstone voted against the resolution*, though recent reports should have convinced him that the drinking customs of England are in pressing need of reform.

The two Men Arrested for Attempting to blow up the Town Hall of Liverpool were examined on Saturday, June 18th, and committed for trial. An analytical chemist had ascertained that the bomb used in the attempt was filled with nitro-glycerine. It is reported that they have made overtures to the government to surrender valuable information as to the plots of the skirmishers if they are promised a pardon. An attempt was made to rescue the prisoners on Sunday, June 12th. At daybreak three hundred men marched to the prison where they were confined, but a policeman gave the alarm, and the warders assembled, armed with loaded carbines and revolvers. When the men saw the warders they separated, going in various directions. Since the attempt to rescue the men, sentries have been placed around the prison, and warders, armed to the teeth, are patrolling outside.

The Island of Cyprus, which Great Britain acquired from Turkey to enable her to fulfil the obligations incurred under the protectorate of Asia Minor, has, it appears, involved the British Government in a pecuniary loss. During the past year the expense incurred in holding the island amounted to $250,000. The organs of the government are clamoring for the cession of the island to Greece, and there are indications that Mr. Gladstone is favorable to the project. If it should be consummated, the act will be quoted as an instance of the evils of popular government. Mr. Gladstone, empowered by the people, will then have completely reversed the policy Lord Beaconsfield adopted on the same authority. The "scientific frontier" in Afghanistan has been abandoned and the Transvaal given back to the Boers, and the cession of Cyprus is on the same principle. The opponents of Mr. Gladstone profess to believe that if a concession of tariff or a commercial treaty favorable to England could be secured by the sacrifice, he would not refuse to give Gibraltar to Spain and Malta to Italy.

The Czar of Russia is still kept a Prisoner by his fear of Nihilist plots. A gentleman who recently visited the palace where he resides, gives a melancholy description of the surroundings. Looking out of the windows of the corridor into the courtyards, of which there are four within the castle walls, he saw innumerable stacks of piled muskets, denoting the presence of a large force of infantry, and on the open place in front of the palace were picketed the horses of about a squadron of cavalry. Persons whose business calls them daily to the palace and who are well known are rigorously searched. For example, a priest employed in the service of the imperial chapel was lately subjected to such a close inspection that even *his cigarettes* were not overlooked. A Cossack officer was stationed at each of the doors of the sleeping apartments of the emperor, the empress, and the heir apparent during the night. The last named complains continually of the restraint put upon his movements since his father's accession to the throne. He is not allowed to go out riding in the park, which particularly annoys him. None of the officers or court officials are allowed to be away from the palace more than two or three hours at a time and all are obliged to be in before nine in the evening.

The Claim raised by Persons Arrested in Ireland that they are American citizens has caused a dispatch to be sent from the British Foreign Office to our government, calling attention to the operations of Fenians in New York. The London *Times* says the despatch is of the friendliest character. It recites various atrocious passages in O'Donovan Rossa's paper, and submits that they go somewhat beyond the widest limits of freedom of the press, but makes no demand upon the United States as to any particular action.

The Newly Appointed Prince of Bulgaria is already in a difficulty with his subjects. He has displayed a disposition to govern the country despotically, a course which has excited the determined opposition of the Bulgarians. The patriotic party have sent the following telegram to Mr. Gladstone: "We appeal to the generosity of England to save our liberty, which is threatened by a dictatorship." The party have issued a proclamation to the electors, in which they say, "The country is in danger. It is your duty to elect men who are equal to the emergency, in order to preserve our liberties." A Vienna despatch to the London *Times* says: "The report that in the event of the elections in Bulgaria proving adverse to Prince Alexander, he intends to resign, is unworthy of consideration, as the real character of the National Assembly will only appear when it has actually met. Most of the deputies, having very little political education, will not come to their duties with very decided convictions, and will be apt to yield to the influences that they will be exposed to."

The Verdict of the Coroner's Jury in the case of the steamboat disaster which occurred near London, Ont., on May 24th, has been rendered. The jury find that the boat was badly managed, that she was leaky, and that the boiler was not properly secured nor the decks properly braced, and that she was not fully manned and equipped. The verdict blames the manager of the company, the captain and engineer of the steamer, and the government inspector. The captain and the manager have been arrested for manslaughter.

The Traffic in English Girls, the Alarming extent of which was proved at recent trials in Belgium, has called attention to a defect in English law. The trials resulted in the conviction of several persons charged with decoying girls from England on various specious pretexts for immoral purposes. Earl Granville has moved for a Select Committee in the House of Lords, which has been granted, to inquire into the state of the law relative to the protection of young girls from artifices to induce them to lead a corrupt life, and into the means of amending the same. The philanthropic ladies and gentlemen who have recently exerted themselves so disinterestedly in their behalf would doubtless be glad to learn that it is a criminal offence to endeavor to persuade young girls to leave England on false or immoral pretexts.

Intoxicating Liquors in British Railway trains.—Mr. Gladstone has withdrawn the proposal to allow the sale of intoxicating liquors in railway carriages in Great Britain. The permission was sought only for the Pullman cars, in which some of the companies are beginning to provide dinners for passengers, to economize time during long journeys; but the prime minister said on May 23d, that as the resolution was to be opposed, and as the discussion must certainly occupy a considerable time, he must "regard the proposal as *effectually killed* by the menaces to which it had been subjected." It was urged against the proposal, that the practice would become general if allowed on the Pullman cars. The total abstainers said it would be impossible in such a case, to have "one law for the rich and another for the poor." Mr. Gladstone could not draw "a hard and fast line."

The City of Rome, the new Inman Line steamship, built for the trans-Atlantic passenger traffic, and which is the largest ship afloat except the Great Eastern, was launched in England June 14th. It is expected to make the passage in less than seven days. There was a large and distinguished company present and great enthusiasm prevailed. The launch attracted persons from all parts of the kingdom. Sir Edward J. Reed, formerly Chief Constructor of the Navy, assisted in starting the ship from the ways. Just before the launch of the steamer the boiler of the donkey engine on her deck exploded, killing three persons and injuring ten others, several of them very seriously.

The Colony in the Transvaal, in South Africa, is still far from being in a settled condition. There are indications that the Boers will be content with nothing short of complete independence and the withdrawal of British residents. A despatch from Durban to the London *Times* says:—"The feeling among the loyalists throughout the Transvaal is very disturbed. There are numerous reports of Boer outrages since peace was established. It is reported that the Boers attacked a body of natives and murdered ten of the number, because they were loyal to the Queen and working for the English. The Boers are themselves in danger from the natives. The Swazies, Zulus, and other tribes express a determination to fight the Boers, if they are left in complete possession of the country."

The Death of Sir Josiah Mason, the Eminent English philanthropist, occurred June 16th. His portrait and a sketch of his life, with a picture of the Institution he founded at Erdington, near Birmingham, appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of June 9th.

The Worth of a Man According to His weight in gold is the subject of a curious calculation in an English journal. It is suggested by the ransom recently paid to the Greek brigands for the surrender of Mr. Suter, to which we have previously alluded. It says: The £15,000 paid as ransom for Mr. Suter represents 264 pounds of gold, whereas that gentleman's weight probably does not exceed 154 pounds; while 211 pounds' weight of gold was given for Colonel Synge, who can be little short of 35 pounds heavier that Mr. Suter. Statistically considered, this is a striking increase in the price of human life in the brigand market, and indicates an alarming increase of confidence in those who, in commercial language, are styled the holders.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

ngle Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1881. 15th Year. No. 26.—New Series.

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GEORGE STEPHENSON,

The Founder of the Railroad System.

Birth in 1781—The House at Wylam—George's Parents—His Boyhood and Early Employment—Assists His Father as a Fireman—Takes Charge of an Engine—Learns to Read and Write—His Marriage—Domestic Troubles—Goes to Work in Scotland—The Turning of the Tide—Engine-wright and Inspector—First Locomotive—The Modern Railroad—Visit to Mr. Pease of Darlington—Surveyors Treated as Invaders—Opposition in Parliament—The Great Battle of the Locomotives—Stephenson's Triumph—His Retirement in 1842—Death in 1848.

THE English people have been celebrating with considerable enthusiasm the centennial anniversary of the birth of George Stephenson, to whom more than to any one else the world is indebted for the advantages derived from railroad travel. How incalculable those advantages are, no people are so well aware as the citizens of the United States. A brief account of this eminent railroad pioneer is therefore certain to be of interest to our readers. He was *born* on June 9th, 1781, just one hundred years ago, at Wylam, in England, a little colliery village eight miles west of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The dwelling which his parents occupied still stands, and is a common two-storied, red-tiled, rubble house, portioned off into four apartments.

The lower room on the left-hand side of this house was the home of the Stephenson family. The apartment is now, what it was a century ago, an ordinary laborer's dwelling—its walls are unplastered, its floor is of clay, and the bare rafters are exposed overhead. *A picture of the unpretentious building is given on page* 412.

George's *father*, Robert Stephenson, or "Old Bob," as the neighbors familiarly called him, was fireman of the old pumping engine at Wylam Colliery, for which service he received a sum equal to *three dollars per week*. As there were *six* children to maintain, the family, during their stay at Wylam, were necessarily in very straitened circumstances. The father's wages being barely sufficient, even with the most rigid economy, for the sustenance of the household, there was little to spare for clothing, and nothing for education, so that *none of the children were sent to school*. But Robert was a sober, industrious, and well-disposed man, and his wife was acknowledged to be "a rale canny boddie"—in Northumberland this is the highest praise to which any woman can aspire; and though "Geordie Stevie" was almost a man before he could read or write his name, his duty to God and to his neighbor were parental lessons early and firmly impressed upon his mind.

The boy George led the ordinary life of working people's children. He played about the doors, and was sent on errands to the village. *He carried his father's dinner to him while at work;* and at home he helped to nurse his younger brothers and sisters. One of his earliest duties was to see that the other children were kept out of the way of the chaldron wagons, which were then dragged by horses along the wooden tramroad immediately in front of the cottage door. *Our picture on the left-hand side of the portrait is illustrative of George's juvenile employment.*

EARLY EMPLOYMENT AS A COW-BOY.

Geordie's father having obtained a situation at the Dewley Burn Colliery, he removed with his family to that place. A poor man's child must enter early into the battle of life; and when Geordie was about *seven* years of age he found employment in keeping a neighbor's cattle from straying upon the iron tramroad, along which the coal wagons were drawn from the pit's mouth to the quays by the river-side. But in the intervals of cow-keeping, which were not devoted to bird-nesting and other boyish amusements, he was generally to be found by the burnside *modelling in clay engines* such as were in use at the neighboring pit, with stalks of hemlock for imaginary steam-pipes.

As the lad grew older he was set to *hoe turnips*, then to lead the horses while ploughing, afterward to work at the pit-mouth as corf-bitter or picker, and ultimately his ambition was gratified by being made driver of a gin-horse at Black Callerton Colliery, about two miles from his home. Until quite recently some of the old people in the neighborhood remembered him at this time as "a grit bare-legged laddie, very quick-witted, full of fun and tricks, and foremost in the sports and pastimes of youth."

IS MADE ASSISTANT TO HIS FATHER.

When Stephenson was *fourteen* years of age he was appointed assistant in firing his father's engine, at the wages of one shilling a day. He was so young for this work that when the owner of the colliery came round Geordie used to hide himself, lest he should be thought too small to earn so large a sum. His chief object, however, was to become an engine-man; and when, a few years later, his perseverance and industry had earned him this position, he announced the fact to his fellow-workmen, adding, triumphantly, "I am now a made man for life."

But his success, far from causing him to relax in his habits of industry, only served to stimulate him to fresh exertion; and the mechanical taste which had led him to model clay engines on the banks of Dewley burn, caused him, now that he had a real engine to study, to spend many hours after the day's work was over, taking it to pieces, cleaning it, and mastering its details—making of it, in fact, a companion and a pet.

TAKES CHARGE OF AN ENGINE.

George Stephenson was now *eighteen* years of age. He had won a position above his father, who was acting as fireman to the engine under his son's charge. He was earning fair wages, too. Young and active, he was famous among his comrades for success in those athletic sports which were, and still are, among the chief amusements of a colliery district. But while too many of his companions were spending their spare time and money in drinking-bouts, gambling, and cock-fighting, Geordie Stevie was busy mastering the next step of his onward progress.

It was a difficult one, requiring a strong heart to conquer it. *He could neither read nor write.* He stood on the very threshold of manhood, more ignorant than many a child whose head reached no higher than his waist. The discoveries of Watt and Boulton, the many experiments which scientific papers and magazines recorded, were all closed against him. He must either learn to read and write, or see the future barred against his progress. And while many would from shame, impatience, or want of time—for he worked twelve hours a day—have shrunk from undertaking such a task, Geordie at once devoted all his leisure to its accomplishment.

GOES TO SCHOOL.

His first schoolmaster was Robin Cowens, a poor teacher in the village of Walbottle; his second was Andrew Robertson, at Newburn. He learned his letters, and practised "pot-hooks," so that by the time he was *nineteen* years of age he contrived to spell and write his name correctly.

After working at Callerton for about two years as "brakesman," Stephenson went to Ballast Hill to take charge of an engine there. He was now *twenty-one*, and had continued by thrift, steadiness, and industry, to save as much money as enabled him to marry, and begin housekeeping on his own account. The object of his choice was Fanny Henderson, a young woman who acted as servant in the small farmer's house in which he lodged. She is said to have been possessed of great personal attractions; and those who knew her were accustomed to talk of the charming modesty of her demeanor and her sound good sense.

WEDDING VISIT.

A cottage-dwelling having been got ready for the reception of his bride, the *marriage* took place. It was celebrated at Newburn Church, on November 28th, 1802. The wedding-party proceeded to the house of old Robert Stephenson, at Jolly Close, whither he had removed, and the visit having been paid, the newly-wedded pair prepared to set out for their new home at Willington Quay, Ballast Hill. They went in a style which was quite common before travelling by railway had been invented. A strong farm-horse, borrowed from a neighboring farmer, was provided with a saddle and a pillion, and George having mounted it, his wife seated herself behind him, holding on by her arms round his waist.

We have no space to follow George Stephenson's upward career step by step, although each one is instructive. We can only tell how the time which others spent in degrading amusements and self-indulgence he devoted to the pursuit of knowledge. The winter evenings were passed with his young wife, studying the principles of mechanics, making mechanical experiments, and modelling machines.

He had still to work hard for his daily bread, both before and after the hours of labor at the coal-pit. He was glad to earn money by making and mending shoes, by manufacturing lasts, by cleaning and repairing clocks, and soon acquired the reputation of *the best clock-doctor* in the country-side. He even learned the sartorial art, and cut out the clothes of the miners, who to this day on Tyneside still call a certain fashion "Geordie's Stevie's cut." No opportunity that could be made available for profit or instruction was allowed to escape; and before long he had another incentive to labor, in the son who was born on October 16th, 1803, and who was destined to occupy a position in the scientific world scarcely inferior to his own.

GOES TO WORK IN SCOTLAND.

But the chimney corner of the little cottage at Killingworth, where Stephenson had newly pitched his home, was soon to become desolate. A season of heavy trial was rapidly approaching. First, his wife died of consumption, while her only son was a mere infant; and bereaved and restless, he gladly accepted an engagement from some gentlemen concerned in large spinning works near Montrose, in Scotland, to superintend the working of one of Boulton and Watt's engines. He left Killingworth for the North on foot, with his kit upon his back. He stayed there some time, and having saved a small sum of money, returned to his old employment and the society of his child.

But trouble had not yet done with him. His father was by an accident rendered blind and helpless, and of Geordie's little savings more than half went to pay the old man's debts, and settle him in a home which his son supported out of his weekly wages. The times were hard, the long and terrible wars with Egypt, France, etc., pressed heavily upon all classes, making provisions dear, and claiming ten per cent of Stephenson's wages; and drawn for the militia, he was obliged to purchase a substitute with the remainder of his hoard.

At last his courage failed him, and he resolved to start for America. Strangely enough, the severity of his misfortunes and his utter poverty saved him. Had not his little stock of funds been thoroughly exhausted, he would have left England with some of his relatives who crossed the Atlantic. "You know," he said to a friend years after this season of trial, "the road from my house at the West Moor to Killingworth. I remember when I walked along that road and wept bitterly, for I knew not where my lot would be cast."

THE TURNING OF THE TIDE.

In time the tide turned, and Stephenson, perfect master of the details of the engines then in use, was ready to turn to practical account the opportunities which presented themselves of applying his knowledge and skill. As he had become the most famous clock-doctor in the country-side, so now he was called in to prescribe for the clumsy, ill-constructed steam-engines which pumped the water from the pits, or drew the wagons along the uneven tramroads; and a few marvellous cures soon gained him an extensive reputation. One success in particular, which laid *the foundation of his future fortune*, deserves to be recorded. It was that of altering a pumping-engine set up at Killingworth Pits to clear them of water. George had seen the engine set up, and examining it predicted its failure. It was kept at work for a year without success, and Stephenson was finally sent for to see what he could do, with the promise from the proprietor that if he succeeded his "fortune should be made." He spent four days on his improvements, and in a few days more the pit was dry and the men at work in it.

BECOMES ENGINE-WRIGHT AND INSPECTOR.

In the year 1812 Stephenson, then *thirty-one* years of age, became engine-wright of the colliery

Killingworth, and inspector of the other mines e neighborhood belonging to the same own-

He was now relieved from *manual* labor, had leisure to devote to his favorite pursuits. his position he passed the next *ten years* of his studying closely the properties of the locomo- engine, then regarded as a curious and costly of little practical use.

MAKES HIS FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.

e have no space to describe the discoveries e by George Stephenson during the last ten s of his life at Killingworth. The most im- ant was his construction of the locomotive, or *avelling-engine*," as he used to call it, for ing the coals from the pit-mouth to the quays, shipping staiths" on the Tyne several miles nt. Being impressed with the necessity of iding a more economical method of conveying coals from the pit mouth, he had studied at- ively the clumsy locomotive in use in the neigh- ood, and at length considered himself justified sking the lessees of Killingworth Colliery to st him in the construction of one. Lord Ra- sworth, the principal partner, listened to his posal with favor, and on July 25th, 1814, George henson's first locomotive engine was at work he colliery railway.

ut the most sanguine could scarcely call "My d," as Stephenson designated his engine, or lucher," as the pitmen termed it, a striking cess. Its *speed* did not exceed a horse's walk ree miles an hour; without springs, and cum- s, its joltings deranged the machinery, while working expenses were so great as to render it economical than horse-power. The result, in- d, was unsatisfactory, and the engine would t likely have been condemned, had not Ste- nson, at this juncture, applied *the steam blast*, which combustion was stimulated, the capabili- f the boiler generating steam increased, and effective power of the engine doubled, without ing to its working expenses. And profiting by experience—noting "My Lord's" defects only pply remedies—George Stephenson, in the fol- ing year, took out a patent for a new engine, ch may be regarded as a type of the locomotive in universal use.

THE MODERN RAILROAD.

he *germ* of the modern railroad is to be found he rude wooden rails used more than two hun- d years ago for the guidance of the coal wag- ; and but for the difficulties experienced in veying the coals from the pits to the nearest ces of shipment, the present gigantic railway sys- might never have been perfected. A few years r iron rails were adopted in the stead of wood, ng which the lines of wagons were drawn by ses, so that when George Stephenson har- sed "Blucher" to his coal-cars, and succeeded drawing them slowly and laboriously to the ne, he and the eager lookers-on assisted, all consciously, at *the birth of the present great lway system.*

When the necessity of better communication ween the great towns of England began to oc- py the public mind, and a system of tramroads s eagerly discussed, its projectors had no better cedent to guide them than the methods of loco- tion in vogue at coal pits and stone quarries. eculators, however, began to advocate the for- tion of lines of railway between the principal vns, and the subject excited considerable inter- . Among the most prominent were the projec- s of a line between the port of Stockton-on-Tees d the collieries of Darlington, who, with consid- able difficulty, succeeded in passing *the first ilway act* in the year 1821.

IMPORTANT VISIT TO MR. PEASE, OF DAR- LINGTON.

For eight long years Stephenson's engines were ing their hard daily work most satisfactorily on the Killingworth Railway unnoticed. But all s time their persevering inventor was watching development of the idea of the Stockton and rlington railroad. One morning there knocked the door of the house of Mr. Pease, of Darling- , the chief projector of the local scheme, two angers, one of whom, in the rough Northumbrian lect, and with a straightforward manner, stated himself to be "only the engine-wright at Killing- worth," but described his mission in far more confident terms. He came to say that the loco- motive engine he had been using for many years at Killingworth was worth fifty horses, and to urge Mr. Pease and his brother directors to adopt it in preference to the horse-power they contemplated using on their line. And when Mr. Pease could not conceal his astonishment at the Northumbrian's proposal, Stephenson said, simply, "Come over to Killingworth and see what my 'Blucher' can do; seeing is believing, sir," and having made the wished-for appointment, the struggling hero and his son Robert quietly returned to their home.

The visit which Mr. Pease subsequently paid to "Blucher" was so completely satisfactory that he entered at once into *partnership* with Stephenson for the establishment of a locomotive manufactory at Newcastle, and obtained for him the appointment of *engineer* to the Stockton and Darlington Rail- way Company at a handsome salary.

Henceforth a new life began for George Stephen- son, upon which he entered keenly and heartily. From this time his career may be traced by one great success after another, until the public ac- knowledged him as *one of the foremost men of the day*. The picture in the right-hand section of the upper portion of our frontispiece represents

AN EPISODE

during the survey conducted along the route of the present Liverpool and Manchester Railway. As soon as the surveyors entered some fields near Liverpool, their instruments and movements excit- ed attention. A mob gathered, whose angry tones and threatening gestures warned the surveyors of a storm brewing over their heads.

The landowners, who might be supposed to have known better, told the farmers to drive off the invaders; and the farmers with their "hands" were only too ready to obey. *They stationed them- selves at the field gates and bars with pitchforks, rakes, shovels, and sticks*, and dared the surveyors to "come on." A poor chain-man, not quite so agile as his pursuers, made his leap over a fence quickened by a pitchfork. Even women and chil- dren joined in the hue and cry, pelting the strangers with stones and dirt whenever they had a chance. At a sight of the theodolite their fury knew no bounds. That unoffending instrument they seemed to regard as the very citadel of the enemy, to seize and destroy which was to win the day.

Nor was this the only kind of difficulty encoun- tered. It was stated and believed that the running of the locomotives would prevent cows grazing or hens laying; that the poisoned air would kill birds as they flew over the chimneys of the engines, and render the preservation of game impossible; that houses would be burned down or rendered uninhab- itable from the smoke; that the use of horses would cease, and the race become extinct; that travelling on the deserted highways would become dangerous, and country inns be ruined.

OPPOSITION IN PARLIAMENT.

The bill, too, for the Liverpool and Manchester Railway met with the most virulent opposition dur- ing its progress through Parliament, Stephenson un- dergoing an examination of several days' continu- ance, conducted by barristers unequalled in violence and enmity. Even his friends believed his enthusi- asm for his locomotives excessive, and the counsel for the railway company declared, somewhat rough- ly, that if he estimated their speed at more than ten miles an hour, he would ruin the company's pros- pects, and qualify himself for a cell in Bedlam.

By engineers of fame, brought to oppose him, he was subjected to many insults; and hints of his honesty and sanity were freely dropped even by the members of the Parliamentary Committee, when, in reply to his adversaries' taunts, he declared, in his rough Northumberland dialect, that he could easily make his engines go at the rate of *twelve miles an hour*.

"And suppose," asked an astonished and indig- nant member, "and suppose that a cow were to stray upon the line, and get in the way of your engine, would not that, think you, be a very awkward cir- cumstance?" "Yes, very awkward, indeed—*for the coo*," was the answer, with a dry laugh. "I had not," he said, years afterward, "one engineer in all England upon my side."* He stood alone, a sim- ple country mechanic, against all the wealth and professional talent of the country; but although he was worsted for a time, his darling idea—like all great truths—in the end prevailed. Our picture in the left-hand panel of the lower portion of our frontispiece represents Stephenson's examination before the committee of the House of Commons in April, 1825.

Never had Stephenson's prospects seemed more uncertain than at this time. The bill was *rejected*; and although in the following year the directors ap- plied to Parliament *with success*, yet the statements of Mr. (afterward Baron) Alderson, that Stephen- son's plan was the most absurd scheme that ever entered into the head of a man, had the effect of inducing the unthinking public to regard him as an ignoramus and a maniac, and of weakening the faith of his friends. The new survey was made by other engineers; the new bill waived expressly the question of locomotive engines; and indeed it was tacitly understood that horse-power alone would be used. Ultimately, however, George Stephenson was again appointed the company's principal en- gineer, at a salary of £1000 per annum.

We cannot follow him through this work, com- mencing with the construction of a road across the celebrated Chat Moss, and ending with the tunnel beneath Liverpool. We must hurriedly pass on to notice, and that but briefly,

THE GREAT BATTLE OF THE LOCOMOTIVES

which he was called upon to fight.

The railway was nearly constructed before the question was fairly mooted, How should the line be worked? Stephenson, who had now only to deal with a board of directors, strongly urged his despised and rejected plan, pointing with confi- dence to the engines in use on the Killingworth, Hetton, and Stockton and Darlington railways. Others advocated the use of *fixed* engines; while many still held out for horse-power. At length the directors were persuaded to offer a premium of £500 for the locomotive engine which should, on a stated day, perform certain conditions in the most satisfactory manner.

The scientific world laughed and shrugged its shoulders; but George Stephenson and his son calmly set to work, and by the appointed day of trial, the famous locomotive the "Rocket," *an illustration of which appears on page* 412, built at Newcastle, was ready to compete with the three other engines entered for the prize. The trial was a short one, but it solved the problem beyond dis- pute. One of the competitors failed to start; an- other got out of order, and broke down; the boiler of the third burst; but the "Rocket" stood its ground. Stephenson attached to it a carriage large enough to hold a party of thirty, and drove it along the line at the rate of *twenty-five miles an hour*, to the wonder and delight of an immense crowd, and won the prize.

THE GREAT TRIAL OF THE LOCOMOTIVES

is the subject of the right-hand section of the lower portion of our front picture.

Henceforth achievement followed achievement with astonishing rapidity, and the world loaded with respect and honor one who, having begun life a poor uneducated boy, had by perseverance done more to advance the civilization of the world than any living man. His enemies bowed down to his genius, and gladly served under him.

In the year 1842 he *retired* from the active pur- suits of his profession, devoted his time to the care of his extensive collieries and the study of horti- culture, occasionally turning his attention to his favorite engines, still aiming at perfecting the sys- tem which he had originated, and designed several improvements which were gladly adopted.

HIS DEATH.

Death overtook him on August 12th, 1848, while engaged in these peaceful pursuits, and summoned him to leave the world he had so greatly benefit- ed, before his faculties were decayed or his energy considerably weakened. The *cause* of death was a sudden effusion of blood from the lungs. He was sixty-seven years of age. The body was in- terred in Trinity Church, Chesterfield, where a simple tablet marks the great engineer's last rest- ing-place.

SELAH.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached Last Sunday Morning, June 26, 1881.

"Selah."—PSALMS 61 : 4.

The Word no Superfluity—An Enthroned Word—Varied Significance of the Word—I. The Selah of Poetic Significance—The Bible Cadent with Rhythm—The Young People's Book II. The Selah of Intermission—The Rest in Music—The Pause in Life—For Consideration—Slow Bible Reading—Men who have Paused over Passages—The Pullman Car Bible Reader—The Selah in Life—How God Fills It—A Huguenot's Child Indentified by a Scar—Death a Selah Between the Beatitudes—III. The Selah of Emphasis—The Emphasis in the Wrong Place—Sight in Blindness—The Sceptic's Grave Opened by a Tree—IV. The Selah of Perpetuity—The Grave Slab a Milestone—A Year of Blessing—The Harvest of over a Thousand Souls.

THE majority of Bible readers look upon this word of my text as of no importance. They consider it a superfluity, a mere filling in, a meaningless interjection, a useless refrain, an undefined echo. Selah! But I have to tell you that it is no scriptural accident. It occurs seventy-four times in the Book of Psalms and three times in the Book of Habakkuk. You must not charge this perfect book with seventy-seven trivialities. Selah! It is

AN ENTHRONED WORD.

If, according to an old writer, some words are battles, then this word is a Marathon, a Thermopylæ, a Sedan, a Waterloo. It is a word decisive, sometimes for poetic beauty, sometimes for solemnity, sometimes for grandeur, and sometimes for eternal import. Through it roll the thundering chariots of the Omnipotent God.

I take this word for my text because I am so often asked what is its meaning, or whether it has any meaning at all. It has an ocean of meaning, from which I shall this morning dip up only four or five bucketfuls. I will speak to you, so far as I have time, of the Selah of poetic significance, the Selah of intermission, the Selah of emphasis, and the Selah of perpetuity.

I. Are you surprised that I speak of the Selah of

POETIC SIGNIFICANCE?

Surely the God who sapphired the heavens and made the earth a rosebud of beauty, with oceans hanging to it like a drop of morning dew, would not make a Bible without rhythm, without redolence, without blank verse. God knew that eventually the Bible would be read by a great majority of young people, for in this world of malaria and casualty an octogenarian is exceptional, and as thirty years is more than the average of human life, if the Bible is to be a successful book it must be adapted to the young. Hence the prosody of the Bible—the drama of Job, the pastoral of Ruth, the epic of Judges, the dithyrambic of Habakkuk, the monody of Jeremiah, the lyric of Solomon's Song, the oratorio of the Apocalypse, the idyl, the strophe, and antistrophe and the Selah of the Psalms.

Wherever you find this word Selah, it means that you are to rouse up to great stanza, that you are to open your soul to great analogies, that you are to spread the wing of your imagination for great flight. "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder: I proved thee at the waters of Meribah. Selah." "The earth and all the inhabitants thereof are dissolved: I bear up the pillars of it. Selah." "Who is this King of glory? The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of glory. Selah." "Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. Selah." "Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah." "The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah." "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth. Selah." "I will hide under the covert of thy wings. Selah." "O God, when thou wentest forth before thy people, when thou didst march through the wilderness. Selah."

Wherever you find this word it is *a signal of warning* hung out to tell you to stand off the track while the rushing train goes by with its imperial passengers. Poetic word, charged with sunrise and sunset, and tempest and earthquake, and resurrections and millenniums.

II. Next I come to speak of

THE SELAH OF INTERMISSION.

Gesenius, Tholuck, Hengstenberg, and other writers agree in saying that this word Selah means a rest in music; what the Greeks call a diapsalma, a pause, a halt in the solemn march of cantellation. Every musician knows the importance of it. If you have ever seen Jullien, the great musical leader, stand before five thousand singers and players upon instruments, and with one stroke of his baton smite the multitudinous hallelujah into silence, and then, soon after that, with another stroke of his baton rouse up the full orchestra to a great outburst of harmony, then you know the mighty effect of a musical pause.

It gives more power to what went before; it gives more power to what is to come after. So God thrusts the Selah into His Bible and into our lives, compelling us to stop and think, stop and consider, stop and admire, stop and pray, stop and repent, stop and be sick, stop and die. It is not the great number of times that we read the Bible through that makes us intelligent in the Scriptures. We must pause. What though it take an hour for one word? What though it take a week for one verse? What though it take a year for one chapter? We must pause and measure the height, the depth, the length, the breadth, the universe, the eternity of meaning in one verse.

I should like to see some one sail around one little adverb in the Bible, a little adverb of two letters, during one lifetime—the word "so" in the New Testament passage, "God *so* loved the world." Augustine made a long pause after the verse, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ," and it converted him. Matthew Henry made a long pause after the verse, "Open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise," and it converted him. William Cowper made a long pause after the verse, "Being freely justified by his grace," and it converted him. When God tells us seventy-seven times meditatively to pause in reading two of the books of the Bible, He leaves to our common-sense to decide how often we should pause in reading the other sixty-four books of the Bible.

We must pause, and ask for more light. We must pause, and weep over our sins. We must pause and absorb the strength of one promise. I sometimes hear people boasting about how many times they have read the Bible through, when they seem to know no more about it than a passenger would know about the State of Pennsylvania who should go through it in a St. Louis lightning express train and in *a Pullman "sleeper,"* the two characteristics of the journey, velocity and somnolence. It is not the number of times you go through the Bible, but the number of times the Bible goes through you. Pause, reflect. Selah!

So also on the scroll of your life and mind. We go rushing on, in the song of our prosperity, from note of joy to note of joy, and it is a long-drawn-out legato, and we become indifferent and unappreciative, when suddenly we come upon *a blank in the music.* There is nothing between those bars. A pause. *God will fill it up* with a sickbed, or a commercial disaster, or a grave. But, thank God, it is not a breaking down; it is only a pause. It helps us to appreciate the blessings that are gone; it gives us higher appreciation of the blessings that are to come.

The Selah of Habakkuk and David is a dividing line between two anthems. David begins his book with the words "Blessed is the man," and after seventy-four Selahs, he closes his book with the words, "Praise ye the Lord." So there are mercies behind us, and there are going to be mercies before us. It is good for us that God halts us in our fortunes, and halts us with physical distresses, and halts us at the graves of our dead. More than once you and I have been halted by such a Selah. You wrung your hands and said, "I can't see any sense in this Providence; I can't see why God gave me that child, if He is so soon going to take it away. *O my desolated home! O my broken heart!*" You could not understand it. But it was not a Selah of overthrow. It gave you greater appreciation of the blessings that gone; it will yet give you greater appreciatic the blessings that will come.

A HUGUENOT'S DESPERATE DEVICE.

When *the Huguenots* were being very much secuted in France, a father and mother obliged to fly from the country, leaving their child in the possession of a comparative stra They did not know whether they would eve turn, or, returning, if they would be able to re nize their child, for by that time she migh grown. The mother was almost frenzied a thought of leaving the child, and then, even if ing back again, not being able to know her. fore they left, the father drew his sword, an marked *the wrist of that child with a deep* It must have been a great exigency to ma father do that.

Years of absence passed on, and after a the parents returned, and their first anxiety w find their lost child. They looked up and d the land, examining the wrists of the young pe when lo! after a while the father found a ma with a scar upon her wrist. She knew him but he knew her. And O the joy of the reur So it is now. "Whom the Lord loveth He c teneth." He cutteth, He marketh, and whe comes to claim His own the Lord will know that are His; know them by the scar of trouble, know them by the stroke of their mi tune, know them by the mark of their desolat

Oh, it is good that the Lord sometimes halt David says, "It is good that I have been affli Before I was afflicted I went astray, but have I kept thy word." Indeed, we must all stop. Scientists have improved human longe but none of them have proposed to make ter life perpetual. But the Gospel makes

DEATH ONLY A SELAH

between two beatitudes—between dying triump the one side of the grave, and celestial escort o other side of the grave. Going out of this lif the unprepared, is a great horror. "Give more laudanum," said dying Mirabeau; "giv more laudanum, that I may not think of eternity what is to come." And dying Hobbes said leave my body to the grave, and my soul to great perhaps." It has the discord of an infi life breaking down into the jargon of despair; the Gospel makes the death of the Christian *a S between redemption and enthronement.* "Al well," said dying Richard Baxter; "al well." "Play those notes over again—those which have been so great a delight and solac me," said the dying Christian Mozart. "Non Christ, none but Christ," exclaimed dying Lam

Richard Cameron, *the Scotch covenanter,* into the battle three times praying, "Lord, spar green and take the ripe. This is the day I longed for. This is the day I shall get my cr Come, let us fight it to the last. Forwa So you see there is only a short pause, a Selah termission, between dying consolations on the side and overtopping raptures on the other.

"My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surpris
And in my Saviour's image rise."

III. I next speak of

THE SELAH OF EMPHASIS.

Ewald, the German orientalist and theologian, that this word means to ascend; and wherever find it, he says, you must look after the modul of the voice, and you must put more force into utterance. It is a Selah of emphasis. Ah friends, you and I need to correct our emph We put too much emphasis on this world, an enough on God and the next world. People these things around us are so important, the t of the next are not worthy of our consideration

The first need for some of us is to change our phasis. Look at Wretchedness on a throne. poleon, while yet Emperor of France, sat dow jected, his hands over his face. A lad cam with a tray of food, and said, "Eat, it will d good." The emperor looked up and said, " are from the country." The lad replied, "Y "Your father has a cottage and a few acr ground?" "Yes." "There is happiness,"

dejected emperor. Ah! Napoleon never put emphasis in the right place until he was expir- at St. Helena.

n the other hand, look at Satisfaction amid the st earthly disadvantage. "I never saw until I blind," said a Christian man. "I never knew t contentment was while I had my eyesight, as ow what contentment is now that I have lost eyesight. I affirm, though few would credit it, I would not exchange my present position circumstances for my circumstances before I my eyesight." That man put the emphasis in right place. We want to put less stress upon world, and more stress upon our God as our lasting portion.

avid had found out the nothingness of this d and the all-sufficiency of God. Notice how nterjects the Selahs. "Trust in the Lord at imes; ye people, pour out your heart before . God is a refuge for us. Selah." "Blessed he Lord who daily loads us with benefits, even God of our salvation. Selah." "The Lord l count, when he writeth up the people, that man was born there. Selah." Let the world e its honors and its riches and its pomp. Let have the Lord for my light, my peace, my for- s, my pardon, my hope, my Heaven.

"What sinners value I resign;
Lord! 'tis enough that thou art mine.
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

"This world is all an empty show,
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake and find me there?

"O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God,
And sin and sense no more control
The endless pleasures of my soul."

h, my friends, let us this day correct our em- sis.

V. Next, and lastly, I speak of

THE SELAH OF PERPETUITY.

Targum, which is the Bible in Chaldee, ren- s this word of my text "forever." Many wri- agree in believing and stating that one mean- of this word is "forever." In this very se from which I take my text Selah means not y poetic significance, and intermission, and em- sis, but it means eternal reverberation—for- r! God's government forever, God's goodness ver, the gladness of the righteous forever. Of rse, you and I have not surveyor's chain with ugh links to measure that domain of meaning. this world we must build everything on a small le. A hundred years are a great while. A tower hundred feet is a great height. A journey of r thousand miles is very long. But eternity! If archangel has not strength of wing to fly across but flutters and drops like a wounded sea-gull, re is no need of our trying in the small shallop uman thought to voyage across it.

sceptic desiring to show his contempt for the ising years, and to show that he could build en- ingly, had his own sepulchre made of the finest the hardest marble, and then he had put on door the words, "For time and for eternity"; t it so happened that the seed of a tree some- w got into an unseen crevice of the marble. at seed grew and enlarged until it became a tree, split the marble to pieces. There can be no rmization of anything earthly. But forever! ill you and I live as long as that?

We are apt to think of the grave as the ter- nus. We are apt to think of the hearse as our t vehicle. We are apt to think of seventy or hty or ninety years, and then a cessation. In- ad of that we find the marble slab of the tomb *only a milestone*, marking the first mile, and at the great journey is beyond. We have only ne enough in this world to put on the sandals d to clasp our girdle and to pick up our staff. e take our first step from cradle to grave, and en we open the door and start—great God, ither? The clock strikes the passing away of ne, but not the passing away of eternity. Meas- eless! Measureless!

This Selah of perpetuity makes earthly inequali- s so insignificant, the difference between sceptre and needle, between Alhambra and hut, between chariot and cart, between throne and curbstone, between Axminster and bare floor, between satin and sackcloth, very trivial. This Selah of perpetuity makes our getting ready so important. For such prolongation of travel, what outfit of guide-books, of passports, and of escort? Are we putting out on a desert, simoom-swept and ghoul-haunted, or into regions of sun-lighted and spray-sprinkled gardens? Will it be Elysium or Gehenna?

Once started in that world, we cannot stop. The current is so swift that once in, no oar can resist it, no helm can steer out of it, no herculean or titanic arm can baffle it. Hark to the long-resounding echo "forever"! O wake up to the interest of your deathless spirit! Strike out for Heaven. Rouse ye, men and women for whom Jesus died. Selah! Selah! Forever! forever!

I this morning close

ANOTHER CHAPTER IN CHURCH WORK.

It has been to me in many respects the most prospered year of my ministry. Great assemblages, larger financial income as a church, complete harmony, revival perpetual. How the sheaves have come in, until we had no more strength to garner them! *One thousand and thirty-six souls received in the last thirteen months.*

Across the year swept *a great domestic grief*, but, sustained by the hand of God, and by your tender sympathies, for which I have never yet had enough self-control sufficiently to thank you, I have continued until this day. I know better than ever before how to comfort you. I know better than ever before the desolations of bereavement. I know better than ever before what it is to live in a house where every book and every picture and every article of furniture, and every incident seems charged with memories overwhelming; and conjointly with you I look forward now to a world which is no more a beautiful abstraction, but a personal Heaven, for your Mary is there, your Lizzie is there, your Jennie is there, your Henry is there, your Willie is there, your Charlie is there, and those whom we caressed on earth we will caress in Heaven.

You see it is only a slight pause, it is *only a Selah*, giving greater appreciation to us of what they were when they tarried here, and greater appreciation of what they will be to us when we again join their blissful society. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Tenderly put away the garments they once wore, for they shall need them no more in the land of the white-robed—the robe so very white that no fuller on earth could whiten it. Selah! Selah!

Dr. Talmage, at the Close of the Evening service last Sunday, stood at the foot of his platform and took the hand of every member of the congregation as they filed past him, saying that he did so because he had *invariably missed at least one face* on his return from his summer vacation. On Monday Dr. Talmage left Brooklyn for Saratoga Springs, to spend a few days with his eldest brother, Rev. John V. N. Talmage, D.D., who has returned to this country in impaired health after *thirty-seven years of missionary work in China.* Dr. Talmage purposes afterward going with his family to the Adirondacks for a period of complete rest and recuperation. During his absence we intend publishing some interesting sermons by him which have not previously appeared in this journal.

THE PREDICTED LAWLESSNESS IN IRELAND.

By the Rev. M. Baxter.

THIRTY-FIVE years ago, in 1846, Dr. Tregelles, in his Exposition of Daniel, and Dr. Kelsall, in his book on Antichrist, and subsequently B. W. Newton, in 1849, in his "Prospects of the Ten Kingdoms," showed that Ireland must be separated from Britain, at least, to the extent of having *a separate Parliament*, shortly before the Great Tribulation of three and a half years and the end of this age. There was no sign at that period of any such event being likely to take place, and, therefore, their prophetic anticipations were contrary to the natural probabilities of the case.

They all grounded their prophetic interpretation upon the fact that *Ireland never formed part of Cæsar's Roman Empire*, whereas Britain *did*; and that prophecy shows that *all the countries belonging to Cæsar's Roman Empire, as represented by the ten-horned wild beast, are to be legislatively separated from all countries outside that empire*, and formed into exactly ten kingdoms (Daniel 7 : 24 ; 2 : 42 ; Rev. 17 : 3).

It is a remarkable sign of the times that revolutionary lawlessness has recently broken out in Ireland, which bids fair to issue in its gaining legislative independence as the result of the agitation. The accounts of the prevailing disorders of one week include the following occurrences.

There have been serious riots in the towns of Skibbereen and Schull, county Cork, arising from the dissemination of a false report that a priest, named Murphy, had been arrested under the Coercion Act. On the evening of June 7th a horseman entered Skibbereen with the news that the telegraph wires had been cut, the roads torn up, and some houses wrecked.

Near midnight on June 7th a special train was dispatched from Cork, conveying to Enniskillen two hundred of the Rifle Brigade and 20th Regiment, five army service wagons, and one ambulance, and it was feared an attempt would be made to throw it off the line. The wires between Schull and Skibbereen, and between the latter place and Ballydehob, were cut in several places, and left in tangled masses across the roads, forming a most serious obstruction to vehicles or troops. Some bridges in the district were also broken down, hence the transmission of intelligence is very difficult. During the night the whole district between the three places mentioned was in the greatest state of excitement, and few persons retired to rest.

Serious rioting has also taken place in the city of Cork. On June 9th the police were called upon to stop a disturbance on the race-course, and having made an arrest the prisoner was, after a good deal of stone throwing, rescued from twelve policemen. The helmets of the constables were smashed, their heads cut, and their bodies bruised in several parts. They, however, succeeded in making other arrests, but at the entrance to the Park race-course the power of the mob became so overwhelming that they were obliged to release the prisoners, notwithstanding that at this point they were reinforced by twelve mounted men. The crowd, when in close contact with them, beat the police with blackthorn sticks. The police returned the attack with the butts of their muskets, knocking down all who came within their reach. In the mean time the stones thrown by such of the crowd as kept at a safe distance fell upon the police as thick as hail.

In the Cork Theatre a piece called the "Eviction" is being played. A landlord is shot, whereupon cheers and yells of delight burst forth, and are redoubled when the actor proceeds to say, "*And thus we'll serve every landlord in Ireland!*" The next speech which rouses the enthusiasm of the audience is "*Down with the Queen and the Government!*" The excitement in the theatre is described by eye-witnesses as passing all bounds. An attempt to get up a counter demonstration in the shape of "Three cheers for the Queen" meets with no response.

The suppression of the Land League by force is advocated by a great number of people in Ireland as the best means of putting a stop to the existing turbulence. How far that would prove effective is uncertain, nor is it possible for any one to predict; for Ireland has still a free press, and even if she had no longer the right of open and public meeting, she could still read the views of the Land League in her papers; besides it is by no means certain that the result of the suppression of the Land League would not be more secret plotting than there now is. Be all this as it may, the results may be summed up as follows: A bewildered executive, an excited people, paralyzed trade, isolated violent disturbances, and grave apprehensions for the future. Dublin reminds one of St. Petersburg in a state of siege more than the capital of a free country. Shopkeepers say that trade never was worse, and that they are almost ruined.

JAMES GRAHAM'S BUSH LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

(*Continued from page* 391.)

James Graham Marries Selina Price — Kind Treatment of a Jewish Merchant, and Gratifying Results—Graham Undertakes to Form a New Station for the Increasing Cattle.

AT Burrangong, one hundred and twenty miles from Bathurst, Graham found the first job he undertook, or to use his own words in describing it afterward, There I first drew bridle at Jim Black's, an old convict, whose father had been hanged, and his two brothers transported for life. He was himself *an infidel* and an old bachelor. He was affable enough though, and wanted a man to mow wild oats. He had two English convict servants engaged, and they mowed Mooney, a south of Ireland man, out of the field. I engaged at ten shillings an acre ; and it was evident they intended to treat me as they did Mooney. We went to it with a will, but as my strength was then returning, they soon found it wiser to take things more easily. When Mooney saw this, he positively leaped like a black, and boasted that "thim Inglish coults were broke in by a bhoy from the ould country."

While at Black's *an unpleasant thing* befell me. In my box in Bathurst I lost my certificate of free immigration, and as my clothing was rather scant, and my belongings so light, one day a policeman came and told me it was rumored I was an escaped convict, and I must get certified as a free immigrant. The policeman treated me as respectfully as I could wish, and with all kind consideration.

No one nearer than a Mr. Bermad could identify me ; so off I set for forty miles to his house. He was a shipmate of mine, and took me in to dinner, in poor trim though I was, and treated me as generously as if I had been a magistrate. He gave me an identification, and next day sent a black to escort me to Burrangong.

But I was tasting the sweets of a higher liberty than I had ever before known, for I felt that Christ had redeemed me from the bondage of my old master, the devil, and that I was now a free man in the Lord.

James Graham's home-loving heart was often lonely in the bush ; and among companions with whose coarse feelings and manners he had no sympathy, he sighed for other fellowship. On one of his cattle-seeking expeditions, he visited a settler some twenty miles distant, and there he saw, for the first time, Selina Price. She was a niece of the owner of the station. She was just eighteen ; had been residing in Sydney with a well-to-do uncle for some time, and had got a better education than most females residing so far up-country. She had come to the colony when about four years of age, and knew bush-life and habits well. She was, moreover, if not beautiful, very good-looking, exceedingly active and vivacious.

Graham was full ten years her senior, and of much more sober and thoughtful temperament ; but love, like dreams, often goes by contraries. Whatever was the cause of it, James, when he saw, loved Selina Price.

It is not the object of this narrative to enter deeply into affairs of the heart, which are, and should be, strictly private affairs, or we might tell of Graham's doubtings whether such a young, charming girl would have a husband so much older, coarser, and duller than herself. It is true, he was not yet twenty-eight, and had always been considered well-built and good-looking, and was a first-rate hand at writing a poetic love-letter.

His first visit evidently was not displeasing to the lady or her uncle, and subsequent ones were evidently agreeable to all parties. In fact, his heart palpitated more than ever it did, in those tentative visits, till the prize was won and they were engaged. Then he felt he had a prize indeed ! Perhaps, like other lovers, he threw the radiance of his own beaming soul around the object of his affections, and his imagination heightened the virtues on which it dwelt. However deficient the bush was in jewelry, his ideality was an exhaustless mine of gems to be lavished on Selina. He could scarce imagine any good in womankind that he did not see in her, either in bud or flower. And the lover's ideal estimate is, no doubt, more strictly correct than is a cold, prosaic philosophy ; for no figures can adequately depicture the value of woman, absolutely or relatively ; nowhere is she so indispensable as in the solitudes of the bush.

Selina Price, though not "a help-meet" for a dancing-master, suited James Graham. She could handle a fowling-piece almost as well as he could ; she could ride better ; she was quick and witty, full of resource, and loved him without a rival ; she was to him the dawn of a new day. Morning began to spread on the mountains. All his ideality and domesticity awoke, kindling the skies of his future life with gorgeous colors, as bright as hope after struggle and despondency. He felt a new man now he had a motive to work, and his heart beamed through his countenance and nerved his arm. Wonderful arrangement of God !—that flowers and hearts only reach full bloom on the verge of married union.

Perhaps his happy feelings made Graham all the kinder to an itinerant Jewish merchant who then called at his station. Jehiel Myers had come from London to Australia to make money, and with dray and merchandise was itinerating the bush. Myers came to Graham, who treated him with a frankness and hospitality that he seldom received at Gentile hands. He had his horse put into a fat paddock ; he gave him rations as much as he needed, and sent word to several stations of the arrival of his goods and wares. In consequence of this he sold more than a hundred pounds' worth before he left Carowder. When he was leaving he offered to pay Graham anything he asked. He, however, would take nothing ; and the grateful Myers said, "Then a thousand words would not fill a bushel ; but, as I am a true Jew, if I can ever do you a kindness, I will do it."

As Graham was allowed the produce of his own cattle, he in a few months took down a load of cheese to Yass to sell it. He went round several shops, and was about to sell, when up came to him his friend Myers, running in hot haste, and shook him by the hand. He inquired the most he could get for his cheese, and was told. "Then," said the Jew, "I'll give you a penny a pound for it more than any other man in Yass will give." At this rate he bought, and paid for it, and compelled Graham to be his guest, and hardly could he have treated Abraham himself with greater hospitality. Graham did not till then know he had settled in Yass.

While he remained with Myers, the latter came to him and said, "There is a flock of cattle come in, that you ought to buy ; they would set you up for yourself on a new station. Graham dissented, as he had not money. The Jew drew out a roll of notes, and said, "Go and buy them, and use as much of that as you like. *I* do not know how much is in it, as Heaven is my witness ; but you will pay me at your leisure." Graham refused, but the other vehemently urged. He yielded to generosity that was evidently sincere, and beyond any he had ever experienced before from either Jew or Gentile. In due time from the increase of the cattle, he paid the principal, and the Jew would not receive one penny of interest.

In less than six months after Graham and Selina Price first met, they were married in the parish church of Yass. Two parties of ladies and gentlemen—the friends of the bride and bridegroom—set out with them, in high glee, to ride about one hundred and twenty miles through the bush to the church ; by noon of the second day they reached their destination. Myers came to Graham, and requested him to give the preparation of the wedding-dinner to his friend Moses Moses. Consent was given ; and perhaps so fine and so cheap a wedding-dinner had never before been given in the Lachlan district. The little Jewish community vied with each other in kindness to the Gentile who had so hospitably treated one of their number when a stranger in the wilderness.

There was no newspaper reporter to give account of the dress of squatteresses, or the eloquence of squatters, at that dinner ; but the absence of a reporter did not lessen the praises lavished on the honor, heartiness, and strength of Graham, or on the beauty and accomplishments of his bride.

After their wedding tour in Yass, Graham his wife returned to Carowder, and were n kindly received by their friends around. hearty kindness and hospitality of squatting ne bors, who to visit each other must ride fift twenty, or perhaps sixty miles, is something more true and intense than formal visiting in c where visits are so frequent that friends are " at home" to each other. These rides and fes ties were more pleasant than anything Gra had experienced since he left his home in Irel or expected ever to experience till he reached home again. With the leave of his employer, Meals, he now undertook to form a new and tant station for the overgrown flocks of G Black.

In this serious undertaking, which so nearly the life of himself and of his young wife, he barked with a view to pasturage for his own creasing stock. If the man of capital finds money makes money, the grazier finds that c increase cattle. He had embarked his wage stock, which was increasing like Jacob's flock old. Although he did not marry cattle but a v his wife brought him more than three hun pounds' worth of fine young cows and hei He was too poor yet, however, to stock a sta for himself ; and they both resolved, by indu economy, and enterprise, to work their way t establishment of their own.

In September, 1842 (the spring of the y says Graham, I undertook to form a station my first employer, Jim Black, of Burrangong. was very wealthy. He had untold money in funds. He had a wild herd of more than five dred swine, after which we used to have sple boar hunts. He had on his stations in the country eight thousand head of prime cattle, r than one thousand head of horses, and bet fifteen thousand and twenty thousand sheep. one time he had £40,000 worth of wool in sheds. His merino sheep, first introduced by M'Arthur, were famous for the finest wool. horses became enormously valuable when th port of the horses to India commenced in 1844

I am not theologian enough to know whethe devil be very fond of money (as the love of it i root of all evil, I suppose he is), but the man like him, that I ever knew, was fond of it. Th Gipsy Jim had, for stealing many horses, esc hanging but a mere hair's-breadth, yet I heard him say he would hang any man who sh steal a sheep or an old shoe from himself. was selfishness and revenge embodied and fied.

He wanted outlet for his flocks and herds, in 1842 engaged me, with the consent of my manent employer, Mr. Meals, to form a new st for him on the Murray, for the sum of £50, be being found in everything and feeding my stock on the new run. He had heard of it fr stockman, who had passed over it returning Melbourne, which town had been founded years before. Had I known the exasperated of the Murray River blacks, or the nature o pasturage on the intended station, I should ne have taken my own cattle to it, nor undert his, for double the money.

Selina and Bobindi accompanied me, as we a stockman, hut keeper, and bullock driver rations. Six good dogs did most of the wo driving. We swam the Murrumridge and Mu rivers with the loss of only two or three hea heifers, and after crawling over about two hun and seventy miles of country, arrived at the si our station in three weeks. It lay between Mitta Mitta and Ovens rivers, both being bran of the Murray. The river Mitta Mitta takes its r from the marshes (Mitta Mitta—marsh ma through which it flows. One of these, five r long, lay on the side of the river opposite our It was separated from another of about three r long by a sand-dike or bar. We crossed the with a dray and load of a ton weight ; and so was the sward it sprang like india-rubber.

We built a hut which I had loop-holed, so we could turn it into a garrison, and by remo the wooden stoppers from the loop-holes could on all sides. We also cleared away all timbe

several roods round, so that no enemy could lie in ambush. The hut stood on a beautiful rising ground about forty yards from the winter banks of the river. Here we made a garden for vegetables, the seeds of which we had brought with us. So adapted was the sandy alluvial soil that, I believe, Egypt never grew better leeks, onions, melons, or pumpkins. The equal of the latter I do not think Pharaoh or Joseph ever ate.

(To be continued.)

THE COMING ANTICHRIST.

By Henry Varley.

IT has been announced that we are to deal to-night with the Antichrist, and with the Jew, and with the lawless era. I do not suppose that I shall get beyond the first point of our subject; I ask you therefore to come with me this evening to a quiet study of God's word concerning the Antichrist. I have no doubt that most of you have thought more or less about this subject. The first thought that suggests itself to my mind is this: have you any clear and definite thought in your mind as to *what Scripture teaches us concerning Antichrist?* Let me first of all point out to you the force of the word itself—*Anti*christ. Is this a principle? John says that in his day there were many Antichrists, and there is a tendency among some prophetic students to make out that Antichrist is a spirit of lawlessness in one form or another. I see that in the newly revised Testament that thought is to some extent indorsed by the translators. I do not wish you to suppose that I think the Scripture teaches that Antichrist is only a personal being separated from the spiritual principles of evil themselves. I think the true thought of Scripture is that it embraces both.

Antichrist, however, will be without doubt a person. May I suggest to you that he will be the devil's counterfeit son of God? There is a very remarkable passage that I will ask you to look at. You will find in John 5:43 these words: "I am come in my Father's name, and ye receive me not: if another shall come in his own name, him ye will receive." I have no doubt that these words refer to the Antichrist of the last days of this dispensation. Before we go farther let me ask you to notice that there are some who affirm that the Pope is Antichrist. *I do not think so.* The apostle John distinctly says that "he will deny the Father and the Son." Now I ask any thoughtful man here, Has the Pope ever done that? Has it not always been the case that the Popes of Rome have distinctly affirmed that they were the vicegerents, the representatives of Christ? Turn to 1 John 2:18. "Little children, it is the last time: and as ye have heard that Antichrist shall come, even now are there many antichrists; whereby we know that it is the last time."

Then again in the same chapter, at the 22d verse: "Who is a liar but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ? He is Antichrist, that denieth the Father and the Son."

I have therefore no hesitation in saying the Antichrist, whenever he is manifested before the world, *will take the distinct character of an infidel.* It is the latest form of evil in this dispensation. I do not mean of course that Popery will not have its place, and Mohammedanism have its place also, and many other false systems, such as *spiritualism*, and men giving heed to the doctrines of devils. But be assured of this, *the last and the worst form of evil shall culminate in one who shall utterly deny the Father and the Son.* He will seek to abolish the very name of God, if that were possible, and set up in the stead of the worship of God upon pain of death his own personal worship. It is to this that our Lord referred when he says in Matt. 24:15: "When ye therefore shall see the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, stand in the holy place (whoso readeth, let him understand)."

Now refer to the words that are spoken by the prophet Daniel, for our Lord quotes almost the very words of Daniel in his prophecy concerning the Antichrist (Daniel 9:27). "And he shall confirm a covenant with many for one week: and in the midst of the week he shall cause the sacrifice and the oblation to cease, and for the overspreading of abominations he shall make *it* desolate, even until the consummation, and that determined shall be poured upon the desolate."

Thus from the words of Christ, also from the apostle John, as well as many other testimonies that I will give you, we arrive at the conclusion that Antichrist will be *a real person.*

It is very worthy of notice, that almost all great principles have had their leading representative or representatives. One very striking illustration I would cite is the case of *Napoleon.* We are told that wherever he went he had a marvellous power to arouse the enthusiasm of hundreds of thousands; and as you know Napoleonism was really "headed" up, as I would call it, in the man. How it has often repeated itself in various fashions in human history, as that history unfolded itself. Certain men have come to the front, whether for weal or woe, and they have gathered about themselves the elements of blessing for others or the elements of destruction and woe.

I want you now to notice two or three Scriptures that are exceedingly important as pointing out *what the character of the Antichrist will be.* And first of all, I would ask you to turn back with me to Dan. 8:23. Mark the expression used, for it is a very striking one—that is, when the world is ripe on account of its iniquity. "And in the latter time of their kingdom, when the transgressors are come to the full, a king of fierce countenance, and understanding dark sentences shall stand up." Then notice the words that follow in the next verse: "And his power shall be mighty, but not by his own power." Mark you that the New Testament, clearly reveals that *he will have his power from Satan;* and, therefore, just as the Lord Jesus Christ, regarded from the standpoint of His manhood, received power from His Father, and was anointed of the Holy Ghost, so whenever Antichrist arises he will be *Satan's incarnation of manifested power.* He will have his power from the evil one. And be assured of this, we shall know him as soon as he arises. I have no doubt that

HE WILL ARISE IN THE EAST.

I think the Scriptures are very clear upon that point. You know how the East is now coming to the front, and mark you this: "And his power shall be mighty, but not by his own power: and he shall destroy wonderfully, and shall prosper, and practise, and shall destroy the mighty and the holy people. And through his policy also he shall cause craft to prosper in his hand; and he shall magnify *himself* in his heart, and by peace shall destroy many: he shall also stand up against the Prince of princes; but he shall be broken without hand."

He will appear first of all as *a king of one of the ten kingdoms that will be in existence when Christ comes.* Now you will not forget that those ten kingdoms never have existed, nor do they exist to-day. The western part of the kingdoms does exist. But a few years ago and we had scarcely any of the eastern part of the world to the front. But what have we recently seen? Italy has sprung into existence, Greece has sprung into existence. Now, practically speaking, Egypt is severed from Turkey, and to all intents and purposes, except for a yearly sum that it pays to the Sultan, it is an independent kingdom. And so assuredly Syria will come to the front.

Another description that you will find of the Antichrist is given in 2 Thess. 2:1–4, where he is predicted to sit in the temple of God at Jerusalem.

And let me remind you that the word *temple* is never used except in connection with the temple at Jerusalem. In the New Testament the word *temple* is used in relation to the human body, but wherever you meet with prophetic statements in Scripture that deal with the temple, they refer to the temple at Jerusalem, where even while I am now speaking there is an incipient restoration going on. The interest in Judea is growing every day, and western legislators are looking forward with deepening interest to the revival that is taking place in that land, and, assuredly, as God has said so, the temple shall be rebuilt yet in Jerusalem. Observe what follows, 2 Thess. 2:5, 9, 12.

Such, beloved friends, is the solemn crisis that is spoken of in the inspired word, and the great power that shall then be broken utterly to pieces before the thousand years of Christ's reign upon the earth.

MR. GEORGE MÜLLER'S HOME-COMING.

Interesting Scenes.

TUESDAY, May 31st, was a memorable day for all connected with the Orphan Houses at Ashley Down, Bristol, England, which now contain 2050 children. Mr. Müller has been absent from England for about ten months, preaching in this country, and Mrs. Müller has accompanied him. They returned to Bristol on the afternoon of May 31st. The road approaching Ashley Down had many interested spectators. It is shaded by stately trees, the branches of which, interlacing from side to side, form a perfect avenue.

At the Orphan Houses the 2050 children came in view, standing on either side of the way three deep, the smaller ones in front. Alternately a regiment of boys and girls was arranged, keeping the line in beautiful order, the white caps of the girls forming a relief to the dark clothes of the lads. In the midst came the baby children, little ones of three and four, the sight of whom recalled the fact that they were fatherless and motherless, orphans indeed. Such little plaintive faces some of them had! Yet how their Heavenly Father has cared for them in causing Mr. Müller to "take them up." In many cases they are better provided for than if their parents had lived, and though a large proportion of them are delicate in constitution, they seem, as they grow older, to increase in strength, and get stout and ruddy. Regularity and cleanliness, fresh air and good food, save many a young life that must have been doomed under less favorable circumstances.

Inside the gates of No. 3 Orphan House, where Mr. and Mrs. Müller have their simply-furnished rooms, there were drawn up in order around the circular path the inmates of that particular building, who were to have the honor of the first personal greeting from their friend and benefactor. The children, though somewhat excited, took their places with great precision and order, and never broke rank, though they bent eagerly forward in their efforts to catch the earliest sight of Mr. Müller's conveyance at the turn of the road. The patience of the little ones was not long tried, for in a few minutes the hack appeared, in which sat Mr. and Mrs. Müller, with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Wright. Their presence was hailed by infantine cheers. The girls, not to be outdone, waved and clapped their hands in turn. Mr. Müller sat bareheaded, bowing and smiling in a most fatherly way. Passing the hundreds of children and the scores of waiting friends, the cab was driven through the gates to the door of No. 3 House.

There the members of the staff were standing, and as the travellers alighted, they pressed round them and assured them of their joy at once more having them at home. Mr. Müller had a shake of the hand and a good word for all, and, stepping on to the grass mound, he spoke briefly to the orphans, telling them of his pleasure at seeing them well and happy, and of his prayer "that God's richest, fullest blessing might be theirs, now and always." Ever full of kindly thought for others, he then came outside the lodge gates, greeting the rest of the teachers.

He looks exceedingly well, and is quite sunburnt. No one would imagine him to be over seventy years of age, for he is erect and slender in figure, and seems as vigorous and hearty as many a younger man. The home-coming has been a happy one in all respects. His stay in Bristol will probably again be short, as he feels that "necessity is laid upon him" to continue his itinerating preaching. The spectacle of the five massive houses built by prayer and faith, and the welcome given to him who asks nothing of man but obtains all from God, the thought is suggested that surely such a sight would be more convincing than many scholastic arguments to such as deny the existence of a God, question the power of prayer, or ignore the exercise of a simple and Christian faith.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Contest at Albany has Become One of endurance. Repeated efforts have been made to adjourn the convention, but without success, and an alternative proposition was made, in a humorous spirit, by Mr. Pratt that the Convention be locked up and fed on bread and water until two Senators are elected. The Democrats remain firm for their own candidates and announce their determination to lend no aid to either of the Republican factions. The substitution of Mr. Clarkson N. Potter for Senator Jacobs as a candidate was made at a Democratic caucus on June 22d, on account of some doubt existing as to the eligibility of the latter gentleman. A disposition has been apparent on the part of the Administration Republicans to combine their strength on Messrs. Wheeler and Depew. The twenty fifth ballot, taken on Thursday last, indicates the relative position of the candidates. For the short term the numbers stood: Clarkson N. Potter, 53; William A. Wheeler, 50; Roscoe Conkling, 32; scattering, 20. For the long term: Francis Kernan, 53; Chauncey M. Depew, 52; Thomas C. Platt, 27; scattering, 23; necessary for a choice, 78.

The Bribery Investigation Committee Adjourned on Thursday, instructing the counsel engaged, to submit their briefs on June 28. A sensation has been produced by Senator Strahan's testimony, that the offer of the United States marshalship for the Southern District of New York had been made to him by John I. Davenport on behalf of the President, with a view of influencing his vote and action at Albany. The Stalwart Republicans have bitterly complained that President Garfield has taken a hand in this contest by deferring the signature of Mr. Robertson's commission as Collector, so that Mr. Robertson might lead the anti-Conkling wing of the party at Albany. This new charge, that the President had attempted to seduce a Conkling supporter by offering to bribe him with an office, excited among the Stalwarts increased acrimony. Mr. Davenport was summoned before the committee and interrogated as to the conditions on which the marshalship was offered to Senator Strahan. Mr. Davenport in reply said frankly: "I told him that of course he would be expected to vote against Conkling and Platt." Mr. Davenport alleged that the negotiations were not directly authorized by the President, but that he (Mr. Davenport) was satisfied Mr. Strahan might have the place on those conditions. Senator Strahan declined the offer on the terms proposed.

The Provisions of the New Bill for the Better protection of children, which has now gone into effect, are summarized in the New York *Tribune*, and show that it will be a very beneficial measure if it is strenuously enforced. One clause is highly important. It is that which *forbids the sale or delivery of beer, wine, and spirits to children* under the age of sixteen years. This, if enforced, will at least keep them out of the grog-shops, where they can learn nothing but evil, and it will prevent drunken parents from sending them there, to become accustomed to the sight and smell of spirits, and frequently to acquire a taste for it. It will also, if enforced, keep the children from the demoralizing occupation of rag-picking, and up to the age of sixteen *it will keep them out of the theatres.*

The Newly Appointed Commissioner of Street Cleaning in New York is energetically prosecuting his work. Hundreds of men are laboring with their brooms and picks in various parts of the city where the pavement is believed to exist beneath the many coatings of filth deposited from time to time and allowed by the ex-commissioners to remain, spreading disease through the city. *Four thousand tons of dirt per day* are now being removed, in spite of the assertion of the late officers as to the cleanliness of the city.

Another Visit to America from Mr. Parnell, the Irish agitator, is threatened. America was contributing freely at the time of his last visit to relieve the distress in Ireland caused by the famine, but it should be understood that the mission he is now said to contemplate, will be to raise funds for a seditious agitation, which has already inflicted grievous evil on his countrymen. Efforts will no doubt be made to enlist sympathy in advance of Mr. Parnell's arrival, so that he may receive an ovation when he lands, but before making promises to support him and render aid at his meetings, citizens will do well to study the course he has taken since he left our shores. There is no lack of sympathy among us for Ireland and her woes, but an impartial review of Mr. Parnell's policy will convince the most ardent friend of Ireland that there are better ways of expressing his commiseration than in helping Mr. Parnell to continue his baneful course.

The New Liquor Law in Rhode Island will take effect on July 1st. If its stringent provisions are faithfully executed it will necessitate extensive changes in the sites of hotels and liquor saloons. By one of its clauses it is enacted that no license shall be granted for any place within 400 feet of a public school. It is probable that this clause will compel the removal of some very prosperous resorts. Another provision of the law is that the objection of a majority of the landowners within one hundred feet of a place for which a license is asked shall be sufficient to prevent the granting of a license.

President Garfield's Uncle, Mr. Thomas Garfield, was killed on Wednesday, June 22d, by an accident, at the Warrensville crossing on the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad, east of Cleveland. Mr. Thomas Garfield was returning to his home in Randall in a carriage, accompanied by Mrs. Alonzo Arnold, and when near the crossing saw the approach of the train. Thinking he could make it he whipped up the horses, but was not quick enough, the train smashing into the gig and throwing both out. They were picked up and taken to their homes. Mr. Garfield died in an hour and a half, without having uttered a word. Mrs. Arnold's skull was fractured, but it is hoped she may recover.

Mr. Thomas Garfield was three years younger than Abram, father of the President. General Garfield's birthday is the same date as his, and last November there was a pleasant reunion at the house of the old gentleman in Newburg, to celebrate the double event. "Uncle Thomas," as the family all called him, was the only Garfield remaining of his generation, and was much beloved by all his relatives. He settled in Ohio a short time after his brother, the two buying farms about twelve miles apart.

Philosophy in the Woods.—A Novel Enterprise has been inaugurated by Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., which promises to be productive of very beneficial results. It is an effort to give to the masses of Christian people in respect to philosophic knowledge, advantages which are at present only attainable in universities and seats of learning. Dr. Deems rightly believes that there are many Christians whose business engagements preclude them from attending our colleges, who would be glad to obtain a knowledge of the principles of science and philosophy, especially when that knowledge is so imparted as to demonstrate the connection between those subjects and religion. At a time when the blessings of education are so extensively enjoyed as at present, every Christian ought to be acquainted with the higher branches of knowledge, that "the man of God may be perfect, throughly furnished unto all good works." This conviction has led to the institution of *The Summer School of Christian Philosophy*, of which Dr. Deems is dean. It is located at Warwick Woodlands, Greenwood Lake, Orange Co., N. Y., a delightful spot forty-two miles from New York City on the borders of New Jersey.

The first session will commence July 12th, and close on July 22d. Eleven lectures will be delivered by eminent professors from Yale, Princeton, Michigan, and other universities. Arrangements are made with the Erie road for excursion tickets to be sold, with lecture tickets. A ticket to the lake and back, together with lecture and conversazione ticket, one day, $2; for the whole course and trip $6. These joint tickets are to be sold at the depots foot of Chambers Street, N. Y.; 23d Street, Jersey City; 184 Market Street, Newark, N. J.; Montclair, and Bloomfield.

The Foundation Stone of the New Marquand Chapel, which Mr. Henry G. Marquand is giving to Princeton College, was laid June 21st, by Mr. Allen Marquand, the son of the donor. In laying the stone on Tuesday Mr. Marquand Jun. said that his father in presenting the chapel to the college wished it to be strongly and securely built, enriched by art, but above all to be hallowed by *religious associations, and never put to secular uses.* [At this a hearty "Hear, hear," was heard from Dr. McCosh.] Dr. McCosh, in accepting the gift in behalf of the college, spoke of his acquaintance with Mr. Marquand's liberality soon after his inauguration, and uttered some feeling words in regard to the benefactions to the college. He stated that the gifts during his administration amounted to $2,500,000. The necessity of religious instruction was emphasized, and also the benefits to be derived from a beautiful chapel devoted only to the worship of the students.

The Sudden Appearance of a Comet in the north-east quarter of the heavens has given rise to considerable discussion among astronomers as to its identity. On June 23d telegrams from San Francisco, Cincinnati, Rochester, and other American cities, as well as from London, announced the discovery of a brilliant comet. A few days previously Dr. B. A. Gould, at the National Observatory in Buenos Ayres, reported having seen a comet, and it is a question in dispute whether the one visible in our hemisphere can be that seen by Dr. Gould. The remarkable feature of this new celestial visitant is that it should suddenly have burst into our sight without having previously been seen through a telescope. It is not even known whether the comet is a new or an old one, whether it is approaching to or receding from the sun, what is its composition, or what is its orbit. Many astronomers believe it to be identical with a comet which appeared in 1807, on account of its position and appearance. Others, however, believe it to be a new comet, that of 1807 having been studied by eminent astronomers, who calculated from its orbit that it would not be seen again for 1700 years. At Harvard University on Friday night the observation was very successful. A telegram from that institution says: "It appeared to be about 69,000,000 miles from the sun, and 29,000,000 miles from the earth. The dimensions computed by the astronomers, which show the diameter of the nucleus to be 1000 miles, the diameter of the coma 12,000 miles, and the length of the tail 4,000 miles, leave no doubt in their minds that it is the comet of 1807." Professor Henry Draper has succeeded in taking a photograph of the comet, an operation never achieved before, and which may lead to important discoveries as to the elements of which these strange bodies are composed.

The International Sunday-school Convention commenced its sessions in Toronto, Canada, on Wednesday, June 22d. A report published in the New York *Tribune* says: "Delegates were present from almost every country in the globe, those from the United States being the most numerous. The day was devoted to organization, addresses of welcome and responses, and the hearing of reports. The Hon. Edward Blake, of Canada, welcomed the delegates from other countries, said that from such gatherings as this the spirit of the Gospel would be made to permeate the politics and international relations of the world. In that last fortress of false pride and false honor, the domain of international transactions, there were approving signs, especially in the plan of international arbitration solemnly agreed upon between the two foremost nations of the world. And last, that exhibition of Christian manliness and forbearance which was displayed the other day in the case of the Transvaal War, when the strong were strong enough to propose just terms of peace. Responses were made by Governor Colquitt, of Georgia, and Mr. B. F. Jacobs, of Chicago. The Hon. S. H. Blake, of Ontario, was elected permanent president of the convention, with twenty-seven vice-presidents from various States and Provinces.

A Lady's Veil Caught Fire in a Roman Catholic Church on June 20th, and placed her life in serious peril. She was a candidate for admission to a convent, and was one of a number who presented themselves at the altar dressed in long lace veils. A lighted taper coming in contact with one of the veils set it on fire, and but for the presence of mind of some men who were present, and who threw their coats around the girl, she would have been burned to death. She was severely burned about the neck and arms. The absurd ceremonies which attend the reception into convent life of these deluded girls was in this case near proving fatal. A more enlightened knowledge of divine truth would have convinced the girl that her duty lay in a life of Christian work in the world rather than in seclusion in a convent.

Pray for Indianapolis is the Burden of a letter sent by one of the pastors to a contemporary. Such a revival as was never before known in that city is still going on. The revival meetings continue, as in many churches *the people themselves will not hear of their discontinuance.* After the summer's heat is over, and all have returned from their rest, it is the intention to begin the battle again more earnestly than ever, going on from victory to victory. "Not a day passes," says the writer, "without the manifest presence of the Holy Spirit in converting power. Indeed, it is *a continuous Pentecost* with all. The ministers engaged in the work find no difficulty in approaching the most obdurate sinners anywhere. The revival is the principal topic of conversation at the fireside, in the place of business, in the factory, and the shop, on the street-corners, and in the cars. The good old Gospel in the good old-fashioned way seems also to be the universal demand. *Tell it quick and tell it plainly* is the cry of multitudes."

Two Weeks Counting Gold is the Occupation in which two experts are engaged in New York. The Director of the Mint has sent them to count the bullion in the Assay Office. The rapid accumulation of precious metals in the hands of the Government is well illustrated by the fact that in the New York Assay Office alone there are $6,000,000 to be counted. It will require nearly two weeks for these experts to estimate accurately the bullion in New York alone. The mere mention of so large a sum of money excites in many minds an almost uncontrollable longing to possess it, but those who have in their souls the peace of God which passes understanding know they have a treasure a far larger sum would not purchase.

At the National Temperance Convention at Saratoga, N. Y., an important paper by Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, was read, dealing with the question, "Is the Law of God Prohibitory?" in which he answered the question affirmatively, grounding his arguments on the Ten Commandments. Human laws, Dr. Gordon contends, have been educating the people in the wrong direction in licensing the sale of liquor. If a man falls into a pit carelessly left open in a street and breaks a leg, he can sue the city and get pay therefor; but if a man is damaged in a licensed hall for the sale of liquor, legal reparation is denied him, although the city, by its license, is a legal partner in the business.

Interesting addresses were also delivered by Mr. J. B. Gough, Rev. J. O. Peck, and Miss Frances Willard. At the next day's session among the resolutions passed, was one which may be accepted as the Prohibition platform of the future. It asks Congress to prohibit and prevent in the District of Columbia and the Territories the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, and to prohibit their importation into the United States; also to propose to the States an amendment to the constitution forbidding all making of and traffic in intoxicating beverages; advising the friends of temperance to make that the chief point in political action and organization; requiring total abstinence as *a qualification for all office-holders*, and to exact from all candidates for legislative positions pledges to support and urge the enactment of temperance measures.

A Warning to Intending Gold Seekers is sounded by a San Francisco journal. According to a statement it publishes, there are not less than 2,000 prospectors in the mountains of California at the present time. Most of them have been prospecting for ten or twenty years. They are all poor. With few exceptions they have been poor and "hard up" all the time. They do not average 50 cents a day the year round; and no men work harder, or more hours a day. They live on the coarsest and cheapest food, with no luxuries, and wear the cheapest of clothing. But they toil on month after month and year after year, hopefully and courageously, infatuated and driven forward with the belief that they will yet make their fortunes. If men would only search with the same patience and perseverance for the treasure in Heaven that faileth not, they would not be disappointed (Matt. 6: 19).

A Railroad Race for a Lost Bride Occurred a few days ago on the Union Pacific line. A newly married couple occupied seats in a Pullman car, and while the train halted at Sidney the bridegroom alighted, as he said, "to stretch his legs after the long ride." The train started sooner than he expected, and after running some distance in the hope that one of the conductors would see him and stop the train, he abandoned the pursuit on foot. But he knew his young bride would be alarmed by his absence, and having plenty of money with him, he clambered into the cab of a locomotive standing on a side track, made friends with the engineer, and induced him to get authority for a flying chase. Off they went at full speed, *the pursuing husband shovelling in the coal.* A stern chase ensued, for the other locomotive was making up lost time, but it was successful, for thirty-seven miles west of Sidney he regained possession of his wife. But for the fortunate circumstance of the unemployed locomotive being at hand the bridegroom might have suffered much annoyance from the results of his heedlessness. Worse calamities than that, however, often happen in families through the same fault, and too often Satan has carried off by temptation a loved child or relative while those who should have watched were negligent.

A Scare in a Liquor Store Occurred at Bangor, Maine, recently, which shows that even if the Maine law is evaded occasionally it has terrors for those who break it. A citizen on stepping into a shop to purchase a box of honey was astonished at the tumult which his appearance caused. *Bottles and jugs were thrown out of the back windows,* the air was filled with the noise of breaking glass, the odor of "old rye" and New-England rum assailed his nostrils, and general confusion reigned. At last the proprietor, ceasing from his labors, stepped forward and ordered his would-be customer to leave the premises forthwith. Much bewildered, the customer withdrew, and it was not until some time afterward that he remembered having once served on the special police force, and that he stopped to say good-morning to a constable just as he was entering the shop to make his innocent purchase.

FARM LABORERS.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. So then neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase. Now he that planteth and he that watereth are one: and every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labor. For we are laborers together with God: ye are God's husbandry."—1 COR. 3: 6–9.

Idolatry a Universal Tendency—Mere Preachers as Idols—Shrines in the Church—Preachers only Laborers—I. The Church God's Farm—By Purchase—By Inclosure—By Cultivation—By Protection—Expected to be Productive—II. Laborers Employed—On Needful Work—In Different Division—With Unity of Purpose—All the Laborers Dependent—For Seed, Strength, and Success—Will be Rewarded—They Have Been Successful—III. God the Great Worker—Practical Lessons—It should Promote Unity—Queer Laborers—Should Make all Dependent—The Laborers Ennobled—Sower and Reaper should Pray—The Secret of Success at the Tabernacle.

IN all ages since the Fall there has been a tendency in the human heart to forget God, and get away from Him. Idolatry has been the sin of all nations, including God's favored people, the Jews, and including certain persons who call themselves Christians, and yet make *idols out of crosses* and images. This vicious principle of ignoring God, and setting up something between our minds and our Creator, crops up everywhere, in every department of thought.

In the instance of the church at Corinth, Paul found the brethren forgetting their God and Saviour in their high esteem for certain preachers. Instead of all saying, "We are Christ's disciples," and uniting together to promote the common cause, they made parties, and one said, "Paul who founded this church is to be had in the greatest reverence, and we are of Paul;" others replied, "But Apollos is more eloquent than the apostle, and by him we have been edified till we have gone beyond Paul, and therefore we are of Apollos;" while a third party declared that they were of no sect whatever, for they were "brethren," and were "of Christ." These last, I suspect, either ignored or denounced the other two parties, and would not commune with them, in order to testify against their sectarianism and to promote unity. I only surmise this from the conduct of those "brethren" who in our day take the Corinthians to be their model, and cut off everybody else, being more exclusive than any other sect in Christendom.

The Apostle warns the saints in Corinth against this: he brings the Lord before their minds, and bids them remember that if Paul plants and Apollos waters, still it is God that gives the increase. Since they think so highly of men, he will have it that "neither is he that planteth anything, nor he that watereth anything," but God that giveth the increase is everything.

I shall begin at the end of my text, because I find it to be the easiest way of mapping out my discourse. We shall first remark that *the church is God's farm:* "Ye are God's husbandry." In the margin of the revised version we read, "Ye are God's tilled ground," and that is the very expression for me. "Ye are God's tilled ground," or farm. After we have spoken of the farm we will next say a little upon the fact that *He employs laborers* on the farm; and when we have looked at the laborers—such poor fellows as they are—we will remember that *God Himself is the great worker:* "We are laborers together with God."

I. We begin by considering that

THE CHURCH IS GOD'S FARM.

The Lord has made the church of His sovereign *choice* to be His own by *purchase*, having paid for it a price immense. "The Lord's portion is His people; Jacob is the lot of His inheritance." Because the Lord's portion was *under mortgage*, therefore the only-begotten Son laid down His life as the purchase-price, and redeemed His people to be the Lord's portion forever and ever. Henceforth it is said to all believers, "Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price."

And now He has made it His by *inclosure*. It lay exposed aforetime as part of an open common, bare and barren, covered with thorns and thistles, and the haunt of every wild beast; for we were "by nature the children of wrath, even as others." We were part of the dreary desert till Divine foreknowledge surveyed the waste, and electing love marked out its portion with a full line of grace, and thus set us apart to be the Lord's own estate forever. In due time effectual grace came forth with power, and separated us from the rest of mankind, as fields are hedged and ditched to part them from the open heath. Hath not the Lord declared that He hath chosen His vineyard and fenced it?

The Lord has also made this farm evidently His own by *cultivation*. What more could He have done for His farm? He has totally changed the nature of the soil: from being barren He hath made it a fruitful land. He hath ploughed it, and digged it, and fattened it, and watered it, and planted it with all manner of flowers and fruits. It hath already brought forth to Him many a pleasant fruit, and there are brighter times to come, when angels shall shout the harvest home, and Christ "shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied."

This farm is kept what it is, as well as made what it is, by God's continual *protection*. Not only did He inclose it, and work upon it by His miraculous power, to make it His own farm, but He continually maintains possession of it. "I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment; lest any hurt it I will keep it night and day." If it were not for God's continual power her hedges would soon be thrown down, and wild beasts would devour her fields. Wicked hands are always trying to break down her walls and lay her waste again, so that there should be no true church in the world; but the Lord is jealous for His land, and will not allow it to be destroyed.

Inasmuch as the church is God's own farm, *He expects to receive a harvest from it*. He comes to us looking for sheaves, where He has sowed so plentifully. The world is waste, and He looks for nothing from it; but we are tilled land, and therefore

A HARVEST IS DUE

from us. Ought not the Lord to have a narvest of obedience, a harvest of holiness, a harvest of usefulness, a harvest of praise? Shall it not be so? I think some churches forget that an increase is expected from every field of the Lord's farm, for they never have a harvest or even look for one. The people come together and take their seats on a Sunday and listen to sermons—that is, *when they do not go to sleep;* the sacraments are celebrated, a little money is contributed, a few poor folk are relieved, and affairs crawl along at a snail's pace. As to affecting the whole village, or endeavoring to bring the surrounding population to Christ, I do not think it has occurred to some churches to attempt it; and when certain warmer spirits seek to bring sinners to Jesus the older and more prudent folks fetch *wet blankets*, and use them with very great effect, so that every sign of enthusiasm is damped down. Brethren, such things ought not to be. Farmers do not plough their lands or sow their fields for amusement; they mean business, and plough and sow because they desire a harvest. If this fact could but enter into the pates of some professors, surely they would look at things in a different light. But of late it has seemed as if we thought that God's church was not expected to produce anything, but existed for her own comfort and personal benefit. Brethren, it must not be so.

See, then, the injustice of allowing any of the laborers to call even a part of the estate his own. When a great man has a large farm of his own, what would he think if Hodge the ploughman should say, "Look here, I plough this farm, and therefore it is mine: I shall call this field *Hodge's Acres*"? "No," says Hobbs, "I reaped that land last harvest, and therefore it is mine, and I shall call it Hobbs's Field." What if all the other laborers became Hodgeites and Hobbsites, and so parcelled out the farm among them, I think the landlord would soon eject the lot of them. The farm belongs to its owner, and let it be called by his name; but it is absurd to call it by the names of the bumpkins who labor upon it. Is that a disrespectful title to apply to laborers? Why, I meant it for anybody and everybody whose name is used as the head of a party in the church. I meant Luther, Calvin, Wesley, and other great men, for at their best as compared with their Master they are only farm laborers, and we ought not to call parts of the farm by their names. Remember how Paul put it, "Who then is Paul and who is Apollos?" "Is Christ divided? was Paul crucified for you? or were ye baptized in the name of Paul?" The entire church belongs to Him who has chosen it in His sovereignty, bought it with His blood, fenced it by His grace, cultivated it by His wisdom, and preserved it by His power.

II. We have now to notice, as our second head, that

THE GREAT HUSBANDMAN EMPLOYS LABORERS.

By human agency God ordinarily works out His designs. He can, if He pleases, by His Holy Spirit, get directly at the hearts of men, but that is His business, and not ours; we have to do with such words as these: "It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." The Master's commission is not, "Sit still, and see the Spirit of God convert the nations"; but, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." This is God's method in supplying the race with food.

Labor develops our spiritual muscle and keeps us in health. "Unto me," says Paul, "who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." It is a grace, then. We find it to be a means of grace to our souls to preach the Gospel. I have heard it said, and I believe there is some truth in it, that those who have to preach are under the temptation of getting so familiar with sacred things that they cease to feel their power. If this be true it is an awful proof of our total depravity, for the more familiar we are with holy things the more we ought to be affected by them; and this I know, it has been the greatest means of grace to me to be bound by my office to study the Scriptures, and wait upon God for help in expounding them.

Some of you who do not grow in grace by hearing other people might possibly get on better if you were yourselves to try and preach: at any rate you might not be quite so fault-finding with other folks. When I hear a person say, "I cannot hear my minister," I suggest to him to *buy a horn*. "Oh," he says, "I do not mean that. I mean that I cannot enjoy his preaching." Then I say to him, "Preach yourself." "I cannot do that." "Then do not find fault with those who are doing their best." Instead of blaming the ploughman, just try a turn in the furrow yourself. Why grumble at the weeds? Take a hoe, and work at them like a man. Do you think the hedges untidy? Put on the leather gloves, and help us trim them.

The laborers employed by God are all

OCCUPIED UPON NEEDFUL WORK.

Notice, "I have planted, Apollos watered." *Who beat the big drum*, or blew his own trumpet. Nobody. On God's farm none are kept for ornamental purposes. I have read some sermons which could only have been meant for show, for there was not a grain of Gospel in them. They were ploughs with the share left out, drills with no wheat in the box, clod-crushers made of butter. I do not believe that our God will ever pay wages to men who only walk about His grounds to show themselves. Fine orators who display their eloquence are more like gypsies who stray on the farm to pick up chickens than honest laborers who work to bring forth a crop for their master.

When you and I preach or teach it will be well if we say to ourselves, "What will be the use of what I am going to do? I am about to teach a difficult subject: will it do any good? I have chosen an abstruse point of theology: will it serve any purpose?" Brethren, a laborer may work very hard at a whim of his own and waste his labor, but this is folly. Some discourses do little more than show the difference between tweedle-*dum* and tweedle-*dee*, and what is the use of that? Suppose we sow the fields with sawdust, or sprinkle them with rosewater, what of that? Will God bless our moral essays, and fine compositions, and pretty passages?

Brethren, we must *aim at usefulness;* we must as laborers together with God be occupied with something that is worth doing. "I," says one, "have planted;" it is well, for planting must be done. "I," answers another, "have watered;" that also is good and necessary. See to it that ye can each bring in a solid report, but let no man be content with the mere child's play of oratory, or the getting up of entertainments and such like.

On the Lord's farm there is a

DIVISION OF LABOR.

Even Paul did not say, "I have planted and watered." No, Paul planted. And Apollos certainly could not say, "I have planted as well as watered." No, it was enough for him to attend to the watering. No one man has all gifts. How foolish, then, are they who say, "I enjoy So-and-so's ministry because he edifies the saints in doctrine, but when he was away the other Sunday I could not profit by the preacher because he was all for the conversion of sinners." Yes, he was planting; you have been planted a good while, and do not need planting again, but you ought to be thankful that others were made partakers of the benefit.

One soweth and another reapeth, and therefore instead of grumbling at the honest ploughman because he did not bring a sickle with him, you ought to have prayed for him that he might have strength to plough deep and break up hard hearts. Let us do all that we can, and try to do more, for the more work we can turn our hands to the better. "You must not have *too many irons in the fire*," said somebody. But I say, Put all the irons into the fire, and if you have not fire enough, cry to God till you have; set your whole soul on fire, and keep all your irons hot. Yet you may find it wise to direct your strength into one line of things which you understand, so that by practice you may come to be skilful in it. Each man should find out his own work, and do it with his might.

Observe that, on God's farm, *there is unity of purpose* among the laborers. Read the text. "Now he that planteth and he that watereth are one." One Master has employed them, and though He may send them out at different times, and to different parts of the farm, yet they are all one in being used for one end, to work for one harvest. In England we do not understand what is meant by watering, because the farmer could not water all his farm; but in the East a farmer waters almost every inch of ground. He would have no crop if he did not use all means for irrigating the fields. If you have ever been in Italy, Egypt or Palestine, you will have seen a complete system of wells, pumps, wheels, buckets, channels, little streamlets, pipes, and so on, by which the water is carried all over the garden to every plant, otherwise in the extreme heat of the sun it would be dried up.

Planting needs wisdom, watering needs quite as much, and the piecing of these two works together needs that the laborers should be of one mind. It is a bad thing when laborers are at cross purposes and work against each other, and this evil is worse in the church than anywhere else. How can I plant with success if my helper will not water what I have planted; or what is the use of my watering if nothing is planted. Husbandry is spoiled when foolish people undertake it, and quarrel over it, for from sowing to reaping the work is one, and all must be done to one end. O for unity! Let us pull together all our days, even as we have done in this church hitherto.

We are called upon to notice in our text that *all the laborers put together are nothing at all*. "Neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth." All God's laborers must go to Him *for their seed*, or else they will scatter tares. All good seed comes out of God's granary. If we preach, it must be the true word of God or nothing can come of it. More than that, all the strength that is in the laborer's arm to sow the heavenly seed must be given by His Master. We cannot preach except God be with us. A sermon is vain talk and dreary word-spinning unless the Holy Spirit enlivens it. He must give us both the preparation of the heart and the answer of the

tongue, or we shall be like unto men who sow the wind.

When the good seed is sown *the whole success* of it rests with God. If He withhold the dew and the rain the seed will never rise from the ground; and unless he shall shine upon it the green ear will never ripen. The human heart will remain barren even though Paul himself should preach, unless God the Holy Ghost shall work with Paul and bless the word to those that hear it. Therefore, since the increase is of God alone, put the laborers into their place. Do not make too much of us, for we are unprofitable servants.

Yet, though inspiration calls the laborers nothing, it makes a great deal of them, for it says, "Every man shall receive his own reward, according to his own labor." They are nothing, and yet

THEY SHALL BE REWARDED

as if they were something. God works our good works in us, and then rewards us for them. Here we have mention of a personal service and a personal reward: "Every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labor." The reward is proportionate, not to the success, but to the labor. Many discouraged workers may be comforted with that expression. You are not to be paid by results, but by endeavors. You may have a stiff bit of clay to plough, or a dreary plot of land to sow, where stones, and birds, and thorns, and travellers, and a burning sun may all be leagued against the seed, but you are not accountable for these things; your reward shall be according to your labor.

Some put a great deal of labor into a little field, and make much out of it. Others use a great deal of labor throughout a long life, and yet they see but small result, for it is written, "One soweth and another reapeth;" but the reaping man will not get all the reward, the sowing man shall receive his portion of the joy. The laborers are nobodies, but they shall enter into the joy of their Lord.

Unitedly, according to the text, *the workers have been successful*, and that is a great part of their reward. "I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase." Frequently brethren say in their prayers, "A Paul may plant, an Apollos may water, but it is all in vain unless God gives the increase." This is quite true, but another truth is too much overlooked, namely, that when Paul plants and Apollos waters *God does give the increase*. We do not labor in vain. There would be no increase without God, but then we are not without God: when such men as Paul and Apollos plant and water there is sure to be an increase; they are the right kind of laborers, they work in a right spirit, and God is certain to bless them. This is a great part of the laborers' wages.

I am rich, I am increased in goods, I have need of nothing when I see souls converted; my heart leaps for joy; my spirit is glad, and I am ready to sing, "My soul doth magnify the Lord;" but if it were ever to come to this, that I stood here Sunday after Sunday and saw no conversions, and the church rather going down than increasing, I should take it as an intimation that I had better take my plough somewhere else and scatter my seed on other soil. I would break my heart over non-success, or cry to God to break it, for he that worketh and getteth no fruit is disheartened in his labor.

What would you farmers do? You are half inclined to give up now, because you have had two or three bad years; but what would you do if you never saw a harvest at all? Why, you would clear out and be off to the western prairies or to the bush of the southern continent, to see if the soil somewhere else would repay your labor. Do the same, brother ministers! If you have been at work in one spot for years, and have not led souls to Jesus, pack up your traps and go somewhere else. Do not forever break your plough upon rocks. It is a big world, and there is plenty of good ground somewhere, let us seek it. If they persecute you in one city, flee to another, and let the word of God be published all the more widely by your moving about.

III. So much upon the laborers. Now for the main point again.

GOD HIMSELF IS THE GREAT WORKER.

He may use what laborers He pleases, but the increase comes alone from Him. Brethren, you know it is so in natural things: the most skilful farmer cannot make the wheat germinate, and grow, and ripen. He cannot even preserve a single field till harvest time, for the farmer's enemies are many and mighty. In husbandry there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip; and when the farmer thinks, good easy man, that he shall reap his crop, there are blights and mildews lingering about to rob him of his gains. God must give the increase.

God gives the increase in the barn and the hayrick; and in the spiritual farm it is even more so, for what can man do in this business? If any of you think that it is *an easy thing to win a soul*, I would like you to try. Suppose that without Divine aid you should try to save a soul—you might as well attempt to make a world. Why, you cannot create a fly; how can you create a new heart and a right spirit? Regeneration is a great mystery; it is out of your reach. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." What can you and I do in this matter? it is out of our pale, and beyond our line. We can tell out the truth of God, but to apply that truth to the heart and conscience is quite another thing. I have stood here and preached Jesus Christ, preached my whole heart out, and yet I know that I have never produced any saving effect upon a single unregenerate man unless the spirit of God has taken the truth, and opened the heart, and placed the living seed within it. Experience teaches us this.

What is the effect of all this upon your minds? Briefly I would draw certain

PRACTICAL LESSONS

out of this important truth: the first is, if the whole farm of the church belongs exclusively to the great Master Worker, and the laborers are worth nothing without Him, *let this promote unity among all whom He employs*. If we are all under one Master, do not let us quarrel. It is a great pity when ministers harshly criticise one another, and when Sunday-school teachers do the same. It is a miserable business when we cannot bear to see good being done by those of a different denomination who work in ways of their own.

If a new laborer comes on the farm, and he wears a coat of a new cut, and uses a hoe of a new shape, shall I become his enemy? If he does his work better than I do mine, shall I be jealous? Do you not remember reading in the Scriptures that, upon one occasion, the disciples could not cast out a devil? This ought to have made them humble; but to our surprise we read a few verses further on that John and others saw one casting out devils in Christ's name, and John says, "We forbade him, because he followeth not with us." *They* could not cast out the devil themselves, and they forbade those who could.

A certain band of people are going about winning souls, but because they are not doing it in our fashion, we do not like it. It is true they use all sorts of strange devices and *wild excitements*, but they do save souls, and that is the main point. Yet there are gentlemen who never converted half a soul in their lives who cry, "This is fanaticism." Go and do better before you find fault. Instead of cavilling, let us encourage all on Christ's side. Wisdom is justified of her children. The laborers ought to be satisfied with the new ploughman if his master is so.

Brother, if the great Lord has employed you, it is no business of mine to question His right. *I do not like the look of you*, and cannot think how He can have such a fellow upon the farm; but as *He* has employed you I have no right to judge you, for I dare say I look as queer in your eyes as you do in mine. Can I lend you a hand? Can I show you how to work better? Or can you tell me something so that I may do my work better? May not the Master employ whom he pleases?

This truth, however, ought to *keep all the laborers very dependent*. Are you going to preach, young man? "Yes, I am going to do a great deal of good." Are you? Have you forgotten that you are nothing? "Neither is he that planteth anything." A divine is coming brimful of the Gospel to comfort the saints. If he is not coming in strict dependence upon God, he, too, is nothing. "Neither is he that watereth anything." Power belongeth unto God. Man is vanity, and his words are wind; to God alone belongeth power and wisdom. If we keep our places in all lowliness our Lord will use us; but when we exalt ourselves he will leave us to our nothingness.

Next notice that this fact ennobles everybody who labors in God's husbandry. God is with you, brother; God is with you, sister, when you are serving Him with all your heart. Speaking to your class concerning Jesus, it is God that speaks to you; picking up that stranger on the way, and telling him of salvation by faith, Christ is speaking with you even as He spoke with the woman at the well; addressing the rough crowd in the open air, young man, if you are preaching of pardon through the atoning blood, it is the God of Peter who is testifying of His Son, even as He did on the day of Pentecost. O brother laborers, ours is a high honor, since the Father is with us and works by us.

But, lastly, *how this should drive us to our knees*. Since we are nothing without God, let us cry mightily unto Him for help in this our holy service. Let both sower and reaper pray together, or they will never rejoice together. As a church *God has blessed us* so richly, that in generations to come it will be spoken of as a wonder that God should so greatly favor a congregation for so many years; but it has been wholly and alone in answer to prayer. So far from supposing that our union and prosperity are in any measure due to me, I protest that the sole cause of all the soul-winning that has been done is to be found in prayer.

God in great mercy has given the spirit of prayer to you and to others who love me, and hence I am highly favored. I am terribly afraid lest this prayerfulness should be damped down: I am jealous lest you should begin to think the preacher is something, and so should fail to pray for him. There is a thinner congregation when I am away, and therefore I am afraid that you have some reliance upon me, and do not expect a blessing if I am absent. Is it so? Having begun in the Spirit, are ye now made perfect in the flesh?

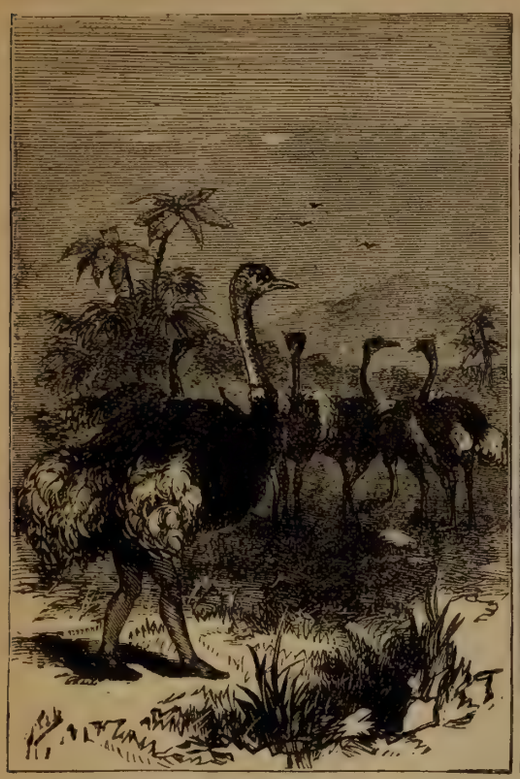
HAVE YOU BEGUN TO BE OF SPURGEON?

This will never do. Brothers, this will never do. We must get rid of the tendency before it grows upon us. God can bless one man as well as another. I do not know that He always does do so, but He can; and perhaps if you expected Him to do so He would do so. If you came up to this house with the same prayerfulness for others as you apportion me, you would get the same blessing. I am weakest of the weak apart from God, therefore pray for me; but others are weak too, therefore pray for them also.

Do let us pray mightily for a blessing. Pray always. Pray in your bed-chambers, at your family altars, at your work, and in your leisure, and also in this place. Come in larger numbers to pray for a blessing. We have many appointed prayer-meetings; keep them all flourishing. The windows of heaven are easily opened if our mouths and hearts are opened in prayer. If the blessing be withheld, it is because we do not cry for it and expect it. O brother laborers, come to the mercy-seat, and ye shall see God's farm watered from on high, and tilled with divine skill, and the reapers shall soon return from the fields bringing their sheaves with them, though, perhaps, they went forth weeping to the sowing. To our Father, who is the Husbandman, be all glory, forever and ever. Amen.

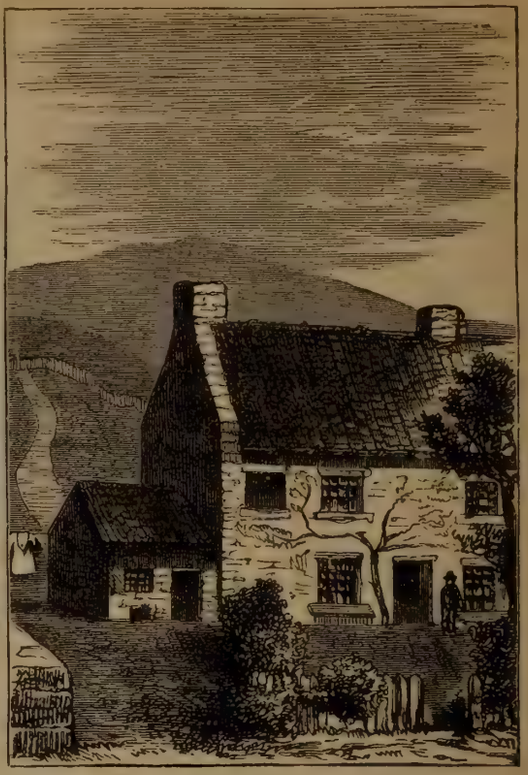
[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—1 Cor. 3.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 230,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]



Ostrich Hunter Disguised as an Ostrich.

George Stephenson's Locomotive "Rocket."



George Stephenson's Birthplace at Wylam.

THE OSTRICH DECOY.

AMONG the reminiscences of African life with which Dr. Moffat entertains his friends, is a description of the ingenious device by which the bushman captures the ostrich. The birds are exceedingly difficult to entrap, and though their splendid feathers are greatly in demand in the cities of civilized lands, and the bushmen are therefore encouraged to engage in the pursuit of ostrich catching, they do not succeed unless they have an almost inexhaustible store of patience and skill. The African ostrich is of a different species from that of South America—is the largest of all birds—a full-grown ostrich being from six to eight feet in height, and weighing some two hundred and fifty pounds.

The above illustration shows the method by which the natives of Kaffir-land, Namaqua-land, and other tribes of South Africa approach the game they desire to secure. A kind of flat double cushion is stuffed with straw, and formed something like a saddle. It is then covered over with feathers, except the under part, and made so as to resemble the bird. The neck and head of an ostrich are stuffed, and a small rod introduced. The bushman intending to attack the game whitens his legs with any substance he can procure. He places the feathered saddle on his shoulders, takes the bottom part of the neck in his right hand, and his bow and poisoned arrows in his left. This *human* bird appears to pick away at the verdure, shakes his feathers, walks and trots till he gets within bow-shot; and when the flock runs from one receiving an arrow, he runs too, in hope of having opportunity to kill other birds in the flock. The ostrich is twice mentioned in the Bible: once on account of the beauty of its plumage (Job 39 : 13), and again because of its cruelty (Lamentations 4 : 3).

THE BOYS OF CITY STREETS.

(*Continued from page* 397.)

"RAGS" and "Tubby" will go up to the stables, when they leave this comfortable room, and will find rest there among the chaff—*if* they can get in. "Ginger" will very likely find his bed on top of one of the vans, *if* no policeman is near. "Jumbo" and "Raspberry" will go to the lodging-house, *if* the necessary money has been earned. There are two or three others about whose dwelling-places I am uncertain; perhaps they may have to walk the streets all night, moved on by the policeman from time to time. I begin to say "Good-night" first to those that I know have a home to go to. I feel bolder with these. I have said several "Good-nights;" but nevertheless the room does not seem a bit more empty and no one has left.

I am, however, up to their ways now, and the secret is this—directly "Good night," is said to them they walk off, and you fancy they are going out of the room, but instead of going they turn back after passing me, and once more mix with the others, so that in another minute the same lads are to be seen again, some of them even comfortably seated round the fire. This sort of thing goes on for perhaps five minutes, and then one by one they really make up their minds to go. "Good night, Missus H——." "Good night." "Is there class to-morrow?" "Shall we come to-morrow night?" and they are gone for to-night.

The foregoing is just one specimen of our lads' winter evenings here. They vary a good deal in character. Sometimes we have a Bible-class, another time a singing-class, and another no formal class at all, but simply chats among the boys and a few hymns sung, being guided by circumstances and by the character of the boys present.

Sunday afternoon and evening are devoted to Bible-reading, sacred song, and addresses from friends who have taken a deep interest in them, and the meetings are then held in a little mission-room close at hand.

I should like now to introduce to the reader, individually, a few of the lads and their ways. And we must begin with "Rags" and "Jumbo." These two were always to be seen first at the meetings last winter; seated one on each side of the fireplace, and crouching toward it, passing occasional remarks, showing that they highly appreciated that quiet and warm shelter after their day's struggles for bread in the cold outside.

"RAGS"

is now about sixteen years of age. When I first knew him he told me that he had neither father nor mother. This was not true; but, unhappily, *untruthfulness seems as natural as breathing* to most of this class of boys. On finding out the real state of the case I spoke seriously to him, and begged of him to return to his father and mother.

"I will go with you," I said, "and will speak to them."

"No, I ain't a goin' home, mum; if father's there he'll only rage and knock me about. I ain't a goin'."

Before long I made another attempt at reconciliation. I went to see "Rags'" parents, and this time I induced "Rags" to accompany me, on condition that when I got into the house, I would let him know whether his father were in or not. If his father should be out, he was willing to go in and see his mother.

I knocked at the door. A woman opened it. "Am I speaking to Mrs. G——?" "No, ma'am, she is ill in bed." I gave my message for the invalid, and was soon told that she would like to see me. I beckoned to "Rags," who had been standing at the other end of the court, to come in with me, and told him to remain downstairs while I talked to his mother. I then followed my guide up a narrow and almost perpendicular staircase to the room where the poor woman lay ill in bed. On first entering, I was puzzled in my mind as to where I should stand; for, what with four or five half-clad little children, who looked also half-starved, a bed—such as it was, alas! an old shaky stool, and an equally shaky something like a table, the room appeared already nearly as full as it could be. I told Mrs. G—— what I had to say; then I added "Would you not like to see your boy?" "Is he here?" she said. "Yes, he is downstairs; but will you promise me not to be angry with him?" She promised, and I called to "Rags."

He came up the stairs very slowly, and when he entered the room his face betrayed a good deal of emotion, which had its full vent when his mother put her arms round his neck and kissed him. And now, seeing them both in tears, I began to realize the existence of *an unpleasant lump* in my own throat, which completely mastered me. "You see, mum," the mother said, between her sobs, "he has been a very naughty boy, and he's afraid of his father, but he's really not a bad boy to his mother." After some conversation with her, I promised to call on her again in a day or two, which I did, and found that meanwhile the father had been taken to prison for fighting.

"Rags," I thought, would now be able to stay at home while his father was away, and I was consoling myself with the idea that he had again a roof over him and some sort of protection at night, at least awhile, when his prolonged absence from the class made me anxious about him, and on inquiring, I was told that he was again sleeping out

at night. I went round to his old quarters the following day, and there I found him again, as dirty and as ragged as ever, with his old fixed expression of hopeless resignation. "Why are you here again, my poor boy?" "Wal, you see, mum, it wur no use me a stayin' there, an father a'comin' home to leather me about; besides, there ain't no room there for me to sleep, an it's as warm up at the stables as 'tis on the floor in the house."

A DANGER SIGNAL.

A Sermon by the Late Rev. W. M. Punshon, LL.D.

(*Continued from page* 397.)

"Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth."—James 5 : 19.

A Wonderful Conversion—II. The Danger of Moral Error—The Deadliest Heresy—The Backslider's Past, Present, and Future.

IT is a marvellous thing how the conversion of the soul brightens up the understanding, a marvellous thing how much the conversion of a man's soul has to do with the correctness of a man's theology; as if the regenerating Spirit mercifully took the clouds from the eyes and the vail from the heart together.

A WONDERFUL CONVERSION.

I have known a man whose dwelling was on the shores of a lovely lake, under the shadow of a beetling hill, in one of the most secluded and beautiful parts of our island-home. The preachers of the Gospel had failed to penetrate to the spot. The man's only teachers had been the heirloom of an old family Bible and God as His own interpreter; but the Holy Spirit arrested that man, and under the arching skies he was convinced of sin, and beneath the shade of the brown woods he wrestled for pardon and obtained it, and walked in the conscious light of God's countenance for years before he knew that there was another man upon the earth of similar experience, consciously happy in the Saviour's love. And when, in the long after-time the truth was carried into that pleasant vale, the man was found to have a correct creed as well as a consistent life. He had sat at the feet of Jesus; he had heard many sermons on the mount; the Spirit had come and interpreted to him the inner life of the uttered Word of God; and he had an accurate acquaintance with those lifesome Gospel truths which only needed to be arranged and classified to blossom out into a correct and beautiful system of theology.

Try this experiment for yourself. Submit yourselves wholly unto God; cry penitently for the forgiveness of your sins; be justified by faith, and have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and the truth shall be its own witness. Ascending into a region higher and sublimer than reason knows, you shall have the witness, the consciousness, and the satisfying feeling of the faith which reason cannot compass, and your triumphant answer to every cavil and to every compromise shall be in the words of Scripture—"He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself."

II. And then, secondly, there is danger, not only of intellectual, but of *moral error*. This is, I need not remind you, more imminent and more disastrous than the other. It is quite possible to hold erroneous opinions in connection with a large charity. Wood, hay, and stubble are sometimes built up as clumsy materials on the true foundation; but where the danger is not intellectual, but moral, there is of necessity *present alienation from God* and the prospect of *perpetual exile* from the glory of His power.

Heresy is not a trifling thing; it is to be resisted and deplored; but

THE DEADLIEST HERESY

is sin, and there is danger in a world where every influence is a temptation, and where every passion is a tempter. There is danger of this error, too, in the times in which we live. We need not remind you that we brought into the world a sinful nature, that we are all by practice sinners against God, and that if we have not been subjected to the transforming influence of the Holy Spirit, through the mercy of the Mighty Redeemer, we are in a state of wrath and condemnation now. But the special allusion of the apostle is to a darker experience than this; to one who had known the truth, who had walked in the truth, but who had forsaken it and gone astray—*a poor backslider*.

Oh! their danger, their sad loneliness, their terrible dishonor, the heaviness of their impending doom—what image can fitly represent or portray! A discrowned monarch, an emperor in exile; one deserted in his utmost need by those his former bounty fed; a prodigal starveling at the very door of the house from which his vices have excluded him; Dives fallen from his high estate, a mendicant at the threshold of his former mansion, the sores of his poverty licked by the dogs of Israel; honor in disgrace and in imprisonment; royalty in rags—all that fancy can conceive in contrast with former and forfeited joy—all are poor to set forth the condition of that sad backslider, who *drowns thought in desperation*, who shudders at the voice of memory, who smiles out of the faded flowers of his heart, and rings out a hollow laughter that is infinitely more terrible than tears. Oh! there is no spectacle so mournful on this side the place of doom!

His *past* and *present*—how different! His past!—when the candle of the Lord shone brightly in his tabernacle; when his heart was warm in the activities of religious enterprize and his feet swift upon the errand of mercy, when the ear blessed the sound of his name, and the troubled thanked God for him in the midst of their troubles; when he was mighty in the Scriptures; when he was powerful in prayer; when the Bible and the Sabbath, and the temple, and the fellowship of saints were his chief happiness and delight; when the morning rose upon a spirit full of sunshine, and the evening closed upon a spirit full of song! His past! How the recollection of it haunts him! What spasms of remorseful memory attend the very mention of its name!

But his present! How awful his relapse! How bitter his derision! How censorious his spirit! He, sitting in the seat of the scorner, and reviling the ordinances which he once attended! He, running riot with the prodigal to the exhaustion of his portion of good! He, reeling from the drunkard's haunt or from the libertine's sty—he, once a thankful, happy, humble child of God! His past and his present!—who but must weep at the difference? But his future!—

OH! HIS FUTURE

—if he be not recalled by the true grace of God! Take that into your account, and then of all the blackened masses which the fire ever consumed, or which the lightning ever blasted, there is nothing in the universe of God so appalling as that! My brethren, for whose salvation I long in the spirit of Jesus, how is it with you? I press upon your consciences now the solemn words.

It may be that there are some wanderers here who have straggled into the sanctuary on this occasion led by the glare of some "light of other days;" some, perhaps, who have gone quite away—who have put the Saviour to an open shame—who have gone greedily in the way of Balaam for reward; some, perhaps, who are backsliders in heart, who hold loosely to the fellowship of the saints, but have not yet severed the tie; some who have never known the power of the love which bought them, but all, in their various conditions, erring from the truth.

I bring *your condition* thus plainly before you. You are in danger; often warned, often entreated, often besought, and by the intercession of the Crucified, who cried, "Spare!" when the sword was unsheathed, brought into the sanctuary of God once again to listen to one warning more—oh! take it. I beseech you take it. Do not regard what I am saying as the fulfilment of a merely professional duty. Nothing can possibly exceed the solemnity of the moment at which we are gathered now. It may be the crisis of your fate; the destinies of the everlasting may hang upon the decisions of the Now. As one who has felt your peril, and with my whole soul thrown into my words, I beseech you turn from a course which can only end in the perdition of hell.

Once more I offer you the Gospel of the ever-blessed God; will you accept its glad tidings, and its rich provisions as your own? "Without money and without price" everlasting salvation is pressed upon you. Christ Himself asks you to come to Him—to come to Him *now*. Who will not thankfully respond? Oh! do not, do not, I beseech you, put away from you an invitation so freely and so graciously given. I tell you, in God's merciful name, there is not one of you *that need be lost*. I tell you, too, that there is no other name under heaven given among men than the name of Jesus Christ by which we can be saved.

May God help you to believe on that name, for His glory's sake. Amen.

ANECDOTES.

Related at the May Meetings in London.

AT the recent annual meeting of the London Missionary Society, in addition to the anecdotes and incidents which have already appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the following was related by the *Rev. Evan Bryant*, a successful preacher of the Gospel in the neighborhood of Hankow, China.

A DULL FACE BRIGHTENED.

A young man of twenty-three years of age had been a convert several years. He had often heard us pray and preach about light divine, and felt that he should like to enjoy that light. Instead of coming to us missionaries or to the native preachers, he *one night went on his knees in prayer about ten o'clock at night to seek that light*. He prayed on till four in the morning, yet it was dark. He remained on his knees still praying for light, until about six o'clock; and when the sun was shining in the east, he got up from his knees and said, "Jesus has given me light." He was filled with an influx of light from Heaven, having *prayed for it the whole night long*. I heard that young man in one of our church meetings declaring that fact; and to see and hear him was quite enough to convince me of the genuineness of the fact.

The Rev. Burman Cassin, at the close of a powerful speech, related the thrilling story of

JANE CONQUEST'S SELF-SACRIFICING LOVE.

She was one day in her little sea-village home, tending what appeared to be a dying child. All the fishermen had gone to bed, and she was bending with a mother's love over the little cot in which the dying child lay. As she was so occupied his face appeared to be lighted up with a red glow which came from the window. She looked round to see what it was, and she found that there was *a ship on fire*. The woman's husband, who was a sailor, had not been heard of for some time, and it was supposed by every one that the ship in which he had gone out had foundered. There then came into the mind of this noble woman a struggle. "What should I do?" she said to herself. "What is my duty—to stop by the side of the child or to see if I can save the burning ship?" A mother's heart told her to stop with the child, but a greater than a mother's heart told her to go to the old church upon the top of the hill, to find her way into the belfry and

RING THE BELL AND ROUSE THE FISHERMEN.

So, giving the child a parting kiss and shutting the door, this woman, in the middle of the night, went to the church; she found the door shut, but a window was partly open, and she crept through it and got up to the belfry. With her feeble arms she began to ring the bell, and as the sound went through the village, the seafaring men were aroused; they saw the burning ship, they went to it in their boats, and *every one on board the ship was saved, her own husband being among them.*

WHAT A SCENE

was presented in that cottage! Jane was brought there in a fainting state, her husband was in a fainting state on the other side of the room, and the little dying child in the midst. After a time her husband revived, and then looked at his wife and saw that she was in a swoon. They waited, and after a little time she also revived. Then those who were present saw that a change had taken place in the child—*the crisis was past*, the little child lived; the husband and wife were clasped in each other's arms, and the woman's self-sacrificing love was rewarded as only God can reward it.

TOUCHES OF REAL LIFE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Lady Hope, of Cariden.

(*Continued from page* 399.)

Robson's Death Causes General Mourning—The Funeral—Reminiscences of the Dead Christian—Michael and Hutton in Conference—They Receive Good News—Plans for Rebuilding the Shed—A Visit to Aleth's Sick-Room.

THE cottage mothers wept and sobbed and wrung their hands. The men stood in every doorway, their heads uncovered, as, a few hours later, Robson's mangled body, covered from view, was carried through the little streets. It was a piteous sight.

"Many a time," said one, "he's come to my door to get the rent. But I never wanted to see his back. 'Twas always, 'Come in, and welcome, sir!'"

"He was kind and good!" said another.

"He fell at his post!" said a third.

One young girl was seen watching the procession. As she stood on the white pavement, over which their long shadows streamed, she spoke with some of the passers-by. Sobbing, poor Margaret told how by six o'clock that morning she had visited the tiny lodging which, for the sake of his work, he usually inhabited very near the town during a part of the week. Entering the little room in which he was taking his breakfast, she had found him deeply immersed in the pages of a small Testament that lay open before him.

"Margaret!" he had said, putting his finger to his lips, that he might postpone *her* message until he had given *his* higher and holier one; "Margaret! 'Here we have no continuing city; but we seek one to come!' Can you say that? Is that matter settled with *you?*"

His fatherly manner, and gentle, cheerful voice, with the ever-ready smile that so plainly bespoke a heart at peace with God and man, had always so completely disarmed opposition from the utterance of his simple message, that a common saying among his country neighbors used to be:

"He's the best parson! for he don't want no written sermons. He's always got the good word uppermost."

A long procession of willing mourners followed him to an open grave, beneath the spreading trees of an old churchyard. There his remains were laid to rest, "in hope of a glorious resurrection."

Bitter tears and mournful laments testified to his well-deserved popularity, while confessions and acknowledgments on every hand added their testimony to his true life-work, and proved his truest monument. "Being dead, he yet speaketh."

The blank felt in the town of Shenstone, after Robson's death, was very great. Those who before had called him "one of your stuck-up religious sort," and had apparently spurned his voice, now quoted many a sentence he had said, and spoke of him as their "best friend." He left behind him no reproaches, no dark sayings, no black comments, no sinister whispers. The track of light that followed him was clear and unmistakable. He had served his Master, he had served his fellow-man, and had passed into the brightness of glory to serve for ever more.

Service and rest were the united secret his heart had learned. With a wonderful grasp of intellect, as well as of faith, he had accepted the greatness of this twofold life, this gift from a Father's hand. Having penetrated the mystery, he drank in its joys, and traded with its delights. While many were complaining of a life overdone with labor, he accomplished far more than most who knew him; but all in so easy, pleasant, *effortless* a manner, that it was palpable to all who cared to consider him, that he had some strange unseen support throughout the whole. The name of Jesus in his heart and on his lips, its fragrance never left him, but was shed abroad, so that the sweet savors of a consecrated life, rare in its brightness, and precious in its unending perfume, "filled" not only the "house where they were sitting," but the little town where he dwelt.

The little group of working-men who had been his chosen friends, with whom he had prayed and labored and searched the Scriptures, *they* smarted beneath the bereavement most. His weeping family found comfort from their prayers and sympathy.

As Michael and Hutton walked together one night, lamenting, in joint recountal their various common sorrows of the past year, to a Higher vision, they may not have seemed unlike the disciples who walked to Emmaus, their countenances very sad. The dispensations that had visited them were very mysterious. The strong opposition to their simple gatherings manifested by the rector and nearly all his congregation; the destruction by fire of the humble resort where they had been wont to pray; and now the terrible and sudden death of their beloved friend, whose cheering presence had ever been their delight and joy—these were the dark spots they sadly lamented.

As they walked to-night, they received neither scoffs nor jeers. Their townsmen—even the saloon frequenters, hitherto their bitter foes—now felt they had sustained a loss, and their respect for sorrow silenced them. Though work was over, the faint daylight had not forsaken them. It was an hour yet to the time when the feeble glimmer of gaslights would begin to sparkle out in thread-like lines beside the narrow pavements.

Their discourse was interrupted by a boyish voice:

"I say—are you—Michael Bateman? Oh!—I'm out of breath—I've run ever so far!—my sister—wants you."

Bateman and Hutton simultaneously raised their hands to their hats. It was "Master Robert Fennecker," familiarly called by his relatives and companions, "Bob." He was flushed and panting, his hair rough, his cap on the back of his head, but the merry twinkle that never forsook his bright blue eyes was still there.

"Look!" he said, "there she is; there's my sister behind you."

They instantly turned back to meet the young lady, who, by her own devotion, had now become their friend. The trio evidently had some interests in common, or their attention would not have been so absorbed, nor would it have continued until, having reached the gate of Ferncroft, Etta put her hand on the bell, and they all three entered the garden walk, being received in full welcome at the open door by Mrs. Clemence, who had seen them turn in, and guessed full well what it was all about.

"Come in!" she said. "I have been expecting all day to see you." This was to Etta.

To the men she said,

"You are just in time to have some tea. You know your way. There *that* door."

"You are very hospitable!" said Etta, accompanying Mrs. Clemence into the cheerful little drawing-room, gay with flowers, and ensconcing herself on a sofa.

"I do like to have the Lord's people in my house!" she said. "It is the next thing to having Himself. Indeed it is having Himself," she added, turning to Etta, whose eyes had filled with unbidden tears. "You bring Him with you to me, darling! indeed you do. And as for those Christian working-men! why, the Lord was *exactly* like them once. Poor, and weary, His hand hard with toil, His feet weary with undertaking *our* errands. I look at them with quite a *romantic* feeling!" she exclaimed, smiling.

"I never quite thought of them in that light before," said Etta. "But it is perfectly true; and better ones, at any rate, than those long, melancholy, meaningless faces, so inanimate, and so paltry, that one sees everywhere exhibited. The Scripture pictures of that sacred, glorious One, whose 'face was marred more than any man,' and who 'had no beauty that we should desire Him,' shows us at the same time a glorious spiritual beauty that no painting can give. How false all those things look when once we have seen Him by faith! and have begun to know Him personally."

"You are in the right school, dear!" said Mrs. Clemence, "and learning very fast. No Teacher but One could have shown you such lessons as these."

In a little while the conclave was held. It consisted of a council of four, even Mr. Clemence having been summoned from his study for the occasion. To the assembled trio Etta once more propounded the facts with which we are already acquainted.

Now nothing lay before them all but the practical part of the long-cherished scheme. The two good men could scarcely at first realize or believe the blessing that lay in prospect for themselves and for their little town.

"It seems too good to be true," said Hutton.

"You see, God was working for us all the time, when we didn't know it, no more than a new-born babe!" said old Mike rapturously. "He kep' on a-puttin' it in *your* 'eart, Miss—bless Him for it! and in the hearts of them other ladies and gentlemen. But that 'ere bit about little Miss Aleth and her pa do touch me most of all. I feel as if I could hardly b'lieve it. To think that the rector—beg your pardon, Mr. Hutton!—should ha' done sich a thing."

But he need not have begged Mr. Hutton's pardon, nor anybody else's. For all were of one mind there; and John Hutton was too busy polishing up his eyes with his large red and yellow handkerchief to pay very much attention to what his friend was saying.

"That child is too good to live," at last said Hutton, with rather quavering lips. "I always knowed she have an accident or something."

"Oh! Hutton!" vehemently remonstrated Etta; "how *can* you talk in that way? and just now when we are all so happy! Miss Aleth is getting better as fast as she can. Every day, the doctor says, there is an improvement in her."

"Well! I am sure I hope so!" said Hutton. "And so it has all come right about the shed. Who'd ever a thought it."

And thus they went on discussing, and every now and then taking a leap to the end, as people will always do, before they have reached the beginning! Mr. Clemence wisely held a firm rein, and, by dint of an occasional recall to the wanderers, succeeded so far in the first promotion of the scheme, that to-morrow evening, at the same hour, was fixed for a general rendezvous at the spot destined for their united action.

Faithful to agreement, the next morning Albert Eldridge appeared on the scene, and proceeded once more to discuss both *pros* and *cons* of space, shape, size, pounds, shillings, and pence, and at last, well up in his subject, was able to meet his clients on the scene of the old fire.

It was all arranged. A wooden building that would accommodate between two and three hundred people, divided down the centre by a partition as solid as they could make it in the shape of sliding doors. One half was to be specially dedicated to the sale of coffee and other refreshments, furnished throughout with many small tables and seats; while the other was to be principally used for meetings, lectures, temperance work, and musical and singing practices.

In a month the carpenter thought the premises might be ready for the conclusive decorative touches, which Etta's womanly instinct had already taught her were an imperative necessity for the true success of her scheme. Experimental though it was, the project already bore one or two prophetic symptoms of that much-desired success.

There was union of effort. There was hearty goodwill too in the co-operation, and plenty of earnest purpose now that promised perseverance. A work begun in the "joy of the Lord," which is our real "strength," need not fail for want of ardor, because that supply, like all others, flows from an Eternal Fountain. Zeal may and must be fanned, and fed from day to day with living coals; or, like the neglected fire, it will sink into cold gray ashes, neither ornamental nor useful! But if drawn—like Isaiah's impetus to work—from a Divine source, it will surmount all difficulties, overcome each hindrance, detect every slandering objection or unbelieving check to be but the hissing tones of the serpent-like deceiver; and will, in fact, prove victorious, not only temporally, but for a long and happy eternity.

The next time Etta went to call upon Aleth, she was received by the child in an ecstasy.

"Come here, Etta, and hear all about it," she said. "I am so happy to-day, and it's like Polly's cage—in two parts!"

"You dear little thing!" said Aleth; "*what* is like Polly's cage in 'two parts?'"

"Why, what I am so glad about!" she continued rapturously. "One part is about the shed; and now Michael *will* be so pleased. And Mr. Hutton too and all the others. And you have been helping them all the time—you good old Etta!"

"But what's the other thing?" said Etta after she recovered from the enthusiastic hug that generally began and concluded most of Aleth's raptures.

This question brought forth a similar exhibition of feeling which found vent in the exclamation:

"And papa says the doctor says I am going to get quite well, and shall very soon be able to walk about and to run races with my doggie just as I used to do before. Won't that be delightful? and then perhaps I could come to the new wooden coffee-house and see it opened! How pleased old Michael would be, wouldn't he?"

"Oh yes! I should think you would be quite able for that," said Etta. "You go out now every day, don't you, in the wheeled chair, and they let you sit out in the garden?"

"Well! only once, just for a little bit, I was allowed to sit out in the garden, but I go almost every day in the chair. And some day soon, papa says, I may go and see Tottie and Pet" (These were Etta's sisters).

(To be continued.)

THE COMING DELIVERER.

S. S. Lesson for July 10, Ex. 2: 1-15; Golden Text, Heb. 11, 24. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

OUR God is "full of compassion." He says, "Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear" (Isa. 65: 24). It was before the children of Israel cried unto Him in Egypt, and while they were still under oppression, that He began to prepare a deliverer for them. The persecution of the king of Egypt had risen to such a pitch that he sought by every means in his power to keep them under, even commanding that every son that was born to them should be cast into the river, and that every daughter should be saved alive. He would have the people of God to be a nation of women, a helpless people; but all his stratagems to prevent their increase were unsuccessful; "the people multiplied and waxed very mighty" (Ex. 1: 20).

It was just at this time that God gave a son to Amram and Jochebed, and when his mother "saw him that he was a goodly child, she hid him three months." There was more than parental affection in this step of Moses' parents; they were of the priestly tribe, and probably they did priestly work, and interceded with God for their people. Perhaps it was revealed to them by God that Moses should deliver His people; for we read, "By faith Moses, when he was born, was hid three months of his parents, because they saw he was a proper child; and they were not afraid of the king's commandment." This latter clause would lead us to believe that God had given them a distinct promise with regard to this child, and that his future career was revealed to them.

Moses' mother found, after three months, that she could no longer hide him; it may be the child's cry had been heard, and that a rumor arose that the house would be inspected; but this did not daunt the faith of this ancient mother. She made a little floating ark of simple bulrushes, made water-tight, and placed the child therein, committing him, not to the mercy of the waves, but to that God who stilleth the waves of the sea. What utter helplessness there was in this babe in his cradle among the rushes, just floating, but prevented by the flags from drifting out into the stream! The river might easily rise so as to sweep him away with his frail shelter, if the care of the Almighty were not manifested toward him, or a crocodile might have made him an easy prey. One thing the mother did: she set his sister to watch and see what would become of him, while she remained at home and trusted God. No one could mistake Miriam for the mother; she was but a child, but she could watch over and bring tidings of her brother to her parents.

God was faithful. He is so ever; and just at the right moment He ordered that Pharaoh's daughter should come down to the river to bathe. Seeing the ark among the bulrushes, "she sent her maid to fetch it; and when she had opened it, she saw the child; and behold, the babe wept." Hers was a woman's heart, and touched by the hand of God; her love went out to the poor little victim of her father's cruelty. The tears of the little babe, needing, perhaps, nourishment, awoke in her a woman's instinct to help the helpless: "And she had compassion on him, and said, This is one of the Hebrews' children." The secret was out; what was now to be done? Great responsibility lay on the girl Miriam: one false step, one unwise word, and all would be lost. Miriam was afterward a prophetess (Ex. 15: 20; Micah 6: 4), and it is possible that she knew the power of prayer already in her early years. It may be that she instantaneously asked counsel of God, that He made her eye quick to see that the heart of Pharaoh's daughter was won by the child's utter helplessness; she asked of her, "Shall I go and call to thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee? And Pharaoh's daughter said to her, Go. And the maid went, and called the child's mother."

No stratagem which she could have devised would have answered like this absolute dependence on her God. Nothing could have appeared more helpless than her position; after she had committed her child to the ark of bulrushes, this slender shelter alone protecting him from the watery grave to which Pharaoh had destined him. But the mother knew that her God was worthy of trust, for He is the faithful God; and He put her into a position in which no one could prevent her from cherishing her child, and no one could control her; she had liberty to educate him for the God who had rescued him. How far this mother was the means of leading the infant Moses to a close and real communion with his God we know not; or how far it was given to her to know and to reveal to him his future, we know not; it is not revealed. This, however, we know, that before his mother brought him back to Pharaoh's house, he must have been imbued with a knowledge of the true God, and probably have had some glimmering of his future career.

How much this history has of teaching for such among us as are mothers! Sometimes in our education of them it seems to us that our children are as much removed from us as Moses was from his mother: a foreign power threatens to ruin them; falsehood, pride, and other grievous sins take possession of them, and it seems to the mother as though she were hopeless and helpless. At last she comes to the conviction that but one thing remains, *i.e.*, to cast her child at the feet of Jesus. She goes to Him, tells Him that she is nothing, and can do nothing, that she is without excuse, and that in her need she yields herself and her child absolutely and unreservedly to Him. She knows not how help may come, but she waits, knowing that He cannot fail her. And then he begins to work, brings the child back, and says, Take this child, nurse it, train it for Me; "I will give thee thy wages." The responsibility is now upon another, and the government upon His shoulder. Now her exhortations are first received from Him, her love is purified by Him, she acts, not independently, but for Him, and she expects nothing from the child, but all from His grace; and blessed be God she receives wages, and blessed ones; the Lord rewards her for the very service which is her joy.

At last Moses was grown, and he was "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and in deeds." Forty years he lived in Pharaoh's court, and then "it came into his heart to visit his brethren the children of Israel. And seeing one of them suffer wrong, he defended him, and avenged him that was oppressed, and smote the Egyptian. For he supposed his brethren would have understood how that God by his hand would deliver them; but they understood not" (Acts 7: 22-25). Moses began to feel the call to his mission, but he was not yet ready for it; he had zeal, but had not yet learned to wait for direction. Before he slew the Egyptian, "he looked this way, and that way, and when he saw that there was no man, he slew the Egyptian, and hid him in the sand." This was not the conduct of a man who was sent from God; if he had slain the Egyptian by the command of God, why look this way and that way? God was responsible. If God willed that he should slay the Egyptian, what need to hide him in the sand? He believed, no doubt, that he was doing God and God's people service, but he felt he himself had to provide for the consequences; he had not wholly abandoned himself to God.

Such an instrument must be first prepared, and God found means to show him this. The very next day he went out, still full of zeal, in the expectation that the people would recognize him, the gifted man standing so high at court, and yet one of them, as their national deliverer. Was he not mighty in word and in deed? Was he not vastly their superior? Was it not an heroic thing for him to esteem "the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt" (Heb. 11: 26)? He would unite himself as a hero with the cause of his people. Having on the previous day avenged the wrong of a Hebrew who was injured by an Egyptian, he sought on this day to reconcile two of his brethren who strove together; but the man who was in the wrong said, "Who made thee a prince and a judge over us? intendest thou to kill me, as thou killedst the Egyptian? And Moses feared, and said, Surely this thing is known." Yes, it was known, and came to the ears of Pharaoh, who sought to slay Moses. Was he, then, mistaken in the urgent inward call, the indescribable burning which he had in common with all those who know something of the burden of the Lord? No, he was not mistaken; but he must learn to act under orders, and he must learn sacrificial work in the desert.

Moses fled from the face of Pharaoh, and dwelt in the land of Midian. His ambitious dreams were at an end. He, the gifted, learned, refined Moses, had to come down to the occupation of a shepherd in the desert, and there married, and lived a common family life. But his soul's burden lay there upon his heart; distance did not decrease his concern for his brethren toiling in Egypt. He was undergoing necessary discipline to prepare him for the work and the responsibility to which God had called him.

A Jailer and His Prisoners.—In the Fuh-chow Mission, persecution and success have gone hand in hand. Two of the members of a small native church were beaten for Christ's sake, and put in prison. Their fellow-members prayed for four months that their friends might be set free. Then they began to lose heart and went to the missionary to ask him what was to be done. "Go on praying," was the missionary's answer; and they went home determined that they would persevere in prayer. After another four months they came back to Fuh-chow. "We have been heard and answered," they said, as soon as they saw the missionary. "Indeed," he replied; "the Christians are set free, then?" "No; they are still in prison, yet God has answered our prayer." And they told how these two Christian men had read the Bible to their fellow-prisoners, till the warder himself asked to listen to the book, and by God's grace he was converted. The two Christians were raised to offices of trust in the jail, and so had many more opportunities of speaking to the prisoners; and three of these prisoners had gone back to their homes, full of faith and joy, and were already spreading the good news in their villages.

Fishbones in the Bible was the Quaint Simile employed by a faithful minister to express his view of passages difficult to understand. He likened the study of the Bible to eating fish. He said when he came to a hard place he left it and called it a bone. The older he grew the fewer the bones he found, until when he came to be an old man the book that he used to find as full of bones as a herring was like a halibut, with only one big bone in it of God's incomprehensibility, and that was in such plain sight that no one could stumble over it, and grandly served its purpose as strong framework to keep the nutritious meat in its place.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Serious Riots at Marseilles, in the South of France have occurred during the week. They commenced on Friday, June 17th, after the landing of the French troops from Tunis, and were renewed on the 19th. There has been a series of furious encounters between the French and Italians. It is stated that eight persons have been killed, including one soldier, and many have been wounded. The prefect has closed all the cafés, and police and soldiers patrol the streets. There are 50,000 Italians employed in Marseilles, and persons of that nationality have been mobbed and attacked in different parts of the town. The houses in the Italian quarter are shut, and the consulate is guarded by troops. Many Italians were stabbed, and the troops maltreated by the mob. Over a hundred and fifty persons have been arrested.

A strained feeling has resulted in the relations of the people of both countries toward each other. In the southern towns of France the police have to escort the Italians to and from their work. Mass-meetings are forbidden, but the French workmen discuss the matter in their shops, and at night the cry of "Down with Italy!" is almost as popular as "To Berlin!" was on the eve of the Franco-German war. A correspondent of an American journal says this anti-Italian feeling will make itself felt at the coming elections, and that unless Gambetta makes an appeal for peace the candidates in many of the southern departments will be pledged to an aggressive policy against Italy. In Italy a similar condition of things exists.

Reports from Ireland Indicate a Decrease of agitation during the past week. There is a great falling off in the number of outrages. The landlords are also showing a spirit of conciliation, and have resolved not to execute writs of ejectment except in cases where the tenant absolutely denies the right of the landlord to collect rent. A European writer says: "Many landlords who fled during the boycotting period are returning home, and there are signs on every hand that the agitation has nearly burned itself out." A pastoral has been issued by the Roman Catholic Archbishop McCabe, sharply reminding the clergy that their mission is not to incite an agrarian war, but to promote peace and concord. This utterance of the archbishop is said to have thrown the Leaguers into confusion. The numerous arrests of the leaders of the Land League have also had a disconcerting effect on that organization. It is now hoped by the more sanguine politicians that if the Land Bill passes the House of Lords without mutilation comparative calm may prevail for a time in Ireland.

The English Law Relating to Punishment for murder will probably be amended into similarity with the American code at an early date. A proposal to totally abolish capital punishment was negatived on June 22d, by a decisive majority, but during the debate a very general feeling was expressed in favor of the classification of the various degrees of murder, as in America. Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Home Secretary, opposed the bill, but favored an alteration of the law which should distinguish between murder with malice aforethought and other murders. The extent to which murders had decreased, he said, showed the deterrent effect of hanging, the abolition of which was not supported by a great majority of the nation. John Bright voted for the total abolition of capital punishment.

A Scheme for the Confederation of the Different portions of the British Empire on the plan of our Congress and State Legislatures, is being discussed by the journalists and politicians of Great Britain. It is understood to have been suggested by friends of Ireland in this country. Sir Algernon Borthwick, a prominent British journalist, writing of this scheme, says: "It is now painfully apparent that home rule in a so-called Imperial Parliament is a standing protest against there being any common ground from which common legislation can proceed. The Irish race is actuated by racial propensities and customs totally distinct from those of the English. No union based on a common system of law and industrial pursuits can possibly obtain between them, except by consistent force on one side in the absence of timorous concession to the rule of the stronger. One other question which we may make up our minds the nation has sooner or later to face is, whether Ireland, as a part of the United Kingdom, is to be subjected and made obedient to the same laws and usages as ourselves, or is she, by exceptional legislation in deference to her origin and the incompatible proclivities due thereto, to be left outside the obligations and responsibilities of the union while still a component part of it?" Other writers on this question advocate imperial federation, England, Ireland, and Scotland and the colonies each to have its own local legislature, and to send members to a federal parliament.

The Czar of Russia Still Remains in Strict seclusion at his palace of Peterhof, on the Gulf of Finland, twenty miles from St. Petersburg. The little harbor is guarded by two gunboats and a torpedo boat, and the palace by detachments from the Guards and Cossack patrols. He sees no one but members of his suite and his ministers, and when he takes a walk in the grounds he is accompanied by an escort of officers. This prison life is telling on him, and he looks weary and haggard. The superstitious in St. Petersburg do not expect him to return alive from Peterhof. Peter the Great received the injuries from which he died at Peterhof, and the boy-Czar Ivan and Peter III. were murdered there. It is said that Nihilists have been arrested in the dense woods which almost surround the castle, and that attempts have been made to fire both the woods and the castle. He is a closer prisoner than any exile in Siberia, and is said to have grimly remarked to one of the foreign ambassadors the other day, "that his subjects in the mines had no reason to complain, seeing that he shared their captivity, and was at the mercy of a master more bloodthirsty than a Cossack." The Czarina is utterly broken down.

The Reforms in Russia, it was Hoped, would be inaugurated by the young Czar have all been abandoned or postponed. Even the measure designed to aid the emancipated serfs in their payments for their land has been held in abeyance, and much disappointment has been caused thereby. It was known as "the agrarian adjustment ukase," and it has been submitted by imperial decree to a commission for further elaboration. The measure contains two points,—the diminution of the peasants' land redemption tax, and the final and compulsory agreement of 837,000 peasants with their proprietors in regard to land allotments. The failure of these projected reforms and the appointment of Count Ignatieff as Home Minister has increased the revolutionary spirit in Russia. The army, which has hitherto been loyal, is now infected with Nihilism, and several officers have been arrested and sent to Siberia or the fortresses.

The Relations Between Turkey and England formed the subject of debate in the British House of Commons on Friday last. Mr. Rylands, a follower of Mr. Gladstone, contended that, in spite of the failure of the Turkish promises of reform, the convention by which England undertook to protect the Asiatic empire of Turkey was binding on England, and that in the not impossible event of an Armenian insurrection and Russian intervention, England would be bound to go to Turkey's assistance. He therefore recommended that Turkey should be notified that England would cancel the treaty. As a consequence of it, he said, the island of Cyprus must be given up. A Conservative member protested against the withdrawal of England from the convention, but Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Gladstone's Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, said he agreed with much Mr. Rylands had said in regard to the Anglo-Turkish convention, but he pointed out that it was a different thing to condemn a treaty and to reverse it, and violently to upset the convention might endanger the peace of the East.

The Popish Viceroy of India, Lord Ripon, had not long been appointed by Mr. Gladstone before another Roman Catholic, a Mr. Harrison, was appointed to the double post of Commissioner of Police and Chairman of the Municipal Council in Calcutta. By his order, instructions were issued to stop all open-air preaching by Christian missionaries in the public spaces and squares of Calcutta, which has been freely allowed from time immemorial. At the same time street jugglers, serpent charmers, nautch dancers, etc., are allowed freely to gather crowds in the thoroughfares. Great grief and indignation are felt at this invidious order by the Protestant ministers in India. Many of Mr. Gladstone's friends in Great Britain deeply regret that not only does he advocate the admission of the Atheist Bradlaugh to Parliament, but also has made a Papist supreme ruler over the largest part of the British empire.

Prince Napoleon has Issued a Manifesto Advocating the policy of *Scrutin de Liste*, or election by large instead of small constituencies. The plan would naturally find favor with a Napoleon, it having already, in the more extended form of the Plebiscite, been manipulated for the benefit of the Bonaparte family. He is also in favor of the partial revision of the constitution, more particularly of that part which relates to the election of the President. The prince regards the direct nomination of the President by universal suffrage as all important. This is not astonishing if it is remembered that it was to the struggle between the National Assembly and the President elected by the people, that France owed the *coup d'état* of the 2d of December, 1851.

Quaint Mourning Customs in China.—As soon as the death of the late Empress Dowager was announced in China the mandarins and all high officials of the empire put on *garments of pure white*, and these were worn for twenty-seven consecutive days. The regulations which prescribe official mourning also require that the red buttons upon their caps shall be replaced by blue buttons. On the twenty-eighth day they put on black clothing, which must be worn for one hundred days. They are also forbidden to marry within that period, nor can they indulge in any of the usual social pleasures. The lower orders of the people must also be clothed in white, and are not permitted to *shave their heads* for one hundred days. The same restrictions as to marrying and indulging in social pleasures that apply to the higher classes apply to them as well.

A Curious Bequest Has Just Been Made Public in Salzburg, Germany. The widow of a lieutenant-general has just died there. She was formerly Countess Firmian. In her will she leaves money to be found an evangelical orphan school, children from Salzburg and vicinity only to be admitted. "Thus, I believe," she says, "I may atone for the sin of one of my family, who in the last century, perhaps too fanatically, drove many evangelical families to ruin." Archbishop Firmian in 1731 banished thirty thousand people from Salzburg on account of their evangelical belief.

Mount Vesuvius in Eruption. A Cablegram from Rome says slight shocks of earthquake at Mount Vesuvius have been followed by a strong eruption. Broad and active *streams of lava* are flowing down the northeast side.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) for June may be obtained at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Price six cents.

"Coming Wars," by the Rev. M. Baxter: Two Pamphlets; price five cents each by mail. *First Pamphlet* contains "Ten signs of the End, and Description of Approaching Events;" with two maps of the territory to be under Antichrist's rule, and four large diagrams. *Second Pamphlet* contains valuable quotations from twenty-six Expositors on the same subject. Address, with price enclosed—THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

The Following Works by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon are for sale at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Office, at prices much below what they can be obtained for elsewhere. Remittances must accompany orders. *John Ploughman's Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 cents. *The Treasury of David*, a homiletica exposition of the book of Psalms, four vols., as far as Psa. 103, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon Birth-Day Book*. This popular gift-book contains a suitable passage selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every day in the year, with a blank space opposite for autographs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon appear at their respective birthdays. The book is gorgeously bound, and the price is 75 cents. Remittances should accompany orders.

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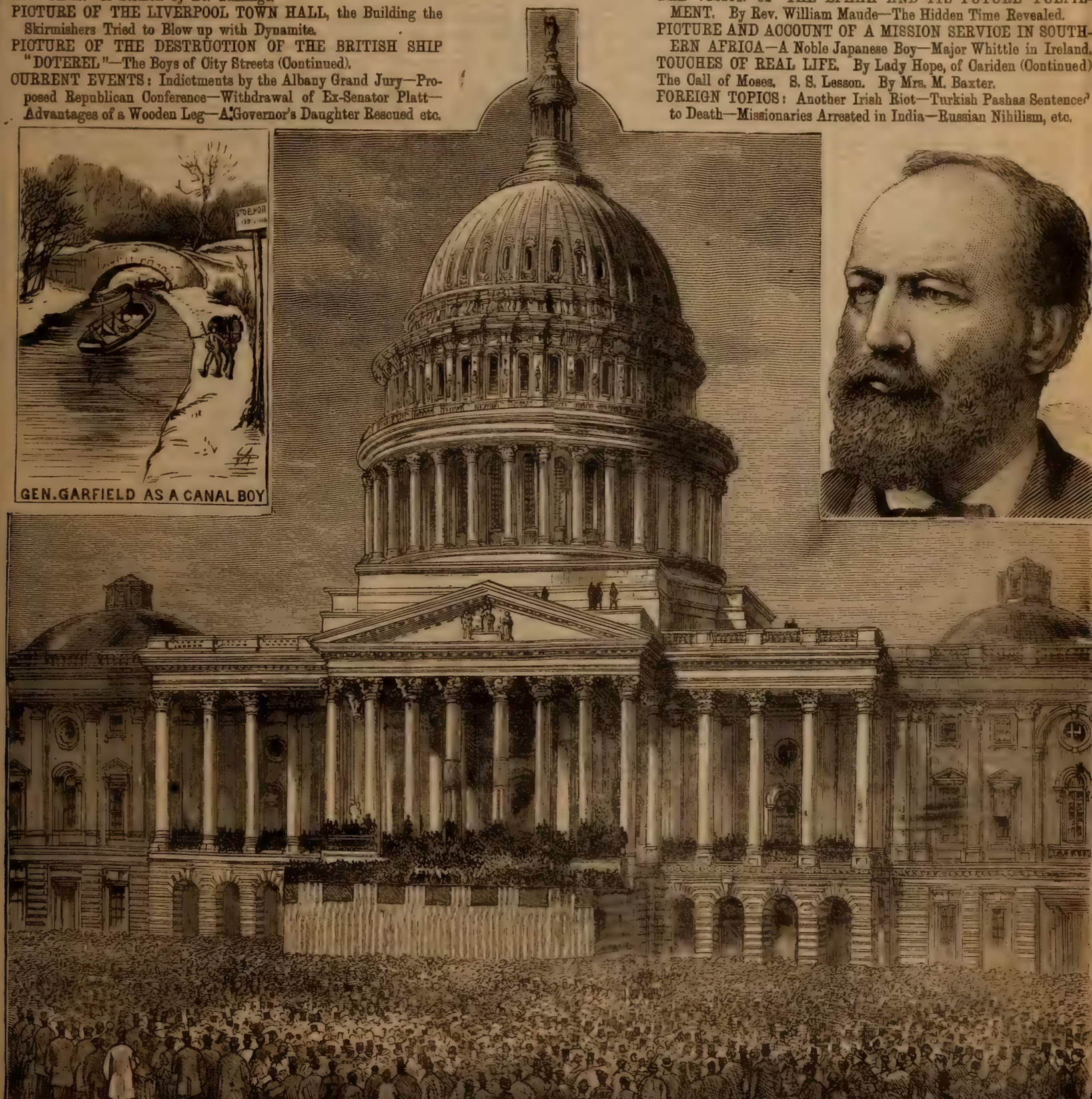

PRESIDENT GARFIELD—As a Canal Boy—Inauguration at the Capitol.

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

THE sentiments to which *Gen. W. S. Hancock* gave expression in his telegram to Washington, after receiving intelligence of the cowardly and cruel attack on the President, are those which above all others are noticeable throughout the country. He wrote: "I trust that the result of the assault upon the life of the President to-day may not have fatal consequences, and that in the interest of the country the act may be shown to have been that of a madman. If an opportune moment should come, please express to the President my heartfelt wishes for his recovery."

In the presence of such a trouble politics and party are forgotten, and Democrat unites with Republican in condemning the crime, in hoping that its dreaded consequences may be averted, and that its perpetrator may, for the sake of the credit of the American people, be proved insane. From all sections of the country, from eminent men of all parties, expressions of sympathy have been called forth, evincing the profoundly patriotic feeling of our citizens, and showing that mere party distinctions are after all but superficial differences. We are sure, then, that in publishing this week the portrait of President Garfield, our readers, no matter whether they voted for him in the recent contest or not, will concur in the hearty good-will expressed by the late Democratic candidate.

Our frontispiece represents two scenes in the President's life: his early occupation and his inauguration as President. The exhaustive narratives freely circulated as to President Garfield's public career during the recent Presidential campaign render useless any attempt to trace the steps by which he advanced from the one condition in life to the other. The story has been told too frequently as well as too recently to need repetition here. We proceed therefore to recite the details of the attempt to assassinate the President as published in the daily journals.

It appears that the President contemplated paying a visit to several cities in New England, and had arranged to meet Mrs. Garfield in New York on Saturday, her physicians having consented to her accompanying her husband on his tour. About nine o'clock on Saturday morning President Garfield, accompanied by Secretary Blaine, drove from the White House to the depot of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad. He sat in the carriage chatting with the Secretary a few moments, and then both alighted and walked through the ladies' room toward the cars, where Postmaster-General James, the Secretaries of the Treasury, the Navy, and other departments, were awaiting him. What followed is thus described by an eye-witness:

"There was a slight pause on the steps, and a moment later the President and Secretary of State, side by side, were walking across the ladies' reception-room, in which there was not at the time half a dozen persons. One of these was a man of short stature, a wicked expression in his face, who moved about nervously until the two statesmen had half crossed the reception room, a distance of not more than ten feet from the door. A report as of a big firecracker challenged the attention of the policemen at the main door, who thought some boy had fired it in honor of the President's departure. Instantly another report was heard, and President Garfield lay prostrate upon the floor of the reception room, wounded in the right arm and in the side just above the hip.

"The mysterious nervous individual was *Charles Guiteau*, a half Frenchman, now from Chicago, about thirty years of age, who had been imploring the President to give him a consulate in France. His excited condition had changed in the presence of his intended victim, and he stood as firm and as calm as a statue, the 'English bulldog' pistol still drawn and in his right hand.

"There was an interval of about four seconds between the first and second shots. Just as soon as the second shot was fired I took in the situation and ran out of the office for the purpose of securing the assassin. In the meantime Guiteau tried to make his escape by the main door on Sixth Street, but being headed off he turned to make away by the exit of the ladies' room on C Street, when I grappled him by the left hand and the left shoulder and held him until officer Kearney and Depot Watchman Scott came to my assistance in a few moments, the former holding him by the right shoulder and the latter securing him by his clothing in the back. The assassin was immediately hurried away to police headquarters. This was fortunate for him, for as soon as the dazed crowd ascertained that the murderer was in custody there was *loud talk of lynching* him, and if the excited crowd could have laid hands on him his fate would have been a sudden as well as a tragic one."

EXAMINATION OF THE PRESIDENT'S WOUNDS.

The President was removed to a room in the second story of the depot, and a preliminary examination of his wounds was made, but the ball which had entered the right side of his back, near the spinal column and immediately over the hip bone, could not be found, although the course was traced for about three inches. It passed forward and downward.

REMOVING THE PRESIDENT TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

About 10 o'clock the police cleared the main room of the depot building, and in a few moments the wounded President was borne through the building and placed in an ambulance which was in waiting on the outside. He bore the removal with great fortitude, *not uttering a complaint or groan.* The ambulance was surrounded by a cordon of police, and the horses were whipped into a gallop all the way to the White House. An excited crowd followed the ambulance at a run, but at the White House the crowd was stopped, and none but a select few admitted.

THE TELEGRAM TO MRS. GARFIELD.

Before the President was removed from the depot he directed the following dispatch to be sent to Mrs. Garfield:

"The President wishes me to say to you from him that he has been seriously hurt. How seriously he cannot yet say. He is himself, and hopes you will come to him soon. He sends his love to you. A. F. ROCKWELL."

After the President's removal to the White House he appeared for a short time to rally, and several encouraging dispatches were sent out. As the day wore on the President's symptoms grew less favorable. His pulse became gradually accelerated until at 7 o'clock it stood at 140. At 6:30 o'clock a newspaper correspondent talked with Dr. Bliss and Dr. Reyburn about the condition and prospects of the patient. Neither one could hold out any hope of his recovery. Dr. Reyburn said:

"We have not been able to find the ball, and the President's condition is such that we cannot probe his wound. The course of the bullet has been traced about three inches, and there lost. There has been considerable *internal bleeding*, which still continues. Our only hope is that this bleeding will cease of itself. Human skill can do nothing unless that takes place. The President has slept some under the influence of hypodermic injections of morphine. He is calm and cheerful, and his mind remains clear and unclouded."

In his waking moments throughout the night of Saturday, President Garfield's mind was perfectly clear, his consciousness was never lost. His courage and cheerfulness had a marked effect in sustaining him. In the course of Sunday morning he was able to take nourishment, thus gaining needed strength. Very favorable bulletins were issued by his physicians, one of whom is reported as having gone to the length of actually predicting the recovery of the patient. Later in the day reports of a very disturbing and alarming character were made. Unfavorable symptoms were developed, and the gravest apprehensions were excited.

On Monday, the Fourth of July, intense anxiety was caused by most unfavorable reports of the President's condition. Hope was permitted and encouraged by the first official bulletin of the day, but was converted into a great fear by later intelligence that the symptoms of Saturday had returned, and that tympanites, which is frequently the precursor of inflammation, was again noticeable. For several hours in the earlier part of the evening *hope was practically abandoned* on all sides. The bulletin issued at ten o'clock on Monday night pronounced the patient slightly improved; at midnight the President was sleeping quietly.

At Worcester, Mass., and many other cities *special prayer meetings* were held to pray for the President's recovery. The event recalls the circumstances of President Lincoln's assassination. At that time Mr. Garfield at a very critical moment uttered memorable words which are now applied to his own case. He said, addressing a crowd in a paroxysm of excitement, "My friends, remember God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives."

Letters and telegrams from all quarters have been received expressing solicitude for the patient as well as horror at the crime. From

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND

several cable messages were received. The first came through Mr. Lowell, our Minister at the Court of Queen Victoria, and ran as follows:

"LONDON, July 3, 1881.

"TO BLAINE, Secretary, Washington:

"'Just received the following from the Queen: "I am most anxious to hear latest accounts of the President, and wish my horror and deep sympathy to be conveyed to him and Mrs. Garfield.'

"LOWELL, Minister."

Soon another cablegram followed, saying, "The Queen would be glad to know the latest intelligence as to the condition of President Garfield." From

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES

the following dispatch was received:

"Lieutenant General Sir Dighton Probyn presents his compliments to his Excellency the United States Minister, and is desired by the Prince and Princess of Wales to express their Royal Highnesses' most extreme regret at the dastardly attempt made on President Garfield's life. Their Royal Highnesses beg that his Excellency will kindly at once let Sir Dighton Probyn know, for their information, what the latest accounts are of the President's state; and also that his Excellency will kindly telegraph to Mrs. Garfield their Royal Highnesses' deep concern at this cruel outrage."

The English press published sympathetic editorials, and in the principal churches the melancholy event was referred to in terms of the deepest solicitude. At the Metropolitan Tabernacle

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offered a special prayer on behalf of the President. The prayer alluded to the people of the United States as a kindred people, deserving good wishes and sympathy in the melancholy event which had recently happened. Were the wounded President still alive—a hope which was entertained wherever the English language was spoken—it was their most earnest prayer that he should go on improving, and be soon restored in perfect health to the great people to whom he belonged, and over whom he had been called to govern. As a sister country England gave her sympathy from across the Atlantic to the people of that land where so many of her kith and kin dwell, and between which and England bonds of everlasting union existed.

A FORMAL VOTE OF SYMPATHY IN A LONDON CHURCH.

At one of the chief Congregational churches in London the pastor said: "We have heard with horror of the infamous attempt to assassinate the President of the United States, and our hearts are moved by unfeigned and fervent sympathy with all who are most deeply afflicted by the shameful outrage. I think we ought to seize this opportunity of joining with others in the expression at once of our horror and our sympathy. When America suffers England should be the first to sympathize in her distress. I ask you therefore to unite in the following expression of feeling:

"That this congregation, assembled in the city of London, representing every shade of religious and political opinion, has heard with inexpressible horror of the attempted assassination of the President of the United States, and most profoundly sympathizes with the people of that great country in the hour of national consternation and distress.

"If it be your mind that this resolution should pass, will you please signify the same by rising from your seats?" The whole crowded congregation unanimously rose in acceptance.

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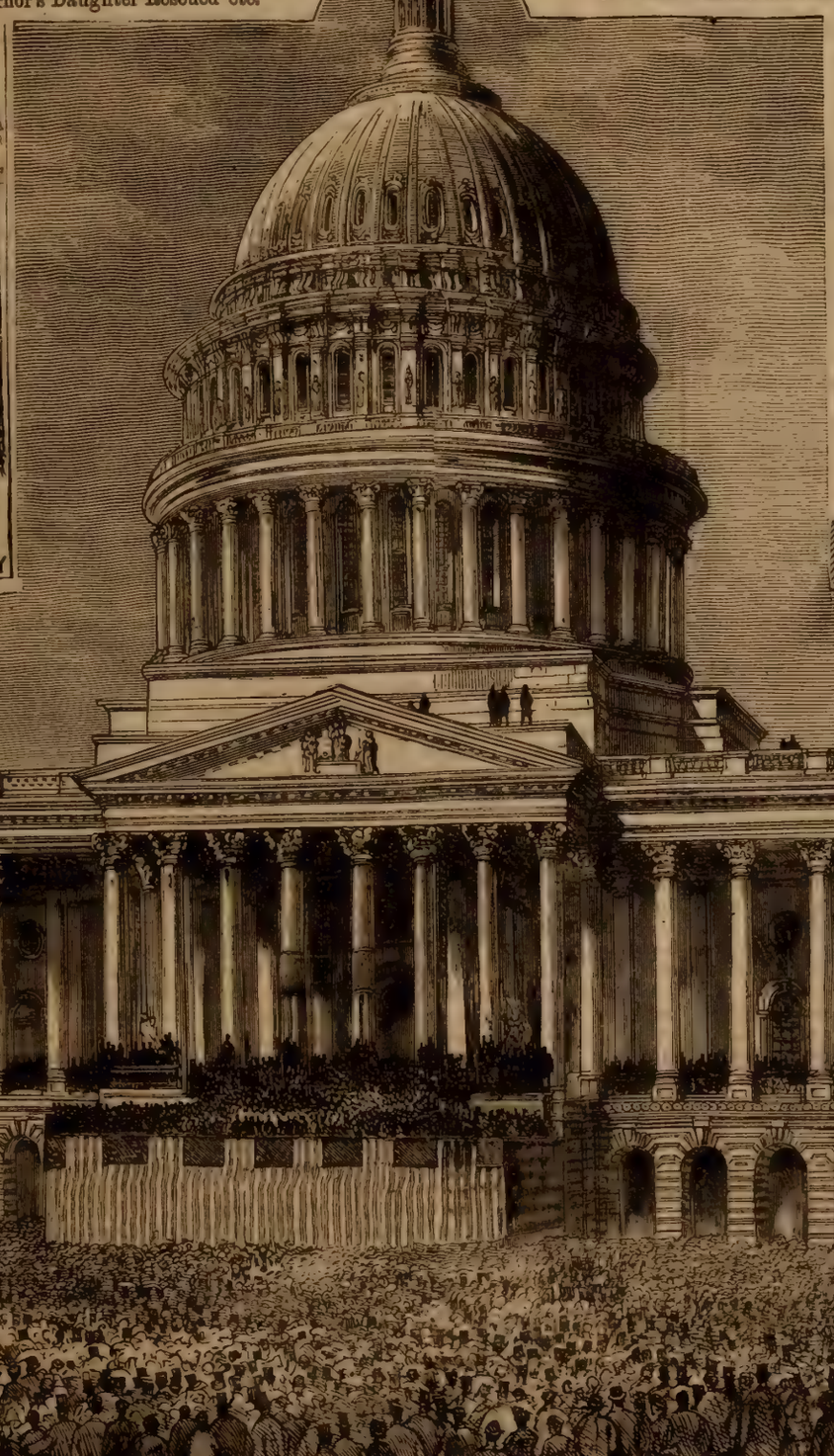

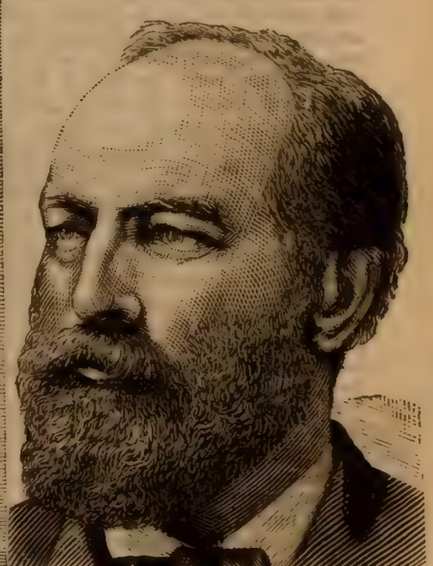

PRESIDENT GARFIELD—As a Canal Boy—Inauguration at the Capitol.

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

THE sentiments to which *Gen. W. S. Hancock* gave expression in his telegram to Washington, after receiving intelligence of the cowardly and cruel attack on the President, are those which above all others are noticeable throughout the country. He wrote: "I trust that the result of the assault upon the life of the President to-day may not have fatal consequences, and that in the interest of the country the act may be shown to have been that of a madman. If an opportune moment should come, please express to the President my heartfelt wishes for his recovery."

In the presence of such a trouble politics and party are forgotten, and Democrat unites with Republican in condemning the crime, in hoping that its dreaded consequences may be averted, and that its perpetrator may, for the sake of the credit of the American people, be proved insane. From all sections of the country, from eminent men of all parties, expressions of sympathy have been called forth, evincing the profoundly patriotic feeling of our citizens, and showing that mere party distinctions are after all but superficial differences. We are sure, then, that in publishing this week the portrait of President Garfield, our readers, no matter whether they voted for him in the recent contest or not, will concur in the hearty good-will expressed by the late Democratic candidate.

Our frontispiece represents two scenes in the President's life: his early occupation and his inauguration as President. The exhaustive narratives freely circulated as to President Garfield's public career during the recent Presidential campaign render useless any attempt to trace the steps by which he advanced from the one condition in life to the other. The story has been told too frequently as well as too recently to need repetition here. We proceed therefore to recite the details of the attempt to assassinate the President as published in the daily journals.

It appears that the President contemplated paying a visit to several cities in New England, and had arranged to meet Mrs. Garfield in New York on Saturday, her physicians having consented to her accompanying her husband on his tour. About nine o'clock on Saturday morning President Garfield, accompanied by Secretary Blaine, drove from the White House to the depot of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad. He sat in the carriage chatting with the Secretary a few moments, and then both alighted and walked through the ladies' room toward the cars, where Postmaster-General James, the Secretaries of the Treasury, the Navy, and other departments, were awaiting him. What followed is thus described by an eye-witness:

"There was a slight pause on the steps, and a moment later the President and Secretary of State, side by side, were walking across the ladies' reception-room, in which there was not at the time half a dozen persons. One of these was a man of short stature, a wicked expression in his face, who moved about nervously until the two statesmen had half crossed the reception room, a distance of not more than ten feet from the door. A report as of a big firecracker challenged the attention of the policemen at the main door, who thought some boy had fired it in honor of the President's departure. Instantly another report was heard, and President Garfield lay prostrate upon the floor of the reception room, wounded in the right arm and in the side just above the hip.

"The mysterious nervous individual was *Charles Guiteau*, a half Frenchman, now from Chicago, about thirty years of age, who had been imploring the President to give him a consulate in France. His excited condition had changed in the presence of his intended victim, and he stood as firm and as calm as a statue, the 'English bulldog' pistol still drawn and in his right hand.

"There was an interval of about four seconds between the first and second shots. Just as soon as the second shot was fired I took in the situation and ran out of the office for the purpose of securing the assassin. In the meantime Guiteau tried to make his escape by the main door on Sixth Street, but being headed off he turned to make away by the exit of the ladies' room on C Street, when I grappled him by the left hand and the left shoulder and held him until officer Kearney and Depot Watchman Scott came to my assistance in a few moments, the former holding him by the right shoulder and the latter securing him by his clothing in the back. The assassin was immediately hurried away to police headquarters. This was fortunate for him, for as soon as the dazed crowd ascertained that the murderer was in custody there was *loud talk of lynching* him, and if the excited crowd could have laid hands on him his fate would have been a sudden as well as a tragic one."

EXAMINATION OF THE PRESIDENT'S WOUNDS.

The President was removed to a room in the second story of the depot, and a preliminary examination of his wounds was made, but the ball which had entered the right side of his back, near the spinal column and immediately over the hip bone, could not be found, although the course was traced for about three inches. It passed forward and downward.

REMOVING THE PRESIDENT TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

About 10 o'clock the police cleared the main room of the depot building, and in a few moments the wounded President was borne through the building and placed in an ambulance which was in waiting on the outside. He bore the removal with great fortitude, *not uttering a complaint or groan*. The ambulance was surrounded by a cordon of police, and the horses were whipped into a gallop all the way to the White House. An excited crowd followed the ambulance at a run, but at the White House the crowd was stopped, and none but a select few admitted.

THE TELEGRAM TO MRS. GARFIELD.

Before the President was removed from the depot he directed the following dispatch to be sent to Mrs. Garfield:

"The President wishes me to say to you from him that he has been seriously hurt. How seriously he cannot yet say. He is himself, and hopes you will come to him soon. He sends his love to you. A. F. ROCKWELL."

After the President's removal to the White House he appeared for a short time to rally, and several encouraging dispatches were sent out. As the day wore on the President's symptoms grew less favorable. His pulse became gradually accelerated until at 7 o'clock it stood at 140. At 6:30 o'clock a newspaper correspondent talked with Dr. Bliss and Dr. Reyburn about the condition and prospects of the patient. Neither one could hold out any hope of his recovery. Dr. Reyburn said:

"We have not been able to find the ball, and the President's condition is such that we cannot probe his wound. The course of the bullet has been traced about three inches, and there lost. There has been considerable *internal bleeding*, which still continues. Our only hope is that this bleeding will cease of itself. Human skill can do nothing unless that takes place. The President has slept some under the influence of hypodermic injections of morphine. He is calm and cheerful, and his mind remains clear and unclouded."

In his waking moments throughout the night of Saturday, President Garfield's mind was perfectly clear, his consciousness was never lost. His courage and cheerfulness had a marked effect in sustaining him. In the course of Sunday morning he was able to take nourishment, thus gaining needed strength. Very favorable bulletins were issued by his physicians, one of whom is reported as having gone to the length of actually predicting the recovery of the patient. Later in the day reports of a very disturbing and alarming character were made. Unfavorable symptoms were developed, and the gravest apprehensions were excited.

On Monday, the Fourth of July, intense anxiety was caused by most unfavorable reports of the President's condition. Hope was permitted and encouraged by the first official bulletin of the day, but was converted into a great fear by later intelligence that the symptoms of Saturday had returned, and that tympanites, which is frequently the precursor of inflammation, was again noticeable. For several hours in the earlier part of the evening *hope was practically abandoned* on all sides. The bulletin issued at ten o'clock on Monday night pronounced the patient slightly improved; at midnight the President was sleeping quietly.

At Worcester, Mass., and many other cities *special prayer meetings* were held to pray for the President's recovery. The event recalls the circumstances of President Lincoln's assassination. At that time Mr. Garfield at a very critical moment uttered memorable words which are now applied to his own case. He said, addressing a crowd in a paroxysm of excitement, "My friends, remember God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives."

Letters and telegrams from all quarters have been received expressing solicitude for the patient as well as horror at the crime. From

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND

several cable messages were received. The first came through Mr. Lowell, our Minister at the Court of Queen Victoria, and ran as follows:

"LONDON, July 3, 1881.

"TO BLAINE, Secretary, Washington:

"Just received the following from the Queen: 'I am most anxious to hear latest accounts of the President, and wish my horror and deep sympathy to be conveyed to him and Mrs. Garfield.'

"LOWELL, Minister."

Soon another cablegram followed, saying, "The Queen would be glad to know the latest intelligence as to the condition of President Garfield." From

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES

the following dispatch was received:

"Lieutenant General Sir Dighton Probyn presents his compliments to his Excellency the United States Minister, and is desired by the Prince and Princess of Wales to express their Royal Highnesses' most extreme regret at the dastardly attempt made on President Garfield's life. Their Royal Highnesses beg that his Excellency will kindly at once let Sir Dighton Probyn know, for their information, what the latest accounts are of the President's state; and also that his Excellency will kindly telegraph to Mrs. Garfield their Royal Highnesses' deep concern at this cruel outrage."

The English press published sympathetic editorials, and in the principal churches the melancholy event was referred to in terms of the deepest solicitude. At the Metropolitan Tabernacle

REV. C. H. SPURGEON

offered a special prayer on behalf of the President. The prayer alluded to the people of the United States as a kindred people, deserving good wishes and sympathy in the melancholy event which had recently happened. Were the wounded President still alive—a hope which was entertained wherever the English language was spoken—it was their most earnest prayer that he should go on improving, and be soon restored in perfect health to the great people to whom he belonged, and over whom he had been called to govern. As a sister country England gave her sympathy from across the Atlantic to the people of that land where so many of her kith and kin dwell, and between which and England bonds of everlasting union existed.

A FORMAL VOTE OF SYMPATHY IN A LONDON CHURCH.

At one of the chief Congregational churches in London the pastor said: "We have heard with horror of the infamous attempt to assassinate the President of the United States, and our hearts are moved by unfeigned and fervent sympathy with all who are most deeply afflicted by the shameful outrage. I think we ought to seize this opportunity of joining with others in the expression at once of our horror and our sympathy. When America suffers England should be the first to sympathize in her distress. I ask you therefore to unite in the following expression of feeling:

"That this congregation, assembled in the city of London, representing every shade of religious and political opinion, has heard with inexpressible horror of the attempted assassination of the President of the United States, and most profoundly sympathizes with the people of that great country in the hour of national consternation and distress.

"If it be your mind that this resolution should pass, will you please signify the same by rising from your seats?" The whole crowded congregation unanimously rose in acceptance.

MAJOR WHITTLE AND MR. AND MRS. M'GRANAHAN IN IRELAND.

DR. KNOX, of Belfast, writes as follows in the *Belfast Witness*, respecting the evangelistic services led by the American evangelists.

"Sir: I regret to learn that the special services of these brethren in Belfast are soon to close, and that it will not be in their power to visit other parts of the province. Several ministers throughout Ulster have written me, offering them a cordial welcome in their districts. Their labors here have been very refreshing and quickening to God's people, and we have reason to believe that many others have been awakened and led into the kingdom through their instrumentality. The people of Belfast have taken hold of this movement warmly, and through their cordial co-operation its influence is extending every day. Night after night 3000 people assemble in the church of St. Enoch's, and other churches are being opened in distant parts of the town, and are crowded, even though the evangelists are not present.

"My conviction is that Ulster is ripe for an evangelistic campaign, and if brethren from a distance cannot be secured, a number of our own ministers, having special fitness for the work, should be set free from pastoral work for a few months. God has 'opened a wide door and effectual.' A great responsibility rests on us."

DR. MOXEY.

The Rev. Dr. Moxey writes, "Many interesting episodes occur in our inquiry meetings, and some most solemn ones. Let me instance the following: On Sabbath evening, at the young men's meeting, I spoke to one, not knowing that he had already been dealt with by two of our best workers, and given over as 'not being really anxious.' I was asked by a Christian friend with whom he resided to do so, 'although,' he remarked, 'I fear he is not willing to give up sin.' I sat down beside him, and said, 'Will you let me show you a text?' 'Yes.' 'Here it is—John 5:24, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life." These words are Christ's own; they are terribly earnest, and they mean your salvation as you sit there, now, to-night, if you only are willing.'

"His eyes began to fill. 'Now listen, my brother; your eternal destiny may just at this moment be hanging on the way you receive His message to you.' I then offered a short prayer, asking God to give us both His Holy Spirit, that we might honor Christ by implicitly and without question believing His word. To this he responded with a fervent 'Amen!' and the anxiety depicted on his face showed that God was already answering the prayer. '"He that heareth my word." Think of those three words that He uttered just before He gave up the ghost—"It is finished!" What was finished? Sin was put away by the sacrifice of Himself. Again hear His word—"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Do *you* hear His word, and take it for yourself?' 'I do,' said the young man fervently. 'Then go on with the verse, read it yourself.' '"And believeth on Him that sent me." 'Do you believe Jesus was sent by His Father for the very purpose of bearing away the sin of the world? and do you come now to Him as He invites you, and accept Him as your living, loving Saviour, giving yourself up to Him, body and soul, to be made holy and meet for heaven?' 'I do!' 'Then read what Christ says you have.' He continued the verse—'"hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life."'

"As he read the last seven words, that strange, wondrous change came over his features that told of another soul passing at the Master's call from death unto life. I hardly needed to ask. 'Do you believe those words of Jesus?' 'I do,' he said. 'And have *you* everlasting life?' 'He says so,' and he placed his finger on the words.' 'Shall we thank Him?' 'Oh, yes!' In prayer he gave himself away to his Saviour.

"I left him sitting with his eyes fixed on the precious verse, having previously shown him Rom. 10:9, and told him to go at once and confess the Lord Jesus, telling what great things He had done for his soul. I little thought how soon the young convert would commence to preach Christ

"Sitting close to him was a young man, with whom two Christian workers entered into conversation after I left the church. They soon found a sad condition of things. It appeared from the young man's own statement that his parents were Christians, and he had been brought up under pious influences. He was now embarked on a course of sin which he wished to follow, only the Spirit was striving with him. He knew he was a sinner, and believed there was a hell, and was troubled about it. By a seemingly irresistible influence he was drawn to the meetings. He said that three years ago he and a companion, similarly made uncomfortable about their sins, knelt down together and prayed to God to take His Spirit away from them and let them alone. He said that was the only honest prayer he ever prayed; he meant it, and he meant the same now, for he wanted to join a theatrical company, and he knew if he accepted Christ, and got converted, it would put an end to that.

"The young man to whom I had spoken here broke in. He told the story of God's love and mercy to him that night as he sat there and read to him the loving message. He might as well have spoken to a stone wall. He thought the 'I' (Jesus) that spoke to him, and broke his hard heart with the long suffering love that such condescension betokened, must of necessity melt every other. But no; the scorner of God's mercy sat unmoved. The young convert then said, 'I know what's troubling you; it's the same as kept me back. You're afraid of your companions and their sneers. Well, now, I'm a bricklayer, and I don't know a more ungodly set than they are; but, please God, I'll tell them all to-morrow, as I tell you to-night, that through God's mercy I am a new creature in Christ Jesus; they can sneer, if they like.' Don't you let three or four men laugh you out of heaven into hell, mate.' With words like these the young believer tried to persuade this resister of God's Spirit to be reconciled to God. The only reply was that he wished his parents had never prayed with him, or instructed him in the Bible; it had only made him miserable, and he meant to follow his inclination, come what would, and he wished God would stop troubling him! With these awful words he left the church. May God have mercy on his soul!"

THE HIDDEN TIME REVEALED.

The Converging Point of the Prophetic Dates—A Misapplied Quotation of Scripture—The Book of Revelation Indicates the Approximate Period of the Consummation of all Things—The Formation of the Ten-kingdomed Confederacy is the Great Landmark to be Watched-for.

IT is a notable fact that some point of time within the general epoch from 1866 to 1895 has been computed to be the termination of the Prophetic Dates and consequent end of this dispensation by more than one hundred and fifty Expositors of Prophetic Chronology. Hence this period has been expected to be the probable epoch of the following events: The dissolution of the Turkish empire, the great wars and revolutions of the latter-day final crisis, the formation of the ten-kingdomed confederacy, the re-establishment of the Jewish nation in Palestine, the translation of watchful Christians to heaven, the full revival of the Napoleon dynasty over Europe, the subsequent great tribulation and persecution throughout Christendom, and the personal descent of Christ at the battle of Armageddon to establish His millennial reign over the earth.

The principal dates which have been understood to be convergent at this epoch are: 6000 years from the creation of man; the 2520 years from Nebuchadnezzar's birth; the 1260 years from the commencement of the temporal power of Popery and Mohammedanism between the years 606 and 622 (the era of the Hegira, from which the Mohammedans reckon their Calendar); and the 360 years from Luther's Reformation in 1517–30.

But many persons, instead of aspiring to stand upon

THE OBSERVATORY OF PROPHECY,

and with the telescope of Revelation to gaze on the scenes of futurity, entertain the popular fallacy that it is impossible to discover the time when the Day of Judgment and Second Coming of Christ and the Millennium will commence; and to this end they sometimes quote the passage in Mark 13:32: "*Of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels that are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father.*" It is manifest, however, that persons are guilty of the sin of unwarrantably adding to the words of God (Rev. 22:18) who explain this text to prohibit the knowledge of the month, or year, or general season of Christ's Advent, inasmuch as the passage only specifies "*the day and hour*" to be unknown.

The slightest consideration also shows that these words, being spoken in the present tense, referred entirely to the time when they were uttered, and could not fairly be understood to relate to the advanced period in which we are now living. It was not said, "No man *shall* know," but simply, "No man *knoweth*;" and, moreover, it was added, "*Not even the Son.*" Surely no one dare assert that the Son of Man does not now know the day and hour of His own Second Advent, since He has ascended up to the right hand of the Father in Heaven; and, therefore, it is evident that the application of these words was entirely limited to the time when the Son of Man was on the earth in an unglorified state, and cannot extend to the present period, seeing that it cannot *now* be the case that not even the Son knows the day or hour.

Furthermore the Book of Revelation was given in Patmos to St. John sixty years after Christ's ascension, and was bestowed by the Father for the express purpose of foreshowing

"THE THINGS WHICH MUST SHORTLY COME TO PASS,"

and "the things which shall be hereafter" (Rev. 1:1–10). Consequently we now have very much more information as to future events than was given at the time when it was said, "No man knoweth the day or the hour." Indeed, prior to the day of Pentecost, it was distinctly declared to the disciples, "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons which the Father hath put in His own power;" it was, however, added, "But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you" (Acts 1:8), and this power to know the times and seasons began to be bestowed at Pentecost by the Holy Spirit, whose office it is to "show us things to come" (Acts 2; John 16:13), and by whose teaching the Church is to increase in the knowledge of the prophecies toward the time of the end, when the words shall be unsealed and unclosed (Dan. 12:4, 9).

Various portions of Scripture distinctly intimate that although hypocrites and

WORLDLINGS WILL BE OVERTAKEN UNAWARES

by the Day of the Lord, yet that as the approach of summer is ascertainable from the budding of the fig-tree, so, when certain predicted events come to pass, watchful Christians will be enabled by discerning such signs of the times to lift up their heads, knowing that the Lord's Second Coming is nigh, even at the doors. The Apocalypse furnishes a marvellously exact map or picture-history of all the leading events of the Gentile dispensation, between the first and second advents of Christ. Standard year-day expositors universally admit that at least six seals, six trumpets, and six vials have been entirely, or very nearly, fulfilled in their year-day accomplishment, and thus we are living on the eve of the year-day seventh seal, seventh trumpet, and seventh vial; which are closely connected with the beginning of the Millenium (Amos 3:7; Matt. 24:32–43; John 15:15; 2 Pet. 1:19; 1 Thess. 5:4).

The great landmark, however, to be watched for is the formation of all the countries of Cæsar's Roman Empire into a Ten-Kingdomed Confederacy, and then the rise of an eleventh Little Sovereign, a Napoleon, who will make a Seven Years' Covenant with the Jews, according to the last verse of the ninth chapter of Daniel, about seven years before the Consummation and Millennium.

LAWYERS.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"Bring Zenas the Lawyer."—TITUS 3 : 13.

Two Sides to Paul's Nature—His Legal Friend Zenas—Famous Christian Lawyers—Burke's Impeachment of Warren Hastings—The Prejudice Against Lawyers—An Old Denunciation—Good Words for the Profession—The Public Interested in Their Integrity—Principles of Conduct Toward Clients—Where They can Obtain Guidance—Scene in a Lawyer's Office—An Honest Western Lawyer—Special Temptations—To Scepticism—George Briggs and John McLean—To Sabbath Breaking—Rufus Choate's Critical Sunday—To Artificial Stimulus—To Negligence of the Great Future—The Impending Trial—The Lord Chancellor of the Universe—Two Dying Lawyers in Conversation.

WE all admire the *heroic* and *vigorous* side of Paul's nature, as when he stands coolly deliberate on the deck of the corn-ship, while the jack-tars of the Mediterranean are cowering in the cyclone ; as when he stands undaunted amid the marvels of the palace, before thick-necked Nero, surrounded with his twelve cruel lictors ; as when we find him earning his livelihood with his own needle, sewing hair-cloth, and preaching the Gospel in the interstices ; as when we find him able to take the thirty-nine lashes, every stroke of which fetched the blood, yet continuing in his missionary work ; as when we find him, regardless of the consequence to himself, delivering *a temperance lecture* to Felix, the government inebriate.

But sometimes we catch a glimpse of *the mild and genial side* of Paul's nature. It seems that he had a friend who was a barrister by profession. His name was Zenas, and he wanted to see him. Perhaps he had formed the acquaintance of this lawyer in the court-room. Perhaps sometimes, when he wanted to ask some question in regard to Roman law, he went to this Zenas the lawyer. At any rate, he had a warm attachment for the man, and he provides for his comfortable escort and entertainment, as he writes to Titus, "Bring Zenas, the lawyer."

This man of my text belonged to a profession which has often had ardent supporters of Christ and the Gospel. Among them Blackstone, the great commentator on English law ; and Wilberforce the emancipator ; and Chancellor Frelinghuysen ; and the late Benjamin F. Butler, Attorney-General of New York ; and the late Charles Chauncey, the leader of the Philadelphia bar ; and Chief Justice Marshall, and Tenterden, and Campbell, and Sir Thomas More, who died for *the truth on the scaffold*, saying to his aghast executioner, "Pluck up courage, man, and do your duty ; my neck is very short ; be careful, therefore, and do not strike awry."

Among the mightiest pleas that ever have been made by tongue of barrister have been pleas in behalf of the Bible and Christianity—as when Daniel Webster stood in the Supreme Court at Washington, pleading in the famous Girard will case, denouncing any attempt to educate the people without giving them at the same time moral sentiment, as "low, ribald, and vulgar deism and infidelity ;" as when Samuel L. Southard of New Jersey, the leader of the forum in his day, stood on the platform at Princeton College commencement, advocating the literary excellency of the Scriptures ; as when Edmund Burke, in

THE FAMOUS TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS,

not only in behalf of the English Government, but in behalf of elevated morals, closed his speech in the midst of the most august assemblage ever gathered in Westminster Hall, by saying :

"I impeach Warren Hastings in the name of the House of Commons, whose national character he has dishonored ; I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights and liberties he has subverted ; I impeach him in the name of human nature, which he has disgraced ; in the name of both sexes, and of every rank, and of every station, and of every situation in the world, I impeach Warren Hastings."

Yet, notwithstanding all the pleas which that profession has made in behalf of God, and the church, and the Gospel, and the rights of man, there has come down through the generations a style of

PREJUDICE AGAINST IT.

So long ago as in the time of Oliver Cromwell it was decided that lawyers might not enter the Parliament House as members, and they were called "sons of Zerniah." The learned Doctor Johnson wrote an epitaph of one of them in these words :

"God works wonders now and then :
Here lies a lawyer, an honest man."

Two hundred years ago a treatise was issued with the title, "Doomsday Approaching, with *Thunder and Lightning for Lawyers*." A prominent clergyman of the last century wrote in regard to that profession these words : "There is a society of men among us bred up from their youth in the art of proving, according as they are paid, by words multiplied for the purpose, that white is black and black is white. For example, if my neighbor has a mind to my cow, he hires a lawyer to prove that he ought to have my cow from me. I must hire another lawyer to defend my right, it being against all rules of law that a man should speak for himself. In pleading they do not dwell upon the merits of the cause, but upon circumstances foreign thereto. For instance, they do not take the shortest method to know what title my adversary has to my cow, but whether the cow be red or black, or her horns long or short, or the like. After that they adjourn the cause from time to time, and in twenty years they come to an issue.

"This society, likewise, has *a peculiar cant* or jargon of their own, in which all their laws are written, and these they take especial care to multiply, whereby they have so confounded truth and falsehood that it will take twelve years to decide whether the field left to me by my ancestors for six generations belongs to me, or to one three hundred miles off."

I say that these things show that there has been a prejudice going on down, against that profession, from generation to generation. I account for it on the single fact that they compel men to pay debts that they don't want to pay, and that they arraign criminals who want to escape the consequences of their crime ; and as long as that is so, and it always will be so, just so long will there be classes of men who will affect, at any rate, to despise the legal profession.

I know not how it was in other countries ; but I have had long and wide acquaintance with men of that profession. I have found them in all my parishes—I tarried in one of their offices three years, where there came real estate laywers, insurance lawyers, criminal lawyers, marine lawyers, and I have yet to find a class of men more genial or more straightforward. There are in that occupation, as in all our occupations, men utterly obnoxious to God and man ; but if I were on trial for my integrity or my life, and I wanted even-handed justice administered to me, I would rather have my case submitted to *a jury of twelve lawyers* than to a jury of twelve clergymen. The legal profession, I believe, have less violence of prejudice than is to be found in the sacred calling.

There is, however, no man who has more

TEMPTATIONS,

more trials, or graver responsibilities than the barrister, and he who attempts to discharge the duties of his position with only earthly resources is making a very great mistake. Witness the scores of men who have been your contemporaries making eternal shipwreck. Witness the men who, with the law of the land under their arm, have violated every statute of the eternal God. Witness the men who have argued placidly before earthly tribunals, who shall shiver in dismay before the Judge of the quick and the dead. See the sad fate of Thomas Marshall and Sergeant Prentiss, the Boanerges of the world, their names synonymous for eloquence and legal acumen. Witness Lord Thurlow announcing his loyalty to earthly government in the sentence, "If I forget my earthly sovereign, may God forget me," and yet stooping to unaccountable meannesses. Witness Lord Coke, the learned and the reckless. Witness Sir George McKenzie, the execrated of all Scotch Covenanters, so that until this day, in Gray Friars' Churchyard, Edinburgh, the children whistle through the bars of the tomb, crying,

"Bloody McKenzie, come out if you dare :
Lift the sneck, and draw the bar."

No other profession more needs the grace of God to deliver them in their temptations, to comfort them in their trials, to sustain them in the discharge of their duties. While I would have you bring the merchant to Christ, and while I would have you bring the farmer to Christ, and while I would have you bring the mechanic to Christ, I address you in the words of Paul to Titus, "Bring Zenas, the lawyer." By so much as his duties are delicate and great, by so much does he need Christian stimulus and safeguard.

We all become clients. I do not suppose there is a man fifty years of age, who has been in active life, who has not been afflicted with a lawsuit. *Your name is assaulted*, and you must have legal protection. Your boundary line is invaded, and the courts must re-establish it. Your patent is infringed upon, and you must make the offending manufacturer pay the penalty. Your treasures are taken, and the thief must be apprehended. You want to make your will, and you do not want to follow the example of those who, for the sake of saving twenty dollars from an attorney, imperil fifty thousand, and keep the generation following for twenty years quarrelling about the estate, until it is all exhausted. You are struck at by an assassin, and you must invoke for him the penitentiary. All classes of persons in course of time become clients, and, therefore, they are all interested in the morality and Christian integrity of the legal profession. "Bring Zenas, the lawyer." But

HOW IS AN ATTORNEY TO DECIDE

as to what are the principles by which he should conduct himself in regard to his clients? On one extreme Lord Brougham will appear, saying "The innocence or guilt of your client is nothing to you. You are to save your client regardless of the torment, the suffering, the destruction of all others ; you are to know but one man in the world—your client. You are to save him though you should bring your country into confusion. At all hazards you are to save your client." So says Lord Brougham.

But no right-minded lawyer could adopt that sentiment. On the other extreme, Cicero will come to you and say : "You must never plead the cause of a bad man." Forgetful of the fact that the greatest villain on earth should have a fair trial and that an attorney cannot be judge and advocate at the same time. It was grand when *Lord Erskine* sacrificed his attorney-generalship for the sake of defending Thomas Paine in his publication of his book called "The Rights of Man," while at the same time, he, the advocate, abhorred Thomas Paine's religious sentiments.

Between these two opposite theories of what is right, what should the attorney do? God alone can direct him. To that chancery he must be appellant, and he will get an answer in an hour. Blessed is that attorney between whose office and the throne of God there is perpetual, reverentia and prayerful communication. That attorney will never make an irreparable mistake. True to the habits of your profession you say : "Cite us some authority on the subject." Well, I quote to you the decision of the Supreme Court of heaven : "If any lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him."

WHAT A SCENE IS THE OFFICE

of the busy attorney! In addition to the men who come to you from right motives, bad men will come to you. They will offer you a large fee for counsel in the wrong direction. They want to know from you how they can escape from solemn marital obligation. They come to you wanting to know how they can fail advantageously for themselves. They come to you wanting to know how they can make the insurance company pay for the destroyed house which they burned down with their own hands. Or they come to you on the simple errand of wanting to escape their honest debts.

Now, it is no easy thing to advise settlement when by urging litigation you could strike a mine of remuneration. It is not a very easy thing

dampen the ardor of an inflamed contestant, when you know, through a prolonged lawsuit, you could get whatever you asked. It is no easy thing to attempt to discourage the suit for the breaking of a will in the Surrogate's Court, because you know the testator was of sound mind and body when he signed the document. It requires no small heroism to do as *I heard an attorney do* in an office in a Western city. He said, "John, I will see you through as well as I can, but I want to tell you before you start that a lawsuit is equal to a fire."

Under the tremendous temptations that come upon the legal profession scores of men go down. There are scores of men who have gone down, and some of them, from being the pride of the highest tribunal of the State, have become a disgrace to the Tombs Court-room. Every attorney, in addition to the innate sense of right, wants the sustaining power of the old-fashioned religion of Jesus Christ. "Bring Zenas, the lawyer."

There are two or three

FORMS OF TEMPTATION

to which the legal profession is especially subjected. The first of all is *scepticism*. Controversy is the lifetime business of that occupation. Controversy may be incidental or accidental with us; but then it is perpetual. You get so used to pushing the sharp question "Why?" and making unaided reason superior to the emotions, that the religion of Jesus Christ, which is a simple matter of faith, and above human reason, has but little chance with some. A brilliant orator of the Republican party in the last Presidential campaign is a foe of Christianity, and wrote a book, on the first page of which he announced this sentiment: "An honest god is the noblest work of man!"

Scepticism is the mightiest temptation of the legal profession, and that man who can stand in that profession, resisting all solicitations to infidelity, and can be as brave as George Briggs, of Massachusetts, who stepped from the gubernatorial chair to the missionary convention, to plead the cause of a dying race; then, on his way home from the convention on a cold day, took off his warm cloak and threw it over the shoulders of a thinly-clad missionary, saying, "Take that and wear it, it will do you more good than it will me;" or like John McLean, who can step from the Supreme Court room of the United States to the anniversary platform of the American Sunday-school Union, its most brilliant orator—deserves congratulation and encomium.

Oh! men of the legal profession, let me beg of you to *quit asking questions* in regard to religion, and begin believing. The mighty men of your profession, Story and Kent and Mansfield, became Christians not through their heads but through their hearts. "Except ye become as a little child, ye shall nowise enter into the kingdom of God." If you do not become a Christian, oh! man of the legal profession, until you can reason this whole thing out in regard to God, and Christ, and the immortality of the soul, you will never become a Christian at all. Only believe. "Bring Zenas, the lawyer."

Another mighty temptation for the legal profession is to

SABBATH-BREAKING,

A trial has been going on for ten or fifteen days. The evidence is all in. It is Saturday night. The judge's gavel falls on the desk, and he says: "Crier, adjourn the court till ten o'clock Monday morning." On Monday morning the counsellor is to sum up the case. Thousands of dollars, yea the reputation and life of his client, may depend upon the success of his plea. How will he spend the intervening Sunday? There is not one lawyer out of a hundred that can withstand the temptation to break the Lord's Day under such circumstances. And yet if he does he hurts his own soul.

What, my brother, you cannot do before twelve o'clock Saturday night or after twelve o'clock Sunday night, God does not want you to do at all. Beside that you want the twenty-four hours of Sabbath rest to give you that electrical and magnetic force which will be worth more to you before the jury than all the elaboration of your case on the sacred day.

Our own Judge Neilson, in his interesting reminiscences of *Rufus Choate*, says that during the last case that gentleman tried in New York the court adjourned from Friday until Monday on account of the illness of Mr. Choate; but the chronicler says that on the intervening Sabbath he saw Mr. Choate in the old "Brick Church," listening to Rev. Dr. Gardiner Spring. I do not know whether on the following day Rufus Choate won his cause or lost it; but I do know that his Sabbatic rest did not do him any harm.

Every lawyer is *entitled to one day's rest* out of the seven. If he surrender that, he robs three—God, his own soul, and his client. Lord Castlereagh and Sir Thomas Romilly were the leaders of the bar in their day. They both died suicides. Wilberforce accounts for their aberration on the ground that they were never intermittent in their work, and they never rested on Sunday. "Poor fellow!" said Wilberforce, in regard to Castlereagh. "Poor fellow! it was non-observance of the Sabbath."

Chief Justice Hale says, "When I do not properly keep the Lord's day all the rest of the week is unhappy and unsuccessful in my worldly employment." I quote from the highest statute-book in the universe: "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy." The legal gentleman who breaks that statute may seem for a while to be advantaged; but, in the long run, the man who observes this law of God will have larger retainers, vaster influence, greater professional success than those men who break that statute. Observance of the law of God pays not only spiritually and eternally, but it pays in hard dollars.

Another powerful temptation of the legal profession is to

ARTIFICIAL STIMULUS.

No one except those who have addressed audiences know about the nervous exhaustion that comes afterward. The temptation to strong drink approaches the legal profession at that very point. Then, a trial is coming on. Through the ill-ventilated court-room the barrister's health has been depressed for days and weeks. He wants to rally his energy. He is tempted to resort to artificial stimulus. It is either to get himself up or let himself down that this temptation comes upon him. The flower of the American bar, ruined in reputation and ruined in estate, said in his last moments: "This is the end. I am *dying on a borrowed bed*, covered with a borrowed sheet, in a house built by public charity. Bury me under that tree in the middle of the field, that I may not be crowded. I always have been crowded."

Another powerful temptation of the legal profession is to allow the

ABSORBING DUTIES

of the profession to shut out thoughts of a great future. You know very well that you who have so often tried others will after awhile be put on trial yourself. Death will serve on you a writ of ejectment, and you will be put off these earthly premises. On that day all the affairs of your life will be presented in a "bill of particulars." No certiorari from a higher court, for this is *the highest court*.

The day when Lord Exeter was tried for high treason; the day when the House of Commons moved for the impeachment of Lord Lovatt; the day when Charles I. and Queen Catharine were put on trial; the day when Robert Emmet was arraigned as an insurgent; the day when Blennerhasset was brought into the court-room because he had tried to overthrow the United States Government, and all the other great trials of the world are nothing compared with the great trial in which you and I shall appear, summoned by the judge of quick and dead.

There will be no pleading there the "*statute of limitations*," no "turning State's evidence," trying to get off ourselves while others suffer; no "moving for a nonsuit." The case will come on inexorably, and we shall be tried. You, my brother, who have so often been advocate for others, will then need an advocate for yourself. Have you selected him? *The Lord Chancellor of the Universe.* If any man sin, we have an advocate—Jesus Christ the righteous. It is uncertain when your case will be called. "Be ye also ready."

Lord Ashburton and Mr. Wallace were leading barristers in their day. They died about the same time. A few months before their decease they happened to be at the same hotel in a village, the one counsel going to Devonshire, and the other to London. They had both been seized upon by a disease which they knew would be fatal, and they requested to be carried into the same room and laid down on sofas, side by side, that they might talk over old times and talk over the future. So they were carried in, and, lying there on opposite sofas, they talked over their old contests at the bar, and then they talked over the future world upon which they must soon enter. It was said to be a very affecting and solemn interview between Mr. Wallace and Lord Ashburton.

My friends, my subject puts you side by side with those men in your profession who have departed this life, some of them sceptical and rebellious, some of them penitent, childlike, and Christian. These were wandering stars, for whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever; while the others went up from the court-room of earth to the throne of eternal dominion. Through Christ, the advocate, these got glorious acquittal. In the other case it was a hopeless lawsuit. An unpardoned sinner versus the Lord God Almighty.

Oh! what a *disastrous litigation*. Behold He comes! The Judge! the Judge! The clouds of heaven the judicial ermine. The great white throne the judicial bench. The archangel's voice that shall wake the dead, the crier. The pound of the last thunderbolt, the falling gavel. "Come, ye blessed—depart ye cursed," the acquittal or the condemnation. "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened."

A NOBLE JAPANESE BOY.

AT a public breakfast on May 17th, in connection with the foreign mission work of the Religious Tract Society in London, the *Rev. O. H. Gulick*, from Japan, related the following incident:

"Sixteen years ago, a lad sixteen years of age became possessed of the idea of visiting foreign lands and gaining the benefits of learning. A death penalty was then suspended over any one who should leave Japan. The lad ran away from his father's house, and found his way to a place in the northern extremity of Japan where *American whaling ships* were in the habit of touching, and obtained a passage in one of these ships to Shanghai. At Shanghai he became possessed of a copy of the Bible, and he began to study it in order to learn the English language. With the aid of the sailors he learned to read. He began with the Gospel of John, and he went on until he came to the sixteenth verse of the third chapter. He appears to have got the full sense of that verse, for he prayed that God would reveal His Son to him.

"This little runaway boy was the only praying person on board that ship. She was bound for Boston, and in due time arrived there. The captain, on reporting the ship to the owner, said he had a little Japanese boy on board; and the owner said, 'Send him up to my house.' After seeing the boy he sent him to college, and then to a theological seminary. While he was in the college an embassy came from his native land to America, and he was asked to leave his school and accompany them as an interpreter. He did so, and after they had finished their travels through America, England, Germany, and France, they said, 'We believe in you; come to Japan with us, and you shall have honor, wealth, and position.' He replied, 'No, I am studying to preach the Gospel of Christ to my fellow-countrymen, and I wish to complete my studies.' They thought he was very foolish to refuse, but he was firm of purpose. He told them that if his offence of running away from Japan were forgiven him, he should rejoice to return on the completion of his course. They assured him his offence would be condoned. Before his return, at a meeting of the American Board, he told the assembled people that he wished to return to Japan to establish a Christian college there; and *he is now at the head of a Christian college in Tokio, the ancient capital*, assisted by two of our missionaries, teaching young men and preparing them for the work of the Gospel ministry."

JAMES GRAHAM'S BUSH LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

(*Continued from page 407.*)

A Magistrate in Distress—Graham as a Good Samaritan—The Magistrate's Gratitude—Making a Canoe—The Split Tree—Mrs. Graham in Danger from a Cannibal—Her Narrative of an Adventure.

About three months after coming to the station, at which I remained ten months in all, I one day went out and saw a man standing by a tree on the riverside, not far from our house. I thought he was a black, and went back for my gun before I approached him. He was a white man, with only a tattered blanket around him. His face was black and shaggy with dirt and hair. To make his story short, it was this. He was *a magistrate* of the Oomeo country, on the other side of Mount Gibbo, near our settlement. He started to cross the mountains with flocks to sell in Melbourne, left his men to follow with rations and the cattle, knocked up his horse on the sharp rocks, lost his way, had finished all his food, was torn naked by the scrub, and utterly exhausted; after fourteen days of it he stood at the tree, afraid to come in where he knew there was a white woman.

I brought him in and dressed and fed him. Next day we mounted my stock-horses, and, with rations for his men, ascended Gibbo; and after a day and a night of terrible toil we met them ascending the other side, hungry and worn. We picked up his splendid mare in the mountain, and rested the men and cattle at my station. I never saw a man more grateful for help. He asked me the price of the rations. I felt rather hurt, and said, "Nothing." "Then," said he, pointing to some nine heifers that were rather foot-sore, "I'll take *nothing* for them or my mare." I had to accept them; and they proved a splendid accession to my little store. The mare I kept for years—one of the finest brood mares in the colony.

It is a mean thing to do a kindness with the hope of return. Indeed, it then ceases to be a *kindness* at all, and is only an informal bargain; yet, if it be true that curses are fowls that always fly home to roost (a raven, though, may stay away, when like Noah's it lights on carrion), it is also true of good turns. They not only deserve, but generally, sooner or later, receive other good turns; and sometimes they are doves, that, though they fly away singly, come back in pairs or even in flocks.

There was fine fishing on the Mitta Mitta; but I wanted a canoe for fishing, fowling, and conveyance of stores across. A great blue gum-tree had been fired by some means on the side of the river. It fell and split right down into equal parts. By lighting a fire in one of them and adzing it out, I formed a canoe thirty feet long, five wide, and two and a half deep. It was the finest bark (literally *bark*) ever launched on the Mitta Mitta. It was most pleasant for Selina, Bobindi, and myself to sit in it of evenings and haul up fish as fast as lines could lift them. While I was making it, an awkward circumstance occurred.

A black and his lubra (Kuntungera dialect for gin or woman) came into the hut where Selina was alone. The savage came forward and felt her neck and arm, which were quite to his mind as a tender joint. He grinned, while she gasped. He jabbered to his lubra, who utterly opposed killing the white lubra. Had Selina shouted it would have brought on silence of instant death. She gasped "boombilly, boombilly"—tobacco, and brought a peace-offering of the weed. Just at that stage of the proceedings the black caught sight of me coming in from the river, with the adze over my arm. He glided away, and his wife lingered behind.

When I went in I found Selina pale as death, and unable to speak. I ran to the bedroom for my gun, which I kept behind a sheet of bark, leaned against the wall. I would have been in time to give the cannibal the contents of a barrel, but Selina begged me, for mercy's sake, not to do so. Had the savage, while prowling about, got my gun, I should have been in a pretty fix. I felt grateful to God that He had protected me from the spear of the foe, while I was intent on my canoe, and still more grateful that I did not find my wife a corpse. After this, for months, the blacks did not make their appearance; and I thought they were gone, or had given us up. This led me into a mistake which was nearly the worst blunder of my life.

From Mrs. James Graham a near relative received the following account, which is given entire: You ask me to give you some account of the first years after our marriage. The first seven years after our marriage were the most laborious and dangerous of our lives. James had great bodily strength, and was very adventurous. My own constitution was then very strong also; and I always accompanied him in founding new stations, or out-stations. I never knew any one so unsuspecting as James; and, except I was with him, he seldom carried arms at that time, and had no idea in the world of making himself comfortable in his hut. He rather prided himself on living in the simplest way. I believe he could have subsisted on the chase or an occasional sheep and damper and pot of tea the whole year round. Spirits we seldom ever tasted. Many a station he formed where white man had never lived before; and many a path in the new country still bears his name. We had two encounters with bushrangers, and I had one with the blacks of which I shall tell you.

A few months after we had been married, Graham went a long way off to purchase some articles, and on his way home called at old Black's. There, there had been a cattle-muster; and fourteen men (Graham among them) were sitting and talking by the fire. Suddenly they looked round, and at the door saw two men armed with guns and pistols. They levelled their cocked guns, and said that the first man that moved or spoke aloud they would scatter his brains. Graham was sitting near the fire on a small solid block of wood; he complained that one side was roasting, he was so near the fire. "Then," said one of the bushrangers, "just turn the other, and you'll be well baked by the time we have searched the house; but if you move you're a dead man."

They sent in a third man to search the house for money. They searched a large box and got some money, but turned out some valuable checks (one for £60) as waste paper—the robber being too illiterate to read them. Graham was indignant that fourteen men should be bailed up by two. He therefore said to a man beside him, "I'll knock one of them down with this block I'm sitting on, and do you rush at the other." It was to an old government man, called Billy the Groom, he said it, and his reply was, "If you move I'll tell them, and you'll get your brains in your pocket." When they took what they liked, they mounted and galloped off.

When Graham returned home the following day some of the men came into our hut to inquire the news; for news is a precious commodity in the bush. He was telling how three daring bushrangers were out committing robberies, and how they had bailed up fourteen men at Black's. Just as he had got so far in his narration, some person said, in a rough voice, "How many are there here?" On looking around, there were two men with guns cocked and levelled at us. They ordered all to march out, and whoever did not should have his brains blown out. They all went out except myself. I did not think they would shoot a woman. I went up to the foremost of them, and laying my hand on his arm *implored* him not to rob us. He ordered me *immediately* to follow my husband. I persisted in my entreaties, telling him we were not long married, and were struggling hard to get a little hold of the world. He looked steadfastly in my face, and swore by Heaven he would not rob me. He kept his word; for, to the amazement of every person, they went off without taking a shilling's worth.

In this, as in many other instances which might be mentioned, we felt that the fatherly care of God was exercised over us for our preservation. It was our habit from the earliest days of our married life, to pray earnestly night and morning, that no evil should befall us, and I verily believe that in answer thereto the hosts of our Heavenly Father encamped around us, and kept us secure. And often when James was telling me in a quiet and touchingly devout way, how he had been led to see himself as a sinner, and to seek forgiveness through Christ, the narration was invariably concluded by both of us upon bended knee thanking our loving Benefactor for His loving kindness and tender mercies, and asking His help that we might live lives worth living, not only free from evil, but full of beneficent deeds done for Christ's sake and for the sake of our fellow-men.

Some time after we left Mitta Mitta, continues Mrs. Graham, with the cattle for what the natives call a "cainby"—a pool with springs of water. Before, we had been at what they call a "billibong"—water holes without springs and liable to dry up. It was a remarkably out-of-the-way, desolate place. After the cattle were thought to be sufficiently tailed (herded and taught to gather into certain camps), they started to the bush; and Graham and all the white men were away on their tracks. They slept on their tracks one night, and pursued them and brought them back next day.

During the first day of their absence, forty black fellows came up to the hut, painted and without their gins, which is a sure sign of war. They asked me, "Where white fellows?" I, of course, gave them no satisfaction. I was taking my tea, and they ordered me to give them bread ("tong-ong"), a commodity I was very short of at the time. Flour was then five pounds ten shillings per hundredweight, and *so far* in the bush it was not to be had for money. However, I shared what I had with them; but that did not satisfy them, and one of them threw it into the fire.

This so annoyed me—knowing how glad I should be of it myself—that, in the heat of the moment, I twisted a leg out of a stool and chased them out of the hut, striking the fellow that had thrown the bread in the fire a heavy blow between the shoulders. He turned, and uttering a savage yell, said, "You'll be dead before the sun sets to-morrow night." I shall never forget the feeling of loneliness and horror that came over me.

Night came on, but no James—no white man; and I was alone in the wild backwoods, in a frail bark hut, without a bar or lock. And, terrible to relate, I never once looked up to "the Strong for strength." Yet, in the multitude of His sparing and tender mercies, unsought-for and unseen, His mighty arm was uplifted to shield me from every danger. As the night advanced, I extinguished both fire and lamp, and kept myself *perfectly quiet*.

About twelve o'clock I heard my kangaroo dog bark and growl, and I knew he smelt a black.

Presently I heard a small voice softly call, "Mittiss, mittiss, you let in black piccaninny; mine piala (I'll tell you) news." I took courage and unfastened the door, which I had secured as well as I could by placing a stool and four pails of water against it. To my great relief the boy was alone. He had stolen away when the black fellows had gone to sleep, and *had ventured his life* to give me word that the blacks were going to kill me in the morning, "when the sun jumped up," for they are afraid to move in the dark, for fear of evil spirits. But for this fear, they can track in the dark, and no white person they desired to murder would be safe within their reach.

The boy said it was "Gentleman Billy" I had struck, and that it was he who was to kill me. I gave the poor boy some thick milk to drink, of which blacks are fond, and we spent the night quietly crouching together. It was a night of the horror and darkness of death; and no one, but such as have been in similar circumstances, can tell how the heart will warm and cling even to a faithful kangaroo dog in such danger. Just before day broke I let out the little black boy. Daylight had a wonderful effect in cheering me and scattering the horror of the night.

I got the double-barrelled gun and set off for the blacks' camp. They were all up and seated round their fire cross-legged, like tailors. On my approach they all held down their heads and began to jabber. I said firmly: "Good morning." None took any notice but still talked. I said: "My men, cobon mine been dream last night that black

fellow was going to kill me when sun jump up. Now then, which one black fellow?" No response. I immediately levelled my gun at a tree near them and fired one barrel. They saw where the bark flew off, and started to their feet.

I again demanded *which* black fellow wanted to kill me, and bade him come on now, for I had another barrel for him and my gun never told a lie. I levelled the barrel first at one, then at another, repeating my question. They all fell back, crying: "Not me, mittiss, not me, mittiss. No black fellow want to kill you—you murry good woman." So after a great many assurances I was allowed to go back to the hut, and was not disturbed by them that day.

(To be continued.)

THE VISION OF THE EPHAH AND ITS FUTURE FULFILMENT.

By Rev. William Maude.

I. The Emblem Made use of, an Ephah—II. The Woman Found in the Ephah—God's Judgment on the Spirit of Trade—III. The Imprisonment of the Woman in the Ephah—The "Wickedness" of Trade Hidden Under a Specious Appearance—Inseparable From the Existing System—Will be more Fully Developed—IV. The Lifting up of the Ephah by the Two Women—Whence is it to be Borne Away?—V. The Ephah Transported to the Land of Shinar—VI. The Object of its Transportation—The Babylon of the Apocalypse.

IN the first six chapters of the book of the Prophet Zechariah we have a very remarkable series of highly symbolical visions. These visions are seven in number; but though this circumstance would seem to indicate that they have a mutual relation, and form a connected whole, like the seven parables in the thirteenth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, and the seven seals, seven trumpets, and seven vials of the Apocalypse, yet it is by no means easy to trace any such connection; while the meaning of some of the visions is particularly obscure. One of those on which the most light seems to be procurable is the sixth of the series—the vision of *the Woman in the Ephah*, to which I propose briefly to direct attention. This vision is recorded in the following words:

"Then the angel that talked with me went forth, and said unto me, Lift up now thine eyes, and see what is going forth. And I said, What is it? And he said, This is an ephah that goeth forth. He said, moreover, This is their eye through all the earth. And, behold, there was lifted up a talent of lead, and yonder was a woman sitting in the midst of the ephah. And he said, This is Wickedness; and he cast her down into the midst of the ephah, and he cast the weight of lead (*i.e.*, the talent weight) upon the mouth thereof.

"Then lifted I up mine eyes and looked, and, behold, there came forth two women, and the wind was in their wings; for they had wings like the wings of a stork; and they lifted up the ephah between the earth and the heaven. Then said I to the angel that talked with me, Whither do these bear the ephah? And he said unto me, To build it an house in the land of Shinar; and when it is ready it shall be set in its own place" (Zechariah 5: 5–11).*

The principal features in this very remarkable vision are the following:

I. The principal emblem made use of—an ephah.

II. The woman found in the ephah, and described as "Wickedness."

III. The imprisonment of the woman in the ephah by the weight of lead.

IV. The lifting of the ephah by the two women.

V. The transportation of the ephah to the land of Shinar.

VI. The object of this transportation.

Each of these features deserves our careful attention, and if rightly understood they will together afford a complete, harmonious, and very instructive interpretation of the entire vision; which, it will be found, has been written for our instruction in these last days.

I. THE EPHAH.

This, it is hardly necessary to remind the reader, was the largest dry measure in ordinary use among the Jews, probably corresponding very nearly with our English bushel, though there is much uncertainty as to its exact size and capacity. Its symbolic significance in this vision—of which it forms the most conspicuous feature—will become more apparent when we observe that in close conjunction with it a "talent of lead" is spoken of in verse 7, or, as it is spoken of in the following verse, "the weight of lead:" most probably a circular plate of lead which weighed a talent, that is, about 158 lbs. troy.

Now the talent was constantly used in the sense of a fixed weight, by which gold, silver, and other things were weighed and measured; and it is very significantly spoken of here in connection with the ephah, as the latter was the usual measure of capacity. The talent was the standard measure of quantity, and the weight was made of lead as the most common heavy metal, and was used in all commercial transactions for weighing out money. *Thus the ephah, in connection with the leaden talent, affords the most natural and appropriate symbol of trade or commercial transactions in general;* just as the sword symbolizes war, the mitre priesthood, and the crown royalty.

Now commerce or trade—and by trade I mean the principles as well as the development of trade—is the special characteristic of these last days. There have been in the past great trading communities, imperial marts of commerce, such as Tyre, Egypt, and Babylon; but never as now did commerce attain such a vast development or its pursuit so engross the energies of the nations generally. The present age may emphatically be said to be *the commercial age of the world's history*, and hence, as Mr. B. W. Newton has well said, "the object of the vision shown to Zechariah is to instruct respecting the character of the influence which shall be dominant over Israel, and over the nations at the closing period of their evil history." It reveals where the master power shall reside, which, in the latter days, shall "go forth" with influence to control the energies of the earth.

And what is the symbol of this power? It is not a sceptre, nor a sword, nor a mitre, but it is an ephah. . . . *An ephah is the symbol of commerce.* There is to be a period, therefore, during which commerce is to rule the earth—a period when an ephah might fitly be emblazoned on the banner of each kingdom of the Roman world as the device best suited to indicate where the secret of its influence lay. "This," said the angel in allusion to the ephah, "this is their eye," *i.e.*, this is that to which they have an eye—the object on which their attention fondly and greedily rests—"in all the earth." "This ephah is that toward which all those who dwell in the land" (the thieves and perjurers mentioned in verses 3 and 4) look with longing eyes. Wherever thieves and perjured persons are to be found throughout the land, and in all the earth, their eyes are ever to weights and measures, their whole thoughts are turned toward the acquisition of earthly gain." "This is their eye through all the earth."

II. THE WOMAN FOUND IN THE EPHAH.

At first, the ephah, it would seem, was all that the prophet beheld, and in this there was nothing either to startle or alarm; on the contrary, it presented a very pleasing and reassuring appearance as contrasted with the other more familiar forms of earthly power. The sceptre of the king, the sword of the warrior, the mitre of the priest, all these men have long learned, by bitter experience, to dread; but the reign of commerce promises the development of the earth's resources for the benefit of humanity, the cessation of war, as that which above all else interferes with its advancement, and the friendly intercourse of nation with nation. Such is man's thought, and hence we are continually hearing trade eulogized as the great civilizer and benefactor of the human race, while its image is ever represented upon cornucopia, out of which the fruits of the earth are pouring forth, and bearing in her hand the olive branch of peace.

But this is not God's thought about the matter. The prophet was moved to look again, and lo! in the midst of the ephah sat *a woman*—the Scripture symbol of a moral system—whom the angel at once characterized and denounced in the solemn words—"This is *wickedness*." Here, then, we have God's judgment on the spirit of trade. The "business principles" by which sometimes even Christian men boast that they are guided in their dealings with their fellows; "the maxims of commerce," as, *e.g.* "to buy in the cheapest market, and sell in the dearest;" the "custom of the trade," the convenient euphonism under the vail of which men hide from themselves their flagrant dishonesties; all these the Most High, by the lips of His angel, declares to be "wickedness" in His sight.

Indeed, it is startling, when we come to think about it, how severe and condemnatory are almost all the references to *trade* which are found in Scripture. It is only in its last and most corrupt days that the kingdom of Israel is compared by Hosea to "a merchant, the balances of deceit are in his hand; he loveth to deceive" (Hosea 12: 7): and Ezekiel admonishes the princes of Israel after the restoration in the last days, "Ye shall have just balances, and a just ephah, and a just bath" (Ezekiel 14: 10); while all must remember the many solemn warnings contained in the book of Proverbs against false weights and balances, and the deceitful devices of ungodly traders.

Hence it comes to pass—a fact which has hardly been duly noticed—that in all the glowing pictures of the prosperity and happiness of the coming Millennial Age *there is hardly a reference to be found to trade* in the ordinary acceptation of the term. Agriculture, or the cultivation of the earth, which is a man's natural occupation, and therefore that which tends most to promote the health of both mind and body, will again become his ordinary business. The fertility of the earth, moreover, will be increased in a manner heretofore unknown. "Behold the days come, saith the Lord," by the mouth of Amos, "that the ploughman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed; and the mountains shall drop new wine, and all the hills shall melt. And I will bring again the captivity of my people of Israel, and they shall build the waste cities, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and drink the wine thereof; they shall also make gardens and eat the fruit of them" (Amos 9: 13, 14)).

Even the now barren mountain-top shall shake like Lebanon; while the meadows shall be clothed with flocks, and the valleys be so covered with corn that they shall shout for joy and also sing (Psalm 72: 16; 65: 13). Hence the Psalmist exultingly exclaims: "O let the nations be glad and sing for joy; for Thou shalt judge (rule) the people righteously and govern the nations upon earth. . . Then shall the earth yield her increase, and God, even our own God, shall bless us" (Psalm 67: 4, 6.) But in all this we find no promise of commercial prosperity; no picture of busy quays piled with merchandise; no mention of great cities in which masses of men are herded together and condemned to exhausting and sometimes killing toil. Can we think of "the black country" in the millennial earth? or of the gambling of the Stock Exchange in Jerusalem, when its name shall be, The Lord is there? No; the modern system of trade must be utterly broken up, the spirit of trade must be exorcised, before the true brotherhood of man can be realized, or the happiness of our race secured.

(To be concluded.)

* I have given what is on high critical authority the most accurate rendering of the text.

A Persian Jew, named Dr. Acagin, who Had been led to see in the despised and crucified Nazarene, God's beloved Son, the promised Messiah, and his own personal Saviour, on his death-bed recently said to his co-religionists who visited him in his sickness, "The Christ for whom our fathers have looked for 3000 years *I have found.* I cannot let Him go!" When asked why he went on foot to the Lord's Supper when too weak and ill to do so with safety, he replied, "I did not like to come to the memorial of my Saviour's great sufferings and death for me, *riding!*"

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Attempted Assassination of President Garfield is an event beside which all other topics become insignificant in their interest. On another page will be found a brief narrative of the tragical occurrence. Our readers will please bear in mind, when perusing the paragraphs on this page, that they were in type before the intelligence of the crime was received. In order that so large an edition as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has now attained may be in the hands of its readers punctually, late news can only be inserted by careful arrangements. This week, owing to Saturday being a half holiday and Monday being Independence Day, those arrangements were suspended, so that the work of printing the paper might not preclude those engaged in it from celebrating the day. The following paragraphs, therefore, stand as they were prepared before the melancholy news reached us.

The Name of ex-Senator Platt was Withdrawn as a candidate for the United States Senatorship by Speaker Sharpe on Friday. The motive for the withdrawal was stated to be "the interest of the Republican party." Every one interested in the character and good name of our public men hopes that the motive was correctly described. The cause popularly assigned for the act was too discreditable to be believed except on incontrovertible proof. After the announcement of the withdrawal, the Stalwarts scattered their votes for the long term; twelve of them followed the Speaker's example and voted for Mr. Richard Crowley. Up to Friday evening no material change was made in the vote for the short term. The behavior of the Senators and Assemblymen, the language used, despite the fact that ladies were present at the sittings, and the general mode of conducting this contest, combine to render the daily proceedings a source of pain and mortification to all honorable citizens. The adjournment of the Legislature will be hailed with a sense of relief.

The Albany Grand Jury has Indicted Senator Sessions for bribery. It has also indicted Amaziah D. Barber, Edward R. Phelps, and Charles A. Edwards, against whom charges were made before the Bribery Investigation Committee. Mr. Barber is indicted for depositing $12,500 with Mr. Phelps with the understanding that it should be used by him in influencing members of the Legislature. Other counts in the indictment allege that it was used upon members who are unknown. Mr. Phelps is indicted for receiving the money from Mr. Barber to be used in the bribery of members of the Legislature, and other counts allege that it was so used. Mr. Edwards is indicted for receiving $5000 from Joseph Dickson for the purpose of bribing members of the Legislature, and for attempting to use it on James Armstrong, member of Assembly from Oneida. Senator Sessions through his counsel pleaded for a prompt trial, but it was thought unadvisable to grant his request so long as the Legislature remained in session. The issue of a regular trial before the courts will probably be more satisfactory than the investigation before the committee, the members of which are naturally influenced by their political affiliation. It is expected that the committee will present three reports, which will be a result equivalent to the disagreement of a jury at a trial.

A Call for a Republican Conference was Circulated for signature last week among the Administration wing of the Republicans at Albany, and was also presented to some of the Stalwarts who were supposed to be wavering. Its object is believed to be to solidify the anti-Conkling vote, or to effect a compromise by which the Democratic vote may be obtained under conditions. The caucus it proposes is conditional upon obtaining sixty-five participants, of whom fifty-four are required to concur in any nomination, and it is provided that there shall be no secret ballot. The announcement that Senator Robertson's commission as Collector of the Port of New York had at length been signed by the President evoked a fresh outburst of protests against his continuing to sit and vote in the State Senate and joint convention. The Stalwarts complained that in doing so he violated the spirit if not the letter of the Constitution. The Democrats still continue to urge an adjournment, but at present without success. The effect of allowing the citizens to express their opinion by their votes on the question at issue would probably be so decisive that the deadlock as to the Senatorships would not be renewed.

The Success of Secretary Windom's Policy for refunding the maturing bonds is indicated by a statement issued on Thursday last. It appears that up to the close of business on that day there had been $98,000,000 in coupon five per cent bonds received for continuance at 3½ per cent, including those which have been presented at the London agency to date. Notices have reached the Department from a number of holders indicating their intention to forward in a day or two more bonds for continuance. After these bonds arrive it is estimated by Treasury officers there will be only about $15,000,000 of the $118,646,450, the amount of the coupon fives outstanding at the time the option of continuance was made, left to be redeemed. There are many people who are confirmed by this result in their belief that the whole might have been refunded at three per cent, as Congress proposed; but considering the undecided state in which Mr. Hayes's veto left the problem, the arrangement is probably the best that could be made.

The Equivocal Nature of the Plank in the Ohio Republican platform which related to the subject of prohibition rendered it, as we pointed out at the time, a very minute concession to the total abstinence party. It is now reported, on apparently good authority, that at the approaching Democratic convention a stalwart Prohibition plank will be inserted in the platform. If that statement is correct, the contest in Ohio will be watched with keen interest throughout the country. The temperance question will then inevitably distribute the votes of both parties, and the relative strength of Prohibitionists and Germans will be tested more decisively than that of Democrats and Republicans.

The Pigeon Shooting Match at Coney Island is a matter of public interest. Telegraphic accounts of the scores made by the different marksmen are published in all the daily papers, and are regularly cabled to Europe. There are twenty thousand pigeons collected as targets for the shooters, and they are put singly or in pairs in traps, and being released at a given signal, are fired at as they rise. On the first day of the match two thousand pigeons were used, of which fifteen hundred were killed. This slaughter was not without practical result; it proved that a certain "gentleman" was a better marksman than any one else on the ground. There are people who suppose the same result might have been attained if the targets had been glass balls, but they are mistaken; one of the most interesting features of the sport to those who take part in it either as actors or spectators, is that the target shall have flesh and nerves and shall bleed and die in torture when hit. The amusement is a grim satire on our much-vaunted refinement and advanced civilization. Perhaps when the reports arrive in Spain some Spanish speculator will feel encouraged to make another effort to introduce bull-fighting here. Men who are proud of shooting tame pigeons might eventually have courage enough to fight a bull. This delight in cruelty and destruction of life displayed by men of education and culture proves how vain is the hope that anything short of God's grace can elevate human nature. This characteristic of depravity is not new (Isaiah 59 : 7).

A Conference for Bible Study at Northfield, is it is announced, planned by Mr. Moody, to take place at an early date. Dr. Andrew Bonar, of Scotland a brother of Dr. Horatius Bonar, is expected to attend and take part in the conference. Mr. Moody is anxious that Christians everywhere should be stirred up to increased earnestness in Bible study and in Christian activity, which blessed result may be hoped from united conference and prayer for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

The Death of the Rev. George Sheldon, D.D., occurred at his home at Princeton, New Jersey, on June 16th. He was sixty-eight years of age, and to the many friends he made in New Jersey and in the South his death comes as a heavy loss. For thirty years he was the District Secretary of the American Bible Society for New Jersey and Delaware. Dr. Sheldon was born in Northampton, Mass., October 12th, 1813. He graduated at Williams College in 1835, and at Andover Theological Seminary. From 1840 to 1848 he was the pastor of a church near Charleston, South Carolina. He leaves four sons and two daughters. Two of his sons are lawyers in Chicago, one is a lawyer in this city, and another is an editor in this city. Dr. Sheldon lived for twenty years in Princeton, whither he removed his father's homestead, piece by piece, from Northampton.

A Medical Mission was Opened at 5 East Broadway, New York, on Monday, June 27th, for the benefit of the sick poor. The distinguishing characteristic of the mission is its recognition of the need of the Divine blessing. A daily prayer-meeting is held in the large room before patients are attended to. No charge is made to any one applying who can furnish evidence that they are *sick and poor*, but both those qualifications are indispensable. The Superintendent of the mission is Dr. Dowkonott, who states that he has established a medical mission in Liverpool, England, on the same basis as the one of which he is now in charge. As long ago as forty years the first "home" medical mission was started in the Cowgate, one of the most squalid thoroughfares in Edinburgh, Scotland, and Christian medical students of its training school are to be found laboring to-day in Japan, China, Mongolia, Palestine, Syria, Constantinople, Smyrna, Rome, and other places. London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, and Bristol, in England, all have similar agencies, and New York has abundant need of such an institution as that the Medical Mission purports to be.

A Very Small and Reprehensible Joke has been played on the fire brigades of New York during the past week. Some one who understood the construction of the fire-alarm boxes fixed to the telegraph poles in the streets, took advantage of these valuable agencies to summon the fire-engines by a triple call. On one occasion seven engines promptly responded, with the hook and ladder companies. The summons was sent from a box in Eighty-sixth Street, and when the engines arrived they found in the box a paper, on which was written, "*The comet is on fire, come and put it out.*" The citizens generally appreciate too highly the services rendered in time of peril by our brave firemen to give them needless trouble, but it appears there is some one among us who is so lacking in sense as to exercise his wit in imposing on the brigades. Such men, like those who delight to ridicule religion, are of that class whose punishment is described in Prov. 1 : 26, 28.

The Third International Sunday-school Convention, which closed at Toronto, Canada, on June 24th, was an important and interesting occasion. The sessions were held in the Pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens. Delegates to the number of about five hundred, with at least an equal number of "reserves" and visitors, were in attendance from nearly all of the United States; and some of the best Christian talent in the North, in the South, in the West, and in Canada was present, exercising a powerful influence upon the heart and minds of the assembly by able and rousing addresses. England was well represented by Mr. F. F. Bilsey, and the colored race by the Rev. W. B. Arnett. The public of Toronto came in such overwhelming numbers to the evening session the first day that an overflow meeting had to be hastily arranged in the open air for those who could not get into the pavilion; and the next night the exercises at the pavilion were duplicated before 2,000 persons in an adjoining church. But even that accommodation proving insufficient, there were on the last night of the Convention, assemblies held in two churches simultaneously with the crowded meeting in the pavilion.

The city of Toronto is *honorably distinguished* for a strong religious element, which rigidly forbids the running of street cars and the sale of newspapers on Sunday, and which has suppressed the exhibition of papers with lewd pictures on the newsstands. It would be difficult to find another city in the world with so large a proportion of earnest Christian workers among its highest public officers and its leading professional and business men. The Hon. S. H. Blake, who was elected President of the Convention, was till very recently one of the three judges of the Court of Chancery of the province of Ontario. He is President of the Toronto Young Men's Christian Association, in whose hall he teaches a Bible class every Saturday afternoon, and he conducts three Bible classes every Sunday, one in the Sunday school of St. James' Cathedral, and two in mission churches of the city.

A Lady's Courage and Presence of Mind frustrated a lynching in Michigan last week. On June 22d a determined attempt was made to lynch a man who shot and killed his employer, about a month ago at Lamont, and who is now in jail at Grand Haven. About a dozen citizens appeared at the jail, overpowered the deputy sheriff, and secured their victim. The sheriff was absent, but his wife was aroused by the noise, and discovering the situation, closed the outside door, which the lynching party had left unguarded, and *imprisoned the whole party*. She then sent a servant to ring the fire alarm, which called out the citizens, and completely frustrated the whole attempt.

Governor Colquitt's Daughter was Rescued from imminent danger on Saturday June 11th. A telegram from Charleston, Ill., says that the young lady, who was on a visit to her uncle, a citizen of Charleston, Ill., was riding on horseback when her horse ran away and dashed through the business portion of the city at a furious rate. A gentleman who witnessed her peril, dexterously sprang from his saddle, seized the bridle of her horse, and stopped him, and thus saved her from serious injury, if not a violent death. Such a rescue is deserving of high praise, and the esteemed Governor of Georgia is doubtless full of gratitude to the young man who risked his life in his desperate act. Would that some such rescue, made in dependence on the Holy Spirit, could arrest the course of many of our young people who are carried away of evil habit and evil companionship to a fate worse even than death.

A Fatal Sleep on a Steamer Resulted in the loss of three lives recently. The report of the United States Local Inspectors of Steam Vessels at Norfolk, Va., upon the accident to the steamer B. & J. Baker, has been received by Superintendent Inspector-General Dumont. It states that the accident was a collapse of the port flue, caused by over-pressure. All parts of the flue, the inspectors say, were sufficiently thick to have withstood the regulation pressure. The evidence of one of the deck-hands shows that the engineer on watch was *asleep in his berth* at the time of the accident, and this evidence is corroborated by the fact that his body was found in the berth. The condition of the boiler shows that all the doors were closed. There were three men killed by the accident. The vessel was lying at anchor. Sleep in such circumstances was a criminal act. There are men placed in positions of responsibility in families and churches who are too often guilty of similar negligence, in spite of the solemn warning of the prophet (Ezekiel 33 : 6).

The Largest Purchase of Land Ever Made by a single person was effected recently, when Hamilton Desson, a prominent manufacturer of Philadelphia, closed a contract by which he secured four million acres of land from the State of Florida. The land was a part of the public domain of Florida, and under control of the Board of Internal Improvement of the State. It is said to be Mr. Desson's intention to begin an emigration scheme which will result in a very large addition to the population of Florida. It is an immense estate to hold in actual possession, but the Christian as one of the sons of God is an heir to one far greater, being joint heir with Christ, under whose feet the whole creation will one day be in subjection (Psa. 3 : 6).

A Man Born Blind has Received Sight at New-Hope, Va., according to a report in the Baltimore *Gazette*. He was a graduate of the Stanton Institute for the blind, and displayed so much intelligence and mental capacity as to acquire a considerable eminence among his fellow-graduates. A Baltimore surgeon examined the sightless eyes of the clever man, and believed that a careful operation would enable him to see. The experiment was tried with perfect success, and he is now able to see the smallest print. The strange sensations he experienced on first beholding the light, the appearance of objects long familiar to him by the sense of touch, he could not describe; but the most delightful experience he had was in gazing for the first time on *the face of his aged mother*. The change is for him like entering on a new life. It is probably the only physical change which at all adequately typifies the spiritual change of the new birth, when old things pass away and all things become new. It may also typify the final change from mortality to immortality when we shall see our Saviour face to face (1 Cor. 13 : 12).

A Dog Died of Grief over the Death of its young mistress at Caldwell, Texas, on June 21st. The dog had been the favorite playmate of the child of Captain Roland, and when the child fell sick and died, the dog appeared much distressed. While arrangements were being made for the interment of the child, the dog hung around the corpse, moaning most piteously and otherwise exhibiting its grief. It followed the coffin in the funeral procession, and when the grave was opened, it jumped in and refused to come out for coaxing or scolding. At last the dog was tied with a rope, and taken from the ground and secured to a tree to prevent its going into the grave again. After the burial rites were performed, and the dog was approached to be turned loose, *it was found dead*. As we try to conceive of the intensity of this poor brute's love, which was so deep as to extinguish its life, what are we to think of our own apathy and coldness toward the Saviour, who not only claims our love, but tells us how He would have us prove it (John 15 : 13–14).

A Wooden Leg that was Better than a natural one is described by a writer in *the Youth's Companion*. A crossing sweeper owned the limb, and explained its advantages to the writer, who said he was sure he would not exchange one of his own legs for a wooden one. "I was not speaking of your legs, sir," replied Bob, dryly, "but of the pair I had. They were not given to walking very straight. Drink gave me this wooden leg," continued Bob; "and I must say that it ain't very grateful to the drink in return; for although it makes noise enough in ordinary, it knocks double as loud whenever I'm near a public house. It says 'don't,' as plainly as you can, sir—meaning don't go in. I was once nearly led back into the old ways, and was going into 'The King's Head' with a friend as I had not seen for years, but this leg wouldn't go in. 'All right,' I says, 'you know how I got you, and I'll not go in.'"

WHAT THE FARM LABORERS CAN DO AND WHAT THEY CANNOT DO.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"And he said, So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground; and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how. For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear. But when the fruit is brought forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come."—MARK 4 : 26–29.

Human Instrumentality in the Kingdom of Grace—Its Measure and Limit—A Lesson for Sowers—I. What we Can Do—We Can Sow—Choose the Seed—The Time for Sowing—Captain Cook's Seed-Sowing—Cannot Make it Grow—Three Mysteries—We Can Reap—How to Begin—Who the Reaper is—II. What we Can Know—The Seed Will Grow—The Life in the Word—Cannot Know how it Grows—III. What we May Expect—Results—Not from Every Seed—Not Always After Our Fashion—The Puffing-up Notion of Perfection—Workers Who Crush the Blades—Expect a Harvest—IV. What Sleep the Worker may Take—The Sleep of Restfulness—Of Resignation—Not of Indifference—The Beginning, End, and Middle of the Chapter.

LAST Lord's-day morning our subject was the laborers upon God's farm and their great Master; and then we tried to show how far human agency was necessary in the work of the Gospel. We also saw how thoroughly all holy results depend upon God, for neither he that soweth nor he that watereth is anything, but God who giveth the increase. We have much the same subject this morning, only it goes a little deeper, and yet more fully shows how far the laborer can go, and how far he cannot go; where man may enter with holy industry, and where no human work can possibly intrude. Our subject on this occasion will mainly be the measure and limit of human instrumentality in the kingdom of grace. If we shall be taught of the Spirit of God we shall find this Scripture to be full of instruction upon the matter.

It is remarkable that the parable before us is peculiar to Mark. No other evangelist has recorded it, but we do not think any the less of it on that account. We are glad that the Holy Spirit led Mark to reserve this pearl out of the many excellent things which our Lord said which have been lost. John tells us that if a record of all the works which Jesus did could have been preserved they would have made a library so large that scarce the world itself could have contained all the books. Many of the things that Jesus said floated about, no doubt, for a time, and were gradually forgotten, and we have to be thankful to the Spirit of God for perpetuating this choice similitude by the hand of His servant Mark.

Here is

A LESSON FOR SOWERS,

for the laborers upon the farm of God. It is a parable for all who are concerned in the kingdom of God. It will be of little value to those who are in the kingdom of darkness, for they are not bidden to sow the good seed: "Unto the wicked God saith, what hast thou to do to declare My statutes?" But all who are loyal subjects to King Jesus, all who are commissioned to scatter seed for the Royal Husbandman, will be glad to know how the kingdom advances, glad to know how the harvest is preparing for Him whom they serve.

I. We shall, first, learn from our text

WHAT WE CAN DO

and what we cannot do. Let this stand as our first head. Notice, then, that *we can sow*. Any man who has received the knowledge of the grace of God in his heart can teach others. I include under the term "man" all who know the Lord, be they male or female. We cannot all teach alike, for all have not the same gifts; to one is given one talent, and to another ten. Neither have we all the same opportunities, for one lives in obscurity and another has far-reaching influence. Something of sacred service is within the reach of everyone's capacity, whether it be the mother in the family, the nurse-girl with the infant, the boy in the school, the workman at the bench, or the nurse at the bedside. Those with the smallest

range of opportunities can, nevertheless, do something for Christ and His cause. The precious seed of the Word of God is small as a grain of mustard-seed, and may be carried by the feeblest hand where it shall multiply a hundred-fold.

You will need heavenly teaching that you may carefully select the wheat, and keep it free from the darnel of error. We must even winnow out of it our own thoughts and opinions, for these may not be according to the mind of God. Men are not saved by our word, but by God's Word. We are bound to see that we know the Gospel, and teach the whole of it. To different men we must, with discretion, bring forward that part of the Word of God which will best bear upon their consciences; for much may depend upon the word being *in season*, and not a chance sentence thrown out at random. We shall have enough to do if we look well to the seed-basket, lest, peradventure, we should sow tares as well as wheat, or should cast good seed wantonly, where it can only feed evil birds.

Having selected the seed, we shall have plenty of work if we go forth and sow it broadcast everywhere, for every day brings its opportunity, and every company furnishes its occasion. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."

"SOW BESIDE ALL WATERS."

Imitate the sower, who was not so penny-wise that he would only cast the seed where, according to his judgment, all was good soil, but who, feeling that he had other work for his judgment beside the selecting of the soil, threw the seed right and left as he went on his way, and denied not a handful even to thorny and rocky soils.

Still, wise sowers discover favorable opportunities for sowing, and gladly seize upon them. While we are to work for God always, yet there are seasons when it were casting pearls before swine to talk of holy things; and there are other times when if we were slothful it would be a shameful waste of propitious seasons. Sluggards in the time for ploughing and sowing are sluggards indeed, for they not only waste the day, but throw away the year. If you watch for souls, and use hours of happy vantage, and moments of sacred softening, you will not complain of the scanty space allowed for agency. Even should you never be called to water, or to reap, your office is wide enough, if you fulfil the work of the sower.

For little though it seem to teach the simple truth of the Gospel, yet it is essential. How shall men hear without a teacher? The farm never brings forth a harvest without sowing. Weeds will grow without our help, but not so wheat and barley. The human heart is so depraved that it will naturally bring forth evil in abundance, and Satan is quite sure not to let it lie without a sowing of evil seed; but if ever a man's soul is to yield fruit unto God the seed of truth must be cast into it from without.

Servants of God, the seed of the word is *not like thistle-down*, which is borne by every wind, nor like certain seeds wafted by their own parachutes here, there, and everywhere, but the wheat of the kingdom needs a human hand to sow it, and without such agency it will not enter into men's hearts, neither can it bring forth fruit to the glory of God. Scatter ye, scatter ye, then, the seed of the kingdom, for this is essential to the harvest. The spreading of the Gospel is not a thing that ye may do or may not do, according to your pleasure, but it is a duty urgently needful, to be neglected at your peril. Ye can sow the seed, and the seed must be sown.

This seed should be *sown often*, for the times are such that one sowing may not suffice. Sow again and again, for many are the foes of the wheat, and if ye repeat not your sowing ye may never see a harvest. The seed must be *sown everywhere*, too, for there are no choice corners of the world that you can afford to let alone, in the hope that they will be self-productive. Ye may not leave the rich and intelligent under the notion that surely the Gospel will be found among them, for it is not so: the pride of life leads them away from God. You may not leave the poor and illiterate, and say, "Surely they will of themselves feel their need of Christ." Not so: they will sink from degradation to degradation unless you uplift them with the Gospel. No tribe of man, no peculiar constitution of the human mind, may be neglected by us, but everywhere we must preach the word, in season and out of season.

I have heard that *Captain Cook*, the celebrated circumnavigator, was in one respect an admirable example to us. Wherever he landed, in whatever part of the earth it might be, he took with him a little packet of divers English seeds, and he was often observed to scatter them in suitable places. He would leave the boat and wander up from the shore. He said nothing to anybody, but quietly scattered English seeds wherever he went, so that he belted the world with the flowers and herbs of his native land. Imitate him wherever you go: sow spiritual seed in every place that your foot shall tread upon.

Let us now think of what you cannot do. *You cannot, after the seed has left your hand, cause it to put forth life.* I am sure

YOU CANNOT MAKE IT GROW,

for you do not know how it grows. The text saith, "And the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how." That which is beyond the range of our knowledge is certainly beyond the reach of our power. Can you make a seed germinate? You may place it under circumstances of damp and heat which will cause it to swell and break forth with a shoot, but the germination itself is beyond you. How is it done? We know not.

After the germ has been put forth, can you make it further grow, and develop its life into leaf and stem? No; that, too, is out of your power. And when the green, grassy blade has been succeeded by the ear, can you ripen it? It will be ripened; but can *you* do it? You know you cannot; you can have no finger in the actual process, though you may promote the conditions under which it is produced. Life is a mystery; growth is a mystery; ripening is a mystery; and these *three mysteries* are as fountains sealed against all intrusion.

Certainly this is true of the rise and progress of the Word of God in the heart. It enters the soul, and roots itself ye know not how. Naturally men hate the word, but it enters and it changes the heart, so that they come to love it, but we know not how. Their whole nature is renewed, so that instead of producing sin it yields repentance, faith, and love, but we know not how. How it is that the Spirit of God deals with the mind of man, how He creates the new heart and the right spirit, how we are begotten again unto a lively hope, how we are born of the Spirit, we cannot tell.

This work of God having proceeded in the growth of the seed, what next?

WE CAN REAP

the ripe ears. After a season God the Holy Spirit uses His servants again. As soon as the living seed has produced first of all the blade of thought, and afterward the green ear of conviction, and then faith, which is as full corn in the ear, then the Christian worker comes in for further service, for *he can reap.* "When the fruit is brought forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle." This is not the reaping of the last great day, for that does not come within the scope of the parable, which evidently relates to a human sower and reaper. The kind of reaping which the Saviour here intends is that which He referred to when He said to His disciples, "Lift up now your eyes, for behold the fields are white already to the harvest."

Christian workers *begin their harvest work by watching* carefully to see when men evince signs of faith in Christ. They are eager to see the blade, and delighted to mark the ripening ear. They often hope that men are believers, but they long to be sure of it; and when they judge that at last the fruit of faith is put forth, they begin to encourage, to congratulate, and to comfort. They know that the young believer needs to be housed in the barn of Christian fellowship, that he may be saved from a thousand perils.

He does not rest till he has introduced the convert to the communion of the faithful. For our work, beloved, is but half done when men are made disciples and baptized. We have then to encourage, to instruct, to strengthen, to console, and succor in all times of difficulty and danger. What saith the Saviour? "Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you."

The reaper is the man who gathers in the converts, and he fulfils an honorable and useful office. If I preach the Gospel to-day, and some shall be converted, I shall be the sower; but if going home to the respective towns in which you live, you who have dropped in here as strangers, shall be received into the churches of your own pastors, they will be reaping what I have sown. I envy not my brother minister his success in gathering in the converts, but I rejoice with him. The sower and the reaper may well rejoice together, for *our work is one*, and we labor for one Lord.

II. Our second head is like unto the first, and consists of

WHAT WE CAN KNOW

and what we cannot know. We can know when we have sown the good seed of the word that it will grow; for God has promised that it shall do so. Not every grain in every place; for some will go to the bird, and some to the worm, and some to be scorched by the sun; but as a general rule God's word shall not return unto Him void, it shall prosper in the thing whereto He hath sent it. This we can know. And we can know that the seed when once it takes root will continue to grow; that it is not a dream or a picture that will disappear, but a thing of force and energy, which will advance from a grassy blade to corn in the ear, and under God's blessing will develope to actual salvation, and be as the "full corn in the ear." God helping and blessing it, our work of teaching will not only lead men to thought and conviction, but to conversion and eternal life.

We also can know, because we are told so, that the reason for this is mainly because there is *life in the word.* In the Word of God itself there is life, for it is written "The Word of God is quick and powerful,"—that is, "living and powerful." It is "the incorruptible seed which liveth and abideth forever." It is the nature of living seed to grow, and the reason why the Word of God grows in men's hearts is because it is the living word of the living God, and where the word of king is there is power. We know this, because the Scriptures teach us so. Is it not written, "Of His own will begat He us by the word of truth?"

Moreover, the earth, which is here the type of the man, "*bringeth forth fruit of herself.*" We must mind what we are at in expounding this, for human hearts do not produce faith of themselves they are as hard rock on which the seed perishes. But it means this, that as the earth under the blessing of the dew and the rain is, by God's secret working upon it, made to take up and embrace the seed, so the heart of man is made ready to receive and enfold the Gospel of Jesus Christ within itself. There is a something congruous in the earth to the seed which is sown in it, so that the seed is adopted and nourished by the soil. Just so is it by the heart of man when God makes it honest and good ground.

You, the sower, are thus taught by the parable that spiritual life and growth are of God, and come by the seed and the soil far more than by you. So far as the truth is concerned, its intrinsic power is the same whoever preaches it. It is not because such and such a divine, whom God has blessed tells out the Gospel, that therefore it lives in men's hearts. Oh no; it is because of the truth itself and because of the hearts themselves which receive the truth by the secret working of God's blessed Spirit. So much as this we may know, and is not enough for all practical purposes?

Still, there is *a something which we cannot know;* a secret into which we cannot pry. I repeat what I have said before, you cannot look in men's inward parts and see exactly how the truth takes hold upon the heart, or the heart takes hold upon the truth. Many have watched their own feelings till they have become blind with despondency, and others have watched the feelings of

young till they have done them rather harm than good by their rigorous supervision. In God's work there is more room for faith than for sight. The heavenly seed grows secretly. You must bury it out of sight, or there will be no harvest.

Thou knowest not the way of the Spirit. His work is wrought in secret, and thou canst not tell whence He cometh or whither He goeth. "*Explain the new birth,*" says somebody. My answer is, "Experience the new birth, and you shall know what it is." There are secrets into which we cannot enter, for their light is too bright for mortal eyes to endure. O man, thou canst not become omniscient, for thou art a creature, and not the Creator. For thee there must ever be a region not only unknown but unknowable.

III. Thirdly, our text tells us

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT

if we work for God, and what we may not expect. According to this parable *we may expect to see fruit.* The husbandman casts his seed into the ground, and the seed springs and grows, and he may expect a harvest. I wish I could say a word to stir up the expectations of Christian workers; for I fear that many work without faith. If you have a garden or a field, and you sow seed in it, you would be very greatly surprised and grieved if it did not come up at all; but many Christian people seem quite content to work on, and they never reckon upon result so much as to look for it expectantly. This is a pitiful kind of working—*pulling up empty buckets* by the year together. Surely I must either see a result for my labor and be glad, or else, failing to see it, I must be ready to break my heart, if I be a true servant of the great Master. We ought to expect results; if we had expected more we should have seen more, but a lack of expectation has been a great cause of failure in God's workers.

But we may not expect to see all the seed which we sow spring up the moment we sow it. Sometimes, glory be to God, we have but to deliver the word, and straightway men are converted; the reaper overtakes the sower, in such instances, but it is not always so. Some sowers have been diligent for years upon certain plots of ground, and apparently all has been in vain, till at the last the harvest has come, a harvest which, speaking after the manner of men, had never been reaped if they had not persevered to the end. This world, as I believe, is to be converted to Christ; but not to-day, nor to-morrow, peradventure not for many an age; but the sowing of the centuries is not being lost, it is all working on toward the grand ultimatum.

A crop of mushrooms may soon be produced, but *a forest of oaks* will not reward the planter till generations of his children have moldered into the dust. It is ours to sow, and to hope for quick reaping; but still we ought to remember that "the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain," and so must we. We are to expect results, but not to be dispirited if we see them not to-day or on the morrow.

We are also to expect to see the good seed grow, but not always after our fashion. We are nearly all of us like children, for still there are not many fathers, and like children we are apt to be impatient. Your little boy sowed mustard and cress yesterday in his little garden. This afternoon Master Johnny will be turning over the ground to see if the seed is growing. There is no probability that his mustard and cress will come to anything, for he will not let it alone long enough for it to grow. So is it with *hasty workers;* they must see the result of the Gospel directly, or else they will leave off, and distrust the blessed word. Although the people may have taken the word into their minds and may be considering it, certain preachers are in such a hurry that they will allow no time for thought, no space for counting the cost, no opportunity for men to consider their ways, and turn to the Lord with full purpose of heart.

I am solemnly convinced that some men are prevented from being saved by being told that they are saved already, and by being *puffed up with a notion of perfection* when they are not even broken in heart. Perhaps if such people had been taught to look for something deeper they might not have been satisfied with receiving seed on stony ground; but now they are content with that which comes of seed sown on unbroken rocks; they exhibit a rapid development, and an equally rapid decline and fall. Let us believingly

EXPECT TO SEE THE SEED GROW;

but let us look to see it advance after the manner of the preacher, firstly, secondly, thirdly; first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear.

We may expect also to see the seed ripen. Our work will lead up by God's grace to real faith in those He hath wrought upon by His word and Spirit, but we must not expect to see it perfect at the first. How many mistakes have been made here. Here is a young person under impression, and some good sound brother talks with that young person and asks profound questions. He shakes his experienced head, and knits his furrowed brows. He goes into the corn-field to see how the crops are prospering, and though it is early in the year, he laments that he cannot see an ear of corn; indeed, he perceives nothing but mere grass. "I cannot see a trace of corn," says he. No, brother, of course you cannot; for you will not be satisfied with the blade as an evidence of life, but must insist upon seeing everything at full growth at once. If you had looked for the blade you would have found it; and it would have encouraged you.

Do not despise the day of small things. Do not examine the new-born babe about Calvinism in its different shades, to see whether he is sound after your idea of soundness; ten to one he is a long way off sound, and you will only worry the dear heart by introducing difficult questions. Speak to him about his being a sinner, and Christ a Saviour, and you will in this way water him, so that his grace in the ear will become the full corn. It may be that there is not much that looks like wheat about him yet, but by-and-by you shall say, "Wheat! ah, that it is, if I know wheat. This man is a true ear of corn, and gladly will I place him among my Master's sheaves."

If you crush the blades, where will the ears come from? If you cut off the green ears, where will the ripe ones be? Expect grace in your converts, but do not look to see glory in them just yet. It is enough if you see heaven begun; do not look to see it complete in them here below.

Expect, then, brethren—for you may expect it—

TO SEE A HARVEST,

but do not expect to find every seed springing up. "There," says one, "that is *a discouraging word.*" It may be so, but it is a true word. There is an old worldly proverb which saith, "Blessed are those who expect nothing, for they shall never be disappointed." I do not believe in that proverb, but I believe in a moderate form of it: "Blessed are those who do not expect what is unreasonable, for they will not get it." If you young people who begin to work for God expect that every word you speak will be useful to all who hear it, it will not happen, and you will grow discouraged; therefore I would raise your expectation as high as truth permits, and no higher. I would have you climb to the top of the ladder; but if I encourage you to go any higher you will soon be going down the other side, under the notion that you are ascending.

The results of our ministry in these days will be mixed, even as they were when Paul preached, and some believed and some believed not; we must be prepared for that, and yet I bid you let your expectations be very large, for you may have sixty or a hundred-fold of fruit from the seed if God be with you, and that will abundantly repay you, even if the crows and the worms should eat their share of the grain.

IV. The last head is this,

WHAT SLEEP WORKERS MAY TAKE,

and what they may not take; for it is said of this sowing man, that he sleeps and rises night and day, and the seed springs and grows up he knoweth not how. They say a farmer's trade is a good one, because it is going on while he is abed and asleep; and surely ours is a good trade, too, when we serve our Master by sowing good seed, for it is growing even while we are asleep.

But how may a good workman for Christ lawfully go to sleep? I answer, first, he may sleep *the sleep of restfulness* born of confidence. You are afraid the kingdom of Christ will not come, are you? Who asked you to tremble for the ark of the Lord? Afraid for the infinite Jehovah that His purposes will fail? Shame on you! Your anxiety dishonors your God. You degrade Him by a suspicion of His failing. Shall Omnipotence be defeated? You had better sleep than wake to play the part of Uzzah.

Also take that sleep which leads to a happy waking of joyful expectancy. Get up in the morning and feel that the Lord is ruling all things for the accomplishment of His own purpose. Look for it. If you do not sleep you certainly will not wake up in the morning refreshed, and ready for more work. If it were possible for you to sit up all night and eat the bread of carefulness you would be unfit to attend to the service which your Master appoints for the morning; therefore take your rest and be at peace, and work with calm dignity; for the matter is safe in the Lord's hands.

Take your rest because you have consciously resigned the work into God's hands. After you have spoken the word resort to God in prayer, and commit it into God's hand, and then do not fret about it. It cannot be in better keeping—leave it there.

But do not sleep *the sleep of unwatchfulness.* The farmer sows his seed, but he does not therefore forget it. He has to mend his fences to keep the cattle out; it may be he has to drive away birds, to remove weeds, or to prevent floods. While he is not sitting down to watch the growth, he has plenty else to do. He never sleeps

THE SLEEP OF INDIFFERENCE

or even of inaction; for each season has its demand upon him. He has sown one field, but he has another to sow. He has sown, but he has also to reap; and if reaping is done, he has something else to do. He has never done; for in one part or other of the farm he is needed. His sleep is but an interlude that gives him strength to continue in his occupations. Consider that the parable teaches us that we have not to intrude into the domain of God; but with regard to the secret working of truth upon man's mind, we are to take our rest, and go on our way, serving our day and generation according to the will of God.

I want you, dear brethren and sisters, to come to that point this morning. "Lord, this is Thy work. Lord, thou canst do Thine own work. Lord, do Thine own work—we entreat and beseech Thee to do it. Lord, help us to do *our* work, both at the beginning of the chapter and at the end of the chapter, confident that Thou wilt not fail in the middle of the chapter; but that Thou wilt do Thy work. Help us to exercise faith in Thee, and to go about our labor in the confidence that Thou art with us, and we are workers together with Thee."

Up, brethren, to the mountain, to the brow of Carmel, up there and pray that God will send a shower of heavenly rain by His Spirit. Up, Elijah; put your head between your knees and cry till you are certain that the cloud, though it be little at first as a man's hand, will cover all the earth and water the land with blessing. Up and pray that God will sweep away all the doubts which, like locusts, devour the church to-day, and all love of sin and all rejection of Christ, that at this hour, even at this hour, God may glorify Himself by the feeble hand of His sower while He scatters the seed. I beg your prayers, my dear and faithful friends, this afternoon, and this evening, that the word of the Lord may be divinely victorious. I stand back that God may work, and then come forward that God may work through me, and to Him be praise forever. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 230,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

A Missionary Service in Southern Africa.

DR. MOFFAT PREACHING AT MOSHEU.

In the year 1836 Dr. Moffat left his mission station at Kuruman and visited the towns on the Yellow and Kolong rivers. He then determined to proceed to the distant and isolated village of Mosheu. The chief, whose name was Mosheu, had visited Kuruman in 1834, and as he could understand the Sechuana language, the missionary availed himself of the opportunity to speak of the "one thing needful." He appeared to listen to what was said to him on Divine subjects, but without any particular attention. He asked nothing, and remarked on leaving, holding Mr. Moffat's hand in his own, "I came to see you; my visit has given me pleasure; and now I return home."

After some time Mosheu repeated his visit to Kuruman, bringing with him a very large retinue. He desired to enter the kingdom of God. "When first I visited you," he said to Mr. Moffat, "*I had only one heart, but now I've come with two.* I cannot rest; my eyes will not slumber, because of the greatness of the things you told me on my first visit." Before he left the missionary settlement, he entreated Mr. Moffat to visit his village as soon as possible.

After passing through a rough and bushy country, Mr. Moffat at length entered the village of Mosheu, and received a hearty welcome. It was nearly midnight before the people would disperse, and their departure was a great relief to the missionary. On awaking from a short sleep early in the morning Mr. Moffat was astonished to find a large congregation waiting before his wagon, to whom he preached from John 3 : 16 for more than an hour. *The scene depicted above* was in the centre of the village, composed of Bechuana and Coranna houses and cattle-folds. At a distance a party were approaching, riding on oxen. A few strangers drew near with their *spears and shields*, who instantly laid them down on being requested to do so. The native dogs could not understand the strange-looking being on the front of the wagon, holding forth to a gazing throng, and they would occasionally break the silence with their bark. After remaining for a few days among them, Mr. Moffat left, feeling assured that God would pour out upon the place a blessing. Mosheu is now one of the most flourishing missionary centres in that remote part of Southern Africa.

THE BOYS OF CITY STREETS.

(*Continued from page* 413.)

JUMBO.

At one of the meetings I noticed a young lad of fifteen seated with the rest, looking anxious, very timid, and very poor, and not long afterward I got from him his story, which ran as follows:

"My mother's dead; father and the two little 'uns are in the 'house.' I've a sister wot's in service over the water, and a big brother; but he's ill now, so I hearn, and he's out of work."

"Where does your brother live?" "I don't know; I've not seen him for a long time."

"Did your father use to drink?" "Yes, that's why he's in that there place now. He used to come home and knock mother about, so as she left home for weeks, afeard to come home; but she's dead now."

"How do you get your living?" "Wal, I used to sleep out o' nights, like 'Ginger' and them two," pointing to two lads. "For three years I did that, but I'as 'ad enough of it; and one day, as I were in the lodgin' house, guv'nor comes up to me, and he says, if I helped him to wash up the dishes and clean up the place he would let me sleep there for nothink, and give me money for my grub; and I stayed there ever since. I 'as 'ad enough o' sleeping out in them vans."

Soon after this conversation I went up to the lodging-house he referred to, where I found that he had told me the truth, and I was told that he was a very good lad. But it was not long after this when at one of the meetings I found "Jumbo" look very low-spirited. Presently I heard him saying to one of the lads, "I ain't a-goin' to lodgin'-'ouse to-night; I'm goin' to sleep out to-night." "What are you saying?" I asked. "Wal, mum," he said, in rather subdued tones, "Guv'nor knocked me about this morning, and I ain't a-goin' back to *him* no more." "Tell me all about it,' I said. "Wal, I sleeps over-late this mornin', and guv'nor comes upstairs with a strap, and pulls me out o' bed, and begins leatherin' me about; so I ain't goin' back to *him* no more," with a determined toss of the head. He never did go back again, except as a visitor when possessed of 4d., and has now to walk the streets or take refuge in some corner of a stable or van, like the others, when he has not saved enough during the day to pay for his bed.

"PARROT"

is seventeen years of age. Of him, one of his companions said to me two years ago, and in desperate earnestness, "Satan is *in* him, mum; if we could only get 'Parrot' away from here, we might get on then, but it's useless trying to be good while *he* is round here." I am glad to say, however, that, bad as "Parrot" used to be, he is now much altered for the better, although I must admit that his character still affords room for further improvement. Poor "Parrot" is much to be pitied. He has no father, and in speaking to him about his mother one evening, I was greatly struck with the disrespectful tone of voice he used. "Kindness, indeed! *She* don't care about me, *she* don't," in a despairing tone. "She turned me out the other night, 'cause I was late, and I had to join them two in the vans;" this with a sneer and an expression of utter disgust, not only with his mother's conduct, but with the world in general.

"Parrot" has been one of the most regular attendants at the little room, and many a time in leaving he has said half-jokingly to me, "Won't you let us stay and watch that there lump o' coal out? We will be good, and them boys wot's gone won't know." And I knew it did them more good to "watch that lump o' coal go out" than to loiter outside exposed to dangerous temptations. Permission therefore has been often given to a few to remain behind after the meeting has dispersed. Then they would sit round the fire, I taking up needle and cotton and trying not to listen to *all* that was being said between my young friends.

"Now, then," says "Croppy," "let's have hymn 45." "No," says "Jumbo," "106." "No, let's sing 114, that' a fine 'un." "'Blessed Jesus,' that's my favorite; that's best, isn't it, Missus H—?" appealing to me; and so they would go on through nearly half of the well-known *Sacred Songs and Solos*. At another time it would be a talk about what happened during the day, or about "that bloke wot stabbed another in the back."

"Was it up in your yard, Croppy?" "Yes," o' course it was." "An' did yer know him?" "Ay, and a rare bad 'un he is too, although he is stabbed in the back."

Or it might be about "Old Copper." "Just as I wur a-comin' round the corner, he comes up to me, and slap he goes (at the same time imitating it) in my face, till I goes spinnin' on the other side." "What were you doing, Jerry, that the policeman should do that to you?" "Nothin', Missus H—, they allers boxes us if we stand still; we 'as to move on." "But surely you must have been doing something very wrong before the policeman would have beaten you like that?" "No mum! no!" from all, "Copper allers does that!" "Why, t'other night," said Bill, "me and Jack was rather late a-goin' home, and he says to me somethink, and just then old 'Copper' comes up and fetched me such a clout on my 'ead, and says, 'Take that! wot are you a-doin' of here.' We says, 'Nothink,' and he says, 'You be off, or—'"

The other evening, finding one of the most hopeful of my lads looking pale and ill, and with a very bad cough, I suggested to him to make haste home as soon as he could, and go to bed. The tears were in his eyes as he replied, "I have no place to go to, mum; they won't let me go home. I 'ad to sleep out in a cab last night, and I've caught this cold through it." "Was it the first

The Liverpool Town Hall.

Destruction of the British Ship "Doterel."

time you slept out?" "Oh, no!" Jim answered, "for I've often found him a-bed in the stables." "But why *do* you sleep out?" "Why, mum, 'cause father won't let *me* go home 'cos I'se got no work."

Another lad of seventeen told me the same story about himself. "Father won't let me go home until I find work." "But do you *try* to get work?" "Yes, Missus H—, but it's no use on me goin' home, father'll only nag and knock me about." This lad's mother came to me the other day, with tears in her eyes, to thank me for my kindness to her son. She herself would gladly have her son home, even when he had no work. "But his father," she said, "has such a bad stubborn temper, and he is very angry with me for taking his part." "But has he considered that he forces his son down to the level of the beasts of the field? Does he know that he has to sleep with horses? or may have to walk the streets all night and be tempted to steal?" She burst into a flood of tears. "Oh!" she said, "my poor, poor boy!"

The other lad, who was still crying, said, "We 'as all to fly when father comes home, he is always a naggin' and leatherin' us about, and my sister can't sleep at home when she 'as no work in the factory." "I suppose your father gets drunk?" "I 'spects he does." "Well, don't cry, my poor lad, God will take care of you if you will only ask Him."

(To be continued.)

THE TOWN HALL OF LIVERPOOL,
Which the Skirmishers Attempted to Destroy.

IN THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of June 16th, on the page devoted to Foreign Topics, we described the attempt made on June 10th by the "skirmishers" to blow up the Town Hall of Liverpool. The above illustration is a picture of the building. It stands nearly on the site of the old Market-cross, memorable as having been the scene of *the closing struggle* of the first siege of this town in the civil war of the Parliament in 1648. Hard by stood the original Town Hall, called in the charters *Domus beatæ Mariæ*. In later times the original dedication seems to have been preserved, the building having been called variously Ladie Halle, Ladie Marie Halle, Ladie Mercer's Halle, Court House, and, in legal documents, *Auli Consilii* or *Prætorium*.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth it became the Comyn Hall, and as such it seems to have been used for a variety of purposes. There is some doubt as to what its real appearance was, but it was presumably *thatched*, since, in 1567, it was ordered for the first time to be covered with slates.

Such as it was the building lasted for another century, when it was replaced by what Blome calls "a famous town-house, placed on pillars and arches of hewen stone, and underneath is the publick exchange for merchants."

The present handsome and imposing building dates from 1749, but the interior, having been destroyed by fire, is the work of the early part of the present century only.

About four o'clock on the morning of Friday, June 10th, an attempt was made to blow up the west end of the hall by means of a bomb, which was placed against the door by two men who ran away across the Exchange pavement. They were observed by a policeman, who gave chase and captured one of them. The other jumped into the canal, but was afterward arrested. Both men had loaded revolvers, and are said to be Irishmen. Before giving chase to the men, the policeman took the bomb from the door of the Town Hall and threw it into the road, where it exploded with a loud report. The concussion broke a large number of windows both in the Town Hall and in some of the neighboring offices, but no further harm was done.

At the examination of the two men in court, evidence was given, proving that the explosive used was dynamite. It is also known that the men were connected with the band of Fenians known as the Skirmishers, whose avowed object is to inflict injury on public property in England in revenge for the English policy in Ireland. O'Donovan Rossa, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who is supposed to be chief of the band, stated that he did not know the men, but admitted some knowledge that the attempt and similar projects were contemplated.

DESTRUCTION OF THE BRITISH SHIP "DOTEREL."

ON Tuesday, May 3d, the Secretary to the Brit- Admiralty sent to the daily papers the following brief but significant telegram, received on the evening of that day from Monte Video: "Doterel blown up 26th April, Straits of Magellan, Sandy Point; cause unknown. Lieutenant Stokes stays at scene of disaster to ascertain cause with divers. Commander, paymaster, engineer Walker, carpenter, and seven seamen saved. Survivors returning home in mail steamer Britannia." Thus briefly was the terrible story told; 143 lives were lost.

A suspicion is prevalent that the explosion was caused by dynamite secretly conveyed on board the vessel by Irish skirmishers and placed in the hold. This suspicion is confirmed by admissions made by O'Donovan Rossa. It is also supported by the fact that the government had received an intimation that some such project was intended. A letter from the Pelican, at Panama, written a few days prior to the disaster to the Doterel, was received at Plymouth on May 6. It says:—

"We have got a kind of Fenian scare out here. It has come to the knowledge of the government that this kind of people are going to attempt to blow up the English men-of-war on this station, so we have orders to secure ourselves from being blown up by torpedoes during the night. Every night after dark we place a kind of protection over the side of the vessel, and the sentries on the upper deck have ball ammunition served out to them, so that if they should attempt any such thing they may expect a sharp reception. There is a vigilant look-out kept, and if a boat approaches and does not give a satisfactory account of herself they fire and send an armed boat after her."

In a telegram from St. Vincent, one of the survivors says that the first explosion was so slight that, although the ship seemed to lift a little, and then move astern, he thought it was a gun that had been fired, and laughed at the sudden terror of every one. Almost immediately afterward he saw a great tongue of flame leap up between funnel and foremast, and found himself in the water. The ship seemed to break in two, the fore part going down at once with a plunge, the after portion sinking more gradually. He was struck on the head with something as the mainmast fell across on to the port side and was entangled by the sail and carried down under water. He got free with great difficulty and was almost dead when he came to the surface. Fortunately some hammocks were floating near, and he clung to one until picked up.

The diving operations now in progress may reveal the cause of the disaster. Should it be found to have been the work of the Skirmishers it will embitter public opinion against them. It will show that, like the Nihilists, they do not care how many innocent lives they destroy in the prosecution of their dastardly schemes.

Meanwhile the Queen has manifested her sympathy with the friends and relatives of those who have thus lost their lives, by messages of condolence, which we may expect will be followed by more substantial evidence of sympathy, as Queen Victoria is one of the wealthiest women in Europe and can well afford to assist those who have been bereaved in her service.

TOUCHES OF REAL LIFE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Lady Hope, of Cariden.

(*Continued from page 415.*)

Aleth's Inquiry—Hopes to Attend a Meeting—The Rector Reproved—A Visit to Sykes' Cottage—Sykes asks for Work.

"THERE is one thing I want to ask you," Aleth proceeded, while Etta listened. "Did papa send you something from me one day, in an envelope? He told me he would by the post."

The "something" Etta had avoided any mention of, in case the child should not have been let into the secret by her father. But now that she saw it was *no* secret, she was able to talk to her about it.

"Yes, darling!" she said, "that beautiful little envelope that came by the post will make all the men *so* warm and comfortable, and their new coffee-house so pretty and bright. You must come in and see it some day, and they will all give you a welcome!"

"How shall I know when they will all be there?" Aleth asked.

"If you come some evening, and tell me beforehand, I will tell Michael and the others; and then they will all be there."

Aleth clapped her hands.

"What fun it will be!" she said. "Would they like to have some of my pictures to put up on the walls?"

"We must ask papa about that, I think," said Etta. "But I daresay that if everybody gives us pictures or some texts the walls will soon look as gay as possible won't they?"

"How do you mean '*everybody?*'" Aleth inquired.

"There will be you, and me, and my mother, and sisters, and Harold, and Mrs. Clemence, and a great many other people besides."

"And perhaps," said Aleth, "if they give us some pictures, they will come some day to see how the pictures look!"

"Perhaps they will," replied Etta.

And then the door opened, and in walked Mr. Habershon.

"I hear you are very busy," he said to Etta. "That will be a capital building, after all. I had no idea it was going to be anything so thorough. And positively ornamental too! Ha—ha—ha!" he laughed; "poor rickety old place it used to be!"

"Don't laugh at it, papa," said Aleth. "Do you know what they used to do in it? They used *to pray.*"

"Well!" answered Mr. Habershon, talking rather to Etta than to Aleth, "it certainly was not much like a consecrated building!" and he smiled again.

"But I think that doesn't matter, papa! Because you know Jesus was in a manger, in a stable, and somebody said even the inns out in that country were 'tumbledown old places!'"

"Hush, my child! you don't know what you are talking about."

"No; then I won't say 'tumbledown,' if it's wrong, papa. But Jesus went into all *kinds* of places, boats and ships and cottages and houses and roads and markets and churches, and meeting-houses and everywhere. Didn't he, papa? You have *often* told me about it all. And I expect," she continued, "He's been pretty often in that old shed. Because old Bateman and Hutton are so fond of Jesus, and they ask Him to come there. Then He goes."

"Darling little heretic!" he said, fondly kissing her. "What would my lord the bishop say if he were listening to all this?"

"I know what he would say, papa!" promptly replied the child. "He would say, 'That's a good girl!'"

"Would he?" said the rector; "that is a marvellous assertion. How do you know he would say that?"

"Because he *always* says it when he takes me on his knee. And because he always asks me if I have been reading any more Bible stories; and if I say 'Yes!' he says, 'What were they?' and then when I tell him, he says, 'Good girl!' and gives me a kiss."

"The child always has the best of it," said her father *sotto voce* to Etta, as he turned from the bright eyes and golden hair, that exercised a daily fascination over him.

Then Etta bade "Good-bye" to the child, and followed the rector downstairs.

"What a dear child she is!" Etta remarked as they closed the door. "The people are all devoted to her."

"She is very fond of *you!*" said Mr. Habershon. "You have been very kind to her. Indeed, so much sympathy and friendship have been shown us during this illness, that it has made quite a fresh tie between myself and my parish. I could not have believed there was so much latent feeling behind many an ordinary exterior. But I hope we shall soon have her running about again now. The doctor speaks very confidently of her progress."

On her way home Etta called at Sykes's cottage. All smiles, the poor mother received her. She was wrapped in the soft, warm folds of the cross-over shawl that Etta had fashioned in double knitting yarn, both serviceable and bright; and right hospitably she welcomed her guest to the interior of her small abode.

The conversation naturally turned upon *father* Sykes, Tom, and Bill.

"I know '*twill* be a good thing when that there new place is opened," said Mrs. Sykes. "Then, maybe, you'll ask 'em in pretty often, miss! There's my Bill, he's ever so much taken up about it. He says, 'Now, we shall see our young lady of an evening!' he says. I says; 'Don't be too sure of that,' I says; 'she's lots of 'em at home to look after,' I says."

"Oh no! I think they will quite spare me sometimes in the evening. I am sure they will. I am not busy *then*," she added, earnestly hoping her words would prove true, and feeling how utterly useless all this expenditure would be if she were *not* allowed to come down at that hour among the people.

In a few minutes Tom appeared on the scene. Work was over, and he looked hot and tired, not to say bashful and awkward in his manners. But he retired into an inner cupboard, from whence he reappeared with his face all rubbed up and redder than ever, and his hair wet but pushed off his brow; which symptoms proved that he had been having "somethink of a clean!" And he now felt more at ease in the presence of his mother's visitor.

"How are you getting on, Tom?" she asked.

"Pretty well! I thank yer," he replied.

"Or is it *very* well?" she inquired, smiling merrily. "You look all right, at any rate."

"Well!" confided Tom to his boots, looking persistently down at their toes; and then letting off a little more of his electricity, by scratching the top of his head, "Well! I'm afraid it's only very middlin'!"

"Middling! how is that?" Etta asked very gently, looking earnestly at him.

"Dear me!" ejaculated the mother, "there's that haporth of herrings I never got for your father's tea, and he'll be in d'rectly," and so saying she adroitly vanished, that the young lady might have a clear field for action.

Poor Tom did look a little more at his ease, when there was no longer the accustomed presence of one who only knew his faults too well.

"'Tain't much good a-tryin'!" he said first in a low voice, and then in a louder, as he scraped the hearth-dust backward and forward under his hob-nailed boot.

"No! it ain't, that's a fact!" said Tom, gaining courage as he proceeded. "'Tain't no use! I'm sure I though I'd almost a-given it over for a while (he meant *drinking*). And then what with one thing and another, I have had a drop more again now and then."

"But what's the 'one thing and another'?" Etta asked.

"Oh! when the work goes crooked; or the master gets *out* with ye; or if the others says, 'Come on, and '*ave* 'alf a pint!' and all the rest of it. There's quite enough to *make* a chap drink, if he wants to, or if he *don't* want neither. It don't make much odds, seems to me! The drink's sure to go into you, somehow or other."

"O Tom!" said Etta, smiling; "you know your mouth is your own. You need not open it unless you like. The beer is everywhere. That is quite true; more's the pity! And the spirit shops are always facing you. That I know. But you need not drink it," she continued, looking into his face most earnestly.

"Well, I suppose there is something in that!" said Tom, kicking a cinder into the fire that was tumbling out of it. "I suppose my mouth is my own!" and he laughed.

"No, Tom! it *isn't!*" said Etta suddenly. "It *is not* your own!"

Tom turned round sharply, and looked inquiringly at his visitor. "What did she mean? that was an odd thing to say!" his look implied.

But now Etta had dragged a small Bible out of her pocket: and was opening it. As she turned over the leaves, she said:

"Listen, Tom! I was wrong when I told you just now that your mouth was your own; for here it says (Ps. 12):

"'The Lord shall cut off all flattering lips, and the tongue that speaketh proud things.

"'Who have said, With our tongue will we prevail; our lips are our own; who is lord over us.'

"You see God wasn't pleased with the people that said that. Because they had made a mistake."

Tom still looked rather surprised. And then Etta said:

"You see, Tom, we must neither let *out* nor let *in* things that harm us, for we are '*not* our own.' We are 'bought with a price.' Jesus Christ, our dear, loving Saviour, shed His precious blood for us. That was the 'price' He paid. Nothing else could save us but this. It was paid down by Him. You *must not* let Satan have you, when Jesus wants so much to bless you now."

"Dear Tom!" she ended, seeing his eyes suffused with tears, "*will* you give your heart to this gracious, kind Saviour, who loves you so much? *Will* you? We will just ask Him to bless you!"

And without moving from her seat, she prayed, "O Lord! bless my friend, Tom Sykes! and do make him *hate* the drink and turn away from it altogether. And bless his companions too, and his father and brother, and his dear mother! Let them all serve Thee. May we all be friends of Jesus Christ's, and help one another to live nearer to Him!"

As she finished she put her hand on Tom's shoulder and said:

"I am sure, Tom, that you will be a great help to me with the new coffee-house when it is opened. You will often come in, won't you, and you will persuade the others to come too?"

"I'd like very well to do anything I could to help ye," said Tom. "You've been a good friend to *us!*"

The poor fellow's face was flushed and full of feeling, at the new and strong sensations of *influence* that had come over him. Though there was much, of course, in the fact that a young lady had been dealing with him, yet through that medium—the only one he would have allowed, as it happened—there had stolen over his heart a sweet breath of heavenly hope, a zephyr from the land from which he had been wandering very far. It bore a fragrance with it that had charmed him, and the impression was not to pass over. But there was still more than this! The power of God's Holy Spirit had been brought to bear directly upon his heart, through the Scripture read and prayer offered. And this power was omnipotent. It was Etta's increasing faith in this that made her feel glad and satisfied that she had been allowed this interview with poor Tom.

And yet, as she saw the others now return one by one into the cottage, she felt the overwhelming sense of Shenstone's need.

"What shall we do for them?" she still thought, as her ideas flowed on in an undercurrent beneath the friendly sentences that were already passing

between herself and the father and younger son, who had just entered.

Bill's broad smile of wordless welcome was unmistakable, as much so as the father's homely suggestion, delivered with a sideways nod of the head :

" I hope I see you well, miss ! We shan't put ye about, if yer like to stop a bit."

From Sykes this meant quite as much as, and perhaps much more than, the grandest phrases from some of Etta's former fox-hunting or waltzing friends.

He merely meant that he was glad to find her there, and that he hoped she would not go away. However, the afternoon was going, gone ! the time was precious, and she had much to do ; so, after a very brief chat in her own simple, winning way, about matters likely to interest her host—his work, his son's health, and the herrings that were coming for his tea ! at which all laughed—she was preparing to leave, when the father Sykes stepped out after her.

Whispering mysteriously at the door, he said : " It's about that 'ere new coffee-house ! Do ye think there's a job of work anywhere along there that I could have, miss ? You see work's been dreadful slack lately, and I haven't got anything reg'lar *now* to do, only just a job here and there ! and there's the old wife,"—so saying, he nodded toward the door which she had just entered—" she's that anxious I should get on about *that place*. She's took a wonderful fancy to it, she has !"

" O Sykes !" said Etta, " you know why you have no work. It's just because you *will* go into these public-houses. Then that makes you tired. And then you get irregular and careless, and so it goes on. I know that you are such a strong man, and clever too, that it makes me quite sorry that you should have such troubles. It *ought* not to be so, you know."

A strong sob for a moment choked the tall man's voice, and then he replied :

" If only you'd been about these 'ere streets when I war a young 'un."

This he said almost violently, as he emphatically slapped the wall with his hand.

" 'Twould all have been different with me, and with a good many more too. Yes, I say it, and it's true !" he added. " There's our Bill. He won't go down nowheres *near* the publics, nor nothink of that. You might have *twenty* fiddles, I do believe, a-playin' for him, all of a row, and he wouldn't drink, no, not he !"

" Poor Bill," said Etta, " I am sorry he has lost his fiddles ; because he liked them so much. But he shall have plenty of music when I get you all into the new coffee-house.

" Then about this job ? Would you like to cart some gravel, if no one else has been engaged to do it ?"

"I'm your man !" said Sykes more blithely. " I could begin it a Monday."

(To be continued.)

THE CALL OF MOSES.

S. S. Lesson for July 17. Exod. 3 : 14. Golden Text, ver. 12. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

MOSES was forty years in Midian leading a life of retirement as Jethro's shepherd (Acts 7 : 30). While seeking pasturage for his flock, he " came to the mountain of God, even to Horeb. There the angel of the Lord " appeared to him in a flame of fire, out of the midst of a bush : and he looked, and behold the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed." Every branch, spray, and leaf was livid with burning fire, but nothing fell into ashes. God is the living, life-giving God, a consuming fire (Heb. 12 : 29), but not the author of death. He purifies the work of His hands, but does not destroy it ; that which is of earth and flesh must die, but that which is divine, the " gold, silver, precious stones" (1 Cor. 3 : 12), stands the test, and passes through the Refiner's fire.

Probably the burden of his people's wrongs lay heavy on Moses' heart, and yet it seemed as though God had heard not ; year after year went by, and still the heirs of promise were slaves in Egypt, and he who believed he was to deliver them remained in his occupation of shepherd. Without realizing perhaps that the vision he saw was the first instalment of God's answer to his prayers, Moses said, " I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt." Moses knew that nothing could happen without the will of God, or independently of His power, and thus he would not look upon the burning bush as a mere meaningless sight. Although a scientific man, there was probably more than the curiosity of science in the attention which he gave to it. It was an attention which pleased God, " And *when the Lord saw that he turned aside to see*, God called unto him out of the midst of the bush." Thus we may learn that God does not force Himself upon the attention of His children, it is man's place to be on the lookout for God, to hold himself ready at all times to hear His voice and to be at His disposal.

The Lord called him by name " out of the midst of the bush, and said, Moses, Moses ?" and instantaneously Moses answered Him, " Here am I." God's first words to him were such as should make him understand the holiness of Him with whom he had to do. " Draw not nigh hither : put off thy shoes from off thy feet ; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground ;" ground made holy by the presence of God. It is a first necessity if we would have much to do with God, and especially if we have to do with God for others, that we should be penetrated with the consciousness of His greatness and His holiness. It is blessed to know His love ; but love which has no power to deliver is a poor succor to lost, undone, bound man. It was like God that after He had manifested His power, He should hasten to manifest His love and mercy. No sooner did He remind Moses of the holy ground on which he stood than he reassured His servant and said, " I am the God of thy father." He came down to His child, " the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob," the Holy One, called Himself after the names of His servants. But the lesson of God's holiness penetrated deeply into the heart of Moses ; he " hid his face ; for he was afraid to look upon God."

God, however, was looking upon him, right down into his burdened heart, on which the burden of his God and of God's people lay ; and He touched a spring of sympathy when He said, " I have surely seen the affliction of My people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters ; for I know their sorrows ; and I am come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians, and to bring them up out of that land into a good land and a large, unto a land flowing with milk and honey." Not one groan, not one cry, not one tear of the children of Israel had been lost, not one passed unnoticed ; " in all their afflictions He was afflicted" (Isa. 63 : 9) ; He was only watching for the moment in which to deliver them without injuring them, and for an instrument who should be fitted for the work.

He said, *I* have seen their affliction, . . . *I* know their sorrows. . . . *I* am come down to deliver them, . . . the cry of the children of Israel is come unto *Me*. . . . *I* have also seen the oppression wherewith the Egyptians oppress them, . . . Come now therefore I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth My people, the children of Israel, out of Egypt." Did not God take upon Himself the whole responsibility, was not He equal to the task ? How then did Moses say unto God, " Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt ?" What did it matter who was Moses, or what was Moses ? The mightiest man without God is nothing ; the weakest man with God can do everything which God will. Truly Moses had learned his lesson in the desert. In his early self-confidence he had thought that his brethren would have understood how that God by his hand would deliver them, and he was quite prepared to go forward without God. Now he had learned so much of his own nothingness that even when God called him he was unwilling to go. There was self-consciousness in both instances. In every service to which God calls us, our place is that of simple yielding ; not saying, Who am I ? but, Who is He that calls and empowers me to this service ?

God answered him, "Certainly I will be with thee; and this shall be a token unto thee, that I have sent thee : When thou hast brought forth the people out of Egypt, ye shall serve God upon this mountain." When all might is united with utter weakness, who would consider the weakness ? who would think it worth mentioning ? " Certainly I will be with thee"—this should have been enough for Moses, this should be enough for us. Truly when we are uncertain whether God is with us, we may well tremble before every difficulty, for everything is impossible to poor, helpless man ; in himself he has no power to do good or to resist evil, but once assured that God is with us, then nothing can be impossible to us, because nothing is impossible to Him.

But the evil heart of unbelief clings with terrible tenacity to present and past experiences, and thus we find that Moses, instead of simply taking God at His word, commenced to argue with Him and to raise difficulties. He sought to know by what name he should speak to the children of Israel of the God of their fathers who sent him unto them " And God said unto Moses, I AM THAT I AM ; and He said, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you." " I AM," this is God's name and His character, ever present, ever near, ever powerful. To the poor oppressed children of Israel He was not I Was, not I Will Be, but I AM, Jehovah, the self-existing, ever-existing God. " And God said moreover unto Moses, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, The Lord God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, hath sent me unto you : this is My name forever, and this is My memorial unto all generations." Not only God, but the God of your fathers ; not only the mighty I AM, but your God. O blessed are the people which have the Lord for their God (Ps. 144 : 15, P. B. V.). It was a blessed assurance which God gave to the people that the name which He had declared to them should be forever His name, that His relation to them should never cease.

Then God commanded Moses to go and gather the elders of Israel together, and tell them the glad, precious news of God's tender sympathy with their present afflictions and of His coming deliverance, and he was charged to say to them from God, " I have surely visited you." God be praised His thoughts are accomplished facts, so sure are they to be fulfilled. Therefore let us not fear when our experience does not seem to tally with the written Word of God, even after we have committed our cause to Him, for He cannot be unfaithful, and that which is given over to Him is already in hand to be accomplished. God told Moses beforehand what would be the result of his mission, i.e., that the children of Israel would hearken to him, but that Pharaoh would refuse their petition that they might go three days' journey in the wilderness to worship God. God does not always acquaint His instruments beforehand with the result of their mission, but in tenderness to the faint heart of Moses, He opened to him the future. We see in all this how the Lord prepares His workers for their time of service, and uses none which are untried.

Queenly Munificence.—After a meeting on behalf of the Church Missionary Society, in London, one of the poorest widows in the town brought a sovereign ($5) to the minister as her offering. He knew her deep poverty, and declined to receive it, saying that she must not think of giving so much, for he was sure she could not afford it. On hearing this she appeared disappointed and distressed, and urged him to accept it. " Oh, sir," she said, " I have often given *copper* to the Lord, two or three times I have had the pleasure of giving *silver ;* but it has been my earnest desire to have the great happiness of giving *gold* once before I die. I have long been engaged in saving every little mite that I could spare, that I might give this sovereign to-night. You must take it for the missions." The minister could no longer refuse the gift. It was added to the collection—the precious offering of a loving heart.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Most Prominent Topic in the European intelligence is the condemnation of Midhat Pasha to death for complicity in the murder of Abdul Aziz, Sultan of Turkey, in 1875. Two other Pashas and six court officers have also been sentenced to execution, and two other Pashas to ten years' penal servitude. The trial was conducted on principles grossly unfair to the accused, who were not even permitted to cross-examine the witnesses. They were informed that if after the trial it was discovered that perjury had been committed, the wrong-doers would be punished. All the condemned men have appealed against the sentence, and will be granted a hearing, but it is believed that eventually they will be executed.

The present Sultan was, it is stated, prompted to commence the investigation by the belief that the accused persons were plotting against himself, and adopted this means to get them out of the way. Midhat Pasha has always had the reputation of being a vigorous reformer, and the most advanced of Turkish governors; he has held several important offices, and the Western Powers have trusted him more implicitly than any other Turk. He was known to sympathize with the movement that issued in the deposition of Sultan Abdul Aziz, but until recently the death of that prince was supposed to have been that of a suicide. So the physicians attached to the foreign embassies pronounced it, and a large number of t e people in Constantinople still believe that was the true version, and that the recent trial is the result of a plot to destroy the prisoners.

An Affray Between the Soldiery and the tenant farmers occurred at Mitchelstown, County Cork, Ireland, on June 30th. The soldiers were employed protecting process-servers on the estate of a landowner who in 1873 advanced all the rents one hundred per cent. Twenty tenants were to be evicted, but at the last moment, through the mediation of a Roman Catholic priest, the arrears of rent were paid. The landowners at once gave orders to stop the expedition. By this time, however, the soldiers had reached the outskirts of the town, and the mob had thrown *barricades across the streets*. The soldiers and police charged right through into the square. The people hurled stones and fought with sticks, and but for the interference of the priest, who kept back armed tenants from the Ahalisk and Gurhane estates, there would have been a bloody affray. As it was, forty-two people and a number of police were injured. Reports from other districts represent the people as sullenly quiet. They are terrorized by the arrests of the Land Leaguers and the proclamations under the Coercion Act. There is no better feeling toward the Government, but on the contrary the hostility seems the more uncompromising on account of the fear which suppresses its outward manifestation. The prospects of a good harvest are reported as "promising." The population of Ireland has decreased from 8,175,000 in 1841, to 5,160,000 in 1881.

The Fren ch Government are Stated to Have organized an expedition to extend their African conquests. The same plea of keeping in order frontier tribes, by which the movement on Tunis was defended, is raised on behalf of the new movement, which is directed against Tripoli. Cable dispatches from Paris report that a French frigate is transporting Tunisian troops from Gabes to Zarziss for the purpose of restoring order among the tribes and watching the Tripoli frontier. Four regiments of troops are under orders to start for Tripoli. A quantity of war material is being sent to arm fully the native police. Both Italy and Turkey are stated to be deeply moved by the French policy of aggression, and a warlike feeling in both countries is manifested by the Governments and the people.

A Railroad Horror is Reported from Mexico. The disaster occurred at eleven o'clock on the night of Friday, June 24th, at a wooden bridge over the river San Antonio, near the village of Malpais. From the telegraphic report of the disaster it appears that for some time past this section of the country has been swept by fierce storms, swelling the creeks into torrents and laying waste many fertile fields. The bridge spanning the river at the point mentioned, although known to be unsafe, was still in use, when a train, bearing a battalion of soldiers, attempted its passage. The result was a crash as the undermined support gave way, and the engine and cars were hurled headlong down the chasm. For a moment after the plunge of the cars from the bridge all was darkness. Suddenly *one hundred barrels of brandy*, loaded on two of the vans, caught fire, and the burning fluid inundated the mass of passengers struggling in the ruins. Only a few, who were not disabled or hopelessly wedged in the timbers, escaped. The dead and living were wrapped in *a sheet of flame*, and slowly burned before the eyes of the survivors, who were unable to save them. The latest accounts of the disaster report that 17 officers and 197 privates were killed. This list does not include the railroad officials and employés, or the women and children of the soldiers, many of whom were on the train. Only sixty persons in all were saved alive, and of those forty are more or less injured.

Herr Most, he Editor of the Nihilist Journal, called the *Freiheit*, who was charged by the British Government with inciting to murder, has been sentenced to sixteen months' imprisonment, with hard labor. Lord Coleridge, the judge who passed sentence upon him, said the prisoner's offence was detestable and cowardly, and but for the jury's recommendation to mercy he would have inflicted a sentence of penal servitude. Herr Most, on leaving the prisoner's dock, exclaimed, "We might as well be in Russia." Herr Most published, in the first issue of his paper after the Czar of Russia was assassinated, an article approving that deplorable crime.

English Society Has Been Startled by a Horrible railroad murder, perpetrated on Monday, June 27th. The victim was an elderly gentleman who had been to London to collect some dividends and was returning to his home in Brighton. His assassin shot and stabbed him while the train was passing through a tunnel, and then threw his dead body out of the window of the car on to the track. The compartment bore evidence of the violence of the struggle that had taken place. The cushions of the seats were cut, and bullets were imbedded in the wood-work. When the train stopped, a man was found in the compartment bleeding from the head, but the police were satisfied with the explanation he gave of his injuries, and allowed him to go to his home. Afterward, when suspicion was excited against him and a warrant issued for his apprehension, he had made good his escape.

This crime has directed attention anew in England to the advantages of American railroad cars, in which such a crime could not have been committed. The compartments of English cars are small, generally accommodating only eight persons, and the conductors usually lock the doors, and only visit the passengers at long intervals.

Russian Nihilism Continues a Source of anxiety to the authorities. Many arrests have lately been made in connection with suspected plots. The commander, officers, and crew of the guard-ship lying off Peterhof, where the Imperial family have taken up their residence, have been changed in consequence of the discovery of a number of revolutionary proclamations on board the vessel. The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Paris *Intransigeant* states that the police have discovered, at the lodgings of a suspected person recently arrested, *a map of St. Petersburg*, specially prepared in view of a general rising in the city. None of the many bridges which span the Neva were indicated on the plan, and the conclusion was arrived at that it was intended to blow them all up, in order to render a combination of the military forces impossible. Search was made by divers, and mines were found in the supports of several bridges. It is reported that the explosives were taken from the State arsenals.

The Order Issued by the Roman Catholic Viceroy of India prohibiting street preaching in Calcutta is thus referred to in a letter dated May 9, by the Rev. J. A. D. J. Macdonald, a missionary on the spot. "To-day I have been in the police-court. Nearly all the missionaries of Calcutta were present. *Five missionaries have been arrested* for preaching in the squares, and the case was adjourned until Saturday next, on the promise that there should be no preaching *in the squares* in the meantime. One of the five made a decided stand, promising not to preach in the squares *if allowed to preach outside*, and ultimately this was allowed. *The Chief Commissioner of the Police is a Roman Catholic*, and he has clearly gone beyond the mark in prohibiting, without any proper notice or consultation, all preaching in Calcutta. I have no doubt but that the case will ultimately be decided in our favor, but there is a very strong element of officialdum to battle with here. In the north end of the town they have not stopped me preaching, although they took our names the other night. So I continue to speak as before."

A Band of Brigands near Salonica have been exterminated by Turkish troops. Mr. Suter, who has just obtained his release from captivity among them, has given a vivid account of his detention. A more wicked and inhuman life it is hardly possible to conceive than that led by these men. Some time ago they captured two young ladies aged respectively nineteen and seventeen. The brigands demanded a ransom from their friends. The parents of the elder girl were wealthy and promptly paid the ransom; but the friends of the younger girl were unable to pay the money, and the brigands brutally killed her and severing the body into seven pieces sent them to the bereaved family. A striking lesson of the narrative is that the robbers hoped to atone for their crimes by religious punctiliousness. They were strict in their religious observances. They fasted the whole of Lent, and celebrated Easter day with great solemnity. They burned incense, chanted an Easter hymn, and always crossed themselves before and after meals.

The Small-pox Epidemic Continues to an alarming degree in London and its suburbs, nearly *four thousand* people being ill with it. Medical men are earnestly recommending every one to be *re-vaccinated* as a preventive. A "small-pox" scare has found its way to Scotland, several German emigrants having been attacked in Glasgow. Thousands of emigrants have been landed this year at Leith from Hamburg; and as they are allowed to troop ashore *without any inspection*, the Edinburgh public are naturally alarmed. They pay $25 for their passage from Germany to the United States, by way of Glasgow. They are well fed, and ready to put up with any inconvenience save sea-sickness. Many of the emigrants never saw the sea till they left Hamburg; and it often happens that when they sight the land at Berwick or Dunbar, they throw their tin utensils overboard, in the belief that they have reached America.

The Work of the British Census Commissioners is rapidly approaching completion. The entire population of the kingdom will be shown to be above 35,000,000. The increase in a decade is a little over 4,000,000.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) for June may be obtained at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Price six cents.

"Coming Wars," by the Rev. M. Baxter: Two Pamphlets; price five cents each by mail. *First Pamphlet* contains "Ten signs of the End, and Description of Approaching Events;" with two maps of the territory to be under Antichrist's rule, and four large diagrams. *Second Pamphlet* contains valuable quotations from twenty-six Expositors on the same subject. Address, with price enclosed—THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

The Following Works by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon are for sale at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Office, at prices much below what they can be obtained for else where. Remittances must accompany orders: *John Ploughman's Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 cents. *The Treasury of David*, a homiletica exposition of the book of Psalms, four vols., as far as Psa. 103, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon Birth-Day Book*. This popular gift-book contains a suitable passage selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every day in the year, with a blank space opposite for autographs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon appear at their respective birthdays. The book is gorgeously bound, and the price is 75 cents.

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This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the late Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, Rev. W. M. HAY AITKEN, Dr. DEEMS, or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

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MRS. DANIELL, THE SOLDIERS' FRIEND.

Description of Aldershot—Introduction to the Camp—Mrs. Daniell's Early Interest in Village Missions—A Preparation—Efforts Among Soldiers—Appeal to the Barnet Conference of 1862—Lord Shaftesbury Lays the Foundation Stone of the Hall—Opening Ceremony—Conversion of a Cavalry Man—Description of the Hall—The Highlander's Conversion—Branch Homes—The Last Days of Mrs. Daniell.

THE large standing armies maintained by European nations are in many cases composed of the vilest and most abandoned part of the population. Military discipline is to some extent successful in controlling the more dangerous propensities of the men, but only the Grace of God can really change their hearts and make them new men in Jesus. Many Christian workers have been led by God to give their lives to the work of evangelization in the English army, and of these Mrs. Daniell was one of those most signally blessed.

DESCRIPTION OF ALDERSHOT.

Twenty-five years ago Aldershot, now the great military centre of Great Britain, where thousands of soldiers live in barracks, was a small, obscure country village, numbering scarcely *six hundred* inhabitants, a mere handful of thatched cottages clustered to right and left of the picturesque old parish church and parsonage. The surrounding landscape is most lovely, broken with ridges of low hills, dense plantations of fir-trees, and wide stretches of open moorland, fragrant in their season with gorse and heather. On the further side of the town stretches the "Long Valley," a place of wild desolation, though with a beauty all its own of form and color, and celebrated now in the annals of Aldershot as the scene of many a dusty battle and bloodless victory. In 1854 came the Crimean War, quickly followed by the horrors of the Indian Mutiny, and during this period a large tract of land about a mile from the village was purchased by government for the purpose of forming a permanent camp of instruction.

Acres of gorse and heather were soon burnt down, fir-woods cleared away, and upon the open space rose street after street of the dreary black huts which form "the camp." Below the hill on which the camp stands, were erected huge blocks of the "permanent barracks" for cavalry, artillery, and infantry. Close up to these, with nothing but a roadway between, is the town itself, a mass of irregularly built houses, dotted down without any apparent idea of order or plan, but approaching as near as possible to the government ground. By degrees this town has extended itself all the way back to the village again. In a few years the population increased from 600 to 7000, and the camp numbered from 12,000 to 18,000 soldiers.

This, then, is the place to which Mrs. Daniell went in 1862, and here her *mission-work for soldiers* began. She had already become well known by reason of the establishment of missions to the poor and the erection and support of mission halls in various parts of Great Britain for the benefit of the most ignorant, neglected, and depraved classes of the people. In this preparatory manner God led Mrs. Daniell to Aldershot; and it was also through the establishment of the village missions that she was brought into contact with the Country Towns Mission Society, through which she always engaged her agents; and it was the gentleman then acting as secretary of that society who first pressed Aldershot upon her notice, and entreated her to take it up and work it in the same way as her existing mission stations.

Having entreated help and guidance of the Lord, and consulted with judicious friends, Mrs. Daniell was led to see that she must undertake this special

WORK AMONG THE SOLDIERS.

She therefore availed herself of the annual Barnet Conference of 1862 to write a letter to the late Rev. Mr. Pennefather, which should be read to Christian friends at the conference. The communication was read, and made the subject of special prayer. Many friends at once came forward with generous aid, and expressed their gladness at the prospect of such a mission being commenced. An open door was now set before her which no man could shut, and Mrs. Daniell was fairly committed to the important enterprise of working among the soldiers at Aldershot.

At first she knew no one in the neighborhood, and was quite in the dark with whom to communicate respecting her design, when she received a letter from a lady in Scotland, saying, "I am sure you will be delighted to know that Dr. — (a friend of hers) is at Aldershot." Here again was the open door. She immediately wrote to the good doctor telling him of her wish, and he cordially replied, "Come at once."

Accordingly the next day Mrs. Daniell started, and was met by the doctor in a carriage. They drove straight to the camp, and while on the way thither she was told that the chaplain had invited her to tea, and after that to *a soldiers' prayer-meeting*. The soldiers had heard a rumor of the intention of a lady to endeavor to do something for them, and at their prayer-meeting they asked the Lord to bless her efforts. At the close of the meeting Mrs. Daniell was desired by the officers to tell the men her object.

Having addressed them in a kindly manner, the soldiers gathered round her, and said how thankfully they would help in every way they could. One of the Scripture readers also begged her to take his Bible-class on Sunday, which she at once consented to do, and at the meeting *a poor backslider was restored* through her instrumentality. A gentleman having given *a splendid plot of land for the erection of a hall*, a house was taken and fitted up, in October, for the purposes of the mission, and also a daily reading-room, in which to hold meetings of various kinds. Sunday evening services were commenced to crowded congregations, and much blessing followed.

A PUBLIC HOUSE WITHOUT RUM.

That was the problem now to be solved—a place which would attract both soldier and civilian from the low and debasing pleasures of Satan's votaries offered for them on all sides. Mrs. Daniell's desire was to erect *a Mission Hall*, with lecture-room, reading-room, coffee-room, and bath-rooms, with residence for the missionary staff. Her idea as a whole was carried out, and on February 11, 1863, the foundation stone of the new building was laid by the

EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

A hymn having been sung, accompanied by one of the regimental bands, Lord Shaftesbury stated the object of the institution—"Social recreation, religious instruction, and for communicating to every individual Christian knowledge. To give to every man the opportunity, as far as can be given him, of seeking social and religious intercourse, and of receiving and imparting instruction."

Lord Shaftesbury also powerfully repelled the objection that soldiers were a hopeless class, and that to attempt to Christianize them was merely the dream of pious enthusiasm. He appealed to the lives of Christian soldiers, whose names shine so brightly in the pages of history, and to examples of true piety in the British army. In the afternoon of the same day a prayer-meeting was held, and in the evening there was a public meeting, which many of the soldiers attended, and at which the Word of God was blessed to at least *one soul*, who was then added as a *spiritual stone* to the heavenly temple.

Only a few weeks before, Mrs. Daniell had received a letter from Mr. Pennefather, written by *an Irish lady*, asking him if he could interest any Christians at Aldershot in *her son*. He was going to join a cavalry regiment stationed there, and she was intensely anxious that he should be *led to Christ*. Mrs. Daniell at once sought out the young man, but, as she was just about going away for a time, opportunity for intercourse was very limited. After a very earnest talk, she said, "I do beg you in the midst of all the temptation by which you will be surrounded, never to forget

THE GREAT WHITE THRONE

and that you will have to stand before it."

They parted; but these few words, "the Great White Throne," remained fixed in his memory, and that few moments' conversation proved the turning point in his life; and at the evening meeting on the day the foundation stone was laid, he entered into peace, and learned that for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ there was for him "no condemnation," and nothing to fear from coming judgment.

The new buildings were completed and opened in August, 1863, but the inauguration services were not held until Sunday, October 11th. The *first* address was given by *Mr. Pennefather*. The *second* address was given by *Robert Baxter, Esq., the father of the Rev. M. Baxter*, who from the first had been the most faithful friend and supporter of the mission in all its branches.

THE SOLDIERS' HALL,

a picture of which appears on our front page, stands on high ground near the Cavalry Barracks. It is in the Elizabethan style of architecture; a pretty, low-gabled building, surmounted by sloping roofs of red and black tiles, and covered with Virginia and other creepers. Over the porch is the inscription, "*Our God, we thank Thee, for all things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee*" (1 Chr. 29: 13, 14). Passing through the porch the large hall is seen straight in front. It is of beautiful proportions, comfortably fitted up with chairs, and the walls adorned with texts. From the open roof hang several flags, giving color and brightness to the room. To the left of the entrance is the refreshment bar, recreation, and dining rooms. To the right are the library and reading-room. Over the reading-room is the drawing-room—"*the officers' room*," as it was called at first, before the exigencies of the work demanded Mrs. Daniell's continual presence. The need for this room sprang out of the Bible-readings she began on her first visit to Aldershot, when, after mess of an evening, several officers would seek her lodgings to talk over the work. Such gatherings were almost always ended by Mrs. Daniell saying, "Shall we not have a little Bible-reading and prayer before we separate?" Other rooms for small gatherings were added in 1868.

A HIGHLANDER'S CONVERSION.

One evening, in the spring of 1864, Miss Daniell was standing outside the drawing-room watching the men as they filed out after their nightly Bible-class. During Mrs. Daniell's address her daughter had noticed a Highlander evidently under deep impressions. He was a steady, grave-looking man, an old soldier, with a thoughtful Scotch face, and as he passed her Miss Daniell asked him, "*Are you happy?*" "*Oh, no, far from that,*" was his reply. And he then related how he had long been seeking and never could find peace, and how restless and unsatisfied he was. He was invited to come again the next night, and Mrs. Daniell would speak to him. The next evening but one he had an interview with her, with results of the most gratifying character. We give part of his story as contained in a letter to Mrs. Daniell some time afterward:

"YOU PRAYED FOR ME

that my heart might be opened to believe, and my eyes open to see all that had already been done for my salvation. I felt the same as a condemned criminal, and so I was until I believed. You read to me St. John 5: 24, 'He that believeth in Me *hath* everlasting life.' While you were explaining these words to me I was in an awful state of mind. I thought everything had been done that could be done now, and there was no hope. I spoke to you about my wicked heart. You told me I had nothing to do with that—that it would always be a wicked one. But, blessed be God that sent me to Aldershot, and for sending me to meet you there; and forever blessed be His holy name for sending Christ His Son to die for my sin, the happiest days that ever I spent were in Aldershot after my conversion." And so to the grave, thoughtful Scotchman, who, as multitudes before him, had gone heavily for so long because of the crushing burden of sin, "the grace of God which bringeth salvation appeared," and he was "translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son."

(*The interview with Miss Daniell after the Bible-class is depicted in the left-hand corner of the upper portion of our frontispiece.*)

The greatest interest in Mrs. Daniell's work was awakened in all parts of Great Britain. Much prayer had been offered at the Barnet Conference

–nor at the Conference alone. All through the country the prayers of the Lord's remembrancers were daily ascending. The mission was literally *steeped in prayer*. Led on step by step in paths of which she little dreamed, the Lord continually enlarged the field of Mrs. Daniell's activities and sympathies, ever fulfilling the word of promise on which He caused her to hope.

During several years of happy work which Mrs. Daniell and her daughter experienced together at Aldershot. the desire was constantly growing to have

BRANCH HOMES

in other military stations. It was felt to be a matter of great regret that when the men went away from Aldershot to other depots there was *no Home* to receive them and no one to take an interest in their welfare. The Master, however, did not see fit to give to the elder lady, to whom He had granted the honor of founding the Soldiers' Mission, that desire of her heart. At all times very far from strong, and constantly subject to weeks of illness, the marvel is not that she did not accomplish more, but that God enabled her to accomplish so much. The Lord had, in His great goodness, given her the joy not only of planting the *five Village Missions*, and that at *Aldershot*, but also of seeing them grow and flourish in a very remarkable degree. Then, after *nine years* of work at the latter place, He called her from earth to heaven on September 16, 1871.

"Finished the toil, the rest begun;
The battle fought, the triumph won."

And so the extension of the scheme to other military depots, planned together by mother and daughter, had to be carried out by Miss Daniell alone.

CHATHAM

was the first garrison suggested. Several of the Christian men in the Engineers were constantly going and coming between that place and Aldershot; and many and earnest were the entreaties that a Home should be provided for them there as well. Immediately after her mother's death, in 1871, Miss Daniell at once endeavored to raise a Home at Chatham as a memorial to her. An appeal was issued, and a few hundred pounds collected; but as it was most difficult to meet with a suitable site, and the sum required for the building was large, there was some delay in the commencement of the work. In the interval Miss Daniell's thoughts were successively turned to

WEEDON, COLCHESTER, AND MANCHESTER.

In the first-named place, which is located in Leicestershire, a Home was commenced in the spring of 1873. In July of that year Miss Daniell assumed the oversight of the home at Colchester. Five years later, through a generous donation of £2700 by a Christian lady, a fellow-helper in the work, a new and greatly enlarged Home was secured in this old Roman town, and a large blessing has rested upon it from the very beginning. In the autumn of the same year, another Home, similar in all essential respects to its predecessors, was inaugurated at Manchester.

BRANCH HOMES AT PLYMOUTH AND CHATHAM.

Just after the homes had been established at Weedon, Colchester, Manchester, and Plymouth. Though a visit had been paid to Chatham in the early part of 1872, and negotiations entered into for the purchase of a suitable site for a Home, the necessary preliminaries, collecting funds, etc., absorbed considerable time. The commencement of the other branch homes, also further retarded this particular work, so that it was not till September, 1875, that the building was actually commenced, and the Home was not ready for opening till June, 1876. The first service was held on June 10, presided over by *Robert Baxter, Esq.*, and ever since has been a scene of very special enjoyment and blessing. Thus through God's goodness the devoted daughter has been enabled to carry out, to a certain extent, her mother's wishes; and though there is still "much land to be possessed," and many garrisons are still unprovided with a home which consecrated Christian liberality should supply, yet Christians thank God for all that He has accomplished, and that since 1862 He has raised up so many who have stretched out a helping hand to gallant soldiers in all parts of the kingdom.

It will be well to say something now of

THE LAST DAYS OF MRS. DANIELL,

through whose efforts, so ably seconded by her indefatigable daughter, such great blessing has been gained. It was in September, 1871, that after months of weariness and suffering it pleased God to call her to Himself. For nearly three years before her life had been most precarious, but till the previous May she had been able to superintend the work at Aldershot, and to the very last took the liveliest interest in everything connected with it. About ten days before her death a great sense of unworthiness seemed resting upon her.

"Ah, what has it all been?" she said. "I have only reached the scaffolding, they (referring to those converted in the Hall) will be all far above me. . . . I shall just get within the gates." To some dear friends who came to see her she spoke with the greatest interest of their work, giving them each a text, and speaking to them of her wishes for her own beloved mission. She said that *her request from her dying bed was that the friends who had been interested in the work at Aldershot would continue their help and would never forsake it.*

It was on Saturday evening, September 16th, that Mrs. Daniell entered the glory everlasting. The last words which she uttered, before unconsciousness came on, were the name of Jesus and the promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." She repeated "nor forsake thee" after her daughter, and then said, "I know —" but was too weak to finish the sentence. Miss Daniell said, "You know He never will, don't you?" She bowed her head in token of assent; and then the last exclamation was, "Let me go."

On the Monday preceding her death she said, "I'm going fast. It is sweet to lie in Jesus' arms." On being asked, "Isn't it sweet to be going home?" she answered, "Yes, *lovely*." Another time she repeated, "On this face is mortal pain, but glory in my soul;" and later still she joyfully exclaimed, looking heavenward, "I shall see His face; I shall see *Him*."

"Oh happy, happy bride!
Thy widowed hours are past!
The Bridegroom at thy side,
Thou all His own at last.
The sorrows of thy former cup
In full fruition swallowed up."

In response to the wish of several officers, her body was interred in the military cemetery at Aldershot, a quiet spot, where the sun touches it with his beams almost all day long, walled round by low hills, where, according to her own wish, those for whom she gave the last years of her life will be able to come and see her grave. It is a fit resting place for one whose life was lived so much in the light of eternity; fitting too that as a soldier's wife it should be among soldiers that the body waits for the voice of the archangel and the trump of God.

A PHYSICIAN'S TEMPERANCE STORY.

A Teetotaler is Induced to Take Stout as a Medicine—Falls into Drunken Habits—Abject Poverty—The Doctor Seeks Him Out—Means of His Reclamation.

AT a large and influential meeting held recently in the Lecture Hall, 337 Strand, London, Dr. Monroe, of Hull, made the following remarkable statement, which we give in his own words:

"I will relate a circumstance which occurred to me some years ago, the result of which made a deep impression upon my mind. I was not then a teetotaler—would that I had been!—but I conscientiously, though erroneously, believed in the health-restoring properties of stout. A hard-working, industrious, God-fearing man, a teetotaler of some years' standing, suffering from an abscess in his hand which had reduced him very much, applied to me for advice.

"I told him the only medicine he required was rest, and to remedy the waste going on in his system, and to repair the damage done to his hand he was to support himself with a bottle of stout daily. He replied, 'I cannot take it, for I have been some years a teetotaler.' 'Well,' I said, 'if you know better than the doctor, it is no use applying to me.' Believing, as I did then, that the drink would really be of service to him, I urged him to take the stout as a medicine, which would not interfere with his pledge. He looked anxiously in my face, evidently weighing the matter over in his mind, and sorrowfully replied, 'Doctor, I was a drunkard. I should not like to be one again.'

"He was, much against his will, prevailed upon to take the stout, and, in time, he recovered from his sickeness. When he got well, I, of course, praised up the virtues of stout as a means of saving his life, for which he ought ever to be thankful, and rather lectured him on his foolishness for being such *a fanatic* (that's the word) as to refuse taking a bottle of stout daily to restore him to his former health.

"I lost sight of my patient for some months; but I am sorry to say that, one fine summer's day, when driving through one of our public thoroughfares, I saw a poor, miserable, ragged-looking man leaning against the door of a common public-house, drunk, and incapable of keeping an erect position. Even in his poverty, drunkenness, and misery I discovered it was my teetotal patient, whom I had, not so long ago, persuaded to break his pledge. I could not be mistaken. I had reason to know him well, for he had been a member of the Methodist Church, an indefatigable Sunday-school teacher, a prayer-leader whose earnest appeals for the salvation of others I had often listened to with pleasure and edification.

"I immediately went to the man, and was astonished to find the change which drink, in so short a time, had worked in his appearance. With manifest surprise, and looking at the poor wretch, I said, 'S—!. Is this you?' With a staggering reel, and clipping his words, he answered, 'Yes, it's me. Look at me again. Don't you know me?' 'Yes, I know you,' I said, 'and am grieved to see you in this drunken condition. I thought you were a teetotaler?'

"With a peculiar grin upon his countenance, he answered, 'I was before I took your medicine.' 'I am sorry to see you disgracing yourself by such conduct. I am ashamed of you.' Rousing himself, as drunken people will at times, to extraordinary effort, he replied, 'Didn't you send me here for my medicine?' and with a delirious kind of chuckle he hiccupped out words I can never forget: 'Doctor, your medicine cured my body, but it's damned my soul!'

"I did not sleep much that night. The drunken aspect of that man haunted me, and I found myself weeping over the injury I had done him. I rose up early the next morning, and went to his cottage, with its little garden in front, on the outskirts of the town, where I had often seen him with his wife and happy children playing about, but found, to my sorrow, that he had removed some time ago.

"At last, with some difficulty, I found him located in a couple of rooms in a low neighborhood, not far distant from the public-house he had patronized the day before. Here, in such a home as none but the drunkard could inhabit, I found him laid upon a bed of straw, feverish and prostrate from the previous day's debauch, abusing his wife because she could not get him some more drink—she standing aloof with tears in her eyes, broken down with care and grief, her children dirty and clothed in rags, all friendless, and steeped in poverty. What a wreck was there!

"Turned out of the church of which he was once an ornament, his religion sacrificed, his usefulness marred, his hopes of eternity blasted, now a poor, dejected slave to his passion for drink, without mercy and without hope.

"I talked to him kindly, reasoned with him, succored him till he was well, and never lost sight of him, or let him have any peace until he had signed the pledge again.

"It took him some time to recover his place in the church, but I have had the happiness of seeing him restored. He is now, more than ever, a devoted worker in the church; and the cause of temperance is pleaded on all occasions.

"Can you wonder, then, that I never order strong drink for a patient now?"

SPIDERS.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

The spider taketh hold with her hands and is in kings' palaces.—PROV. 30 : 28.

The Unusual Attracts Attention—Lessons to be Learned from Common Things—I. The Exquisiteness of the Divine Mechanism—A Fly's Wing has a Message About God—II. Insignificance no Excuse for Inaction—The Order of Promotion in the Lord's Army—Laziness with One Talent—III. Repulsiveness in High Places—The Church a Palace—The Spiders in it—In the Home—In Christian Character—IV. Perseverance will Mount—The Philadelphia Boy Becomes a Banker—What a Palace Means—Splendor of Apartments—Of Association—Of Banquet—A Beautiful Superstition.

WE are all watching for phenomena. A sky full of stars, shining from year to year, calls out not so many remarks *as the blazing of one meteor*. A whole flock of robins take not so much of our attention as one blundering bat darting into the window on a summer eve. Things of ordinary sound and sight and occurrence fail to reach us, yet no grasshoppers ever spring up in our path, no moth ever dashes into the evening candle, no mote ever floats in the sunbeam that pours through the crack of the window-shutter, no barnacle on ship's hull, no burr on chestnut, no limpet clinging to a rock, no rind of an artichoke but would teach us a lesson *if we were not so stupid*.

God in His Bible sets forth for our consideration the lily, and the snowflake, and the locust, and the stork's nest, and the hind's foot, and the aurora borealis, and the ant-hills. One of the sacred writers, sitting amid the mountains, sees a hind skipping over the rocks. The hind has such a peculiarly-shaped foot that it can go over the steepest places without falling, and as the prophet looks upon that marking of the hind's foot upon the rocks, and thinks of the divine care over him, he says : "Thou makest my feet like hinds', that I may walk on high places." And another sacred writer sees the ostrich leave its egg in the sand of the desert, and, without any care of incubation, walk off ; and the Scripture says that is like some parents leaving their children without any wing of protection or care.

In my text inspiration opens before us the gate of a palace, and we are inducted amid the pomp of the throne and the courtier, and while we are looking around upon the magnificence, inspiration points us to a spider plying its shuttle and weaving its net on the wall. It does not call us to regard the grand surroundings of the palace, but to a solemn and earnest consideration of the fact that "the spider taketh hold with her hands and is in kings' palaces."

It is not very certain what was the particular species of insect spoken of in the text, but I shall proceed to learn from it :

I. First, the exquisiteness of the divine mechanism. The king's chamberlain comes into the palace and looks around, and sees the spider on the wall, and says "Away with that intruder," and the servant of Solomon's palace comes with his broom and dashes down the insect, saying, "What *a loathsome thing* it is." But under microscopic inspection I find it more wondrous of construction than the embroideries on the palace wall, and the upholstery about the windows. All the machinery of the earth could not make anything so

DELICATE AND BEAUTIFUL

as the prehensile with which that spider clutches its prey, or as any of its eight eyes.

We do not have to go so far up to see the power of God in the tapestry hanging around the windows of heaven, or in the horses and chariots of fire with which the dying day departs, or to look at the mountain swinging out its sword arm from under the mantle of darkness until it can strike with its scimitar of the lightning. I love better to study God in the shape of a fly's wing, in the formation of a fish's scale, in the snowy whiteness of a pond-lily. I love to track His footsteps in the mountain mass, and to hear His voice in the hum of the rye-fields, and discover the rustle of His robe of light in the South wind.

Oh ! this wonder of divine power that can build a habitation for God in an apple-blossom, and tune a bee's voice until it is fit for the eternal orchestra, and can say to a firefly, "Let there be light," and from holding an ocean in the hollow of His hand, goes forth to find heights and depths and length and breadth of omnipotency in a dew-drop, and dismounts from a chariot of midnight hurricane to cross over on the suspension bridge of a spider's web.

You may take your telescope and sway it across the heavens in order to behold the glory of God ; but I shall take the leaf holding the spider and the spider's web, and I shall bring the microscope to my eye, and while I gaze, and look, and study, and am confounded, I will kneel down in the grass and cry : "Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty."

II. Second : Again, my text teaches me that

INSIGNIFICANCE IS NO EXCUSE FOR INACTION.

This spider that Solomon saw on the wall might have said, "I can't weave a web worthy of this great palace : what can I do amid all this gold and embroidery ? I am not able to make anything fit for as grand a place and so I will not work my spinning-jenny." Not so said the spider. "The spider taketh hold with her hands." Oh ! *what a lesson that is* for you and me !

You say if you had some great sermon to preach, if you only had a great audience to talk to, if you had a great army to marshal, if you only had a constitution to write, if there were some tremendous thing in the world for you to do, then you would show us. Yes, you would show us ! What if the Levite in the ancient temple had refused to snuff the candle because he could not be a high priest ? What if the humming-bird should refuse to sing its song into the ear of the honeysuckle, because it cannot, like the eagle, dash its wing into the sun ? What if the raindrop should refuse to descend because it is not a Niagara ? What if the spider of the text should refuse to move its shuttle because it cannot weave a Solomon's robe ?

Away with such folly ! If you are lazy with the one talent you would be lazy with the ten talents. If Milo cannot lift the calf he never will have strength to lift the ox. In the Lord's army there is order for promotion ; but you cannot be a general until you have been a captain, a lieutenant, and a colonel. It is step by step, it is inch by inch, it is stroke by stroke that our Christian character is builded. Therefore be content to do what God commands you to do. God is not ashamed to do small things. He is not ashamed to be found chiselling a grain of sand, or helping a honey-bee to construct its cell with mathematical accuracy, or tingeing a shell in the surf, or shaping the bill of a chaffinch.

What God does, He does well. What you do, do well, be it a great work or a small work. If ten talents, employ all the ten. If five talents, employ all the five. If one talent, employ the one. If only the thousandth part of a talent, employ that. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life." I tell you if you are not faithful to God in a small sphere, you would be indolent and insignificant in a large sphere.

III. Third : Again, my text teaches me that repulsiveness and

LOATHSOMENESS WILL SOMETIMES CLIMB

up into very elevated places. You would have tried to kill the spider that Solomon saw. You would have said, "This is no place for it. If that spider is determined to weave a web, let it do so down in the cellar of this palace, or in some dark dungeon." Ah ! the spider of the text could not be discouraged. It clambered on and climbed up, higher, and higher, and higher, until, after a while it reached the king's vision, and he said, "The spider taketh hold with her hands and is in king's palaces." And so it often is now that things that are loathsome and repulsive get up into very elevated places.

The church of Christ, for instance, is a palace. The King of Heaven on earth lives in it. According to the Bible, her beams are of cedar, and her rafters of fir, and her windows of agate, and the fountains of salvation dash a rain of light. It is a glorious palace—the church of God is ; and yet sometimes unseemly and loathsome things creep up into it—*evil-speaking, and rancor*, and slander, and backbiting, and abuse, crawling up on the walls of the church, spinning a web from arch to arch, and from the top of one communion tankard to the top of another communion tankard. Glorious palace, in which there ought only to be light, and love, and pardon, and grace—yet a spider in the palace !

Home ought to be a castle. It ought to be the residence of everything loyal. Kindness, love, peace, patience, and forbearance ought to be the princes residing there, and yet sometimes dissipation crawls up into that home, and the jealous eye comes up, and the scene of peace and plenty becomes the scene of domestic jargon and dissonance. You say, "What is the matter with the home ?" I will tell you what is the matter with it. A spider in the palace.

A well-developed Christian character is a grand thing to look at. You see some men with great intellectual and spiritual proportions. You say, "How useful that man must be !" But you find amid all his splendor of faculties there is some prejudice, some whim, *some evil habit*, that a great many people do not notice, but that you have happened to notice, and it is gradually spoiling that man's character ; it is gradually going to injure his entire influence. Others may not see it, but yon are anxious in regard to his welfare, and how you discover it. A dead fly in the ointment. A spider in the palace.

IV. Fourth : Again, my text teaches me that

PERSEVERANCE WILL MOUNT

into the king's palace. It must have seemed a long distance for that spider to climb in Solomon's splendid residence, but it started at the very foot of the wall and went up over the panels of Lebanon cedar, higher and higher, until it stood higher than the highest throne in all the nations—the throne of Solomon. And so God has decreed it, that many of those who are down in the dust of sin and dishonor shall gradually attain to the king's palace.

We see it in worldly things. Who is *that banker in Philadelphia ?* Why, he used to be the boy who held the horses of Stephen Girard while the millionaire went in to collect his dividends. Arkwright toils on up from a barber's shop until he gets into the palace of invention. Sextus V. toils on up from the office of a swineherd until he gets into the palace of Rome. Fletcher toils on up from the most insignificant family position until he gets into the palace of Christian eloquence. Hogarth, engraving pewter mugs for a living, toils on up until he reaches the palace of world-renowned art.

And God hath decided that though you may be weak of arm and slow of tongue and be struck through with a great many mental and moral deficits, by His Almighty grace you shall yet arrive in the King's palace—not such a one as is spoken of in the text, not one of marble, not one adorned with pillars of alabaster, and thrones of ivory, and flagons of burnished gold—but a palace in which God is the King and the angels of heaven are the cup-bearers.

The spider crawling up the wall of Solomon's palace was not worth looking after or considering as compared with the fact that we, who are the worms of the dust, may at last ascend into the palace of the King immortal. By the grace of God we all reach it. Oh ! heaven is not a dull place. It is *not a worn-out mansion* with faded curtains, and outlandish chairs, and cracked ware. No ; it is as fresh, and fair, and beautiful as though it were completed but yesterday. The kings of the earth shall bring their honor and glory into it.

WHAT A PALACE MEANS.

Splendor of apartments. Now, I do not know where heaven is, and I do not know how it looks, but if our bodies are to be resurrected at the last day, I think heaven must have a material splendor as well as a spiritual grandeur. What will be the use of a resurrected foot if there is nothing to tread on ? or of a resurrected hand if there be no harp to strike, and no palm to wave, and no place to take hold in the King's palace ? Oh ! what grandeur of apartments, when that divine hand which plunges the sea into blue and

the foliage into green, and sets the sunset on fire, shall gather all the beautiful colors of earth around His throne, and when that arm which lifted the pillars of Alpine rock and bent the arch of the sky shall raise before our soul the eternal architecture, and that hand which hung with loops of fire the curtains of morning shall prepare the upholstery of our kingly residence!

A palace also means

SPLENDOR OF ASSOCIATIONS.

The poor man, the outcast, cannot get into the Tuileries, or Windsor Castle. The sentinel stands there and cries "Halt!" as he tries to enter. But in that palace we may all become residents, and we shall all be princes and kings. We may have been beggars, we may have been outcasts, we may have been wandering as we all have been, but there we shall take our regal power. What companionship in heaven! To walk side by side with John and James, and Peter and Paul, and Moses and Joshua, and Caleb and Ezekiel and Jeremiah, and Micah and Zechariah, and Wilberforce, and Oliver Cromwell, and Philip Doddridge, and Edward Payson, and John Milton, and Elizabeth Fry, and Hannah More, and Charlotte Elizabeth, and all the other kings and *queens of heaven*. O my soul, what a companionship!

A palace means *splendor of banquet*. There will be no common ware on that table. There will be no unskilled musicians at that entertainment. There will be no scanty supply of fruit or beverage. There have been banquets spread that cost a million of dollars each; but who can tell the untold wealth of that banquet? I do not know whether John's description of it is literal or figurative; I cannot prove it. I do not know but that it may be literal. I do not know but that there may be real fruits plucked from the tree of life. I do not know but that Christ referred to the real juice of the grape when He said that we should drink new wine in our Father's kingdom. I do not say it is so; but I have as much right for thinking it is so as you have for thinking the other way. At any rate, it will be *a glorious banquet*.

Hark! the chariots rumbling in the distance. I really believe the guests are coming now. The gates swing open, the guests dismount, the palace is filling, and all the chalices, flashing with pearl, and amethyst, and carbuncle, are lifted to the lips of the myriad banquetters, while standing in robes of snowy white they drink to the honor of our Glorious King!

"Oh," you say, "that is *too grand a place for me*." No, it is not. If a spider, according to the text, could crawl up on the wall of Solomon's palace, shall not our poor souls, through the blood of Christ, mount up from the depths of sin and shame, and finally reach the palace of the Eternal King? "Where sin abounded grace shall much more abound, that whereas sin reigned unto death, even so may grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord."

In the far East there is a bird called *the huma*, about which is the beautiful superstition that, upon whatever head the shadow of that bird rests, upon that head there shall be a crown. Oh, thou Dove of the Spirit, floating above us, let the shadow of Thy wing fall upon this congregation, that each at last in heaven may wear a crown! a crown! and hold in his right hand a star! a star!

THE WOUNDED PRESIDENT.

THE gloomy forebodings to which President Garfield's condition gave rise on Monday, July 4th, were relieved by more hopeful intelligence the following day. A remarkable change for the better took place on *Tuesday* morning, and his despairing medical attendants gained fresh hope and imparted it to the general public through the medium of their bulletins. The patient took nourishment and retained it upon his stomach, gaining strength thereby. His pulse was lower throughout the day and evening, and altogether his symptoms were such as to afford encouragement.

On *Wednesday* the following announcement was made: "President Garfield has, in the opinion of his physicians, safely passed the first danger period. The much dreaded peritoneal inflammation has not set in. The wounded man has demanded solid food, and exhibited vexation when it was denied him; he took and assimilated a comparatively large quantity of nourishment. His pulse, for the first time since Saturday, fell below 100, and his temperature was not much above the normal. He rested well, and altogether the symptoms of his case were very gratifying. His physicians forbid the public to cherish a rash confidence, but are disposed to encourage hope."

No change of any moment occurred in President Garfield's condition on *Thursday*, and the attending medical men talked more hopefully than at any previous time of his ultimate recovery. They did not conceal the fact that many obstacles stand in his way, but they were not apprehensive of any of the changes which they can foresee. The President himself was reported as feeling confident of a favorable result in his case.

Some uneasiness was caused on *Friday* by bulletins indicating that the President's pulse and temperature were slightly higher, but this was relieved by the statement of the physicians that the increase was the effect of an irritative fever caused by suppuration, and an inevitable result of the wound. The President took considerable nourishment and was not troubled with vomiting; in the evening he was in a very jocular mood, although complaining of feeling tired. At 10 o'clock he was sleeping soundly. Secretary Hunt said on that day that he thought the President was "half way over the bridge," and that he would soon be off it.

In the opinion of the attending physicians and those admitted to the sick-room, the President's condition on *Saturday* showed a satisfactory advance toward recovery. The President showed himself, in the course of the day, anxious to enter into conversation with those around him. His three children at present in Washington were, for the first time since their father was shot, admitted to his presence. The President has repeatedly asked for them, but it has not been thought advisable to gratify his wish before.

On *Sunday* evening the feeling of confidence in the recovery of the President had become so general and so strong that his physicians thought the public needed to be reminded that he is very weak and still a very sick man. Yet they do not conceal their own growing confidence. The bulletins issued on Sunday stated that the President slept well Saturday night, awoke with a good appetite and in a cheerful frame of mind, and was better than at any time since Guiteau fired upon him. The bulletins issued later in the day showed a continuance of favorable symptoms.

On *Monday* Dr. Bliss said: "The patient is of course very weak. If you could see that strong man in his present condition you would realize how severe his hurt is. He is doing better continuously, than we could have dared to hope."

As will be seen from the foregoing daily report, the sufferer's progress toward recovery during the week was continuous, and a corresponding feeling of hope gradually took the place in the public mind of the desponding feelings which prevailed during the first three days after the attack.

EXPRESSIONS OF SYMPATHY

have poured into the White House from all quarters, both at home and abroad, accompanied by earnest hopes for the President's recovery. At a special meeting of the Chamber of Commerce in New York on Thursday, the following resolutions were passed by a rising vote:

"*Whereas*, The Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York has met this day with a view to express on behalf of the entire membership of their ancient body, older than our Government itself, and including a large proportion of the leading merchants and bankers of New York, their unspeakable grief and indignation at the attempted assassination of President Garfield, and

"*Whereas*, We have watched with painful anxiety every bulletin from the Executive Mansion that has given intelligence of the condition of the President, and have been deeply moved by the Christian heroism with which he has met this appalling calamity that has alarmed the whole country, and compared with which all political contentions and personal interests have sunk into insignificance; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That we tender to President Garfield our heartfelt congratulations that, by the aid of Divine Providence, he has so far survived the perils that seemed deadly, and that he retains his intellectual faculties in full vigor and perfect composure of spirit.

"That we offer to his heroic wife, as well as to his aged mother and his children, our deepest sympathies in their sore trials.

"That we congratulate the country and ourselves on the fact that our chief magistrate, by his own display of the highest quality of manhood, has done so much to sustain the hopes of the people as to his final recovery, and we hope that a continuance of his life will be the means of bringing together the best men of all parties and sections, and thus give a pledge of the perpetuity of our so much valued institutions.

A subscription was also started by Mr. Cyrus Field toward a fund to be deposited with the United States Trust Company of New York, in trust, to be kept invested in United States Government bonds, and the income thereof to be paid to Mrs. Garfield, the wife of the President, during her life, and at her death the principal to be divided among the surviving children of James A. Garfield. On Saturday evening the amounts received on account of this fund aggregated $117,686.

Considerable curiosity is manifested as to

THE ASSASSIN

and the motives which induced him to commit the crime. It appears that he is well known both in New York and Chicago, having in both places earned a bad reputation for dishonesty and mendacity. His wife is separated from him on account of his misconduct, and though no one supposed him likely to perpetrate so desperate a deed, he has been generally regarded as a mean and unscrupulous swindler. The following particulars as to his past history have been obtained from Colonel Burnside, the disbursing officer at the Post Office Department, who says he knew Guiteau when he was a baby in his mother's arms. His father, J. W. Guiteau, was an old resident of Freeport, Ill. Some years ago he became deranged on the subject of "Perfection," and lectured extensively through the North and West on that subject. He married a very beautiful woman, with whom and the younger children he joined *the Oneida Community*. He afterward returned to Freeport, where from 1864 up to last September, the time of his death, he served as cashier of the Second National Bank.

When the family left the Oneida Community his son Charles, now in jail for the attempted assassination, then fifteen or sixteen years old, was left behind. He afterward went to Chicago, where he studied law, being cared for and supplied with money by his father. After completing his studies Guiteau went to Europe, where he traveled several years, imbibing *socialistic* and other eccentric doctrines. A few years ago he returned to this country and lectured on the second advent of Christ. He published a pamphlet on the subject, in which the egotism of the man was plainly shown. He spoke of himself as a messenger of God to announce His coming. Guiteau had forced himself upon the President before. He was an applicant for the Consulship at Marseilles and a few days ago obtained access to the President and acted so rudely that the President had him removed. "I have no doubt," said Col. Burnside, "that, feeling offended by this act, he determined on the course which culminated in the terrible tragedy of July 2d."

President Garfield's Letter to the International Sunday-school Convention recently held at Toronto, is especially interesting in the light of subsequent events. In response to an invitation from the secretary of the convention, the President wrote: "Please accept my thanks for the invitation, which I regret I am unable to accept owing to the exactions of my official duties and engagements made for the neighboring time. It would give me much pleasure to be present with you at Toronto, and in this way testify my earnest sympathy and *deep interest in the good work* to be done. With my sincere wishes for the individual efforts of the members of the convention and with the hope that the meeting may be productive of good and permanent results, I remain, very truly yours, J. A. GARFIELD."

JAMES GRAHAM'S BUSH LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

(*Continued from page 423.*)

Mrs. Graham's Narrative—Adventure With Three Armed Convicts—Two Bushrangers Carry off a Scotchman's Wife to Punish Her Husband.

ABOUT dinner time our men returned, and at night James. He was standing before the fire drying himself, as it had rained some hours before his return, when a violent knock came to the door. James asked who was there, for we feared it might be the blacks. A voice roughly answered that they were policemen, who had a warrant to search our hut. On James opening the door three men rushed in heavily armed, and levelling their guns at him told him he was a big fellow, but to stand back or they would scatter his brains on the ground. One of them, Scotchy, who was the captain of the party, ordered me to hand him a light, and in doing so I looked him in the face. He immediately drew a horse-pistol out of his belt, and putting it to my face, vowed if I dared lift my eyes at any of them again he would shoot me. They were afraid, of course, I would identify them if they should be taken.

After I had given him the light, Scotchy was going into our bedroom; a man named Witton was standing over us with his gun levelled and cocked; another called Russell was walking up and down sentry before the door. James said to me, "I hope, Selina, these men will behave as honorably to us as Scotchy did." He turned round and asked, "What was that I heard you say about Scotchy?" James then spoke of an encounter we had had previously, Scotchy looked steadily at him—it was a picture. There was James quite cool, with Witton holding the loaded gun before him, and the other threw the light full on his face. He said, "Is *your* name Graham?" He said it was. He then ordered Witton to lower his gun, and called in Russell from before the door. He said, "Boys, this is Mr. Graham," and they sat down by the fire, while he went into our bedroom for our firearms, which, he said, they *must take*, as they could not leave weapons to shoot themselves.

I assured them, and truthfully, that it was not for them we kept firearms, but as a protection against the blacks; and I told them that the double-barrelled gun had been the means of saving my life *that day*. Of course they asked me what I meant; and I told them with tears—for the remembrance of the previous night did make me weep bitterly—how I had been left alone in that wild, lonely place, and had barely escaped with my life.

It was the first of it—at least, the worst of it—that James himself had heard. I wish you had seen their indignation at the blacks, when they heard it all. I think they appeared more enraged than James. They vowed they would go to their camp and shoot all they could get. We entreated them not to do so. At length they said they were determined to frighten them; and they ordered me to bake them a damper, while they were gone to the camp, to carry them on their journey. Of course we were at their mercy, as they had our firearms in their possession, and I had to obey. I need not tell you that damper is flour kneaded without yeast and baked in the wood ashes, as you would roast potatoes.

Well, they started for the camp, and we soon heard a terrible noise—the jabbering of the blacks, and the howling of their dogs, and several shots. The bushrangers demanded how the blacks had dared to threaten a white gin. Of course they all denied having done so. The others told them they knew they had, and that they had come to punish them. Indeed, they appeared so zealous for my safety that the poor blacks, I suppose, thought they were officers of justice, and not robbers who had themselves threatened to shoot myself and my husband but a few minutes before. They told them that they would let them off that time with shooting some of their dogs (dingoes), but if they ever heard of them molesting a white gin again, they would follow them and shoot every one of them. They then went to work and shot several of their dogs, occasioning much consternation and grief in the camp.

On their return they told us what they had done; and we felt very much relieved to know it was only dogs were shot. Several of the blacks ran up trees, and others crawled into small bushes, and remained there all night, lest the terrible white men should come back and shoot them. They returned before damper and tea were quite ready, and sat down to joke and talk. Russell was from the north of Ireland, from near Londonderry, and entered largely into the affairs of that country in conversation with James. Having refreshed themselves, they left us, and so did the blacks a few days afterward, having kept very civil while they remained. In narrating these events I cannot but gladly perceive and gratefully acknowledge the kind over-ruling providence of God in all that happened.

The first thing Graham did, after the bushrangers left, was to send a man to warn our nearest neighbor, who lived at a place called Booga-boogalong. He had once been a convict, and was very much disliked for having been very cruel to Government men that he had been set over. It is wonderful how old convicts know the character of the settlers; and there is no one they hate so much as one of themselves that has been cruel to his fellow-prisoners. This man's name was O'Leary. He was from Dublin, and had then been married about seven weeks. The bushrangers did not then call on him; and he got fully armed to meet them if they came. At last he lost all fear of their coming; and used to run into the hut and playfully tell his wife "here they are," and they acted over in mirth a battle with the bushrangers.

They spoke very hardly of James and me, because we sat and talked with the robbers; but what could we do? They blamed me for not putting poison in the damper; but that I *could* not and *would* not do to any human creature, and especially to men who, however bad, treated us with some measure of humanity. If James had known who they were before he opened the door, he would have resisted them fairly; but he did not suspect, and it was best he did not.

About a fortnight after they visited us, when it was thought they were clean gone, they visited O'Leary. They had a spirit of determined revenge toward him, which was still more embittered by their hearing of his threats if they should come. They came to his door after dark and rapped loudly, and told who they were, and asked whether he intended to fight them or open his door. He made no reply, but crept cautiously to his stand of arms in the inner room; he cocked his piece, but was too much frightened to use it. They heard the noise of the gun a-drawing to full cock, and they said, "Once more we ask you to open the door."

On receiving no answer, they fired a volley. One of the balls passed through the two doors and through Mrs. O'Leary's thigh. She had on the brown cashmere dress in which she had been married; and several splinters of the door, together with pieces of the dress, lodged in the wound. I was present when the doctor probed the wound, and took out several of the pieces. After the poor woman received the shot she fell; and O'Leary cried out to them that he would open the door, as his wife was shot.

They entered, and went and lifted the poor woman, and expressed deep sorrow for what had happened. They told her it was the first blood they had shed, but that they had come to punish her husband for past cruelty to poor fellows that were prisoners, and were sorry she should be the innocent sufferer. They always had a strong pack-horse with them. So they went to the store and took tea, sugar, tobacco, and flour, and loaded the horse; and what they could not carry away they strewed about, leaving the place absolutely destitute.

Mrs. O'Leary was a long time before she recovered, and was lame for nearly two years. The medical man was a quack doctor. The whole of his drugs consisted of coarse salts, bitter aloes, and bread pills. He had been stopping at a house where there was a very young child—a boy. The child, by a chain, climbed up to the top of a set of drawers and swallowed half a cupful of the doctor's pills. The alarm of the mother was extreme; but our bush doctor quieted her by the assurance that they only consisted of chewed bread dipped in fine flour. This was poor Mrs. O'Leary's physician! I often went to see her; and it was perfectly ridiculous to hear how her husband comforted her in her anguish. In the strongest Dublin accent he assured her that her case would be stated in all the newspapers, and that even the queen would hear of it, and the scoundrels would be hanged, as sure as a gun. He appeared to wonder that this did not relieve her pain, which I could not but wish *he* had been bearing instead of the uncomplaining poor woman. How often in this life the innocent bear painful burdens for the guilty, even as the Saviour of the world died for sinners, "the just for the unjust, to bring us to God."

On another occasion, two bushrangers visited our hut when James was from home with a Scotchman we had hired. His wife was washing at a tub when they alighted at the door, fully armed. They said to me: "Mam, we do not wish to insult you even by a word; but this woman's husband has threatened us should we come this way. Had we got himself we should have preferred it; but we'll take his wife and he can come for her." I implored them, with prayers and tears, for Heaven's sake not to take the woman away; but away they took her on a horse before one of them.

When her husband and James came home and heard it, the latter grew pale with rage, and getting his gun offered to go to find them and rescue her. Her husband blubbered and cried, but thought it would be no use, and had his supper. The woman returned next day. James thought they might return; and he remained at home several days with his gun over his arm, resolved to shoot them or be shot. I was in dreadful anxiety, but was also prepared. I thank God they never showed their faces near us again. They were subsequently both taken and hanged. Others of the same gang took away several women, and kept them for weeks in their hiding-places in the bush.

There was one man to whom word was brought that they were coming. He was in bed when a man, out of breath, shouted, "The woman-lifters are at hand." His wife was nervous, and trembled and shook. He said to her, "Now, Sarah, I'll hide you so that they will not be able to find you." He ripped up the bed-tick and put her in it, leaving her a hole through which to breathe, and making all smooth, and then threw down the bed-clothes. When they came, he rose and let them in. They asked for his wife. He said she had gone to visit a neighbor. They saw the bed-clothes thrown down, and believed him. He made them a pot of tea, and they stayed and smoked and chatted at their leisure.

Surely it was nothing less than the watchful providence of God that protected us at that period through so many dangers, in any of which one or both of us might have fallen. God was then to me a "Shield," though alas! not a "Sun;" for though I heard James read of Him in the Bible, and I did believe there was a God, He seemed to me to be *in the past* or *in the distance*, and not what He really was—"a very present Help in trouble." I did not then know Him as the living God and my Father. Our religious privileges were then very few, but I have since learned the meaning of the words, "*The goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance.*"

* * * * * *

The reader may be curious to know the latter end of these unceremonious visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Graham. The account of their capture shows *the darkest side* of bush-life, and the desperate character of the men with whom colonists at *that* time were not unfrequently brought into contact. The following is Mr. Graham's account:

You ask me, my dear J—, if the gang of Scotchy, Witton, and Co., were captured, and how? They were captured; for justice, even in the colonies, has a long arm and a sharp eye; and no delinquent finally escapes her. By self-interest she swears in every man as a special constable; and I think some of the most daring deeds ever done by

man have been done by some settlers in capturing or killing bushrangers.

I had no hand in taking my old guests. They left my neighborhood for a distant district, and I was so intent on "tailing cattle" that I could not get time for any hunt except an occasional half-holiday to capture a haunch of kangaroo venison.

(To be continued.)

THE VISION OF THE EPHAH AND ITS FUTURE FULFILMENT.

By Rev. William Maude.

(Continued from page 423.)

III. The Imprisonment of the Woman in the Ephah—IV. The Lifting up of the Ephah by the Two Women—Whence is it to be Borne Away?—V. The Ephah Transported to the Land of Shinar—VI. The Object of its Transportation—The Babylon of the Apocalypse.

III. THE IMPRISONMENT OF THE WOMAN IN THE EPHAH.

WHILE the prophet's eye was yet fixed in a kind of terrible fascination upon the mysterious woman seated in the ephah, he suddenly beheld "a talent of lead"—a heavy circular plate of that metal—lifted up in the angel's hand, from which it presently descended, crushing down the woman into the interior of the ephah, and, by closing its mouth, imprisoning her within it. What are we to learn from this? Two things, at least, it seems intended to teach us.

First. We may learn from it that the "wickedness" of trade is *hidden* under a specious appearance. It does not proclaim its lawlessness; on the contrary, it presents itself to those who view it from without under an aspect of utility and even of beneficence. It is the patron of science, the nurse of art, the employer of labor, the civilizer of the dark places of the earth, even the pioneer of religion. Nevertheless, its inward spirit, its animating principle, is "wickedness." The trade spirit is a *selfish* spirit, for it leads men to seek their own, not another's, good. It is a *fraudful* spirit, for the opportunities of deception which it presents are so frequent and so facile, that few indeed are not tempted to avail themselves thereof.

It is an *unbrotherly* spirit, for it sets class against class, and interest against interest; the employer against the employee; capital against labor. It is a *cruel* spirit, for it puts the profit of the master and the welfare or even life of the servant in opposite scales, and too often allows the former to outweigh the latter. It is an *antichristian* spirit, for it has, more than anything else, perhaps, hindered the progress of Christ's Gospel throughout the world, presenting so-called Christian nations to the heathen as coming to them with the Gospel in one hand, the false measure, the opium bag, and even the instruments of death, in the other. How much blood has England shed, how much injustice has she wrought, how much dishonor has she done to God in the lawless pursuit of her "commercial interests?" Let China, Japan, Africa, and the islands of the sea answer.

Secondly. The imprisonment of the woman in the ephah seems designed to teach us the solemn truth that this "wickedness" is *inseparable* from the trade system as it now exists and will be more fully developed in the world. The thought may naturally have passed through the mind of the reader of the preceding pages, "But all trading is not necessarily thus evil; every man engaged in trade is not a rogue." Assuredly not. I am speaking of the system—the prophet's vision has reference to the system—not to the individuals.

Moreover, the evil of the system has not yet culminated. The system itself, as the vision plainly indicates, is formed secretly, for it is represented as *hidden* in the ephah. "And nothing," says Mr. Newton, "can be more true. Sheltering itself under the excuse of expediency, England, which more than any nation owns the sway of the ephah, has secretly and stealthily adopted principles which it is still ashamed to avow as the fixed acknowledged rules of its conduct."

IV. THE LIFTING UP OF THE EPHAH BY THE TWO WOMEN.

"Then lifted I up mine eyes, and looked, and, behold, there came forth two women, and the wind was in their wings; for they had wings like the wings of a stork; and they lifted up the ephah between the earth and the heaven." It is at this point that the vision becomes definitively *prophetic.* The destination to which the ephah is to be borne is plainly revealed—it is the land of Shinar. But from *whence* is it borne away? The answer to this question is to be found, I think, in the scope of the whole series of visions, which manifestly have reference to the future restoration and blessedness of Israel, as well as in attention to that sound canon of interpretation—*i.e.*, that *in prophecy God ever speaks from Jerusalem.*

Chronologically, this vision of the ephah belongs to the period when the Jews shall be restored to their own land, though as yet in unbelief, and before the manifestation of the last personal Antichrist. We know, as matter of history, that the people of Israel, while as yet under the Divine favor, and in the enjoyment of national prosperity, were not characteristically a commercial but an agricultural people. The blessing of Jacob was "the fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine." But when in judgment ejected from the land of promise and scattered among the nations, they were, almost of necessity, driven to addict themselves to those commercial pursuits, and those various forms of petty trading, which have made the name of a Jew the synonym of usurer, extortioner, and cheat.

Now, when the Jews shall first return to the land of their fathers they will not have purged themselves of this evil leaven of trade. They will essay to carry the ephah with them and establish it in their midst. But this is not what God intends. Jerusalem is not the home of the ephah, for this Jerusalem is to be the city of the Lord, the Holy City. Therefore, the messengers of Divine judgment are sent forth, and by them the ephah is lifted up between the earth and the heaven, and the wind of God's providence being in their wings, by them it is swiftly borne away.

No name is applied to the two women who bear away the ephah, as is the case with her confined within it, by which circumstance we are, perhaps, warned not to seek particularly to identify them. But they are represented as *women* because they personify evil powers, and they are *two* in number, because two women at least were needed to carry so heavy a burden. And whither do they bear their evil load? Here, again, the vision affords us important prophetic instruction. Let us observe particularly what follows.

V. THE EPHAH TRANSPORTED TO THE LAND OF SHINAR.

"Then said I to the angel that talked with me, Whither do these bear the ephah? And he said unto me, To build it an house in the land of Shinar." In the identification of "the land of Shinar" there is no difficulty. Shinar is the ancient name of that vast alluvial plain through which the great rivers, the Tigris and the Euphrates, pass in their seaward course: the tract of country known in later times as Chaldea, or Babylonia. The first Scriptural mention of it is found in the Book of Genesis as the original kingdom of Nimrod (10: 10), and in the following chapter as the country in which Babel was built (11: 9).

It was a land of great cities; but peerless among these was Babylon, once the most magnificent city in the world, and yet to be restored (if we read the prophetic page aright) to more than its original importance and splendor. Nor is there any apparent reason for doubting that it is to the literal Babylonia that the prophet Zechariah here refers. Why should we assume that "the land of Shinar is an ideal land, contrasted with the land of Israel?" True, indeed, fifty, or even twenty years ago the rebuilding of the ancient Babylon might well have seemed to human foresight in the last degree improbable. But who can say as much now, when we see the effete Turkish empire so rapidly hastening to its fall; when the Euphrates Valley Railway is all but an accomplished fact; and when the whole Eastern world is being so marvellously opened up and coming so prominently into notice?

Hither, then, will the symbolic ephah be transported; here must it find its proper home and meet its final doom. But, observe, it is not said that the ephah is to be carried to the city of Babylon, but to the land of Shinar. Nor is this a mere *archism.* The ephah is not transported thither because there is a house ready to receive it; on the contrary, the house is to be built because the ephah rests there. In other words, when the Euphrates Valley becomes a great channel of trade, the new Babylon will not be already built; it will be built to accommodate the population which that trade will carry with it. And this brings us to the last feature of the vision which calls for notice.

VI. THE OBJECT OF THE TRANSPORTATION OF THE EPHAH.

"To build it an house in the land of Shinar, and when it is ready it shall be set in its own place." The house which is to be built for the ephah is the new Babylon; a city as literal as the old, and which shall become one of the great centres of the world's commercial activity. Here the trade spirit will manifest itself in all its moral repulsiveness, till it answers to the description given in the book of Revelation; and when the hour of her judgment comes, as come it quickly will,

"The merchants of the earth shall weep and mourn over her; for no man buyeth their merchandise any more: the merchandise of gold, and silver, and precious stones, and of pearls, and fine linen, and purple, and silk, and scarlet, and all thyine wood and all manner of vessels of ivory, and all manner of vessels of most precious wood, and all brass, and iron, and marble, and cinnamon, and odors, and ointments, and frankincense, and wine, and oil, and fine flour, and wheat, and beasts, and sheep, and horses, and chariots, and slaves, and souls of men. . . . And the merchants of these things, which were made rich by her, shall stand afar off, for the fear of her torment, weeping and wailing, and saying, Alas, alas! that great city, wherein were made rich all that had ships in the sea by reason of her costliness, for in one hour is she made desolate. . . .

"And the voice of harpers, and musicians, and of pipers, and trumpeters, shall be heard no more at all in thee; and no craftsman, of whatsoever craft, shall be found any more in thee; and the sound of a millstone shall be heard no more at all in thee, and the light of a lamp shall shine no more at all in thee, and the voice of the bridegroom and of the bride shall be heard no more at all in thee; for thy merchants were the great men of the earth; for by thy sorceries were all nations deceived."

It is impossible to harmonize this description with the characteristics of Rome as a literal city, and yet that a literal city is intended seems obvious from the particular details given, which are not susceptible of any spiritual interpretation. Nor is it any valid argument against the resuscitation of the ancient Babylon to say that, according to Daniel 2, the "stone cut out of the mountain without hands" is to smite the image of Gentile power on the *feet,* not on the *head,* which it must do, if Babylon is to be rebuilt, and to be destroyed only at the coming of the Lord; for we are also told in the 35th verse, that when the stone falls, not only the iron and clay, but also the brass, the silver, and *the gold,* are to be broken to pieces *together,* and become like the chaff of the summer threshing floors, which the wind carries away. Babylon, therefore, is to be in existence as well as Rome.

The whole truth would seem to be that the Babylon of the Apocalypse is at once literal and mystical; the mystical shining, as it were, through the literal, while the literal forms the nucleus of the mystical. Hence Protestant interpreters who find in the mystical Babylon a representation of apostate Christendom, headed up and embodied in the Church of Rome, are no doubt perfectly warranted in their interpretation; but they err, I apprehend, in not perceiving that it also embraces a reference to *the literal Babylon,* to be built hereafter in the land of Shinar, whither *the symbolic ephah* is to be transported, by means which providence seems already not obscurely to indicate, when Jerusalem shall be purged of the thieves and perjurers, in order that the promised day may come when there shall be upon the bells of the horses, *Holiness unto the Lord;* and the pots in the Lord's house shall be like the bowls before the altar.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The One Distinct and Prevalent Emotion in the mind of the public during the past week is that of deep thankfulness that the life of the President has been preserved. As day by day the telegraph carried encouraging reports of his state to every city in the Union, patriotic citizens of all political parties joined in the general enthusiasm and expressed their joy at the good news. A few ardent politicians in the excitement of the time have shown a disposition to impute responsibility for the crime to their political opponents, but the majority of the people seem to have given a truce to political antagonism and have united in the general feeling of anxiety about the President's condition and hearty desires for his recovery. On another page we give an account of the President's progress from day to day, with some interesting details of the popular enthusiasm in his behalf. The outlook has been that of a nation stricken with grief, then that of a nation in suspense, and now that of a nation rejoicing in hope. Those who voted against General Garfield, as well as those who voted for him, have been animated by one and the same sentiment—horror at the crime, and ardent wishes for his recovery. From churches of every creed, from the cathedral and the smallest village chapel, from the Jewish synagogue, the Roman Catholic Church, and every denomination of Protestants, prayers have been offered to the Giver of all good, that the chief Executive of the nation may, if consistent with the Divine will, be restored to health. This spectacle of national unanimity is very gratifying, as showing what we too often forget, that amid our many divisions, political, social, and religious, we are really one people in heart and sympathy. We realize the fact, however, in witnessing the eagerness with which the bulletins from the White House are scanned, and in the expressions of sympathy for the sufferer to be found in every journal throughout the land. In these we heartily concur, and with all sincerity and reverence echo the cry that has ascended from millions of hearts during the past week, "*God save the President.*"

A Republican Caucus was Called by the Conference at Albany on Thursday. The call was signed by sixty-two members of the Legislature. When the caucus assembled on Friday sixty-five Senators and Assemblymen were present, that number being three fifths of the Republican vote at Albany. The absentees were principally Conkling men.

Before the balloting for the Senatorial nominations took place, a letter was read from Mr. Chauncey M. Depew withdrawing his name from the list of candidates. The reasons assigned for the withdrawal are very honorable and show that he was ready to sacrifice his own prospects in the interest of the party with which he is identified. "You have been fruitlessly balloting for five weeks," Mr. Depew said in his letter, "and for four of them I have had the support of a majority of the Republican members of the Legislature. But I am convinced that feelings have become so embittered in this protracted struggle against those who have been longest and foremost in the fight, that neither by unity in caucus nor voting in convention can this question be settled while they remain in the field. A great crime has plunged the nation into sorrow, and in the midst of the prayers and the tears of the whole people, supplicating for the recovery and weeping over the wounds of the President, this partisan strife should cease."

The ballots then taken resulted in the nomination of the Hon. Elbridge G. Lapham for the short term, and the Hon. Warner Miller for the long term. Both gentlemen are members of Congress.

The Balloting in the Joint Convention at Albany for the United States Senatorships last week continued to be of an indecisive character. After the caucus had nominated two candidates, it was hoped that sufficient aid might be gained from the Stalwart camp to elect at least Mr. Platt's successor, but on Saturday the Stalwarts voted for ex-Vice-President Wheeler, and the caucus candidate consequently lacked seven votes of the number necessary to elect. For the short term the Stalwarts remained faithful to Mr. Conkling. The Democrats still continued solid for their candidates for both terms.

The Cotton Exposition at Atlanta, Ga., has aroused so general an interest that the influx of visitors will be far beyond the accommodation the hotels of the city are capable of affording. Some anxiety has been expressed on this head by persons wishing to attend. In view of these facts it is now announced that Mr. Kimball proposes to ask all the people of Atlanta, rich and poor, without regard to their own comfort, to open their houses to the visitors at a fixed schedule of prices. In accordance with this plan all arrangements for board and all payments therefor would be conducted by the managers through a special department which would be responsible to both householders and visitors. It is expected that the citizens will respond heartily to this appeal, as a general disposition has been manifested to do everything possible to make the exposition a complete success.

The Summer School of Christian Philosophy now in session at Warwick Woodlands, N. J., of which Dr. Deems is Dean, has deservedly attracted so much attention that a proposal to make it a permanent institution under the title of "*The American Institute of Christian Philosophy*," is under consideration. The following announcement indicates the character of the project "Among its objects will be a full and impartial investigation of questions of philosophy and science, especially those bearing upon the truths of Scripture; the association of men of science and authors who have already engaged in such investigations, and others who may be interested in them, in order to strengthen their efforts by association; and the consideration of the mutual bearings of the various scientific conclusions arrived at in the several distinct branches into which science is divided, in order to get rid of contradictory hypotheses and promote the advancement of true science."

The Students of the Berean Bible College held their annual meeting on June 23d in the college rooms, 78 Bible House, New York. The exercises were of a very interesting character, several excellent papers being read by the students. The past year appears to have been one of unqualified success, and is an evidence of the valuable character of the work for which the institution was designed. From the president, Rev. John Q. Adams, we learn that during the year, thirty regular students have been enrolled. There have been over 100 occasional students and visitors. In addition to attendance on churches of which they are members, the students have preached 120 sermons, led and attended 496 religious meetings, *visited the hospitals* twenty times, made visits to many *sick persons*, held religious conversation with inquirers, and distributed over 5,000 religious papers and tracts. Three students have been aided to the amount of $99.00. The whole expense has been a little over $600, of which about *one half has been contributed by the president and students.* Thus in a quiet, unostentatious way, and with but little pecuniary assistance from the public, many young men have received that mental aid which renders them more efficient in active Christian work.

A Temperance Congress at Saratoga, N. Y., is announced by the New York State Temperance Society, beginning on Thursday, August 4th, and closing Sunday evening, August 7th. Ex-President Hayes and wife, Gov. St. John of Kansas, Gov. Colquitt of Georgia, Senator Blair of New Hampshire, Mrs. Mary C. Johnson of Brooklyn, and many other well known ladies and gentlemen are expected to be present. Among the attractive features of the programme is a Sunday school picnic, to which all the Sunday-school and temperanc societies of twenty-five counties have been invited, at the Indian encampment on Thursday, August 4th. Gov. and Mrs. St. John will attend. All temperance organizations, churches, and Sunday-schools of the State are invited to send delegates to this congress. Further information may be had from Mr. Eli Johnson, Saratoga Springs, New York.

The Result of Two Years' Work in Norway and Sweden by Mormon agents was realized last Thursday, when 775 Mormon converts landed in New York from those countries. The energy displayed by the leaders of this corrupt system is deserving of the careful attention of the community. It is most probable that the converts are attracted by the offer of free emigration rather than by the repulsive tenets and practices of Mormonism, but once in Utah they will be absorbed into the Mormon body, and will add to its political influence.

A Terrible Steamboat Disaster Occurred near Maysville, Ky., on June 28th. As the packet steamer Phaeton was passing Brooks Bar, with about twelve passengers on board, her boilers suddenly exploded, shattering the vessel into thousands of pieces. Such an utter wreck has seldom been seen, the fragments of the boat being mere chips. Four persons belonging to the crew were killed, and many others, including some of the passengers, were seriously injured.

An Interesting Experience is Related in a New York journal by Dr. Peter Stryker, who recently visited the scene of a temperance organization. It commenced in a blacksmith's shop in a village called Ballston. Three men, all partially intoxicated, resolved on becoming total abstainers. They wrote their pledge with chalk on the blackened walls of the shop, and wisely resolved to keep together in their leisure hours to strengthen each other. On Sunday they brought their dinners to the shop and ate them together, and did not stir out of the place except to go to church. The following Sunday other tipplers who had heard of their movement joined them, and now there is a large temperance society in the village, which has grown by voluntary additions to the party in the blacksmith's shop. Dr. Stryker has been down to the village to deliver a lecture before the strangely organized society.

In a Remarkable Feature of a Railroad Accident which occurred on Friday morning we cannot fail to recognize the hand of an overruling Providence. Part of a long freight and emigrant train on the Hudson River Railroad left the track at the New Hamburg drawbridge. Several cars were shattered and property injured, but no lives were lost. The wreckage, however, was scattered about the track, and *an express train was nearly due.* There was no time to send any one back to stop the express, and it was feared that soon it would dash into the wrecked train with consequences too horrible to be conceived. But to the relief of all on the spot, the express was seen to be slowing up as it arrived, and it stopped just short of the train. One of the cars of the first train had in falling severed the automatic signal wire, and the signal at New Hamburg *changed instantly from white to red,* and so warned the driver of the express of his danger. But for this providential circumstance we might now be lamenting one of the most disastrous accidents of recent days.

President Garfield's Faith in the Power of Prayer.—Now that the attention of the nation is concentrated on the sufferer fighting his brave fight for life in the White House, many anecdotes are being related of him which serve to illustrate his character. Among these one published in the *Cincinnati Gazette* is especially deserving of notice. It relates to the period when the Chicago Convention adjourned over Sunday without making choice of a Presidential candidate. General Garfield dined with some friends at the house of Marshal Field, and in the course of conversation it was remarked that pressure had been brought to bear upon Judge Hoar, Chairman of the Convention, to ignore the approach of the Sabbath, and allow the work of balloting to be begun, with the hope that the work of the convention might be completed that night. Judge Hoar replied: "Never. This is a Sabbath-keeping nation, and I cannot preside over this convention one minute after twelve o'clock." Judge Hoar's conduct was freely criticized. All except Garfield said something, and when all were done he remarked quietly, but with earnestness, to one sitting beside him: "Yes, this is a day of suspense, but it is also a day of prayer, and *I have more faith in the prayers* that will go up from Christian hearts to-day than I have in all the political tactics which will prevail at this convention."

Cured in Answer to Constant Prayer" is the heading of a telegram published in the New York *Tribune* from Freeport, Ill., under date of June 29th. It is as follows: "Mrs. C. A. Newcome, a well-known lady of this city, was thrown from her buggy nearly seven years ago. By the accident she sustained very serious injuries, from which she suffered a "living death" for years following. After trying every possible medical aid without any apparent relief, she, through the advice of her friends, resorted to prayer, in which she persisted for six months or longer, assisted by an old colored woman of a very religious turn of mind. At the end of six months her condition was greatly improved, and to-day her cure is entirely complete."

A Rich Man's Son Died in a Gutter in New York last week. A notice was received at the police station in 19th Street, that a vagrant was lying in an alley at 230 West 44th Street. A policeman who was sent to take him to the station believed that he was drunk and endeavored to make him walk, but failed. The man fell down from exhaustion, and died. It was learned then that the vagrant was the son of a wealthy farmer who lives in Connecticut. The dead man was only twenty-five years old. Repeated efforts had been made by the father to reclaim him, but without avail, and he was at last disowned. He became a tramp in this city and led a life of intemperance and vice that ended in his death in the gutter. We denounce such a son as a wicked and foolish fellow, and we do so with reason, for he wilfully flings away his privileges; but we are apt to forget that "the right to become children of God" is offered to men (John 1 : 12), and is similarly despised.

The Oldest Methodist Minister in the World is believed to be the Rev. John F. Adams, of the New Hampshire Conference, who is ninety-one years old, and is said to be the oldest preacher in that section of the country. The Rev. Moses How, of Cambridge, Mass., who is said to have been the oldest ordained preacher in New England, died a few days ago at the age of ninety-two years.

A Band of Disgusted Gypsies are Returning to Europe, being satisfied after a week's experience that America is no place for their craft. The party consisted of a father, mother, and half a dozen children. They arrived some days ago on the steamship Assyrian Monarch, and as soon as shore was reached left New York for New Jersey, accompanied by an odd-looking cart. They purchased a horse for $25, and began their journey through the country. Crowds of people flocked to see them, and their experiences were far from pleasant. A company of young ruffians at one point on the road assaulted them with stones, and fearing for their lives they turned the head of the horse and hurried back toward their starting-point. They were admitted to Castle Garden to await the next steamer sail. They said, "We must go back to France and Hungary, where money is plenty, and where we can be happy." The mother offered to do business in telling fortunes for the immigrants, trying to earn nickels by her forecasts of the future. It may be hoped that the report they take to Europe will deter others of their class from coming. Our own frauds are too numerous to admit of importation of others from Europe.

Venomous Serpents at Large in the Streets of Salem, Mass., produced a panic in that city recently. There was a parade of Barnum's menagerie and circus, and during its progress the six horses drawing the big glass cage that held forty serpents of various sizes, became unmanageable and ran away. The cage was smashed and the streets strewn with a medley of anacondas, boa-constrictors and other serpents. There was a general stampede of the immense throng of spectators, the boys seeking refuge up lamp-posts and trees. The keepers succeeded, however, in recapturing the monsters without injury or loss. There was no need to advise the spectators to make good their escape; they did that promptly when they saw their danger, but a serpent that destroys body and soul preys on society day by day, and people witness the fate of its victims and go on heedless of their danger (Prov. 23 : 32).

The Descent of a Snow Avalanche in the Rocky Mountains is described by a traveller whose hairbreadth escape was almost miraculous. He was ascending the mountain and had stayed for a moment to rest leaning against a tree. He says, "When I looked up, I thought the whole hill, snow, spruces and all, had broke loose and was coming down on me. I had just time to sling my arms around the tree I was leaning against when the slide struck me. *My legs flew out from under me* like lightning, but I gripped the tree with a death grasp, though I thought the strain would pull my arms out of joint. The loose snow flew so I couldn't see an inch before me, and I couldn't hear a thing but that swish and roar that sounded about like what a heavy freight train makes when it's running with down brakes over a long trestle, and the crack of the big spruces as they gave way before it." Happily for him, the tree was not carried away, as sometimes happens, and he was saved. Such a safe refuge is provided for men in their last extremity, a refuge which nothing can remove (Isa. 25 : 4).

A Train Hanging on a Trestle was the thrilling spectacle witnessed near Greenville, S. C., on June 24th. A local journal says, "As the train came around the curve just beyond the Enoree trestle at the usual rate of speed, the engineer espied a hand-car on the track loaded with iron, just entering upon the trestle at the west end of it, going in the direction of the approaching train. The laborers in charge of the hand car deserted it on hearing the approach of the train. With all possible haste the air-brakes were put on, and by the sudden application of the brakes, the engine, and the entire train were thrown off the rails on the cross ties immediately over the trestle, which is about *fifty feet high*. The cars contained a large number of passengers, who remained some hours in their perilous situation before they were rescued. They were face to face with a terrible death, but by the providence of God none were injured. In a situation involving still more terrible risk does the sinner continually live, yet the rescue God offers him is neglected.

Two Brothers Recently Suffered a Strange death in Minnesota. They retired to rest in a small, ill-ventilated room, leaving their oil lamp burning. In the morning the room was found full of smoke, the lamp in fragments, and the men dead. The disorder in the room and the position of the bodies indicated that they had been unconsciously struggling for air, but were so far overcome that they could neither escape nor give the alarm. The room over as well as the one adjoining this chamber was occupied, but their last struggles were not heard. The sad fate of the victims suggests the thought of the numbers of men who are overcome by the wiles of Satan, and who only discover their danger when their moral strength is so decreased that they are unable to overcome evil habits and are too despairing to cry to God for help.

HEART-DISEASE CURABLE.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted."—ISAIAH 61 : 1.

A Missing Text — Possible Reasons for the Omission—Capital out of a Loss—I. Heart Wounds—Frequently Despised—Often Avoided—Very Painful—Very Weakening—Generally Incurable—Fatal if not Healed—Reminiscence of a Sad Lady—II. Heavenly Healing—Mischievous Bible Revision — For all Kinds of Broken Hearts—Those Broken by a Sense of Guilt—By a Sense of Being Outcast—By Utter Helplessness—By Heavy Afflictions—By Bereavement—By Desertion—III. The Honored Physician — Gives Personal Attentions — Is Fully Qualified—His Person and Character—Has Suffered—The Place for Despair.

THIS text receives great lustre from the fact that it was one of the passages which the Saviour read when He entered into the synagogue at Nazareth and preached on the Sabbath-day. It is as fresh as ever, and we may still say of it, "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears." It is no small privilege that we poor under-shepherds should be permitted to take the same text as "that great Shepherd of the sheep." Our care must be to point to Him in it.

I intended to have preached from these words in Luke 4 : 18, but when I looked at the Revised Version and found that the words were not there at all *I was somewhat startled*. I began to ask whether the omission was a correct one or not; and, without making pretence to scholarship, I feel convinced that the revisers are acting honestly in leaving it out. It was not in the original manuscript of Luke, but probably some pious person added it with the intention of making the quotation more complete. Whatever the intention may have been, and however natural the added words may appear, it is a pity that the unknown brother ventured to improve that which was perfect from the beginning.

After revolving in my mind the fact, which I accept, that the passage was not written by Luke in his record, I have, I think, discovered the reason. When our Saviour unrolled the Book of Isaiah He read from it; but we are not certain that He read any one passage through. According to the Jewish law it was allowed in the prophets for the reader in the synagogue to skip, as we call it, to make selections, and read here a passage and there a passage, as he aimed at bringing out his subject. As the words are given in our Authorized Version you will notice that the portion of Scripture is not exactly like the prophetic words in Isaiah 61, and that one sentence at least must have been taken from another part of the prophetic book.

"But," say you, "why, then, if it be so, did He omit the words which describe Him as sent 'to bind up the broken-hearted?'" It may possibly have been His intention to leave out all allusion to healing. They were all looking out for Him to work miracles of healing that day, and, therefore, He either omitted the sentence for the moment or else He did not dwell upon it; for I take it that Luke is not giving us exactly the Scripture, but the sense of it, and those points in the Scripture upon which the Saviour enlarged. He probably gives us notes of those sentences which were both read and expounded, and the Lord may have purposely refused to expound even if He read the sentence before us: "He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted."

Possibly He gave them nothing about healing that day, because He knew that they were not broken-hearted. He who reads men's hearts knew that they were captives to their unbelief, blinded by prejudice, and fettered by sin, and therefore He said, "He hath sent me to proclaim release to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord?" but the tenderest part of the gospel being inapplicable to their case, He would not mention it in their hearing at that time.

This, it strikes me, is the reason why the passage is not mentioned in the original Gos-

pel of Luke; and, if so, the omission is most instructive. Take heed lest *you* also should miss

THE SWEETEST WORD

of the Gospel through being in an unfit state to receive it.

Concerning the fact of difference between the Revised and the Authorized Versions, I would say that *no Baptist should ever fear* any honest attempt to produce the correct text, and an accurate interpretation of the Old and New Testaments. For many years Baptists have insisted upon it that we ought to have the Word of God translated in the best possible manner, whether it would confirm certain religious opinions and practices, or work against them. *All we want* is the exact mind of the Spirit, as far as we can get it. Beyond all other Christians we are concerned in this, seeing we have no other sacred book; we have no prayer book or binding creed, or authoritative minutes of conference; we have nothing but the Bible; and we would have that as pure as ever we can get it.

By the best and most honest scholarship that can be found we desire that the common version may be purged of every blunder of transcribers, or addition of human ignorance, or human knowledge, that so the Word of God may come to us as it came from His own hand. I confess that it looks a grievous thing to part with words which we thought were part and parcel of Luke; but as they are not in the oldest copies, and must be given up, we will make capital out of their omission, by seeing in that fact the wisdom of the great Preacher, who did not speak upon cheering truths when they were not needed, and might have overlaid His seasonable rebuke.

Now turn to the text: "He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted." Here are three matters for consideration: *heart wounds; heavenly healing; and an honored Healer.*

I. First, let us think upon

HEART WOUNDS.

Many in this world live with broken hearts. Bad is a broken limb of any kind; bruised and wounded flesh is hard enough to bear; but when the fracture is in the heart, it is a sad business. Of all cases of distress, these are the most pitiable, and yet they are very *frequently despised.* When a man's spirit is cowed, and his heart is crushed, and he is despairing and utterly wretched, others get away from him, for he is dreary company. As the herd leaves the wounded stag to bleed and die alone, so do men instinctively avoid the society of those who are habitually gloomy.

God has smitten some men, and their hearts are sore broken beneath His rod, therefore do their fellows hide their faces from them and despise them. Many blame them, and say they ought to shake off their gloom, and make an effort to be brave. I know not all they say; but certain it is that among the despised and rejected of men we find a company who carry with them heart-breaks day and night.

What wonder that they are *frequently avoided.* Common humanity calls us to help those who are injured in limb, and if there be an accident in the street a crowd will soon be gathered, and human kindness will exhibit itself; but if there be breakage of the heart, sympathy is soon exhausted, and love itself grows weary of her hopeless efforts to console. Those who are taught of God will help the broken-hearted, but human sympathy is soon worn out because it is conscious of its inability to succor. You can set a limb, and the bones will grow; but what can we do in the *resetting of a fractured heart?* So, not liking to attempt the impossible, not caring to be continually baffled, it seems to be natural even to good men to be little anxious for the company of the desolate.

Apart from this, it is *exceedingly painful* to have a broken heart. The heart is the centre of sensation, and hence its being broken involves the acutest of pangs. Sorrow hangs over the spirit in clouds which cannot be dispelled. They rest not day nor night; how can they? No pain of the flesh can at all equal heaviness of heart. Give me all the aches and pains which my body can endure, but spare me the heart-ache; break me alive on the wheel, but let me not live to be broken-hearted unless it be from the grand cause of penitence. "A wounded spirit who can bear?" When the arrows penetrate the soul, then the life-blood becomes as liquid fire, and the man is a mass of misery.

Besides, *it weakens us,* for when the heart is wounded the source of strength is impaired. A man who hath a strong heart can do anything. However weak, and feeble, and crippled, and diseased he may be in body, yet if he keeps up his spirits he can laugh at all his pains; but if the heart be crushed, what can he do? what can he hope? what can he endure? When fear is in the heart, the grasshopper becomes a burden, they that look out of the windows are darkened, and the keepers of the house do tremble. Far worse than the infirmities of old age are the miseries of a broken heart.

Ordinarily a broken heart is utterly *incurable.* How many times have I had to learn this lesson to my own deep humiliation. It has been my happy, happy lot to speak to broken-hearted ones and see them gradually rise to be of good cheer when my Lord has spoken through me; but apart from His presence, I have argued, pleaded, explained, and persuaded, but all in vain. I have been almost dragged down into the wretchedness from which I hoped to rescue my fellow-man; for the sympathy I have felt for the desponding has well-nigh made me despond myself.

What a variety of advice physicians give, and what is the good of it all? "Take a journey," they say, "into foreign lands; see new cities, or amuse yourself among the Alps." Yes, but if the man carries out with him a heart weary of life, he is apt enough to bring it back with him; and what good hath he gained? "Attend the baths; resort to the best physicians; use electricity; try strong exercise." This is all very well, for the body may need strengthening, or purifying, or arousing, or resting, but if the secret of the disease is a broken heart, and the hammer of God has smitten it, all the physicians in the world can be of no service: it shall end as with her of old, who spent all her living upon physicians and was nothing better, but rather grew worse. There is a cure for this grievous malady of which we shall speak full soon; but there is none in Gilead, or in the whole of nature's fields.

This heart-break in the end will be *fatal,* if it be not healed. We are frequently reading of men who fall dead suddenly, and the certificate states that they died of disease of the heart. That is a way which physicians have of saying that they do not know what ailed the deceased. *The heart is very much like Africa,* a region unexplored. Mentally and spiritually it is so, and when the heart is broken true life is well-nigh gone. Existence ceases to be desirable when the spirits fail. Such morbid minds say with Job, "My soul chooseth strangling rather than life."

It is a sad story, this tale of the broken-hearted one; but in many a house it is well known. I invite you, beloved, if you do not know the disease, to pray that you never may; and if you have any friends afflicted with it, be very tender and gentle with them. I recollect the impression made upon my young heart, as a child, when I was taken to a house where there was *a sad lady,* always dressed in black, who said that she had committed the unpardonable sin. I remember the horror that I felt as I sat in the room with her, and wanted from very fear to get away, thinking she must be a dreadfully wicked woman. Yet it is probable that she came out into the light again ere she departed this life. These crushed ones are often the best of people. The fairest of our lilies are often broken at the stalk. Our ripest fruit is visited by the worm. Thank God, they shall yet have beauty for ashes, and the oil of joy for mourning. Sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

II. We will now, for a little while, speak upon the

HEAVENLY HEALING.

The Lord Jesus Christ has come into the world to bind up the broken-hearted, and surely it means *all the broken-hearted.* I do not think we have any right to restrict texts of Scripture, as we very often do, to square them to our theological systems. In this case you will hear the passage interpreted to mean the spiritually broken-hearted, and then people look within to see whether their pains are spiritual, and thus they are kept from going to Christ. I do not mind revised versions provided they really get at the original, but I do not mean to let *you* revise the version by putting in such qualifying words as you may think fit.

What *a host of revised versions* we have! Everybody has one of his own. Certain texts which will not fit into our system must be planed and cut down. Have you never seen the hard work that some brethren have to shape a Scripture to their mind? One text is not Calvinistic, it looks rather like Arminianism: of course it cannot be so, and therefore they twist and tug to get it right. As for our Arminian brethren, it is wonderful to see how they hammer away at the ninth of Romans: *steam-hammers and screw-jacks* are nothing to their appliances for getting rid of election from that chapter.

We have all been guilty of racking Scripture more or less, and it will be well to have done with the evil forever. We had better far be inconsistent with ourselves than with the inspired word. I have been called an Arminian Calvinist or a Calvinistic Arminian, and I am quite content so long as I can keep close to my Bible. I desire to preach what I find in this Book, whether I find it in anybody else's book or not; and as I do not find "*spiritually*" in my text, I shall take the liberty of giving a wide range to this broken-heartedness.

Many are broken-hearted from *a sense of guilt.* This is the best form of broken-heartedness in the world; when the hammer of God's law comes down with its ten strokes, and every commandment pounds the heart to powder, it is well. When a man once hears the law of God proclaimed from burning Sinai with voice of thunder he ceases to trifle and is sore afraid. Some of us knew in the days of our conviction what it was to hate the light of day, and to dread the darkness of night, to long for our bed that we might sleep, and yet to toss there restlessly upon a pillow harder than Jacob's stone. O sin! sin! sin! If its weight be once felt, if the terrors of God once break loose upon an awakened conscience, the misery reaches to agony, and the agony nears to death. But, beloved, our Lord Jesus has come to heal the anguish of the conscience by declaring that there is forgiveness with God that He may be feared, and by showing how God can be just and yet the justifier of sinners who believe.

This form of heart-break, if it be present here this morning, is

MY LORD'S OWN SPECIALTY;

in dealing with this He is altogether at home, for He delighteth in mercy. I have seen Him apply the liniments to the wounds with tender, downy-fingered hand, swathing the limb with bands so soft, and yet so strong, that the gash has closed never to open again. So speedy and so sure is His surgery that the broken heart has begun to sing as soon as He has touched it. Do it again, great Master; do it at this very hour. Say, poor sinner, "Lord, do it unto me." He can heal when all others have failed. He can heal *you now.*

Another brokenness of heart is felt by those who regard themselves as *outcasts.* Few of you have ever felt that dreadful weight upon the soul, as dreaded as a millstone about the neck. The woman whose sin may not be in God's sight more gross than that of others is yet regarded by society as utterly fallen and defiled, a thing to be flung from hand to hand, and cast on the dunghill as a faded flower. Words cannot describe the shudder which passes over the mind of one betrayed and deceived when she perceives that she is henceforth numbered with castaways.

A like thing happens to the man who has been guilty of embezzlement, or some other form of dishonesty. He is found out, prosecuted by his employer, set before the court, and sent to prison to be henceforth a branded criminal. Ah me! How dreadful must be the waking up on the first morning in a prison cell. He who was once courted will henceforth be shunned: he is a broken man without a character, marked by all as an offcast. Ah, poor man, poor woman, Jesus receives sinners such as you.

"That Christ will receive him no sinner need fear.
The poorer the wretch the welcomer here;
Though you may be outcast and banished afar,
Your welcome is certain, come just as you are."

Another brokenness of heart is that of *utter helplessness*, in which a man feels that he is too feeble to fight the battle of life. He is not only given up by others, but he has *given himself up*. He floats like a deserted vessel, derelict, water logged, abandoned. Sin has beset him, he has given way to temptations, and now Satan binds him fast. Perhaps he has backslidden from the profession of religion and brought great dishonor upon the name of Christ, and now he cries, "My last end will be worse than the first. I have crucified the Lord afresh, and shall die in my sins. I neglected the means of grace, I became slack in prayer, I turned my face away from God, and now He has left me, and I cannot get back again." Alas, for men who are bound with such fetters; the iron enters into their souls.

My gracious Lord Jesus Christ comes to you, backsliders, who are filled with your own ways, who labor and are heavy laden with the fear that you are cast away forever, and he says, "Return, ye backsliding children." He will help you to return. He will draw you and you shall run to Him. The love of Jesus has not changed; He loves even to the end. He will not cast away a soul that looks to Him. O taste and see that the Lord is good. Return to Him this morning. He will receive you graciously and love you freely, and you shall render to Him again the calves of your lips as once you used to do; for Jesus healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

Many are broken in heart because they are *afflicted so heavily*. When sickness first comes to our door and we are new to it, it is a very unwelcome guest. New pains are sharp, fresh griefs appear intolerable; for as yet the bullock is unaccustomed to the yoke. By-and-by we bear our woes more patiently, but at the first the man afflicted with a disease which he knows will bring him to his grave is sadly cast down; the man who sees business ebbing away, and foresees bankruptcy, and perhaps destitution, is crushed. Brother, if you receive Jesus Christ into your heart, He will ease you by teaching you a sweet submission to the divine will; He will tell you that "all things work together for good to them that love God;" He will explain to you the doctrine of providence; He will make you to consider the end of the Lord, for He is very pitiful even in His sharpest dispensations: and He will supply you with such strength of grace that you will be able to endure pain or poverty. Thus will He support you, till your heart shall become strong, and you shall bravely face the afflictions and conflicts of life.

Some are broken-hearted through

BEREAVEMENT.

One laments, "I have lost my wife." Another bemoans herself, "I have lost my husband;" or a third cries, "My mother is gone;" or a fourth with motherly tenderness mourns the dearest child that ever nestled in a woman's bosom. "Alas," cries each one, "I can never survive the stroke!" We have all endured sorrow, but bereavements are a sharp sword. Friends can do little to fill up the great gap which death has made. Ah, it is indeed an aching void which is left in an affectionate heart when the dear object of love is torn away. The best of people in this respect suffer most. Herein is comfort from Jesus. The blessed doctrine of the resurrection cheers the darkness of the sepulchre. Jesus says, "Thy brother shall rise again." The blessed thought of the eternal felicity of those that we fain would have detained below is a sweet recompense for their loss. We remember our Lord's prayer, "I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am, that they may behold my glory."

Sometimes in prospect of losing our beloved ones we pull very hard earthward, and cry, "Father, I will that they be with me where I am." Did you ever feel a pull the other way, and start, and look to see who pulls heavenward. You watch and see that it is Jesus praying, "Father, I will that they be with me where I am." Whenever Christ and you come to cross purposes I know you will yield, for you will gladly own that the dear ones are more Christ's than yours. Let them go. Jesus, we can part with all for Thee. It is no parting, when we know that our beloved are with Thee. Thus doth Jesus, who Himself wept for Lazarus, heal broken hearts whose joy is buried with those they loved so well.

There are many other forms of this disease. I have known hearts to be thoroughly broken by *desertion*. One whom you loved and trusted proves false, and the early love of a true heart is broken like a potter's vessel. What desolation fills many a soul that once was blithe as the birds; for treachery wasteth like the scourge of war. Yet is there consolation; for He who had His Judas and bitterly cried, "He that eateth bread with me hath lifted up his heel against me," and He knows how to bind up such a broken heart, for He becomes a friend that sticketh closer than a brother, and He makes us feel in the sweet tenderness and faithfulness of His divine companionship that we are not alone, for the Lord is with us. He is better unto us than ten friends.

I am certain that there is no form of broken heart present but what there is medicine for it in the Word of God, and in Jesus who is the word. The leaves of this tree are for the healing of nations. Christ Jesus brings a cure-all to those who are else incurable. In His dispensary there are remedies compounded by divinest art which will touch the heart and act upon it like a charm till it shall throb with pleasure as much as it now palpitates with anguish. *This is no quackery*. His is a scientific system of surgery which has borne the test of ages, and has been proved by the experience of countless sufferers to be infallible. Here we stand, ourselves, living witnesses of His skill. He hath bound us up, and we are now saved from heartache, and made to praise Him with our whole heart.

III. Our third theme is

THE HONORED PHYSICIAN;

and this is the central point of the text. Jesus saith, "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted." Observe, first, that this honored Physician *gives personal attendance* to the broken-hearted. He says, "He hath sent *me* to bind up the broken-hearted." The Lord hath sent Jesus Christ Himself because the task needs a divine hand. The Lord's servants without their Lord can do no more than the staff of Elisha did when Gehazi laid it upon the dead child, but there was neither voice nor hearing. The great Prophet Himself is coming, and wonders will be seen among us. He is here at this moment in His own proper person, and He will not fail in any case that is brought to Him. Many a great physician has so much practice that he is compelled to take a partner or an assistant, but my Lord is able to do all His work, and none can interfere in it. Jesus Himself personally, with His own pierced hands, continues to bind up the broken-hearted.

This Physician is *fully qualified*. He is called *Christos*, or Christ, which signifies anointed; "The Lord hath anointed me." I am sure that Jesus can cure broken hearts, because God has given Him the Spirit, even the Comforter, to rest upon Him without measure, that His words may drop with the oil of comfort. O, trust Him now. He has all the fitness for His work that God can give Him. He is complete, and we are complete in Him. The good Samaritan poured in oil and wine; but here is heavenly oil in the hands of one who is Himself the health of our countenance.

As if this were not enough, notice that our Lord is *commissioned*. "He has sent me," He says. First, "anointed me;" then, "sent me." Our Lord said to the blind man, Go and wash in the Pool of Siloam, which is, being interpreted, *sent*. How I wish that you who are broken-hearted would go and wash in this pool, and find comfort in the blessed fact that the anointed is sent of God to you. The Great Father thought so much of you that He sent a special messenger to heal you; yea, sent the best one there was in heaven, to be a Missionary to you. No other was fit to be second to Him; but God emptied heaven of its superlative glory and sent His own Son down below that He might bind up broken hearts.

I cannot imagine a failure of this Messiah—the sent One. This is the Shiloh for whose salvation Jacob waited, looking for Him who should be sent. This is the Apostle, or sent One of our profession, sent on purpose that He might comfort all the heirs of sorrow. Jesus is carrying on a mission, a mission for the desolate. Observe, then, his qualifications and his commission. He bears a diploma of the highest value. He is

THE ROYAL PHYSICIAN;

surgeon in ordinary to all bleeding hearts; O that you would put your mournful cases into His hands.

Remember also what He is *in person and character*, and I think you will at once say, "I will submit my broken heart to Him, that He may heal me." For Jesus, your Physician, is one who knows heart-break by having felt it. He said, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death." I will tell you one of the most terrible tormentors in the world, excelling even an Inquisitor, it is *an unfeeling comforter*. Save me from a man who comes to console me wearing a face of marble and a heart of stone. His words put *grit into your wounds*, or what if I say—salt? Job knew this dreadful affliction. Look, then, at the reverse of the picture: the surest comforter is one who is touched with a feeling of our infirmity, seeing He was tempted in all points like as we are.

"No," says the broken heart, "Christ never knew my pain." Ah, but He did. What is it? That you have been slandered? Jesus cries, "Reproach hath broken my heart." Is it that you are forsaken by friends? Is it not written, "Then all the disciples forsook Him and fled?" Is it that you are forsaken by God? Did not Jesus cry, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Is it that your cup is bitter? Did He not pray thrice that the cup might pass from Him, and still the cup was not removed? He leads you through no darker rooms than He went through before, and in all He is so tenderly sympathetic with you that He is the best Physician you can desire.

O that you knew my Master. If you had seen Him as my broken heart saw Him on my first spiritual birthday, when I heard the word that saith, "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth;" I say, if you had seen Him as I then saw Him you would have rushed to His feet for healing. I was at the ends of the earth: I thought I was ready to slip over the bounds altogether, and sink into the abyss; but in obedience to His command, I looked. It was the dim look of a half-blinded eye; I looked through my tears, but hardly hoped to see Him. Still I looked: I turned my eyes that way, and I resolved that if I were lost it should be lying at Jesus' feet. I believed He was able to save me, and I left myself with Him, and He has done great things for me, to which I cheerfully bear witness. *He keeps on blessing me*, and He will complete His work ere long. I know whom I have believed, and I rest in Him. O dear hearts that are breaking, I wish you would do as I did: I would to God the same grace would lead you at once to fall at my Lord's feet.

If you must despair, despair yourself into Christ: I mean by that self-despair which is the next of kin to humble faith in Jesus drop into His hand. Faint upon Christ's bosom and lie there in happy helplessness. May the Lord disable you for anything else, and lead you to believe in His Anointed. God has sent you Jesus; will you not admit Him? He is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by Him. Come, then, at once and believe in Him whom God hath sent.

[PORTIONS OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Isaiah 61, Luke 4: 16–30 (Revised Version).]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 230,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

Boycotting an Irish Tradesman.

BOYCOTTING AN IRISH TRADESMAN.

BOYCOTTING is a word unknown to the dictionaries, but recent events have rendered its meaning very clear to all readers of newspapers. Its origin was in the course of treatment adopted by the Irish people toward Captain Boycott, an Irish farmer. He had rendered himself obnoxious to his poorer neighbors by an arrogant and oppressive demeanor. He was thoroughly disliked, and the Land League resolved on punishing him, and if possible driving him from his farm. The plan of operation was not unlike the ancient Roman Catholic weapon of excommunication. The people were warned against rendering him or his family any service, or of buying anything from him or selling anything to him. He was thus reduced to great straits, being forced to perform the laborious work of the farm without any aid other than that of his family. How he suffered this treatment, the devices he was forced to adopt to procure the common necessaries of life, and how at length a troop of soldiers was sent to protect the laborers from a distance who volunteered to help him gather the harvest, must be fresh in the recollection of our readers.

So effective was the persecution of Captain Boycott that the Land League, in their unscrupulous disregard of the right and justice every member of the community is entitled to from others, adopted the engine of persecution and extended its operations against other people who had fallen under their displeasure. Thus the verb "to Boycott" became incorporated in the language, and is freely used and well understood on this side the Atlantic, where some of the trades unions have tried its effects on the employers.

Our illustrations represent the process of Boycotting an Irish tradesman who had disobeyed the tyrannical commands of the League, and who was thus publicly proclaimed an enemy of the League. The efforts of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues may possibly by removing some of the most intolerable of the grievances of the people, obtain a truce in this social war, but it is little likely that there will be permanent peace while the moral, educational and religious condition of the people remains in its present state.

THE BOYS OF CITY STREETS.

(*Continued from page* 428.)

"Jimmy," another boy who works at the stables here, and who looks most unhappy, has been lately out of work for some weeks. Seeing him looking so miserable I could not help saying to him, "Don't you feel well, Jimmy?" "No, Missus H—," he replied quietly. "What makes you so unhappy? have you done something wrong at home?" "No, Missus H—, only I'se been out o' work, and they won't let me go home only to sleep. I 'as to find my grub; I shan't have it there."

As already mentioned, we have, besides several of these more or less homeless and destitute lads, others attending our classes who are in more fortunate circumstances, living at home and engaged as butcher-boys, costermongers, stable-boys, horse-cleaners, etc. But I can say of every one of them that they have to work and mix with boys and men who are of the lowest class of society, most of whom spend their lives with horses at the stables when at work, or in the public-house for pleasure and amusement; and I feel that each lad who comes to us is entitled not only to pity and kindness, but to an earnest endeavor to help him. I have tried to get several of the most helpless into homes or into the navy, but after spending a good deal of time and trouble I have always had to give it up, finding it impracticable to comply with the regulations laid down, in consequence of the peculiar circumstances and difficulties of these lads' cases. So I have gone on trying to do for the most needy what little I could myself, by taking a general interest in them, and sheltering them from the streets for a few hours every evening.

In carrying on the meetings we had many difficulties at first, and some of them of a trying kind. One of the greatest is that these youths vary so much in temper from one time to another. A lad who may be one evening as good and as quiet as a lamb may be very different the next.

The reader may ere this have wondered how it has been possible to carry on a work of this sort in a private house without inconvenience to the domestic arrangements and to neighbors. There *is* a difficulty about this. At first, my intention was simply to show kindness to a few destitute and helpless lads, and no material inconvenience arose. But now that the allotted room has become a regular meeting-place, and the members who attend are increasing in numbers, although without any effort on my part to attract a large number, inconvenience has been felt in more ways than one

The principal difficulties, however, are owing to the room being too small for such a work. My aim is to keep these lads from the streets, from the public-houses, and from the common lodging-houses. If they and their fellows have no other place to go to in the evenings, what can they do but go to the public house, or hang about the streets, to see and hear what they ought not to see and hear, and to meet with bad men and women whose example would lead them to ruin?

Then again, as regards the lads who sleep at the common lodging-houses, it is very sad to think that they have to go there; the description of these places, given by those who frequent them, and my own experience of a visit to one of them, have made me wish earnestly to have a place where I could offer these lads clean beds and a ventilated room. Apart from the fact that sleeping in such places must be injurious to their health, they have to associate there with the moral dregs of society—thieves of all ages, and men and women of the lowest character; and yet these lads have a wish to do what is right.

Through the kindness of some friends we were able to distribute free soup twice a week during the severe winter weather to the most destitute of the lads and to some workingmen out of employment. At these meetings a few words of Scripture are read, a short address is given, and a few

hymns are sung. I have been much gratified to find that several who attend seem to enjoy, not only the soup, but the short meetings held afterward.

Poor lads! How I pity them! Although often very wicked and very trying to deal with, yet what suffering they have to bear in many ways! They simply live and suffer; for their lot is cast among the lowest. Is it not for such as these that the sweet comforts of the Gospel were intended? Is it not of such as these that Jesus calls, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden?" Let us help them—they are to be found in almost every part of this great city. Let us shelter them and give our smiles to them. Who knows but we may win them to Jesus, and so life eternal with Him in glory?

The Child and the Austrian Cavalry.

THE CHILD AND THE AUSTRIAN CAVALRY.

THE following incident occurred during a general review of the Austrian cavalry, not long ago. Not far off some thousands of cavalry were in line. A little child, a girl of not more than four years, standing in the front row of the spectators, from some cause rushed out into the open field just as the squadron of hussars came sweeping around from the main body. They made a detour for the purpose of saluting the Empress, whose carriage was drawn up on that part of the parade-ground. Down came the squadron at a mad galop.

Directly under the feet of the horse was the little one—another instant must seal its doom—when a stalwart hussar, who was in the front line, without slackening his speed or losing his hold, threw himself over by the side of his horse's neck, seized and lifted the child, and placed it in safety upon his saddle-bow; and this he did without changing his pace or breaking the correct alignment of the squadron. Ten thousand voices hailed with rapturous applause the gallant deed, and other thousands applauded when they knew. *Two women* there were who could only sob forth their gratitude in broken accents—the mother and the Empress—and a proud and happy moment it must have been for the hussar when his Emperor, taking from his own breast the richly enamelled Cross of the Order of Maria Theresa, hung it upon the breast of his brave and gallant trooper.

The reward thus obtained may well remind us of that infinitely higher reward, which is held out to all those who seek to rescue their fellows from spiritual danger. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

A FATAL BULLET OPENING THE DOOR OF LIFE.

MAJOR EVERED POOLE, speaking at the Army Scripture Readers' Meeting at Mildmay Conference Hall, London, read some extracts from several letters, which a young soldier, George Stunt, had written, who was afterward killed in the Ingogo campaign. "I praise God and our Lord Jesus Christ," he wrote, "that I can testify this day that the Spirit of our God beareth witness with my spirit that I am His child, and that my soul is greatly refreshed by His Spirit. I have been greatly refreshed by the coming of our Saviour. When I think of how Jesus suffered for me, and how I have mocked Him and despised Him and His dear servants, how I hate and loathe myself. What amazing love and mercy to such a hell-deserving wretch as I was! My faint heart cannot find words to utter His praise. And, blessed be God, nothing can separate us from the love of Jesus. I have had sore struggles with Apollyon; but, praise God! I have come off victorious, through Him who loved me and gave Himself for me.

"It grieves me to see the sin around me. How I hate it! I have prayed in agony of soul for my poor comrades, but they count me their enemy because I do not countenance their sin. I pray for that love to sinners which Jesus had; I do not want to be guilty of the blood of souls. I have great difficulty at times in doing my duty, having every one opposed to me. I get hooted at all over the place as a 'sneak' and a 'hypocrite.' If it were not for Jesus what should I do? It is Jesus, Jesus only, who sustains me. I feel sometimes that my heart will break; then it is that I feel Jesus so precious to me. The Great Physician binds my heart up and comforts me, and I am able then to pray for my persecutors. I have learned what the world's friendship is, how shallow and deceitful. There is no real friendship out of Christ."

With the prospect of death and battle before him, six days before the engagement at Laing's Nek the young soldier wrote to the Scripture Reader: "'Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life.' What a glorious promise! May we both obtain it, dear father! Tomorrow I think we are to advance to commence the attack on the Boers. Pray for us that we may be kept faithful. I go trusting in Him who is able to keep me. Many Christian brethren came to bid us farewell as I left Pietermaritzburg. How could I feel dull accompanied by the prayers and good-wishes of so many of God's dear children? What an honor and a privilege to be among such! This is my last testimony, if I am not spared to write again, 'Jesus is mine and I am His.'"

On January 18th came the memorable engagement at Laing's Nek and George Stunt escaped unhurt. On February 9th the Boers determined to cross the Ingogo River; and with a quiet trust in God George Stunt joined the attacking force and marched forward. The engagement lasted for more than five hours, and at the close among the heaps of dead on that fatal field was found the body of the brave soldier. He had been shot dead. George's faithful friend, the Reader, with deep grief had to see the name of the young soldier who always when writing to him subscribed himself "Your affectionate son in the faith" among the list of "killed" after the Ingogo engagement. The Reader wrote to Major Poole. The bullet that shot him opened the gate of heaven to him.

CONVERSION OF A ROYAL MARINE.

AT one of Miss Daniell's visits to the Soldiers' Institute, Plymouth, in May, 1874, the first-fruits of what has since proved a most abundant harvest, were gathered in. One evening the little library was visited by *a man of the Royal Marines*. He looked thoughtful and sad. He was found to be in an anxious state of mind. Feeling the burden of sin, and dissatisfied with all his attempts at reformation, he yet could not appropriate to himself the finished work that the Lord Jesus Christ had wrought out for him. Day by day he grew more restless and uneasy, till his agony of mind became almost unendurable, and he wandered about for miles in his wretchedness. Again and again he was told of the Lord's readiness to receive him, and how much he grieved Him by doubting Him. At last, after praying with him, Miss Daniell said:

"Now will you kneel down here by yourself, and just go to Christ with all your sin and all your unworthiness, and believe that when you go He receives and pardons you at once?" Very quietly he agreed to this, and he was left alone. A few minutes afterward Miss Daniell returned, and found the whole expression of his face changed. Though the tears were falling, yet the despair and wretchedness were all gone, and it was radiant with his newly-born joy. All he could say was, "Oh, miss! why could I never see it before? How blind I've been! Now I know it's all done for me, and I'm saved!" *He is still living in the joy of divine assurance and forgiveness* and peace, kept by the mighty power of God, and anxious to do anything he can to help in the work.

TOUCHES OF REAL LIFE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Lady Hope, of Cariden.

(*Continued from page 431.*)

The Morals of Dinner Customs — Woman's Rights—The Improvement in the Men—A Proposal to Shorten the Church Service—An Entertainment at Ferncroft.

WHILE Etta was hurrying home to get at least half an hour in the family circle usually assembled at that time, she thought of her friend Lady Isabel. She knew that she was away from home just then, paying one or two visits to relatives of her own and her husband's. But she did not know that, at that particular moment, Lady Isabel was seated at a large fireside gathering composed of miscellaneous persons all united more or less at least on one point, viz., the propriety of social intercourse at the close of an afternoon, and before rallying for the still more dazzling function of *dinner*.

Strange that meals, once so pristinely simple, should in our day have assumed proportions of such severe magnitude! While dress, art, ornament, manners and customs, are alike striving to struggle back two hundred years in the era of civilization, would that dinners, luncheons, and teas could be persuaded to join their backward path! How much time and money, weariness, gossip, and folly might we all be saved were it only so! Public opinion! be evoked on our behalf, and we will render to you a greater meed of heartfelt homage than we have ever laid at your feet before.

But to return to the low chairs and the ornamental tea table.

Lady Isabel attracts the notice of two clever-looking ladies sitting near her, and to her their next remarks are addressed.

"I suppose you approve of Woman's Rights!" they say to her.

"Oh no!" says Lady Isabel, shrinking back, and thinking as she does so, "Are *those* their colors?"

One of them rather abruptly remarks:

"Oh indeed! I should have thought *you* would certainly have upheld the cause!"

"Yes, that *is* a surprise!" says the taller one. "It seems very inconsistent!"

Lady Isabel's eyes are opened rather wider than usual, as she says:

"Inconsistent! I do not think I quite understand you. You were talking of 'Woman's Rights,' were you not?"

"Just so," is the reply, followed by a smile.

The other sister explains.

"Don't you hold forth to men, and women, too, and harangue them on their various duties? So we have been *informed* at least, though, never having been in your part of the country, we only know it on hearsay."

Poor Lady Isabel's complexion heightens, and her eyes unwontedly fill. She hesitates, while the surrounding ladies rustle their dresses indignantly. Happily, before the short sister can be abetted by her taller counterpart, Lady Isabel is able to hold her own.

In the gentlest of voices she says:

"I don't think I *harangue!* At any rate, I hope not; I only talk with the men and women—who like to come and see me—very quietly, and tell them about the love of Jesus."

The "Woman's Rights" ladies seem to get rather a shock to their inner systems at the sudden and unexpected mention of that Name, to which they are evidently not accustomed. Rallying from their slight recoil, however, they argue:

"That is not the point! Whether the subject be religion, morality, education, or politics, you *teach* the men You hold forth to them; and, in fact, you assume the position of dictator. Not that we consider there is any harm in that—on the contrary, we approve. But such a line of proceeding simply proves that you consider the other sex on an equality with yourself, or beneath you. You take the superior position, that is all."

"You quite mistake me," is Lady Isabel's unruffled reply, spoken so softly that the other members of the group involuntarily lean forward to hear the solution of a mystery that had already interested them, and now has fully arrested their attention.

"I do not go as a 'dictator' or as a superior among the people," Lady Isabel continues. "On the contrary, when I read and talk with them, either individually or collectively, I do so as their servant! They have not been accustomed to read the Bible very much, and many of them do not pray. So, at their own request—at their bidding, I may say—I try to help them. I assure you that if I were to assume any other attitude than this, I should miss my aim. I should have no influence with them at all. Indeed, they would not listen to me!

"I am quite certain of this," she added, seeing many attentive glances fixed on her. "The only way for a woman to work is to take the *second*, or *lowest*, place. Then she wins her way. Gentleness is her power, and the only one she has any right to assert."

"Hear, hear!" say one or two of three gentlemen who have drawn near to hear the discussion.

"Oh! of *course* you think so!" says one of the "Woman's Rights" advocates. "You will have all the men on your side, Lady Isabel, if you assume a position like that!"

"So I do," said Lady Isabel simply.

"You do? I should think *that* part of the argument was true enough," says one of the gentlemen.

"Yes, I do," Lady Isabel answers; "from my husband downward. And as for these poor fellows that drink and swear and lead miserable lives that is all I want, or how could I ever win them?"

"Well, that's capital! Bravo!" said different masculine members of the tea-party, while smiling nods and whispered, as well as vocal, assents testified that to the community present Lady Isabel had won her laurels in the argument.

Yes! It was quite true. Hal and his friends delighted in taking advantage of the various opportunities permitted them for hearing of their Saviour, and receiving into their hearts the simple truths from His Word, which were gradually proving the very life of their souls, and without which they were constantly saying to one another, "How could they have ever lived before?"

Poor fellows! Numbers of them were certainly living a new life *now!* and continually they were bringing in fresh guests to the prayer-meetings, the Bible-classes, the Sunday evening readings, and the temperance gatherings. Each fresh comer again, would draw in men and women from *his* circle of acquaintances; and thus the coffee-house and its *entourage* prospered, and its number of supporters ever increased. Deeply encouraging it was to Lady Isabel and her laborious coadjutors, to see the enthusiastic sympathy manifested persistently by the working classes of Thornham, as well as by its tradespeople, in her earnest efforts.

Even the vicar would say occasionally, "I can't say it is doing any *harm!* so I suppose it is doing good!"

And this was a great deal from him, as he did not ordinarily admire novelties of any kind, that sprung up *outside* the walls of his own church and school. Inside these walls he was not so unwilling to admit varieties, as some of his parishioners would have wished.

"Do these newly-respectable men go regularly to church?" the brewer's wife asked rather sceptically one day.

"Yes, many of them do. Several were at the communion last Sunday. And many more would be there were the service simpler and shorter, more *earnest* too, and, in fact, more like the gatherings held by our Saviour and the apostles," was the answer.

"How dreadful!" said Mrs. Hodges. "Do you know that is almost heresy? Then do you disapprove of the Church service?"

Disapprove of the Church service! said Lady Isabel. "Oh no! I only say that without many of its more recent and artistic additions, and shortened to one hour, accompanied by very earnest, simple, spiritual sermons, which every one could understand, it would be far more largely attended by the masses of the population, and much more extensively blessed to their good."

"Oh! I understand," said Mrs. Hodges. "You would wish modifications introduced—"

"By lay—or lady—advisers!" chimed in Mr. Hodges, as he drew on his gloves, in preparation for a departure.

"You must not think I am saying anything under the rose!" said Lady Isabel. "I have often chatted this over with our vicar. He knows that I think that if there were *less* appeal to the *human* senses, and far stronger appeal to the souls of the people, by presenting Christ to them, our dear old church in Thornham would be a much greater power in the place than it is. I am sure he agrees with me, too; for he has never denied it yet."

"Though she looks so gentle, she is very immovable," said the brewer's wife, as they took their places in the carriage that was so well known in the neighborhood of Thornham, and that had so irritated poor Hal in his drinking days. Now he never saw it but to lift up his heart in prayer to his God, that "Muster and Missus Hodges might be changed, and converted, and made quite different, just like the men."

For it never entered his simple soul, for one moment, that if their heart principles were altered by the entrance of grace, pure and perfect, they could continue dealing out the destructive liquor to their neighbors, and thereby making themselves rich! Such an idea was beyond his comprehension; and no doubt he was right; and that, if those renewing influences *had* passed over the man and his wife, who owned those little public-houses and all their contents, Thornham would have been as near a state of Paradise, as it would have been possible to conceive in the condition of an English town.

* * * * * *

Glance from the gay carriage and its complacent occupants to the humbler precincts of Ferncroft. As they conclude their drive at the handsome stone porch, Mrs. Clemence is standing with a very grave, though benevolent, expression on her face in the "little room" beside her hall door.

This was the night she had set apart lately for the instruction of two or three very rough boys who had attracted her attention lately by throwing stones and shouting verly loudly outside the Ferncroft gate. With one of her usual kind impulses she had gone out to the gate and asked them they would like to have some flowers.

You could not shape Mrs. Clemence into mould. She did things in her own way, and thus she succeeded in accomplishing most that she undertook. But had you tried to shape her into cut-and-dried performances, she could not have managed them. Signal failure would have been the result. Like David before Saul she would have said—or *might* have, for it would have been true—"I cannot go in these (new articles of armor), for I have not proved them." With the simple weapon to which she had been long used, she was marvellously skilful and generally victorious.

So it was proved on this occasion. Open-mouthed, the boys were too much taken aback to say anything but "Yes!"

And they were then ushered into the garden labyrinths of roses, clematis, and creeping wester that festooned itself about the housewalls and eve drooped over some of the slender iron archwa that bridged the gravel paths.

Their amazement was depicted plainly enough their candid faces.

"My!" was the only expression that their li formed. Involuntarily they tried to smooth th hair from their foreheads, and for one moment least to look less like elements out of place in t new-found paradise.

As Mrs. Clemence went from bed to bed, pic ing her treasured beauties for them, they sto stock still, admiration in their attitude, watchi her movements, listening to a perfect chorus birds, and generally wondering that such love ness should have been so close beside them and unknown.

As each of the boys was presented with a sm bouquet, she said to them:

"Where do you work?"

"At the distillery," was the answer of m than one.

"And do you live close by?" she continued.

"Down at t'other end of Shenstone," they replied.

"I suppose you are too big to go to any schools or classes!" she suggested smilingly.

"Don't have much time for that kind of thing," said one of the lads. "It's pretty hard work down at our place."

"Do you like reading stories?" she next inquired.

"Wars!" said one.

The others looked amused.

"I likes about 'Meriky," said another; "'cause my brother's gone there."

"Oh, then you can read quite well?" said Mrs. Clemence.

"No! not so very well," was the reply.

And then they looked at one another, until at last the secret came out.

"One-legged John tells us lots about it, and Woppy too."

"Where do you hear them?"

But no answer came to this question (because these recountals usually took place at a drinking saloon especially used by boys), and the group began to shuffle toward the gate.

"Now, boys!" said Mrs. Clemence, "would you like *me* to read you a story about America and about the wars!"

"Shouldn't mind!" was the answer.

"If you will come and see me to-morrow evening, you shall have a story and see some pictures," said Mrs. Clemence as they departed, flowers in hand.

(To be continued.)

MOSES AND AARON.

S. S. Lesson for July 24. Ex. 4:27-31; 5:1-9. Golden Text, Ps. 105:26. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Moses had not yet ceased to look upon himself, and he fell into the sin of flatly contradicting God. The Lord had assured him that when he went unto the children of Israel, they should hearken to his voice, and yet he said, "But, behold, they will not believe me, nor hearken unto my voice: for they will say, The Lord hath not appeared unto thee." Looking at his past experience of the people, and at his own conscious weakness, there was nothing else to expect; but Moses had yet to learn that wherever God sends His messengers He makes a way for them through every obstacle; whenever He speaks a word, He makes Himself responsible for the fulfilment of that word. We have no right to think whether a thing is possible or impossible, probable or improbable; when once the Lord has said it, it must and it shall be.

God's patience was not yet exhausted, and He gave Moses two signs which He allowed even then to take place, that His servant's faith might be strengthened. Still Moses shrank back from the Lord's call, and continued to make difficulties; O my Lord, he said, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since Thou hast spoken unto Thy servant; but I am of a slow speech and of a slow tongue. Still looking to himself, still considering his own capacity! O did he think then that his eloquence was to do the work of God? There was more of pride than of humility in his spirit. Yet God continued patient, "Who hath made man's mouth? or who maketh the dumb, or deaf, or the seeing, or the blind? have not I the Lord? In His fatherly love, God sought to draw His servant's thoughts away from himself, and to occupy him with God. But he continued still to look on self and answered, "O my Lord, send, I pray Thee, by the hand of him whom Thou wilt send."

It was in anger against Moses, in just indignation that he should carry his distrust of God so far, that God gave to Moses Aaron his brother to be spokesman for him. Had Moses fully trusted God perhaps the awful sin of the golden calf which Aaron afterward made would never have been perpetrated. Was Moses more obstinate and unbelieving than are God's instruments in this day? more so than you, dear reader, more so than me? He has called us to preach the Gospel "to every creature," to cast out devils, to heal the sick. What are we doing? The most of God's children shift their responsibility to preach the Gospel on to the shoulders of ministers or missionaries, and they explain away the command to heal: is this less guilty than the conduct of Moses? When a Christian says, "It is not my calling to do anything in that open kind of way; I can serve God quietly, I have no gift for speaking to people about their souls:" is this less guilty than Moses was when he said, "O Lord, I am not eloquent," and God was angry?

Yet how tender was God! In spite of Moses' obstinacy and his continued reluctance, the Lord was gracious to him and made his way so blessedly. When he went to his father-in-law, and spoke of returning into Egypt, although it would be a personal loss to Jethro if he went, and although he must part with his daughter Zipporah, yet Jethro only said, "Go in peace." Although generally "a man's foes shall be they of his own household" (Matt. 10:36), yet God is He who "maketh men to be of one mind in an house;" and when we commit the unconverted or half-hearted members of our household into His hands that He may work out His will not ours, through them, He never allows them to be a real hinderance to us. Then God told Moses, in order to strengthen his courage, that all the men were dead who sought his life. So Moses returned to the land of Egypt with his small family. But there was yet one thing which was not in order, his son was uncircumcised, and before Moses could represent God to the people and to Pharaoh he must be obedient to all the will of God. It would seem that his wife had been the hinderance in this thing.

God helped Moses still further: he sent Aaron his brother to meet him, and there in the mount of God, alone and undistracted, Moses told Aaron "all the words of the Lord who had sent him, and all the signs which He had commanded him." Strengthened by his brother's presence, Moses then went and gathered together all the elders of the children of Israel, spoke the Lord's words and did the signs in the sight of all the people. His fears were not realized; but God's word was fulfilled, "The people believed: and when they heard that the Lord had visited the children of Israel, and that He had looked upon their affliction, then they bowed their heads and worshipped."

But just as surely as the word of God had been fulfilled in regard to the people, so must it be also in regard to Pharaoh; Moses and Aaron went in together unto Pharaoh and said, "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Let My people go, that they may hold a feast unto Me in the wilderness." God had prepared Moses beforehand for Pharaoh's refusal; therefore they could not be astonished when the king replied, Who is the Lord, that I should obey His voice to let Israel go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go." Had Pharaoh never heard of the time of famine when God sent His servant Joseph to save Egypt? Was it not one among the most remarkable facts in the history of the country, how then should this blasphemer say, "Who is the Lord that I should obey His voice?"

Now came the time of trial. Pharaoh accused them of false motives, "Wherefore do ye, Moses and Aaron, let the people from their works? get you unto your burdens." The same day a commandment went forth that the oppression of the people should be much augmented, the provision of straw for binding the clay in their brick-making was to be discontinued, but they must nevertheless turn out an equal amount of work. All seemed to be against them, the momentary hope seemed to vanish, and the people were scattered here and there to seek for straw, and when the work was exacted from the taskmasters and they appealed unto Pharaoh, he cast all the blame upon God's two messengers, and then the taskmasters in their bitterness said unto Moses and Aaron, "The Lord look upon you and judge you;" they regarded God's servants as their greatest enemies instead of their true friends.

It is one of the hardest crosses which God's workers have to bear, and yet one of the most needful of all, when God's people mistrust their vocation, when that which God has sent them to do or to say apparently causes evil. Then they are shut up alone to God and to His Word; then they learn to be independent of man, and to "look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen," not at their success, but at the bare promises of God's Word, and to hold steadily on to them through blame, misconstruction, opposition, until God justifies His Word, and takes the matter into His own hands; it is by means such as these that He prepares His instrument. Moses came back in the bitter grief of his heart to God, and told out all his sorrow. It is touching to see that when he had to do with man Moses needed Aaron, but when he had to do with God he sought His face alone. With how many believers is it the case that they are bold enough in speaking to man, but they come more readily into God's presence when helped by the prayers of another; this is an unhealthy, unsatisfactory state of soul.

God gave Moses another revelation of Himself. The process of weaning him from himself was a long one before his eye was fully fixed on God, and all this time the deliverance of the people must wait. Now God reiterated His promise of deliverance with a strong hand, He repeated His newly-revealed name Jehovah, which Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob had not known, spoke of the covenant which He had made with the people to give them the land of Canaan, and sent Moses to speak unto them and tell them of their coming deliverance. But they were not in a state to receive the message, their increased oppression was an actual fact—"they hearkened not unto Moses for anguish of spirit and for cruel bondage." O how often have we met with those who through the slavery of sin or from the terrible oppression of long continued, poignant, physical suffering were unable to listen to or understand the blessed tidings of Christ's redemption. All hope seemed to be at an end; God sent Moses again to Pharaoh—it seemed to be like a fool's errand; he said unto the Lord, "Behold the children of Israel (those who once have listened to me) have not hearkened unto me; how then shall Pharaoh hear me who am of uncircumcised lips?" The strain had reached its utmost limit; but salvation was at hand.

STORY OF AN INTENDED SELF-MURDERER.

Visiting Manchester in the beginning of 1874, Miss Daniell learnt the following from the husband of one of the workers in the great Lancashire city, himself among the fruits of the Manchester mission. We give the substance of the woman's own words: "My present husband is a liar and a drunkard, and oh, he is such a villain! He has led me such a life that I have often wondered how I am even now alive. My life has been such a burden to me that I often wished I was dead, and it was only the thought of what would become of my poor soul that kept me back from committing suicide long ago.

"One day I went to the town and purchased some poison. I brought it home, cleaned up the house, set everything in order, *said my prayers*, committed my soul, as I thought, to the keeping of the God who gave it, went to the table, took the bottle, poured the poison into a tea-cup, had it in my hand, going to raise it to my mouth and drink it, when a *knock came* to the door. I put down the cup and opened the door, thinking it might be some of the soldiers' wives come for something, and they would not detain me long. I covered the cup with a towel so that it might not be seen.

"Well, had an angel or some other supernatural being appeared to me at the time I could not have been more astonished. There was a lady at the door, and she said, 'May I come in, Mrs. C.?' I could not speak; I could not say no nor yes; but she *did* come in, and oh, thank God she did! She spoke to me just as if she knew what I was going to do, and how her words went home to my soul! After she prayed I thought really that she came direct from the throne of mercy to prevent me from committing that dark deed which would have hurled my soul for ever from the presence of its God and Saviour." She was plucked as a brand from the burning, gave herself to Christ, and finds unspeakable joy in His service.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Irish Land Bill is Making but Slow Progress in the British House of Commons. Less than half the clauses had been passed on July 9th. The probability of its passing the House of Lords this session becomes therefore increasingly doubtful. The postponement of the question until the next session of Parliament is viewed with apprehension by all classes of society, as the suspense produced in Ireland, combined with the numerous evictions now taking place, may lead to a renewal of the disturbances in an aggravated form. The second day of the much-anticipated Mitchellstown evictions passed over quietly. There was the usual bursting in of doors and throwing out of furniture, while a company of constabulary formed in the farmyard. But the rent in every case was paid on the entry of the sheriffs, and the few peasants who assembled in the neighboring tenants' houses were dispersed without any trouble. From a safe distance they contented themselves with jeers and yells at the constabulary. The series of evictions in this vicinity is now complete, but the military will remain encamped in Lady Kingston's park for some time.

The Skirmishers, Whose Outrages in England O'Donovan Rossa so heartily indorsed, are repudiated in very emphatic terms by other Irish leaders, even by those who are avowedly Fenians. Mr. O'Leary, who is now in Paris, recently expressed his opinion on the subject in unequivocal terms. He said: "In my own name and in that of my friend Kickham, now in Ireland, and I might add in the names of Mr. Luby and Dr. Carroll in America—and of nearly all the nationalists, I say that I utterly abhor and repudiate what Rossa and his followers call the skirmishing policy. We mean to do our best now and hereafter to prepare for the eventual struggle with England, but we have not a word to say for the absurd attempts to blow up mansion houses, custom houses, post-offices, and public buildings. This sort of thing may serve to amuse Rossa's dupes in America and may help a few madmen in England to the gallows, but instead of even remotely tending to free Ireland it can and will too surely only help to prolong her slavery." Those who are contributing money to the skirmishing fund will do well to consider Mr. O'Leary's opinion.

Lefroy, the Man who is Suspected of Committing the murder in an English railroad car on June 27th, has been arrested. On July 7th the coroner's inquest into the death of the murdered man concluded with a verdict of wilful murder against Lefroy, and a reward of £200 was offered for his apprehension. During the day information was conveyed to the police which induced them to visit a house in East London, where a person resembling Lefroy had been lodging during the past week. The inspectors visited the house and immediately recognized the suspected murderer. As soon as the officers entered the room Lefroy said, "I expected you." On being informed that he was charged with the murder of Mr. Gold, Lefroy replied, "I am not guilty." He had shaved off his whiskers and cut his hair, and although he denies all knowledge of the crime, his flight, concealment, and attempt to disguise himself really amount to a plea of guilty. He took his arrest yesterday very coolly, but this morning he was rather depressed and frightened at the menacing attitude of the mob at the railway station.

A Thrilling Narrative of an Escape from Siberia is published in an English journal. The escaped convict is named Mokrievitch. He is about thirty-three years of age, the son of a country gentleman and highly educated. In January, 1879, Mokrievitch being captured, was sentenced by a court martial to fourteen years' penal servitude in Siberia. In July following he and some other State convicts set out on their long journey for Oust Kara, where they had to undergo their sentences. They travelled part of the way via Nijni Novgorod, by railway, steamboat, and on horseback. The remainder of the journey (1450 miles) had to be done on foot and in chains.

On November 13th, 1879, a few days after leaving Irkoutsk for Balaganask—his final destination—**M. Mokrievitch eluded his captors.** As soon as his flight was discovered a number of Bouryats, half savage Mongol horsemen, as keen as sleuth-hounds and as cunning as Red Indians, were sent after him, but he succeeded in evading their pursuit and reaching Irkoutsk. To avoid recapture, which, had he gone west would have been almost certain, he made off toward the Chinese frontier, and after a walk of 700 miles in the depth of a Siberian winter he doubled back in the direction of European Russia, which he reached after a journey of 4000 miles, performed mostly on foot. He underwent terrible hardships, but eventually succeeded in getting safely out of the country, and a few days ago reached Switzerland. Except Wiotrowsky, in the last century, M. Dabagoria Mokrievitch is the only State prisoner condemned to hard labor that ever escaped from Siberia.

Mr. Bradlaugh, the Infidel Member of the British House of Commons, has applied to Mr. Gladstone for assistance to enable him to take his seat. Mr. Gladstone informed him that the Cabinet had decided not to proceed further with the Parliamentary Oaths bill at this session of Parliament. He has now written to the Speaker of the House of Commons, stating that he disregards the order of the House expelling him as illegal, and that he will therefore again present himself at the table of the House to take the oath. In the House of Commons the Speaker informed the House that he had given orders to have its resolution observed, which was that Mr. Bradlaugh be excluded from the precincts of the House until he promised to not further disturb its proceedings.

The Eastern Question in Europe is Once more revived by the French policy in Northern Africa. The rumors in circulation two weeks ago of an intended attack by that Power on Tripoli are confirmed. A Paris despatch to the London *Times* says: "The French Consul at Tripoli has begun the same kind of agitation as that with which M. Roustan forced the Tunis expedition on France, but Tripoli is really a Turkish province, and cannot be touched without provoking the intervention of Europe." The *Pall Mall Gazette* in a leading article on the attitude of France says: "The situation in Northern Africa is very serious. There are points in the Sultan's African dominions to threaten which would compel England to enter the field. The interests of France and England would be best served by making that fact clearly understood on both sides of the Channel." The relations between France and Turkey are strained to the utmost extent. The Sultan declared that he would never again receive M. Tissot, the French Ambassador at Constantinople, and M. Tissot sent as a reply that the Sultan might possibly learn some day what it costs to insult a great country in the person of its representative.

A Tunnel Between England and France has often been suggested, but those who have had the temerity to hint at such a thing have been regarded by many as the victims of a distempered imagination, or of one of the midsummer night dreams of engineers; but such a scheme is now fast approaching the stage of realization. Already a trial shaft has been sunk about a quarter of a mile on either side of the Straits of Dover, and this may be carried through to meet in the middle in about five years. As soon as the borings have been tested in this way as sound and watertight the enlarging of this small tunnel is merely a question of capital, which is expected to be forthcoming when it has been thus demonstrated that there is no fault in the chalk from end to end. The London *Times*, a few days ago, expressed grave apprehensions that the tunnel would be used for the conveyance of troops in the event of an invasion of England in case of war.

The International Monetary Conference finally adjourned on July 8th. The members before separating unanimously adopted a resolution proposed by the French and American delegates expressing a desire that negotiations should be opened between the states which participated in the conference and that the conference be summoned to meet on April 12, 1882, to settle the details of a monetary convention, which, it was hoped, would soon be concluded. The Americans in Paris are unanimous in thinking that the results of the conference are satisfactory. Mr. Thurman expressed the conviction that the offers of England and Germany would not warrant the United States in allowing the free coinage of silver. "The United States," he said, "did not insist on immediate and unqualified bimetallism, but were ready to accept approaches thereto, believing it would eventually prevail; but they could not incur the risk of alternating the standard through the conflicting or unharmonious action of other States."

The Jews and Spain.—In the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Jews, after suffering dreadful persecutions at the hands of the Inquisition, were driven, to the number of 160,000, from the country, and since then Spain has held the peculiar position among Christian nations of having no Jewish population. King Alfonso has now, however, issued a decree allowing Jews to return to Spain. This decree originated in a communication from Constantinople pointing out that sixty thousand Jews have recently taken refuge in Turkey from the persecution in Russia and the adjoining States, and hinting that many desired to return to the homes of their ancestors in Spain.

A Scapegoat.—During the last Illness of the late Maharajah of Travancore, a ceremony was performed like the Jewish institution of the scapegoat. A man was found willing, on being paid a sum equivalent to five thousand dollars, to bear the responsibilities of the Maharajah's sins. He was brought into the royal presence, and after the Brahmins had performed certain ceremonies over him, the sick man tenderly embraced him. He was then led out of the country of Travancore into the Tinnevelly district, with a charge never to return. This man performed a sham service for money, but we rejoice to know that a real release from our sins was gained for us by Christ who has become the scapegoat to bear our sins without money and without price.

A Silent Burial, the First of its kind that has ever taken place in Great Britain, was performed at Sheffield on May 3d. The deceased having been deaf and dumb, and all the twelve mourners being afflicted in a like manner, the funeral service was conducted entirely in sign language by the superintendent of the Sheffield Deaf and Dumb Association.

A Lady's Maid's Courage.—The Rev. G. Shaw mentioned at the All Day Conference recently held at Belfast, Ireland, by Messrs. Whittle and MacGranahan, that some years ago he knew a young lady of high social standing who was being dressed for a ball by her maid, who, recognizing the value of her young mistress's soul, risked her own dismissal from her service, by speaking to her about eternal things. The young lady went to the party, but convicted of sin, the dance had lost its charms. Her conversion soon followed, the love of Jesus swept out of her soul the love of the world, and a long life of Christian usefulness ensued; all this the result of a young girl recognizing the value of a soul.

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The Late Rev. DR. PLUMER, The Distinguished Southern Divine.

REV. WILLIAM PLUMER D.D., LL. D.

Birth and Early Life—College Education—Work as a Pioneer—Labor in Richmond—Appears Before the Legislature—A Victory over Lawyers—Work in Baltimore—His Connection with Alleghany—Political Troubles—His Election to Columbia—Last illness and Death—Eloquent Tribute by Dr. Hoge.

A STRANGER witnessing the solemn and impressive gathering—the throng of mourning citizens, with grave and tear-stained faces, the ministers of the Gospel of all denominations, who crowded the First Presbyterian Church of Richmond, Va., on Sunday, October 24, 1880, and asked the cause of the unusual solemnity might have been appropriately answered in the words of David, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" The occasion was the last obsequies of Rev. William S. Plumer, D.D., LL.D., the former pastor of the church, a man justly celebrated as a preacher, an author, and a professor, not only in the Southern States, where he was best known, but throughout the entire land. More than half a century had he labored in his Master's cause, and among those who assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to his memory, not a few owed to his instrumentality all they valued most highly for this world and the world to come.

Of the life and work of such a man it is fitting that every Christian should possess a knowledge as of "an ensample to the flock."

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

William Swan Plumer *was born* at Greersburgh, now known as Darlington, Pa., July 26, 1802. He traced his descent back through seven generations, to one Francis Plumer, who in colonial times emigrated from England and whose name appears among the early settlers of Newburyport, Mass. During his infancy a heavy trial fell on the Plumer household. The father became involved, as many good and generous men have done, in liabilities he had no share in contracting, and their discharge resulted in his financial ruin. Disregarding the proverbial advice not "to be of them who are sureties for debts" (Prov. 22 : 26), Mr. Plumer Senior, pledged his name and credit for another, and when the fulfilment of that pledge was required, all his possessions were swept away before it was met. But the surety made no effort to evade the claim, he gave up his all and went westward with his young family to found a new home. He stayed a short time in Ohio, and afterward removed to Kentucky. The struggle of commencing life again with a spirit broken by disaster, with failing health and advancing years those realize best who have witnessed such an effort, and all know to be very sore and bitter.

Only by the strictest frugality and most untiring industry could the Plumer household maintain itself free from debt. There were no idle hands in the family, and many years afterward when the boy William had become the Rev. W. S. Plumer, D.D., LL.D., he alluded to this period of his life in graphic words. "I have swung the axe," he said, "and grasped the grubbing hoe. I have handled the plough, the cradle, and the scythe. I have had to work till this stiffened arm bears proof of its severity; but all this is play—mere play—compared with the labors of a studious, diligent, and faithful pastor." But while he worked on the farm, he did not neglect the cultivation of his mind. Such books as he could beg or borrow in the village, he procured and eagerly perused, giving to study the hours of the evening, few enough for rest and recreation. By the time he had reached his fourteenth year he had acquired sufficient learning to teach a country school, and having obtained an appointment in Kanawha County, W. Va., he bade farewell to his father and the loved ones at home, and went out to battle with the world on his own account.

His journey to his new home was performed on foot. Arrived there he found among his pupils many who were older and larger than himself. One of his biographers writing of him in the *Baltimore American* recently, describes those early days, and recalls an incident which illustrates the decision and vigor which characterized him throughout his life. Young Plumer encountered at the outset of his career as a teacher an insubordinate pupil, but the first case of insubordination was the last. His firmness, his determination, and his undaunted courage floored the bully, and ever afterward his authority remained undisputed.

While in Kanawha County he became a member of the Presbyterian Church. He was then eighteen years of age. Many circumstances had been used by the Holy Spirit to impress his thoughtful mind and to direct his attention to spiritual concerns. From his early boyhood he had been the subject of religious impressions, which were deepened by a tragical occurrence in his own family. A near relative had been drowned in a swollen river, and a very impressive sermon was preached on the subject from the text, "Thou carriest them away as with a flood;" a sermon which the young man never forgot and to which he often referred in after years. A short time afterward a young man with whom he was acquainted died despairing and impenitent, and his deathbed scene profoundly affected the young man. These and other circumstances, combined with early religious training, led to his conversion and his open profession of religion.

His connection with the church led to increased Christian activity, and very soon those who worked with him recognized in their young colleague talents which fitted him for a higher sphere. He was counselled to devote himself entirely to ministerial work, and one or two wealthy friends offered him as a loan a sum of money sufficient to defray the expenses of a college education. The offer was accepted, and among the happiest hours of his after life, Dr. Plumer was accustomed to say, was that in which he was able to repay the advance so generously made and to feel himself a debtor no longer.

HIS COLLEGE EDUCATION

was commenced at Lewisburg, W. Va., and there for the first time he opened a Latin grammar. At Lewisburg he was under the care of the eminent John McElhenny, D.D., for whom throughout his after life he entertained feelings of profound veneration and gratitude. Hence he proceeded in 1822 to Washington College, now Washington and Lee University, in Lexington, Va., where he graduated in 1824. In order to complete his theological studies he entered himself a student at Princeton, where he spent two years, at the end of which period he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of New Brunswick. Although several flattering invitations were sent to the young minister, offering him the pastoral charge of wealthy and influential churches, he felt called to devote himself to the work of which the Apostle Paul was the most eminent example (Romans 15 : 20). He therefore accepted a commission from the Philadelphia Presbytery as *an evangelist* in Virginia, North and South Carolina. He commenced operations at Warrenton, N. C., and there he established his first church.

While laboring at Warrenton he received other invitations, but clinging to the work of an evangelist he continued laboring at Warrenton until the cause had progressed sufficiently to be intrusted to other hands. Then he removed to Danville, Va., where, when he first went, he found only one Presbyterian in the neighborhood, but before he left he was the pastor over a thriving, vigorous church. Still bent on the work of a pioneer, he spent several years in evangelistic work through North Carolina, his longest period of service being that of one year at the Briery Church, Charlotte County, Pa. While laboring there he made the acquaintance of Mrs. Eliza Garden Hazel, of Hillsboro, N. C., whom he married, and who remained his faithful and devoted companion until, in 1878, death removed her from his side.

The year 1834 found him in charge of the First Presbyterian Church

AT RICHMOND,

Va., where he remained twelve years and three months, the longest period he ever spent in one sphere of labor. But even in this sphere the same spirit of energetic activity which had characterized him elsewhere was manifest, only in a different form. Before this he had accepted the indications of prosperity in a church as evidence that his work there was done, and having planted, he left the duty of watering to another. But at Richmond, when by his energy a new church was founded, he thought that his duty lay with his original church, and when he succeeded in obtaining for the new church the services of the earnest and eloquent Dr. Hoge, he left the work in his hands, confident it would be faithfully performed. The result justified Dr. Plumer's sagacity, Dr. Hoge has remained pastor of the church to the present time, and it fell to his lot to deliver the funeral discourse when nearly a year ago the remains of his beloved friend were committed to the dust.

Dr. Plumer's life at Richmond was one of ceaseless activity. Not only did he carefully prepare for his pulpit efforts, but as a Christian citizen and as a philanthropist he recognized his duties, which he strove to perform with conscientious care. It was mainly through his efforts that the institute for the deaf, dumb, and blind at Staunton, Va., was inaugurated, and he succeeded in establishing a Christian newspaper called "The Watchmen of the South," which, after undergoing various changes of name and management, is still regarded as the organ of the Southern Presbtyerian Church. While at Richmond he was selected by his ministerial brethren to represent them in opposition to trained lawyers, when the vexed question of the taxation of ministers was under the consideration of the Legislature of Virginia. So ably did he conduct his case, and such marvellous forensic skill did he display, that one who was opposed to him on that day, in relating its incidents said, "Though the whole bar of the State was arrayed against him *he beat them all and was wrong besides.*" On the latter point there was naturally a difference of opinion, but there was no difference on the question of the position Dr. Plumer might have attained had he chosen to devote his talents to a worldly pursuit rather than to the service of his Master.

In 1847 the Franklin Street Presbyterian Church

IN BALTIMORE

was built. A wide field of usefulness was opened in that city, and the earnest Christian men who had been active in the erection of the new church were anxiously considering the choice of a suitable man to occupy the pulpit. An invitation was sent to Dr. Plumer, whose character as an organizer and a worker was by this time well known throughout the churches. The prospect of doing in Baltimore a work similar to that he had been enabled to perform in Richmond and other places, was too congenial to be disregarded, and deeply to the regret of his church in Richmond the invitation was accepted. Here, as in his former spheres of labor, the blessing of God was upon him, and he was enabled in a short time to build up a church so strong that it could afford to send from its midst a colony of its most energetic members to organize a new church which was known as the Westminster Church.

Dr. Plumer remained at Baltimore until 1854, when the General Assembly, by a large majority, selected him to fill the responsible post of

PROFESSOR

of Didactic and Pastoral Theology in the Western Theological Seminary, Alleghany, Pa. His work hitherto had been that of an evangelist, the father and founder of new churches; now he was to devote his time to the work of training young men for the work of filling the pulpits of such churches.

There was a fitness, a congruity in the change of occupation which indicate not only the development of Dr. Plumer's character, but the estimate the churches placed on the man and his labors. Soon after the commencement of his work at Alleghany, the University of Mississippi conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws; he had previously received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Washington College, Pennsylvania, Lafayette College, Pennsylvania, and Princeton College.

Some idea of the success which attended Dr. Plumer's labors as a professor may be gained from the fact that during the eight years he occupied the chair the number of students rose from fifty-six at the commencement of his term, to one hundred and sixty-eight at its conclusion. It was with deep regret on the part of Dr. Plumer that his connection with Alleghany terminated. The year 1862 was a trying one in all senses of the word.

May we never see such another year as that, and those that immediately followed. Dr. Plumer's sympathies were altogether with the Southern States, and his separation from his charge became a necessity.

From 1862 to 1866 he was actively employed preaching in various cities, and in literary labor. From 1865 to 1867 he labored at Pottsville, Pa. One who knew well both pastor and people writes of that period: "The church had been worn out by political preaching, and cheerfully took refuge under the doctrine of the Cross, which was *the only gospel Dr. Plumer ever offered* to his hearers."

In 1867 Dr. Plumer was called upon to resume the work for which he always entertained the greatest affection, that of training young men for the ministry. He was elected to the professorship of Didactic and Polemic Theology in the Theological Seminary of South Carolina. He promptly accepted the position and went to Columbia. He entered upon his duties there, filling that chair eight years, when he was transferred at his own request to the chair of Historic, Casuistic, and Pastoral Theology. Here as at Alleghany his labors were signally successful, and the number of students rapidly increased, while the financial position of the college materially improved. Nor did he neglect pastoral work while fulfilling the arduous duties of his office. His custom throughout his periods of professional work was to lecture every day of the week, and on Saturday to leave the college to render help to some sick brother or to preach in some vacant church. During his residence at Columbia he also accepted the position of agent of the Southern Relief Association, and personally investigated the applications for assistance and superintended the work of dispensing money and goods. When the seminary was closed Dr. Plumer was made Professor Emeritus with a salary of $1000 a year, and the Assembly cordially indorsed the action of the board.

In August of last year Dr. Plumer first became aware that he was the victim of the

PAINFUL DISEASE

which ultimately proved fatal. He was told that by a difficult surgical operation there was a possibility of his life being prolonged, and though he was sixty-eight years of age he arranged to have it performed. On September 25th he underwent the ordeal, but although the operation was successful, other symptoms appeared which baffled surgical skill and on October 22d he passed away to his reward.

During his last illness, inexpressibly painful as it was, Dr. Plumer's friends have the gratification of knowing that he had throughout the support of the Master whom he had served so long and so faithfully. When near the close he said: "Jesus Christ has most lovingly died for me, and brought in a glorious and everlasting righteousness, which is infinitely well pleasing in His Father's sight. I trust Him—I trust Him only—I trust Him altogether—I trust Him forever. *I wanted to give my testimony that the Gospel I have preached for so many years has not failed me in my hour of need.* I did not want to die without giving my testimony on this bed that God is a faithful God." One of his latest utterances during a season of much suffering was: "One night in Jesus' bosom will be worth all this."

AS AN AUTHOR

Dr. Plumer was well known and of the good that has resulted from his works large and small it is impossible to form an estimate. It will be known only at the last day when "the books are opened, and another book is opened, which is the book of life." In addition to the larger works of which he was the author, such as "Studies in the Book of Psalms" and "Commentaries on the Epistles to the Romans and Hebrews," he published hundreds of tracts for the Presbyterian Board of Philadelphia, for the Methodist Book Concerns of Nashville and New York, for the American Tract Society, for the Board of Publication of the Protestant Reformed Dutch Church, for the Baptist Publication Society of Philadelphia, for the American Sunday School Union, and for the Presbyterian Committee of Publication of Richmond. Some of these works were republished in Europe. Others were translated into German, French, and Modern Greek. Of one of these tracts, that entitled "Don't put it off," above *a million* and a quarter copies have been circulated.

We may appropriately close this sketch of the distinguished laborer in the cause of Christ with the touching words in which Dr. Hoge spoke of him in his eloquent funeral discourse: "We cannot say of such a man that he is gone. He lives in his descendants, whom he might have addressed, in the parting hour, in the words of the old patriarch, 'Behold I die, but God shall be with you.' What more could he wish for them than the guidance, the protection, and blessing of the angel of the covenant? He lives in the truths he preached and in the examples of his long and laborious life. He lives in the writings which have fortified the faith and comforted the sorrows of countless readers. He lives in the labors of more than five hundred young ministers who were his pupils in the Theological Seminaries in which he taught, and who are now scattered all over the world—some of them in these States, some among the Indian tribes of the West, in Brazil, Siam, Japan, India, and China. He lives in the souls of those converted by these varied instrumentalities. 'They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever.'"

WALKING WITH GOD.

By the Rev. Dr. Horatius Bonar.

(*Address at the Mildmay Conference, June* 24.)

Enoch, Noah, and Phineas, Levi's Grandson, were Three who Walked with God—They were Our Representatives—Walking with God is a Walk of Confidence, Affection, and Intimate Communion—Hewitson's Remark—I. How Does this Walk Begin?—II. How is it Carried on?—III. How is this Walking Consummated?—What are the Hindrances in the Way of this Walk?—Worldliness and the Spirit of Unbelief which will Culminate in the Future Personal Antichrist—Open Ears and Itching Ears—The Effect of the Walk.

IF we were asked, What is a Christian? we should say he is one who has selected God as His companion through life; or, looking at the other side, we should say he is one whom God had selected for His companionship. It is this mutual selection of companionship that is embodied in the simple but wondrous words, *walking with God.* We find the expression or figure *walking* used in three different aspects.

There is walking *before* God. He said to Abraham, "Walk before Me and be thou perfect." And in realizing it we feel as if we had continually the eye of God behind, looking on and watching us.

Then, again, there is the other expression, *walking behind* or *following*, "Follow Me," an Old Testament and New Testament word, taken up specially by the Master when He said, "Follow Me." "If any man serve Me, let him follow Me." "Where I am there also shall My servant be." "If any man serve Me, him will My Father honor."

But the words on which we come to meditate today are not these. It is neither the going before nor coming after—it is walking *side by side.* We find two special characters thus described in the Old Testament. Enoch walked with God and was not. And, again, Noah walked with God. Enoch walked thus until he was carried up—carried away from the evil thing. Noah walked and he was carried through the deluge safely, landed on the other side.

But there is a *third*, which we often overlook, in the Book of the Prophet Malachi. We read "He walked with peace and equity, and did turn away many from iniquity." Who is this *he?* If you look at the previous verses you will see the name of Levi; but if you turn up the references you will find that it was not Levi nor Eliezer his son. It is Phineas, Levi's grandson, who from the various notices we have of him in the Book of Exodus and in the Psalms, seems to have been a man pre-eminently of faith and signalized by his zeal for the living God. Phineas is the third walker with God.

We are called upon to be Enochs, Noahs, and Phineas, in these last days; and we shall find the days of Enoch, and the days of Noah, and the days of Phineas correspond very remarkably to our own in these last times. We need the faith of those elders who obtained a *good report* through faith.

But who are these walkers with God? are they simply these three prominent saints, or are there others? Dear Christian brethren, it is the Church, the whole Church of God, that is represented by these three. It is each believing man and woman—and who are these? They are sons and daughters of Adam—fallen children of a fallen father; it is sinners whom God calls to His companionship, and it as sinners that we enter into this companionship through the blood of the everlasting covenant, under the covering of that perfect righteousness which enables Him in looking at us, the chief of sinners, to say, "Thou art all fair, My love; there is no spot in thee."

But we ask, brethren, *what this walking is*—what it expresses and embraces. Is it a *walk of confidence?* We begin with that mutual confidence, for there can be no walking without this confidence, no walking without agreement. But it is the *walk of affection*, the walk of love, love on both sides—the love that comes down from above to us here—love that goes up from us to Him yonder in mutual love—that love which casteth out fear, for "he that feareth is not made perfect in love."

And then along with this confidence and this affection, which is *interchange of thought and feeling*—God unbosoming Himself to us, and we unbosoming ourselves to Him daily, hourly—so that there shall be a constant intercourse, and an intimacy such as cannot be represented by any earthly intimacy—an intimacy between God and us which leads us to the fullest, frankest communications—we telling Him everything and He answering in response to us—intimacy, communication, communion—this is essential to walking with God.

In the biography of an old Puritan minister there occurs this concluding sentence, as if summing up the whole of his life, giving us the climax of his character: "He was one very intimate with God." Simple words, but of profoundest meaning; and I remember my friend William Hewitson, now many years with the Lord, using this striking expression, and he did it unfeignedly and without affectation. He said: "I am far more intimate with the Lord Jesus than with any earthly friend." His whole life manifested that intimacy with the Father, and with the Son, and with the Holy Ghost. This is walking with God.

But we are asked such questions as these in reference to the walking: *How does it begin?* secondly, *How is it carried on?* and thirdly, *How is it consummated?*

FIRST, HOW DOES IT BEGIN?

It begins with the *reconciliation.* There can be no walking till that is accomplished. Can two walk together except they be agreed? It begins, in other words, with our acceptance of the glad tidings that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing unto men their trespasses. It begins here, it begins at the Cross—nowhere else. It begins at the altar—nowhere else. It begins at the blood of sprinkling; and if I speak to any here who have begun what they call a religious life at any other point, I tell them that their religion is vain. All true religion begins at the Cross of Christ, and only there in the reception of the reconciliation. That Cross is the meeting-place between God and the sinner which He has provided for the sons of men. This is our message: "We are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

And if I speak to any in this great assembly conscious that there is no such agreement, no such intimacy between God and them, then I proclaim anew what, it may be, they have heard a thousand times. I proclaim the reconciliation of the Covenant and of the Cross, and beseech such *uncertain* ones, such *unbelieving* ones, in Christ's name, on this very spot, at this very hour, in this very hall, and upon these very seats, be reconciled to God. Then the walk will begin.

(*To be concluded.*)

THRESHED OUT.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"For the fitches are not threshed with a threshing instrument, neither is a cart-wheel turned about upon the cummin; but the fitches are beaten out with a staff, and the cummin with a rod. Bread corn is bruised, because he will not ever be threshing it."—ISA. 28: 27, 28.

An Unfrequented Allegory—The Central Thought—Threshing Inevitable and Necessary—Illustrious Examples—I. Escape is no Compliment—Threshing Slight where There is Little to Thresh—II. Trial Proportioned to Strength—The Threshing Instrument Adapted to the Material—Trouble not Selected by the Sufferer—Specimen Trials—III. God Keeps Trial on Till We Let Go—The World—Its Depreciation as Spiritual Property—Friendship—Money—The Indian's Wine at Niagara—IV. Christian Sorrow has Sure Terminus—Why There is No Crying in Heaven—The Salve in the Text—Drops of Anodyne—The First Day in Heaven—The Relief of Lucknow—The Final Triumph.

THE heat has been almost insufferable; in the furnace much human life has been consumed; many families have been broken; misfortunes of various kinds have come upon various people; and I suppose, standing in any congregation to-day, in this country the great need of ninety-nine out of a hundred is solace. Look, then, to this unfrequented allegory of my text.

There are *three kinds of seed* mentioned, fitches, cummin, and corn. Of the last we all know. But it may be well to state that the fitches and the cummin were small seeds, like the carraway or the chick-pea. When these grains or herbs were to be threshed they were thrown on the floor, and the workmen would come around with staff, or rod, or flail, and beat them until the seed would be separated; but when the corn was to be threshed that was thrown on the floor, and the men would fasten horses or oxen to a cart with iron-dented wheels; that cart would be drawn around the threshing-floor, and so the work would be accomplished. Different kinds of threshing for different products. The fitches are not threshed with a threshing instrument, neither is a cart-wheel turned about upon the cummin; but the fitches are beaten out with a staff, and the cummin with a rod. Bread corn is bruised, because he will not ever be threshing it.

The great thought that the text presses upon our souls is that

WE ALL GO THROUGH SOME KIND OF THRESHING PROCESS.

The fact that you may be devoting your life to honorable and noble purposes will not win you any escape. Wilberforce, the Christian emancipator, was in his day derisively called "*Doctor Cantwell.*" Thomas Babington Macaulay, the advocate of all that was good long before he became the most conspicuous historian of his day, was caricatured in one of the quarterly reviews as "*Babbletongue* Macaulay." Norman McLeod, the great friend of the Scotch poor, was industriously maligned in all quarters, although on the day when he was carried out to his burial a workman stood and looked at the funeral procession, and said: "If he had done nothing for anybody more than has done for me, he should shine as the stars forever and ever." All the small wits of London had their fling at John Wesley, the father of Methodism.

If such men could not escape the maligning of the world, neither can you expect to get rid of the sharp, keen stroke of the tribulum. All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. Besides that, there are the sicknesses, and the bankruptcies, and the irritations, and the disappointments which are ever putting a cup of aloes to your lip. Those wrinkles on your face are hieroglyphics, which, if deciphered, would make out *a thrilling story of trouble.* The footstep of the rabbit is seen the next morning on the snow, and on the white hairs of the aged are the foot prints showing where swift trouble alighted.

Even amid the joys and hilarities of life, trouble will sometimes break in. As when the people were assembled in the Charlestown theatre, during the Revolutionary war, and while they were witnessing a farce, and the audience was in great gratulation, the guns of an advancing army were heard, and the audience broke up in wild panic and ran for their lives, so ofttimes while you are seated amid the joys and festivities of this world, you hear *the cannonade of some great disaster.* All the fitches, and the cummin, and the corn must come down on the threshing-floor and be pounded.

I. My subject, in the first place, teaches us that it is

NO COMPLIMENT TO US

if we escape great trial. The fitches and the cummin on one threshing-floor might look over to the corn on another threshing-floor and say: "Look at that poor, miserable, bruised corn. We have only been a little pounded, but that has been almost destroyed." Well, the corn, if it had lips, would answer and say: "Do you know the reason you have not been as much pounded as I have? It is because you are not of so much worth as I am; if you were you would be as severely run over." Yet there are men who suppose they are the Lord's favorites simply because their barns are full, and their bank account is flush, and there are no funerals in the house. It may be because they are fitches and cummin; while down at the end of the lane *the poor widow may be the Lord's corn.* You are but little pounded because you are but little worth, and she bruised and ground because she is the best part of the harvest.

The heft of the threshing-machine is according to the value of the grain. If you have not been much threshed in life, perhaps there is not much to thresh! If you have not been much shaken of trouble, perhaps it is because there is going to be a very small yield. When there are plenty of blackberries the gatherers go out with large baskets; but when the drought has almost consumed the fruit, then a quart measure will do as well. It took the venomous snake on Paul's hand, and the pounding of him with stones until he was taken up for dead, and the jamming against him of prison gates, and the Ephesian vociferation, and the skinned ankles of the painful stocks, and the foundering of the Alexandrian corn-ship, and the beheading stroke of the Roman sheriff to bring Paul to his proper development.

It was not because Robert Moffat, and Lady Rachel Russell, and Frederick Oberlin were worse than other people that they had to suffer: it was because they were better, and God wanted to make them best. By the carefulness of the threshing you may always conclude the value of the grain.

II. Next, my text teaches us that

GOD PROPORTIONS OUR TRIALS

to what we can bear. The staff for the fitches. The rod for the cummin. The iron wheel for the corn. Sometimes people in great trouble say: "*Oh, I can't bear it!*" But you did bear it. God would not have sent it upon you if He had not known that you could bear it. You trembled and you swooned; but you got through. God will not take from your eyes one tear too many, nor from your lungs one sigh too deep, nor from your temples one throb too sharp. The perplexities of your earthly business have not in them one tangle too intricate.

You sometimes feel as if our world were full of bludgeons flying haphazard. Oh, no; *they are threshing instruments* that God just suits to your case. There is not a dollar of bad debts on your ledger, or a disappointment about goods that you expected to go up but that have gone down, or a swindle of your business partner, or a trick on the part of those who are in the same kind of business that you are, but God intended to overrule for your immortal help. "Oh," you say, "there is no need talking that way to me—I don't like to be cheated and outraged." Neither does the corn like the corn-thresher; but after it has been threshed and winnowed it has a great deal better opinion of winnowing-mills and corn-threshers.

"Well," you say

"IF I COULD CHOOSE MY TROUBLES,

I would be willing to be troubled." Ah, my brother, then it would not be trouble. You would choose something that would not hurt, and unless it hurt it does not get sanctified. Your trial, perhaps, may be *childlessness.* You are fond of children. You say: "Why does God send children to that other household, where they are unwelcome, and are beaten and banged about, when I would have taken them in the arms of my affection?" You say: "*Any other trial but this.*" Your trial, perhaps, may be a disfigured countenance, or a face that is easily caricatured, and you say: "Oh, I could endure anything *if only I was good-looking.*" And your trial, perhaps, is *a violent temper*, and you have to drive it like six unbroken horses amid the gunpowder explosions of a great holiday, and ever and anon it runs away with you. Your trial is the *asthma.* You say: "Oh, if it were rheumatism, or neuralgia, or erysipelas, but it is this asthma, and it is such an exhausting thing to breathe."

Your trouble is a husband, short, sharp, snappy, and cross about the house, and raising *a small riot because a button is off!* How could you know the button is off? Your trial is a wife ever in contest with the servants, and she is a sloven. Though she was very careful about her appearance in your presence once, now she is careless, because, she says, her fortune is made! Your trial is a hard school-lesson you cannot learn, and you have bitten your finger-nails until they are a sight to behold.

Everybody has some vexation, or annoyance, or trial, and he or she thinks it is the one least adapted. "Anything but this," all say; "anything but this." Oh, my hearer, are you not ashamed to be complaining all this time against God? Who manages the affairs of this world, anyhow? Is it an infinite Modoc? or a Sitting Bull savage? or an omnipotent Nana Sahib? No; it is the most merciful and glorious and wise Being in all the universe. You cannot teach omnipotence anything.

You have fretted and worried almost enough. Do you not think so? Some of you are making yourselves ridiculous in the sight of the angels. Here is a naval architect, and he draws out the plan of a ship of many thousand tons. Many workmen are engaged on it for a long while. The ship is done; and some day, with the flags up and the air gorgeous with bunting, that vessel is launched for Southampton. At that time, a lad six years of age comes running down the dock with a toy boat which he has made with his own jackknife, and he says: "Here, my boat is better than yours. Just look at this jibboom and these weather cross-jack braces;" and he drops his little boat beside the great ship, and there is a roar of laughter on the docks!

Ah! my friends, that great ship is your life as God planned it—vast, million-tonned, ocean-destinied, eternity-bound. That little boat is your life as you were trying to hew it out, and fashion it, and launch it. Ah! do not try to be a rival of the great Jehovah. God is always right, and in nine cases out of ten you are wrong. He sends just the hardships, just the bankruptcies, just the cross that it is best for you to have. He knows *what kind of grain you are*, and He sends the right kind of threshing-machine. It will be rod, or staff, or iron wheel, just according as you are fitches, or cummin, or corn.

III. Again, my subject teaches that God keeps trial on us

UNTIL WE LET GO.

The farmer shouts "Whoa"! to his horses as soon as the grain is dropped from the stalk. The farmer comes with his fork and tosses up the straw, and he sees that the straw has let go the grain, and the grain is thoroughly threshed. So God. Smiting rod and turning wheel both cease as soon as we let go.

We hold on to this world with its pleasures, and riches, and emoluments, and our knuckles are so firmly set that it seems as if we could hold on for ever. God comes along with some threshing trouble and beats us loose. We started under the delusion that this was a great world. We learned out of our geography that it was so many thousand miles in diameter and so many miles in circumference, and we said: "Oh, my, what a world!" Trouble came in after life, and this trouble sliced off one part of the world, and it has got to be a smaller world, and, in some estimations, a very insignificant world; and it is depreciating all the time as a spiritual property. Ten per cent off, fifty per cent off, and there are those who would not give ten cents for this world—the entire world—as a soul possession.

We thought that *friendship* was a grand thing. In school we used to write compositions about friendship; and perhaps we made our graduating speech on commencement day on friendship. Oh! it was a charmed thing; but does it mean as much to you as it used to? You have gone on in life, and one friend has betrayed you, and another friend has misinterpreted you, and another friend has neglected you, and friendship comes now sometimes to mean to you *merely another axe to grind!*

So with *money*. We thought if a man had a competency he was safe for all the future; but we have learned that a mortgage may be defeated by an unknown previous incumbrance; that signing your name on the back of a note may be your business death-warrant; that a new tariff may change the current of trade; that a man may be rich to-day and poor to-morrow. And God, by all these misfortunes, is trying to loosen our grip; but still we hold on. God smites us with a staff; but we hold on. And He strikes us with a rod; but we hold on. And He sends over us the iron wheel of misfortune; but we hold on.

There are men who keep their grip on this world until the last moment, who suggest to me the condition and conduct of *the poor Indian in the boat in the Niagara rapids*, coming on toward the fall. Seeing that he could not escape, a moment or two before he got to the verge of the plunge, he lifted a wine-bottle and drank it off, and then tossed the bottle into the air. So there are men who clutch the world, and they go down through the rapids of temptation and sin, and they hold on to the very last moment to life, drinking to their eternal damnation as they go over and go down.

Oh, let go! Let go! The best fortunes are in heaven. There are no absconding cashiers from that bank, no failing in promises to pay. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth. Let go! Depend upon it that God will keep upon you the staff or the rod or the iron wheel until you do let go.

IV. Another thing my text teaches us is, that Christian sorrow is going to have

A SURE TERMINUS.

My text says: "Bread corn is bruised, because he will not be ever threshing it." Blessed be God for that! Pound away, O flail. Turn on, O wheel! Your work will soon be done. "He will not be ever threshing it." Now the Christian has almost as much use in the organ for the stop tremulant as he has for the trumpet. But after a while he will put the last dirge into the portfolio forever. So much of us as is wheat will be separated from so much as is chaff, and there will be no more need of pounding.

They never cry in heaven, because they have nothing to cry about. There are no tears of bereavement, for you shall have your friends all round about you. There are no tears of poverty, because each one sits at the king's table, and has his own chariot of salvation, and free access to the wardrobe where princes get their array. No tears of sickness, for there are no pneumonias on the air, and no malarial exhalations from the rolling river of life, and no crutch for the lame limb, and no splint for the broken arm; but the pulses throbbing with the health of the eternal God, in a climate like our June before the blossoms fall, or our gorgeous October before the leaves scatter.

In that land the souls will talk over the different modes of threshing. Oh! the story of the staff that struck the fitches, and the rod that beat the cummin, and the iron wheel that went over the corn. Daniel will describe the lions, and Jonah leviathan, and Paul the elmwood whips with which he was scourged, and Eve will tell how aromatic Eden was the day she left it, and John Rogers will tell of the smart of the flame, and Elijah of the fiery team that wheeled him up the sky-steeps, and Christ of the numbness and the paroxysm and hemorrhages of the awful crucifixion. There they are before the throne of God. On one elevation all those who were struck of the staff. On a higher elevation all those who were struck of the rod. On a highest elevation, and amid the highest altitudes of heaven, all those who were under the wheel. He will not ever be threshing it.

Oh! my hearers, is there not enough

SALVE IN THIS TEXT

to make a plaster large enough to heal all your wounds? When a child is hurt, the mother is very apt to say to it: "Now, it will soon feel better." And that is what God says when He unbosoms all the trouble in the hush of this great promise: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." You may leave your pocket handkerchief sopping wet with tears on your death pillow, but you will go up absolutely sorrowless. They will wear black, you will wear white. Cypresses for them; palms for you.

You will say: "Is it possible that I am here? *Is this heaven?* Am I so pure now I will never do anything wrong? Am I so well that I will never again be sick? Are these companionships so firm that they will never again be broken? Is that Mary? Is that John? Is that my loved one I put away into darkness? Can it be that there are the faces of those who lay so wan and emaciated in the back room that awful night dying? Oh, how radiant they are! Look at them! How radiant they are!

"Why, how unlike this place is from what I thought when I left the world below. Ministers drew pictures of this land, but how tame compared with the reality! They told me on earth that death was sunset. No, no! It is sunrise! Glorious sunrise! I see the light now purpling the hills, and the clouds flame with the coming day."

Then the gates of heaven will be opened, and the entranced soul, with the acuteness and power of the celestial vision, will look ten thousands of miles down upon the bannered procession—a river of shimmering splendor—and will cry out: "Who are they?" And the angel of God, standing close by, will say: "Don't you know who they are?" "No," says the entranced soul, "I cannot guess who they are." The angel will say: "I will tell you, then, who they are. These are they who came out of great tribulation, or threshing, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

Oh! that I could administer some of these *drops of celestial anodyne* to these nervous and excited souls. If you would take enough of it it would cure all your pangs. The thought that you are going to get through with this after a while, all this sorrow and all this trouble. We shall have a great many grand days in heaven, but I will tell you which will be the grandest day of all the million ages of heaven. You say: "Are you sure you can tell me?" Yes, I can. It will be the day we get there. Some say heaven is growing more glorious. I suppose it is; but I do not care much about that. Heaven now is good enough for me.

History has no more gratulatory scene than the breaking in of the English army upon

LUCKNOW,

India. A few weeks before a massacre had occurred at Cawnpore, and two hundred and sixty women and children had been put in a room. Then five professional butchers went in and slew them. Then the bodies of the slain were taken out and thrown into a well. As the English army came into Cawnpore they went into the room; and oh, what a horrid scene! Sword-strokes on the wall near the floor, showing that the poor things had crouched when they died; and they saw also that the floor was ankle-deep in blood. The soldiers walked on their heels across it, lest their shoes be submerged of the carnage. And on that floor of blood there were flowing locks of hair and fragments of dresses.

Out in Lucknow they had heard of the massacre, and the women were waiting for the same awful death; waiting amid anguish untold; waiting in pain and starvation, but waiting heroically—when, one day, Havelock and Outram and Norman and Sir David Baird and Peel, the heroes of the English army—huzza for them!—broke in on that horrid scene, and while yet the guns were sounding, and while cheers were issuing from the starving, dying people on the one side, and from the travel-worn and powder-blackened soldiers on the other—right there, in front of the King's palace, there was such a scene of handshaking, and embracing, and boisterous joy as would utterly confound the pen of the poet and the pencil of the painter. And no wonder, when these emaciated women, who had suffered so heroically for Christ's sake, marched out from their incarcerations, one wounded English soldier got up in his fatigue and wounds, and leaned against the wall, and threw his cap up and shouted, "Three cheers, my boys, for the brave women!"

Oh! that was *an exciting scene*. But a gladder and more triumphant scene will it be when you come up into heaven from the conflicts and incarcerations of this world, streaming with the wounds of battle, and wan with hunger; and while the hosts of God are cheering their great hosanna, you will strike hands of congratulation and eternal deliverance in the presence of the throne. On that night there will be bonfires on every hill of heaven, and there will be illumination in every palace, and there will be a candle in every window—ah, no; I forget, I forget; they will have no need of the candle or of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever. Hail! hail! sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty.

SACRED FRAGMENTS.

AT the recent annual meeting of the *Naval and Military Bible Society*, in London, England, the chairman, *Sir Harry Verney*, said:

A REMINISCENCE OF LUCKNOW.

"I well recollect my son, who was at the siege of Lucknow, telling me that there were two English ladies, Mrs. Ord and Mrs. Jackson, who when a great number of English men and women were murdered at Lucknow, escaped, and were received into the house of a native. They remained in that house for nearly a year, and were never able to go out.

"Mrs. Ord having a child who was sick, sent to an apothecary's shop or store for some medicine for it, and the medicine came back wrapped up in a part of the book of Isaiah. It was part of the 51st chapter, and I think there were on one side the 12th and 13th verses of that chapter, and on the other the 22d and 23d verses. These ladies had no English book, and these four verses were the whole of the English print or writing that they saw for a whole year. Probably the Bible of which that formed a portion had been issued either by this society or by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and what a blessing must it have been for those two poor ladies, who had no other comfort of any sort, to have even those four verses of God's Word to read!"

A SCOFFING EMIGRANT CONVERTED.

Major Cooper Gardiner said: "In addressing sailors in the Pool (the Thames) I have found similar benefit arising from the circulation of the Scriptures.

"In one case a man on board an emigrant vessel who had repeatedly rejected an offer of part of the Holy Scriptures from a missionary, at last received it, and immediately tore it up. As he was undressing at night he found a portion of God's Word in his clothes. His eyes fell upon the words, 'The blood of Jesus Christ,' which he afterward asked the missionary to explain to him, and the result was that he was converted to Christ."

THE INFIDEL BRADLAUGH AS A SOLDIER.

The Rev. R. C. Halpin said: "I am reminded of something that occurred about twenty years ago, when I was connected with the 7th Dragoon Guards.

"Regularly on Tuesday morning, after the services on Sunday I received an anonymous letter, not criticizing my remarks as the preacher, but attacking and assailing Christianity, and denying the very existence of Almighty God. At last it was discovered that my atheistic correspondent was the notorious Mr. Bradlaugh, who was so zealous in propagating his lamentable views that he used to get up at night to address the soldiers in the barrack-room in atheistic orations. At last he became a little too energetic for his own purpose. Attention having been called to what he was doing, the thing was crushed, and soon after Mr. Bradlaugh left the service."

JAMES GRAHAM'S BUSH LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

(*Continued from page 439.*)

The Dangers of Kangaroo Hunting—More Serious Peril of Capturing Bushrangers—The Murder of a Settler—A Gang of Convicts Visit Dr. Gibson—A Troubled Sleeper—The Gang Arrested and Punished—Spiritual Destitution—Graham's Sundays—He Commences Business on His own Account.

ONE reason why I was not eager to join in pursuit of this gang of bushrangers was that I had once been put in jail, as you will remember, on the false charge of absenting myself from my station without leave, which might almost have made a bushranger of a braver and more reckless man. But the great mercy of God, who has ever watched over all my wanderings, prevented me taking such a foolish step.

Again I never fancied bushranger-hunting excursions. They are not at all pleasant if the game comes to bay. Did I ever tell you how *I* was *nearly killed by a kangaroo* brought to bay by my two dogs Settler and Fly? The old fellow, after a long hunt, chose to come to bay in a pool, where, standing six feet high, he caught the dogs in his forepaws and soused them, till I feared they would be drowned. I went in to help with my clasp-knife. When near enough I attempted blood-letting; but the old fellow did not like my surgery, and lifting his hind leg and thrusting it forward put his immense long nail (he had got two such on each hind foot), most unceremoniously into my waistcoat pocket, ripping down my waistcoat, trousers, and boot. Half an inch deeper would have killed me. There was very little, I assure you, between me and death. The muscles of the hind-quarters of a kangaroo give him a terrific power in a thrust or kick.

Well, I had rather face my meek-looking old antagonist in the pool than face a bushranger brought to bay; for they are often deadly shots. I certainly should, nevertheless, have joined in the chase after Scotchy and Witton, had duty or self-defence called; but, as said, they went elsewhere. They had a terrible grudge against two men, whom they visited in succession. One was a Mr. Oaks. Why they nursed revenge for him I do not know. Generally in such cases, it is having been reputed as cruel to Government men, or convicts, that brings them to seek blood.

Oaks lived at Paramatta, near Sydney, but had a head-station at the Crookwell River, on our side of the Blue Mountains. At his station he had a beautiful library, which he had collected with much care, for there he and his family resided part of the year. He had just arrived to visit the station, bringing with him a confidential man as overseer. This man, being dressed in a black coat and hat, they took for Mr. Oaks, and shot him dead. They burned the station and the library, and pursued the stockman for his life into the bush. Mr. Oaks hid till they were gone.

They next visited the station of Dr. Gibson, where a Mr. Fry was overseer. With this latter gentleman they had a heavy account to settle. Once, when he was going through the Badger Bush, near Sydney, a gang of two had attempted to rob the mail coach. He was on it, and was demanded to deliver up. He hesitated; but at length consented. "Well then," he said, "all I have is tied up in this opossum-rug." He was ordered to give it out. "If I must, I will," he said; and opening his rug he drew his revolver to full-cock, and shot the robber who was covering the driver, and took prisoner the other, who was receiving the booty. The necessity for such severity was of course to be deplored, but was unavoidable.

The gang of Scotchy, Witton, and Russell had been joined by another desperado, called Reynolds, before they visited Dr. Gibson's. They then commenced their attack on Dr. Gibson's house, but Fry, his hut-keeper, made so courageous a defence that they fled.

Sergeant Frere and two policemen went in pursuit of this gang of Witton. They employed a black tracker, and traced them to a hut, where they had lodged the previous night. They had compelled the hut-keeper to make tea for them, just as once before they had compelled us to do; and they took watch through the night in turns. They appeared careworn and anxious. At length all fell asleep. Witton, the coxswain of the crew, often started convulsively in his sleep, and at length sprang up from a troubled dream, crying, "Here they come!"

How one's heart sorrows to think of men so lost, and having such a present hell in their souls! For, after all, their gaiety is but the verdure that must soon wither over the thin crust of the volcano, whose fiery flood of wrath is wearing ever nearer the surface. Their pursuers, like stern ministers of Divine justice, tracked them from the hut, for about twelve miles, till they came to the angle of a rock that hid their farther view. There they kindled a fire.

Presently Russell shouted, "To arms, nere they are." One of the policemen, in leaping a creek that lay between, broke the butt of his carbine, for which he was afterward dismissed. The two civilians dismounted and took to the trees; the troopers kept to their horses. Sergeant Frere called to Russell to come from behind his tree, and fight him fair. He accepted the challenge, and coming out took deliberate aim at Frere's breast. At that instant the sergeant's horse threw up his head, and the ball striking his withers grazed his rider's hat. The horse staggered and fell to his haunches, and Frere dismounting commenced the duel with Russell. His first shot did not take effect. His second struck Russell in the groin, and he fell. He rose again, but fell; and after shouting, "Boys, I'm shot, but fight till you die," he drew a pistol, and putting it in his mouth, scattered his brains about. The other two were then covered on all sides, and threw down their arms in rage and despair; having, it may be, some hope of life in the chapter of accidents. But every promise in *that* "Bible of fools" is a snare, especially to evil-doers.

Witton and Reynolds were lodged in contiguous cells in Goulbourne jail, where they concerted to commit suicide by hanging, at a signal. Reynolds heard the signal and hanged himself; Witton was prepared to do so, but was prevented by the turnkey. He was publicly executed; and, it was believed, through the efforts of a godly man, was led to see himself as a sinner, and Christ as the Saviour, and *died truly penitent*. When Parson C—— visited and preached to him, it is reported he wept bitterly, and said, had he "heard *that* in time he should not be hanged to-morrow." He laid his dying injunction on the parson that he should come up through our district "up country" and preach the Gospel to those who were as ignorant as he was. This was not very complimentary to us, but it was benevolent and true of the dying man.

The people around *were* living like heathen. The sermons were bush-yarns, often amusing, often obscene and profane, adding fuel to the fires of depravity. The occupations of the Sabbath were lounging, clothes-mending, rum-drinking, and a variety of sins and secularities. There was neither church nor chapel nearer us than a hundred and twenty miles. My wife through the years of her girlhood *never heard a sermon*, except in Sydney; and for the first *seven* years in the Lachlan district I never heard a sermon *but one*. That we owed to "the dying thief" Witton; from Parson C——, who *did* come and preach once in our neighborhood, and I heard him.

His wife, who was a youngish lady, read and spoke beautifully, quite the better parson of the two; some coarse fellows laughed at him, but none at her. She gave a Bible and prayer-book to Selina, which she has still in her possession; and I have known men ride ten and even twenty-five miles through the bush to borrow that prayer-book to read the funeral service over the dead. I have seen some solemn sights, and many tears, by groves in the bush. I lived to engage a schoolmaster and missionary for that district.

Till then the moral mass had little or none of the salt of the earth in it, and was left to its corruption unrestrained. Some, that once had salt, had then lost their savor, through being swallowed up in stock-caring and mammon-hunting. They could not serve God *and* Mammon, and so, deluded by the arch-deceiver of souls, they decided to choose the present, risking—yea, imperilling—their all for eternity. I am perfectly sure, though, that the settlers would support missionaries, if they were the right men who went among them. Proof of that I may give you in some future yarn.

I have often thought it strange what an unequal distribution of things there is over the world; among other good things, of parsons. In the British Islands there you have two or three preachers in every village, elbowing each other for want of flock and sheep-run, while out here you will have squatter flocks without a shepherd, and "the run" of hundreds of miles never trodden by a spiritual shepherd's steps. There sects are fighting for windfall proselytes: here are thousands to be converted. At home you have the living waters so plentiful that the flocks can hardly be got to drink; here they may travel for leagues and find but muddy pools or "wells without water." In truth it is marvellous to think how many here may say, "*No* man careth for my soul." It is awfully true.

But it is to be hoped the churches will not always neglect us baptized bush heathen, and that the waters of life will not always be pent up in their reservoirs at home, but find their level and flow to us. Oh, for Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Churchmen—any men who would preach the Gospel of Christ, and show us the way to a better life! You ask me how I spent *my* Sundays? I never did any work on Sunday. I do not say my mind did not break the yoke and work on Sunday at the plans of the coming week—especially before bush-journeys; but I always found it to my mental and bodily advantage to remember the Sabbath day and rest on it. I often used to slip away from circles of men who were smoking and chaffing, and get by myself into the closet of primitive solitude, and read the best book I could get. Often, often on such occasions have I been in spirit living over the Sundays when we went to the church in the morning, then the Sunday-school, then closed the day with the prayer-meeting and family prayer.

Alas! I did not value those days and means of grace as I ought, but their tender memories often opened the fountains within my heart. I got hold of an old copy of Richard Baxter's "Saints' Everlasting Rest," and often read it of a Sunday in the bush. Next to the Bible there was no book so showed the hollowness of the world, and the reality and joy of Heaven. I often thought that worldly hopes were like those creeks that at certain seasons were overflowing, but when you most needed water and came to them they were arid sand.

I did not often pray in the bush, and could not bear to be wholly the child of *this* world; but my glimpses of Heaven were short, and the clouds soon closed overhead again. What a different man must Richard Baxter have been! His sky appeared bright as this Australian summer. But even this climate in brightest moods is subject to hot winds and threatening clouds. I wonder had he any such in the world within. Certain it is, if he had to wield the stock-whip and the axe, instead of the pen and Bible, and if, instead of mingling with the praises of saints, he had had to mingle in a circle of yarning bush sinners, I do not know how he could be so heavenly-minded as he was.

I often find the sentiments of my solitude rudely brushed off by such contact, like dew off flowers by a rush of cattle over them; but still the flowers are better for the dew, and it is sweet while it last. If I am acting the Pharisee by thus "praying in the corners of the streets," it is you who are to blame. One thing I know, when I review the whole of life, I have not much to make me say, "God, I thank Thee that *I* am not like other men;" but *much* to make me exclaim, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

As to earthly aspirations in those days, one of my warmest was to make as much money as would enable me to return to Ireland and purchase the fee simple of my father's farm, that he might sit rent free, and that I might have the joy of enabling him to do so. Money for its own sake I did not love (as who but a mad miser does); but I began to see its usefulness for many valuable ends.

* * * * * * *

After our return from the Murray I continued some time in the employment of my worthy old friend Meals. He was a true friend; for, although he leant on me very much, he wished me to do well for myself. He knew I had some money and some cattle, so one day he said to me, "Now, James, you are a married man, and have some substance, and I know you will naturally wish to have a station of your own; there is Mow Poke, which you found and formed, I'll sell it and all on it to you at a valuation." I took it at a valuation of 590*l.* This sum, and about 10*l.* more, was all the money we could muster.

I purchased the station, however, and after I had bought a dray-load of stores (tea, sugar, tobacco, flour, etc.), I had just *one pound* over, and that I paid a man to drive the dray to the station, while I drove the cattle. When my own cattle were joined to those I purchased with the station, we commenced stock-keeping with five hundred head of cattle (including one hundred and fifty head of prime heifers) and fifty horses.

(To be continued.)

THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT IN RELATION TO PROPHECY.

By Rev. William Maude.

The Sensation of the Revised Version—A Reassuring Testimony—How it is Regarded by the Jew—By the Roman Catholic—By the Man of Letters—By the Student of Prophecy—Important Passages Compared—The Parousia—Alterations of Value—The Supreme Object of Biblical Science.

IT may safely be asserted that no event in connection with English literature has, for many years past, excited so deep and widespread an interest as the publication, on the 17th of May, 1881, of the Revised Version of the New Testament, upon which a number of the most eminent scholars, not only in Great Britain, but also in America, have spent no less than ten years' patient labor. The publication of Lord Beaconsfield's "Endymion," of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," of the novels of Charles Dickens, of John Henry Newman's "Tract XC.," of Lord Macaulay's "History of England;" or, to go a little further back, the appearance in brilliant succession of the works of Sir Walter Scott and the poems of Lord Byron—all these were the occasions of no small sensation in the literary world; but the curiosity which they excited in the general public, the universality of the interest which they awakened, and the extent of the circulation to which they at once attained, were insignificant indeed as compared with that which has resulted from the appearance of this, the most momentous issue during the present century of that most powerful of modern instrumentalities—the Press.

The year 1881 may present, hereafter, many claims to be considered memorable, but none, we think, will stand out more distinctly, none will assert that claim with less challenge than this—that in that year the Revised Edition of the Authorized Version of the New Testament was given to all English-speaking peoples.

And this fact—for that it is a fact will hardly be called in question—is surely a grand and reassuring testimony to the unique position which the inspired Word, as translated for our use into our English tongue, still occupies, and the Divine authority which the Christian revelation still commands, in this our highly favored land. For, let us remember, it is not any fresh revelation, a fifth Gospel, or a new Apocalypse, or even an additional Epistle of Paul, or Peter, or John, the appearance of which has been so impatiently anticipated, and is now so eagerly received and so anxiously perused and scrutinized

It is, after all, *the old book essentially* which has been in our hands and the hands of our fathers for more than two centuries and a half; and all this eagerness and anxiety arises from a desire to ascertain how certain paragraphs and sentences have been modified, how some small inaccuracies have been removed; how, in a word, while still listening with reverent ear to the Divine Voice with which we have been familiar from our very childhood, we may perchance no longer miss here and there a word of the sacred utterance, or fail to catch its very tone and emphasis. In other words, all that the revisers have, in the good providence of God, been called upon to do for us is, not to set forth as newly-furnished the table at which millions of God's children have so long eaten and been satisfied, but simply to gather up the crumbs of heavenly truth and consolation which may have fallen from it, that nothing be lost.

And the universality of the interest which has been called forth by this revision is strikingly brought home to our minds, when we observe from how many special standpoints the book is criticized, and with what diverse objects the work accomplished is tested, and either approved or condemned. By the Jew, from an antagonistic position, it is regarded with interest, because it is assumed "the new revision will bring home to Christians the many imperfections of the book they have almost worshipped. Christians will find that sayings hallowed by the dearest associations of youth and age, joy and suffering; phrases which have imbedded themselves in their literature; supposed utterances of Jesus Himself, are not even found in authoritative copies of the original. In brief, that the book, hitherto surrounded as by a halo of divinity, is reduced, by the mere fact that it admits of criticism, to the level of an ordinary work that can be compared and revised and emended" (*Jewish World*).

By the Romanist the Revised Version is regarded with interest and approval, because it exhibits a "decided approximation, in a multitude of instances, to the rendering of the Catholic Vulgate. Which tends to show—as the revisers have not taken the Vulgate as a guide, but have nevertheless in so many instances reverted to its renderings and forms of expression—how great is the value of St. Jerome's version, and of the translations based upon it" (*Tablet*).

By the man of letters, again, the chief interest felt in many instances is, it is to be feared, to judge of the literary skill with which the work has been accomplished, and how far the pleasant music of the old version has been retained or sacrificed to the demands of faithfulness. And so we might go on to specify the special interests excited in the Biblical critic, the systematic theologian, and the maintainers of various peculiar doctrines and theories, to discover how far it may serve to support their adopted opinions.

That this should be the case is no just cause for either surprise or animadversion; nor will it, we trust, be deemed out of place if, in these pages, we briefly direct attention to the new Revised Version *in relation to the great subject of unfulfilled prophecy*, and endeavor to show how, in many instances, it places the unlearned English student in a better position to apprehend the mind of the Spirit, in His gracious office of showing to God's people "things to come."

One of the first passages to which I instinctively turned, when the idea of making this investigation dawned upon my mind, was Matt. 13, the well-known cycle of parables in which the history of the "kingdom of heaven" *in mystery* is so comprehensively set forth. Here in verse 40, and again in verse 49, we have in the Authorized Version the misleading phrase, "the end *of this world*," instead of "the end *of the age*," which is unquestionably the more correct translation of the Greek, besides being supported by the internal evidence. This error, we regret to find, is retained in the text of the Revised Version; sill it is something gained that the correct rendering, "*the consummation of the age*," is, in both places, given in the margin. Why it was not adopted in the text it is difficult to understand, except on the ground that the revisers, though accomplished scholars, were not students of prophecy; here, therefore, we seem to have an instructive instance of the unconscious bias from which even the most competent and conscientious translators are never wholly free.

In another of our Lord's prophetic parables, that of the ten virgins (Matt. 25: 1–13), several not unimportant alterations have been made, and we will therefore place the Authorized and Vevised Versions in juxtaposition in order that they may be more readily compared:

AUTHORIZED	REVISED.
"Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom. And *five of them were wise, and five were foolish. They that were* foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them: but the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps. While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept. *And* at midnight there *was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him.* Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps. And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil; for our lamps *are gone out.* But the wise answered, saying, *Not so;* lest there be not enough for us and you; but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves. And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the *marriage:* and the door was shut. Afterwards came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, open to us. But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not. Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour *wherein the Son of Man cometh.*"	"Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps (*marg.* 'torches'), and went forth to meet the bridegroom. And *five of them were foolish, and five were wise. For the* foolish, *when they* took their lamps (*marg.* 'torches'), took no oil with them: but the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps (*marg.* 'torches') *Now* while the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept. *But* at midnight there *is a cry, Behold, the bridegroom! Come ye forth to meet him.* Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps (*marg.* 'torches'). And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil; for our lamps (*marg.* 'torches') *are going out.* But the wise answered, saying, *Peradventure* there will not be enough for us and you: go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves. And while they went *away* to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the *marriage feast:* and the door was shut. Afterwards came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us. But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not. Watch therefore, for ye know not the day nor the hour."

(1.) Here we observe, in the first place, an alteration in the terms of the midnight cry, which, instead of "Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him," now reads: "Behold, the bridegroom! Come ye forth to meet him." A change which in its sharp sententious brevity not only conforms to the reading of the most ancient MSS., but emphasizes the imminence of the bridegroom's appearance.

(2.) Again—an apparently small but really very important change is the introduction, from the margin, into the text, of the rendering, "our lamps are *going* out," in place of "our lamps are *gone* out;" indicating as it clearly does the fact, essential to the correct interpretation of the parable, that the lamps of all the virgins were originally alight, and that even at the midnight hour those of the foolish were only "going out"—not actually extinguished.

(3.) Lastly, the omission, on the authority of the three most ancient MSS., the Sinaitic, the Alexandrian, and the Vatican, of the concluding words, "Wherein the Son of man cometh," is not without significance and advantage, inasmuch as the parable refers chronologically, not to Christ's glorious epiphany, but to His previous coming into the air to receive His waiting saints. It is of this event that we know not the day nor the hour.

In Matt. 24: 3 we find the first instance of the use of that important Greek word *parousia*, which occurs no less than twenty times in the New Testament, and is, in the Authorized Version, in every case translated "*coming*." This defective rendering is, unfortunately, as it seems to us, retained in the text of the Revised Version, with one exception, Phil. 1: 26, where it is translated "presence." But the alternative and very preferable rendering, "presence," is uniformly given in the margin.

The peculiarity of the Greek word is that it almost invariably expresses not only the arrival of a person, but his subsequent presence after having arrived. Hence we have no English word which fully expresses its meaning. "Coming" or "arrival" expresses the first half, so to speak, but omits the second half, while "presence," though it brings out the second, passes somewhat too lightly over the first; yet, inasmuch as "presence" assumes the antecedent "coming," it is by far the preferable word.

(To be concluded.)

The Exultant Leper.—A King was once hunting alone in a wood, when he heard a very beautiful voice singing very sweetly. He went on and saw it was a poor leper. "How can you sing?" he said, "when you seem in so wretched a condition?" The leper replied, "It is *because* I am in this state that I sing, for as my body decays I know that the hour of my deliverance draws nigh, when I shall go to my Lord and my God."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Steady and Continuous Improvement in the President's condition has been one of the most gratifying features of the week's intelligence. Day by day the bulletins issued, have expressed increased hopefulness on the part of the physicians in attendance, and the reports of the opinions of members of the Cabinet and other non-professional visitors at the White House, are still more sanguine. The President is now able to take and assimilate solid food, and his appetite is good. The fever has abated, and his pulse and temperature are nearly normal. The bullet has not yet been extracted, and its position is a matter of dispute among the physicians. The symptoms indicate that the first opinion held, that the missile was imbedded in the liver, cannot be correct, and it is now thought by some of the doctors that it was deflected by the ribs and has lodged in the wall of the abdomen. Dr. Hamilton said on Saturday, "There is scarcely a doubt that the President will get well; in fact I will say that his ultimate recovery is beyond all reasonable doubt. You can't say that he is out of danger, of course. That you cannot say of any sick man, no matter what his trouble is." The fund started by Mr. Cyrus Field as an expression of national feeling about the outrage, and which is to be invested for the benefit of Mrs. Garfield and her children, amounted at the close of business on Saturday to $147,575.30.

The Assassin's own Account of the Attack on the President, which has been given to the public by United States District Attorney Corkhill, shows that the crime had long been premeditated. As early as May 18th he had formed the determination to kill the President. He borrowed money and purchased the pistol near the end of May, and at once commenced practising shooting at a board as a mark, and looking for an opportunity to commit his crime.

On Sunday morning, June 12th, he put the pistol in his pocket and *followed the President to church.* He entered the church, but found he could not kill him there without danger of killing some one else. He noticed that the President sat near a window. After church he made an examination of the window and found that from this point he could shoot the President through the head; and having examined the position again on the following Wednesday he determined to make the attempt at the church the following Sunday. But it was announced that the President would not attend the church on that day, as he would leave Washington with Mrs. Garfield on Saturday, June 18th, for Long Branch. Guiteau determined to meet him at the depot, and went down to the river at the foot of Seventeenth Street and fired five shots to practise his aim and be certain his pistol was in good order. He then went to the depot and was in the ladies' waiting room with the pistol ready when the President's party entered. He says Mrs. Garfield looked so weak and f ail that he had not the heart to shoot the President in her presence, and, as he knew he would have another opportunity, he left the depot. Between that date and that of the shooting, Guiteau dogged the President's steps about the city, but could get no opportunity to use his weapon. On the morning of Saturday, July 2d, he went into the depot and loitered around there, had his shoes blacked, and engaged a hackman for $2 *to take him to the jail,* took his pistol out of his pocket, and unwrapped the paper from around it, which he had put there for the purpose of preventing the perspiration from the body dampening the powder, examined the pistol carefully, tried the trigger and then returned and took a seat in the ladies' waiting room, and as soon as the President entered, advanced behind him and fired two shots.

All this planning and careful pre-arrangement of details on the part of the would-be-assassin shows that if, as is argued, he is insane, there is a method in his madness which brings his case into that category for the treatment of which the criminal laws are enacted.

A Day of Prayer for the Recovery of the President was appointed by the Governors of Kentucky and Arkansas, and July 14th was named and generally observed. Governor Foster of Ohio has issued a circular telegram suggesting the propriety of setting apart, by the concurrent action of the Governors of the States, a day of thanksgiving for the recovery of the President. He suggests that the Governors of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Kentucky, and Ohio constitute a committee to appoint a day for this purpose. The suggestion has been received with general approval. Prayers have been continually offered for the wounded President all over the land, and in all places of worship special petitions have ascended on his behalf, but it is becoming that a day of prayer should be set apart for the purpose, as a sign of the nation's dependence on God in the time of anxiety. It should also be an acknowledgment that the President's recovery, which now seems probable, is an issue for which our thanks are due to the Giver of all good.

A Break in the Deadlock at Albany has at last been made. On Saturday, July 16th, Speaker Sharpe announced that he should bow to the decision of the majority of his party, and should vote for the candidates the caucus selected for the senatorial vacancies. Seven other Senators and Assemblymen followed General Sharpe's example in the ballot for the long term, and the Hon. Warner Miller, of Herkimer, was declared elected United States Senator for the term ending in 1887. He received seventy-six votes, three more than were necessary for a choice. In the speech in which the Speaker announced his intended desertion of the Conkling ranks, he did not conceal the regret he felt that the ex-senators could not be re-elected; but it is expected that the administration will recognize in a substantial manner the valuable aid he has rendered them.

In the ballot for the short term only two votes besides the Speaker's were changed from the Stalwart to the administration candidate, and Mr. Lapham's vote was only 68, five votes below the number necessary for a choice. The convention then adjourned until Monday, when a ballot for the short term was taken, in which Mr. Lapham was again five votes short of the required number.

The Death of Gen. J. C. Pemberton Occurred at Penn Lyn, Pa., on Wednesday, July 13th. He had been seriously ill for more than two months and very recently a painful operation had been performed in hopes of affording him relief from suffering. He was born in 1817 at Philadelphia. He became a cadet at West Point in 1833, and after his graduation in 1837 was appointed second Lieutenant of the Fourth Artillery. In 1838 he was engaged with his regiment in the war with the Seminoles in Florida. When the Mexican war broke out he fought with conspicuous gallantry and rose to the rank of full captain. At the taking of the City of Mexico he was wounded. In 1861 he resigned his commission and cast in his lot with the Confederacy, where he attained the rank of Lieutenant-General. His resolute defence of Vicksburg in 1863 against General Grant, and his surrender after sustaining a siege of forty-seven days with little ammunition and, during the latter part of the time, almost without food, will be the struggle by which he will be chiefly remembered. At the close of the war General Pemberton became a farmer near Warrenton, Tanquier County, Va. He subsequently settled in his native city, where he remained until seized with his fatal illness.

The Annual National Camp Meeting at Round Lake for the promotion of holiness, which began on July 12th, was rendered specially interesting by the presence of the Rev. J. S. and Mrs. Inskip, who had returned from their "Round the World Tour," a few days previously in health and safety. After leaving Europe and Asia, Mr. and Mrs. Inskip went to Australia and spent eight weeks in Melbourne, Ballarat, Geelong, and Sydney. During that time, Mr. Inskip writes, he "preached *eighty* sermons, and saw about *twenty-five hundred* people saved, about two thirds of whom were converted and the balance wholly sanctified." "Among the last-mentioned class were a large number of ministers of the Gospel, travelling and local. On the whole we deem it the most faithful two months toil we have ever been enabled to perform. To God be all the praise." It is worthy of remark that during the past twelve months of incessant travelling and preaching, Mr. Inskip has contributed about one hundred and sixty columns of correspondence to his journal in Philadelphia.

The Anxiety Felt about the Arctic Exploration steamer, the Jeanette, is deepened by intelligence brought to San Francisco by Captain Mallard of the *Thomas Pope*, who reports that Indians had found the missing whalers *Vigilant* and *Mount Wollaston*, both of which had drifted ashore near East Cape. Three bodies were found on board the *Vigilant*, the crew having evidently perished the first year of their confinement in the ice. The Jeanette was last seen in company with those two ships, and serious apprehensions are consequently entertained about her. The reports of the three expeditions now searching for her, the *Rogers*, the *Alliance*, and the *Proteus*, are eagerly looked for.

A Novel Experiment in Social Economy is under consideration at Winchester, Mass. It is proposed to buy there a considerable tract of land, and erect a number of handsome houses. These, however, are to be without kitchens. In the centre of the grounds is to be a spacious dining-hall, and the kitchen of the community will be there. The tables will be arranged for family groups, or for miscellaneous company, as may be desired.

Mr. John A. Appleton, a Member of the eminent publishing firm of D. Appleton & Company, died on July 13th, at his home at Clifton, Staten Island. He had not been in robust health since he was thrown from a carriage while driving on Staten Island seven years ago, when he sustained severe injuries. For many years he suffered from a disease of the liver, and it was an aggravation of this complaint that caused his death. His last illness began about three weeks ago. He was a son of Daniel Appleton, the founder of the firm, and was born in 1817. He was a member of the Episcopal Church, and was largely instrumental in building St. John's Church, at Clifton.

The Fifty-three Delegates from America to the International Conference of the Young Men's Christian Associations, which will be held in Exeter Hall, London, England, from July 30th to August 6th left New York on Saturday. This is the ninth triennial meeting, the first having been held in Paris in 1855, and the last in Geneva in 1878. The delegates from the different associations started on the steamer Devonia of the Anchor Line. Though the steamer is bound for Glasgow, the party will land at Londonderry and go through Ireland, cross from Dublin to Liverpool, and thus reach London by Saturday, July 30th, in time for the opening of the conference.

A Lawsuit over a Child's Toys is Pending at Boston, Mass. The facts as related by the *Boston Advertiser* of July 16th are very curious, and show how superstitious people may become even in this age of educational enlightenment. Some time ago a girl living in Boston, the child of respectable parents, became subject to occasional fits or trances, in which she asserted she had communication with spirits. Her parents belong to the Roman Catholic community, and they sent for a priest to visit her. He complied, and his visits soothed the child. On one occasion he found in her hands some toys—mere *dolls made of pasteboard*—which the child treasured, stating that in one of her trances they had been given her by the Virgin Mary. The priest obtained possession of them—he says they were given him—and thinking they served to perpetuate the child's delusion, he took them away and carried them in his pocket until they were worn out or lost. Now a suit has been brought to compel the priest to return the dolls or pay heavy damages on the ground of the distress occasioned the child by their loss. Able counsel have been retained by both plaintiff and defendant.

A Young Lady's Remarkable Escape from drowning at an island near Accomac Court House, Va., on July 5th, is an instance of the value of coolness and presence of mind in the midst of danger. She with a few other ladies left their friends, who were enjoying a pic-nic, to bathe. None of the party could swim, and when the current carried her out to sea her friends were unable to rescue her. A young man, however, who was at work in a factory near, saw her peril, and launching a boat rowed toward her. The young lady did not attempt to swim or struggle or she would have been drowned, but she quietly *lay still* and floated on the water until the boat reached her and she was carried safely to shore. Sometimes young inquirers, anxious about their souls, do not find peace easily because they suppose they must do some great work to merit salvation. To such persons, not to those who are careless and indifferent, the example may be commended of this young lady, who, though conscious of her peril, and anxious to be rescued, lay still, putting her trust in one that was able to save.

The Mate of a Ship was Eaten by a Shark near Land Island light on June 15th. The captain of the schooner Laura Lewis, just returned to Mobile, Ala., from a month's voyage, reports that when outward bound the mate, William Smith, slipped and fell overboard. Those near ran to his assistance, and a rope was immediately thrown overboard, followed by a plank, but before a boat could be lowered, which was not two minutes, the crew were horrified to see an immense shark rise to the surface of the water, seize poor Smith, and bear him bodily out of sight. Captain Randlett lay by the place for nearly twelve hours, but never saw a trace of the unfortunate man so suddenly killed. Several sharks were caught and opened, but nothing was found to indicate that either one was the man eater. The deceased was a native of New York, about 23 years of age, and a resident of Brownsville, Texas, for the past four years. The horror that seized the crew at the sight, and which affects those who merely read of the affair, is only natural. We should doubtless feel much deeper horror did we realize how those who slip and fall in the voyage of life and are eternally lost become the prey of a monster more relentless than the fiercest of the human foes we know in this world (1 Peter 5 : 8).

A Romantic Story About the Dead Millionaire of New Orleans, John Burnside, has been narrated in explanation of his will, by which the bulk of his property is left to Mr. Oliver Beirne. It is said that Andrew Beirne, an Irishman, who many years ago was the capitalist of the region about Greenbrier and the mountains of Virginia, was one afternoon out riding, and stopped to water his horse at a little rivulet or brook. By the side of the stream he found an infant boy carefully wrapped up asleep on a bed of rushes. Startled at the sight, after riding around and hallooing half an hour for the owners of the child, night approaching and wolves being numerous in the forest, he took the child and carried it to his house, where he placed it under the care of his favorite attendants, John and his wife. The parents never turned up, and in due time the boy was named John Burnside, a name suggested by the locality where he was found—by the *side* of a *burn* or brook, a word common in Scotland and in the North of Ireland. The first that was generally known of the boy appears to have been as a clerk in Andrew Beirne's mercantile establishment, in which he rose rapidly, and he was ultimately established in New Orleans with Mr. Beirne's son Oliver as his partner, and who is now his heir. This story may be true or it may be a pure invention, but that a poor deserted child should be adopted by a wealthy man, and become a member of his family is not incredible. The change of condition is not so vast as when the sinner ceases to be a stranger, and enters the household of God (Eph. 2 : 19).

A Fireman's Drunken Sleep Involved the loss of a river steamboat, and came near causing the death of the sleeper in New York last week. The fireman had been ashore the previous day and had indulged in a drinking bout, and had drank too much. At daybreak, being alone on board, he connected the tanks in the tug with a hydrant on the wharf, and turned the water on, to make ready for the day's work. While the tanks were filling up he fell asleep and the boat was filled with water. The man awoke when she was sinking and got ashore just in time to save his life, but the boat sank in twenty-five feet of water. The condition of that man asleep while the water poured into the boat was a type of the spiritual state of many men whose awakening will be terrible. We have all need to offer the prayer of the Psalmist (Psa. 13 : 3).

A Rare Jewel is Reported to Have Been found by a citizen of Atlanta, Ga. A local paper of recent date says : "A citizen of Atlanta has in his possession an amethyst he recently found in Rabun County which contains *a drop of water* in the centre of the stone. There is a specimen of white crystal on exhibition in Philadelphia containing a drop of water, but this is the only instance on record of any amethyst so peculiarly formed. Probably the worth of this peculiar gem would not be recognized by any but a connoisseur who was aware of the rarity of its formation, while to ordinary eyes it appears much like other amethysts. In the day when God makes up His jewels doubtless there will be many surprises, for the world does not always recognize from the outward man the purity of the soul God has cleansed by the blood of Jesus.

An Escaped Criminal Struck Dead by Lightning is the remarkable burden of a despatch sent by the authorities at Knoxville, Tenn., on July 15th to Chief Brooks of the Secret Service Division at Washington. It states that Mabe M. Morrill, the counterfeiter, who escaped from the officers on July 11th, at Morristown, Tenn., was struck dead by lightning on Wednesday last, while lying out in the woods to escape being rearrested, and was buried the next day. It is the rule in society to scoff at the idea that such events are judgments of God ; but it is certain that while the divine long-suffering permits some men to live long who are very wicked, yet others fall suddenly as by a stroke, and that without remedy (Prov. 29 : 1).

An Application for a Sunday Excursion Train has been refused by Mr. Hobart, the general superintendent of the Central Vermont Railroad, who in reply wrote as follows : "It is entirely useless to apply for Sunday trains, because our rules regarding such trains are positive, and we cannot under any circumstances vary them, unless in case of distress, like death, or destruction of property. I know you will, upon reflection, see the propriety of our taking this stand, as we should otherwise run into an encouragement of all sorts of public Sunday gatherings, which inevitably cover a great amount of drunkenness, swearing, and carousing. The public, so far, fully sustains us in our position, and even those interested in camp meetings, and other religious gatherings, especially desire that we should not vary the rule." The Passumpsic Railroad goes still further, and refuses to run any trains of any kind on Sunday, excepting in exceptional cases like those named by Superintendent Hobart.

ZIKLAG ; OR DAVID ENCOURAGING HIMSELF IN GOD.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

' And David was greatly distressed ; for the people spake of stoning him, because the soul of all the people was grieved, every man for his sons and for his daughters : but David encouraged himself in the Lord his God." " And David inquired at the Lord, saying, Shall I pursue after this troop? shall I overtake them? And He answered him, Pursue : for thou shalt surely overtake them, and without fail recover all."—1 SAMUEL 30 : 6, 8.

The Lessons of David's Life—Not Faultless—The Uses of Faith—I. David's Distress—He had Acted Without Consulting God—Had Followed Policy not Truth—Had Sided with the Enemies of Israel—His Life in Danger—II. David's Encouragement—A Wind from the Hills—No Sullen Despair—His Memory a Help—The Preacher's Personal Testimony—God's Love-Letters in Black Edged Envelopes—III. David Inquiring of God—His Dependence—Activity—IV. David's Answer of Peace—Further Trial—Perfect Victory—Sanctified Common Sense.

WE ought to be deeply grateful to God for the inspired history of the life of His servant David. It was a great life, a vigorous life, a life spent in many positions and conditions. I almost rejoice that it was not a faultless life, for its failings and errors are instructive. It is the life of a man after God's own heart ; but still, the life of one who went astray, like a lost sheep, and was recovered by the great Shepherd's grace. By this fact he comes all the nearer to us poor, faulty men and women. I would venture to apply to David the description which has been applied to the world's own poet :

> " A man so various, that he seemed to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome."

Each one may find something like himself in the long, eventful, and chequered life of the son of Jesse. Among other things we learn this, that *where there is faith there is sure to be trial ;* for David, though he trusted God so heartily, had good need of all the faith he possessed. In his early days he was hunted like a partridge upon the mountains by Saul, and was constantly in jeopardy of his life. He had so choice a treasure of faith about him, that Satan was for ever trying to plunder him of it. Still, the worst trials that David suffered arose not out of his faith, but out of his want of it. That which he did to avoid trouble brought him into deeper distress than ordinary providences ever caused him. He left the country where he was so ill at ease, which was, nevertheless, thy land, O Emmanuel, and he went away into the land of the Philistines, expecting there to escape from further turmoil. In so doing he transgressed, and fresh trials came upon him, trials of a worse kind than those which had happened to him from the hand of Saul. Brethren, the poet said,

> " The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
> Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown,"

and he spake truly ; for " in the world ye shall have tribulation."

Another lesson is this : Though we shall be tried, yet faith in God is an available resource at all times. Faith is a shield which you may use for warding off every kind of arrow, yea, even the fiery darts of the great enemy ; for this shield cannot be penetrated even by javelins of fire. You cannot be cast into a condition in which faith shall not help you. There is a promise of God suitable for every state, and God has wisdom and skill and love and faithfulness to deliver you out of every possible jeopardy ; and therefore you have only to confide in God, and deliverance is sure to come.

Mainly note this, that *even when your trouble has been brought upon you by your own fault faith is still available.* When your affliction is evidently a chastisement for grievous transgressions, still trust in the Lord. The Lord Jesus prayed for erring Peter that his faith might not fail him : his hope of recovery lay there. Faith under a sense of guilt is one of those noble kinds of faith at which some are staggered. To my mind the faith of a saint is comparatively easy ; it is the faith of a sinner that is hard. When you know that you have walked uprightly before God, and have not

stained your garments, then you can trust Him without difficulty: but, oh, when you have stepped aside, and when at last the heavenly Father makes you smart under His rod—to cast yourself upon Him then is faith indeed. Do not fail to exercise it, for this is the faith which saves.

Let this stand as our preface, and the whole of the sermon will tend to illustrate it.

We notice: First, *David's distress*—"David was greatly distressed"; secondly, *David's encouragement*—"David encouraged himself in the Lord his God"; thirdly, *David's inquiry*—"And David inquired at the Lord"; and then, fourthly, *David's answer of peace;* the Lord said, "Pursue: for thou shalt surely overtake them, and without fail recover all."

I. First, then, let us look at

DAVID'S DISTRESS.

"David was greatly distressed." His city was burnt, his wives were gone, the sons and daughters of his comrades were all captive, and little Ziklag, where they had made a home, smoked before them in blackened ruins. The men of war, wounded in heart, mutinied against their leader, and were ready to stone him. David's fortunes were at their lowest ebb. To understand his position we must go a little further back in his history.

David was greatly distressed, for *he had been acting without consulting his God.* It was his general habit to wait upon the Lord for direction, for even as a shepherd lad it was his joy to sing, "He leadeth me"; but for once David had gone without leading, and had chosen a bad road. Worn out by the persecution of Saul, in an evil moment his heart failed him, and he said, "I shall surely fall one day by the hand of Saul." This was a dangerous mood. *Always be afraid of being afraid.* Failing faith means failing strength. Do not regard despondency as merely a loss of joy, view it as draining away your spiritual life. Struggle against it, for it often happens that when faith ebbs sin comes to the flood.

He who does not comfortably trust God will soon seek after comfort somewhere else, and David did so: without asking divine direction he fled to the court of the Philistine chieftain Achish, hoping to be quiet there. See what came of it! When he stood among the ashes of Ziklag he began to understand what an evil and bitter thing it is to lean to our own understanding, to forget God who guides us, and to become a law unto ourselves. Perhaps some of you are in distress in the same way: you have chosen your own path, and now you are caught in the tangled bushes which tear your flesh. You have carved for yourselves, and you have cut your own fingers; you have obtained your heart's desire, and while the meat is yet in your mouth a curse has come with it. You say you "did it for the best;" ay, but it has turned out to be for the worst. David never made a heavier rod for himself than when he thought to avoid all further discomfort by leaving his true place.

Worse than this, if worse can be, *David had also followed policy instead of truth.* The Oriental mind was, and probably still is, given to lying. Easterns do not think it wrong to tell an untruth; many do it habitually. Just as an upright merchant in this country would not be suspected of a falsehood, so you would not in the olden time have suspected the average Oriental of ever speaking the truth if he could help it, because he felt that everybody else would deceive him and so he must practise great cunning. The golden rule in David's day was, "Do others, for others will certainly do you."

David in his early days was not without the taint of his times. He became the commander of the bodyguard of Achish, king of Gath, and he lived in the royal city. As he found himself rather awkwardly situated in that idolatrous town he said to the king, "If I have now found grace in thine eyes, let them give me a place in some town in the country, that I may dwell there: for why should thy servant dwell in the royal city with thee?" Achish appears to have been almost a convert to the worship of Jehovah, and certainly shines brilliantly in the narrative before us. At David's request he gave him the town of Ziklag. David and his men warred with the various tribes of Canaanites who dwelt in the south of Palestine, and took from them great spoil; but he greatly erred in making Achish believe that he was fighting against Judah.

See *the fruit of his falsehood!* Ziklag is burned with fire: his wives are captive; and his men speak of stoning him. If you and I ever get away from living by straightforward truth we shall wander into a maze from which it will be hard to extricate ourselves. We should each feel that we can die but we cannot lie, we can starve but we cannot cheat, we can be ground into the dust but we cannot do an unrighteous thing. If it be so, we may count upon the help of God, and may go bravely on under every difficulty. David had left the highway of righteousness, and was stumbling among the dark mountains of craft and deceit. What wonder that David was greatly distressed? Yet was his distress the more severe on another account, for *David had sided with the enemies of the Lord's people.* He had gone to the Philistines, and their prince had said to him, "I will make thee keeper of mine head for ever." Think of David keeping the head of a Philistine! When Achish gathered the Philistine army to battle with Israel, we read with shame, "And the lords of the Philistines passed on by hundreds, and by thousands: but David and his men passed on in the rereward with Achish."

How dreadfully troubled David must have felt in this false position. Think of David, who was ordained to be king of Israel, marching his armed band to fight his own countrymen! How gracious was the Lord in bringing him out of that perilous position. The Philistine princes suspected him, as well they might, and said to Achish, "What do these Hebrews here?" They were jealous of the high office to which David had been promoted, and fearful of his turning against them during the fight.

Though the Philistine king, like the true man that he was, smoothed it down, he was forced to send David away. What a relief David must have felt! Well might he pen the words of the hundred and twenty-fourth Psalm, "Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken, and we are escaped." What a horror would have been upon him if he had actually gone with the Philistines to the battle in which Saul and Jonathan were slain. It would have been a stain upon David all his life.

THE LORD DELIVERED HIM,

but He made him to feel His rod at the same time, for no sooner had David reached Ziklag, than he saw that the hand of the Lord was gone out against him, desolation smoked around him, and we do not marvel that David was greatly distressed.

Picture the position of David, in the centre of his band. He has been *driven away by the Philistine lords with words of contempt;* his men have been sneered at—"What do these Hebrews here? Is not this David?" When he walked with God he was like a prince, and no man dared to sneer at him, but now he has been flouted by the uncircumcised Philistine, and has been glad to sneak back to his little city, ashamed of himself. It is terrible when a man of God falls into such a position that he gives the enemy opportunity to blaspheme God, and to despise His servant.

It is terrible when even worldlings scout the inconsistency of the professed follower of Jesus. "What do these Hebrews here?" is the sarcastic question of the world. "How comes a professing Christian to be acting as we do? Look, he is trying to cultivate our acquaintance, and pass for one of ourselves, and yet he calls himself a servant of God!" They begin to point, as they did at Peter—"Thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth, for thy speech betrayeth thee." "What doest thou here, Elijah?" is the voice which comes from God's mouth, and the lips of His adversaries repeat it. When the child of God feels that he is in that predicament, and in great trouble too, it is not strange that he is greatly distressed.

At the back of this came *bereavement.* His wives were gone. He was a man of a large, affectionate, tender heart, and what grief it must have been to him! Nor was he a solitary mourner; but all those brave fellows who were joined with him were bereaved too. Worst of all, he was now *forsaken* by his followers. Those who had been with him in his worst fortunes now upbraided him with their calamity. Why did he leave the city to go off to help these enemies of the Lord, the uncircumcised Philistines? He might have known better; and they grew indignant, and one said, "Let us stone him;" to which others answered, "Let us do it at once." They were evidently in a great rage. He stands there faint with weeping, a friendless, forsaken man, with *his very life in danger* from furious mutineers. Do you wonder that it is written, "And David was greatly distressed"?

There is the picture before you: now let us see a fairer scene as we observe what David did under the circumstances. When he was at his worst he was seen at his best.

II. Secondly, let us consider

DAVID'S ENCOURAGMENT.

"*And David encouraged himself.*" That is well, David! He did not at first attempt to encourage anybody else; but he encouraged *himself.* Some of the best talks in the world are those which a man has with himself. He who speaks to everybody except himself is a great fool. I think I hear David say, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God; for I will yet praise him." David encouraged himself.

But he encouraged himself "*in the Lord his God,*" namely, in Jehovah. That is the surest way of encouraging yourself. Do you not feel a wind from the hills? The air blows strong and fresh from the everlasting mountains, now that the man of God is looking to God alone. He is no longer in bondage to craft, but he is a man again, strong in the strength of God; for he casts himself away from all earthly trusts, and encourages himself in the Lord.

He did not sit down in sullen despair, nor did he think, as Saul did, of resorting to wrong means for help; but he went, sinner as he was, confessing all his wrong-doing, straight away to his God, and asked for the priest to come that he might speak with him in the name of the Most High. Brothers and sisters, if you are in trouble, and your trouble is mixed with sin, if you have afflicted yourselves by your backslidings and perversities, nevertheless I pray you look nowhere else for help but to the God whom you have offended. Cling to Him by faith; hold fast by Him in hope. Say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Resolve, "I will not let Thee go." Guilty as you are, it is good for you to draw nigh unto God.

Let us try to conceive of the way in which David would encourage himself in the Lord his God. Standing amid those ruins he would say, "Yet the Lord does love me, and I love Him. My experience of divine love is not a dream, I know it is not a myth or a delusion. I have known the Lord, and I have had near and dear intercourse with Him, and I know that He changes not, and therefore He will help me. His mercy endureth for ever. He will put away my transgression." Thus he encouraged himself in the Lord his God.

Brethren, do you need an interpretation of this parable? Can you not see its application to yourselves? Are you not saying, "The Lord called me by His grace, brought me out from my love of the world, and made me a priest and a king unto Himself, and can He leave me? Is not the oil of His Spirit still upon me? Can He cast me off? He separated me to Himself, and gave me to know that my destiny was not like that of the ungodly world, but that He had ordained me and chosen me to be His servant for ever—will He leave me to perish? Shall His enemy rejoice over me?" Thus may you encourage yourself in God.

Then he would go over all the past deliverances which he had experienced. I see the picture which passed like a panorama before David's eye. He saw himself when he slew the lion and the bear. Did God deliver him then, and will He not deliver him now? He pictured himself going out to meet the giant Goliath, with nothing but a sling and a stone, and coing back with the monster's head in his hand; and he argued, "Will He not rescue me now?" He cheers himself, as one had done be-

fore him, with the inference, "If the Lord had meant to destroy me, He would not have showed me such things as these."

Come, now, dear children of God, *take down your diaries* and refer to the days when the Lord helped you again and again. How many times has He blessed you? You could not count them, for God has been so gracious and tender that He has aided you ten thousand times already. Has He changed in love, in faithfulness, in power? God forbid that we should indulge such a wicked thought. He is still the same, and so let us encourage ourselves in Him.

"Alas," say you, "I have done wrong." I know you have; but He has not. If your confidence were in yourself, that wrong of yours might crush your hope; but since your confidence is in God, and He has not changed, why should you fear? "Oh, but I am so sinful." Yes; I know you are, and so you were when He first looked upon you in love. If His love had sought to come to you by the way of merit it never would have reached you; but it comes to you by way of free, rich, sovereign grace, and therefore it will come to you evermore. Do you not feel refreshed this morning as you think of what the Lord has done? and do you not feel that after doing so much it would be wrong now to distrust Him? Will you not even now encourage yourself in your God?

Perhaps David at that moment perceived that this crushing blow was sent in infinite tenderness to clean him right out of the condition into which he had fallen. The hardest blow that our God ever strikes, if it puts us right and separates us from self and sin, and carnal policy, is a *coup de grace*, a blow of love. If it ends our life of selfishness and brings us back into the life of trust, it is a blessed blow. When God blesses His people most it is by terrible things in righteousness. He smote David to heal him. He fetched him out from the snare of the Philistine fowler, and delivered him from the noisome pestilence of heathen association, by a way that brought the tears into his eyes till he had no more power to weep. Now the servant of the Lord begins to see the wonderful hand of God, and he shall yet say, "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept Thy word."

I, the preacher of this hour, beg to bear my little witness that the worst days I have ever had have turned out to be my best days, and when God has seemed most cruel to me He has then been most kind. If there is anything in this world for which I would bless Him more than for anything else it is for pain and affliction. I am sure that in these things the richest, tenderest love has been manifested toward me. Love-letters from heaven are often sent in black-edged envelopes. The cloud that is black with horror is big with mercy. We may not ask for trouble, but if we were wise we should look upon it as the shadow of an unusually great blessing. Blessed be the Lord, whose way is in the whirlwind, and who makes the clouds to be the dust of His feet. May some such thoughts as these help you to encourage yourself in God as David did.

III. And now, thirdly, we have

DAVID INQUIRING OF GOD.

"And David inquired of the Lord, saying, shall I pursue after this troop? Shall I overtake them?"

Note well that as soon as David had come to be right with God he longed to know the Lord's mind as to his next action. You and I would have said, "Let us hasten after these marauders; let us not stop an instant, we can pray as we march, or at some other time. Haste! haste! for the lives of our wives and children are at stake." It was a time for hurry if ever there was; but, as the good proverb says, "Prayer and provender hinder no man's journey." David wisely stops. "Bring hither the ephod," cries he, and he waits till the oracle answers his inquiries. He will not march till the Lord shall give the word of command. This is well. Oh that we could always keep up this submission of heart! Oh that we never leaned to our own understanding, but trusted solely in God!

Observe, that David takes it for granted that his God is going to help him. He only wants to know how it is to be done. "Shall I pursue? shall I overtake?" When you, my brother, are inquiring of the Lord, do not approach Him as if He would not help you, or could hardly be expected to aid you. You would not like your children to ask a favor of you as if they were afraid of their lives to speak to you. I am sure you would not like a dear child, whatever wrong he had been doing, to feel a suspicion of your love, and doubt your willingness to help; for whatever he has done he is your child still. David has encouraged himself in his God, and he is sure that God is ready to save him; all that he wants to know is how he is himself to act in the business.

It is to be remarked, however, that David does not expect that God is going to help him without his doing his best. He inquires, "Shall I pursue? shall I overtake?" He means to be

UP AND DOING.

Sad as he is, and faint as he is, he is ready for action. Many who get into trouble seem to expect an angel to come and lift them up by the hair of their heads; but angels have other matters in hand. Brother, you will have to work and labor to extricate yourself from debt and difficulty, and so the Lord will hear your prayer. The rule is to trust in God to smite the Amalekites, and then to march after them as if it all depended upon yourself. There is a God-reliance which arouses all our self-reliance and yokes it to the chariot of providence, making the man ready for action because God is with him.

It is instructive to notice that, although David was thus ready for action, trusting in God, he greatly distrusted his own wisdom; for he asked, "Shall I pursue them?" That man is wise who counts his own wisdom to be folly; and he who lays his judgment down at Jesus' feet, is a man of soundest judgment. He who tarries till the divine wisdom shall guide him, he shall be expert and prudent in all things.

David also distrusted his own strength, though quite ready to use what he had; for he said, "Shall I overtake?" Can my men march fast enough to overtake these robbers? And what a blessed state of heart that is when we have no strength of our own, but seek unto God! It is good to be insufficient, and to find God all-sufficient.

I pause here a minute and pray God ever to keep you and me in just the condition into which He brought His servant David. I do not care so much about his overtaking the robbers, and all that: the glory was to have *overtaken his God*, and to be waiting at His feet. He could not be brought to this without his city being burnt, without his being bereaved, robbed, and ready to die by the hands of his own warriors; but it was worth all the cost to be brought to rest on the bare arm of God, and to wait in childlike dependence at the great Father's door.

IV. We close our sermon with the fourth note, which is a note of jubilate, and praise unto God, who helped His servant.

DAVID'S ANSWER

of peace. The Lord heard his supplication. He says, "In my distress I cried unto the Lord and He heard me." But mark this, he was not delivered without further trial. David marched with his six hundred men on foot after the foe, with all speed, and the band became so worn and weary that one third of them could not ford the brook Besor, which though usually dry, was probably at that time flowing with a strong stream. Many a leader would have given up the chase with one out of three of his troop in hospital, but David pursued with his reduced force.

When God means to bless us, He often takes away a part of the little strength we thought we had. We did not think our strength equal to the task, and the Lord takes away a portion even of the little power we had. Our God does not fill till He has emptied. Two hundred men must be rent away from David's side before God could give him victory, for He meant to have David's whole force to be exactly equal to the four hundred Amalekites who fled, that He might make the victory the more memorable and renowned. Expect then, O troubled one, that you will be delivered, but know that *your sorrow may yet deepen*, that you may have all the greater joy by and bye.

David's victory was perfect. We are told over and over again that "David recovered all." Nothing was lost: not a piece of money nor a garment, not an ox nor a sheep, much less a child, or one of woman kind—"David recovered all." How well the Lord works when He once lays His hand to it. "He will perfect that which concerneth me." Salvation is of the Lord, and it is an everlastingly complete salvation. Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah there is everlasting strength." He will work, and work perfectly, till He shall say, "It is finished." The battle is the Lord's, and His saints shall be more than conquerors.

Oh, brothers and sisters, the deeper your trouble the louder will be your song, if you can but trust in God and walk in fellowship with Jesus. Little skiffs that keep near the land carry but small cargoes, and their masters see little save the shore; but they that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep. It is something to be out on the wide main in a terrific storm, when the ship is tossed to and fro like a ball, when the heavens are mixed up with the ocean, and all is uproar. Then great thunder contends with the roaring of the sea, and the lightning flames are quenched by the boiling of the mighty waves. When you reach the shore again, you know a gladness which the landsman cannot feel, and you have a tale to tell to your children, and your children's children, of what you have seen in the deep, such as lubberly landsmen scarce can understand. As for those who dwell at ease, what do they see? You who have been in the battle can sing of victory, and, pointing to your experience, can exclaim, "This is David's spoil."

TRUST IN THE LORD

your God. Believe also in His Son Jesus. Get rid of sham faith, and really believe. Get rid of *a professional faith*, and trust in the Lord at all times, about everything. "What, trust Him about pounds, shillings, and pence?" Assuredly. I dread the faith that cannot trust God about bread and garments—it is *a lying faith*. Depend upon it, that is not the solid, practical faith of Abraham, who trusted God about his tent and his cattle, and about a wife for his son. That faith which made David trust God about the sons and daughters and the spoil, that is the sort of faith for you and for me. If God cannot be trusted about loaves and fishes how shall He be trusted about the things of eternity and the glories which are yet to be revealed? Stay yourself on God with *an everyday faith*.

Faith in God is the exercise of

SANCTIFIED COMMON-SENSE.

Somebody called me "superstitious" for trusting God as to His answering prayer, but I reply that he is superstitious who does *not* trust the living God. He who believes in the power of the greatest of all forces, and trusts in the surest of all truths, is but acting rationally. The purest reason approves reliance upon God. The end shall declare the wisdom of believing God.

God bless you, brethren, and if any of you have never trusted God at all, nor rested in His dear Son, may you be brought to do so at once. May you see your self-righteousness burned like Ziklag, and all your carnal hopes carried away captive, and may you then encourage yourselves in Christ, for He will recover all for you, and give you spoil besides, and there shall be joy and rejoicing. The Lord be with you. Amen.

[PORTIONS OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—1 Samuel 30: 1-25; Psalm 124.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 230,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

Life among Gipsies in England.

LIFE AMONG THE GIPSIES.

The Origin of Gipsies—Their Treatment in Various Countries—Number and Condition—Mr. G. Smith Visits a Fortune-Teller—Begins a Crusade Against Gipsy Misery and Ignorance—Visit to a Kraal—Alice and the Fair Gipsy "Model."

THE accompanying illustrations depict two scenes associated with the evangelistic and philanthropic efforts among gipsies of Mr. George Smith, of Coalville, England, whose portrait and life appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of June 17, 1880.

The *origin* of the gipsies is involved in some obscurity. The treatment they have received has not been of the gentlest. In Spain they were banished under the severest penalties. In Italy they were not allowed to encamp more than two nights in the same place. In Germany they were shot down like wild beasts. In England, during the reign of Elizabeth, it was felony, without the "benefit of clergy," to be seen in their company. But in 1768 and 1783 measures were taken by several of the European Governments for the education of these poor outcasts in the habits of a civilized life, with very encouraging results.

Mr. Smith estimates that there are from 15,000 to 20,000 gipsies in the United Kingdom, who live in tents and vans in the by-lanes and attend fairs, shows, etc. Of this 20,000, 19,500 cannot read a sentence or write a single letter. The highest state of their education is to make crosses, signs, and symbols, and to ask people to tell them the names of the streets and read the mile-posts for them. The full value of money they know perfectly well.

There are 8,000 children of school age loitering about the tents and camps and not learning even so much as the alphabet. Caravans move about the country with "fat babies," "wax-work models," "wonders of the age," "the greatest giant in the world," "a living skeleton," "menageries," "rifle galleries," and similar enterprises; and there are families of children very few of whom are receiving any education, and who live together, regardless of either sex or age, in one small van.

To find out what *gipsy fortune-telling* was, Mr. Smith says, "I used to walk after working hours from Tunstall to Fenton, a distance of six miles, to see '*old Elijah Cotton*,' a well-known character in the Potteries, who got his living by it, to ask him all sorts of questions. Sometimes he would look at my hands, at other times he would put my hand into his and hold it while he was reading out of the Bible, and burning something like brimstone-looking powder—the forefinger of the other hand had to rest upon a particular passage or verse; at other times he would give me some of this yellow-looking stuff in a small paper to wear against my left breast, and some I had to burn exactly as the clock struck twelve at night, under the strictest secrecy. The stories this fortune-teller used to relate to me as to his wonderful power over the spirits of the other world were very amusing, and this kind of rubbish he used to relate to those who paid him their shillings and half-crowns to have their fortunes told."

About a year ago Mr. Smith's attention was directed by Providence to the wretched condition of the gipsy children in a way he thought it perilous to disregard. With characteristic heartiness he at once threw himself into the work, and among other appeals for co-operation through the medium of the press, a letter was set to the London *Standard*, which, on the 15th of August, 1879, brought forth a leading article on the subject.

Mr. Smith then entered upon the crusade against gipsy misery and ignorance. Having learned experience with the *canal boatmen*, he now finds ample employment in the *tent of the gipsy*, and finds it to be as filthy and as repulsive as the cabin of the canal boat. Human beings of both sexes and of all ages are huddled together without regard to comfort. Children are born, suffer from disease, and die in the canvas hovels, and are committed to the dust by the roadside. One old woman told Mr. Smith "that she had had *sixteen children*, fifteen of whom are alive, several of them being born in a roadside tent. She was married out of one of these tents; and her brother died and was buried out of a tent near Ashby-de-la-Zouch." The experience of this old crone is akin to that of most of her class.

In prosecution of his self-imposed labor Mr. Smith went to London, in the suburbs of which city he estimates there cannot be less than 2,000 gipsy families. They are settled upon waste places, of every kind. Let us accompany our philanthropist and visit one of these gipsy kraals. A short ride by rail, and a tramp through a densely populated district, and we are upon the camping-ground. It is a spacious yard, entered through a gate, and surrounded with houses, whose back-yards form the inclosure. There are three caravans and three kraals erected there, and as it is Sunday afternoon, nearly all the inhabitants are at home. The kraals are not all constructed on the same pattern—two are circular in form, and the third is square. The floor is common earth, and very uneven in places.

Alice, the gipsy mistress of this abode, is a woman over fifty, with a face the color of leather, and vigor enough to do any amount of work. Her husband, a white-haired old man, with look of innocent wonder in his face, sits on a lump of wood, warming his hands over the fire. There is also a handsome young woman sitting in the only chair in the place, daughter of the old couple; and her brother lies extended on a bed made of indescribable things in one portion of the cabin where the tiles in the roof show no openings to the sky. His wife, a thoroughbred gipsy—sits nursing a baby, their first-born, on the edge of the bed. The wood walls are covered with old clothes, sacking, and a variety of odd things, fastened in their places by wooden skewers, and adorned with a few pots and pans used in cooking. Here for *seven winters* this gipsy family has resided, defying the severest frosts and snows. Alice tells us that the whole yard costs only two shillings a week. This woman is the mother of eighteen children, of whom eleven are living.

Drawn up close by is a caravan occupied by *two young women*, thorough gipsies in face and tongue, who chaff us as to the object of our visit, and beg hard for some kind remembrance to be left with them. We do not accept their invitation to walk up, but pass down the yard, by heaps of manure and refuse of all kinds, by another kraal, where a bucket containing coal is burning, and a young man lies recumbent on a dirty mattress, and a little bantam keeps watch beside him, to the steps of another caravan, where from the sounds we hear, high jinks are going on with some children. At the sound of a tap on the door there is an instant hush, and *a girl of nineteen*, with a baby in her arms, asks us to enter. We look up in amazement; the girl's face appears like an apparition—so fair, so beautiful, so like some face we have seen elsewhere, that we are confused and puzzled. In a moment the mystery is solved. We had seen that face before in several of the choicest canvases that have hung in recent years upon the walls of the Academy; we have met the *fairest gipsy model* that ever stood before the students of the Academy; the favorite alike of the young artist and the veteran head of his profession. Annie has a face of exquisite Grecian form, and a hand so delicate that it has been painted more than once in "the portrait of a titled lady."

When she was a very little girl, she told us, hawking laces in a basket one day, a gentleman

Mr. William Noble's Visit to Cetewayo, the Captive King of the Zulus.

met her at the West-End who was a painter, and from that day to the present Annie has earned a living—and at times of great distress maintained all the family—by the fees she receives as a model. Her mother had had nine children, of whom eight are living; and three of the family are constantly employed as models. Annie is as modest and gentle voiced as she is beautiful. Her grandfather, she said, was a "fine man," and lived to the age of 104. He went about crying "chairs to mend" in that very locality up to within a short time of his death, and all the old ladies employed him because he was so handsome.

MR. WILLIAM NOBLE'S VISIT TO CETEWAYO.

DURING the recent visit of Mr. William Noble, the founder of the Blue Ribbon Army, to South Africa, he had an interview with the late King of the Zulus. As the British Government never allows any one to see his majesty without his special permission, Mr. Noble was fortunate in obtaining the royal consent to a visit on March 23d. Accompanied by Rev. Dr. Hole, Mr. Lister, of Rondebush, his son (who has the custody of Cetewayo), and an interpreter, Mr. Noble on that day was ushered into the presence of the captive sovereign.

Describing the interview in an interesting speech delivered at Hoxton Hall, London, on his return, Mr. Noble said "From what I had heard I thought I was going to see a man specially made to terrify people, but I had occasion to modify that opinion. On entering the apartment where he was I found him with his attendants. He never allows his wives to sit with him. He received me in the most kindly manner, but did not make free at first. The interpreter introduced me, and the king rose and shook my hand. He did not at all look as if he were going to murder me.

"Having my concertina with me, I played a bugle call. He had heard that before, on the battlefield. He clapped his hands and exclaimed, 'Ha, ha!' I played 'My Grandfather's Clock,' when he again clapped his hands. Having asked whether my friends and I might sing a hymn to him, he assented, took off his hat and told his attendants to uncover. We sung 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' which seemed to make a great impression upon him. He knows, however, but little of Jesus. When a lady showed him a picture of the Saviour, he simply inquired 'Why that man's hands were upraised?' The same lady asked him whether he was not much better off where he was than at the Castle? His reply was: 'What is this apartment to me? One place is as good as another to a captive.'

"I told him we had an enemy in England, which killed 60,000 of us every year, and added, 'We have an army fighting against it, but we have not won the victory yet.' He said: 'Who is the enemy?' I replied '*Square-face*, the square-face you drink.' Gin is called square-face out there. Cetewayo receives an allowance of gin with his rations every day.

"Cetewayo wanted my concertina, but having engaged to play it at several other places I was unable to oblige him. I promised that on my return, my friends at Hoxton Hall would subscribe and send him a new concertina."

It is very gratifying to hear from the Cape that Mr. Noble's visit was attended with important results to the cause he has at heart. The difficulties in the way of temperance reform are in some respects much greater there than at home. He succeeded, however, in giving a timely and valuable impulse to the local organizations. All his meetings, whether for soldiers or civilians, were remarkably successful. Some hundreds having signed the pledge, and donned the blue ribbon, a council was appointed for the purpose of continuing the work. These services were fittingly and handsomely acknowledged by the colonists in an address of great warmth and kindliness presented to him at his last meeting.

Perhaps, however, the most important result to the cause of Gospel temperance connected with Mr. Noble's visit to South Africa, is the restoraetion to health on which he has been so heartily congratulated. As the originator of the Blue Ribbon movement in England, and as one who has brought to the prosecution of his work, talents, and energies which mere money could not have secured, he certainly deserves the cordial sympathy and respect of every well-wisher to the cause he has so heartily espoused, and so successfully advocated.

THE BOYS OF CITY STREETS.

(*Continued from page 445.*)

I HAVE referred to some of the difficulties of conducting classes or meetings for youths such as I have written of, and particularly to that arising from the extreme difficulty of predicting from the behavior of any particular lad one evening what it may be the next. Let me give an illustration:

One of the lads, already mentioned, came into the room one evening, and, before the whole class, went straight up to another, caught him by the throat, and was going to strike him there and then, had he not been promptly stopped, though not in time to prevent his receiving in return from his opponent a blow across his face from a strap, after which he went back to his seat, and gave vent to his angry feelings in a burst of crying.

On inquiring the cause of it all, I was told that the lad attacked had stolen twopence from the pocket of the other. He had, however, a defence, I found—that the twopence had been lent by himself some time before, but not returned, so that he simply took it instead of waiting longer for it. The assailant, meantime, poor lad, still wept, as if broken-hearted, and as he looked ill and half-starved, I went to him, asked him to follow me, and I ordered him a cup of coffee, which he took thankfully. While he was drinking the coffee, I ventured to refer to Matt. 5: 39, and to showing kindness to an offender, whereby "coals of fire" would be "heaped upon his head," etc. He was still weeping; but when I mentioned heaping coals of fire, he said, with a quick toss of the head, "Shall I, mum? Then I'll try," and presently went back to the meeting with seemingly a load off his mind. There was perhaps some room for fear lest he should act on a too literal rendering of the words. However, the meeting ended peacefully, and as he passed out of the room I reminded him again of his promise to forgive and forget his friend's insult. "All right, mum," said he, and I flattered myself that my peace-making had been successful; but alas! I have to admit that, as soon as the two met again, they "had it out" all the same, as I heard from the others. I may say, too, that on hearing this I felt alarmed, lest from the "having it out" some serious harm might result, and one or both be prevented from coming to the class again.

It was only two evenings later, however, that on going down to the schoolroom I heard singing, and, opening the door, there were the two enemies, seated one each side of the fire, singing one of Sankey's tunes, and looking as happy and innocent as if they could not know what a quarrel meant. I said nothing about the fight.

Equally mysterious seemed to me the action of a lad of sixteen who announced his arrival at a Bible-class, while I was reading, by a sharp slap on the face of another lad, who was sitting perfectly still and harmless. Finding me becoming rather disturbed about it, however, one of the class got up, and with a polite bow assured me in the coolest manner that there was "no harm meant—it is only his way of saying Good afternoon, mum!"

But I should be very sorry to give the impression that difficulty and discouragement are all that is to be met with in this work. It is quite otherwise. I am very glad to say, on the contrary, that in the case of almost every lad who has come to these classes I can see reason to believe that they have had an influence for good, and this is the greatest possible encouragement.

TOUCHES OF REAL LIFE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Lady Hope, of Cariden.

(*Continued from page 447.*)

Mrs. Clemence and her Visitors—A Cool Announcement of Suicide—The Rescued Boy's Gratitude—Distillery Employees like Seasoned Casks—Supply and Demand—Market Day.

"ANYTHING to pay?" asked the rough boys, in reply to Mrs. Clemence's invitation.

A negative being given, they were soon out of sight. On the following evening they did really appear again, after several bashful attempts to ring the bell.

For several weeks they had come, on one or two nights, according to convenience, and had become marvellously humanized in the interval. But on this particular night one of the lads was missing.

Mrs. Clemence, standing before the other two, asked:

"Where is Ben?"

"Please, missus, he's been and drowned hisself!"

"What!" asked Mrs. Clemence aghast. "Drowned himself?"

"Yes!" chimed in the two boys alternately. "His father came home drunk and gave him a thrashing, and told him that if he came nigh the house again he'd kill him. So he said good-bye to his mother and his little sisters, and he's gone to drown hisself."

The relators of the tragedy were wonderfully calm about it. But still Mrs. Clemence's nerves had hardly recovered the dreadful information when she went to bed that night.

The next morning, during breakfast time, a *back* appeared every now and then at the other side of the window, and a figure seemed to be crouching—dodging—among the shrubs that surrounded it. On going out at the glass door to inspect this mystery, Mrs. Clemence discovered that the unknown was no other than the drowned Ben!

On expressing her astonishment at the story of the previous night, the lad explained that through some accident, or a piece of carelessness, he had let his master's prize fowls escape from their yard. He had consequently got into a scrape and been dismissed. This news had enraged the drunken father, and had brought upon his son a heavy castigation, with threats that if ever entered the house again he would kill him. It was after this scene poor Ben confessed that he had threatened to drown himself.

He was given some food, and consoled by a present of a shilling wherewith to get himself a night's lodging. All that day he hung about the house, seeming to consider it a refuge. And through all his future experiences he manifested a grateful devotion to the friends that had sympathized in his trouble.

When his father and mother both died, a short time after, he evinced the deepest interest in his younger sisters, who by his earnest efforts were admitted to a well-known orphan home, and frequently visited by him. He became himself a steady workman on the line.

But we are striding on too far in the family details of poor Ben's history. In the meantime Mrs. Clemence's small class prospered, and was much appreciated. She had different boys on different nights, for her room was too small to hold many. Each one loved her as a friend; and that one evening-hour gradually gained her an influence over them, which many people recognized, and yet called "incredible!"

Love, that all-powerful force, was her secret. Nothing else. She loved her Lord; and she loved the lads. And the expenditure was not thrown away, for her efforts were more than rewarded. Even their homes became altered by the second-hand force of this mysterious talisman.

For these young fellows had so lived in the atmosphere of spirits, that they themselves, as well as their fathers, some of whom happened to be employed in the same line, had absorbed into their very natures a passion that was now almost hereditary. The constant smell and taste of spirituous liquor so completely pervaded their very existence, that, like poor Banting and his beer, they *lived upon* it certainly more than they did upon other food.

What was the consequence? A youth called Hutchinson explained it. He had happily arrested himself just in time, and had gone from a most remunerative post within these deadly walls to a safer one outside them, where he received lower pay, but found a more useful and respectable employment.

"They become," he said, speaking of the employees, "like *seasoned casks!* they can hold any quantity."

Fearful thought! a life of inebriation! But no more fearful than it is true.

"But what can we do?" said the distiller's brother one day to Mrs. Clemence. "There must *be* distilleries! *Some* one must keep them up."

Mr. Clemence could not be within ear-shot and withhold a reply to this very decided assertion. So he said abruptly:

"Prove your position! This is but fair before you maintain it."

"Prove it!" was Mr. Anthony Coffin's exclamation. "I do not understand you!"

"*Why* should this, that has proved the impoverishing evil of our country, be daily manufactured by us?" said Mr. Clemence. "Have we any right to make it and to put it before the people who depend on us for their supplies?"

"There is a *demand* for it!" answered Mr. Coffin hotly.

"A demand," said Mr. Clemence. "We have taught the people to like it by putting it so plentifully before them. Supply always creates demand."

"Ha! ha! ha! I like that!" laughed his visitor. "I always heard it the other way. You have reversed the fact."

"Not at all!" was the answer. "I acknowledge that demand enforces supply. But, on the other hand, does not my assertion precede yours? How can the people demand what they have never seen or heard of? Otherwise, whence the world-wide custom of shop-window display? The passer by beholds, admires, covets, and purchases.

"The only difference between this manufacture and others is, that *this* is a traffic that does not on exhibition show its true colors. The draper exhibits his goods in their gay hues or useful substance; the baker shows his loaves of bread; and the butcher his joints of meat; but the spirit-vault exhibits flaring gas-lights, gay bottles, and fancy names for every description of liquor, while the *real nature* of the liquor itself, with that of *its effects*, is as far as possible concealed from view.

Had not Mr. Anthony Coffin been less a bigot than his brother, and therefore more likely to be open to reason on these points, Mr. Clemence would have thought it useless to throw away his words, however true they might be; but he knew well, that in spite of a little bravado, which Mr. Anthony generally used, like the Newfoundland dog's shake, to throw off the ungenial drops, he was not without his own serious thoughts on the subject.

He now answered, "Of course it would." And then added, "You must in reason expect every trade to show its best side outermost. No doubt your excellent drapers and butchers and bakers are not altogether perfect. Their goods are not always as pure as they *look*. Depend upon it, sir, you will find counterfeits and dissembling everywhere in this world, even among your *best* people."

"Then my point is gained," said Mr. Clemence. "If you acknowledge that counterfeit and dissembling *are* counterfeit and dissembling, you acknowledge that cheating is cheating; and dishonesty, I presume, you consider criminal."

"Of course!" said Mr. Anthony. "Of *course* I do; but what then?"

"Then what leg has your manufacture of spirits to stand upon? If it be a traffic whose sole support is a falsity, and whose very existence depends upon concealment, is it not criminal?

"But take it in another light. Is not the inhalement of intoxicating liquor at the root of almost all our crime?" Mr. Clemence asked.

"Yes! that is the truth; and a very great misfortune, and traceable entirely to the folly and wickedness of the people themselves," said Mr. Coffin.

And here Mrs. Clemence's feelings forbade her to keep silence any longer.

"O Mr. Coffin!" she interposed; "that is not fair! indeed it is not! It is unjust. I really think so. I have heard a man say, 'I could pass *one* public-house; but when it comes to *thirteen* of them, I can't get home sober.

"In a sea-port town, lately, I was told of a short street in which *nine* public-houses are standing side by side, ranged like a line of concealed *hells*, to entrap the sailors immediately on their arrival and *strip* them of their wages, yes! and their character too."

"Well, that is by no means a common occurrence. It can only be *by chance* there," was the reply.

"But we have left the point of our discussion," was the smiling rejoinder of the antagonist. "The discussion began with the question, 'Ought there to be distilleries, or not?' I say, the people will have the spirits."

"And we maintain," said Mr. Clemence, "that the supply of spirits is forced upon them everywhere. The very drunkards, your best customers, are begging to have the traffic done away with."

"I am not so sure of that," was the answer. "I think you are mistaken there."

"If you would visit much among the lower classes in any town, English or Scotch or even Irish, you would find this to be a fact," said Mrs. Clemence. "It has been too often tested to prove a mistake. They hate the drink, because it has ruined them. Multitudes of them wish—no, long!—to give it up."

"But like all people of your way of thinking, you leave out from your argument the *respectable* men and women who have *not* become addicted to intoxication."

"There will soon be very few of these left at the rate we are now going," Mr. Clemence said.

"Excuse me! I beg your pardon! I was going to say, It is not fair to judge all by a few wretched specimens, who cannot control themselves," was the rejoinder.

"A few wretched specimens!" said husband and wife in one breath.

"I mean, you must not class the sober and intemperate all together," said Mr. Anthony, getting up to conclude the conversation.

"Those who are sober do not *need* it, and those who are intemperate ought not to have it," said Mrs. Clemence. "Won't you consider the subject earnestly? and if you do so, do it with prayer," she whispered.

Market-day in Shenstone! Cattle are huddled together in close pens; sheep chorus forth their piteous bleats; horses stand in lines, head to head and tail to tail. Presently the loud crack of a whip is heard, and the anxious dealer is seen flourishing a curling lash above his head, while a man from the crowd trots a heavy farm horse, with its lumbering tread, backward and forward across the square. Head in air, and tail tied into a tight round ball with plaited straw, the exhibited horse accomplishes its given number of paces, and is discussed, bargained over, and bought; while a smaller animal, with its *ponyish* shamble, all rough and shaggy, clatters along in its predecessor's footsteps. The crowds gather more and more densely. The excitement heightens.

"A glass of spirits!" "A drop!" "Something cooling!" "Something warm!" becomes the general demand in all directions as business slackens, and the crowds melt into the saloons and spirit-booths that line the way.

As night draws on the sights and sounds will be bacchanalian; but all the ladies and gentlemen will be in the seclusion of their homes and safe from the evening's horrors. So it has been hitherto at least.

To-night there is a change. Conspicuously standing in close juxtaposition to the Market Square, you may see a pinnacled and gabled building. From its various summits flags are streaming in all directions. One large pendant, crimson in color, bears the honorable title, "Refreshment

Rooms" on its one surface; while on the other it suggests to the salesman and the purchaser alike the words "Reading and Refreshment."

A huge black-and-white standard invites the passer-by to enter the precincts in terms like these, "Strike your bargains here! Capital accommodation!" while a painted swinging-board and colored lamp both testify to the fact that "Hot tea and coffee" abide there. Other and smaller bills make mention of "lemonade, ginger-beer, and fruit syrups," anything and everything to tempt the eye and mind and taste.

The placards are discussed, and the general appearance of the new building scanned. Presently one, and another, and another goes in. Each stays longer than he had intended. When they all come out again they point with their thumbs over their shoulders to their friends to "try *that* place!"

Satisfactory, isn't it? This is the best advertisement! There is nothing like personal recommendation, and the new coffee-house is getting it plentifully.

(To be continued.)

MOSES AND THE MAGICIANS.

S.S. Lesson for July 31. Ex. 7 : 1-17. Golden Text, Acts 7 : 22. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

MOSES and Aaron had been prepared by the reverses which they had met with, to recognize their own nothingness, and therefore to become instruments small enough in the hand of God to work for Him without subtracting from His glory. The Lord said unto Moses, "See, I have made thee a god unto Pharaoh; and Aaron thy brother shall be thy prophet." Moses knew now that God's presence with him made him to be a God unto Pharaoh, and not his own learning in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and his might in word and in deed. The magicians also were learned, and they were mighty after man's wisdom, but God was about to put their boasted science to the test, and He said, "The Egyptians shall know that I am the Lord, when I stretch forth mine hand upon Egypt, and bring out the children of Israel from among them."

Thus far everything had appeared to be unsuccessful, but true faith is not hindered by appearances. Moses and Aaron were ready to go and stand a second time before Pharaoh, although the issue of their first interview was not only a decided refusal, but also the means of bringing upon the children of Israel an aggravation of their suffering, and of extinguishing the little ray of faith and hope which had dawned upon them. When they came in and stood before Pharaoh, Aaron cast down his rod and it became a serpent as God had said; but the king was fully persuaded that Egypt was able to produce the same miracle, and he called for his wise men and sorcerers (who were, no doubt, the spiritualists of those days and mediums of demons), and they, in imitation of Aaron, cast down their rods and they became serpents. What, then, was God no mightier than they? Yes, for "Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods."

This proof of God's superior power, however, had no influence with the King of Egypt; his heart was hardened. Then the Lord commanded Moses to go out in the morning and meet Pharaoh by the river, "And thou shalt say unto him, The Lord God of the Hebrews hath sent me unto thee, saying, Let My people go, that they may serve Me in the wilderness: and, behold, hitherto thou wouldest not hear. Thus saith the Lord, In this thou shalt know that I am the Lord: behold, I will smite with the rod that is in mine hand upon the waters which are in the river, and they shall be turned to blood." And Moses did so; and the awful plague came to pass, so that the river, the streams, and ponds of water, even the water in vessels, became blood; "there was blood throughout all the land of Egypt." To add to the horrors of this time the fish in the river died, and under the hot sun of Egypt putrefaction soon took place, so that besides having no water to drink, it was almost death to inhale the very air. Yet "neither did Pharaoh set his heart to this also," for the magicians too had done this miracle. The poor people dug all round about the river to procure water, and a whole week passed by before the usual order of things was restored. But then it was with heavy loss—all the fish were dead, all washing, bleaching, and all manufactures in which water was a necessity were stopped, probably no food had been cooked during all these seven days.

Again God sent Moses to announce to Pharaoh that if he refused to let the people go, He would send a plague of frogs throughout the land, "which shall go up and come into thine house, and into thy bedchamber, and upon thy bed, and into the house of thy servants, and upon thy people, and into thine ovens, and into thy kneading troughs" (or dough; see margin, 8 : 3). There was no getting rid of these obnoxious creatures; there they were on all the furniture, in all the food, in every corner and cranny, and so numerous that as soon as hundreds were shovelled out into the street, hundreds replaced them. Again the magicians worked in imitation, and brought up frogs, but Pharaoh soon began to want to get rid of them. He was the king, and of course his water supply from those who dug for water was so ample that he had not the same personal inconvenience from the plague of blood. But now the frogs had no respect for king or nobleman; now he could neither sleep nor eat, nor hardly speak or walk for frogs. The magicians were there who had been able to bring them up upon the land, but Pharaoh wanted the plague to come to an end, and Satan's ministers, who know how to bring plagues enough, can never take them away. Atheists and free-thinkers know how to make a man miserable, but they have never in a single instance known how to turn sorrow into joy. They know how to excite the passions of men, envy, pride, revenge, sometimes also fleshly lusts, but they do not know how to make men unselfish, humble, long-suffering, or pure.

The magicians had begun to fall, and Pharaoh was forced to acknowledge the power of God. Constrained to accept relief by any means, he said, "Entreat the Lord, that He may take away the frogs from me, and from my people; and I will let the people go." "When," said Moses; and the king answered, "To-morrow" (8 : 8–10). What is this? Did he think that God could not do it to-day, or was his hatred of God so great that he would put off accepting favor at His hands to the last possible moment? Moses said, "Be it according to thy word; that thou mayest know that there is none like unto the Lord our God" (8 : 10). How our God longs to manifest himself to His creatures! how all His dealings with us are directed to this end! There was respite; God lifted off His hand of judgment. Pharaoh accepted the relief, and hardened his heart against Him who blessed him.

And God sent another terrible plague, turning all the dust of the land into lice, so that no one could set his foot down without treading upon lice, wherever dust had settled for a moment it was alive with these filthy vermin, and man and beast suffered alike. The magicians, who strove always to keep up with Moses and Aaron, sought to bring forth lice, but they had come to the utmost bound of their tether—"they could not," and they had the honesty to say to Pharaoh, "This is the finger of God" (vers. 18, 19). Men who were in league with the devil were now testifying to the wicked king, and seeking to convince him of the power of the living God; but his heart was hardened still. And now a stronger proof of the power of God was about to take place: the Lord sent Moses and Aaron to tell him that if he would not let the people go there should be swarms of flies upon him and his servants and his people, and He said, "I will sever in that day the land of Goshen, in which My people dwell, that no swarms of flies shall be there; to the end thou mayest know that I am the Lord in the midst of the earth. And I will put a division [a redemption] between My people and thy people" (vers. 22, 23).

The wicked king felt that he was losing ground; his magicians had failed him, and acknowledged the God against whom he was striving; the people whom he had persecuted were exempt from the loathsome plague under which he was suffering: he would attempt a compromise. He said, "Sacrifice to the Lord your God in the land." No, God's children worship on holy ground; and Moses said, "Shall we sacrifice the abominations of the Egyptians before their eyes, and will they not stone us?" we can have no partnership, our worship condemns yours. Then he said, "I will let you go, . . . only ye shall not go very far away" (ver. 25–28). This is the way of the world. "Only don't do anything peculiar, only do everything on the same ground as we do." Never; for the friendship of the world is enmity with God (James 4 : 4.)

God removed the flies in answer to Moses' prayer, but Pharaoh remained hardened, and then God's hand was stretched forth against him anew; a grievous murrain wrought fearful havoc upon the horses, asses, camels, sheep, and oxen, only those belonging to the children of Israel were exempt; a plague of boils broke forth upon man and upon beast, and the poor magicians could not stand before Moses, and they could not heal themselves or others. Then the Lord gave warning that a grievous hail should come upon the land, with unprecedented fury, and He counselled Pharaoh to bring in all which he had in the field. Those among Pharaoh's servants who feared God obeyed, but others left their cattle and servants in the field to certain destruction. Then came the mighty thunder, the lightning running along the ground, whole rows of trees torn up by the roots or split with the lightning, mighty hailstones smiting man and beast with a deadly power, so that wherever the tempest swept death and desolation remained behind. And now for the first time Pharaoh confessed, "I have sinned this time: the Lord is righteous, and I and my people are wicked;" but he made his confession only to man, and he seemed to ground thereupon a plea for mercy under promise that he would let the people go. But now, after his partial confession of his sin, after his clear conviction of the power of the living God, he broke his word again; he had filled up the measure of his iniquity, and from this time God hardened his heart (chap. 9).

Once again God sent Moses to Pharaoh, and said, "How long wilt thou refuse to humble thyself before Me? Let My people go, that they may serve Me," and then he threatened to send locusts upon the land. At this time Pharaoh's servants interposed and said unto him, "How long shall this man be a snare unto us? Let the men go, that they may serve the Lord their God: knowest thou not yet that Egypt is destroyed?" For a moment he relented, sent for Moses and Aaron, and said, "Go serve the Lord your God; but who are they that shall go? And Moses said, We will go with our young and with our old, with our sons and with our daughters, with our flocks and with our herds will we go." This is the true spirit of those who will go out of sin, worldliness, and self to live for God. But Pharaoh would not hear of it. Yet when the plague of locusts came, he sent in haste for Moses and Aaron, and confessed his sin, but only entreated their forgiveness, not God's, for he wanted only relief, and when it came God hardened his heart yet again. And then God brought darkness which could be felt over all the land of Egypt, only "the children of Israel had light in their dwellings." The silence of death reigned everywhere; no work was done, no journey undertaken. At the end of three days, Pharaoh called unto Moses and made one more proposition, "Go ye, serve the Lord; only let your flocks and your herds be stayed; let your little ones also go with you." But Moses entertained no such proposal, but said, "Thou must give us also sacrifices and burnt offerings, that we may sacrifice unto the Lord our God. Our cattle also shall go with us; there shall not an hoof be left behind: for thereof must we take to serve the Lord our God. . . . But the Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart, and he would not let them go:" he threatened Moses with death if he should see his face again, but he little knew how a few hours later the death wail should sound from one end of Egypt to the other, and that all the firstborn of the land should be destroyed. There is a point beyond which God's forbearance cannot go—"My spirit shall not always strive with man" (Gen. 6 : 3)— and when a sinner becomes a vessel of wrath fitted to destruction, he has first been guilty of repeatedly resisting the Holy Ghost.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The British Parliament was Last Week again the scene of Irish disturbance. The clause in the Land Bill providing for assistance being rendered to such Irish farmers as desired to emigrate was violently opposed by the Land Leaguers, who declaimed against "the proposal to depopulate the already underpopulated country and pledged the Irish members not only to obstruct the emigration clause, but to make it ridiculous and inoperative, if passed." Mr. Parnell and other members appealed to the government to withdraw the clause. Sir Stafford Northcote, the leader of the Conservatives, said he hoped the government would not give up the clause, which he regarded as a valuable portion of the bill.

It is difficult to understand why the Land Leaguers oppose the clause, which was introduced as one of the alternative methods of relief for the chronic poverty in the sterile, overcrowded districts of Ireland. The explanation of the London *Daily News* is, that they wish to prevent the passage of the bill, and believe the rejection of that clause would increase the animosity to the bill in the House of Lords. Mr. Gladstone, in the course of an indignant speech on the obstruction offered him in his efforts to render aid to Ireland, said that "the Land Leaguers having miserably failed to denounce the bill in Ireland sought by obstruction of the emigration clause to re-establish their damaged reputations as true friends of Ireland."

The clause was finally passed by a vote of 126 to 23. It is arranged that not more than a million dollars shall be advanced to intending emigrants, and not more than a third of that sum in any one year.

Midhat Pasha and his Fellow Prisoners condemned to death for conniving at if not instigating the murder of the late Sultan of Turkey, have been reprieved. Lord Dufferin, British ambassador at Constantinople, verbally intimated that the exercise of clemency would produce a very favorable impression. The Turkish ambassador in London wrote to his sovereign describing the unfavorable impression produced in England by the trial of the alleged murderers, and imploring the Sultan to prevent the carrying out of the sentences of capital punishment. The Sultan entertained the idea of having the judgment in the case of the alleged murderers of Abdul Aziz annulled by the Court of Cassation, but it was represented to him that this would involve the necessity of a new trial and danger of further scandal. The Sultan then decided to commute the death sentence. Lord Dufferin has assured the sister of Midhat Pasha that the latter will not be executed.

The Celebration of the National Fete in France was made the occasion of great rejoicing on July 14th. It is the anniversary of the taking of the Bastile in 1789, and is now observed as a national holiday. This is its second celebration since it was decreed by the legislature. There was a grand review of seventeen thousand soldiers, and Paris was illuminated in the evening.

A Deputation from the Boers has been Sent to England to protest against the withdrawal of British troops from the country. They had an interview with the Marquis of Salisbury, the leader of the Conservative Party, who expressed "the deepest sympathy with those men who, trusting in British promises after the annexation of the Transvaal, had invested their money there and taken up arms in defence of British authority, and who now found themselves abandoned by England and exposed to the hatred of their fellow citizens and the loss of their property." The delegates urged that there would be no peace in South Africa unless British supremacy was upheld.

The Rapid Spread of Nihilism in Russia and the hostility of the intelligent class of the population toward the government are not astonishing phenomena if a report is correct which has been rendered by M. Pavel Birwanski, ex-Imperial State Attorney of Russia. He was sent to investigate the condition of the imperial tribunals in the Orenburg province, and reported an appalling state of tyranny and corruption. He states that during his four months' sojourn in the province he "lived in an atmosphere of groans and heart-breaking sighs." "Hundreds of suppliants appealed to me daily in person," the attorney adds. "What did I not learn from their disclosures, supported by indefeasible proofs! It was revealed to me how our judges trample the laws under foot; how cynical and wanton is the behavior of our police; how savagely brute force is brought to bear upon the weak and friendless. I liberated innocent persons who had been kept in prison by the executive for several years after they had been publicly acquitted in open court, and who had been secretly tortured. I took down the depositions of peasant women who had been subjected to torment—*their flesh pinched with red hot tongs*—by order and in the presence of the Chief Commissary of Police, merely because they had presumed to plead on behalf of their unfortunate husbands." Under a despotic government abuses always flourish, but a state of affairs so bad as this must soon end either in representative government or revolution.

Counterfeit Coins in Large Numbers Have been circulated in Egypt by a band of alleged swindlers operating from Geneva. Ten years ago the precious metals were at so high a premium in Egypt that it was possible to make a profit by importing Egyptian coins from foreign countries. Several people embarked in the trade, and when the premium declined and a profit could no longer be made honestly these dealers put less and less of gold and silver into the coins until those recently sent are worth little more than half their face value. Money of the denomination of a piastre, worth about five cents, has been sent in quantities so large that there is supposed to be a million and a half dollars worth in circulation, all of which is counterfeit. It is expected that in order to save the Egyptian merchants and the public from ruin the government will have to buy up all these spurious coins. Several of the chief operators have been arrested.

The Irish Farm Laborers Have Appealed to Cardinal Mahning, who is intimate with Mr. Gladstone, to use his influence in their behalf. They complain that the Land Bill ignores their grievances, which are more intolerable than those of the farmers who employ them, and who, they allege, treat them with gross cruelty. The Cardinal counselled patience, and explained that the land bill was already a most complicated and unwieldy measure and the introduction of the condition of the laborer would render its enactment impossible. He also took occasion to express his approval of the Land League *when operating within the limits of the law*, human and divine. The Cardinal omitted to state when it was that the Land League had so operated.

A Physical Struggle in the British House of Commons is threatened by Mr. Bradlaugh, the atheist member. A cablegram says, "Mr. Bradlaugh has served a formal notice upon the Speaker and the other officers of the House of Commons protesting against his previous exclusions from the House as illegal, and giving notice that on or before the 3d of August he will present himself at the table of the House; that any one endeavoring to prevent him will be acting illegally and that *he will resist physical force and endeavor to overcome it if offered.*" If Mr. Bradlaugh carries out his threat it may serve the good purpose of insuring his permanent exclusion from Parliament by offending those members who are agitating for his admission.

The Body of the Late Pope Pius IX. was Removed from St. Peter's to the Church of San Lorenzo, at midnight on July 12. The procession traversed the city of Rome, to the Baslica. An immense number of members of Catholic associations followed the procession with torches. Some young men disturbed the procession with cries of "Long live Italy!" and some rioting ensued, but the military dispersed all who did not belong to the cortége, which then proceeded to its destination. Six men were arrested and have been fined and imprisoned for disturbing the funeral procession. There was great disorder at the trial of the prisoners and the court was cleared twice. The sentences were received with a storm of shouts and hisses. A crowd of people numbering between two and three thousand cheered the prisoners on coming out of the court and followed them shouting, "Down with the clericals."

The architect of the Vatican, who made the funeral arrangements, promised the authorities of the city, in writing, that the cortége accompanying the body should consist solely of a funeral car and two or three carriages, without any outward show. This promise was not observed; hence the disturbances which attended the removal. The Pope has expressed formally his indignation at the disturbances, and notified the foreign courts that henceforth he must consider himself more than ever a prisoner in the Vatican and as prevented from attending any religious service in the basilicas of Rome.

A Great Land Slide is Reported from Switzerland. It began in one of the severest thunderstorms that have ever visited the country. The ground had been loosened by recent earthquakes, and a piece of it began to move toward the lake, carrying with it houses and part of a beech forest. It is near Sigriswyl, in the Canton of Bern, and is steadily moving toward the Lake of Thun at the rate of three metres a day. It is three miles long, one mile broad and of unknown depth. The houses in its path have been deserted

Rev. John Cumming D.D., the Eminent Expositor of prophecy, died in London on July 6th. He had been laid aside from active work through mental and physical infirmity for more than two years. He was born in Aberdeenshire November 10th, 1810, and went to London in 1833. He was the author of many works on prophecy, among which the best known are "Apocalyptic Sketches," "The Voices of the Night," "The Seventh Vial," and "Redemption Draweth Nigh." Dr. Cumming belonged to the established church of Scotland, and on several occasions preached before Queen Victoria.

The Death of Baron Hatherley, an Ex-Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, was announced on July 10th. He was better known as Sir William Page Wood. He was born in 1801, and was made a vice-chancellor, which is a permanent office, in 1852. In 1868, when Mr. Gladstone became prime minister he appointed him Lord High Chancellor, and he was raised to the peerage with the title of Baron Hatherley. He was an eminent Christian, and even when holding the highest judicial office in England might have been seen every Sunday teaching a class of boys in a Sunday school. He was the author of "Continuity of Scripture" and other religious works.

A Specimen of the Absurd Statements with which agitators from America delude the ignorant and credulous Irish people was cabled here last week. Mr. Redpath, a notorious agitator, told the people at a public meeting recently held in an Irish country town, that if the British Government arrested him, no English nobleman could cross the Mississippi without risk of being shot or of being held as a hostage for his release. The menace was apparently taken seriously by the multitude present.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) for July may be obtained at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Price six cents.

"Coming Wars," by the Rev. M. Baxter: Two Pamphlets; price five cents each by mail. *First Pamphlet* contains "Ten signs of the End, and Description of Approaching Events;" with two maps of the territory to be under Antichrist's rule, and four large diagrams. *Second Pamphlet* contains valuable quotations from twenty-six Expositors on the same subject. Address, with price enclosed—THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

The Following Works by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon are for sale at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Office at prices much below what they can be obtained for else where. Remittances must accompany orders: *John Ploughman's Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 cents. *The Treasury of David*, a homiletica exposition of the book of Psalms, four vols., as far as Psa. 103, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon Birth-Day Book.* This popular gift-book contains a suitable passage selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every day in the year, with a blank space opposite for autographs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon appear at their respective birthdays. The book is gorgeously bound, and the price is 75 cents.

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PROF. NORDENSKJOLD.

PROFESSOR NORDENSKJOLD, The Sweedish Arctic Explorer—Incidents in Arctic Exploration.

PROFESSOR NORDENSKJÖLD.

Birth in 1832—Family Celebrities—His Childhood's Home—University Studies—Exiled in 1855 -Emigrates to Sweden in 1858—Marriage to a Finland Lady—His First Expedition to Spitzbergen in 1858—Mr. Oscar Dickson's Noble Contributions—Subsequent Expeditions—Discovery of a Samoiede Altar—A Sleeping Bear Surprised—Sailing of the "Vega" in 1878—Ice-bound till Summer—Accomplishment of the North-east Passage in 1879.

ONE of the greatest events of exploration of the present century was the discovery, just two years ago this week, of the long-sought northeast passage-way from Europe to Japan, and Professor Nordenskjöld, whose portrait we publish in this number, was the intrepid voyager who achieved the success. The Professor's return to the scenes of human life and activity, after being ice-locked for nine months within one day's sail of the Pacific Ocean, was announced at the time in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. To-day we give a sketch of the navigator's early years and his subsequent life of adventure.

Nils Adolph Erik Nordenskjöld, though only forty-eight years old, is a veteran of a score of years' experience in Arctic navigation. He was *born* at Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, November 18, 1832. His father was Nils Gustav Nordenskjöld, a well-known naturalist and chief of the Mining Department of Finland. He was an extensive traveller in the prosecution of scientific research, his travels extending as far as the Ural. One of his relatives, Augustus Nordenskjöld, was a fervent abolitionist. Together with a friend he emigrated to Sierra Leone, in order to found there a colony of free negroes, but the scheme did not succeed as well as the later attempted colony of Liberia, and he returned, sadly disappointed, to the land of his birth.

The family residence was at Frugärd, in the province of Nyland, and with its treasures of old books and natural history collections, was a fitting home to develop

THE FUTURE EXPLORER.

The father spending so much time in travel, the conduct and arrangement of the early education of the boy and his brothers devolved upon their mother.

The old gentleman began life as a lawyer; but, full of interest in natural philosophy, he gave up that profession and an appointment he had obtained, went to Stockholm to study chemistry and mineralogy under the famous Berzelius, and after having passed his mining examinations at Upsala returned to Finland, where he entered the Mining Board, of which he afterward became the chief. Extensive travels over the mining districts of Europe enabled him to introduce valuable improvements in the mining operations of his native country, and at the same time he connected his name with important discoveries in mineralogy and with sagacious theories of geology. He died in 1866, nearly seventy-four years old.

We regret to know that he and many of the Nordenskjöld family adopted the mystic and heretical doctrines of Swedenborg. Common to them all was the passion of collection, and at the ancient family seat in Frugärd (Our Lady's Manor), large museums of minerals, plants, ethnological objects, and the like had been brought together, connected with a library of uncommon extent and value.

Nils Adolph Erik Nordenskjöld passed his childhood surrounded by all these treasures, and under the strong influence of family traditions irresistibly drawing him toward philosophical studies. At *the age of thirteen he was sent to college* at Borgå, where one of his masters was the famous poet *Runeberg*. Even more than to this gifted genius he owed to Lector *Bornelius*, who taught him mathematics and physics, and to Lector *Öhmann*, teacher of geography, who first inculcated in him that fervent interest in unknown lands and nationalities which became the guiding impulse of his life.

After having passed, in 1851, to the University at Helsingfors, he devoted himself principally to the studies of chemistry, mineralogy, and geology. During the vacations he accompanied his father on his travels through the mining districts, and even went as far as to the Ural, in order to examine the iron and copper mines at Tagilsk belonging to the *Demidoff* family. In 1855 he took his licentiate's degree, and wrote for his examination an essay upon the crystallizing forms of graphite and chandrodite. At that period *an eventful change* passed over his life.

The highest power in the Grand Duchy of Finland was wielded in those years in the Czar's name by Governor-General *Berg*, a severe official of the old type, eager for upholding the Russian sway, and always upon the hunt for everything tainted with Swedish sympathies. The young licentiate had on different occasions given free voice to his feelings for liberty, and to his strong sympathies for the old country, and was warned that a voluntary exile for a time would be convenient for him.

He accordingly went to Berlin, and studied there under the auspices of Professor *Rose*, but on his return he found himself still in disgrace, and was studiously passed by in the distribution of fellowships; and when he had at last obtained a stipend he was again deprived of it, because, on his promotion to a doctor's degree, he had, at a public dinner, made a speech to delegates from the Swedish Universities, and proposed a toast to "the future hopes" of Finland. He was informed that he could not expect any place at the University, and so, in 1858, he

EMIGRATED TO SWEDEN,

where he has since taken up his abode and become naturalized. He has, however, often visited the land of his birth, and since the Liberal changes introduced in the administration of Finland, several offers have been made to him of employment, but he has preferred the land of his adoption. During one of these visits home, in 1863, he *married* Anna Mannerstein, the daughter of President Count Mannerstein.

In the year of his emigration to Sweden, he being then 26 years of age, Nordenskjöld accompanied Professor *Torell* on his first expedition to Spitzbergen, where in a bay on the west coast, he discovered plants belonging to what geologists know as the tertiary period. He was then appointed Professor and Intendent at the Imperial Museum of Stockholm, and he made further visits in 1861 and 1864 to Spitzbergen, besides making numerous scientific excursions in Sweden and Finland. In 1868 a new expedition to Spitzbergen was organized under his command. Two merchant princes at Gothenburg, *Mr. Oscar Dickson* and *Mr. Carnegie*, both of Scotch descent, and both of a truly Anglo-Saxon munificence, offered the money for the expedition, and the State lent the post steamer Sophia, commanded by Captain *Von Otter*, late Swedish Minister of Marine.

The Sophia explored Beeren Island and different points on the west and north coasts of Spitzbergen, but was compelled to return. In order to prepare for another trial, Nordenskjöld in 1870 visited Greenland, where he made himself thoroughly acquainted with the conditions of Arctic explorations, and in 1872 he undertook again, with the steamer Polheim and a sailing-brig, the Gladan, the first of them commanded by Captain *Palander*, a Spitzbergen expedition, the expenses of which were defrayed by *Mr. Oscar Dickson*. It was his intention to start from some point there over the Arctic ice in order to reach the pole; but a succession of accidents and mishaps prevented that.

From April 24th to June 15th he undertook with *Palander* and some picked men a sixty days' journey along the whole northern coast of Spitzbergen to the easternmost cape, and then back over the inland ice. The years 1875 and 1876 were marked by two expeditions to the Kara Sea and to Yenisei, both defrayed by the Siberian magnate *Alexander Sibiriakoff* and *Mr. Oscar Dickson*.

During the expedition of 1875, while exploring a peninsula separating the Kara Sea from the Gulf of the Ob, the travellers found a Samoïede sacrificial altar. It was composed of a heap of bears' skulls and reindeer horns, and was surmounted by some Samoïede idols made from driftwood. The features of the idols were roughly cut, and the *eyes and mouths had recently been smeared with blood*. Two sticks with hooks also held bears' skulls, while the remains of a fireplace and some reindeer bones showed signs of a banquet.

Having skirted the ice as far as the northern mouth of the Yenisei, the professor hoisted the Swedish flag on August 15th. "Here," he says, "we had reached a goal which for years had vainly been striven for by other nations. England, Holland, and Russia have failed because they did not make the attempt at the right season." The professor named the anchorage "Dickson Bay," after the promoter of the expedition *Herr Oscar Dickson*. From the vessel the travellers caught sight of an old bear moving peaceably on the beach with some reindeer. The bear shortly lay down to sleep, and *Dr. Theel* landed to surprise the sleeper, but it awoke at once, and rushed toward the party (see frontispiece).

Two shots, however, speedily ended its career.

It may here be stated that the

FIRST NORTH-EAST PASSAGE

expedition, designed to discover a passage from Europe to Asia by the Arctic Ocean, was fitted out more than three centuries ago, under the direction of Sebastian Cabot, the celebrated Venetian. Sir Hugh Willoughby was its commander, and he and all his crew were frozen to death on the coast of Russian Lapland. In 1556 and 1580 two other English expeditions failed in like attempts. The Dutch, the English, and the Danes fitted out no fewer than eight expeditions between 1593 and 1676, and on the failure of all these the North-East Passage was given up as hopeless by the great maritime nations, and for the next two centuries the attention of Arctic explorers was absorbed in attempts to solve the problem of the *North-west Passage*, or a way to Asia along the northern coast of America.

But it was natural that when the possibility of reaching the mouths of the great Siberian rivers had been placed beyond a doubt by the voyages of 1875 and 1876, Nordenksjöld should turn a longing eye to the unexplored sea on the northern coast of Asia, and revive the idea of the practicability of effecting *the North-east Passage*. Accordingly he planned a new expedition on a larger scale than any of the preceding ones. Toward equipping it Mr. Dickson contributed $60,000, while other individuals and also the Swedish Government gave substantial aid. The vessel chosen was the steam whaler Vega, of 500 tons burden, and with engines of sixty-horse power. The Vega was full bark-rigged, and was a good sailer. The ship's company consisted of nine officers and scientific gentlemen (including the commander), eighteen volunteer seamen of the Swedish navy, and three Norwegian walrus-hunters. They were provisioned for two years, and furnished with a plentiful supply of remedies against scurvy.

The Vega, accompanied by several other vessels to go part of the way carrying extra stores, sailed from Gothenburg, July 4, 1878. On the 19th of August the Vega and its remaining consort, the Lena—the other vessels having returned—

ANCHORED IN A LITTLE BAY

near Cape Chelyuskin. The first object of the voyage had been attained—the northernmost point of the Old World. Flags were hoisted and a salute was fired in honor of the event. The air had cleared, and the cape, called sometimes Cape Severo and North-east Cape, lay before them, lighted up by the sun and free from snow. A large polar bear was seen parading the beach with eyes and nose turned toward the bay to inspect the new arrivals.

Leaving their anchorage at the cape on the 20th, the vessels worked their way along, sometimes encountering drift ice or large floes, finding navigation difficult owing to fog, and sometimes forced to get out of ice entanglements by retracing their course. As they worked eastward, *picturesque mountains* two thousand to three thousand feet high, were seen at a short distance inland. These were free of snow to their highest summits. Animal life was found to be abundant, while all the animals found were of pure Arctic type. Often by that time, as they sailed along, no trace of ice could be seen from the vessels, and as they had before encountered land where sea was shown on the maps, they now sailed over regions marked as land. They found

at surface currents running from the Siberian ivers, and more or less warmed during the brief ut hot Siberian summer, made the Polar Sea, uring a short season of the year, nearly ice-free long the coast. The two vessels parted on the 3th of August, the Vega to continue her eastward oyage, and the Lena to ascend the river of the me name. The latter reached Yakutsk, North- n Siberia, safely, September 21, 1878, and gave e world the first news of the expedition.

Our map of the Arctic regions will give the ader some idea of the *immense distance* that will ve to be traversed from the most northern points Europe, Asia, or America, if the North Pole be er reached. For Franz Joseph Land, about the ghest latitude any Arctic navigator has yet at- ined, is more than a thousand miles south of the le; and yet the coast of the mainland, which is nother thousand miles south of that, has a frozen a for ten months of the year. Spitzbergen is the oup of islands on the west of Barents Sea, and e long narrow island on the east of that sea is ova Zembla. The bay to the right of Nova Zem- a is the Kara Sea, and Cape Chelyuskin is about ° east of the most easterly point shown on the ap. Behring's Strait is about midway between e Kara Sea and Greenland, but on the opposite misphere.

Nordenskjöld's hope was that he would meet no traordinary delays from ice, and be able to reach hring's Straits by the end of September. But shing along as best he could, he found the ice adually gaining on him. By the 25th of Novem- r, 1878, the newly-formed ice was nearly two feet ick, and there was no longer any hope of get- g free before the next summer.

So there the members of the expedition were liged to stay, pursuing their meteorological; agnetical, geological, botanical, and zoological searches for 235 days. During their imprison- nt the men enjoyed good health and preserved od spirits. The time was spent in busy sci- tific work, and in intercourse with the friendly huktches, who supplied the party with bears d reindeer. Game was abundant, and spring ought numbers of wild fowl. There was no rk period, the upper limb of the sun being visi- for a brief time on the shortest day.

On the

18TH OF JULY, 1879,

Vega was released from being ice-bound, and the 20th passed through Behring's Straits into Pacific, *the first vessel that had accomplished voyage from the Atlantic by the North-east ssage.* Already that adventurous voyage has gun to develop practical results. The country ich Nordenskjöld has shown to be accessible by instead of by the former overland routes, is an mense territory. It is said by Nordenskjöld to capable of producing corn and wheat in almost xhaustible quantities. It is rich in mineral de- sits, and abounds with fur-bearing animals.

The old Vikings made their bold expeditions ot on conquest and plunder. Our modern king has been as bold as his hardy ancestors, t his conquests have been in the realms of peace d his plunder has been the secrets of unknown ts. All honor to him! Let us hope and pray t these enterprising expeditions may open up way of Gospel missionaries to make known the ng love of Jesus Christ to the inhabitants of all se regions in singular fulfilment of the prophecy t before the coming of Christ the Gospel will preached *to all nations* for a witness (Matt. : 14).

R J. RICHARDSON AND THE WOLVES.

ON the right-hand corner of the lower portion of frontispiece picture is a representation of an sode which occurred in one of *Sir John Rich- dson's* expeditions to the Arctic regions nearly ty years ago.

Sir John Richardson's useful and honored life of enty-eight years, which closed on the 5th of ne, 1865, began at Dumfries, Scotland, on No- nber 5, 1787. The poet *Burns* was a frequent itor at his father's and gave him poetry to m. He studied for the medical profession, which he practised for about nine years in the Royal Navy, and was then appointed surgeon and naturalist to *Sir John Franklin's* Polar Expedition in 1816. That was followed by three other expeditions, in 1819, 1821, and 1827, under *Sir E. Parry's* command, in which Franklin also took part.

On the second of these excursions in the Arctic regions, it was necessary at one time, near the Coppermine River, to camp out during the night in small tents, and Sir John Richardson undertook the duty of sentinel during the first watch, seating himself on an elevated plateau between the tents and the river. His thoughts were possibly engaged with far distant scenes, when he was roused by an indistinct noise behind him, and on looking round, he saw that

NINE WHITE WOLVES,

ranged in a straight line, were advancing, apparently uncertain whether to attack him or not. On his standing up they stopped, and as he moved forward they made way for his passage down to the tents. He had his gun in his hand but forbore to fire, as it might have brought upon them hostile Esquimaux who were in the neighborhood.

Sir John regularly kept up the practice of reading *some chapters of the Bible* and prayers every morning and evening to his fellow-voyagers. His feelings at the close of his hazardous explorations were thus summed up in a letter to his wife: "Let them give thanks whom the Lord hath redeemed." His neighbors in Westmoreland used to say of him in his old age, "When there is a kindness to be done to any one, old Sir John does not wait to tie his shoe-string;" for to the last he remained full of Christian love and benevolence.

FAREWELL MEETING OF MISSIONARIES.

The Steam Launch on the Congo River—A Polish Jew's Narrative—An Engine Maker's Testimony.

ON Tuesday, June 28th, two very interesting meetings were held in connection with the close of the Eighth Session of Mr. Guinness's East London Institute, and the departure of several missionaries for various spheres of labor. On the platform were *the young missionaries*, and the stories they subsequently told of their early lives, and of the motives which had led them to devote themselves to mission work, excited deep interest.

THE STEAM LAUNCH ON THE CONGO RIVER.

The Rev. H. Grattan Guinness stated that on the last occasion when they had met to commend to the care of their Heavenly Father those who were going out to foreign service, their thoughts had been specially turned to Congoland, whither several of the brethren were about to journey. Letters had been received from *Mr. M'Call* announcing their safe arrival, together with that of the "Livingstone" steam launch for the navigation of the Lower Congo. A friend at Liverpool generously gave £200 for this object.

It was intended at first to send out merely a sailing boat, but the more the subject was considered the more the importance was perceived of giving the missionaries, if possible, the command of steam power. The current of the Lower Congo, even in its comparatively calm lower waters, is so rapid that *rowing* against it must always be tedious and laborious work.

The navigable distance on the Congo River, between Banana and the station at Matadi Minkanda, the point where the lower river ceases to be navigable, is over a hundred miles, and the missionaries have often had to spend five or six days, or more, in getting from one point to another. They have frequently been detained at Bona on the way, and sometimes laid up there with fever. By the aid of the "Livingstone" they will now be able to accomplish this voyage with ease in one or two days and be quite independent of wind and tide. It is very satisfactory to know that though some fears were entertained of the engines of the launch not being of sufficient power to work against the stream, the boat has well answered its purpose.

In giving an account of the work of the session, Mr. Guinness stated that there had been in the Institute *forty students* preparing for missionary services, either in far-off fields or nearer home. Twenty-four had gone out to various parts of the world, and eight or nine more were ready to leave.

A POLISH JEW'S NARRATIVE.

The three brethren who are about to go out to Congoland were then introduced to the meeting, and also *Mr. Barran*, who intends devoting himself to laboring among the Jews. The latter, in telling the little story of his life, said: "I was born in Poland, and brought up among those who believed in Judaism, in which there is not much spiritual life. I remember that when I was eight years old I was very ill, and it was feared I would die. I asked my mother if I were to die, where should I go to? 'To Heaven,' she said, 'if you are a good boy.' But I was not a good boy, and I was in a most miserable condition. A few years afterward I wrote my mother a letter, and told her the only way to go to Heaven was through Jesus of Nazareth. It was not until I came to this country that I heard of Him from Mr. Wilkinson. I am now going to make known the same Gospel to the Jews, who greatly need it, and I shall work in the Mildmay Mission with the same man who has been the means, in God's hands, of bringing me to Christ." In conclusion, he repeated in the Hebrew language, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life."

AN ENGINE MAKER'S TESTIMONY.

Mr. Biltington (bound for Congoland) said: "I grant you that there are many things to be endured if I go to Africa. I yesterday had to say farewell to my dear old mother, and probably I shall never see her again. I have had to say good-bye to others whom I loved; but I have learned to place all these sacrifices by the side of Him who has shown us what real self-denial is, and then they sink into insignificance.' It appeared from the address of the speaker that he had been *three years in Mr. Spurgeon's College*. In early life his occupation was that of looking after cows. His business afterward was that of a mowing-machine maker, and subsequently that of an engine maker, and he has also worked at a large fire-engine factory, so that if such work will be needed out in Congoland by-and-by, his practical training will prove of value.

OTHER TESTIMONIES.

Mr. Engall was the next speaker, and it was evident from the loud shouts with which he was greeted that "Charlie Engall" (as the writer heard him called) was very popular among his fellow-students. He said he had come from a missionary institution in Sweden, where he had been two years, and had been at Harley House about nine months. He does not speak English fluently. "I can scarcely speak," he said, "but will try to say a few words. I have no reason for sorrow but for joy, because we are going to do the will of our Master who, before He left the world, said, 'go into *all* the world, and preach the Gospel to *every* creature!'"

An interesting feature in the proceedings was the repetition of John 3: 16, in various languages, by some of the students present. The grand words, "For God so loved the world," etc., were repeated in Swiss, German, Arabic, Spanish, Kaffir, Hindustani, Tamil, and Chinese.

The meeting was subsequently addressed by *M. Gerber*, a Swiss, who was about to return to Berne to preach the Gospel. *M. Serusclat* also spoke, and he is going to France in a few days. *Mr. Wynn*, an Englishman, the last speaker, who had received a good business training in the City in some of the large business houses, and who being short of stature compared himself to Zaccheus, expressed the joy it afforded him to go out to South Africa. He had feared that he was not "big enough" to go, but "in the very nick of time" he had received a letter telling him that there was an opening in South Africa for him, and very gladly would he obey the call. A closing hymn was then sung, and once more the brethren who were going out were affectionately commended in prayer to Him to whom they would be as near in Equatorial Africa as they were during their happy student days in the East London Institute.

THE RAIN.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"Hath the rain a father."—JOB 38 : 28.

A Theological Wrangle—God's Challenge to Job—The Gospel of the Weather—I. Murmurers at the Weather—The Young Minister's Vexation—Eleven Wet Sundays—The Merchant's Anxiety—Agriculturists and the Rain—Project for a Weather Company—II. God's Minute Supervisal—God Visible in Magnitudes—And in Minutiæ—The Accidents of History—Their Proper Designation—III. God's Dealings Inexplicable—Mysterious Deaths—The Everlasting "Why"—IV. The Rain of Tears—God its Origin—Its Uses—The Tearless Maniac—The Broken-Hearted Husband—The Tears God Counts—A Pious Mother's Recognition of her Prodigal Son—Magnanimity of the King of Carthage.

THIS book of Job has been the subject of unbounded theological wrangle. Men have made it the ring in which to display their ecclesiastical pugilism. Some say that this book of Job is a true history ; others, that it is an allegory ; others, that it is an epic poem ; others, that it is a drama. Some say that Job lived 1800 years before Christ ; others say that he never lived at all. Some say that the author of this book was Job ; others, David ; others, Solomon. The discussion has landed some in blank infidelity.

Now I have no trouble with the books of Job or Revelation—the two most mysterious books in the Bible—because of a rule I adopted some years ago. I wade down into a Scripture passage as long as I can touch bottom, and when I cannot then I wade out. I used to wade in until it was over my head, and then I got drowned. I study a passage of Scripture so long as it is a comfort and help to my soul ; but when it becomes a perplexity and a spiritual upturning I quit. In other words, we ought to wade in up to our heart, but never wade in until it is over our head. No man should ever expect to wade across this great ocean of divine truth. I go down into that ocean as I go down into the Atlantic Ocean at East Hampton, Long Island, just far enough to bathe ; then I come out. I never had any idea that with my weak hand and foot I could strike my way clear over to Liverpool.

I suppose you understand your family genealogy. You know something about your parents, your grandparents, your great-grandparents. Perhaps you know where they were born, or where they died. Have you ever studied

THE PARENTAGE OF THE SHOWER.

"Hath the rain a father?" This question is not asked by a poetaster or a scientist, but by the Head of the universe. To humble and to save Job, God asks him fourteen questions: about the world's architecture, about the refraction of the sun's rays, about the tides, about the snow crystal, about the lightnings, and then He arraigns him with the interrogation of the text : "Hath the rain a father?" With the *scientific wonders* of the rain I have nothing to do. A minister gets through with that kind of sermons within the first three years, and if he has piety enough he gets through with it in the first three months. A sermon has come to me to mean one word of four letters : "Help!"

You all know that the rain is *not an orphan.* You know it is not cast out of the gates of heaven a foundling. You would answer the question of my text in the affirmative. Safely housed during the storm, you hear the rain beating against the window pane, and you find it searching all the crevices of the window sill. It first comes down in solitary drops, spattering the dust, and then it deluges the fields and angers the mountain torrents and makes the traveller implore shelter. You know that the rain is *not an accident* of the world's economy. You know it was born of the cloud. You know it was rocked in the cradle of the wind. You know it was sung to sleep by the storm. You know that it is a flying evangel from heaven to earth. You know it is *the Gospel of the weather.* You know that God is its father.

I. If this be true, then, how wicked is our

MURMURING

about climatic changes. The first eleven Sabbaths after I entered the ministry it stormed. Through the week it was clear weather, but on the Sabbaths the old country meeting house looked liked Noah's ark before it landed. A few drenched people sat before *a drenched pastor ;* but most of the farmers stayed at home and thanked God that what was bad for the church was good for the crops. I committed a good deal of sin in those days in denouncing the weather. Ministers of the Gospel sometimes fret about stormy Sabbaths, or hot Sabbaths or inclement Sabbaths. They forget the fact that the same God who ordained the Sabbath and sent forth His ministers to announce salvation, also ordained the weather. "Hath the rain a father?"

Merchants also, with their stores filled with new goods and their clerks hanging idly around the counters, commit the same transgression. There have been seasons when the whole spring and fall trade has been ruined by protracted wet weather. The merchants then examined the "weather probabilities" with more interest than they read their Bibles. They watched for a patch of blue sky. They went complaining to the store, and came complaining home again. In all that season of wet feet, and dripping garments, and impassable streets, they never once asked the question : "Hath the rain a father?"

So *agriculturists* commit this sin. There is nothing more annoying than to have planted corn rot in the ground because of too much moisture, or hay all ready for the mow dashed of a shower, or wheat almost ready for the sickle spoiled with the rust. How hard it is to bear the agricultural disappointments ! God has infinite resources, but I do not think He has capacity to make weather to please all the farmers. Sometimes it is too hot, or it is too cold ; it is too wet, or it is too dry ; it is too early, or it is too late. They forget that the God who promised seed time and harvest, summer and winter, cold and heat, also ordained all the climatic changes. There is one question that ought to be written on every barn, on every fence, on every farm-house : "Hath the rain a father?"

If we only knew what

A VAST ENTERPRISE

it is to provide appropriate weather for this world, we would not be so critical of the Lord. Isaac Watts, at ten years of age, complained that he did not like the hymns that were sung in the English chapel. "Well," said his father, "Isaac, instead of your complaining about the hymns, go and make hymns that are better." And he did go and make hymns that were better. Now I say to you, if you do not like the weather, get up a weather company, and have a president, and a secretary, and a treasurer, and a board of directors, and ten million dollars of stock, and then provide weather that will suit all of us.

There is a man who has a weak head, and he cannot stand the glare of the sun. You must have a cloud always hovering over him. I like the sunshine ; I cannot live without plenty of sunlight ; so you must always have enough light for me. Two ships meet mid-Atlantic. The one is going to Southampton, the other is going to New York. Provide weather that, while it is abaft for one ship it is not a head wind for the other. There is a farm that is dried up for lack of rain, and here is a pleasure party going out for a field excursion. Provide weather that will suit the dry farm and the pleasure excursion. No, sirs, I will not take one dollar of stock in *your weather company.* There is only one Being in the universe who knows enough to provide the right kind of weather for this world. "Hath the rain a father?"

II. My text also suggests

GOD'S MINUTE SUPERVISAL.

You see the Divine Sonship in every drop of rain. *The jewels of the shower* are not flung away by a spendthrift who knows not how many he throws or where they fall. They are all shining princes of heaven. They all have an eternal lineage. They are all the children of a king. "Hath the rain a father?" Well, then, I say if God takes notice of every minute raindrop, He will take notice of the most insignificant affair of my life.

It is *the astronomical view of things* that bothers me. We look up into the night heavens and we say : "Worlds ! worlds !" and how insignificant we feel ! We stand at the foot of Mount Washington or Mont Blanc, and we feel that we are only insects, and then we say to ourselves : "Though the world is so large, the sun is 1,400,000 times larger." "Oh," we say, "it is no use ; if God wheels that great machinery through immensity, He will not take the trouble to look down at me." Infidel conclusion ! Saturn, Mercury, and Jupiter are no more rounded and weighed and swung by the hand of God than are the globules on a lilac bush the morning after a shower. God is no more in magnitudes than He is in minutiæ. If He has scales to weigh the mountains, He has balances delicate enough to weigh the infinitesimal. You can no more see Him through the telescope than you can see Him through the microscope—no more when you look up than when you look down. Are not the hairs of your head all numbered? And if Himalaya has a God, "Hath not the rain a father?"

I take this doctrine of

A PARTICULAR PROVIDENCE.

and I thrust it into the midst of your every-day life. If God fathers a rain-drop, is there anything so insignificant in your affairs that God will not father that? When Druyse, the gunsmith, invented the needle-gun, which decided the battle of Sadowa, was it a mere accident? When a farmer's boy showed Blucher a short cut by which he could bring his army up soon enough to decide Waterloo for England, was it a mere accident? When Lord Byron took a piece of money and tossed it up to decide whether or not he should be affianced to Miss Millbank, was it a mere accident which side of the money was up and which was down? When the Protestants were besieged at Bezors, and a drunken drummer came in at midnight and rang the alarm bell, not knowing what he was doing, but waking up the host in time to fight their enemies that moment arriving, was it an accident?

When, in the Irish rebellion, a starving mother flying with her starving child, sank down and fainted on the rock in the night, and her hand fell on a warm bottle of milk, did that just happen so? God is either in the affairs of men or our religion is worth nothing at all, and you had better take it away from us, and instead of this Bible, which teaches the doctrine, give us a secular book, and give us, as the famous Mr. Fox, the member of Parliament, in his last hour, cry out : "Read me the eighth book of Virgil." O my friends, let us rouse up to an appreciation of the fact that all the affairs of our life are under a King's command, and under a Father's watch.

Alexander's war-horse Bucephalus would allow anybody to mount him when he was unharnessed, but as soon as they put on that war-horse Bucephalus the saddle and the trappings of the conqueror he would allow no one but Alexander to touch him. And if a soulless horse could have so much pride in his owner, shall not we immortals exult in the fact that we are owned by a King?

III. Again, my subject teaches me that

GOD'S DEALINGS WITH US ARE INEXPLICABLE.

That was the original force of my text. The rain was a great mystery to the ancients. They could not understand how the water should get into the cloud, and getting there, how it should be suspended, or falling, why it should come down in drops. Modern science comes along and says there are two portions of air of different temperature, and they are charged with moisture, and one portion of air decreases in temperature so the water may no longer be held in vapor, and it falls. And they tell us that some of the clouds that look to be no larger than a man's hand, and to us almost quiet in the heavens, are great mountains of mist 4000 feet from base to top, and that they rush miles a minute. But after all the brilliant experiments of Dr. James Hutton, and Sausure, and other scientists, there is an infinite mystery about the rain. There is an ocean of the unfathomable in every rain-drop, and God says to-day as He said in the time of Job : "If you can not understand one drop of rain, do not be surprised if My dealings with you are inexplicable."

Why does that aged man, decrepit, beggared, vicious, sick of the world, and the world sick of him, live on, while here is a man in mid-life, of

secrated to God, hard-working, useful in every respect, who dies? Why does that old gossip, gadding along the street about everybody's business but her own, have such good health, while the Christian mother, with a flock of little ones about her, whom she is preparing for usefulness and for heaven—the mother who you think could not be spared an hour from that household—why does she lie down and die with a cancer? Why does that man, selfish to the core, go on adding fortune to fortune, consuming everything on himself, continue to prosper, while that man who has been giving ten per cent of all his income to God and the church, goes into bankruptcy?

Before we make stark fools of ourselves, let us stop pressing this everlasting "Why." Let us worship where we cannot understand. Let a man take that one question "Why," and pursue it far enough, and push it, and he will land in wretchedness and perdition. We want in our theology fewer interrogation marks and more exclamation points. Heaven is the place for explanation. Earth is the place for trust. If you cannot understand so minute a thing as a rain-drop, how can you expect to understand God's dealings? "Hath he rain a father?"

IV. Again, my text makes me think that

THE RAIN OF TEARS

is of divine origin. Great clouds of trouble sometimes hover over us. They are black, and they are forged, and they are thunderous. They are more portentous than Salvator or Claude ever painted—clouds of poverty, or persecution, or bereavement. They hover over us, and they get darker and blacker, and after a while a tear starts, and we think by a heavy pressure of the eyelid to stop that tear, but we cannot stop it. Others follow, and after a while there is a shower of tearful emotion. Yes, there is a rain of tears. "*Hath that rain a father?*"

"Oh," you say, "a tear is nothing but a drop of limpid fluid secreted by the lachrymal gland—it is only a sign of weak eyes." Great mistake! It is one of the Lord's richest benedictions to the world. There are people in Blackwell's Island insane Asylum, and at Utica, and at all the asylums of this land, who are demented by the fact that they could not cry at the right time. Said a maniac in one of our public institutions, under a Gospel sermon that started the tears: "Do you see that star? That is the first tear that I have wept for twelve years. I think it will help my brain." There are a great many in the grave who could not and any longer under the glacier of trouble. If that glacier had only melted into weeping, they could have endured it.

There have been times in your life when you would have given the world, if you had possessed it, for one tear. You could shriek, you could blaspheme, but you could not cry. Have you never seen a man holding *the hand of a dead wife* who would been all the world to him? The temples livid with excitement, the eye dry and frantic, no moisture on the upper or lower lid. You saw there were bolts of anger in the cloud, but no rain. To your Christian comfort, he said: "Don't talk to me about God; there is no God; or if there is, I hate Him. Don't talk to me about God; would he have left me and these motherless children?"

But a few days or hours after, coming across the pencil that she owned in life, or some letters which she wrote when he was away from home, with an outcry that appalls there bursts the fountain of tears, and as the sunlight of God's consolation strikes that fountain of tears, you find out that it is a tender-hearted, merciful, pitiful, and all-compassionate God who is the father of that rain.

"Oh," you say, "it is absurd to think that God is going to watch over tears." No, my friends; there are three or four kinds of them that God counts, bottles, and eternizes. First, there are all

PARENTAL TEARS,

and there are more of these than of any other kind, because the most of the race die in infancy, and it keeps parents mourning all around the world. They never get over it. They may live to shout and sing afterward, but there is always a corridor in the soul that is silent, though it once resounded. parents never mentioned the death of a child who died fifty years before without a tremor in the voice and a sigh. Oh! how deep-fetched. It was better she should die. It was a mercy she should die. She would have been a life-long invalid. But you cannot argue away a parent's grief. How often you hear the moan, "Oh, my child! my child!"

Then there are the

FILIAL TEARS.

Little children soon get over the loss of parents. They are easily diverted with a new toy. But where is the man that has come to thirty or forty or fifty years of age who can think of the old people without having all the fountains of his soul stirred up. You may have had to take care of her a good many years, but you can never forget how she used to take care of you. Have you never heard an old man in the delirium of some sickness call for his mother? The fact is we get so used to calling for her the first ten years of our life, we never get over it, and when she goes away from us it makes deep sorrow. You sometimes, perhaps, in days of trouble and darkness, when the world would say, "You ought to be able to take care of yourself"—you wake up from your dreams finding yourself saying, "Oh, mother! mother!"

"Have these tears no divine origin? Why, take all the warm hearts that ever beat in all lands, and in all ages, and put them together, and their united throb would be weak compared with the throb of God's eternal sympathy. Yes, God also is the father of all those

TEARS OF REPENTANCE.

Did you ever see a man repent? I see people going around trying to repent. They cannot repent. Do you know, no man can repent until God helps him to repent? How do I know? By this passage: "Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance." Oh! it is a tremendous hour when one wakes up and says: "I am a bad man, I have not sinned against the laws of the land, but I have wasted my life; God asked me for my services, but I haven't given those services. Oh! my sins, God forgive me!" When that tear starts it thrills all heaven. An angel cannot keep his eye off it, and the Church of God assembles around, and there is a commingling of tears—there is a rain of tears, and God is the father of that rain. The Lord, long-suffering, merciful, and gracious.

AN INCIDENT AT A REVIVAL.

In a religious assemblage a man arose and said: "I have been a very wicked man; I broke my mother's heart; I became an infidel; but I have seen my evil ways, and I have surrendered my heart to God; but it is a grief I can never get over that my parents should never have heard of my salvation; I don't know whether they are living or dead."

While yet he was standing in the audience, a voice from the gallery said: "Oh! my son, my son!" He looked up, and recognized her. *It was his old mother.* She had been praying for him for a great many years, and when at the foot of the cross the prodigal son and the praying mother embraced each other, there was a rain, a tremendous rain of tears, and God was the father of those tears.

Oh! if God would break us down with the sense of our sin, and then lift us with the appreciation of His mercy. Tears over our wasted life. Tears over a grieved Spirit. Tears over an injured Father. Repent! Repent!

The King of Carthage was dethroned. His people rebelled against him. He was driven into banishment. His wife and children were outrageously abused. Years went by, and the King of Carthage made many friends. He gathered up a great army. He marched again toward Carthage. Reaching the gates of Carthage, the best men of the place came out bare-footed and bare-headed, and with ropes around their necks crying for mercy. They said: "We abused you, and we abused your family, but we cry for mercy." The King of Carthage looked down upon the people from his chariot and said: "I came here to bless, I didn't come to destroy. You drove me out, but this day I pronounce pardon for all the people. Open the gate and let the army come in." The king marched in and took the throne, and the people all shouted: "Long live the king!"

My friends, you have driven the Lord Jesus Christ, the King of the Church, away from your heart; you have been maltreating Him all these years; but He comes back to-day. He stands in front of the gates of your soul. If you will only pray for His pardon He will meet you with His gracious spirit and He will say: "Thy sins and thine iniquities I will remember no more. Open wide the gate; I will take the throne. My peace I give unto you." And then from the young and from the old there will be a rain of tears, and God will be the father of that rain.

INCIDENTS RELATED AT A LONDON TEMPERANCE MEETING.

UNDER the presidency of Mr. Hind Smith, a meeting in the interest of Christian Temperance was held on the afternoon of June 23d, under *the mulberry tree* at Mildmay Conference Hall, London.

The Rev. Mr. Richardson, in the course of a vigorous speech, said that after becoming a temperance advocate, many years ago, he was reported to the Bishop of Winchester for so doing as a dangerous man and worse than a Chartist. But he had lived to see the day when the son of a renowned Bishop of Winchester was himself one of the leaders of the Temperance movement, and many of the clergy were now found in its ranks.

Mr. W. Noble, chief of the Blue Ribbon army, gave statistics of the work and other interesting information. He told of a woman having been attracted to Hoxton Hall, who was so utterly degraded, and who had broken the pledge so often, that her case was regarded as absolutely hopeless. But the Gospel Temperance Movement held out *hope for the despairing*. It encouraged even the most degraded and forsaken to believe that there were pardon, and strength, and cleansing for them in Jesus Christ. That poor woman had been encouraged to make a new start, and to look to Jesus as a present help in time of need. The result had been marvellous. A blessed change was apparent to all, and at the recent meeting in Exeter Hall she had stood up to testify to the saving power of Christ.

The Rev. Dr. Hole, of Cape Town, South Africa, described the principal features of temperance effort in that part of South Africa, and bore pleasing testimony to the good results of Mr. Noble's recent visit. He also related the following

THRILLING STORY.

Some two or three years ago, at a Diocesan Conference in connection with the Church of England, a meeting was held under the presidency of a bishop, at which the subject of temperance was discussed. One clergyman spoke with much animation and ability against the principle of total abstinence, and presented his points so skilfully that he completely carried the meeting with him. "The Scripture says," he exclaimed, "'use hospitality,' and how in the world can you use hospitality if you disuse that which, in this country, is one of the most common forms of hospitality?" After that address a venerable minister arose and said: "My Lord Bishop, I desire to say a few words. I knew a young man who at the University contracted habits of intemperance, in consequence of which he was expelled from that seat of learning, and obliged to return home. His father, with great difficulty and with many prayers, sought to win him back to the ways of virtue. For some two years the young man was an abstainer, and at the end of that time it was proposed that he should leave home and enter business. The day before his intended departure he was invited to dine with a neighboring vicar. The young man declined to take wine or other intoxicants, and the company proceeded to remonstrate with him about the needless asceticism he was displaying, and urging him to do as others did. Unhappily he listened to their advice. That night he was carried home drunk, and *in six months he died a hopeless drunkard.* The host who led the young man wrong was the clergyman who has just addressed you, and I am the young man's father."

JAMES GRAHAM'S BUSH LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

(*Continued from page 455.*)

Setting Out for the Bush—Capital to Begin with—Value of a Good Wife—A Good Run—A Brass Plate for a Black King—A Bee Hunt—Successful Squatting—Furnishing a Hut—Perilous Adventures.

OFF we started on a bright spring day in September, 1843, about eleven years from the time I left home. Now I was about to form a home for many years on the farthest outpost of colonial civilization. Though I had as little money as when I returned from my first cruise in the bush to Hobart Town, yet I had more of what was not less valuable capital than money. As Green told me, I was a soft brick getting baked; I certainly had got burnt in the furnace of colonial experience, and was better fit to bear the weight of an establishment.

I had got experience of bush-life, which would enable me to manage cattle of all sorts under any circumstances; and if needs be, I could, like a black, take a tomahawk and support myself and my gin (I beg Selina's pardon). I had a sound constitution, as good, thank Heaven, as ever carried a man into the bush; and it was unbroken by dissipation, and grew stronger by hard work. I had, however, subsequently to learn that it required management. How long it is before a man learns to break in his own temper, and manage either his muscles, his mind, or his money!

I had got another good thing, better than all; I had got a wife who had tongue enough to tell me my faults (as far as I could bear the discovery), and hands enough to help at any work. I had a Bible, too, the whole of which, so far as I knew it, I believed, and found that part as true as others, "Two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labor. For if they fall the one will lift up his fellow; but woe unto him that is alone when he falleth; for he hath not another to help him up."

What a fool Solomon was that he did not keep to this doctrine himself, instead of getting a wife for every day in the year, and thereby leaving him peace on neither Saturday nor Sunday, from the first of January till the last of December, till he died as a fool dieth! The black fellows make their wives work for them, and can sell them at will, and thus many wives are wealth to them; but as they see the white fellow *work* for his gin, no wonder the black thinks this *the* reason he only wishes one wife, as two would work him to death.

On going to *my own* station I felt that my work would be for myself and my better half, and so the inspiration of hope possessed me. Selina shared my feelings, and we resolved that having got a hold of the world, we should, by God's help, keep it.

Our run was a good one, having seven miles of water frontage on the Mow Poke Creek, with as wide a margin as we liked. In all, it included about seventy-five square miles. I was well acquainted with it every mile, as I had explored it myself for Meals, and I had seen good substantial huts put up, as well as a split-rail fenced stock-yard for cattle and a paddock for horses. I had the station honestly formed and I now enjoyed the benefit. Mow Poke is not the native name of it, but as a nocturnal bird abounds there, whose low, plaintive cry sounds very like *more pork*, the bird is called More Pork; and the English, leaving out the *r*, call it Mow Poke. This name I gave to the station and the creek on which it stands. The creek runs into the Yeo Yeo Creek, which is a river in winter, flowing for miles and miles till it is lost in the desert sands like many other greater waters of this region. In summer it is a chain of pools and water holes.

The Yeo Yeo, sometimes called "Old Man water-hole," was so called by the blacks, because they said a yeo yeo—a monster whose height was gigantic, and whose feet were turned the wrong way—used to frequent it. This was probably a monster kangaroo. My station was the farthest out toward the desert. The first day we camped for dinner near Weedin mountain, that rises like a sugar-loaf out of the plain. A wild dog saw us and ran into a hollow log. We resolved to have him out. So I kindled a fire at the entrance of the log, and cut a hole just large enough for him to squeeze out of at the other end. When he had wriggled out I let go the dogs at him, and Bighead soon stopped his wind. We slept under the dray with the tarpaulin let down as a curtain (beautiful apartment and tapestry, say I) and had plenty of fresh air and golden dreams. Next evening we reached the station.

The blacks were there encamped within two hundred yards of the hut. I brought a brass plate, and put it on Jemmy Curraburma as the acknowledged king of the place and people. This is the only safe way with the blacks, for so you acknowledge and establish authority. They had that day hunted for "suga bag," and brought us a large calabash of beautiful honey. This was a really acceptable luxury, and with butter, cream, tea, and damper made an auspicious tea. It was almost as pleasant as the honey itself to see the natives hunt for it. I know nothing, except the making and throwing of the boomerang, in which they display more delicate skill. Just see a bee-hunt, and it will make you laugh though you were as tired as I was, after getting all the new stock into the yard on that evening of our arrival at Mow Poke.

Here is a black fellow waiting at the water hole, at which the bee comes to get water to moisten its wax. He has a pair of twig forceps with a tuft of hawk down, which has been touched with gum to make it stick. Moreover, he has his mouth full of water. The moment that the little house-fly-like bee alights at the water's edge, he spurts the mouthful of water on it, and it cannot rise. Then he sticks the down on it, and when it dries the bee sails slowly away, but yet flies as fast as the black can run for his life. Several blacks take part in the chase, all eagerly eyeing the bee. If one falls over a log or fallen tree, or into a hole, the others still pursue. Perhaps before they reach the bee's nest, two or three will have tumbled down most laughably. It is really exciting sport even to look on. But they track the bee to the tree where its nest is.

When it alights, they watch it till it makes its way into the hole that leads to its honeyed store in the hollow branch or log. Then the black will tap the honey by cutting a hole under the nest, and it will fall into bark dishes abundantly. The bee-bread (with which the young bees are fed) is nutritious and sweet eating. The bees have no sting to defend their treasures, so that it is all fun and no risk, except an innocent tumble in the bee-hunt. The honey abounded around us, and the blacks were liberal of it. It and native manna we often used as a substitute for sugar, when that commodity grew scarce.

Next day I dismissed the bullock-driver, and took upon myself the work of three men; that of hut-keeper, stock-keeper, and dairyman. Selina helped to the utmost of her power, and she and hope, with occasional help from the blacks, carried me through the first three months, till I sold a load of cheese and some fat bullocks in Goulbourne, and had money to employ a stock-keeper.

I often had occasion to visit Goulbourne market, and as my expenses were small, and sales of hides, tallow, beef, and cheese considerable, I began to get my head above water, was able to employ a stockman, buy Selina a bright dress—she loved bright colors in a dress, and the bright side of things in general—and at length I felt I could take a lounge at noon on the sofa, and enjoy the sweets of partial rest.

Cattle at that time were miserably cheap. I took sixty to Goulbourne, and by boiling them down made thirty shillings a head. Hide, head, and tongue just paid for boiling down. I then lodged forty pounds in the bank, and never since wanted money in that public safe. I then, for the first time in my life, had the honor and glory of paying accounts by checks on "my banker."

I had been a laborer, a stockman, a superintendent, and now, through God's blessing, I was a squatter with no man on earth to say I owed him *a penny*. I had crept up the colonial ladder step by step, and resolved I should not tumble down, or rather, I had made the ladder and put in the steps, and knew they were not rotten, and could feel my foothold with a sense of security. I never went into anything I could not see my way out of without making any one loser by my speculation. I knew I could work hard and persevere, and I was resolved, by God's help, to make as much as would take me home in competence, fine down my father's farm, and make his old days easy. I told all my plans to Selina, and she sympathized with me. I used to talk so much of the old scenes and early friends that she said she knew them better than I did.

Once when I had cattle for Goulbourne, I bought twelve mahogany *chairs* at an auction by a Jew. They were hair-bottomed and excellent, twenty-four shillings a-piece; the first ever brought into the Blan Bush. They were the surprise of Selina and the admiration of neighbors. They were the subject of wonder, laughter, and jabbering to the blacks for weeks afterward. They would peep in and look at us sitting on them, and then disappear shaking with laughter, and imitate us in fantastic style to the tribe. They thought chairs a very ridiculous institution. When I brought home a *large looking-glass* and they saw themselves there in, half the tribe gathered and got a sight of it. The chief came forward and stood, and leaped and turned before it, wondering first in gravity, then bursting into laughter at his other "min own self Jemmy, Cobon stupid doing like it min own self." He turned his nose from side to side with his fingers, and seeing the same in the glass shouted, "Make a light moro. Do look at m nose!"

Some of my journeys were not without a spice of adventure. One night, when returning with dray of stores from Yass, all alone, and without arms, I camped out on a creek and hobbled my horse. I had cut down wood for a blazing fire and as I stood with the hatchet in my hand, there were, not far away, the flash and the report of gun, and I thought I heard the ball whizzing past me. I saw the man that fired, and taking a "ci cumbendibus" was in front of him in a minute but I kept in the shade. I asked him what he wanted. He said he had lost his way. I believe he had followed me for miles, and either intended to shoot or frighten me, so that he might rob my dray. I kept a steady voice, as if I had a loaded revolver in my hand, and he by and by rode off, to my great satisfaction.

Not long after the affair just mentioned, I was driving some cattle over the creek, when one of them ran into the garden among rank weeds. followed; and a great black snake, on which she had trod, rose on end hissing, and darted at my breast. It caught me by the shirt, but did not pierce the skin. I had neither shoes nor stockings on at the time, and had it caught me by the leg, I was done for; but the stiff shirt breast proved a shield. It was the work of a moment but that moment might have been death.

* * * * * *

How often it is, that when outer life runs smoothest, the heart is passing through its sharpest struggles, and its noiseless currents are eddying, whirling, and broken in unseen cataracts, and hidden rocks! The man, at whose hair-breadth escapes we shudder, will tell you that you feel probably more at their narration than he did at their occurrence; and that the contemptuous look of a friend caused him more real trouble than the presented pistol of a foe. The one was but the peril of the moment, and awoke passions and resources adequate to the occasion, the other pierced to keener susceptibilities, and left its barb undrawn for years.

To a nature so home-loving as James Graham's it was a painful trial not to hear from home; and he had received only three letters from his parents since he left Bathurst; that is for some *nine* years. This, it is true, was principally his own fault. He had, in a season of dejection, resolved not to write till he could write something that would cheer his friends; but, in adhering to that unwise resolve he did not sufficiently reflect on what doubt and anguish this would cause to his friends, especially to his mother, whose heart cherished the thought of him in its inmost life, and was sensitive beyond

expression to his interests. The letters addressed to him at Bathurst never reached him, as no one there knew his whereabouts.

When at length he wrote home, two years after he came to the Blan country, his letter reached home, but it was the only one they received from him *for seven years*. Others he wrote, but they failed of their destination; and the few he received complained bitterly of his silence. He thought of home, felt about home, prayed about home, talked day and night to his wife about home; and yet strange to say, he was thus dilatory in writing home. He can tell you many causes of his delay and infrequency in writing.

Ah, but, young man, none of these *are* apologies for, though they may be mitigations of, your culpable neglect. You think of the old homestead and the bees humming on the honied leaves of the sycamore tree; but see your mother as she sits sewing there, and the big tears trickle down over her thin pale face; why do they pass so hot and rapid over those moveless features? It is for *you* they are falling, while her heart alternately fears, prays, and blames? See your father there, on the winter night by the crackling fire, how thoughtful his face becomes in the pauses of story, song, and laugh—he is thinking of *you*. See your sister, with whom you used to romp and run over the green park and the shamrock field; she often weeps while she rocks her baby's cradle, and she begins to think you *are* dead. Shame, shame, young man, to think one sheet of paper and one hour could send a message that would swell those hearts with proud joy, and yet you do not write that letter. It is very thoughtless and wrong on your part. But you have wept more tears than they did over this neglect, and we shall blame you no more; you have bitterly proved that every sin draws after it sorrow—that "whatsoever a man soweth, *that shall he also reap.*"

(To be continued.)

THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT IN RELATION TO PROPHECY.

By Rev. William Maude.

(Concluded from page 455.)

Important Passages Compared—The Parousia—Alterations of Value—The Supreme Object of Biblical Science.

ONE great prophetic passage in which the English reader will derive much advantage from the uniform rendering of the Greek word *ktisis*, is Rom. 8: 18-23, which reads as follows:

AUTHORIZED.	REVISED.
"For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed *in us*. For the earnest expectation of the *creature* waiteth for the *manifestation* of the sons of God. For the *creature* was *made subject* to vanity, *not willingly*, but by reason of him who *hath* subjected the same in hope, *because the creature* itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the *glorious liberty* of the children of God. For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. And not only they, but ourselves also, which have the firstfruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body."	"For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed *to us-ward*. For the earnest expectation of the *creation* waiteth for the *revealing* of the sons of God. For the *creation* was *subjected* to vanity, *not of its own will*, but by reason of him who subjected it in hope *that the creation* (*marg.* 'in hope, because the creation') itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption *into the liberty of the glory* of the children of God. For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together (*marg.* "with us") until now. And not only so, but ourselves also, which have the firstfruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body."

What reader of the Authorized Version could have apprehended the fact, that "the creature" which in "earnest expectation is waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God," is the self-same "creation" which has been "subjected to vanity in hope;" and shall yet be "delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the sons of God?"

Of course the recognition of the fact that it is the same "creation" which is spoken of throughout, does not solve for us the exegetical difficulty as to what is precisely included in the word in this connection; whether it means mankind in general exclusive of the Church, or mankind and the lower animals, or the whole animate and inanimate world in contradistinction to mankind. Be this as it may, however, the new reading gives both clearness and unity of meaning to the passage.

But besides this principal one, the reader will not fail to note several minor but not unimportant corrections in the passage as given in the Revised Version. In the first place, instead of "the glory which shall be revealed *in us*," we now read, "the glory which shall be revealed *to us-ward*." This brings the clause into harmony with the whole scope of the passage, which refers not to any subjective or spiritual glory within the Church, but to an objective glory to be manifested in the world in connection with the glorification of the Church in resurrection. All that follows being, in point of fact, only the development of the previous statement.

Again; the translation of the 20th verse: "For the creation was subjected to vanity, *not of its own will*, but by reason of him who subjected it in hope that the creation (*marg.*, "in hope, because the creation") itself also shall be delivered," etc., not only gives us a clue to the true meaning of the *ktisis*, but at the same time indicates, if we adopt the marginal rendering, the ground and nature of the hope expressed.

Another important passage of a prophetic character in which the corrections made in the Revised Version should be gratefully accepted, is 2 Thess. 2: 1-10—a passage, by the way, which has recently been the subject of our special consideration in these pages. It reads as follows:

AUTHORIZED.	REVISED.
"Now we beseech you, brethren, *by* the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and *by* our gathering together unto Him, *that ye be not soon* shaken *in* mind, *or* be troubled, *neither* by spirit, *nor* by word, *nor* by *letter* as from us, as that the day of *Christ is at hand*. Let no man *deceive* you *by any means*: for *that day shall not come*, except *there come a falling away first*, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition: *who* opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, *shewing himself that he is* God. Remember ye not, that, when I was yet with you, I told you these things? And now ye know what *withholdeth that he might be revealed in his time*. For the mystery of *iniquity* doth already work; only *he that now letteth will let*, until he be taken out of the way. And then shall *that wicked be revealed*, whom the Lord shall *consume* with the *spirit* of His mouth, and *shall destroy with the brightness* of His coming. Even he whose coming is *after* the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders, and with all *deceivableness* of unrighteousness *in them that perish*."	"Now we beseech you, brethren, *touching* the coming (marg. '*presence*') of our Lord Jesus Christ, and our gathering together unto Him; *to the end that ye be not quickly* shaken *from your* mind, *nor yet* be troubled, *either* by spirit, *or* by word, *or* by *epistle* as from us, as that the day of *the Lord is now present*: let no man *beguile* you *in any wise*; for *it will not be, except the falling away come first*, and the man of sin (marg. '*lawlessness*') be revealed, the son of perdition, *he that* opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God or that is worshipped (marg. '*that is an object of worship*'); so that he sitteth in the temple (*marg.* 'sanctuary') of God, *setting himself forth as* God. Remember ye not, that when I was yet with you, I told you these things? And now ye know what *restraineth to the end that he may be revealed in his own season*. For the mystery of *lawlessness* doth already work; only *there is one that restraineth now*, until he be taken out of the way. And then shall *be revealed the lawless one*, whom the Lord *Jesus* shall *slay* with the *breath* of His mouth, and *bring to naught by the manifestation* of His coming (*marg.* 'presence'); even he whose coming (*marg.* 'presence') is *according* to the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders (*marg.* 'power and signs and wonders of falsehood,') and with all *deceit* of unrighteousness *for them that are perishing*."

In this one passage, it will be seen, we have no less than *twenty-five* alterations, very few of which can fairly be said to be uncalled for, while several are of great importance as elucidating the true meaning of the text. Indeed we think we could point out one or two additional alterations which, though the revisers have not made them, were much to be desired. Be that as it may, however, we would observe, in the first place, that the substitution of the word "*touching*" for the unmeaning "*by*" of the Authorized Version, at the very commencement of the passage, clearly indicates the subject on which the Apostle is about to write; that subject being "the coming, or presence, of our Lord Jesus Christ, and our gathering together unto Him." Hence he says, "We beseech you, brethren, *touching* (*i.e.*, in regard to) the coming," etc. The Thessalonian believers had, it appears, been led by some false teachers into a serious error in reference to this blessed hope.

And here, secondly, we find a still more important correction in the Revised Version. What the true nature of their error was, the Authorized Version not only fails to teach us, but actually raises a false issue by the words, "as that the day of Christ *is at hand*." There would have been nothing wrong in the Thessalonians believing that "the day of the Lord was *at hand*." What they were wrong in was in supposing that that solemnly-glorious day had actually *set in*, and this the corrected rendering clearly indicates: "As that the day of the Lord *is now present*."

Again—the insertion of the definite article twice in the third verse, where, instead of "*a* falling away," and "*that* man of sin," we now read, "except *the* falling away come first, and *the* man of sin be revealed," does much to clear the Apostle's meaning, intimating, as it does, that he refers to the great final apostacy of this dispensation and the coming of the last personal Antichrist. In reference to this latter event another decided improvement is the substitution of the reading, "that he may be revealed in *his own season*," for that of the Authorized Version, "that he may be revealed in *his time*." Nor must we overlook the correct rendering of the Greek word, *anomos*, of special significance in connection with the character of the last days, in the expressions, "the mystery of *iniquity*," and "that *wicked*," which now read, "the mystery of *lawlessness*," and "that *lawless one*."

But though our subject is far from being exhausted, we must, for the present, conclude these remarks, reserving the consideration of the alterations and emendations made in the Apocalypse for another paper. Meanwhile we earnestly commend the careful and prayerful study of the Revised Version of the New Testament to our readers, as a noble, conscientious, and on the whole trustworthy work, for which our deepest gratitude is due to its learned undertakers, reminding them, in the words of Dr. Roberts, that it is only to be expected that "at first not a few of the changes or omissions in the Revised Version should be felt to be disagreeable. The old familiar rhythm is disturbed, and the ear longs for the words to which it has been accustomed. But whether the *true* readings be deemed improvements or not, they should be welcomed simply on the ground of their genuineness. To find out *what is true* is the supreme object of Biblical science; and while, no doubt, there may often seem an artificial attractiveness about what is erroneous, there should always be felt a sovereign majesty in truth."

A Great War of Race and Faith is Threatened which may, should it break out, agitate Europe, Asia, and Africa. Many expositors of prophecy have held the opinion that the decay of the Turkish empire, symbolized by the drying up of the Euphrates, would be marked by the outbreak of Mohammedan fanaticism as one of the three frog-like spirits (Rev. 16: 12-14). The following remarks from a recent number of the French journal *La Liberté* show that careful observers already see indications of the gathering storm: "In the Mussulman world at the present moment a vast and profound movement is going on, with Constantinople for its centre. *All Islam is aroused*, and if appearances are to be trusted, a breath of holy war is exciting the Sectaries of the Koran against the sons of the Gospel. The Turks, feeling themselves lost, are the movers of the plot, and all the powers in direct contact with Mohammedan populations are menaced. On the day in which Panislamism shall attempt a supreme revenge against triumphant Christianity, it will not be in Algeria only, to be avenged on France, but also in India against England, and in Europe against Russia and Austria that it will endeavor to wreak its hate. Turkey indulges in no illusion as to the fate that awaits her. By degrees she sees herself despoiled of all her European provinces. What will soon remain of the great empire she valiantly conquered in Europe and preserved for 500 years? War and diplomacy are combining to lessen and divide her so as to drive the Turks beyond the Bosphorus. They understand that; and feel a rage which their traditional fatalism is now powerless to subdue."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Reports of the Wounded President's progress during the early part of last week continued to be of a hopeful character. Is was predicted that if the improvement in the patient's condition was kept up, he would soon be able to bear a short trip on the river. He was allowed to eat solid food, his appetite was good, and his sleep natural and refreshing. On Friday night, however, symptoms were observed which caused serious alarm. The President passed a restless night. His attendants said that the morphine, which heretofore had worked so well on him, for the time lost its effect, and even had an opposite effect to that for which it was administered. On Saturday morning about seven o'clock, while the physicians were examining and dressing his wound, the President complained of a chill. He clenched his hands and his face became white. Slight contractions of the muscles then appeared, and later on his jaws moved convulsively. Presently the muscles softened and he breathed heavily. The chill seemed to have passed away, but in less than a minute he was again suffering. The same symptoms appeared as during the first attack, but remaining longer. After another interval of relief they appeared for the third time. The three spasms lasted twelve minutes. Morphia was then administered and the President became quiet, but for more than an hour afterward he was restless, in some pain, and in constant apprehension of another chill. By nine o'clock the pulse had increased from 92 to 130, and the temperature and respiration mounted rapidly. The physicians became alarmed and telegrams were dispatched to Dr. Hamilton of New York and Dr. Agnew of Philadelphia, the consulting physicians, urging their immediate attendance. They left by special train, but on arriving at Washington the President was sleeping quietly under the influence of morphia, and the fever had abated.

As a sudden chill and fever in cases of gunshot wounds are regarded as symptoms of pyæmia or blood poisoning, which nearly always ends fatally, the alarm produced by the President's relapse was natural. Other symptoms, however, indicate that there has been no blood poisoning, and the physicians hope that the chill and the other alarming changes were the result of an obstruction they found in the wound, which prevented the outflow of the discharge.

A Surgical Operation was Performed on the President on Sunday which gave him considerable relief. It appears that the long channel made in his body by the assassin's bullet takes a downward direction. The discharge from the wound, which must continue during the process of healing, has therefore to work its way upward. The ball struck and badly shattered one of the President's ribs, and the fragments of bone, it is supposed, fell into the channel made by the bullet, for Dr. Bliss found that a cavity or pocket had been made by some foreign substance, and in which the pus had collected instead of flowing out of the orifice. This collection caused the chill the President experienced on Saturday. When Dr. Agnew arrived at Washington he decided that this pus must be drawn away. He therefore made a wide incision an inch deep and three inches below the spot where the ball struck. A perforated flexible tube was then inserted, passed through the cavity where the pus had collected, and into the channel of the ball, thus forming a kind of siphon, through which the pus flowed freely. The President bore the operation bravely. The bulletins issued on Monday were of a hopeful character.

The Election of the Hon. Elbridge G. Lapham to the United States Senate in the place of Mr. Conkling, on Friday, July 22d, terminates a contest of which every one was thoroughly weary. It had been apparent for several days that all hope of re-electing the ex-Senator had been abandoned by his friends at Albany, and that a mere question of form alone prevented the election of Mr. Lapham. On Friday morning rumors were current that the Democrats were considering the propriety of bringing the contest to a close by absenting themselves from the convention. Had they have done so, the number necessary to a choice would have been reduced to a point covered by Mr. Lapham's supporters. Neither the Stalwarts nor the Administration men would have been satisfied by such a termination to the struggle, as it would have left the Republican party divided for the fall campaign. A Republican conference was therefore held, which called a caucus for the same day. At the caucus each Stalwart recorded his vote for Mr. Conkling, and then, according to custom, when the number of Lapham votes was declared in the majority, Senator Winslow, a Stalwart, moved to make the nomination unanimous. When the convention assembled that evening the Republican vote was cast solidly for Mr. Lapham and he was elected by 93 votes agains 42 Democratic votes cast for Mr. Potter.

The Candidates for the Senatorship Recorded, before the Legislature adjourned, their appreciation of the conduct of their respective supporters. The successful candidates were serenaded at their hotel and made speeches in reply to the congratulations tendered them. It was remarked, with some degree of apprehension, that Mr. Lapham, in the course of his speech, referred to the question of patronage in a way that augured future trouble. He said: "We have not been selected, fellow-citizens, for the poor purpose of dispensing the federal patronage in this great State of New York. That is an inferior portion of the high duty devolving upon a Senator from the Imperial State. It is a duty which my honorable colleague and myself, I trust, will be able to discharge with malice to none, with hatred to none, with charity for all." After the unpleasantness that has arisen out of this subject, it would have been satisfactory to learn that the new Senator did not regard the distribution of Federal patronage as even "an inferior portion" of his duty.

Mr. Conkling telegraphed his thanks to his supporters as follows: "The heroic constancy of the Spartan band which so long has stood for principle and truth has my deepest gratitude and admiration. Borne down by forbidden and abhorrent forces, and agencies which never before had sway in the Republican party, the memory of their courage and manhood will long live in highest honor. The near future will vindicate their wisdom and crown them with approval. Please ask them all for me to receive my most grateful acknowledgments."

The Necessity of Civil Service Reform has become apparent even to the members of the Cabinet. Mr. James was from the first an advocate of a change, his experience in the New York Post Office having satisfied him that the system of appointments by competitive examination and removal only for misconduct is the only system which works satisfactorily in the end. Mr. Windom, the Secretary of the Treasury, after wasting eight-tenths of his time since he accepted office in dealing with the applications of office seekers, has become a convert to civil service reform. Now Secretary Blaine is reported as saying that, while he has never before been a believer in such a system he is now; and that the experience of three months has shown that it is necessary that something be done to take off the pressure of the office-seekers. It is said that before the President was stricken down by Guiteau's bullet he had become so wearied with the pertinacity of applicants for office, and was so disappointed with the results of his distribution of the spoils, that he also was convinced of the necessity of reform, and would have recommended it in his message to Congress. Should his life be spared in the providence of God, we may hope to see this much-needed improvement inaugurated.

A Temperance Ticket is out in Ohio. A State convention, convened by the Temperance Reform Convention, met on July 20th at the grounds of the Cincinnati Camp Meeting Association near Loveland. A resolution was passed unanimously pledging the delegates not to vote for any one who opposes local option, either for legislative or State offices, and that the whole influence of the convention be used in favor of the election of men who will endeavor to suppress the liquor traffic. A letter was read from Governor Foster, the Republican candidate for the governorship, but it failed to satisfy the Prohibitionists. The temperance plank in the Republican platform, on the vagueness of which we commented in a former number of this journal, was also discussed and pronounced unsatisfactory. The Convention then proceeded to nominate a distinct Prohibition Ticket. Abraham R. Ludlow, a manufacturer of Springfield, was nominated for Governor. He has hitherto been an active Republican. The candidate for Lieutenant-Governor is a Democrat, Mr. W. McVeigh, of Columbus. The other candidates are also taken from both parties. The progress of the contest will be watched with keen interest. Governor Foster is an intimate friend of President Garfield, and Senator Sherman advocated his nomination at the Republican convention. The Democratic ticket is likewise a strong one. The regular tickets will command the strong German vote, but the rapid progress of temperance principles in Ohio will render the result very doubtful.

The Fatal Cases of Lockjaw Produced by the use of toy pistols on July 4th are this year more numerous than usual, seventeen occurring in the city of Baltimore alone. The toy pistol in use explodes a blank cartridge with a pasteboard wad. In inserting the cartridge, if the boy is a little careless, the hammer slips, the cartridge is exploded, and the hard wad makes an ugly wound in the palm of his left hand. This wound is jagged and irregular, causing serious injury to the nerves and bloodvessels concentring there, and lockjaw is the result. It is also a source of moral danger for small boys to become familiarized with the use of toy pistols, which, as years go by, they abandon for a more dangerous weapon.

Mr. Moody's Conference, to be Held at North-field, Mass., on August 3d and the following days will, it is expected, be rendered additionally interesting by the presence of several friends who have been for some time engaged in evangelistic work in Europe. Major D. W. Whittle and Mr. and Mrs. McGrannahan hope to be present, and Mr. Sankey will attend and take part in the meetings. Rev. Andrew Bonar, D.D., has also accepted Mr. Moody's invitation.

The New York Medical Mission, the Inaugu-ration of which was described in a recent number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was last week a witness to the efficacy of prayer. The applications for aid have been very numerous, and the funds were temporarily exhausted. The matter was carried to God in prayer, and although at night not a cent remained to meet the needs of the coming day, the managers were full of faith. In the morning a check was received by the first mail for a considerable sum, the gift of a friend which he had written out some days previously, but had omitted to send until the previous night.

A Reminiscence of President Garfield's Colge life is reported by Dr. Irenæus Prime, who rites from Williamstown, Mass., having attended e commencement exercises to which the President as on his way when he was shot. Dr. Prime ys, "The class of 1856, of which President Gar-ld was a member, had a gathering at this com-encement. In a meeting to pray for the Presi-nt's recovery, one of his classmates rose and id:

"'Twenty-six years ago to-night, and at this ry hour, our class were on the top of Graylock to end the night of the Fourth of July. As we ere about to lie down to sleep, Garfield took out s pocket testament, and said, "I am in the habit reading a chapter every night at this time with y mother. Shall I read aloud?" All assented, d when he had read he asked the oldest mem-r of the class to pray. And there in the night, the mountain top, we prayed *with* him *for* hom we have now assembled to pray.'"

Precious Dirt is Among the Innumerable ticles of traffic in large cities. It appears that e sweepings of jewellers' shops are kept and are orth about $70 a barrel after the most scrupulous re has been taken to prevent stray pieces of gold tting into them. Whenever a shop floor is to be ken up and renewed, it is always calculated that e dirt accumulated in the crevices will more than y the cost of the new floor. Jewellers say that e value of the shop dirt is owing to the dust of etals that is blown about the place, and not from y carelessness of workmen. The sweepings us readily sold must be submitted to careful eration by the hands of a skilled assayer before e purchase becomes remunerative, but we are minded by the transaction that Jesus in His mes-ge to the wealthy church of Laodicea offers to l refined gold, which He counsels them to buy if y would be really rich (Rev. 3 : 18).

The Kinks in the Arrows was an Illustration ed in a Christian speaker's address last week to scribe the effect of divine discipline on the sons God. He said the Indians in making their ar-ws cut the green boughs, and, tying them with a ing to the growing limb of a tree, the other end held down by a heavy stone. This process es out the kinks and straightens the intended ow. So the Lord seeks to take the kinks out of by laying upon us heavy burdens of care and trial.

A Marriage in a Good Templar Lodge, the st ceremony of the kind, it is believed, that has en place there since the formation of the order, s performed in the Lodge of the Templars of eedom of New York, on July 11th. The bride, degroom, and officiating minister were all Good mplars, and the Lodge also furnished the con-gent of bridesmaids and groomsmen to complete wedding party. After the religious ceremony, eches were made, of which a prominent topic s the duty of the wife to see that her husband intained his connection with Good Templarism d adhered to the principles of the order. In nor of the event a resolution was passed remit-g the bridegroom's fees as long as he lived. ough the wedding belongs to the category that some quarters is contemptuously called "a dry dding," it appears to have been thoroughly en-ed by all present, and the young couple entered their new life under happier auspices than if the emony had been followed by a scene of dissipa-n, and profuse drinking of healths.

A Prize Fight was Stopped by a Woman at ondale, Pa., on Saturday, July 9th. Five hun-d or more spectators were present and evinced ir delight as first one and then the other of the nbatants received "punishment." The strug-had been fierce and cruel, and the friends of e of the men had just announced that he would ntinue fighting till he won "if it took all sum-r," when a pale, haggard little woman dashed ough the crowd, greatly agitated, and on gain-the open space within, rushed up to the brute, o was waiting calmly for his victim and struck n in the breast, exclaiming "Mick, is it you o want to kill my Jimmie? Get away wid ye w." Then turning to the prostrate man, she ed in a voice of tenderness, "Ah, Jimmie, Jim-, what's come over you, fightin' away like this, *an' your little Allie dead.*" The stupid pugilist brightened a minute, and answered, "Did you say Allie was dead, Nancy?" "Yes, yes," and she clasped her hands with a mournful wail. "Dead she is, Jimmie, and you never came near home last night, but were drinking your pay in some shebeen-house. Oh, my curse on the shebeen-houses—my bitter curse on them this day." She wiped the bleeding, bloated face of her young husband as she spoke, and there was no more fighting that day. Satan uses liquor and evil associates to brutalize men, and he is successful in his work, but the effect produced on this man by the announcement that his child was dead shows that even in the most degraded there is often a trace of a better nature remaining, indicating what they have fallen from, and what they might be raised to by the grace of God and the regenerating work of the Holy Spirit.

An ex-Senator's Indictment of Intoxicating liquors was made recently in the course of a speech at a prohibitory meeting in Reidsville, N. C. He said: "I have never meddled with liquor. I have never drank it, have hardly kept it as a medicine in my family, and yet it has meddled with me, has made my boy *a wandering vagabond*, has broken my wife's heart; yes, when I was asleep, thinking him at home in the house, he was being made a drunkard in the bar-rooms of Raleigh." The ex-Senator has abundant cause for advocating prohibition.

The Heroism of Two Convicts at Philadelphia on July 14th has earned for them a commutation of sentence. The gang of prisoners were loading stone at the House of Correction wharf, Philadelphia, when one of them fell off into the river. Another prisoner jumped in to save him, and both were going down for the last time, when a third also jumped in. Going down below the surface he actually crawled beneath the others and raised them up so that those on the barge could fish them out. The heroic conduct of the rescuers was reported to the managers, and as a recognition of their bravery their time was commuted from two years to three months. This is an instance of pardon earned by courage and self-forgetfulness. It suggests the justified sinner's position, but with this important difference that it was by the sacrifice of his Substitute that he received a pardon he could never earn (Eph. 2 : 9).

A Pathetic Scene was Witnessed in Brooklyn in a tenement house, on July 19th. A policeman entered the rooms of a family and found six ragged children there, while the father and mother lay on the floor in a state of intoxication. The eldest boy was walking about the room with a baby in his arms. He said that it was asleep, but the policeman found, on taking it up, that it was dead. "'Tain't dead," said the boy. "I know it's 'sleep, 'cause I sung it to sleep." When the lad discovered that the child was really dead, he sat down in one corner and wept. The father and mother recovered slowly from their stupor, and seemed unaffected when told that their child was dead. Facts such as these, and they are numerous, should convince all Christians that their place is in the ranks of those who are laboring to resist this soul-destroying traffic.

The Career of Twenty Rum-sellers and their families is sketched by a writer in a Southern journal, who says: "During a period of twenty-five years, from 1830 to 1855, I remember twenty individuals who were at one time or another engaged in the business of selling liquor at or near a little village in South Carolina. Of that number *fifteen* failed in business, either while selling or afterward. *Five* have died from the excessive use of ardent spirits. *Ten of their sons* fell early victims to the appetite, and fill drunkards' graves, while nine others have at different times been addicted to drunken sprees and are in the utmost danger of falling before the same dreadful habit. *Ten of their daughters* are or have been married to drunkards. *Three of their sons* are idiots or imbeciles, and there are other indications which to a close observer call to mind the denunciation of Holy Writ, 'Woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink, and maketh him drunken also.'"

THE SWIFTLY RUNNING WORD.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"His word runneth very swiftly."—PSALM 147 : 15.

Words as Indications of Character—God's Word a Manifestation—Takes many Forms—I. The Lessons of the Text—The Word Operates still With the Same Force as of Old—Silently—Effectually—It is Omnipotent—II. Particular Instances of the Word Running Swiftly—Creation—In the Works of Nature—In Providence—Judgments—In Mercy—In Grace—Conviction Instantaneous—Regeneration—Justification—Adoption—With Churches—III. The Teaching of the Subject—The Seeker may be Saved now—The Word Overtakes those who Run Away—The Almighty not to be Limited

A WORD is the expression of the mind. What a man has thought may live and die within himself, but when he wishes his thought to live in the outer world he embodies it in a word, and thus his thought is made known. Thought without expression is as an arm unlifted, working nothing though it be the mainspring of action; but according to the ability of the man his thought is carried out into fact if he be able to speak a powerful word of command. Hence, as the garment of thought and the accomplishment of wish, a word is a very important thing.

A word is the manifestation of a man. Dryden says:

> "Speech is the light, the morning of the mind;
> It spreads the beauteous images abroad,
> Which else lie furled and shrouded in the soul."

"Speak," said the old philosopher, "that I may see thee." More of a man is seen in his words than in anything else belonging to him; you may look into his face and be mistaken, you may visit his house and not discover him, you may scan his business and misunderstand him; but if you hear his daily conversation you shall soon know him. The heart babbles out its secret when the tongue is in motion. As the full bucket betrays the water of the well, so is a man discerned by his speech. Thus a word takes a most prominent place in reference to all intelligent beings, and this is peculiarly the case with the Lord our God.

God's word is the manifestation of His secret thought. By it He reveals His decree; by it He manifests His nature; by it He carries out His purpose. "He spake, and it was done; He commanded, and it stood fast." If you wish to know God you must know His word; if you wish to perceive His power you must see how He worketh by His word; if you wish to know His purpose before it is actually brought to pass you can only discover it by His word. When you watch the events of Providence you are only observing what the word of God is accomplishing as He sends it forth into the world. As He said to His servant Ezekiel, so it is: "I am the Lord: I will speak, and the word that I shall speak shall come to pass." According to our text, "He sendeth forth his commandment upon earth: His word runneth very swiftly."

The word as it comes from God takes several forms. At first it came forth as a *fiat*: "Let it be," and it was. When there were no angels to hear Him, when matter did not exist to obey Him, when there was nothing but Himself, the self-existent One, Jehovah, spake, and the things which are began to be. Since then He has spoken to His creatures by the word of *command*, which should ever be obeyed; even as David said, "I will delight myself in Thy statutes; I will not forget Thy word." The word of the Lord comes forth in the form of a precept from His temple, or a statute from His throne, and we ought most reverently to treasure up every syllable that God speaketh to us in that form; for we are His servants.

He also speaks by way of *teaching*. He instructs us by revealing Himself through His word. All true doctrine is the word of God, and is to be devoutly believed. Our prayer should be, "Give me understanding according to Thy word." His word is also spoken in the form of *promise*, rich and free and gracious, the word on which His children live. In this form it is sweeter than honey, or the honeycomb. It flashes forth also like lightning

flames in *threatenings*, when God dooms the ungodly or warns them of what shall follow except they repent. Terrible indeed is the word by which justice takes vengeance upon the wicked.

But chief of all, and above all is

THE WORD,

of whom John speaketh: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God: the same was in the beginning with God." This is He of whom we read in the Revelation, "He was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood, and his name is called the Word of God." That Word is *the incarnation of God*, wherein God has been pleased to manifest Himself more fully than by all other words or works; for in His Son we see the brightness of the Father's glory more than in all besides, according to His own testimony, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." To all these forms of God's word our text may be appropriately applied.

I shall, first, ask you by the help of God's Holy Spirit to *learn the lesson of the text;* secondly, *let us look to the particular instances which illustrate the truth of the text;* and then, thirdly, as the Lord shall help us, let us *see what teaching we may individually gather from it for our own cases.*

I. First, let us learn the lesson of the text: "His word runneth very swiftly."

We understand from this sentence, first, that *the word of God which operated of old is operating still.* "By the word of God the heavens were of old, and the earth standing out of the water and in the water." But God did not create the world and then leave it, else had it crumbled back into the nothingness from which it came: "the heavens and the earth, which are now, by the same word are kept in store." Creation is *not like a watch* which God has made and wound up, to go by itself; but every movement of every wheel of the machinery of nature is dependent upon the constant outgoing of power through the word of God; for of Him and through Him are all things, and "by Him all things consist." Our wise men are continually talking of the laws of nature, and we know that there are such laws, or, in other words, it is a fact that God usually acts in such and such a way; but to suppose that there is any power in the mere laws of nature is absolutely absurd. You may make laws in your household that things are to be done in such and such a way; but unless somebody carries them out laws are nothing.

Locomotives obey certain laws of motion; but without steam to drive them the laws of motion will allow them to rust in the engine-house. There is a law of gravitation; but the force of gravitation comes not from the law, but from God. There is a law of growth; but the power by which plants and animals grow is an energy which flows from God. It may be a fact that the force operates in such and such a manner, as a stream runs in a certain channel, but, as the channel is not the stream, so the rule of nature is not the power of nature. Man lives, and all nature exists, by the word of God, for "none can keep alive his own soul." It is of our Lord that we read in the Epistle to the Hebrews, "upholding all things by the word of His power."

THE WORD OF POWER

with which God made the world is pulsing still through space.

Let us go a step further: the word of God which operated at the first *is operating still with the same degree of force.* Creation may, if God so pleases, wax old as doth a garment; but the hand which created it is as full of power as ever. The sun's light, and all else that is needful for man, will continue according to the Divine appointment, and will never be exhausted while the Lord supplies them. If any natural force fails it simply means that the Divine power is being withdrawn from that particular form of working; but the word of power is the same. If science could prove that any force is waning we should only believe that God is permitting certain created energies to slacken because He means to bring them to their end, having answered His design by them. Men are ever ready to object to the doctrine of the divine working: "All things continue as they were," they say one day; and then another day they say "all things are declining." Neither declaration is precisely true. There are great changes in the operations of God, but there is no change in the hand that operates; and still to-day as of old, God speaketh and it is done; He commandeth, and it stands fast.

Yet it is worthy of notice that the word of God spoken of in the text

OPERATES IN A SILENT MANNER.

We are told that He sendeth out His word and melteth the ice, the frost, the snow. Did you hear that word? You have seen stern winter yield to the breath of spring, and you believe that the genial change was effected by God's word; but did you hear a whisper? No, and none heard it; for the word of God in nature is the going forth of His silent will. "No speech, no language; their voice is not heard; yet their line has gone out through all the earth." Still it is called His word, and I want you to notice that fact, because you are apt to think that God in the kingdom of His grace is dependent upon men's lips and tongues and words. I tell you that the word of God which returneth not to Him void is not the word from my tongue, but the word from His own mind.

Have you not marked in this house—I speak without egotism—how for more than twenty years the people have come together at every service, crowding these aisles, and God has saved multitudes of souls? Critics say, "*This man is not an orator;*" and they say the truth. I have never cultivated the arts of eloquence, or exhibited the elegancies of language. I speak out what I know of God's word, and bear my honest witness to the Gospel, in such words as come to hand. The almighty word of God reaches and renews the heart, and the more it is allowed to work in an unencumbered manner, in its own natural simplicity, the wore victorious it will be. God will bless His own word; for it is *His* word which runneth very swiftly.

Yet, note again, according to the text *God's word is most effectual.* This is the meaning of the phrase, it "runneth very swiftly." None can resist it; for God is in it. It is God's will, and when God wills it, what matters it if all creation wills the contrary? "There are many devices in a man's heart; nevertheless the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand." The will of God would bear all oppressors away as with a flood, and sweep them like sear leaves before the tempest. There is little wonder that His word runs very swiftly, for if God wills it, how can it be hindered?

It is glorious to think that God is still operating in the realm of grace as well as of nature by a power which is omnipotent, and *this power runneth very swiftly.* There is no such thing as time with God, to whom one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. He may take centuries to accomplish His purposes, but if He wills it, all can be done in an instant. He may lengthen out the drama of Providence, even to thousands of years; but this is not for want of power, for when He pleases "He will finish the work, and cut it short in righteousness: because a short work will the Lord make upon the earth."

II. Thus I have tried to set forth the general truth, now let us notice the particular instances of it.

First, God's "word runneth very swiftly" in the matter of *creation.* What saith the first chapter of Genesis about the making or fitting-up of this world? It tells us that in its present condition this world was arranged in six days, and on the seventh day the Lord rested from His work. Was ever such a word as this? Was ever so vast a deed accomplished in such a space of time? It is possible that the creation of the world had taken place long before, for "in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," but even for that first creation He needed no space of time, for His word could create the universe with a flash. The Lord may have allowed ages upon ages to roll by before He ultimately came forth to perform the last upholstering of it for mankind; yet all was done when He spake.

We still see in the works of nature the changes which God works. The wind may blow never so fiercely from the north, but when the Lord commands it whirleth about toward the south; the calm may be profound, but almost in an instant the hurricane sweeps and tosses up the mighty waves of the sea. The vast changes which God works in nature are to us gradual in their results, else we should be unprepared for them, and catastrophe would follow catastrophe; but still, as far as God is concerned, He acts instantaneously when He wills and as He wills, and His will in creation is achieved the moment that it comes to be an expressed word.

Look further into the field of *providence*, and see how the word of God has been operating there and has run very swiftly. Consider His

PROVIDENTIAL JUDGMENTS.

God warned men that He would destroy them for their sin; He gave them space for repentance, and sent His servant Noah to be a preacher of righteousness. He made the ark to be a visible sermon to them; but when at last His patience was ended it did not take Him long to pull up the sluices from below, and to open the bottles of heaven from above. How speedily did He cover the tops of the mountains with the destroying wave! Peter tells us that by the word of God the world which then was, being overflowed with water, perished.

Look further on to the cities of the plain. When they were ripe for destruction, Lot saw the sun rise on Sodom, and all was quiet and still as on this Sabbath morning; but in an instant the Lord rained fire and brimstone upon Sodom and destroyed it. When the Lord came to blows with Pharaoh, king of Egypt, how thick and fast the strokes came till the proud tyrant's will was broken, and he let the people go. Yes, "His word runneth very swiftly." Whether it be to turn the river into blood, or cover the land with darkness or destroy it with hailstones, or to slay all the firstborn of Egypt, "His word runneth very swiftly." With a word He slew the hosts of Sennacherib and stretched rider and horse in the deep sleep of death. His judgments are wonderful. Look at Jerusalem; inquire for the ruins of her temple; see how swiftly God fulfilled His decree of overthrow. Journey to Tyre, or Moab, or Edom; go away to Babylon, and Nineveh; go and search and see where mighty empires once rioted in luxury. He told His prophets that it would be so, and lo! it has come to pass; for "His word runneth very swiftly."

So also has His word run very swiftly when it has been sent in *mercy.* When God has meant to bless men, how swiftly His angels have taken wing to bring the boon from heaven. Think of Israel shut up by the Red Sea, with mountains on either hand. Oh how speedily the Lord descended from on high when He came to the rescue of His people. He divided the Red Sea, and led Israel through it like a flock of sheep in the wilderness, swiftly coming by His word to make a way for them through the heart of the sea. So all through Scripture you will observe that in the afflictions of God's people, they have cried to Him, and He has sent His word and healed them. Glory be to the name of our covenant God, in all His work whether of judgment or of mercy, He tarrieth not for man, but executeth His purpose even as He pleases.

For a moment let us reverently think of

THE ESSENTIAL WORD,

to whom I referred just now, whose name is to be ever mentioned with deep devotion. How swift He ran upon His Father's business. As our poet puts it:

"Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste He fled."

The life of Jesus upon earth reached little beyond thirty years, and yet His work was finished ere He left this earth for glory. The redemption of mankind, the bringing in of everlasting righteousness, the finishing of transgression, the fulfilling of the law, all was done in a short season. Nay, you must shorten that, because the major part of His life was spent in obscurity, doing doubtless much, but not doing that part of His life-work which is perceptible to us. In some three years and so His Father's public business was all accomplished. With what diligence He wrought!

to the actual atonement, although I conceive it embraced the whole of His life, yet the central part of it lay in His passion and death.

In *the comet* which has lately surprised us, much of the brilliance lies in its streaming tail, but the starry portion, or nucleus, is supposed to be the solid part of it; even so, the reconciling work of Jesus shines from the manger to the garden, and yet the more apparent parts of it are crowded into the few hours between Gethsemane and the cross. In that space was Satan bruised, death slain, hell vanquished, sin wiped out forever, the saints redeemed, God glorified, and the earth purchased out of bondage. In a few hours of agony and shame and death our Lord effected all.

But now, to leave that point, this is true of the word of God *in the matters of grace:* "His word runneth very swiftly." I shall be sure to have your deep attention if you know the extreme importance of the truth I am about to proclaim, namely, that the word of God when it comes to work effectually upon the hearts of men, is able to accomplish its end very swiftly indeed. I conceive that *conviction* of sin is in many cases, if not in all, commenced in an instant. The unregenerated mind of man is like a flint, and you do not break a flint by degrees; by one blow it is shivered. Here is the mind of man like a dark dungeon; God throws back the shutters, and in streams the daylight at once. Conviction is like a wound; the mighty Spirit draws the great bow, away flies the arrow, and in an instant it has pierced the heart; through coats of mail of prejudice, that barbed shaft has gone and slain sin in the heart of man, and that in a second of time. "His word runneth very swiftly."

I know that God worketh thus in

REGENERATION.

Regeneration is not a work of years; from the necessity of the case the essential part of it is wrought in an instant. There must be a moment in which a man is dead, and another moment in which he is made alive. There can be no interval in which he is neither dead nor alive. Quickening must be an instantaneous operation. There must either be some life, however feeble, or else the man is dead, and the line between life and death must be narrow as a razor's edge. Though you and I cannot see any sharp line between the two, yet there is such a line. A man is either dead or alive. The quickening of a soul into spiritual life remains a proof that God's word "runneth very swiftly."

So, also, with regard to *justification.* When a man believeth in Jesus Christ he is justified at once. I can show you that this must be so. A man may be guilty or not guilty, but he cannot be anywhere between the two. He may, according to the legal language of Scotland, be in a condition in which the charge is "not proven;" but before God, who needs no proof, a man must either stand condemned or pardoned, and there cannot be an instant between the two. In one moment God says to the guilty, "I forgive you." Pardon is an instantaneous gift. You can be forgiven all your sin in half the tick of a clock, and pass from death to life more swiftly than I can utter the words.

How wonderful it is to see the change which the grace of God makes in the human heart in conversion. A man is not turned round and converted all at once; but the commencement of that turn comes at some particular moment, and just at that moment it often happens that his most cherished idols come tumbling down; the idolatry of his soul is effectually rebuked. He cannot understand it, but the things he once loved he begins to hate, while the things he hated on a sudden he loves, and there is achieved in him a marvellous change. An objector declared, the other day, that we make out that a character is produced in men in a few hours; that a life-building is run up during a single service. I am not about to deny the charge. The statement is not quite correct, but it will suffice.

We have all heard of the minister who visited

A DYING WOMAN,

and was the means of bringing her to a joyful faith in Christ, but before he had left the house she was dead; he was wont to say that he found her in a state of nature, saw her in a state of grace, and left her in a state of glory, and all within an hour. So that we do make much of the power of God to accomplish wonders in a brief space. The new birth is a miracle wrought by the Holy Ghost through the word. It is impossible under any other view of things. If this miracle could be taken away from Christianity, what would remain? Conversion and regeneration remain as the standing phenomena by which Christianity is continually proved to be divine.

Adoption is also one of these rapid gifts. A man is made a child of God in an instant; for he may *not* be a child of God, and he may be a child of God, but he cannot be half-way between; there must be an instant in which adoption is bestowed, and that instant I quote to illustrate the text, "His word runneth very swiftly."

Note again, dear brethren, that this is not only true of salvation at first, but it is true of *the work of grace in the heart all along.* Do you feel dull and heavy this morning? God can revive you in a moment. It need not take a long time for you to be refreshed and restored; Jesus can come with the riches of His grace, and straightway make you to rejoice in Him. Did not Jesus work immediate cures on the palsied and the lame? Is He not equally mighty to bless? Our churches frequently require backsliders to wait a long time before they can be received; if a brother wanders, the churches generally deliver him for years to Satan, and then, perhaps, try to get him back; but it should not be so. John looked after Peter directly after Peter had been cursing and swearing and denying his Lord; and Jesus Himself said, "Go, tell my disciples and Peter," within three days after Peter had fallen. My Lord's forgiving love runs very swiftly; my Lord's restoring grace is swifter than an eagle's wing.

As it is with individuals so it is with churches. A whole church can be revived on a sudden; nay, not alone a whole church, but a group of churches; nay, not only that; but, if God wills it, all the churches in Christendom may be refreshed with showers of blessing within another week. "His word runneth very swiftly." See how it was at the first. Within a short time after Pentecost all nations had heard the word of God, so that Paul could say, "Have they not heard? Yes verily, their sound went into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world." Many move along in Christ's work at a snail's pace; but if the Lord were to visit the aforesaid trudging fathers, and make them leap like a hart, with intense desire and bravery of faith, and then send His own word by them, what is there to hinder

A GREAT REVIVAL?

Suppose all the Church should wake up to-morrow with desires for days of prayer? What is there to prevent God's hearing the united cry of His people? What is there to hinder Him from raising up hundreds of ministers to preach with tongues of fire? What is there to prevent missionaries going forth to the utmost ends of the earth? Let us have greater belief in God. We scarcely believe in Him now; we are always measuring the balance to the credit of the missionary societies, and counting up the agents. I believe in our excellent societies, but I believe in God over the head of them all. I believe in agencies, modes, systems, methods, but I believe much more in God, who can do far more abundantly than we either ask or think.

III. We shall close by noting what is the teaching that you and I may get out of this subject? One lesson is this:

THE SEEKING SINNER CAN BE SAVED NOW.

If he seeks salvation at once he can have it at once. Is there a movement in any mind after God? Dost thou say, "I will arise, and go unto my Father"? Have you got as far as that? How long will it take you to get to your Father? Well, I cannot tell you; it is a long way; but let me whisper in your ear that there is another calculation: How long will it take your Father to come to you? The parable proceeds to say, "When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and ran." Sinner, if you are rising to go to Him, He runs to meet you. "His word runneth very swiftly."

Another lesson, and that has reference to our work for the souls of others: If God's word runs very swiftly, then *it can even overtake those who run away from it.* Not only can the Lord come quickly to those who seek Him, but He can overtake those who hasten away from Him. I can see the sheep running away. At what a rate they rush! Sheep never run so fast after the shepherd as away from him; they are nimble enough when once they get through a gap. Away they go! Will the shepherd catch them? That blessed Word who is their shepherd, can He overtake the wanderers? Yes, "His word runneth very swiftly."

HE CAN OVERTAKE THE RUNAWAYS.

If a sheep has reached the brink of a precipice the Great Shepherd runs so swiftly that He can save it even now.

I say this to you workers that you may be encouraged to go to sick beds, that you may be encouraged to speak to aged men and women, that you may not think anybody is too far gone for Christ. If it were certain that without conversion a person would be in hell in five minutes it would still be both your duty and your privilege to preach the Gospel to him, and to do it believing that in the space of five minutes the grace of God could save him. "Dangerous doctrine," says an objector, "people will be tempted to put off conversion." Alas, if they did not forge an excuse out of this truth they would manufacture it out of another, for when men mean to do wrong any perversion will serve their turn.

I cannot deny a truth because wicked men pervert it; that would be ridiculous. A rope is a good thing; would you have us destroy all the ropes in the world because a few madmen hang themselves with them? We will proclaim it to the ends of the earth that the Lord can save at the eleventh hour. It is not too late for any of you, however aged you may be. What if you are to die to-morrow? I have an impression that some here are not far from their end; yet "His word runneth very swiftly," and even now He can save you. The dying thief forbids the idea that any praying penitent shall apply to Christ and find it too late. Postpone not salvation; but if you have delayed for years, make haste at once, and may God's infinite mercy come to you at the selfsame hour.

I close with this further remark. If you and I, dear friends, are not numbered among the unconverted, but are really saved this morning, and yet we are very heavy of heart, there is comfort here; *the Lord can at once give us joy and peace.* "I have a great trouble," say you; "and if I do not get help by Monday night, I do not know what will become of me." Well, God can deliver you by Monday night—"His word runneth very swiftly." "Oh, but I have a dread upon my heart; and if I do not soon get rid of it, I shall be driven to despair." He can console you at once, for the Comforter is already given.

"I should like to come to the communion," says one; "I have not been there for a long time, for I do not feel fit, and I do not think I can be prepared for the solemn service in the short space of one afternoon." Oh, yes, you may; for "His word runneth very swiftly." If Jesus wash your feet you shall be clean every whit, and clean at once. He can bear you up to the heights of fellowship, and bring you into very close converse with Himself in a moment of time. Limit not the Almighty as to speed; limit Him not in any way; with God all things are possible. He can cause your dry rod to bud and blossom, and bear fruit in an hour. Commit yourself to Him, and pray Him to make you perfect in every good work to do His will; working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight, and He can do it, and to Him shall be the praise for ever and ever. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Psalm 147.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 230,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

WALKING WITH GOD.

By the Rev. Dr. Horatius Bonar.

(*Address at the Mildmay Conference, June 24.*)

(*Concluded from page 451.*)

II. How is it Carried on?—III. How is this Walking Consummated?—What are the Hindrances in the Way of this Walk?—Worldliness and the Spirit of Unbelief which will Culminate in the Future Personal Antichrist—Open Ears and Itching Ears—The Effect of the Walk.

SECONDLY—BUT HOW IS THIS WALK CARRIED ON?

I answer, in the same way *in which it began*, for the whole life of a believing man is just a repetition of his first belief, a daily, hourly repetition of his reception of the blood of sprinkling. As a sinner he begins each day by taking himself to the blood. As a sinner he goes forth each day, it may be to his business, or it may be his family duties, realizing the blood that keeps him in fellowship with God. As a sinner he lies down at night still realizing the blood through which he first was reconciled; and this process is repeated day by day, and it makes up the life of a believing man.

It is *departure from this* that leads us asunder from God, and it may be for a time breaks up companionship. When nothing comes between us and the Cross—between us and the blood—when reconciliation, I do not say ceases, but ceases to be realized, and the walk with God becomes as it were blindfold, we hardly know what we do. It becomes a formal thing. It becomes a thing of unreality. Let us then each, if we would maintain the walk, go back to the way in which we got the reconciliation first, and the peace. It is going back to the blood of sprinkling, assured that what the blood did for us when we first approached it, it will do for us to the last.

THIRDLY, HOW IS THIS WALKING CONSUMMATED?

It is consummated in a higher walk, "They shall walk with Me in white, for they are worthy." That is the consummation of the walk. It is not simply a consummation of the glory in the New Jerusalem. It is something apart from this—something which corresponds to our earthly life, and yet upon a far higher level, and in far more blessed circumstances. "They shall walk with Me in white."

We take this promise as written *for us in these last days*, and we look forward to the consummation of our earthly walk as described to us in these simple but blessed words. The eternal walk, the walk in white, the walk with God, the walk in the Paradise of God under the shadow of the tree of life, the walk in the New Jerusalem, the eternal walk in light and in white. Oh, Christian brethren! if such be the blessedness of the glory of the walk, the consummation of our earthly walk, what must be the end of all those of whom it is said, "They walk on in darkness."

When I think of the walk, the eternal walk in the eternal light, I know not anything, more blessed. When I think, on the other hand, of the eternal walk in the eternal darkness, I know nothing more terrible. Give glory to the Lord your God before He causes darkness, and before your feet stumble in the dark, lest while ye look for light He cause darkness, the blackness of darkness forever. What a contrast! the eternal walk in light—the eternal walk in darkness.

Walking then thus begun is thus carried on, and the figure while denoting companionship is meant to refer to *every part of our daily life*. Companionship, you know, is not *discipleship*, it is something different. Companionship is not *service*, it is something else; and the words which we read do not speak of service and do not speak of discipleship—they speak of companionship, and it is this companionship with God that makes up the whole of our daily walk in everything great or small.

But then we come, dear brethren, to another, a very momentous point.

WHAT ARE THE HINDRANCES IN THE WAY of this walk? They are many. We may say there is hindrance in every step we take—a hindrance within and a hindrance without—a hindrance from the evil heart of unbelief within, and a hindrance from the evil world without us which lieth in wickedness—a hindrance from the God of this world, the spirit which now worketh in the children of disobedience—a hindrance in principalities and powers against which we are called upon to contend. There are daily and hourly hindrances, and you ask me which are these?

I answer: They are such as the following. Of course they are more developed in the present age than they have been for many an age: it may be in all the preceding ages; because the God of this world has put upon the worl its best array, and he is distinguishing things in a way which hitherto the Church has hardly recognized or understood.

There is *worldliness*, not gross worldliness, but *refined* worldliness, the refined worldliness of those who are "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." The refined worldliness of those who put away all that is coarse in all their vanities, and yet retain the pleasure of refined worldliness; the worldliness embodied in *busi-*

ness—the worldliness that is exhibited in our daily intercourse with our fellow men; the worldliness that flows in upon us daily, each morning, through the daily *newspapers*. Have you not felt this, brethren? that it is a general thing that as soon as we open our windows in the morning the air of a world that lieth in wickedness flows in upon us with the daily newspaper? I do not mean to refer to ungodly newspapers, I simply refer to the worldliness they contain. They contain everything that is doing, good or bad; all the doings of yesterday; they bring it in before us in the morning, ere we have had time for fellowship with God, and *the air of the world* breathes in upon us to stifle us. Beware of the morning daily paper.

But apart from this worldliness there is *the spirit of unbelief that undermines all truth*; that tells us that truth and error are very much alike. Unbelief that undermines the Bible; unbelief that would hew down the cross, that would wash out, as it were, the stains of the blood from Calvary in order that things may be, in its estimation, more beautiful.

Brethren, what a hindrance there is in

THE UNBELIEF OF THE AGE.

Men tell you that it is in the air, and you cannot help it. Well, it *is* in the air, because the ruler of darkness is the "prince of the power of the air," and he never spake a truer word, and it comes down through the air to us here from "the prince of the power of the air." It is poisoning everything.

All the evil influences of the present day do not come from the world that lieth in wickedness, they come from the *professing church* itself; and in many quarters, both in England and Scotland, we find that it is not the world that is poisoning the Church, but it is the Church that is poisoning the world. The spirit of unbelief, the spirit of the last days, the spirit that would equalize everything, the spirit of liberalism that tells us that error and truth are very much alike, that puts light for darkness, and darkness for light; good for evil, and evil for good; *the spirit that is to culminate in Antichrist*—for all this unbelief of which I speak, all this liberalism that I refer to is to have *a head*, and that head is Antichrist; and these strange opinions now going abroad are all *preparing the way* for Antichrist and his full development. They undermine our faith and Christian spirit. Let us stand aloof from them. Let us beware of the unbelief of the present day; we shall find it a far more serious evil than perhaps we imagine. Beware of *books* that inculcate unbelief, or anything like it. Beware of books that will undermine the cross even when pretending to beautify it. Beware of books that would undervalue the atonement. Beware of books that would cast uncertainty upon the Bible. All these things come as hindrances between us and walking with God.

It is not possible having these things continually surrounding us, *to maintain without a struggle the walk to which we are called.*

And then there is in connection with all this, the strange feeling among Christian men of love of any new doctrine—in the "itching ears," as the Apostle calls them. It is one thing to have *open* ears, and it is another thing to have *itching* ears. They are widely different; and the exhibition we see in the present day of "itching ears" in the Church of God, and men ready to receive every new form of doctrine—"carried about by every wind of doctrine"—how is it possible that any man can walk with God who is carried about with every wind of doctrine, and listens to what is said in this magazine or the other magazine, and this paper or the other paper, this book or the other book? How is it possible that a man can thus walk with God who does not *test everything by the Word* and *the Word alone*. A man who will not allow himself to be swayed by human opinion and argument, but who betakes himself continually to verify everything, to test everything *by the law and the testimony*.

These are *specimens* of what I mean by the hindrances to walking with God—hindrances occurring daily, hindrances which the Church of God *will feel yet more terribly ere long*.

It is to this, dear Christian brethren, that we are called—*to walk with God*, not by fits and starts, but evenly. And, oh! when walking with God what *calmness* becomes ours; as if a heavenly atmosphere had descended upon us. What *peace* is ours, expelling all the tumults and tempests of the heart. And what *protection* is ours? We feel ourselves safe beneath the shadow of His wing. No evil can touch the man who is walking with God. We feel secure against the manifold errors of the day, for how can error find its way into the soul that is leaning upon His arm? You see in what manifold ways this companionship operates. How it moulds us in every part, in mind or in body, soul or spirit—moulds us every hour.

The effect produced on us daily as we walk with a heavenly companion is irresistible. It moulds us. A man is known by his friends; the influence of a man's friends tells upon him; and here we have the influence of the heavenly friendship moulding us day by day; and the more you cultivate that friendship and enter into that companionship, the more will you find that the Heavenly Spirit, the Heavenly Friend, descends upon you, that you will grow more and more each day.

"Oh for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame.
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb."

I end just where I began, with the companionship. Oh, brethren in Christ! beware of anything that would *interrupt* this companionship. Depend upon it, any break in the matter does not come from Him; it must come from us. Oh, see that from the first to the last, from day to day, whatever you lose, you lose not *this*, whatever company you break, break not with *this*. Preserve this Divine companionship all the days of your pilgrimage here, and it shall be perpetuated in Paradise above; in the walk with Him in white, which we shall enter on when He comes in His glory; and you know that "He that shall come, will come, and will not tarry."

THE BOYS OF CITY STREETS.

(*Continued from page 461.*)

AT one of the after-meetings held on Sunday evenings, several of the lads stayed behind for conversation and prayer. In speaking to one youth I was much pleased to find that he was anxious to follow Jesus. He said, "I want to be good, and I have been a-tryin' all last week to be good." Another lad of sixteen was on his knees weeping. And another, who has for some time shown anxiety about his soul, was also on his knees, praying, and crying almost hysterically. Indeed, we have cause to be very thankful that, dealing with lads of this class, we have found many proofs of good impressions having been made upon them, and of a desire on their part to become more like the pattern we lay before them—the Lord Jesus Christ, who excludes none, however low and sinful, from His loving call to Himself.

It is strange, however, that the good impressions produced are frequently brushed off, as the morning dew from the grass, by rough contact with the recklessly immoral characters, and the unwholesome surroundings, of the common lodging-house.

One of our lads sleeps nightly in a stable, and would not go to a lodging-house if I offered him more than the fourpence he would have to pay. "Them places," he says, "ain't fit for dogs." A lad of sixteen, who was found in front of a shop crying only a few days ago, was brought to me. He had walked to London from Lincoln in search of work. He was soon afterward taken to Field-lane Refuge, but before going there he went for a night to a lodging-house. As he looked tired the following day, I inquired if he felt ill, and he replied, "I do feel queer, mum; I did not sleep all night. I had to get out o' bed long before day light; the bed was all alive, and the smell was awful! I don't think the clothes had been washed for months; it was worse than a pigsty." When boys have been frequenters of these lodging-houses it is astonishing how soon they show that pale, waxy, unhealthy skin, which is characteristic of all who go there regularly.

And the physical unhealthiness is not the worst danger of these places. At one of the soup distributions I have mentioned already, there happened to be present about half-a-dozen doubtful-looking men and grown lads. One of our lads told us he knew them, from having met them at the lodging-house, and added, they were thieves. "How do you know that?" said I. "Know, mum! why, them two wot sat over there," pointing to the seats, "they be the ringleaders on 'em, and they tried to get me to join 'em," and he went on describing the different ways in which they stole, until I said, "But how do *you* know so much about their tricks?" "Why," said he rather quietly, "I ought to know; I used to do the same afore I came to these meetings, but I don't do it now." And I believe this of him too.

I cannot say the same, unfortunately, of another poor boy (G—). He used to come to the classes when they began, but had got into the habit of thieving, stole money from a woman who employed him in the neighborhood, and kept away in consequence for several months, during which time I lost sight of him. He is now one of a regular gang of thieves. When I last saw him, I was much affected by the change in his appearance: he seemed hopelessly hardened and careless, as if nothing could have any effect upon him. I asked him if he had seen his mother lately. "No, ma'am, I ain't seen her for a long while." This lad was driven from home by a drunken father, and this is the result so far. Evil has brought forth evil in his case; and I know that in many cases the patience of those who may endeavor to help such lads will be severely tried.

One lad will come into the room looking pale and cold, but with eyes showing that he has been crying bitterly, very likely from the effects of a hardened father's thumps and blows—another looking tired out and woe-begone, and with an expression as if all he wanted were to be let alone—another may have a very bad cough, suggestive of consumption, but, notwithstanding, he will probably have only the stable to sleep in or the streets to walk—another with a sore throat—another hurt by a kick from a horse; but all pains and illnesses have to be simply endured and got through as they can, amid the stench of a lodging-house, or huddled shivering in some corner of a stable or van. No kind loving word do they get, even when sick and ill, the "Move on!" of the policeman all the same—no sympathizing look; no comfort. And yet for them, as for us, Christ died! Shall we, who know His love, not strive in every way to bring them to find in Him that rest and peace they so sorely need?

Oberlin and the Wagoner.—Oberlin, the well-known philanthropist of Steinthal, while yet a candidate for the ministry, was travelling on one occasion from Strasbourg. It was in the winter time. The ground was deeply covered with snow, and the roads were almost impassable. He had reached the middle of his journey and was among the mountains, and by that time was so exhausted that he could stand up no longer. He was rapidly freezing to death. Sleep began to overcome him; all power to resist it left him. He commended himself to God, and yielded to what he felt to be the sleep of death. He knew not how long he slept, but suddenly became conscious of some one rousing him and waking him up. Before him stood a wagon driver in his blue blouse, and the wagon not far away. He gave him a cordial and some food, and the spirit of life returned. He then helped him on the wagon, and brought him to the next village. The rescued man was profuse in his thanks, and offered money, which his benefactor refused. "It is only a duty to help one another," said the wagoner. "And it is the next thing to an insult to offer a reward for such a service." "Then," replied Oberlin, "at least tell me your name, that I may have you in thankful remembrance before God." "I see," said the wagoner, "that you are a minister of the Gospel. Please tell me the name of the Good Samaritan." "That," said Oberlin, "I cannot do, for it was not put on record." "Then," replied the wagoner, "permit me to withhold mine."

TOUCHES OF REAL LIFE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Lady Hope, of Cariden.

(*Continued from page 463.*)

Hutton's Offer—Etta's Prayer Answered—The Offer Accepted—Telling Mrs. Hutton—An Appropriate Chapter—The Coffee House Approved of.

Now, to go back a few weeks in our chronology. The sun had set over the picturesque and undulating grounds of the Hall one evening when, as Etta was watering some of her favorite flowers, she was summoned to the house, with the information that "Hutton, the Rectory gardener, wished to speak to her." When Etta came into the Blue Room, as the general receptacle for hats, sticks, watering-pots, and waiting persons was called, she saw her friend, hat in hand, rubbing the top of his head all over with one of the voluminous handkerchiefs whose acquaintance we have already made.

"Good evening!" said both; while Etta added, "Would you like to come into the garden, or will you stay and talk to me here?"

'Well, it's something very particular!" Hutton solemnly replied, shutting the door; "so I thought I would just come and have it off my mind. Fact is, I've thought a deal about this 'ere place you've put up," and so saying he twirled his hat on his extended hand like a teetotum. Fully absorbed he was in his subject as he continued, "Well, the fact is, to have it out an' over, I should like to be your man! I suppose you *will* have a man for it, Miss!" and he stopped short, regarding attentively his listener's countenance.

"What, Hutton! *You* wish to be the coffee-room manager! Never, Hutton! What *would* the Rector say, and your wife, and Miss Aleth, and everybody? You cannot mean it! You never could leave the Rectory."

"I'm not so sure of that!" said Hutton, addressing himself to the last part of her sentence first. "I've had a goodish time of it, and not altogether so pleasant neither. Not but what the Rector is a good master, pays regularly, and all that; but I was reading about a better garden the other day—the Lord's garden, I mean. Well! and I think I should like to help get ready a bit of it for Him. He's done a good lot for *me*, and I'd like to serve Him, and Him only, for the rest of my days. There's plenty of weeds and stones to be pulled up, I should think; and I'd like to work at it, I would; and I'd do it with a good will."

"There is nothing I should like better," said Etta. "*Nothing!* I have been asking the Lord to provide me a man who would undertake the work, not that he may get a living, but for the sake of the great cause in which we are all so much interested. If the idea has been laid upon *your* heart, the only thing we can do is to commit it once more to Him."

After a moment's hesitation, she proceeded, "What wages would you ask? You know my funds are not very large at present."

"Meat and drink, miss! Meat and drink! that's all. It isn't for the *money* I am coming, miss!"

"No! I know that quite well!" Etta answered. "I know it is not for the money. But still I should like to have an idea. You have been earning a good deal at the Rectory, I suppose?"

"Oh, well! pretty well for that! But I'll take whatever you'd like to give, miss! There! will *that* do?"

"Really, Hutton, I must think it over," was Etta's prudent reply. "Come and see me again to-morrow."

Hutton departed to the quiet of his garden, and Etta to her room.

When the stipulated twenty-four hours had elapsed, and Hutton returned, true to his promise, he found Etta's mind made up. She had determined to accept his proffered services, and together they pledged themselves to work heart and soul for the new coffee-house.

Then poor Hutton returned to his pretty home with the first faint sinking of heart he had yet experienced. Hutton was never a coward except when he faced his wife, and that with a proposition she might not approve; and as she always disapproved of all propositions, it was not to be wondered at that he slightly quaked at the momentous fact that must now be stated to that important personage sooner or later.

As he went in his wife was frizzling some cakes on the hob.

"Lawks a-mercy!" she said. "My dear, how you did startle me, to be sure! I all but sent over the whole lot of 'em flop into the red. Can't you come in quieter?"

Not a favorable opening this! What was poor Hutton to do? He thought he'd wait a bit.

At last, when the non-inebriating cup had been well sipped, and their accustomed attitudes for the remainder of the evening had been assumed, he blurted out the terrible fact in something this fashion.

"You know, wife, it's got to be done; so I may as well tell you."

"Oh, dear!" she said, and put her hand on her heart; "what *do* ye mean?"

"Mean! Why, I mean the flowers has to be transplanted, and *so* has we!"

"Oh, my dear! can't you talk sensible? You've got all hipped lately! Do you mean you're goin' to die? For if that's what you *do* mean, I can tell you it's downright a mistake—so there. 'Twas only a week, come Monday, old Mrs. Jenks come in, and she says, says she, 'I've seen your man,' she says; 'he *do* look bloomin'. Minded me, he did, of my poor Pete. Poor old feller! he looked jest like that seven year afore he were took off!' So, you see, you've got *seven* year, and I shouldn't wonder if it were ever so much more!"

How much longer his better half would have continued in this strain, Hutton did not know. But one thing he *did* know, namely, that when once her tongue was set wagging, it would not very easily stop of itself. So he took the initiative.

"You know Miss Fennecker's new Coffee-house?" he remarked. "Well! it's there. I am going to be her manager!"

"Thomas!" screamed Mrs. Hutton, and dropped against the back of her chair as though she had been dealt a sudden blow.

Her "better half" waited patiently for a moment, and then he said:

"Betsey! who earns the bread?"

"We shall soon have none of it," was the reply, from amid the outspread fingers that now enshrined Mrs. Hutton's countenance.

"Betsey, listen to reason!" exhorted Mr. Hutton.

"I never has none to listen to," retorted the wife.

"Betsey, you know I always tries to do for the best!"

"The *worst*, you mean!"

Then the colloquy ended for a short time, while Hutton gazed into the red embers with a far-away look on his face, and Betsey began to relieve herself by little short sobs without tears.

The gardener was not a man to be argued with, and Betsey knew that right well. As she gradually rallied from the paralyzing effects of the first announcement, she began to rain shot and shell.

"Thomas!" she said, "and are you going to leave a good situation, all for nothing at all? And—"

"It *ain't* nothing at all," he unwisely interrupted; for she instantly resumed,

"That's what I say; it ain't *nothing* at all this 'ere dewizes" (she meant "device") "of Miss Fennecker's. And it never can't come to anything," she pursued vehemently. "That's impossible. Coffee-shop, indeed! Mr. Hutton, I'd like to see you make coffee! Why, you can't make your own tea!" And she laughed hysterically. Wiping her eyes, Mrs. Hutton continued, "That is a joke! And then, selling of it too! However can you do that, when you can't make a bargain about your own onions, I'd like to know?"

"You always take a thing up by the wrong end, Betsey!" said Hutton, patiently. "You'll think better of it in the morning. See if you don't!"

Mrs. Hutton muttered something that could not be heard, and fidgetted about the room.

"The Bible! wife!" said Hutton.

And she put it obediently before him. Then, with a deep sigh, she sat down.

He opened it and read the 116th Psalm. When he had finished reading he said:

"The Lord has done much for you and me, Betsey. He has 'redeemed our souls from death.' I would like to live to Him more than I have ever done before. Won't you help me to do it, Betsey?" Thus Hutton commented on the passage he had read, and then, receiving no reply, he read over again:

"I will pay my vows now in the presence of all Thy people! Wife! I would like to show all the people in Shenstone what a Master I serve. I want 'em to come to Him. I want 'em all to know Him too. It seems to me as if I couldn't do enough for Him, dear wife. Betsey, what do ye think?"

There was still no answer.

"To tell the truth, wife," he continued; "I've got rare and tired of they flowers lately."

Here she started from her reverie, and stared at him. *Now!* she thought, her husband was certainly going demented. "Tired of they flowers!" They had been his idol, his delight, his never-ceasing pleasure. His life had been spent in watching over them. In his different situations, for he had only been ten years out of his life's forty at the rectory, his labor and pleasure had been the garden.

"And I have been asking the Lord to let me have a bit of His garden to work in. For a long time I have asked it. Those dear little flowers, wife, they live and they die; and I have loved to watch over 'em; but think, wife, think! Souls, precious souls, are living, dying, all around us—right down these streets, and in the little cottages by the roadsides—everywhere they are. And they haven't many people to care for 'em wife. That they haven't. But *I* care; *that* I do! and I'd like to watch over 'em, that I would."

"But suppose you don't do any good?" was Betsey's sudden remark.

"There's no supposing that. It's the *work* I want. I want to work for 'em. I want to help in His great work of saving souls. That's what I want. And as to succeedin'; why! the Lord promises to bless me. And what more do I want? Besides, His work can't fail, can it? and that's the work I'm going to do."

"Thomas, have you told the Rector about all this?" inquired Mrs. Hutton.

"I have," was the answer.

"And what did he say?" she asked.

"Say! Well, he said, 'Hutton, I don't wonder. That place will just suit you.' And then he thought a bit, and he said, 'Won't your young lady be pleased? Miss Aleth, I mean. She will be delighted. You had better go and tell her.' He spoke a kind word or two more than that, and said he'd call and see you to-morrow."

Here poor Betsey burst out crying. Her pent-up feelings found their safest vent; and when at last she sobbed out, "And what's to become of *me?*" the worst of her sorrow was over; and her husband knew this; for as he tenderly put his hand upon her shoulder, he said:

"Cheer up, Betsey, and look at the light through the clouds! You will have a cosy little home close by, and I know you will be very happy. I will come home every afternoon for a bit, and for meal-times too; and you'll often come in and see me. You will have no work to do, for I don't hold that the coffee-house trade is a work for women. But if you pray for a share in the service of the King, He will give you *something* to do in helping on His great kingdom. And you will be my 'help-meet,' won't ye now?"

We need not certify *precisely* how the conversation ended! But suffice it to say that soon both were kneeling beside the old chair, that had rested weary limbs so often; and the new work was being committed to His loving care.

Thus, on the day of the horse market, Hutton was ruling supreme within the wooden coffee-house. As a manager, he answered admirably. The former inclinations to a dark view of things with which he had occasionally been infected by poor Betsey, had, under these new auspices, been wonderfully metamorphosed into a grave and unfitful species of geniality, which soothed and welcomed and at the same time controlled the variety of elements that composed his throng of customers.

curious moving scene it was, strangely panoic, and for that reason bearing with it its own rests. While order was preserved, and to some ree an atmosphere of quiet fostered, there was e sufficient freedom allowed; so that the men l not but feel perfectly at home. At the same they were protected from anything like angry ds, fighting, swearing, or drunkenness. This ection they most fully appreciated, as you may e by the sentences Hutton and his helper, Bill es, have just overheard from the farmer at the ner table, as his coffee was handed to him. ng *vis à vis* with another farmer, the following ɔquy took place:

Good place this!"

Ain't no noise, at any rate!" is the rejoinder. That chap 'pears to know his business, he do." Them walls is uncommon pretty. I shall g my missus down to have a look in some day," farmer No. 2.

Ain't no drunken rows nor nothing, and as good a as anything you would wish!"

was not long before the dainty prettiness of whole interior, and the substantial reality of its forts ranged about the bar, combined with the ɔted attentions of Etta, Mr. and Mrs. Clemence, one or two other friends to the cause, with ton's devoted service, began to secure real ularity to the new building.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PASSOVER.

Lesson for Aug. 7. Exod. 12: 1-14. Golden Text 1 Cor. 5: 7. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

HE time of deliverance for the children of el was at hand. One plague more terrible l all which had gone before was yet in reserve the former oppressors of God's people; death to enter into every house, and lay low the heir very family. God had sent unto Pharaoh and " Israel is My son, even My firstborn: and I unto thee, Let My son go, that he may serve Me: if thou refuse to let him go, behold, I will slay son, even thy firstborn" (Ex. 4: 22, 23). Pha- had refused, and Pharaoh's firstborn, Egypt's born, must be the victim of his folly. He had sured his puny strength with the Almighty, he must learn that He whose sword is death o foe to be trifled with. God had declared, in tion to this last plague, "But against any of children of Israel shall not a dog move his gue, against man or beast: that ye may know that the Lord doth put a difference between Egyptians and Israel" (Ex. 11: 7). What was difference? What is now the difference be- en God's people and the world? Redemption red and accepted.

he key to our subject is contained in our den Text, "Christ our Passover is sacrificed us." Sin has been to all of us a hard and bit- bondage. We have been slaves to impatience, ontent, unkind words and feelings, jealousy, ruth, meanness, perhaps secret impurity or dis- esty, and we have loathed ourselves at one ment, perhaps justified ourselves at another; anyway our lives have been "made bitter with d bondage," and often we have thought that the t lay with our circumstances, our surroundings, vith our natural character, or sometimes with unjust partiality of God who had placed others we thought in more favorable circumstances u ourselves. And God has waited until He ld detect in the midst of our sighing and aning, one real look upward, one answer to striving of His Spirit with us.

ut Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us. Lord said unto Moses and Aaron, "This nth shall be unto you the beginning of months: hall be the first month of the year to you." sacrifice of Christ is the beginning of all gs to the redeemed sinner. "Other founda- can no man lay than that is laid, which is us Christ" (1 Cor. 3: 11). "In the tenth day his month, they shall take to them every man a b." "They shall take," appropriate for nselves, so as to say, "This is my lamb, the rifice for me." Have we personally thus ap- priated "the Lamb of God who taketh away sin of the world"? Every father of a family was to take the lamb "according to the house of their fathers, a lamb for an *house*," not a lamb for an individual. O father, God's provision is for thee and thine house (Gen. 7: 1; Acts 16: 31). How far does thy faith reach? For whom dost thou count upon Him who was sacrificed for us? for thyself only? or for wife and children and servants? "If the household be too little for the lamb, let him and his neighbor next unto his house take it according to the number of the souls: every man according to his eating shall make your count for the lamb." It is a blessed sign when the house is too little for the lamb, when we go out and invite others to the Lord's Passover to make a claim upon His salvation and His strength.

The lamb must be "without blemish." God can accept no imperfect offering for sin, for He says, "that is an abomination unto the Lord thy God" (Deut. 17: 1). "And if ye offer the blind for sacrifice, is it not evil? and if ye offer the lame and the sick, is it not evil? Offer it now unto thy governor; will he be pleased with thee or accept thy person? saith the Lord of hosts" (Mal. 1: 8). Christ alone was without blemish and without spot. He "did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth" (1 Pet. 2: 22). The whole assembly of the children of Israel were to kill the lamb in the evening. Standing as their representative, to suffer in their stead, their hands must take its life, as the hands of guilty men have been imbrued in the blood of Jesus which was shed for them.

But that blood is the pledge of security; it speaks of ransom paid, of justice satisfied. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," is God's righteous judgment, but the sinless One adopted as His own humanity with all its sin and corruption, and He became upon the cross one Person in whom all other persons should be seen and dealt with. Thus the death which "came upon all men, for that all have sinned" (Rom. 5: 12), fell upon "the Man," and His blood poured out is the token that the law of sin and death has been fulfilled. The blood of the Passover lamb was to be sprinkled on the two side posts and on the upper doorpost of the houses, so that when the destroying angel came he should find the token that life had already been poured out.

Child of God, do you so fully believe in your oneness with Christ that you see it is impossible for God to condemn you, because the condemnation has already fallen upon Him, and do you see that this position of oneness with Christ involves necessarily the entire renunciation of your own life apart from Him. "None of you shall go out at the door of his house until the morning," under cover of the blood, the witness of life poured out, you are hidden undiscovered, under shelter; there remain abiding in Christ. A thought which is not sheltered by the blood is an open door to condemnation for the past and fresh falling into sin for the present. Away from our hopes, plans, regrets, experiences, and efforts, hidden from ourselves and from others in Christ, there alone we are safe. "And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are: and when I see the blood, I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt."

Security is however not all which Christ provides by the work of His redemption. The flesh of the lamb was to be eaten in the same night, "roast with fire" (literally crucified). Just as food renews the continual waste of our bodies, so Christ is our Life, taking the place of our old condemned life, pouring in His new life as we renounce the old. His death provides our standing, His life is our power. "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink His blood, ye have no life in you" (John 6: 53). Eating presupposes hunger, a sense of need, emptiness, and weakness. The children of Israel were called upon to leave their slavery and enter upon a journey unknown to them, untried and without provisions for the way. They were to leave behind all past experiences, and in view of such an undertaking they needed strength. This God gave through the Passover Lamb. And we are called to leave all slavery behind, and to take our journey toward and into the land of promise. Experiences of failure in the past are not to hinder us now, remembrances of hard bondage are to lose their hold upon us. The watchword is Forward, and in the strength of the Passover Lamb we must and we can go on. Although every step of the way is unknown to us, we have a leader with us who knows it thoroughly, and who demands only complete confidence on our part.

But they who eat of the Passover lamb must eat with unleavened bread and bitter herbs. Leaven is the element of corruption, and nothing which is corrupt must mingle with "the bread of life." Jesus warned His disciples of "the leaven of the Pharisees which is hypocrisy," and the leaven of Herod (Luke 12: 1; Mark 8: 15). And Paul thus exhorts us: "Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump? Purge out therefore the old leaven, that ye may be a new lump as ye are unleavened. For even Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us. Therefore let us keep the feast, not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth (1 Cor. 5: 6-8). "The old leaven," surely this is the old man, the "I," which, thank God, is crucified with Christ, and whose very existence we are privileged to deny (Rom. 6: 11). The unleavened bread is sincerity and truth, the true heart, full assurance of faith, hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and bodies washed with pure water with which we may draw nigh unto God (Heb. 10: 22).

One thing more we must notice, the attitude of the redeemed Israelites: "And thus shall ye eat it; with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand; and ye shall eat it in haste: it is the Lord's passover." "Let your loins be girded about and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord" (Luke 12: 35, 36). Ready to follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, ready for service or for suffering, for joy or for sorrow. All which was without the houses of the children of Israel must be left behind, no trifle must occupy them, they must live now in the future which was opening to them. A true soldier, a true servant, a true scholar, and still more a true bride is never preoccupied. Great things lay before them and little things must be sacrificed. The old associations must be renounced, nothing could make Egypt to be other than Egypt, and they must be ready to turn their backs upon it for ever. They were redeemed, and they must walk in the power of their redemption.

The moment came, of death to the firstborn of Egypt, of freedom to the Lord's firstborn. It was midnight, the cry of death arose and ran from house to house and from city to city; but with it came a pressure from the Egyptians to drive out the people of God, and they lent them jewels of silver and gold and raiment and they spoiled the Egyptians. He brought them forth also with silver and gold; and there was not one feeble person among their tribes. Egypt was glad when they departed; for the fear of them fell upon them.

The Sandwich Islander and the Lawyer.—While Hopu, a young Sandwich Islander, was in England, he spent an evening in a company where an infidel lawyer tried to puzzle him with difficult questions. At length the native said: "I am a poor heathen boy. It is not strange that my blunders in English should amuse you. But soon there will be a larger meeting than this. We shall all be there. They will ask us all one question, namely, '*Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?*' Now, sir, I think I can say, Yes. *What will you say, sir?*" When he had stopped, all present were silent. At length one of the company said that, as the evening was far gone, they had better conclude it with prayer, and proposed that the native should pray. He did so; and as he poured out his heart to God, the lawyer could not conceal his feelings. Tears started from his eyes, and he sobbed aloud. All present wept too; and, when they separated, the words, "What will you say, sir?" followed the lawyer home, and did not leave him till they brought him to Christ.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Irish Land Bill Passed through its Final stage in the British House of Commons on July 22d, and has been sent to the House of Lords. It has been materially altered since it was introduced by the government. A leading journal criticizing its present condition says: "During its progress through committee the bill was amended in important particulars, to suit the demands of Irish members, and if it is passed in anything like its present shape by the Lords, it will confer enormous benefits on the agricultural classes in Ireland. Though not so revolutionary as was demanded by extreme Land Leaguers, it is as radical a measure as would have any chance of serious consideration by the peers. Even extreme members of the Irish party privately admit that it is a great measure of reform, pregnant with happiness and prosperity for the distressful isle. A provision has been made in the amended bill to protect tenants who are victims of three bad harvests from eviction on account of arrears. Important provisions, intended to improve the condition of agricultural laborers, have been inserted, which must greatly benefit the most miserable part of the population by giving them proper dwellings and garden plots at reasonable rents."

The Success of the Land Bill in Alleviating Irish distress will, if it passes the House of Lords depend mainly on the capacity and impartiality of the commissioners who form the Board of Arbitration. Those named by the government are Mr. O'Hagan, who has held a leading position at the Irish bar for some years, and is a stanch Liberal. Mr. Litton, who is also a distinguished member of the Irish bar and a Liberal in politics. He has rendered great assistance to the government in the discussion on the Land Bill, and he and Mr. O'Hagan may be looked upon as champions of the tenant. The third is Mr. Vernon, who is popularly supposed to represent the landlords. The Home Rulers received Mr. Vernon's name with groans, and Mr. O'Donnell gave notice that unless he was left off the commission the Irish party would obstruct the appointment of all three members at every opportunity. The insertion of Mr. Vernon's name on the commission is regarded as an attempt to enlist the confidence of the landlords in the House of Lords. Their salaries will be $15,000 each per annum.

The Application for the Removal of William Penn's remains from England to Philadelphia has been courteously but firmly declined. The trustees of the Jordans, the burial ground where the corpse was interred, have sent to the American emissaries a letter in which they say: "The trustees, after careful consideration in a cosmopolitan spirit, deem it their duty to refuse the application. The retired spot where Penn's remains rest was *selected by himself* in the vigor of his life, and a removal would be repugnant to the known character of his sentiments. The trustees have received communications from influential friends and from most of the lineal descendants of Penn on both sides of the Atlantic, desiring that the proposal of the Pennsylvania Legislature may not be acceded to."

Russian Nihilism still Pursues its Machinations, so also do repressive measures. The St. Petersburg Press, including even the most moderate journals, are muzzled to the fullest extent, criticism on General Ignatieff's policy being in particular prohibited. The Czar continues to lead a most carefully-secluded life. His apartments are guarded night and day, he scarcely ever leaves them, and only one person at a time is permitted to enter them. Two of the ablest secret police agents have disappeared recently, one being found murdered in the park, while eight police officers are also missing.

Dr. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster, England, died July 18th. He was attacked on the previous Friday by erysiplas in the head, and the danger to his life was at once apprehended, and Sir William Jenner, the Queen's own physician, was summoned. He suffered severely until Monday night, when he died. Dean Stanley was probably better known in this country than any other English clergyman. He visited the United States in 1878 and was an honored guest of some of our most prominent men. He was also entertained by several clubs during his stay, not only Episcopalians, but Methodists and Baptists gave the Dean a cordial welcome. In public in England he gave many interesting reminiscences of his trip, and announced his hope of once more paying a visit to the country where he had received so many kindnesses. His last work on Christian Institutions has been widely circulated here.

Dean Stanley was the son of a clergyman who became Bishop of Norwich. He was born in 1815, and educated at Rugby under the famous Dr. Arnold. He studied at Oxford University, where he afterward became a regius professor and canon of Christ Church. He was appointed Dean of Westminster in 1864. He was an intimate friend of Queen Victoria and the late Prince Consort. His portrait and a sketch of his life appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of February 12th, 1880.

A Strange Story Comes from Russia. It is stated on apparently good authority that a young student has committed suicide under extraordinary circumstances. This suicide awakened the suspicions of M. Baranoff, the chief of police. He found the man apparently dead, but, in fact, still breathing and in a swoon. M. Baranoff, by the aid of doctors, applied restoratives to the dying man and obtained a confession from him. The student declared that he had formed part of a secret society of twenty Nihilists who had all sworn to kill the Emperor. They had drawn lots and it had fallen to his lot to carry out the plan of assassination on the 13th of July. *Nineteen daggers* were suspended over his head and his brother nihilists swore to kill him if he showed the slightest hesitation, but notwithstanding this threat his heart failed him, and he resolved to die by his own hand. Before breathing his last he revealed the names of his nineteen brother nihilists, who have been all secured by the police. It is believed that many young men have hastily joined the nihilists under a mistaken idea of the society, who would be glad to leave the order if they could do so safely.

A Council of Socialists from all Countries is being held in London. A report of the first meeting of the council says: "Delegates from various parts of Europe and America were present. About seven hundred attended, mostly workmen. Red flags were displayed. Mrs. Lecompte, an American lady delegate, described the disappointments of small farmers going west, depending upon the illusory promises of an emigration agent, and how the great capitalists in possession of the railways oppress the laborers and raise the price of food in the seaboard States. Louise Michel, the amnestied French communist, then spoke, and male delegates from America, Switzerland, Italy and Germany followed. Prince Krapotkine, the Russian socialist, applauded the assassination of several Russian generals." It is stated that it was originally intended to hold the meeting at Zurich in Switzerland, but the authorities interfered and forbade the council assembling there.

A Hot Wave Accompanied by Drought is Inflicting much suffering on Paris and London. In Paris a panic has been caused by the official announcement that, in consequence of the phenomenally hot weather prevailing there, the water supply is running short. At the best of times it is utterly inadequate to the wants of the population, and a drought at this moment would be quickly followed by a rapid rise in the city death rate. In London the weather continues dry and hot. Pall Mall and Regent Street are choked with dust. The water carts have altogether disappeared. The excuse is the scarcity of water. The *Post* advises pumping water out of the Thames. Several private citizens and representatives of business firms have complained at a police court against the water companies for shortening or cutting off the supply.

The Seizure of Tunis by the French has already become a fertile source of complications in North Africa and elsewhere. The Arab tribes on the frontier are in a state of great commotion, and have found an able and ubiquitous leader in Bou Amena, who has ravaged Oran, eludes the French troops sent against him, and retreats into the burning desert, whither, at this season, they not follow him. Some of the independent trit Morocco have sided with him, and many hun of Spanish settlers have been killed, which created a marked revulsion of feeling ag France in the Peninsula. A still more trouble incident is the rising of fanatical natives ar Sfax, a small but flourishing seaport of Tuni the borders of Tripoli, where there is a consi ble colony of enterprising Europeans. The l with difficulty escaped in boats to the ship many being wounded. The Arabs sacked French consulate, wounded some naval offi occupied the town, and refuse to allow the I troops to land. A French squadron bomba the town, attacked it in front, and occupied spite of vigorous resistance. Sfax was stro fortified by the Arabs and surrounded by trenches. The present agitation in Tripoli Algeria, and the uneasiness of France, of I and of Spain, all arising out of the annexatio Tunis, show what enormous dangers to the tinued tranquillity of the world lurk under crumbling throne of the Sultans.

The Leader of the Algerian Rebellion, wh name is now on all French tongues, is an extr dinary man named Bou-Amena. This stra fanatic, who has unfurled the banner of the Pro of Islam, and preaches war against the infidel the old Mohammedan spirit, has taken a sa character upon himself; or, as he pretends, been called to his work by a peculiar divine in vention. In other words, he claims to be a prop Bou-Amena appears to be an incorruptible enth ast, a splendid orator, and a skilful leader of A bands. He is a master of the peculiar A tactics. When he comes suddenly upon a tribe tells them that Allah has sent him to them for t earthly and heavenly salvation. The hour l appointed by Allah has struck, and, if the t joins him in his war upon the infidel, it will the triumph of the crescent.

The Charges Against Mr. H. M. Stanley, African explorer, of practising cruelty against natives and of trafficking in slaves, are denied b Belgian journal, which says: "Mr. Stanley's structions from the Belgian government, he sa are to send back to Europe any officer using fo against the natives. The men employed are free, and joined the expedition of their own wil They are well paid and well treated.

A Youthful Japanese Missionary, who was heathen boy till quite recently, as soon as learned that Christ was his Saviour, and was se ing other lost sinners like himself, at once show much anxiety to tell of Him to others. Mrs. B lagh, whose Christian school at Kobe, Japan, doing much good, says: "There, nearly a thc sand miles from us, where no missionary h been, this dear boy of *nineteen* has taught abc the true God. The Lord has blessed his effor and now he has sent to Kobe for one of the m sionaries to come and baptize thirty people—the people offering to defray the missionary's expens in coming." And she rightly adds, "How t Lord does use the weak things of the world confound the mighty."

"Coming Wars," by the Rev. M. Baxter. Two Pamphlets; price five cents each by ma *First Pamphlet* contains "Ten signs of the End, a Description of Approaching Events;" with t maps of the territory to be under Antichrist's ru and four large diagrams. *Second Pamphlet* contai valuable quotations from twenty-six Expositors the same subject. Address, with price enclosed THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New Yor

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JAMES GRAHAM'S BUSH LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

GRACE. A Sermon. By Mr. D. L. Moody.

THE ADVENT PARABLES. By Rev. R. Chester.

CURRENT EVENTS: The Sick-Room at Washington—The Cyclone in the West—Decorating a Heroine—Revolutionists in New York, etc.

PORTRAITS AND LIVES OF MESSRS. GEO. WILLIAMS, W. SMITH AND T. A. DENNY.

THE DOUBLE "COME." A New Sermon. By Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

TOUCHES OF REAL LIFE (Concluded).

The Red Sea. S. S. Lesson. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

FOREIGN TOPICS: The Land Bill in the British House of Lords—The Torpedoes Found at Liverpool—An Ominous Disturbance in India etc.

Messrs. FULLERTON and SMITH—The METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, Mr. Spurgeon's Church.

THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, LONDON.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Church.

In 1853 Mr. Spurgeon First Preaches in New Park Street, and Becomes the Pastor of the Church—The Building Enlarged—Exeter Hall Services—The Surrey Music Hall—A Fatal Panic—Foundation Stone of the Tabernacle Laid August 16, 1859, and the Opening Services Held May 1861.

THE readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, especially those to whom the sermons of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, published therein every week, have been blessed, cannot fail to be interested in the picture we give this week of the building in which those sermons are delivered. In our issue of October 24, 1878, we published a narrative of the events that led to this enormous edifice being erected, and to the formation of the church over which Mr. Spurgeon presides. But as many of our readers may possibly have missed that number, the following brief summary will be appreciated.

In the month of December, 1853, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, being then nineteen years of age, was invited to preach in New Park Street Chapel, Southwark, London. The congregation was a mere handful. The chapel was large and gloomy; but there was an improvement in the ordinary state of things every service, so that the building was soon crowded. Mr. Spurgeon's ministry was so acceptable and successful, that he received an invitation on April 19, 1854, to become the pastor of the church.

The chapel in the evening, when the gas was burning, was *like the black-hole* of Calcutta. One evening, in 1854, the preacher exclaimed, "By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, and by faith this wall at the back shall come down, too." An aged and prudent deacon, in somewhat domineering tones, observed to him, at the close of the sermon, "Let us never hear of that again." "What do you mean?" said Mr. Spurgeon; "you will hear no more about it *when it is done*, and therefore the sooner you set about doing it the better." A meeting was held, a fund was commenced, and in due course the building was considerably enlarged.

While this was being done, worship was carried on at Exeter Hall, the building now acquired by the London Y. M. C. A., from February 11, 1855, to May 27th of the same year. At this time paragraphs began to appear in the papers, announcing that the Strand was blocked up by crowds who gathered to hear a young man in Exeter Hall. Remarks of no very flattering character appeared in various journals, and the multitude was thereby increased. Caricatures adorned the printsellers' windows, the most ridiculous stories were circulated, but all these things worked together for good.

The return to Park Street Chapel even in its enlarged state revealed at once its inadequacy. The services in Exeter Hall had made Mr. Spurgeon's power as a preacher the talk of the whole city. Those who had heard him in Exeter Hall followed him to the enlarged chapel, and brought their friends with them, and the place would not contain half of those who struggled for admission. Hundreds had to be turned away at every service, and those who gained admission were subject to discomfort, for the crowding was excessive, and the heat overwhelming. In June, 1856, Mr. Spurgeon was again at Exeter Hall, preaching there in the evening, and at the chapel in the morning; but this was felt to be inconvenient, and, therefore, in August a fund was commenced to provide for the erection of a larger sanctuary. Meanwhile the Exeter Hall proprietors intimated that they could not let their hall continuously to one congregation; and just at the right moment, though not without trembling at the magnitude of the enterprise, a large music hall in the Royal Surrey Gardens, which had just been completed for the monster concerts of M. Jullien, was secured for Sunday evenings.

On October 19, 1856, a large number of persons, about seven thousand, were assembled there, and the service was commenced in the usual way. Just, however, as Mr. Spurgeon had commenced his prayer, a disturbance was caused, as it was supposed, by some evil-disposed persons acting in concert, and the whole congregation was seized with a sudden panic. This caused a fearful rush to the doors, particularly from the galleries. Several persons, either in consequence of their heedless haste, or from the extreme pressure of the crowd behind, were thrown down on the stone steps of the staircase and were trampled on by the crowd pressing upon them. The lamentable result was that *seven persons lost their lives*, and *twenty-eight were removed to the hospital seriously bruised and injured*. Mr. Spurgeon was so affected as to be seriously ill for some days.

For three years the music hall continued in a crowded condition at every service. All classes attended, both high and low. Hundreds of souls were led to Christ, and found in Him eternal life. On October 7, 1857, the day of National Humiliation for the Indian Mutiny, Mr. Spurgeon preached in the centre transept of the Crystal Palace to nearly 25,000 people, and the sum of £686 was paid over to the National Fund.

Meanwhile the collection of money for a new building went on, and in January, 1859, the cash in hand was equivalent to $47,231, and $25,000 of it was set aside to pay for the ground on which the Tabernacle now stands.

THE FIRST STONE

of the building was laid, with great rejoicings, on August 16, 1859, by Sir Morton Peto.

In May, 1861, after about a month of Opening Services, regular work was begun at the Tabernacle the whole of the premises being declared *free of debt*, the accounts showing that $153,526 had been received, and the same amount expended. The Tabernacle is 146 feet long, 81 feet broad, and 62 feet high. There are 5,500 *sittings* of all kinds. There is room for 6,000 persons without excessive crowding. The lecture-hall will hold about 900 persons, and the school-room 1000 children; besides which there are class-rooms, kitchen, lavatory, and retiring-rooms below, while upstairs, from the ground level to the second gallery, there are numerous convenient rooms and vestries. But the accommodation, vast as it seemed at first, is all too little for the immense work carried on, and the requirements of an immense and ever-augmenting membership.

During one of the preliminary services before the opening of the magnificent building, Mr. Spurgeon said, "The word *Tabernacle* involves a religious doctrine—namely, that we have not come to the *temple state* here; we are now passing through the *tabernacle-state*. We believe this building to be temporary, and only meant for the time that we are in the wilderness without a visible King. Our prayer is, 'Thy kingdom come.' We firmly believe in the real and personal reign of our Lord Jesus Christ, for which we do devoutly wait. *That is the reason why it is called a tabernacle, not a temple*. We have not here the King in person, the Divine Solomon; till He come, we call it a tabernacle still."

MESSRS. FULLERTON & SMITH: MR. SPURGEON'S EVANGELISTS.

Messrs. Smith and Clarke as Mr. Spurgeon's First Evangelists—Mr. Clarke's Health Failing Mr. Fullerton Becomes Mr. Smith's Coadjutor—Personal Characteristics and Deepening Success.

FEW men of any age have possessed the dual gifts of Evangelist and Pastor to a more remarkable degree than Mr. Spurgeon, and no age has produced his superior in encouraging and assisting others. His college has, perhaps, done more for the revival and maintenance of pure religion than any other institution during an equal period. The men of his training, but of God's calling, are to the front everywhere, and if his valuable life is spared and the help he needs is forthcoming, we shall see yet greater things.

It was a wise venture when he sent forth two evangelists, Messrs. Smith and Clarke, in 1878, to labor in the cause and kingdom of the Saviour as the church should open to them a door of utterance. To this day thousands cherish very fragrant memories of their mission in various parts of Great Britain.

It is all very well to quarry and to shape the stones of a building, but if at the same time we can put them into an edifice, energy is economized and effort is doubly rewarded. One of the growing evils of the age is that so many good men hold aloof from church fellowship, and it is no breach of charity to designate them spiritual nomads or religious *gypsies*. They are the "casuals" of the church, denying themselves "a local habitation and a name."

In the evangelistic movement which he projected and still directs, Mr. Spurgeon was resolved if possible, to win for Christian fellowship in worship and service Christians who held aloof from Church fellowship. In doing this it was not so much a feeling of jealousy for the honor of a denomination by which he was prompted, but to strengthen the Church of God, and to promote the growth of its members in all that goes to make up a robust spiritual manhood.

Messrs. Smith and Clarke were just the men for the work, and labored with zeal and discretion to justify their vocation. But for the failure of Mr. Clarke's health in April, 1879, the work begun would have been carried on by these two evangelists. Mr. Clarke was compelled to resign his appointment, and betake himself to a more congenial climate. The voyage to Australia proved most beneficial, and the Lord has owned his labors in the colony to a remarkable degree.

Greatly as Mr. Clarke's removal was deplored, the hand of the Lord was apparent, for an opportunity was furnished for bringing into the field

MR. W. Y. FULLERTON,

who had already given abundant evidence of his fitness for the work. While engaged in business at the West End of London, he devoted his evenings and his Sundays to the work of the Gospel, and while pursuing his studies in the Pastor's College, continued his labors in connection with "The Tabernacle Evangelists' Association" with a devotedness worthy of all praise.

From that time to the present Messrs. Fullerton and Smith have continued to co-operate, and they have been "in labors more abundant." With the prestige of their president, and the vantage furnished by their association with the Tabernacle, an ever-widening sphere of Christian activity and usefulness has been opened up to them, and they have won their way with all classes of the British community. They never stood higher in public esteem than they do now, as is abundantly attested by their three months' mission at Sheffield; and their services were never more earnestly in request. To God be all the praise!

Mr. Fullerton is a worthy colleague of Mr. Smith, and has all the qualities demanded by his position as a leader. There is none of the verdure of his native isle about him, if we except the perennial freshness of his spiritual life, and its outcome. Rich in natural endowments, profound in the intensity of his convictions, and mature in his Christian experience and attainments, he is just the man to make a preacher, and just the preacher to reach the people.

As an evangelist he may have some equals, but certainly no superior. To preach from eight to ten times a week; to conduct daily Bible readings; to give addresses at the noon prayer-meetings; to direct the difficult work of the inquiry rooms; to preside over a Bible Union numbering thousands of members; and to carry on all the correspondence incidental to so great a work, is to prove himself a man of no mean order. And to do all this, moreover, in a campaign in the same town extending over several months, is sufficient to stamp him as possessed of qualities which, in their exercise, magnify the grace of God.

Mr. Fullerton's distinguishing characteristic is the accurate and extensive knowledge of Scripture which he possesses, and the ready use he can make of it in his discourses. He is a Bible student, and rarely advances a truth without quoting texts in point, giving chapter and verse from memory. His command of anecdote is truly remarkable, and his skill in telling a story is only equalled by the adroitness of the application. It is impossible to

Half involuntarily the prayer arose from his soul, "Oh, great and gracious God, guide Thou me in safety through all peril; uphold and preserve me for Christ's sake, Amen." The sequel showed this prayer to be needed by the thrilling perils of the journey.

(To be continued.)

THE ADVENT PARABLES.

By Rev. Richard Chester, A.B.

I. The Ten Virgins—The Question Suggested—A Practical Lesson—Watchfulness Enjoined—For the Coming For the Saints—The Coming to Judgment at an Assigned Period—The Foolish Virgins—Excluded Because of Unreadiness—Not for Lack of Oil—What Constitutes Readiness.

THE parables of our blessed Lord contained in the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, may well be styled Advent parables, inasmuch as they constitute the conclusion, in the way of practical application, of the memorable predictions concerning "His appearing the second time," which are recorded in the preceding chapter. The first in order is that of

I.—THE TEN VIRGINS.

This parable has given rise to far more variety of opinion, and consequent diversity of interpretation, than any other which the Great Teacher has spoken. The exact period in the prophetic history of the advent to which the *then* with which it commences refers. The virgins, wise and foolish collectively, or the foolish as distinguished from the wise—who are they? Do they represent the Christian Church, or any portion of it? Or are they to be regarded as representing a Jewish remnant, distinguished and separate therefrom? Or are the foolish virgins to be regarded as only nominal believers, and as such finally excluded from the kingdom? or as real, but unready, believers, and therefore only excluded for a time? Again, what are we to understand as represented by "the lamps" and "the oil?"—the insufficient supply of the latter possessed by the foolish virgins?—the request for a portion of their oil, addressed by them to the wise?—their refusal, and the reason assigned for it?—and the subsequent "going to buy?"

All these questions have been asked again and again, and have been answered by replies for the most part widely differing the one from the other. My present purpose, however, is to establish the

ONE GREAT PRACTICAL LESSON

of this parable, the enforcement of which I reverently believe to have been the one object of Him who uttered it, rather than to answer any of these questions further than may be actually needful in the endeavor to effect such purpose.

To determine what that lesson is must be the first step toward a true and useful interpretation of the parable. Assuredly we have not far to seek in order to accomplish this. In chapter 24, verse 42, we read the exhortation: "Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come." The subsequent portion of chapter 24, in which our blessed Lord speaks of the "good man of the house," the "faithful and *wise* servant" (the same word in the original as that employed to designate the "*wise*" virgins), and the "evil servant," continues the same subject of *watchfulness*.

That the immediately succeeding parable of the Ten Virgins is spoken in further special enforcement of the need of such watchfulness, would seem to be put beyond question.

The great lesson of the parable, then, is simply that of *watchfulness for the coming of the Lord*. To illustrate the need for and the character of such watchfulness, the Lord makes use of the procession at a Jewish marriage, as a matter with which His hearers were most familiar; as an illustration, moreover, which was peculiarly apposite, inasmuch as the coming for which the watchfulness is enjoined is actually that of the Son of Man as bridegroom to take His bride to "the marriage supper of the Lamb." For this reason it would appear that He had previously employed the same illustration of a Jewish marriage when speaking upon the same subject of watchfulness (Luke 12: 35–38).

In order fully to realize the appositeness of the illustration thus employed, it is well to call to mind the customs of

A JEWISH MARRIAGE.

It was invariably *celebrated at night;* hence the lamps, or torches, and the oil. The bridegroom, accompanied by his friends, "the children of the bride-chamber" (Matthew 9: 15), "the friends of the bridegroom" (John 3: 29), goes to the house of the bride, and conducts her to his own home; or, should that be too narrow to receive the guests, to some larger apartment provided for the occasion. She is accompanied from her father's house by her youthful friends and companions (Psalm 45: 15); while others of these, the "virgins" of the parable, at some convenient place *meet* and *join* the procession, and enter with the rest of the company into the banquet hall.

Another point no less essential to the right understanding of this parable is the determination of the exact time to which the emphatic "*then*" with which it commences refers. *When* shall the kingdom of heaven present this aspect of readiness and watchfulness upon the part of some of its members, and unreadiness and unwatchfulness upon that of others, which the parable prefigures in its virgins? Will it be at the coming of the Lord in judgment upon His enemies, as spoken of in Matthew 24: 29–31? Or at that coming of the Lord *for* His saints, when "one shall be taken and the other left," as set forth in verse 36 to the end of the chapter? Most assuredly *it will be at the latter*.

That the Lord's coming with His saints to judge the world is ever set forth as a subject of watchfulness, or as taking place at an hour of which His disciples shall not be aware, I must take leave altogether to disbelieve. This coming will take place at *an assigned period* from the commencement of the "great tribulation," at the close of the 1260 days, or latter half of Daniel's seventieth week. It will take place when the nations are gathered in siege against Jerusalem (Zechariah 14). How, therefore, could the language of uncertainty, and the exhortations to watchfulness, based altogether upon that uncertainty, which our blessed Lord employs so frequently, refer to it? Do they not manifestly refer exclusively to that coming *for* His saints for which no date is given, no day assigned, and which no special signs are to precede?

Besides, the illustration of the marriage would be altogether unsuitable for and inapplicable to the coming of the Lord *with* His saints in judgment. Such will be a day, not of joy and gladness and festivity, but a "day of wrath," a day of "tribulation, and mourning, and woe." Previous to that day—we know not how long previous—the Lord will have come as the bridegroom for His Church, and will have taken her, His bride, to the marriage supper of the Lamb, which will take place, not on earth, but in heaven, and to which this parable beyond all question refers.

WHO ARE THE VIRGINS?

But it is objected that the virgins of the marriage procession cannot possibly represent the Church, being the bride, and that as there is no mention of, or reference to, the bride in the parable, it cannot apply to the Church at all. The reply to this, however, seems very simple, namely, that if the object of the parable be to inculcate watchfulness for the coming of the bridegroom previous to the holding of the marriage festival, its application *must* be to the Church; and further, that while the Church in her collective capacity is undoubtedly the bride, our Lord's object in this parable is not at all to speak of her in that capacity, but to give a most solemn warning to each individual member of the Church as to the need of individual watchfulness and readiness for His coming, illustrated by the procession of virgins at a Jewish marriage.

The presence or the mention of the bride is such a parable, spoken for such a purpose, would have been altogether out of place. Nor can there be any more valid objection to the virgins, for a specific purpose and for the inculcation of a specific lesson, here representing individual members of the Church, although the Church in her corporate capacity be the bride, than there is to "the *guests*" having, for a like reason, a similar signification in the parable of "The Marriage Feast and Wedding Garment" (Matthew 22: 1–14).

The actual cause assigned for the exclusion of the foolish virgins from the marriage seems to me to be the chief practical point in the parable, as inculcating the need of watchfulness, and as teaching the nature of that watchfulness and what it ought to be. They were excluded because of unwatchfulness and unreadiness, and these did not consist in their *never* having been possessed of oil. They had been manifestly possessed of it in the first instance, or the lamps would not have been alight at all. They had, it would further appear, *some* oil even when the awakening cry arose, otherwise they could not have trimmed their lamps or have said "Our lamps are *going out*" (see margin). Without oil their lamps would have gone out long before.

THE EXCLUSION OF THE FOOLISH VIRGINS.

Nor yet did the unwatchfulness and unreadiness of the foolish virgins, which caused their exclusion from the marriage feast, consist in the smallness or insufficiency of their supply of oil. When they came to the door after having gone to buy it would seem to be, at all events, the most probable inference—an inference which the parable in no way contravenes—that they had obtained and were in possession of a fresh supply of oil. They were excluded because it was "*while they went to buy that the bridegroom came*" (verse 10).

Even were we to suppose that they had not any oil, or but a very small supply of it, at the time of their coming to the door, we can scarcely, I think, regard such as the actual cause of exclusion. Oil, either in the lamp or in the vessel, however needful for the midnight procession on the dark road outside, can scarcely be regarded as essential for the lighted chamber of the marriage feast, and the want of it, therefore, as a sufficient reason for exclusion therefrom. *They were excluded, because when they came for admission "the door was shut!"*

The whole force of their exclusion—the entire lesson to be learned from it—turns, to my mind, upon this one fact, that they formed no part of the watching, waiting, ready procession *at the actual moment* of the bridegroom's coming; they were not with the other virgins at the open door at the critical time for entrance with the bridegroom, before he had gone in and the door was closed. Just when, more than at any previous time, they should have formed part of the watchful procession, they were employed and intent, not upon waiting for the bridegroom, but upon the procuring of oil.

If this be a correct view of the matter, then the teaching of the parable as to

WHAT CONSTITUTES READINESS

for the coming of the Lord, over and above the being numbered among His truly believing, blood-washed people, none save whom can possess the smallest pretension to readiness, is just that it consists in incessant watchfulness—unintermitting expectancy—such expectancy as will give continued occasion for the question, "Can I enter into this occupation, can I engage in that pursuit, assured that, were the Lord to come and to find me in the midst of it, there would be no displeasure upon His part—no fear, no shame upon mine?"

From the ordinary employments of the lawful calling, be they what they may, there need (in order to such readiness) be no shrinking whatever. We learn from a previous portion of this same discourse of our blessed Lord that of those who shall be engaged in their lawful avocations at the moment of the advent, some shall be "*taken*," while others shall be "left" (Matthew 24: 40, 41). But the pursuit, the occupation—whether it be in the way of business or of pleasure—which would cause us to entertain the hope that the Lord may not come while we are engaged in it, even as the unwise virgins of the parable must have hoped that the bridegroom would not come while they were absent from the procession upon their search for oil; such, if there be any significance in its teaching, must constitute the unreadiness, to warn each and all of His disciples against which is the special object for which this parable has been spoken by our loving Redeemer, and has been by the Holy Spirit recorded for our instruction upon the inspired pages of the blessed Word of God.

To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Bulletins Issued by the President's Physicians last week were full of hope and encouragement. There was no return of the chills which produced alarm on July 23d. The discharge of pus from the wound continued regular, and its properties on analysis showed that the healing process is satisfactorily progressing. Dr. Agnew, of Philadelphia, and Dr. Hamilton, of New York, the consulting physicians, have alternated their attendance at Washington, one or other of those eminent practitioners being always at the White House throughout the week. Dr. Agnew, in examining the wound on Tuesday, July 26th, detected the presence of two or three *sharp splinters of bone*, which he succeeded in removing with his forceps. This operation, though a painful one, gave the President much relief.

It has not yet been deemed prudent to attempt to extract the ball. Efforts have been made to ascertain its position by means of an electrical apparatus, called *the induction balance*, which when brought into proximity with metal gives a signal, and indicates how many inches the metal is from the electrical coil. The physicians are now agreed that the ball is lodged in the front wall of the abdomen, above the groin, and that it traversed a passage over twelve inches in length. Those who know anything of anatomy, and remember how many vital organs lie near the track of the bullet —organs which the missile must have almost touched, but yet did not injure—will see additional reasons for thankfulness to God for the Providential care evident in what some men call "a lucky escape."

The chief cause of anxiety now consists in the possibility that minute portions of the President's clothing may have been carried by the ball into the wound, and may produce inflammation; but with the acute watch now being maintained by the skilful surgeons in attendance, it is hoped that this danger may be warded off.

Two Important Inferences May be Drawn from the brave fight for life the President is making. All the physicians who have been consulted in the case concur in the opinion that, humanly speaking, his chances of recovery rest mainly on the way he has spent his past life. By regular and *temperate habits* his constitution was in the most favorable condition for sustaining a shock such as that of the attempted assassination, without developing the fatal fever which often results from gunshot wounds. Also that he has shown *cheerful resignation to the will of God* and a calm Christian equanimity in the face of death which could only spring from assurance of a personal faith in the Saviour, and this freedom from distressing anxiety is also a sign from which those about him derive encouragement. Young men may wisely learn a lesson from both these statements.

"I am Sorry for Conkling," said President Garfield, when told that Lapham and Miller were elected, "I should like to give him a foreign mission." There are few men, whatever may be their party affiliations, who will not admire the President for the Christian spirit displayed in that speech (Job 31 : 29). It shows that he has too much nobility of character to join in the unseemly vindictiveness shown by some journals, which have showered vituperation on a man in his defeat whom they lauded with fulsome adulation when he served their cause. Certain pusillanimous writers have even stooped so low as to charge on the fallen Senator and his friends *responsibility for Guiteau's crime*, have cabled to Europe their mendacious insinuations, and have thus misled the British press, which now moralizes over the evil influence of our system of government, as "a system capable of turning able statesmen into assassins." The men who thus slander their fellow-countrymen in foreign journals are traitors, to whom the example of the President may be commended.

The Foreign Trade of the United States for the year ending June 30th, 1881, has been summed up in an exhaustive report issued last week by the chief of the Bureau of Statistics. It appears from the report that during the fiscal year the value of the exports of merchandise amounted to $902,319,473, being *larger than ever before* in the history of the country. The value of the imports of merchandise amounted to $642,593,219, and was larger than during any preceding year with the exception of the year ending June 30th, 1880. Since the year ending June 30th, 1875, the total excess of the value of the exports of merchandise from the United States over that of the imports of merchandise into the United States has amounted to the sum of $1,180,681,641. We may reasonably rejoice over the unprecedented prosperity of which this return is an evidence. We should also remember the source and origin of our national wealth (1 Chron. 29 : 12).

The Daring Robbery of a Railroad Train on the Chicago & Rock Island Railroad, on July 15th, is one of those incidents which prove how prevalent now is the spirit of lawlessness which prophecy directs us to recognize as a sign of the last days. Just as the conductor gave the signal to start from Winston, Mo., two brigands jumped on the locomotive before it had got under way, and presenting their revolvers drove the engineer and fireman from their posts. The engineer, with some presence of mind, dodged before his engine and hid himself in front of the smoke-stack, where he rode unobserved on the pilot. Four confederates of the men who were on the engine then entered the smoking car. The conductor and a passenger made some show of opposition, but they were promptly shot. They then overpowered the express messenger, shooting at him and making him open the safe, from which they took $2000. The robbery occupied about twenty minutes and all the time the train was in motion. It was then stopped and the outlaws fled.

A Disastrous Cyclone Struck the Town of New-Ulm, Minn., situated on the Minnesota River, sixty-five miles from St. Paul, containing about 3500 persons, on the evening of July 16th. It seems that two currents of air swept the valley simultaneously, coming from different directions. The scene, as described in the dispatches, was appalling in the extreme. An eye-witness writes: "The storm burst upon the town in the form of a terrible hurricane from the west. *Darkness enveloped everything*, and it was impossible for friends to recognize each other at a distance of ten feet. Over a hundred residences—all of modest pretensions—were swept away by the wind in the twinkling of an eye, and several hundred persons rendered homeless. The German Methodist and the German Lutheran churches, both handsome edifices, were hurled to the ground in an instant, inflicting a loss upon each congregation of about $10,000. When the tornado struck the business centre of the town, the air was full, in a few moments, of flying timbers and débris of every description, fence boards, fragments of roofing, wagons, window sashes, doors, and all conceivable articles; while above the roar of the tempest could be heard the frantic shouts of men, *the piercing shrieks of women* and the agonizing wailings of children. The crash of falling walls was heard on every side, while ever and anon the scene of terrible picturesqueness was lit up by lurid flashes of lightning. For several minutes—which seemed almost an age—the play of the lightning was almost incessant, and nearly a score of buildings were struck and more or less injured by the electric fluid." Thirty persons are reported killed, and the loss of property cannot be accurately estimated, but is believed to exceed half a million dollars.

Sitting Bull with Two Hundred of his Tribe surrendered to Major Brotherton on July 20th. They marched to Fort Buford, Minn., and gave up their arms and ponies. Sitting Bull is reported as being sullen and insolent, but it is thought that kind treatment will soon make him satisfied. The telegram announcing his surrender says, "The government has accepted his surrender in good faith. A dispatch was forwarded to Standing Rock to inform Crow King and Low Dog of Sitting Bull's arrival, and it is believed that this news will remove any desire the Indians there may have to leave the agency." The Northern Cheyennes are very much dissatisfied with their present location in the Indian country, and want to go north to the Missouri River country. They wish to live at Fort Keogh, but there is no Indian reservation there. Secretary Kirkwood, of the Interior, and Mr. Lincoln, Secretary at War, recently held a conference on the subject at Washington, at which General Sherman and Little Chief were present. It was decided that a delegation of Missouri River Indians, including Spotted Tail, Red Cloud, Standing Bear, and others, should be invited to Washington early in September to discuss that and other questions with the authorities there.

Justice Nathan Clifford, of the Supreme Court of the United States, died at Cornish, Me., on Monday, July 25th. He had been ill since last October, when he was seized while on a train with *a paralytic stroke*. He partially recovered under treatment, but it was observed that his mental faculties were failing, and he never sat in court afterward. The immediate cause of his death was an injury to one of his feet, which produced gangrene and rendered amputation necessary.

Justice Clifford was born at Rumney, N. H., in 1803. After serving in several responsible offices in the State of Maine, he was elected to Congress in 1839. In 1857 he was nominated by President Buchanan Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, to succeed Benjamin R. Curtis, and was confirmed by a close vote in the Senate on January 12th, 1858. By virtue of his office he was president of the Electoral Commission in 1876, and although he arrived at a firm conviction of the validity of Mr. Tilden's election, he nobly sacrificed his personal preferences, when on the 4th of March he might, by a slight delay, have prevented a peaceful termination to the contest. At the celebration of his golden wedding, on July 4th, 1878, thirty-two children and grandchildren gathered at the house of his son in Portland, Me.

The Chinese Students in American Universities have been withdrawn, in compliance with an order issued by the Pekin government. It appears that an emissary of the government recently visited these students, and finding they had *cut off their queues*, and in other respects had conformed to American customs, he sent home an unfavorable report of the influences of American colleges. He declared that the effect of their sojourn was "to alienate the boys from their country and its customs, to undermine the most sacred traditional principles of government and society, to implant and foster seditious ideas, which would become the germ of social, if not civil and religious troubles among their own people." The Emperor of China is endeavoring to secure an American professor to conduct the education of the upper classes of Chinese boys *in China*. An offer of $100,000 for five years' service has already been made to one professor.

Another Munificent Gift has Been Made by Mr. George I. Seney, of Brooklyn, to the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., for the purpose of founding scholarships for meritorious students. The income of $100,000 is to be annually applied as follows: At the end of the next freshman year fifteen competitive scholarships, from $100 gradually ascending to $250, will be awarded in the order of proficiency, according to conditions to be hereafter announced. At the end of each sophomore, junior, and senior year, seven competitive scholarships of similar amounts will be awarded, the whole beginning with the next class, so that after the fund is in full operation, thirty-six competitive scholarships from $100 to $250 will be annually awarded to those who earn them.

The Confession Made by a Girl of Ladylike and prepossessing appearance, who was sentenced on July 27th, in Brooklyn, to imprisonment for two years and a half, for a series of sneak robberies, deserves notice as a warning. She stated that her life had been honest and virtuous until one day recently she attended a picnic of the employes in a house of business. There *she drank champagne* and became intoxicated. She did not remember what followed, but on awaking next morning her surroundings were evidence that her character was ruined. She lost her situation and in her poverty and desperation obtained a livelihood-by dishonest acts (Rom. 13 : 13).

The Fall of a Mountain in Montana is Thus described in the *Missoulian* of July 15th. "Citizens many miles away were startled by a loud noise in the mountains on the west side of the Bitter Root, the report resembling the firing of cannon and reverberations. The noise was caused by the falling of a high peak on one of the mountains about opposite Corvallis, and was so loud that it was distinctly heard at Eight-Mile, below Stevensville. Probably *thousands of tons of rock*, the foundations of which had been crumbling for ages, came down in the grand crash." It is hoped that no lives were lost by the descent of this immense mass of rock. How awful would have been the fate of any one who might have been in its track, imagination cannot conceive. Yet even that horrible end will be desired by impenitent sinners in the great day of judgment as preferable to that awaiting them (Rev. 6 : 16).

The Life-saving Heroine, Ida Lewis, now Mrs. Ida Lewis Wilson, has been awarded by Secretary of the Treasury Windom, the gold Life-saving medal in recognition of her services in rescuing a number of persons from drowning since the passage of the act authorizing such awards. Most of the rescues made were under circumstances which called for extreme and heroic daring, and involved the risk of Mrs. Wilson's life. Her heroism on various occasions has won her the tribute of her State's Legislature expressed in an official resolution; the public presentation to her of a boat by the citizens of Newport; a testimonial in money from the officers and soldiers of Fort Adams for saving their comrades; and medals from the Massachusetts Humane Society and the New York Life-Saving Benevolent Association. To these offerings is now fitly added the gold medal of the United States Life-Saving Service.

Leo Hartmann, the Notorious Nihilist, Arrived in New York on Thursday, July 28th. He is the man who planned and executed the attempt to assassinate the late Czar of Russia on December 2d, 1879, when the line of railroad between St. Petersburg and Moscow was blown up under a passing train, by which the conspirators supposed the Czar was travelling. Hartmann is an emissary of "the executive committee of the Russian Social Revolutionary Party," better known as the Nihilists, and in the commission he bears from that order, he is instructed to undertake "the great work of organizing and founding in Europe and America permanent bureaux for the purpose of disseminating our doctrines." Interviews with him have been published in the newspapers, in which he avows his determination to proceed with his wicked plots, and glories in the revolutionary deeds which have sent a thrill of horror through the world.

While Hartmann is spreading the doctrines of Nihilism in the city, and soliciting subscriptions to aid the order in its revolutionary work, O'Donovan Rossa, the Fenian conspirator, is inciting his fellow countrymen here to engage in work similar to that of the Nihilists, against England. In the columns of the journal he edits, appeals are regularly made to Irishmen to combine to destroy British ships in foreign harbors, although he admits that such attempts, if successful, might involve the death of citizens of the country which has given him shelter. With these and other unscrupulous foes of law and order laboring in our midst, it becomes Christians now more than at any past time to work diligently in the cause of the Prince of Peace (Titus 3 : 1, 2).

The Murder of Philip Klingen Smith is Reported from Mexico. His body, bearing marks of violence, was found a few days ago in a prospect hole at Sonora. He was once a bishop among the Mormons in Utah, and was one of the principal witnesses against John D. Lee and the Mormon miscreants who were responsible for the Mountain Meadow massacre. After the trial he fled to Arizona, where two attempts were made on his life. It is a startling sequel to one of the foulest chapters of Mormon history. What makes the fate of the witness terribly significant is his own prediction: "The Church will kill me sooner or later."

A Flagman's Neglect of Duty Caused a Collision on the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad on Friday, July 29th. A wrecking train was being loaded with the debris of a train which had been broken down by a collision, and a flagman was sent along the line to stop a fast heavy freight train nearly due. The flagman had other duties to perform, and he appears to have thought he had time, or had been instructed, to attend to them first. While he was doing so, the rapid freight train arrived and dashed into the wrecking train. How like this conduct was to that of some Christians, and even of some ministers, who fail to recognize what is their primary and most important duty (1 Cor. 2 : 2).

The Sudden Death of the Rev. John Q. Adams, of New York, on July 27th, has caused profound sorrow among his friends and those who were interested in his Berean Bible College. In a recent number we called attention to the useful work this institution has been instrumental in accomplishing, which will be suspended if not wholly terminated by the death of its founder. Mr. Adams was a native of Philadelphia, and at the time of his death was fifty-five years of age. The disease from which he died was aneurism of the heart.

The Marriage of Bright Eyes, the Indian maiden, to Mr. L. H. Tibbals of Omaha, the earnest friend of the ill-used Poncas, has been announced. Bright Eyes is twenty years of age, is a refined, well-educated, *Christian young woman*, of delicate and regular features, and pleasing manners. She attended school in Elizabeth, New Jersey, for several years, and was an apt pupil. She has only recently returned to her old home. She first appeared in public on behalf of the Poncas in the winter of 1879 and 1880, and her pathetic appeals did much to hasten the righting of the wrongs heaped upon the tribe. Mr. Tibbals is a journalist, who was moved to indignation by the wrongs inflicted on the tribe by the Interior Department under the Hayes administration, and who came east with Standing Bear, a Ponca chief, and made appeals for aid for the tribe. Bright Eyes joined them, and they met with good success on their mission. The acquaintance then formed between Mr. Tibbals and Bright Eyes led to their bethrothal.

The eloquent addresses of Bright Eyes will not soon be forgotten in New York and other eastern cities, where she appealed to American citizens against Mr. Schurz and his underlings. She concluded her last speech as follows: "It seems to us at times that this great government treats us more like dogs than human beings. I believe, however, that we are God's people, and He will not desert us. *It brings Christ nearer to my heart* to think that He suffered so when He was on earth. Please believe that we are human beings, and that we love and hate just as you do."

THE DOUBLE "COME."

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"AND the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come."—REVELATION 22 : 17.

How shall the Book Finish?—I. The Twofold Ministry—A Cry for the Coming of the Lord—Its Near Approach—A Cry to Sinners to Come—The First Call not Opposed to the Second—Must not be Obscured—They are Linked together—II. It is Secured — The Spirit and the Bride United—III. It is Increased—No Commission to the Unconverted—The Cry Perpetuated—The Torches of the Greek Athletes—Its Volume Swollen—Its Force Strengthened—IV. Urged on All who have Heard—The Commission—A Lay Preacher's Answer—A Little Italian Guide—How to Get at the Masses.

WE have open before us the last page of the Word of God. The Spirit of God will not dictate a single fresh line of truth. We have come to the last chapter, and very soon we shall reach the Amen. We are also, according to Divine revelation, approaching *the last page of human history*. So short a time will elapse before the present economy shall conclude that the angel saith, "Seal not the sayings of the prophecy of this book: for the time is at hand."

How shall the book finish? If we have come almost to its last verse, how shall it conclude? If we could have been asked by the great Spirit of God, How shall it close? what would have been our reply? We must certainly have left it entirely to His infinite wisdom; but what suggestions might we have made? Shall it finish with a promise? It is well that it should, and there is the cheering word for the righteous, "Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

But if we close with comfort for saints, what about the multitude outside? what about the tens of thousands who are perishing? Does not our love to sinners suggest that there should be a word to them? Shall it, then, be a word of threatening, stern and vigorous, to awaken their consciences, and convince them of sin? Here it is: "Without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie." Yet one does not like to finish with

A SENTENCE OF EXCLUSION.

The Old Testament closes with the word "curse;" let not the New Testament conclude in the same fashion. What, then, shall it be? Shall the last sentences be full of tender invitation and earnest entreaty to the sinner, bidding him come to Christ and live? Yes, let it be so: and yet shall we forget the Lord Himself while we are thinking of the sinner? He has told us that He will come, should not the very last word of Scripture have a reference to Him and to His glorious advent? Should not the Spirit at the last, as well as at the first, bear witness to Jesus? Shall not the last word that shall linger in the reader's ear speak of the approaching glory of the Lord? Yes, let it be so; but it would be best of all if we could have a word that would combine the four: a promise to the righteous, a threatening to the wicked, an invitation to the poor and needy, and a welcome to the coming One. Who could devise such a verse? The Holy Ghost is equal to the emergency. He can dictate such a verse; He has dictated it. Here it is in the words of our text: "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come."

"Come," is the word of the Spirit and the bride, and our text urges us to let it be our word, too, if we have ever heard it. "Let him that heareth say, Come." In trying to open up this passage we shall notice, first, that here is *a twofold ministry*, we are bidden to say, "Come;" but it is in a double sense: we say to Jesus, "Come," and we say to the sinner, "Come." Secondly, we shall notice how *this twofold ministry is secured*, "the Spirit and the bride say, Come;" this is actually and perpetually done according to the ordinance of God. Then, thirdly, we shall see how *this twofold ministry is to be increased*—let him that hear-

eth add a new voice to that which is already speaking, and let him say, "Come!" In conclusion, you who are hearing ones shall have *this twofold ministry urged upon you.* May the Spirit of the Lord bless our discourse to him that heareth.

I. First, then, let us consider the twofold ministry.

There is in the text

A CRY FOR THE COMING OF THE LORD.

If you read the verse in connection with that which goes before it you will be persuaded that the cry of the Spirit and the bride is addressed to the Lord Jesus concerning His second advent. As the echo of the Saviour's previous words, "Behold, I come quickly," the Spirit and the bride say, Come.

This cry is continually going up from the Spirit and from the Church of God; and the more gracious the season the more intense the prayer. Because we have the first-fruits of the Spirit we groan within ourselves for the glorious manifestation of our Lord. Just as the twelve tribes, serving God day and night, looked for the first coming, so ought all the tribes of our Israel, day and night, without ceasing, to wait for the Lord from heaven. We are looking for the blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. "Even so, come, Lord Jesus" is the desire of every instructed saint.

I shall not go into any details about when He will come; I will not espouse the cause of the pre-millennial or the post-millennial advent; it will suffice me just now to observe that the Redeemer's coming is the desire of the entire Church; and "unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation." The ministry of prayer for the coming of the Lord ought to grow more and more fervent as the years roll on; even as the watchers look for the morning the more eagerly as the night wears away. Certainly *the time draweth nearer, and the event can hardly be far removed;* therefore let the prayer be general and eager till our Lord heareth it.

> "Hark how Thy saints unite their cries
> And pray and wait the general doom!
> Come, Thou, the soul of all our joys!
> Thou, the Desire of Nations, come!"

Let every one that hears the prophecy of our Lord's assured coming join in the prayer, "Thy kingdom come."

But there is a second ministry of the Church, which is *the cry for the coming of sinners to Christ.* In this respect "the Spirit and the bride say, Come." It is a very sad calamity when any church ceases from its mission work; it is clearly out of fellowship with the Spirit of God, and has ceased to work with Him. The cry of "Come" should never cease at any time or in any place; but it should be addressed to all men, as we have opportunity. The world should ring with "Come to Jesus! Come to Jesus! Come and welcome, sinner, Come." The Spirit abides here, and the Church abides here, that together they may continually cry, "Let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

This, then, is the double ministry, and I want you to notice that *the first call is not opposed to the second.* The fact that Christ is coming ought never to make us any the less diligent in pressing sinners to come to Christ. I deeply regret when I see persons so taken up with prophecy that they forget evangelism. Trumpets and vials must not displace the Gospel and its invitations. By all means *pray fervently for the advent,* and search the roll and see what the Spirit saith concerning it; but still look on the world that lieth in the wicked one, and let its sorrows command your tears, let its sins excite your zeal. Go out into the world and cry, "Come," and the Spirit of God will cry with you, and by your cry many shall be brought to Christ that they may live. A desire for the personal coming of the Lord is by no means antagonistic to the resolve to labor on in His absence, in the hope of subduing the world to His gracious reign.

Again, *take heed that the second call never obscures the first.* Albeit we are to seek sinners with all our might, and to compel them to come in to the marriage supper, yet we must not forget whose marriage it is, nor cease to pray for the majestic appearing of our Lord, the Prince of life. Despise not prophesying. Be taken up with evangelical work; let it fill your heart, and fill your hands; but, at the same time,

WATCH FOR THAT SUDDEN APPEARING

which, to many, will be as unwelcome as a thief in the night.

Let the two *comes* leap at the same moment from your heart; *for they are linked together.* Christ will not come until He hath gathered unto Himself an elect company; therefore, when you and I go forth and say to sinners, "Come," and God blesses us to the bringing of them in, we are doing the best we can to *hasten the advent* of the Son of man. Jesus will not descend till He hath borne long with the ungodly, until indeed His word shall have been preached throughout all nations for a testimony against them, and then shall the end be. Brethren, the two truths work together as a matter of fact, and we are not to dissociate them. Look for the Lord's coming, and then work toward that coming, by bidding sinners come to Christ and live. To my mind the doctrine of the coming of Christ ought to inflame the zeal of every believer who seeks the conversion of his fellow men; and how can he be a believer if he does not seek this end? The Lord cometh quickly: O sinner, come quickly to the Lord, or it may be too late for you to come.

I am sure that everybody who is eager to save souls will soon be driven to desire the advent. If we vehemently cry "Come" to the ungodly, and see their rejection of the Gospel, we shall at times become so cast down that we shall cry, "Come, Lord, and end this dreary age. Men reject and despise Thee, and Thy servants are distressed; it is time for Thee to interpose, for they make void Thy law." Go into a heathen land and see their images, and preach to them concerning the true God; and when they reject your testimony you will be driven to cry, "Come, Lord Jesus." Stand in a Popish country and see them altogether given to their idols, and worshipping crosses and relics, and you will soon cry, "Come, Lord Jesus." The vehemence of your desire for the destruction of evil and the setting up of the kingdom of Christ will drive you to *that grand hope of the Church,* and make you cry out for its fulfilment.

There is no need to say more about this twofold ministry; only let its two parts be evenly balanced; let there be prayer to our Lord, "Come quickly!" and an equal measure of entreaty to sinners, "Come to Christ!" Blend the two in wise proportion, and set both on fire. Tell of Christ's coming to judgment, and then invite men to come to Christ for mercy. Warn them that He is on the way; but tell them that He waits to be gracious, and that while He lingers they have space for repentance. You will thus both drive and draw, both convince and comfort, and your testimony will have two hands with which to bear men to their Saviour.

II. And now, secondly, let us note that this twofold ministry is secured. According to our text,

THE SPIRIT AND THE BRIDE

say, Come." They always do say it, and always will say it till Jesus comes.

The Spirit says it. What a cry must this be which comes up from the Spirit of God Himself! Given at Pentecost, He has never returned nor left the Church, but He dwells in chosen hearts, as in a temple, even to this day. With groanings that cannot be uttered He maketh intercession for us, and this is one of his intercessions, "Come, Lord Jesus." We are sure that Christ will come, if for no other reason, from this fact that the Spirit cries "Come;" for the Spirit cannot plead in vain.

This also is certainly fulfilled by *the Church* wherever she is a true Church. Note, that here she is called "the bride." A bride is one that has been chosen from among others and set apart by love to be specially dear to him who chose her; so is the Church chosen by God's eternal election and by the love of Christ, to be Christ's beloved forever. Joy, joy, joy awaiteth the elect Church of Christ. Ere long shall heaven and earth be filled with the splendor of *the nuptials of the King of kings,* when He shall take to Himself His great power and reign, and take to Himself His bride, who shall then be called the Lamb's wife. Even to-day the Church is the bride of Christ, reserved unto Him alone.

This Church, which deserves to be called "the bride," is always fulfilling the double ministry which lies in the cry of "Come." Her prayers rise to heaven incessantly for her Bridegroom's appearing.

> "Come, Lord, and tarry not;
> Bring the long-look'd-for day;
> Oh, why these years of waiting here,
> These ages of delay?"

And then she turns round to an ungodly world and she cries, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, let him come." So, you see, the Church speaks up to her Lord that she may bring Him down, and she speaks down to the world that she may bring sinners up to Christ.

Thus our God secures the ceaseless double ministry; for while the Spirit is upon the earth, and the Church is yet among men, the two together will continually say, "Come."

I think I have sufficiently shown the character of this twofold ministry, and how our God has provided for its continuance.

III. I want your practical attention, and your prayers, while we speak upon the way in which

THIS TWOFOLD MINISTRY IS INCREASED.

"Let him that heareth say, Come." The hearing man is to say, "Come," but the unconverted man is not bidden so to do. I want you to notice the gradations. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come;" that is actually done. The man that "heareth" is bidden to say, "Come;" this should be done. But the man who is thirsting is not told to *say,* "Come." No, he cannot say "Come" till he has first come for himself. The exhortation, then, to say "Come" is only addressed to those who drink of the water of life. You that are not saved cannot invite others. How can you? You do not know the way, you do not know the blessing to be found in that way.

A more pitiable being than a man who tries to preach before he is converted I can hardly imagine, and it is lamentable that there are in England hundreds of men ordained to the Christian ministry who themselves do not know what it is to be born again. They are preaching mysteries in which they have no fellowship. This is unhappy work and unlawful work. "Unto the wicked God saith, What hast thou to do to declare my statutes?" Yet all of you who have really heard the Gospel with opened ear, and received the truth of God by faith into your souls, are called upon to cry, "Come." Every man that has really heard and learned the Word of God, is to go forth, and bid others come to Christ.

See, brethren, how this *perpetuates* the cry. I have cried, "Come;" but my voice will be hushed in the grave ere long. Younger men who have heard through my voice, will cry, "Come" when I am silent, and those that hear *them* shall cry, "Come" when that generation shall have passed away. As in the old Greek games *the athletes ran with torches,* and one handed the light to another, and thus it passed along the line, so is it with us. Each man runneth his race, but he passeth the torch on to another that the light may never go out from generation to generation. "Let him that heareth say, Come."

This precept secures the *swelling of the volume* of the cry; for if every man that hears the Gospel is to cry, "Come," then there will be more voices and yet more. What a feeble few they were who stood up at Pentecost, and by the mouth of Peter began to say, "Come." When each man went out to preach, though they spoke in all kinds of voices, they were but a few that said, "Come;" but ere the sun went down there were three thousand baptized into Christ, every one ready to say, "Come." Ere centuries had passed all Europe had heard the voice of those who said, "Come."

"The Lord gave the word: great was the company of them that published it." If at this time we could arouse all that hear the Gospel to say, "Come," what a chorus it would be! All the

world would hear it. If all who go down to the sea in ships knew the Lord, and would say, "Come;" ay, if every Christian traveller would take care to proclaim the Gospel wherever he went, what holy voices would be heard in nations that as yet are ignorant of Christ! The volume swells, the sound rolls like thunder along the heavens when all that hear it say, "Come."

And how *the force of it is strengthened!* When one man saith "Come," and tells out the Gospel tale, men may doubt it. Another steps in and says, "Come," and in the mouth of two witnesses the whole shall be established. If another and another shall say, "Come," if each one shall bear witness to the sweetness and the love of Christ, many will be driven to Christ by the power of such repeated testimonies. There is a young man whose sister has been saved; he laughs at her. His mother is converted; he smiles at her. His father is converted; he begins to think. His brother is converted; one after another all in the house are renewed. They all beseech him; they pray for him; they tell him the way of salvation, and at last he must yield. When so many surround him the testimony is so strengthened that the Spirit of God blesses it to his conversion.

IV. I may not linger longer over this, for I must advance to the fourth part, which is the most practical. This is my point; this twofold ministry is

URGED UPOM ALL WHO HAVE HEARD

the Word of God. I will leave the point of saying "Come, Lord Jesus" till the close of the sermon, and as it is not easy to ride upon two horses at once, I will keep to that part of our ministry which consists in bidding the thirsting ones come to Jesus.

First, dear brother, dear sister, you who have with the ear of your inner nature heard the Word of God, you are called to cry to others, "Come to Christ." You are called to this work by an *obligation*—the fact that you have received a very gracious privilege. Somebody else brought the Gospel to you, for faith cometh by hearing, and you heard the report, and therefore you live. Are you not under a moral obligation to carry the Gospel to others that they also may hear it and be saved? Remember how many lived and died to bring you the Gospel. Had it not been for men who burned at the stake, there might have been no Gospel preaching in England; had it not been for those near and dear to you, who loved you, and prayed for you, and wrestled for your salvation, you might have been in the midst of Gospel light, and yet never have seen a ray of it. Are you not a debtor henceforth to all around you? Ought you not to repay your debt by laboring for others as others labored for you?

Now,

LISTEN TO YOUR COMMISSION.

"Let him that heareth say, Come." A believer preaching in the street was accosted by a gentleman who had been ordained to the ministry. Hands which belonged to arms decorated with lawn sleeves had been laid upon this gentleman's consecrated pate, and he was thereby made into *an authorized minister*. A wonderful thing this! How is it that those of us who were never the subjects of this solemn imposition manage to win souls for Christ? However, this man preaching the Gospel in the street was stopped and asked by this successor of the apostles what right he had to preach; and he was not slow to give an answer. The preacher quoted this text—"Let him that heareth say, Come." "I have heard the Gospel," said he, "in my own soul, and that is my permission to go and preach it, and I shall not be stopped by you."

You who preach the Gospel in the streets are often called *lay preachers;* but indeed you are as much God's clergy as any others; for the apostle Peter distinctly calls the whole Church, or, if you please, the mere laity, God's heritage, or in the Greek, God's *cleros*, in that memorable verse addressed to ministers, which warns them against being "lords over God's clergy." All of you who believe in Jesus are God's clergy, and are authorized to speak the word in some form or other. Yea, *the women have their places;* even though they are forbidden to preach in the public assembly, there are times when they may address their own sex and others, much to the glory of God. Let them speak without fear, as often as God gives them opportunity, in their own modest, affectionate way. Let them tell of Jesus and His love.

Somehow or other you are all to say, "Come," whether you be men or women, ignorant or learned; and here is your permit for doing it: "Let him that heareth say, Come." Let him begin to say it as soon as he has heard it, let him keep on saying it as long as he lives.

"His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim;
'Tis all my business here below
To cry, 'Behold the Lamb!'

"Happy if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
'Behold, behold the Lamb!'"

This is your commission; mind that you attend to it. O ye commissioned officers of Christ, see that ye sound aloud your Master's word.

The text saith not, "Let him that has heard," but, "him that heareth," that is to say, let the man who is still hearing the voice of God speak. Hear, and then tell what you hear. I have seen pictures of a pope which represent him with a dove sitting upon his shoulder, insinuating that he receives divine intimations. I am afraid that the bird is a raven in the case of these so-called heads of the church; but in the case of humble believers, the Spirit is present revealing Christ to the heart, and that which is revealed is to be spoken by us. There is your qualification; you have proved the truth of God in your own soul, and so can speak experimentally; you have found Christ; you have drunk the living water, and you can say, "Come."

I wanted a drink *one day in a thirsty place in Italy*, and by the coachman's help I asked at a house for water. The owner of the house was busy and did not come to show me where the water could be found; but he sent a girl with me; she was very little, but she was quite big enough, for she led the way to a well, and I was soon refreshed. She had not to make a well, but only to point it out, and therefore her youth was no disadvantage. We have not to invent salvation but to tell of it; and therefore you who are but babes in grace can perform the work. You have heard the voice of Jesus say, "Stoop down and drink, and live;" go forth and echo that voice till thousands quench their thirst.

Your *message* is a very simple one: "Let him that heareth say"—a long and difficult sentence in Latin? No. Is he to repeat a very complicated piece of Miltonic blank verse? No. "Let him that heareth say, *Come.*" "I can say that," says somebody. Mind you do, brother. Just go and tell people that Jesus died; tell them that "whosoever believeth in Him is not condemned." Do not be too long over it, it is

ONLY ONE WORD,

you know: "Let him that heareth say, *Come.*" Be very earnest about it. There are many ways of saying it—mind you say it in the best possible manner. And then, as the message is very short, repeat it often:

"Tell me the story often,
For I forget it soon."

Tell it over and over again, since it is all in one word, "Come." Mind you do not add anything else to it. Do not tell them to bring a price; do not tell them to prepare themselves, and to do this or that; but just say, "Come, Come, Come away from your selves, Come away from your sins, Come away from your righteousness. Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus, sinner, Come!" It is a very short message.

And so I conclude by saying, *Take care to recollect that yours is a two-fold ministry*, and so when you have said "Come" to the sinner, mind you back it all up with prayer. Go home and say, "Lord, come to these poor sinners by Thy grace; Lord, come, I pray thee, come, that this poor work of mine may be ended, because a greater work shall be accomplished by Thy coming." Let your heart cry to your Lord, "Come;" for then you will not be engrossed with the world. No man will be anxious for Christ to come while he has everything he wants here below, and is quite satisfied with it. The miser and the voluptuary do not want the Lord to come; they are so glued to this world that they dread anything that might change their relation to it. You must set loose by the world, or you cannot sincerely say to Jesus, "Come," and that is the very spirit of an earnest worker.

You must say, "Come," because you are

READY TO WELCOME CHRIST;

that is the way in which to preach the Gospel. I have no right to preach a sermon which I should be ashamed for Christ to hear. You and I ought so live that if our Lord were to come we should not be afraid, but should just go on doing what we have in hand. We ought to live so that if it were a part of the programme that Christ should come at twelve o'clock, we should finish life beautifully at that very hour, and look at the great Judge, and rejoice to appear before Him. This is the spirit in which to go on saying "Come" to sinners.

Hear the wheels of your Master's chariot behind you; then you will not be dull in preaching the Gospel. Feel that men will soon have to stand before the judgment-seat of Christ; then you will not be cold in your delivery. Expect that very soon you, too, must give in your account before the great white throne, and even think you see it, and see yourself and your hearers standing before it; then will you preach as though you ne'er might preach again, a dying man to dying men; and so the "Come" of prayer will help you when you deliver the "Come" of invitation, and you will be enabled to make full proof of your ministry.

I must add how pleased I was when I was seeing applicants who wished to join the church, to see that God is blessing many of you in the conversion of souls. One or two of the number were converted under my ministry out of some fifteen or sixteen; but the most of them were under your ministries; and one another of my beloved members had brought others to Jesus. I noticed

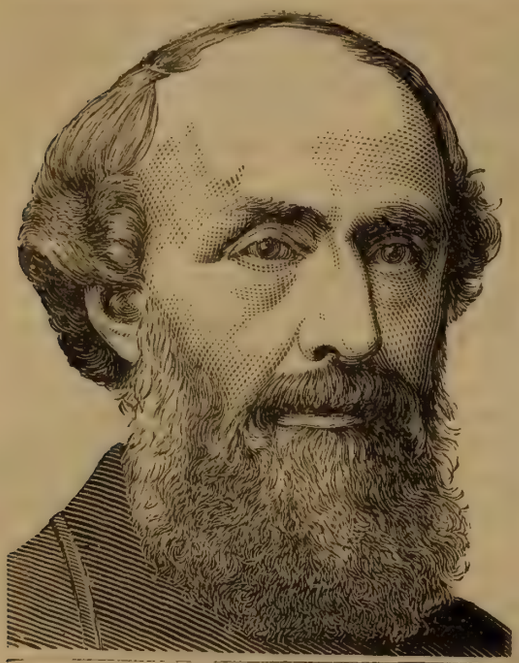
FOUR LITTLE ROOMS

scattered in and about Bermondsey to each of which God had been pleased to give conversions through prayer-meetings, or the preaching of certain younger brethren. I am right glad of that, and I wish we had hundreds of such room and cottage meetings.

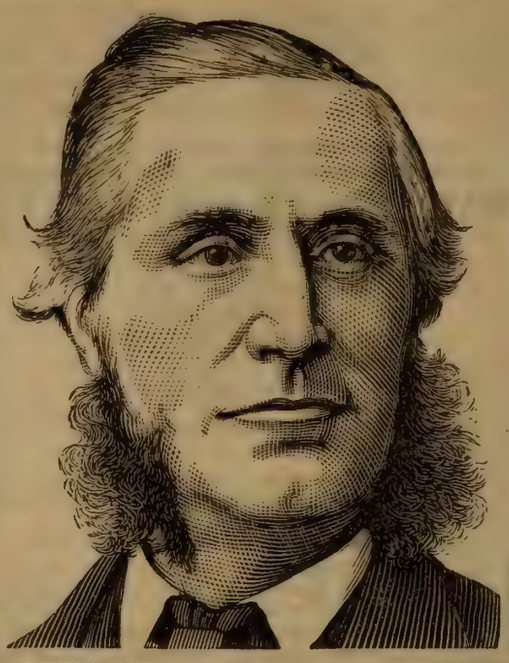
This big city of London will never be evangelized by our great assemblies. If all the chapels were filled, which they are not, and if all the churches were filled, which they certainly are not, then a large proportion of the people could not get in. But, alas, they do not come to worship; they will not come. I do not think they understand some of my brethren, for they talk too grandly; some ministers have not learned to talk English, they speak a kind of French-Latin-English; it is not the Saxon English which the people know; and as they do not understand what is preached they do not care to come. *The way to get at the masses* is to reach them by twos and threes—I am sure of it. Get them into your houses, talk about Jesus Christ in your parlors, in your kitchens, in your bedchambers, in the corners of the streets, anywhere. I am so glad that very many of you do so; go on and prosper. It will not matter whether I live or die if you all become ministers. Would God that all the Lord's servants were prophets. May every one of you live to win souls. "Let him that heareth say, Come." God help you to do it, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Revelation 22.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 230,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]



Mr. George Williams.



Mr. W. Hind Smith.

Mr. T. A. Denny.

CHRISTIAN BENEFACTORS OF YOUNG MEN.

THE departure from New York on July 16th of fifty-three delegates of the Young Men's Christian Associations of America to attend the International Conference in London has attracted public attention to this department of Christian work. We give this week portraits of the eminent men very closely identified with the Y. M. C. A. of London, both by pecuniary gifts and active personal work, who have arranged to give a hearty welcome to the American delegates.

MR. GEORGE WILLIAMS,

whose name has been honorably connected with the rise and progress of the Young Men's Christian Association, is a native of Somersetshire, England, but at a comparatively early age entered the well-known dry goods house of the late Mr. George Hitchcock, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. It is a house in which the services of a considerable number of young men are required, and having given his own heart to the Saviour, the first and paramount duty which presented itself to Mr. Williams was to adopt some plan which, by God's blessing, might be the means of enabling the thousands of young men employed in the great houses of business to "cleanse their way" amid the temptations and defilements of city life.

At the period at which the Young Men's Christian Association was originated, there were probably about 150,000 young men in London: These were either clerks in banks, counting-houses, or in the offices of professional men, or assistants in the various departments of wholesale and retail trade. Commercial assistants generally lived in the houses of business in which they were employed, and at times, though they commenced work before eight in the morning, the toil of the day did not end till long after midnight. In very few houses was there any sitting-room provided beyond the place of refreshment, and that was not infrequently the kitchen of the servants.

Such may be said to have been the state of matters in houses of business generally when Mr. George Williams started a prayer meeting in Mr. Hitchcock's commercial establishment, and the blessing which rested upon this movement soon became manifest in the conduct and conversation of those who were prevailed on to attend.

The result of meetings of this character was most encouraging, and on June 6, 1844, the resolution was taken to form a "Society for Improving the Spiritual Condition of Young Men engaged in the Drygoods and other Trades." Mr. Williams had the joy of seeing the good seed grow which he had dropped in simple faith and earnest prayer, and soon the meetings were held in a large room in a hotel. This went on from their commencement in 1844 until 1851.

Mr. Williams married the daughter of Mr. George Hitchcock and succeeded to the business of the latter after his death in September, 1863.

Religion, it will readily be believed, was the mainspring of the establishment. In the daily routine of business, young men came to Mr. Hitchcock to seek employment. He saw them all himself, and the business inquiry, "What department?" was invariably followed by the sharp, incisive question, "*Do you know Christ?*" This question was generally followed by prayer as well as by instruction, and frequently accompanied by the gift of a suitable book. It may be added that his wife and his elder children were brought to religious decision by his personal entreaties.

All the employee's still meet every morning for prayers. The library contains upward of 2000 volumes, all departments of English literature being well represented; it is also furnished with an organ, and not the least interesting treasure in this room is the album, which contains the portraits of many who have been connected with the firm.

In 1851 Mr. Williams went to Paris, to encourage Mr. Cook and his friends to form the "Union Chrètienne," and he has also visited Germany and Holland with the one object before him of forming Young Men's Christian Associations, as so many harbors of refuge to the young men of our great cities, surrounded as they are by temptations and dangers to which so many hundreds if not thousands, annually fall the victims. He has lately given a donation equivalent to $25,000 toward the $125,000 required for the purchase of Exeter Hall, for the Y. M. C. A.

MR. W. HIND SMITH.

Mr. W. Hind Smith, the General Secretary of the London Y. M. C. A., which now has its headquarters at Exeter Hall, was appointed to his present important post in February, 1879. He is fifty-two years of age. Though not as yet so well known in London as in the north, Mr. Smith's energy, urbanity, and high Christian character have already gained for him a wide circle of friends in the metropolis. After many years of most successful labor in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association in Leeds and Manchester, Mr. Smith accepted the cordial invitation of the London Committee to act as co-secretary with Mr. W. Edwyn Shipton, whose feeble health made assistance necessary. On the retirement of Mr. Shipton a few months later, Mr. Smith accepted the entire responsibility of the post thus vacated, and since than has devoted himself to his arduous duties with results which may fairly be described as surprising.

Since his accession to office the membership has greatly increased; the rooms of the branch in Aldersgate Street have presented an improved appearance; the East Central Branch has been opened; and now Exeter Hall has been adapted, as described in our number of May 26th, to the work of the Association. In all these varied operations Mr. Smith has rendered invaluable help, and the supporters of the Association have had their confidence in its usefulness increased by his wise and careful superintendence.

In 1874 Mr. Smith visited the United States as the representative of the British Associations, and received from all classes a warm and kindly reception. His graceful, spiritual, and effective addresses were heartily commended by the press. But Mr. Smith carried back with him what was far more important than any amount of compliment—viz., the results of wide and accurate observation of Y. M. C. A. work in some of its most remarkable developments—observation which has stood him in good stead in his important work in England.

Mr. Smith is *an ardent teetotaler*, and while not obtruding his views on the temperance question so as to interfere with any other part of the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, he may be relied upon to lose no opportunity of creating a healthy opinion among the young men under his influence on the subject of total abstinence. The efforts of his accomplished and gifted wife in the temperance cause have been very influential among ladies. The Bishop of Manchester referring some time ago at a public meeting to the beneficent labors of Mr. Hind Smith in Manchester, specially adverted to the useful influence of Mrs. Smith also.

MR. T. A. DENNY.

Among the most munificent living supporters of evangelistic work in England, no name is entitled to more respect than that of Mr. T. A. Denny. His manly form and genial face may be seen at almost every great gathering which has for its object the spread of the truth among the masses. Many of his most recent benefactions, as well as much personal labor, have been given to the Salvation Army, of which he is a prominent supporter. He has also taken much interest in the Christian Colportage Society, which held its annual meeting in his drawing-room, at 7 Connaught Place, London W., last month.

When the scheme which Mr. George Williams had the honor of initiating for the purchase of Exeter Hall, was laid before Mr. Denny, after careful consideration he entered heartily into it, and in

connection with his brother, Mr. E. M. Denny, at once promised a sum equivalent to $25,000 toward that object.

Urgent in business, fervent in spirit, frank, and brotherly, Mr. Denny is altogether a most favorable specimen of the Christian merchants, who are an honor to the British metropolis, and to the Church.

Liberally as Mr. Denny has supported many worthy movements, he has never attempted to make his large contributions an excuse or a substitute for personal effort in the Lord's vineyard. He is distinctly a *Christian worker*, and as such his influence is even more valuable than that of the most princely gifts to the best of causes.

GRACE.

A Sermon by Mr. D. L. Moody.

"For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world."—TITUS 2 : 11, 12.

What Grace Is—Who it is For—God's Religion in Four Letters—A Shipwreck and a 'Life-boat—Forty-Two Years Learning three Things—Twenty Years' Unavailing Prayer—It is a Gift—Men will not Believe it—A Great Thing to live Forever—A Welcome to a Vineyard—What it is to Have Christ—Three Terrible Enemies—Already Overcome by Christ—Incident of the Ten-cent Man—A Visit to a London Garret—Wanting a Father's Forgiveness—The Father's Promptitude—A Happy Death in an Attic.

I JUST want to put the way of life as plain as I can, so that, if I don't have the privilege of speaking to you again, and if I don't have the privilege of meeting with you again, you can be saved. And you take salvation right here while I am proclaiming the way.

Now grace means unmerited mercy, undeserved favor. You very often hear people say that they would like to become Christians, but they don't think they are worthy to come. They think that they are too great sinners, and there isn't any chance for them to be saved, because they are great sinners. Now grace is for those who are not worthy. Grace was intended for those that *do not deserve mercy*. That is the meaning of the word "grace"—unmerited favor—and because man is not worthy of it God offers it to him. The grace of God hath already appeared.

Now, there are a great many men that want to be saved, but they don't want to be

SAVED FOR NOTHING.

They want to do something toward salvation.

Now, a man may work as hard as he has a mind to, and he ought to work day and night after he is saved, but he can't work to get salvation. Salvation is the gift of God. It is without money and without price, and one thing that keeps a good many from the kingdom of God is, they are trying to work out their salvation before they get it.

But you may then say, What will you do with that passage where it says: "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling?" That is after you have become a child of God. That is written, you will find, to believers. The gift of God is eternal life. When I have salvation I may work it out; but I can't work out what I haven't already got. Now, some one has said that *man's religion is in two letters*—D-O, D-O. It is do, do, do. You will hear a man all the time talking, if he has some false religion—a religion of his own—you will hear him talking about doing: "Well, if I do as near right as I can, I think I will be saved. I think I do a little better than my neighbors, and I know there are a great many men who don't do as well as I do." It is do, do, all the time.

But *God's religion is in four letters*, D-O-N-E. It is already wrought out. Salvation is finished, it is complete; and what I have got to do is just to take it, and then I will work. Here is

AN ILLUSTRATION

that will perhaps help you to see it. Supposing, instead of this platform being a platform, it is a vessel out at sea, a thousand miles from land. It has sprung a leak, and we have all gone to work with the pumps, and we have been pumping and pumping, and still the water is gaining every minute, and the men are set to work with pails to bucket out the water; but it is doomed. The vessel is going down. It is sinking gradually, but it is *a sure wreck*. It must go. There isn't anything that can save it; and while we are in just that ruined condition, up comes a life-boat.

The grace of God hath appeared, bringing salvation. That life-boat is salvation to every man on that wreck. The Captain of the life-boat runs his boat right up close to the deck and says, "Jump aboard," and all we have got to do is just to renounce the old vessel, get off of it, and leap on to the life-boat and it is done in an instant. One leap and we are out of the way of the danger of death, and we are in that boat where life and safety are. Now that is a good illustration of how you can be saved, this afternoon. But you may say, "I have got some bad habits." Well, you just bring them to the Lord Jesus. You cannot deliver yourself. He came into the world to deliver us from sin. He came into the world to give us power over sin, and that is His work. I can't deliver myself; *if I could I wouldn't need a Saviour*.

A man got up in one of our meetings and he said he had been

FORTY-TWO YEARS LEARNING THREE THINGS.

Well, I listened at once; I wanted to know what it took a man forty-two years to learn. He said the first thing was that he couldn't do anything toward his own salvation. It took a man forty-two years to learn that lesson, all the time working in hopes that he could save himself. And the next thing was that God didn't require him to do anything; and the third was that God had done it all. Well, I said to myself, "That is worth knowing, if it did take a man forty-two years to find it out."

Now, mark! *the first thing is*, you cannot do anything toward your own salvation. You are lost, dead in sin, and if you are dead, what is

A DEAD MAN

going to do? It is Christ, and Christ alone, that must give life. You cannot make yourself alive, if you are dead. God is the author of life, and He is the only one who can quicken a dead soul. All the philosophers in the world can't give life to a little fly, not even to the smallest insect. They haven't that power. They may go on and discuss about life and the origin of life, and they may spend months and years doing that, but they cannot give life. Jesus Christ is the author of life, and He gives life. He quickens the dead. So you cannot do anything toward saving yourself. Give is all up. Get done trying to save yourself and just believe what God says, that you are lost, and that you haven't any power in yourself to save.

Then another mistake that people make is, they are thinking that they have got to do something *to merit* salvation; they have got to do something to put themselves in favor with God; they have got to do something to commend themselves to God. A man told me since I have been in this city that he had been twenty years praying every night that the Lord would save him.

"Well," I said, "how are you getting on? Are you saved?" "No; I don't think I am any nearer it now than I was when I commenced. Twenty long years I have been praying every night that God would save me." And in talking with that man I found that he had not been willing to turn from one sin. It was *downright mockery* to get down on his knees and ask God to save him, and just get right up and go on in sin, living as he had lived. "Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him turn unto God, and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." There is grace for you. There is plenty of grace. But a man when he comes to God and asks Him for salvation, asks God to save him, he must be willing to turn away from his sins. But the moment a man is willing to turn away from his sins, he hasn't got to ask for salvation. Did you know that? You can't find a place in Scripture where a man is ready and willing to turn from his sins, that he is told to ask for salvation. Why, *what is he to do?* Just take it. The moment a man has got that far, that he is willing to give up his sins and to turn his back upon his past record, and to give up his past life and turn to God that moment he can take salvation without asking. God offers it to him.

Now the grace of God hath appeared, bringing salvation to all men, every one, and what are you going to do? Why, receive it or reject it. You must do one thing or the other. He came unto His own, that is the Jews, and they wouldn't have Him. They rejected Him. He came to His own and His own received Him not. Now, mark you, it is a person. It is not a doctrine; it is not a creed; it is not a dogma, but a person. "He came unto His own but His own received Him not, but as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name." Now, if you are ready and willing to receive the grace of God into your heart, then He will give you power over sin; then He will give you the victory—that is the power. People are struggling and trying to get the power and trying to make life, and trying to make themselves Christians and they fail, utterly fail, all the while. Give it all up. Take Christ as your salvation, and then you can say as the Psalmist did, "Behold God has become my salvation." God will be your salvation. I put my trust in Him, not in myself. I don't doubt Him any more, but *I doubt myself*, and you can afford to do that a good deal better than to doubt Him.

I have stood here and preached, and a good many of you have sat there and looked at me just as if it was not true. And when the grace of God is offered to an audience like this not one quarter of you believe it is a gift. We talk about it, but it seems like an idle tale.

YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT

is the gift of God. If you really believed that you could get eternal life here to-night for nothing, all you have got to do is just to take it, do you think there would be a man go out of this house without it? It is a great thing to live forever. It is a great thing to live in the presence of God forever and to live in a land "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest"—to live in the presence of Jehovah as eternal ages roll on. There is nothing to be compared with eternal life.

Would you compare wealth with it? Pile up wealth; put $100,000—yea, a million—on that table to-night. You can look at a million of dollars, and if you could just put eternal life right beside it, and you could see eternal life, and you could have your choice, do you think there is a man in this house to-day that would come forward and take that million of dollars and turn his back on the gift of God—turn his back on eternal life? There is not a solitary man in this house that would do it. You know very well that you wouldn't do it. There are men hanging around these meetings, and they don't care anything about the Gospel that we are offering them, because they don't believe it is what we claim it to be. They don't believe it is really eternal life. When men seek for the kingdom of God with all their hearts, when they are ready and willing to take it into their hearts, when they are ready to have eternal life, then it is theirs. But you don't believe.

A few years ago I was the guest of a friend, he took me to his orchard and his vineyard, and he says, "Mr. Moody, while you are my guest I want you to make yourself perfectly at home, and if you see anything in this orchard or vineyard that you want, help yourself." Well, I didn't go out and get under the orange trees and pray that the oranges might tumble into my arms. My friend had said you can take whatever you want, and so I took him at his word, and I went up to the tree and plucked the fruit, and took the oranges that he had offered and ate them. Well, here is eternal life that is offered to us to-day. God offers it, "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life." Who will have the gift? Who will take the gift? That is the question, and that is for you to settle.

Let me just read a few verses right upon that very point in John's first epistle, fifth chapter, ninth verse:

"If we receive the witness of men, the witness

of God is greater: for this is the witness of God which He hath testified of His Son. He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself: he that believeth not God, hath made Him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son. And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."

Have you got the Son? That is the question. Have you got the Son? But perhaps you say, I am a member of the church. Well, that is very good in its place, but that is not having the Son. A man may be a member of a church and not have Christ. A man may have joined some church and not joined Christ. "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son hath not life." You can't get life away from the Son. It is impossible. He is the author of life.

And then again these men that are trembling and are afraid if they become Christians they cannot get the victory over sin. I will tell you why. They have tried and failed because they tried in their own strength. As long as you do this you will fail. You will fail if you try in your own strength even though you live to be as old as Methuselah. You can keep on trying, but you will fail all the while. If you could get the victory over sin in your own strength Christ need not to have come. God made a mistake in sending Christ if man could get the victory over sin. But when we were without strength, in due time Christ died; and man will have the power when he takes Christ; then he gets the victory.

(*To be concluded.*)

TOUCHES OF REAL LIFE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Lady Hope, of Cariden.

(*Continued from page* 479.)

The General Meeting at the Coffee Room—Mr. Hamilton's Speech—The Hearty Response—The Rector's Visit—Aleth's Welcome—King Hal makes a Speech—Ferdinand Marshall's Testimony—Michael Suggests a Warning Sign—Hutton's Practical Invitation—Mr. Harcourt's Encouragement.

THEN there came an evening when a general meeting was summoned. Mr. Hamilton and Lady Isabel had come by train from Lionel Court, bringing with them a large number of their Thornham men. It was "a treat," in fact, and jointly served that purpose to both towns. After a united rendering from the volunteer choir of a simple and favorite hymn, in its different parts, Mr. Clemence stood up on the low platform and said:

"I am a working man!"

This sentence was provocative of great and prolonged applause. He had evidently hit the right nail on the head.

He then proceeded to say that their Rector, Mr. Habershon, would be with them in a very few minutes. But the real object in their meeting to-night was to hear testimonies from working men. Therefore he would merely contribute as *his* share in that testimony, the fact that in heat and cold, travelling and at home, in different countries, amidst very varied companionship, and in all sorts of circumstances, he had been enabled to abstain from alcoholic liquors; and had never suffered thereby, nor had he ever known men suffer by a close adherence to such principles. There were public-houses enough in Shenstone. Now a new kind of public-house had been opened, and it wanted their support. Would they give it? (Shouts of, "Yes! yes! that we will.") Then, there were to be plenty of Bible-classes and prayer-meetings, which he looked to his audience to uphold.

In the midst of the enthusiasm the door opened, and Mr. Habershon appeared. With him was Aleth, the people's darling, dressed in her simple white frock and colored sash, her little pale blue velvet hat scarcely concealing the radiant face, sparkling eyes, and rippling golden tresses that fell in profusion about her shoulders. No event could have produced greater joy than this. The emotion was intense. Every one knew everything in Shenstone. There was scarcely a dry eye among the audience, as Mr. Habershon, holding his child by the hand, said:

"I am sure you will unite with me in thanking God for the restoration of my child, and at the same time unite with me in asking His blessing upon these rooms, the rebuilding of which has been the day-dream of my darling's heart during her long illness."

"Pretty dear!" said old Michael out loud.

And then, weeping as they were at the glad yet touching sight, the kind sympathy of their Rector, and the general sense of love and tenderness with brightness that pervaded their meeting, the whole crowd silently rose to their feet. It was their welcome to Aleth. The act touched her father's heart.

Raising his hand he said, "Let us pray!" In a few words praise and petition were offered.

After the hearty "Amen" that testified to a very real reciprocity of feeling had been uttered, Aleth took her seat by her father. Though it was her very first appearance in public—if this quiet room so near her own home could be called "public!"—she seemed quite at her ease. She recognized many faces that she knew in the meeting, and nodded and smiled at them. Little did the child know that, by her loving joyous glances, she was fast snapping many of the Evil One's chains that night.

How could those strong men drink and swear again? How could they curse the God that made them, the Christ that redeemed them? They had seen "an angel!" They had seen an element of loveliness, of purity, to which they had been strangers before.

So Sykes said on his way home that night.

"I say! we ought to be good here, with that little angel a-caring for us all like that! and Miss Fennecker—bless her!—and all the rest of 'm. There ain't no excuse for us now."

It was an interesting hour, and passed only too quickly.

Some of the speeches of the Thornham men might be worth listening to. They certainly afforded great satisfaction to their hearers.

Hal was the first to stand up.

"My name is Henry King," he said. "I ain't ashamed of it. Time was—not so very long ago neither—when I thought I *was* a-going down hill in right good earnest, I did. What they call the *sliding-scale*. Them public-houses nearly did for me, my friends. The landlord would come out a-rubbing his wily hands together, and say, 'Fine day, Mr. Hal! and how's your young 'un?' and all the rest of it. Soft sawder, you know, that kind of thing. But he very nearly turned me into a drunkard. Take *one* glass of that deadly stuff, and there's no saying what you'll come to.

"Then her ladyship here, and Mr. Albert Eldridge, our master's son, they both began a-talking to me. I began coming into the coffee-rooms, and I liked them, and I brought ever so many more with me, and *they* brought ever so many more. And so we went on, and now we have a goodly lot that comes regular. Our lady can tell you some of us wasn't very good. Here's old Ferdy. *He* can say a thing or two to you."

Whereupon Ferdinand Marshall stood up and said:

"I was very bad—very bad. It do make me a most ashamed to think of it." So saying, he looked bashful, and confused, and hung down his head. A cheer encouraged him, however, and he continued:

"They used to call me 'Drunken Ferd;' now they call me 'Mr. Marshall.' But that's not all. I was *a pauper!* Yes! a strong man like me!" (And here he straightened himself up, and broadened out his shoulders, and swung his brawny arm. Little Aleth gazed upon him admiringly.) "But I had a trouble." Here his voice was choked. . . "I brought it on myself. . . . I went a deal to a public, they call it 'The Man in Mischief.' I think that there signboard was a likeness of me! I've *often* thought so. *I* was the 'man in mischief,' and there was a good many more *like* me too!" . . . Again he was stopped. "Well, I can't tell you about it. It was something I did very nigh to murderin'."

His face looked so ghastly as he said this, and such a tremor shook his powerful frame, that the audience shuddered. But all eyes were tently fixed upon him, so he went on.

"Then I went to God. I had a little chil I've got her now—" and he smiled. "She ringed me to Him. And I told Him I was a eadful sinner—dreadful, down-right bad—cr l, and drunken, and wicked. And He did forgive me. Then my friend here, Job Wilks—he says I won't speak, and he never do, so I shall have to tell on him—he was a *father* to me—and Hal, he was like a brother, and so I came round. And here's a great deal more about it, but I can't spea proper, so I'll sit down.'

And he collapsed into his seat. But his broken, untutored utterances had done their wor; yes! and a very mighty work. It had been more efficient with those working men than a hundred sermons from the best of pulpits could ever have been.

Old Michael Bateman then stood up, and he said: "Our friend, Mr. Marshall, has told you about the place that did him a lot of harm, and made him miserable. I'll tell you what I think is the real, true name that should be put upon the signboard of every one of them great flaring gin-palaces:

"'Through me ye enter the abodes of woe;
Through me to endless ruin ye are brought;
Through me among the souls accurst ye go:
All hope abandon ye who enter here.'"

"It was writ on a bit of paper I got give me once as I was going along the street by some of them open gin-shops. And ye see I've never lost it. I've got it now. And it's true, for I know it.

"I didn't care for nothing but pleasure and mirth once; but now I love the Lord. He died instead of me, and I love Him for it! I praise Him every day. I thank Him, and I be very happy. I wish you was all in the same box along with us. We are not very rich, but we 'possess all things.' We have got the smile of Jesus resting upon us, and we have nothing to fear. He takes away bad habits and gives us good ones. He answers our prayers too. We asked Him to build up our shed [illegible] and here it is! See what a beauty! Our poor old place warn't a bit like this—and to see the Rector here, and Miss Aleth, and Miss Fennecker, and the lady and gentleman from that 'ere white House, and all—it's a' most too much for one, it is!"

Michael here found it necessary to blow his nose very lustily, and then he was fortified for his conclusion, which consisted in a very simple, forcible appeal.

"Won't you come 'long with us?" he said

"Won't you, now? You won't be sorry by and by. Come one and all, and get your names written in the Lamb's Book of Life. There's no blots and scratchings out there. Once on that list, ye're on for ever! Will ye come, and be on the right side? Ye will!" he was saying very emphatically, when a sudden, spontaneous response from the meeting,

"We will!" effectually, from its unexpectedness, put an end to old Mike's further eloquence, and he disappeared into his chair.

Then Mr. Hutton was brought forward, but his only remark was:

"I'll try to make you good coffee, and I hope you'll all come. And don't forget there's a prayer-meeting in the screened room on Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, and Miss Fennecker will read the Bible with us on a Thursday evening. There'll be lots of singing every Wednesday and Saturday, and anybody can join in. And mind you come on Sunday, and there'll be some ladies and gentlemen here for a meetin'. You will find all on the bills outside."

Having presented the "advertisement sheet" of the proceedings in a very practical manner, Hutton concluded by saying:

"At the bar, come and order whatever you want. We'll do our very best."

Of course the men cheered him, but their applause was deafening when the Vicar said, smilingly

"I indorse these invitations."

And Etta begged that they would pay many an evening visit to the Coffee-house, where she would often hope to meet them.

Mr. Edgar Harcourt wound up the proceedings quoting the all-precious verse of Hebrews 12: "Looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher our faith;" saying, as his brief comment

"If you LOOK UP, you cannot stumble;
If you LOOK ON, you will not faint;
If you LOOK ROUND, you *must* Work!"

THE END.

A NEW SERIAL STORY, by Hesba Stretn, will be commenced in the next Number of HE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and continued om week to week.

THE RED SEA.

S. Lesson for August 14. Exod. 14: 15-31. Golden Text, ver. 15. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

WITH all the tender consideration of a Father His weak and helpless children, God did not ow the Israelites to come into a position of danr at the Red Sea without warning them beforend. There was everything to strengthen their th. They had the experience of God's deliverce on the Passover night, they had God's solm promise that He would bring them into a land wing with milk and honey, they had the visible esence of God with them: "And the Lord went fore them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead m the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to e them light; to go by day and night. He took away the pillar of the cloud by day, nor the lar of fire by night, from before the people." ey had the bones of Joseph, which he had comnded some centuries before should be carried up o Canaan when God visited His people; and w God sent Moses to tell them beforehand that araoh should follow after them; but He added, will be honored upon Pharaoh and upon all his st; that the Egyptians may know that I am the rd."

And yet, so accustomed were they to judge acding to the sight of their eyes and the hearing their ears (Isa. 11: 3) that "when Pharaoh drew h, the children of Israel lifted up their eyes, d, behold, the Egyptians marched after them; d they were sore afraid: and the children of ael cried out unto the Lord." "Sore afraid." hough God was with them, and although He had pared them for what was happening? O how at injustice does our fear do to God! It is as ough He were not to be relied on, as though He ght fail us after all. Did the children of Israel pect that He who had done such great things them was about to desert them after all? O en shall we learn that God allows us to come o positions of the greatest difficulty in order that r faith may have exercise, and that He may so iver us that an unbelieving world must be ought to acknowledge that God is with us of a th?

The people gave way to despondency, and they oke not unto the Lord but unto Moses. When look at circumstances instead of looking to the ord of God, we are more ready to speak to man n to God, we are breathing the air of earth and t the air of heaven. Once put the circumstances rly into God's hands we are back in our native on the pathway of faith, where despondency s no foothold, and where we have to do with the mighty. The Israelites saw nothing before them t death, and blamed Moses for bringing them t into the wilderness to die; they thought it uld have been preferable to die in Egypt, and y for whose sake so many and great deliverces had been wrought, said, "Let us alone that may serve the Egyptians."

And God did not lose patience, and Moses did lose patience. Moses only said, "Fear ye not, d still, and see the salvation of the Lord, ch He will show to you to-day: for the Egyps whom ye have seen to-day, ye shall see n again no more forever. The Lord shall t for you, and ye shall hold your peace." God undertaken the cause of His people. Reader, He undertaken yours? Is the anxiety which haps presses this very day upon you, and from ch you see no way of escape, is it a cause ch you really and actually transfer from your hands to God's? Is the battle with temptation which is assailing you, and which seems, like the pursuing Egyptians, to drive you into the very sea of despair, is it solemnly and really made God's battle, by your faith which has committed it to Him? Then your part is to "fear not," whatever may happen, but believe that God will surely fulfil His Word and deliver you; and to "stand still," using no effort of your own, not trying to help God, but waiting in confident expectation until He delivers.

What could have seemed more improbable than that deliverance could come to the children of Israel; the sea a mighty barrier to their further progress, the Egyptians eager for their blood, cutting off all retreat, and on either side rocky cliffs which hemmed them in! And just while in this position there came the word of command from their great Leader to Moses, "Wherefore criest thou unto Me? speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." Forward? but the sea is there! Yes, forward, for God is there! He told Moses what He was about to do, and in token thereof "the Angel of God, which went before the camp of Israel, removed and went behind them; and the pillar of the cloud went from before their face, and stood behind them: and it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them [the Egyptians], but it gave light by night to these; so that the one came not near the other all the night." God between us and our foes, between us and our danger, this is true safety, and thus it is with all them that put their trust in Him.

And the people went forward; but the sea which they had feared was made by the hand of God to be a wall unto them on their right hand and on their left. God can create, and He can transform, and often that which is the greatest obstacle in our progress heavenward is transformed by His providence into a wall of defence for us; and where we see no way, He makes one for us, either like that of the Israelites *through* the water, or like that of Peter *upon* the water. O let us take for granted once for all that difficulties are not really against us, that God maketh all things to "work together for good to them that love God" (Rom. 8: 28). The irritable disposition of some one with whom we have to do, which may strain our patience to the utmost, is nevertheless a proof to us whether we live or Christ lives in us, and it may bring us to reality in our experience. If we suffer wrong at the hands of one whom we have benefitted, we have the best of opportunities for discovering whether we have really renounced our own rights, and are living as crucified and buried. If we pass through these difficulties as Christ would have done, they are a wall between us and our great foe, who will not forget where he has been conquered.

But what about the enemies of Israel? In their impious rage against God and against His people, they followed into the midst of the sea. The morning broke, and the presence of God, which shielded Israel, became a trouble to Israel's enemies. God's look upon them was more than they could bear, the wheels of their chariots refused to turn, and they began to be conscious that they had gone too far. "Let us flee," they said, "from the face of Israel; for the Lord fighteth for them against the Egyptians." But there was no way of return. The children of Israel went on, still on dry ground in the midst of the sea; but behind them the walls of water gave way, and the Egyptians who had dared the wrath of Israel's God became a prey to the mighty flood, and when God's people gained the farther shore there were their enemies "dead upon the seashore." Thus God delivered, and thus God delivers now those who unreservedly put their trust in Him.

"And Israel saw that great work which the Lord did upon the Egyptians: and the people feared the Lord, and believed the Lord and His servant Moses." Confidence was restored again, all distrust was swept away from their hearts at this time; they seemed to understand God, and to rely fully upon Him, and, it could not be otherwise, their hearts broke forth in praise. It is as natural to a child of God to sing as it is to a bird or to a little child when there is no burden pressing upon him. When God delivered David from the horrible pit and from the miry clay, He put a new song into his mouth, even praise unto our God (Ps. 40. 1–3). When God had answered his prayers he said, "Blessed be the Lord, because He hath heard the voice of my supplications. The Lord is my strength and my shield; my heart trusted in Him, and I am helped; therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth: and with my song will I praise Him" (Ps. 28: 6, 7). It would seem as though in the fulness of his heart Moses poured forth his song and the people took it up, and then Miriam the prophetess, Aaron's sister, set it to music, and formed a choir of female voices who sung with timbrels and dances.

And the song was all about the Lord: "I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously. . . . The Lord is my strength and song, and He is become my salvation. . . . The Lord is a Man of war; the Lord is His name. . . . Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power: thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy. . . . Who is like unto Thee, O Lord, among the gods? who is like Thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders? . . . The Lord shall reign forever and ever." This is real adoration. We may sing of our experience, as we so often do in revival meetings, and strongly accent what Jesus has done for *me*, but let us not forget the higher form of praise, the adoring God for what He is in Himself, that we may learn by and by to mingle our praises with those who cry, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty."

A Wife Deserter was Approaching the Open door of a glaring gin palace in London, one Sunday evening, early in the present year. Mr. W. Chorley, of the Gospel Missions, stood in the middle of a short by-street, with a little carriage, upon which was an harmonium. Mr. Chorley, with a Bible in his hand, was giving a brief address, and concluded with an invitation to attend a service in the neighboring Gospel Hall. The man, who was about to enter the gin palace, stood and listened, and after a considerable struggle with himself, resolved to attend the meeting. At the close of the service he was spoken to by Christian friends. He told them he had caused one poor woman, his first wife, to commit suicide, while his present wife had, with a young babe, to fly from his house, and had returned to her parents. He had come to London from the country, and was leaving on the following Tuesday for Liverpool *en route* for America. However, he did not go. The Word of God had reached his heart. He stayed over another Sunday to go to the hall again, when a visit to Mr. Chorley's house was arranged. To-day that man with his wife are living lovingly together, and are, we trust, subjects of grace.

Mr. Inskip Writes Thus of Ballarat, One of the places where the "round the world" evangelists labored during their Australian tour: "It is almost incredible that thirty years ago a dense forest covered the site now occupied by the 'Garden City of Victoria.' The name 'Ballarat' signifies a resting place or camping ground. It contains a population of about 40,000, and is one of the most healthy localities in the whole country. The yield of gold for the last twenty years from the famous mine known as 'Band and Albion Consols,' has been about 600,000 ounces, worth about $12,000,000—over half a million annually—and the dividends paid have aggregated nearly $5,000,000. The town extends north and south about five miles in a direct line, east and west about four-and-a-half miles, being one continuous line of buildings, covering 9500 acres, containing 90 miles of well made streets, 10,000 residences, 56 churches, 500 hotels (*drinking places*) and 20 state schools, with from 300 to 1000 scholars in each, besides colleges and private educational establishments of a high order. Underground are 90 miles of water pipes and 60 miles of gas pipes."

It is gratifying to know that the evangelists were very cordially received in this young and flourishing city, and that more than 500 persons were converted during their eight days' services there.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Irish Land Bill was Read in the British House of Lords on July 29th, for the first time. The hope is indulged that the bill will pass, in substantially the same shape as that in which it left the Commons. That it is popular in the Upper House no one pretends to believe, and it is certain that many of the Peers, prominent among whom is the Duke of Argyll, regard its provisions as little short of confiscation. It is, however, manifest to all that some measure for the relief of the Irish tenants must be enacted, or there will be a revolution in Ireland. The Lords concede so much, and then the merits of this particular bill have to be considered. It would be possible to moderate some of its more radical clauses in the committee, so as to render the concession to the people smaller than that granted under the bill. This course would involve a collision with the House of Commons and would increase the hostility which already exists among the Radical section of the people against the House of Lords. It is therefore anticipated that although the Lords will probably denounce the measure in strong terms, they will end in voting for it as the less of two evils.

The Scene in the House of Commons when the debates on the Land Bill were finally concluded and the last division taken, is described as unprecedented in the history of Parliament. On entering the House from the division lobby Mr. Gladstone received an enthusiastic ovation from the liberals and from *a portion* of the Irish members. For several minutes after he had resumed his seat the House *rang with cheers*, repeated again and again. When the result of the division was announced the House again broke into loud cheers, many members in their excitement *standing up and waving their hats* while giving vent to their feeling of satisfaction. A moment later there was a general rush of members from the House, and as they departed cheering, the House presented the appearance of a school breaking up for the holidays. It is worthy of note that Mr. Parnell, the man who pretends to be the friend of the Irish people, did not vote for the bill which is enacted for their relief. He was probably aware that this radical measure promises to alleviate some of the most pressing grievances of Ireland, and in so doing will render the position of agitator in chief less lucrative than it has been.

The First Meeting of the Ninth Triennial International Conference of the Young Men's Christian Associations met in Exeter Hall, London, on Saturday, July 30th. At 2:30 o'clock a meeting of the World's Committee, consisting of *one delegate from each country* represented in the Alliance, was held. In the evening there was a welcome meeting, Mr. George Williams, the founder of the associations, presiding. Responses to addresses of welcome were made by Mr. John Wanamaker, President of the Philadelphia association; Rev. Theodore Cuyler, Mr. Carey Thomas, of Baltimore, and Rev. Mr. Cook, of Paris. The meeting was followed by a dinner and a devotional meeting. About five hundred delegates are in attendance, representing the associations of the United States, the Dominion of Canada, Great Britain, France, Switzerland, Germany, and other countries.

Considerable Uneasiness has Been Produced by the discovery of ten destructive machines on board two steamers, which recently arrived at Liverpool from America. On the arrival of the Cunard steamer Malta, she was boarded by officers of the British Government, who were instructed to search the vessel for explosives. They found a barrel purporting to contain cement, but which, when opened, was found to contain six zinc boxes in which were machines prepared with dynamite, each one fitted with a clockwork arrangement. This being set, would run about six hours; then it would cause a lever to descend upon a tube bearing a cap and communicating with the lower half of the case, filled with the dynamite compound. A few days afterward a barrel containing four more machines was found on board the Bavarian. It is stated that in some the barrels billheads bearing O'Donovan Rossa's name were found.

Sir William Harcourt, the Home Secretary, informed the House of Commons that the cartridges in the cases were each charged with *nitro-glycerine* and a compound of the nature of and similar to gun cotton. One of the supposed cement barrels had in all fourteen pounds of this dangerous explosive material in it, and he said it was impossible to estimate the fatal effects of even an accidental concussion upon such a mass. They were probably intended for use against public buildings in England, but they might have exploded on the passage, in which case the vessel carrying them must have been destroyed.

Unanimity Among the European Powers on the subject of Turkey and Greece is said to be maintained. Mr. Goschen, who was sent to Constantinople as the representative of England during the crisis, has returned. In a speech recently delivered, he testified to the cordial co-operation of the six ambassadors of the Powers in settling the Greek question. He declared emphatically that he saw no deviation from a straight course on the part of Russia, who was so much suspected, and that no Power had been more prudent than Austria, no Power so anxious to prevent a cannon shot from being fired in the Balkan Peninsula, and no Power more anxious to prevent any complication in the East, or any encroachment on the Turkish Empire beyond the decisions of the Berlin Congress. He declared that no Power retained so much real influence at Constantinople as England, because Turkey believed England had no designs upon her.

The Pretender to the Spanish Crown, Don Carlos, who since his cousin Alfonso became King of Spain has resided in Paris, has been requested by the President of the French Republic to quit the country. He left Paris on July 18th for London, his wife remaining to attend to the education of the children. The expulsion of the Pretender at this particular juncture has caused general astonishment. Possibly it may be accounted for by the politic desire of the French Government to remain on good terms with Spain.

The Czar of Russia has at Length Emerged from his seclusion. He left St. Petersburg on July 29th for Moscow. Four hundred police were sent before him as a precaution, and troops were stationed all along the line between Moscow and St. Petersburg, a distance of about four hundred miles. The Czar and the Empress received *an enthusiastic welcome*. On reaching the city they proceeded on foot from the palace to the Cathedral, an immense crowd cheering them lustily all the way. The visit to the Cathedral was followed by a reception at the Kremlin.

Fresh plots to assassinate the Czar have been discovered, and it is evident that he is continually in imminent danger of a violent death. The German Government recently informed the Russian Government that another plot to assassinate the Emperor was known to be on foot among the officers of his household, and reminded Russia that Germany had vainly given a similar warning just before the explosion in the Winter Palace.

The Turkish Pashas Found Guilty of Complicity in the murder of the late Sultan embarked on Monday, July 25th, for El Hedjaz, in Arabia, where they will remain *in exile for life*. Much embarrassment was felt concerning a place of exile for Midhat Pasha and the other State prisoners, as most of the governors of provinces objected to the prisoners being sent into their districts. It is reported that Midhat Pasha will be confined on an island and apart from the others.

Intelligence from Afghanistan Proves that the settlement of the affairs of that country which was made when the British troops were withdrawn is not likely to be permanent. Abdurrhaman, the Ameer, has been defeated in a pitched battle by his rival to the throne, Ayoob Khan. A telegram from Bombay says: "A battle was fought on July 27th, between the Ameer and Ayoob Khan, during which one of the Ameer's regiments deserted and went over to the enemy. Thereupon the remainder of the Ameer's troops fled, leaving eighteen guns and all their baggage on he field." The London correspondent of the *World* cables as follows: "The new turn of affairs in Afghanistan causes some anxiety to the British Government and is held to confirm the opinions of the Cons atives concerning *the imprudence of the policy sued by the Ministry* in India. The Ameer, received enormous subsidies in money and m tions of war from the British Government, is capsized, and it is doubtful whether the Anglo dian force in the Candahar country is safe. A Khan is looked upon as *the special agent of sia*, and undoubtedly all his influence will be thr in favor of the designs of the Czar in that pa Asia."

Bou-Amena, the Fanatical Leader of Arabs who menaced Tunis, has according to re reports shown signs of submission. A Tunis spatch to the London *Times* says: "A teleg from Mascara states that Chief Bou-Amena sent two guns and a horse as a token that h ready to treat for peace. The telegram states Bou-Amena's prestige is falling off, and that natives assert that after an incursion into Mor he will return home for good. Reports from giers, however, indicate that a dangerous fana spirit is evident among the Arabs. The colo fear a rising, and ask for arms and permissio form a local corps, but the governor opposes the That the Europeans are not without cause alarm is evident from the fact that only a few ago four Europeans and three Arabs were mur ed on the road to Tunis. There was great ex ment. The alarm was so great that many o shops were closed.

The Persecution of the Jews has Bro out afresh in Germany. A dispatch from B says: "There are demonstrations every against the Jews at Hammerstein, West Pru and further excesses are feared. The gendar are powerless. There were similar riots at Baerw Pomerania, on Tuesday, July 26, when a quar of Jewish property was destroyed. Thirty no belonging to Jews at the villages of Borispol Birizen, in the government of Poltava, have destroyed. The troops fired upon the rio four of whom were killed and two wounded.

The Position Occupied by Great Britai reference to the opium traffic, is defined by Viceroy of China in a letter written to the s tary of the Society for the Suppression of Opium Trade, who, acting on the suggestio Colonel Gordon, some time ago wrote to the V roy of China, explaining the society's views or traffic. The Viceroy, in reply, says: "Opiu a subject on which England and China can n meet on common ground. China views the w question from a moral, and England from *a standpoint*. The Chinese government is impre with the necessity of making strenuous effor control the flood of opium before it overwhelm whole country. *The new treaty with Am* containing a prohibitory clause, encourages th lief that broad principles of justice and feelin humanity will prevail in the future relation China with the western nations."

In the day when nations are judged by righteous Judge of all the earth, "the fiscal st point" will be a poor plea to set up.

"Coming Wars," by the Rev. M. Ba Two Pamphlets; price five cents each by *First Pamphlet* contains "Ten signs of the End Description of Approaching Events;" with maps of the territory to be under Antichrist's and four large diagrams. *Second Pamphlet* co valuable quotations from twenty-six Exposito the same subject. Address, with price enclo THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New

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A Daughter's Peaceful Death Blessed to her Father.

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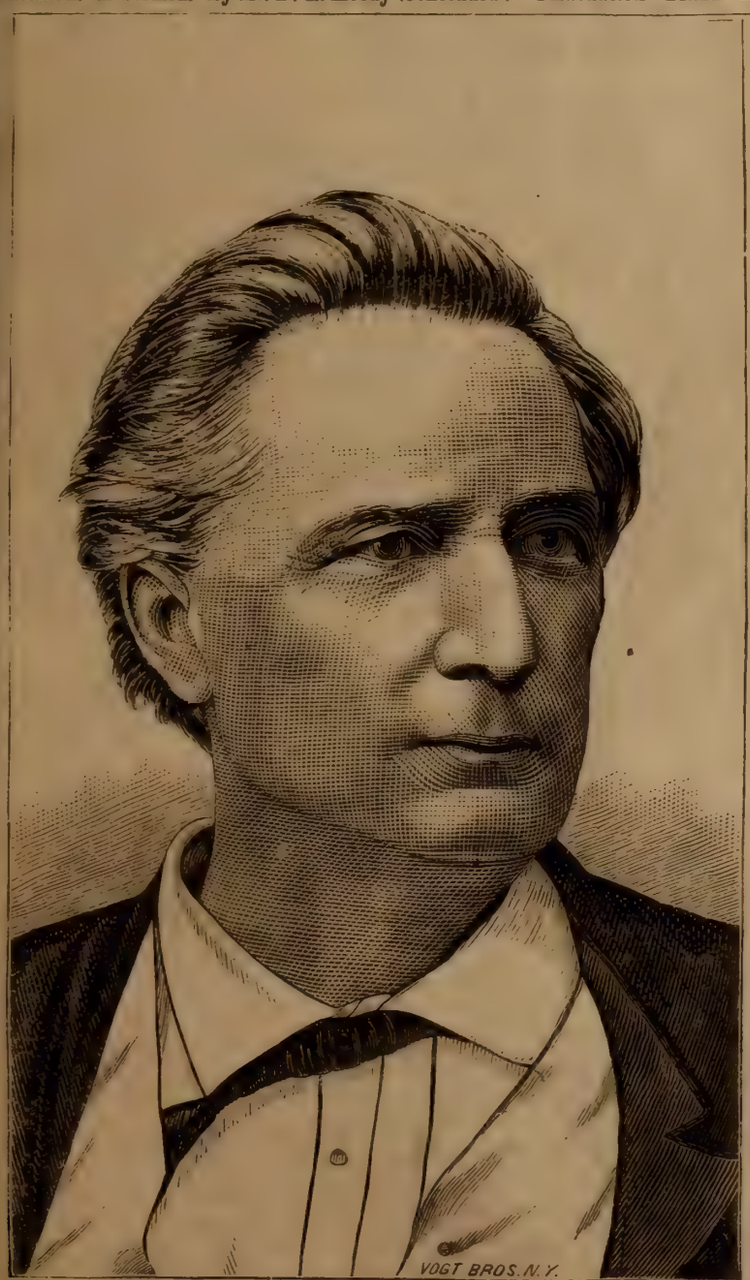

Gov. COLQUITT of Georgia.

Mrs. COLQUITT.

GOVERNOR A. H. COLQUITT.

Serving God in High Places—The Colquitt Family—Judge Colquitt's Remarkable Conversion—A Patient Wife—The Governor as a Boy—Graduates at Princeton College—Studies Law—Joins the Mexican War—Early Political Distinction—Joins the Confederate Army—His Bravery in the Field and the Siege—In 1870 elected President of the State Agricultural Society—Chosen Governor by 82,000 Votes—President Hayes in Atlanta—The Governor's Great Speech—Other Public Addresses—The International Sunday-School Convention—Incident of a Glass of Water—Invited to Chautauqua—Speech Before the Colored People—"The Colquitt Blues"—Godfrey's Prayer—The First Freedmen's Church—A Calumny Exploded—Speech at Toronto—Opposes Racing and Gambling—Cold Tea—Second Election as Governor—Religious Efforts.

THE Word of God specially intimates regarding several devout persons of the olden time that they occupied influential positions in society. Such persons were Job, Joseph, Daniel, Obadiah (the governor of Ahab's house), Nehemiah, Paul, Joseph of Arimathea, Cornelius, Dionysius the Areopagite, Publius, the Shunammite woman, and certain women of Thessalonica and Berea mentioned in Acts 17 : 4 and 12. Now although the Lord Jesus took His birth in humility and obscurity, and although the possession of this world's riches and honors is ever attended with danger to the soul, still these cases show us that a position of influence is a valuable opportunity to be used for the glory of God. So that while we are taught that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God, we are also given the example of the servant to whom *five talents* were intrusted, and to whom it was afterward said, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things."

Our portrait to-day represents one of the foremost men in the United States, and the object of this article will be to show that in every position he has occupied he has used his influence openly and consistently for the glory of God.

Alfred Holt Colquitt comes from an

OLD VIRGINIAN FAMILY,

his grandfather, Henry Colquitt, having left that State and settled in Georgia in the first year of the present century. His father, Walter T. Colquitt, the most eminent lawyer and judge the State of Georgia has produced, was a signal example of a wicked and godless man changed by conversion into a bright and faithful Christian. His mother, a Miss Lane, also a Virginian, and belonging to one of the first English families that settled in Virginia, was another of the many remarkable women that have been the mothers of distinguished men.

This lady was *the means of her husband's conversion*, and he openly honored her for it during the many years that he lived a great and a good man. For, in the days of his dissipation, when he used to come home long after midnight, he never failed to find his wife waiting for him and ready to give him a pleasant welcome. But one night he reached home later and more turbulent than usual and found his wife still waiting, and if possible more cheerful and kind than usual; and he broke down, saying to himself that it was "a shame before God and man to treat any woman as he treated his wife." He was a man of a violent and combative disposition, whose boast it was that he had "whipped," in fight or in argument, every man to whom he had ever been opposed; and he acted with his customary courage in confessing his new resolve. He went the very next day to one after another of his boon companions and said to them, "Look here: you are my friend; but you will not be that very long if you ask me to drink or gamble or go to a cock-fight with you again." Thus the patient and faithful wife had "saved her husband" (1 Cor. 7 : 16), and she saw him grow up into as grand a man morally as he was physically and intellectually, testifying of the grace of God, and going out to preach the Gospel in the evenings after his day's work was over.

The son, the present Governor, received his elementary education under private tuition, and his associates of that time speak of him as one who was singularly free from *the vulgar vices* of most boys, and who showed a rare conscientiousness in fulfilling punctually whatever duty there was laid upon him. He was *converted* while a school-boy in the beautiful little city of La Grange, Ga., which contained a population of cultured Christian people, and was, as it still is, famous for good schools. There Governor Colquitt embraced religion and joined the Methodist Church; and from that early beginning he has continued in all his private and public life a consistent Christian. Called very young to public life, and kept in circumstances of exposure till now, he has pursued the path of the just and has been watched over by Providence.

Soon after his conversion he was sent to Princeton College, N. J., where he maintained his religious character, and where he graduated in 1844. Professor Walling, President of Columbia College at Washington, and the Rev. Dr. Schenck, were his classmates. After his graduation he studied his father's profession at Columbus, Ga., and being admitted to the bar in 1845, began practice at Macon.

Two years later the brief *war with Mexico*, arising out of the incorporation of Texas in the Union, broke out, and Mr. Colquitt was appointed paymaster to the United States forces, and staff-major, and was present at more than one engagement. In 1848, having returned to his professional practice at Macon, he *married* the daughter of General H. H. Tarver.

In 1852 he was elected to Congress from the Second Congressional District, and was again unanimously nominated in 1854, but declined the nomination. In 1856 he was chosen a delegate to the National *Democratic Convention*, and also attended that of 1860 at Baltimore. He had by that time engaged in cotton-planting, and had become one of the wealthiest planters in Georgia. A great bereavement had likewise befallen him in the death of his wife.

Governor Colquitt's career as

A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

is thus sketched in "Representative Men of the South": "When the war broke out, he entered the Confederate army as Captain of the Sixth Georgia, and was afterward elected its colonel. He was present with his command at Yorktown, Va., and participated in all the battles of the Seven Days' Fight around Richmond, during which he was made Acting Brigadier-General in command of General Rains' brigade. He took part in the first campaign into Maryland, and was ordered to reinforce General J. E. B. Stuart, then at South Mountain, near Boonsboro. General McClellan was at that time making his move through Frederic toward Antietam, and his presence at that point was so unexpected by the Confederates that Stuart had left when the Federal forces came up.

"The first notice of the approach of McLellan's army was conveyed to General Lee by General Colquitt, and with one brigade of infantry and a battery of artillery *he confronted for twenty-four hours* the Federal forces as they came up by detachments, until the Confederate army could be brought up. At the sanguinary battle of Sharpsburg which followed, he had his horse shot under him, and after the battle was made Brigadier-General. He was engaged in all the battles of the Army of Northern Virginia, until the commencement of the Pennsylvania campaign, when he was ordered to Charleston. In one of the fights at battery Wagner he had a narrow escape from being shot, the ball passing through the crown of his hat.

"In Florida, at the battle of Olustee, or Ocean Pond, he distinguished himself greatly, and by his successful generalship completely defeated the Federals, and thus terminated their occupation of that part of the country and saved Florida and the lower part of Georgia from devastation. His gallantry in that memorable fight obtained for him the title of 'The Hero of Olustee.' He seemed to bear almost a charmed life,* as he rode on his white horse, a conspicuous object for the enemy's fire, and a Federal officer afterward stated that the soldiers' attention was specially directed to him, and that *whole platoons* fired at him at a time. He escaped unhurt, however, although his horse was wounded.

"Returning to Virginia with General Beauregard, with whom he was a great favorite, he commanded a division at Drewry's Bluff. When General Grant transferred his forces from the north to the south bank of the James River, with the view of investing Petersburg, General Colquitt's troops, with those of General Hagood, of South Carolina, were hastily moved to protect that city. The two generals in their reconnaissance found no organized Confederate force between the city and General Grant's advanced guard, and at night, without any knowledge of the surrounding country, seated in a ditch to escape observation, they, with the assistance of an old map and by the light of a candle, laid down the lines of defence and stationed their troops, Colquitt on the right and Hagood on the left. These afterward became the permanent lines of fortification around the city, and that point became a noted position, and was known as 'Colquitt's Salient.'"

Many incidents are remembered of General Colquitt's behavior during those awful and trying times, when men's characters were tested and their inner nature exposed. During the bombardment of Charleston by the Federal ships of war, James Island, in the harbor, was fortified by the Confederates for the defence of the city. The exchange of fire was kept up for many days and nights, and the command of the island was held week about by General Geo. P. Harrison, Jr., now of Alabama, General Hagood, now Governor of South Carolina, and General Colquitt. The strain of mind from the prolonged imminent danger and from the responsibility was terrible, and General Colquitt said one day, on being relieved by Harrison, "I would rather face all the forces of the enemy in the open field at once than stand my week of this." But he did his duty sternly.

It was also observed that he had the tenderness of Wellington, which has been often contrasted with the callousness of Napoleon, and that while brave in the face of battle himself, he was *careful about his soldiers*. On one occasion his brigade was filing past him in a manœuvre preliminary to making a dangerous charge, and the brave fellows on the brink of a deadly engagement, raised their caps and saluted him with repeated cheers. The sight was too much for him who was to lead many of them to certain death, and a friend who was riding near saw great tears come up to his eyes and roll down his cheeks as the emotions of the moment convulsed his heart.

AFTER THE WAR

he returned to his plantations in Baker Co., and like thousands of other wise and humane masters found his freed negroes glad to continue in their old positions and to live and work under him—they lazy withal, but faithful in their service, and he steadfast in his kindness. In 1868 he was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention at New York, at which Horatio Seymour was nominated, and he was afterward a Seymour elector and two years later he was elected Chairman of the State Convention.

The same year, 1870, and, as it happened, on the same day with that election, he received one of the most coveted honors of the State, in being elected President of the State Agricultural Society, an office which he held till 1876, when he was nominated for Governor in succession to James M. Smith. There were several other strong and popular candidates, but General Colquitt was elected by 82,000 votes, the largest number ever cast for one man as Governor in Georgia.

In 1877 President Hayes visited Atlanta, and Governor Colquitt discharged the duty of delivering the address of welcome to him with an ability, courtesy, and a delicacy that were generously and even enthusiastically recognized by statesmen and men of letters in the most Republican sections of the United States. From that time the Governor's eloquence was remembered whenever a worthy occasion for a great *State speech* presented itself. It

* There is no such thing as a charmed life. God protected General Colquitt from being shot.

April, 1878, at the meeting of the Second International Sunday-school Convention at Atlanta; and again at the laying of the corner-stone of the Confederate Monument at Macon; in May of the same year, at the Eighth General Conference of the M. E. Church South, at Atlanta; and in June at the annual commencement of the Trinity Methodist College, N.C., he delivered addresses instructive from their breadth of view, powerful in their independence of spirit, and beneficent from their depth of sympathy.

In all these utterances the Governor neither flinched from the principles for which his State had gone to war, nor qualified the frank submission that ought to follow defeat in an appeal to arms; while his sentiments regarding the freedmen commended themselves to the North, were echoed in the South, and planted the assurance of warm friendship in the hearts of the colored race.

On the presentation of the fraternal delegation from the

AFRICAN METHODIST CHURCH

to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, before mentioned, one of the delegates thus referred to a significant incident: "Let me state a circumstance which has just now occurred. When in the vestry there we were consulting your committees, among whom was your illustrious Christian Governor, the Hon. A. H. Colquitt. Feeling an unusual thirst, and expecting in a few minutes to appear before you, thoughtlessly I asked him for *a glass of water* to drink. He, looking about the room, answered, 'There is none; I will get you some.' I insisted not; but presently it was brought and handed me by the Governor.

"I said, 'Governor, you must allow me to deny myself this distinguished favor, as it recalls so vividly the episode of the warrior king of Israel, when with parched lips he cried from the rocky cave of Adullam, Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem that is at the gate! And when three of his valiant captains broke through the hosts of the enemy and returned to him with the water for which his soul was longing, regarding it as the water of life he would not drink of it, but poured it out to the Lord.' So may this transcendant emblem of purity and love from the hand of your most honored co-laborer and friend of the human race ever remain a memorial unto the Lord of the friendship existing between the Methodist Episcopal Church South and the African Methodist Episcopal Church upon the first exchange of fraternal greeting."

Many of the Northern delegates to the Sunday-school Convention at Atlanta joined in an urgent request that Governor Colquitt would take part the following August in the annual gathering of the friends of Sunday-school work at *Chautauqua, N. Y.;* and the invitation being accepted, that annual August gathering, which always overflows with genial interest, became in 1878 one of the great religious and social events of the generation. There, too, the distinguished guest made an eloquent and impressive address.

The *next event* we have to chronicle was a political and religious speech delivered before a vast audience of the excitable and enthusiastic colored race. It took place in October, 1878, but the circumstances leading up to it require explanation. Christian people in the South had been much exercised at the apparent indifference of the colored people to give their children the benefit of

THE FREE SCHOOLS

which were opened among them after the emancipation; and in the year we speak of, General Harrison, of Savannah, Ga., the father of the defender of James Island, took the trouble to question several of the leading pastors of the Methodist and Baptist colored churches on the subject. These men candidly told him the reason was that their people were not certain how far the whites sympathized with them and wished them well.

On hearing that General Harrison asked them if it would not be practicable to convene a general meeting for the consideration of the matter, and to hold it under the presidency of Governor Colquitt, who was equally strong in his influence over the whites and in the confidence of the colored people. The proposition was eagerly accepted, and General Harrison found the Governor, as he had anticipated, ready to enter into the idea. So the pastors went to work, and after considerable delay a mass meeting of the colored people of Chatham County was held in Savannah, and Governor Colquitt made them a long address in words of wisdom, kindness, and assurance. The effect was amazing, and in the overflow of enthusiasm, which was such as only those who have seen similar demonstrations among the Africans can realize, a regiment of volunteers was organized on the spot under the name of "The Colquitt Blues," and it is to-day one of the most martial of all the military bodies of that eminently martial race.

After that magnificent achievement, nothing would suffice the colored people of Liberty County but that they must do something on an equal scale; and scorning outside aid, Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists united in *a spontaneous invitation* to the Governor in the following words: "It is an honor that this county never before received, and it would be especially appreciated by your colored fellow-citizens as a cordial recognition of their new citizenship and an encouragement to their efforts to become better and wiser citizens, and to take their place honorably by the side of their white fellow-citizens. We entreat your Excellency, therefore, to give this invitation your kind consideration and to meet us and our children in the ancient Midway ground on Thursday, October 17th, 1878, at ten o'clock A.M."

It need scarcely be added that Governor Colquitt filled the position to which he was invited with credit to himself and with great encouragement to his colored friends.

While we are on the subject of the negro race, we may mention that in no particular has Governor Colquitt's character as

A DISCIPLE OF CHRIST

shone more brightly than in his uniform recognition of that people as possessing souls redeemable by the blood of the Saviour. Under the institution of slavery, when he was himself a large slave-holder, he used to gather the negroes together and read and explain the Bible to them on Sabbath evenings; and his earliest interest in Sunday-school work, with which his name is now so prominently connected, was as a teacher of a colored class in the Sunday-school of the church where he held his membership.

The negroes loved him as their best friend, and when the war broke out, and he was called away to the battle-fields of Florida, he left his wife and children to their unaided protection, *no white man being near them.* And his confidence was abundantly justified; for one of the first letters that reached him by the uncertain postal communication of those four years of disorganization and war contained a little passage in words like these: "Godfrey carries on the meeting every evening as usual, and last night —— passed by the room and heard him praying for you. He said, 'O Lord God, bless our good master. Protect him in de war, and if it is in accordance wid dy will, quickly bring him back to his dear wife and de children.'"

After the emancipation, when the freed men wished to have a larger number of churches of their own, instead of worshipping in the white churches as they had been generally in the custom of doing, *the first church* that was built for them was erected by Governor Colquitt.

Any account of a great and good man would be incomplete without at least a reference to the inevitable calumny under which he had had to pass. In the case of the subject of this sketch the charge was the vulgar one of taking a bribe, and the occasion was his indorsement of the bonds of the North-Eastern Railway in 1878. The affair brought small honor to the maligners. The accused Governor was the first to challenge inquiry; a committee of thirteen of its own members was appointed by the General Assembly to investigate the case; before the conclusion of the inquiry the public indignation was roused against the parties who brought the charge, and they were forced to protest that they had never intended to impugn the Governor's purity of purpose; the committee unanimously exonerated him; and the Legislature passed resolutions of unshaken confidence in him. That was the end of the charge of taking bribes.

A few things remaining to be said regarding the subject of this article must be very briefly summarized. Governor Colquitt is notably independent in his opinions and fearless in expressing them. This was well illustrated at the *Third International Sunday-school Convention* at Toronto in June last. The Governor had the duty of opening the Convention, having been President of the previous one in 1878, and he attracted much notice by his tall, strong, and well-knit figure, and by the dignity of his bearing. On the third day of the Convention he was on the programme to deliver an address on Sunday-schools among the freedmen at the South, and there, before a great assembly of Canadians and Northerners, he boldly vindicated the position of the South as first and not second in all efforts to promote the moral and religious elevation of the freedmen. His frank confession of the principles which his State and party had submitted to the arbitrament of war, and for which he had exposed his life on many battle-fields, made a deep impression of admiration and respect.

The same independence of character, which so well becomes a man who has subordinated his will to the will of God, made him, when President of the Georgia Agricultural Society, take a determined stand against

RACING AND GAMBLING

at the Annual State Fair; and so far from the Fair suffering by that bold innovation in the customary practices, it was the most successful State Fair ever held in Georgia. Governor Colquitt is also an out-and-out teetotaller, and on one occasion some years ago he created considerable consternation by treating to *cold tea* a fashionable party that had come together in full expectation of a stronger beverage for refreshment.

He was elected Governor for a second term in 1880 by 55,000 votes, in the face of a strong opposition, such as is never likely to be raised against an unobjectionable man again. For the action of the Legislature at that time took a large amount of public patronage out of the Governor's hands, no more to leave him exposed to the ill will of nineteen out of every twenty persons who expected public appointments.

The idea prevails in some quarters that Governor Colquitt is an ordained minister, or at least a licensed preacher. But it is not so. He is simply a gifted and well informed layman, who has had a rich religious experience, and is willing on all proper occasions to use his gift of public speaking in testimony for his Master. In that capacity he has frequently preached the sermon at a Sunday morning service at *a camp-meeting* with several prominent ministers on the platform beside him. On such occasions he delivers the message of salvation with much plainness and simplicity. Governor Colquitt had a younger brother, Colonel Peyton L. Colquitt, who was killed at the battle of Chickamauga. He was Secretary of the State Senate in 1856 and 1857. An only sister was married to Colonel Orlando B. Vickling, then member of Congress for Illinois, and still an able and well-known lawyer in that State. A daughter by his first marriage is the wife of Captain T. F. Newell, of Milledgeville, Ga.

MRS. COLQUITT.

On the 23d of July, 1856, Governor Colquitt was married to Sarah B. Tarver, widow of Mr. Frederick Tarver, his first wife's brother, and a planter and gentleman of wealth, formerly of Twiggs County, Ga. This lady has been a strong support to her husband, thoroughly identifying herself with his interests, using her exceptional energy for the promotion of his welfare, and presiding at the Executive Mansion and dispensing its hospitality with genial grace.

She is a member of the *First Baptist Church* in Atlanta, the Rev. Dr. Gwin, pastor, while the Governor, as we have shown, is a Methodist. This union of two denominations in the family has happily contributed to develop the large-heartedness which is characteristic of Governor and Mrs. Colquitt, both of whom are in hearty sympathy with

Christian people and ready to take part in Christian work, whatever the denomination represented. However, Mrs. Colquitt is very strongly attached to her own church, and puts forth her most steady efforts in its interest.

The benevolent enterprises of the city and State have always a large share of her attention, and she takes a particular interest in whatever relates to the extension of religion among *the poor*. She is President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Atlanta. One who is well acquainted with her says: "Gentle, genial, earnest, she never seems weary of her work as wife of the Governor of a great State, and as a Christian woman."

She has five graceful and well trained children, all of whom, except the youngest, a boy of seven years, are members of the Church. May the great blessing of God continue to rest upon the household.

A GOSPEL ARBOR.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"Go forth unto the mount, and fetch olive branches, and pine branches, and myrtle branches, and palm branches, and branches of thick trees, to make booths."—NEHEMIAH 8 : 15.

The Feast of Tabernacles—A Gospel Arbor—I. Olive Branches—A Token of Peace—Peace with God—Peace with Man—II. Pine Branches—A Token of Health—An Evergreen—Muckle Backie the Fisherman—The Cardinal's Gold—III. Palm Branches—A Token of Usefulness—A Token of Victory—More than Conqueror—IV. Branches of Thick Trees—A Token of Strength—Mr. Finney in a School House—The Pigeon-Catcher's Booth.

IT seems as if Mount Olivet were unmoored. The people have gone into the mountain, and have cut off tree-branches, and put them on their shoulders, and they come forth now into the streets of Jerusalem, and on the house-tops, and they twist these tree-branches into arbors or booths. Then the people come forth from their comfortable homes, and dwell for seven days in these booths or arbors. Why do they do that? Well, it is a great festal time. It is the feast of tabernacles; and these people are going to celebrate the desert travel of their fathers and their deliverance from their troubles, the experience of their fathers when, travelling in the desert, they lived in booths, on their way to the land of Canaan. And so these booths also become *highly suggestive*—I will not say they are necessarily typical, but highly suggestive—of our march toward to heaven, and of the fact that we are only living temporarily here, as it were in booths or arbors, on our way to the Canaan of eternal rest.

And what was said to the Jews literally may to-night be said figuratively to all this audience. Go forth into the mountain, and fetch olive branches and pine branches, and myrtle branches, and palm branches, and branches of thick trees, to make booths. Yes, we are only here in a temporary residence. We are marching on. The merchant princes who used to live in Bowling Green, New York, have passed away, and their residences are now the fields of cheap merchants. Where are the men who fifty years ago owned New York? Passed on.

There is no use in our driving our stakes *too deep into the earth;* we are on the march. The generations that have preceded us have gone so far on that we cannot even hear the sound of their footsteps. They have gone over the hills, and we are to follow them. But blessed be God we are not in this world left out of doors, and unsheltered. There are gospel booths, or gospel arbors, in which our souls are to be comforted. Go forth unto the mountain, and fetch olive branches, and pine branches, and myrtle branches, and palm branches, and branches of thick trees, and build booths.

Well, now we are to-night to construct

A GOSPEL ARBOR,

or gospel booth; and how shall we construct it? Well, we must get all the tree branches and build. According to my text we must go up unto the mount and bring olive branches. What does that mean?

The olive tree grows in warm climates, and it reaches the height of twenty or twenty-two feet, a straight stem, and then an off-shoot from that stem. And then people come, and they strip off these branches sometimes, and when in time of war the general of one army takes one of these olive branches and goes out to the general of another army, what does that mean? Why, it means, unsaddle the war chargers. It means hang up the war knapsacks. It is but a beautiful way of saying, Peace!

I. Now if we are to-night going to succeed in building this gospel arbor, we must go into the Mount of God's blessing, and fetch the

OLIVE BRANCHES,

and whatever else we must have, we must have at least two olive branches, peace with God, and peace with man. When I say *peace with God*, I do not mean to represent God as a bloody chieftain, having a grudge against us, but I do mean to affirm that there is no more antagonism between a hound and a hare, between a hawk and a pullet, between elephant and swine, than there is hostility between holiness and sin. And if God is all holiness, and we are to-night all sin, there must be a readjustment, there must be a reconstruction, there must be a treaty, there must be a stretching forth of olive branches.

There is a great law-suit going on now, and it is a law-suit which man is bringing against his Maker; that law-suit is now on the calendar. It is the human versus the divine; it is iniquity versus the immaculate; it is weakness versus omnipotence. Man began it; God did not begin the law-suit. We began it; we assaulted our Maker, and the sooner we end this part of the struggle in which the finite attempts to overthrow the infinite and omnipotent, the sooner we end it the better.

Travellers tell us there is no such place as Mount Calvary, that it is only a hill, only an insignificant hill; but I persist in calling it the Mount of God's divine mercy and love, far grander than any other place on earth, grander than the Alps or the Himalayas, and there are no other hills as compared with it; and I have noticed in every sect where the cross of Christ is set forth, it is planted with olive branches. And all we have to do is to get rid of this war between God and ourselves, of which we are all tired. We want to back out of the war, we want to get rid of this hostility. All we have to do is just to get up on the Mount of God's blessing, and pluck these olive branches and wave them before the throne. Peace through our Lord Jesus Christ!

Oh, it don't make much difference what the world thinks of you; what this king, that queen, that senator thinks of you. But come into the warm, intimate, glowing and everlasting relationship with the God of the round universe; that is the joy that makes a hallelujah seem stupid. Ah, why do we want to have peace through our Lord Jesus Christ? Why, if we had gone on in ten thousand years of war against God, we could not have captured so much as a sword or a cavalry stirrup, or twisted off one of the wheels of the chariot of His omnipotence. But the moment we bring this olive branch, God and all heaven come on our side. Peace through our Lord Jesus Christ; and no other kind of peace is worth anything.

But then we must have that other olive branch

PEACE WITH MAN.

Now it is very easy to get up a quarrel. There are *gunpowdery Christians* all around us, and one match of provocation will set them off. It is easy enough to get up a quarrel. But my brother, don't you think you had better have your horns sawed off? Had not you better make an apology? Had not you better submit to a little humiliation? Oh, you say, until that man takes the first step I will never be at peace with him; nothing will be done, until he is ready to take the first step. You are a pretty Christian. When would this world be saved if Christ had not taken the first step?

We were in the wrong, Christ was in the right, all right and forever right. And yet He took the first step.

And instead of going and getting a knotty scourge with which to whip your antagonist, your enemy, you had better get up on the radiant mount where Christ suffered for His enemies, and just take an olive branch, not stripping off the soft, cool, fragrant leaves, leaving them all on, and then try on them that gospel switch. It won't hurt them, and it will save you. Peace with God; peace with man. If you cannot take those two doctrines you are no Christian.

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

II. But my text goes further. It says: Go up into the mountain and fetch olive branches and

PINE BRANCHES.

Now what is suggested by the pine branch? The pine tree is *healthy;* it is aromatic; it is evergreen. How often the physician says to us, his invalid patients. "Go and have a breath of the pines; that will invigorate you." Why do such thousands of people go south every year? It is not merely to get to a warmer climate, but to get the influence of the pine. There is health in it, health in it, and this pine branch of the text suggests the healthfulness of our holy religion; it is full of health, health for all, health for the mind, health for the soul.

I knew *an aged man*, who had no capital of physical health. He had had all the diseases you could imagine; he did not eat enough to keep a child alive; he lived on a beverage of hosannas. He lived high, for he dined every day with the King. He was kept alive simply by the force of our holy religion. It is a healthy religion, healthy for the eye, healthy for the hand, healthy for the feet, healthy for the heart, healthy for the liver, healthy for the spleen, healthy for the whole man. It gives a man such peace, such quietness, such independence of circumstances, such holy equipoise. It is a healthy religion. Oh that we all possessed it, that we possessed it now. I mean it is healthy if a man gets enough of it. Now there are some people who get just enough religion *to bother them*, just enough religion to make them sick; but if a man take a full, deep, round inhalation of these pine branches of the gospel arbor, he will find it buoyant, exuberant, undying, immortal health.

But this evergreen of my text also suggests the simple fact that

IT IS EVERGREEN.

What does the pine branch care for the snow on its brow? It is only a crown of glory. The winter cannot freeze it out. This evergreen tree branch is as beautiful in winter as it is in the summer. And that is the characteristic of our holy religion; in the sharpest, coldest *winter of misfortune* and disaster, it is as good a religion as it is in the bright summer sunshine. Well, now, that is a practical truth. For suppose, if I should go up and down these aisles, and through all these galleries, I would not find in this house fifty people who had had no trouble.

But there are some of you who have especial trouble. God only knows what you go through with. Oh how many bereavements, how many poverties, how many persecutions! How many misrepresentations! And now my brother, you have tried everything else, why don't you try this evergreen religion? It is just as good for you now as it was in the day of prosperity; it is better, better for you. Perhaps some of you feel almost like *Muckle Backie*, the fisherman, who was chided one day because he kept on working, although that very day he buried his child. They came to him and said, it is indecent for you to be mending that boat when this afternoon you buried your child. And the fisherman looked up and said, "Sir, it is very easy for you gentlefolks to stay in the house with your handkerchief to your eyes in grief; but sir, ought I to let the other five children starve because one of them is drowned? No, sir, we maun work, we maun work, though our hearts beat like this hammer."

You may have had accumulation of sorrow and misfortune. They come in flocks, they come in herds upon your soul; and yet I have to tell you

that this religion can console you, that it can help you, that it can deliver you if nothing else will. Do you tell me that the riches and the gain of this world can console you? How was it with *the cardinal* who had such a fondness for money that when he was sick he ordered a basin of gold pieces to be brought to him, and he put his gouty hands down among the gold pieces, cooling his hand off in them, and the rattle and rolling of these gold pieces were his amusement and entertainment.

Ah, the gold and silver, the honors, the emoluments of this world are a poor solace for a perturbed spirit. You want something better, something better than this world can give. A young prince, when the children came around to play with him, refused to play; he said, I will play only with kings. And oh, it would be supposed that you would throw away all other solace before this regal satisfaction, this imperial joy.

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets.

III. But my text takes a step further, and it says, Go into the mountain and fetch olive branches, and pine branches, and

PALM BRANCHES.

Now the palm tree was very much honored by the ancients. It had three hundred and sixty different uses. The fruit was conserved; the sap was a beverage, the stems were ground up for food for camels; the base of the leaves was turned into hats, and mats, and baskets; and the leaves were carried in victorious processions; and from the root to the top of the highest leaf there was *usefulness*.

The tree grew *eighty-five feet* in height sometimes, and it spread broad leaves four and five yards long; it meant usefulness, and it meant victory; usefulness for what it produced, victory because it was brought into celebrations of triumph. And oh, how much we want the palm branches in the churches of Jesus Christ at this time! A great many Christians don't amount to anything. You have to shove them off the track, and let the Lord's chariots come along. We don't want any more of that kind of Christians in the Church.

I know the old plan was, the plan now is, in regard to worldly investments—you hear it, merchants tell you—don't put everything into one thing, don't put all your eggs into one basket; but I have to tell you in this matter of religion you had better give your all to God, and then get in yourself. Oh, says some one, My business is to sell silks and cloths. Well then, my brother, sell silks and cloths to the glory of God. And some one says, "My business is to raise corn and carrots. Then my brother, raise corn and carrots to the glory of God. And some one says, My business is to manufacture horseshoe nails. Then manufacture horse-shoe nails to the glory of God. There is nothing for you to do that you ought to do but for the glory of God.

Usefulness is typified by the palm tree. Ah, we don't want in the church any more people that are *merely weeping willows*, sighing into the water, standing and admiring their long lashes in the glassy spring. No wild cherry, dropping bitter fruit. We want palm trees, holding something for God, something for angels, something for man. I am tired and sick of this flat, tame, insipid, satin-slippered, namby-pamby, highty-tighty religion! It is worth nothing for this world, and it is destruction for eternity.

Give me five hundred men and women fully consecrated to Christ, and we will take this city for God in three years. Give me ten thousand men and women fully up to the Christian standard; in ten years ten thousand of them would take the whole earth for God. But when are we going to begin? We all want to be useful. There is not a man in the pews that does not want to be useful. We all want to be useful. When are we going to begin?

Ledyard, the great traveller, was brought before the geographical society of Great Britain, and they wanted him to make some explorations in Africa, and they showed him all the perils, and all the hard work, and all the exposure, and after they had told him what they wanted him to do in Africa, they said to him: Now, Ledyard, when are you ready to start? He said, To-morrow morning. Well, the learned men were astonished; they thought he would take weeks or months to get ready. Well, now, you tell me you want to be eminent for Christ; you want to be useful in Christian service. When are you going to begin? Oh, that you had the decision to say, To-night; now; now. Oh, go into the mount and gather the palm branches.

But the palm branch also meant

VICTORY.

You all know that; in all ages, in all lands, the palm branch means victory. Well, now, we are by nature the servants of Satan. He stole us, he has his eye on us, he wants to keep us. But word comes from our Father that if we will try to break loose from this doing of wrong, our Father will help us; and some day we rouse up, and we look *the black tyrant* in the face, and we fly at him, and we wrestle him down, and we put our heel on his neck, and we grind him in the dust, and we say, Victory, victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ! Oh what a grand thing it is to have sin under foot, and a wasted life behind our backs. "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, and whose sin is covered" (Ps. 32 : 1).

Oh, says some one, how about the future? What, says the man, I feel so sick and worn out with the ailments of life. You are going to be more than conqueror. But, says the man, I am so tempted, I am so pursued in life. You are going to be more than conqueror. I who have so many ailments and heart aches, going to be more than conqueror? Yes, unless you are so self-conceited that you want to manage all the affairs of your life yourself instead of letting God manage them.

Do you want to drive and have God take a back seat? Oh no, you say, I want God to be my leader. Well then you will be more than conqueror. Your last sickness will come, and the physicians in the next room will be talking about what they will do for you. What difference will it make what they do for you? You are going to be well, everlastingly well. And when the spirit has fled the body, your friends will be talking as to where they shall bury you. What difference does it make to you where they bury you? The angel of the resurrection can *pick you out of the dust anywhere*, and all the cemeteries of the earth are in God's care. Oh you are going to be more than conqueror.

Don't you think we had better begin now to celebrate the coming victory? In the old meeting-house at Summerville, my father used to lead the singing, and he had the old-fashioned tuning-fork, and he would strike it upon his knee, and then put the tuning fork to his ear, to catch the right pitch and start the hymn. But friend, don't you think we had better be catching the pitch of the everlasting song, the song of victory when we shall be more than conquerors? Had we not better begin the rehearsal on earth? "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them to living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes" (Rev. 15, 17).

City of eternity; to thy bridal halls
From this prison would I flee;
Ah, glory! that's for you and me.

IV. My text brings us one step further. It says, go forth into the mount, and fetch olive branches, and pine branches, and myrtle branches, and palm branches, and

BRANCHES OF THICK TREES.

Now you know very well—I make this remark under the head of branches of thick trees—that a booth or arbor made of slight branches would not stand. The first blast of the tempest would prostrate it. So then the booth or arbor must have *four stout poles* to hold up the arbor or booth; and hence for the building of the arbor for this world we must have stout branches of thick trees. And so it is in the gospel arbor. Blessed be God that we have a brawny Christianity, not one easily upset. The storms of life will come upon us, and we want strong doctrine, not only love, but justice; not only invitation, but warning. It is a mighty Gospel; it is an omnipotent Gospel. These are the stout branches of thick trees.

I remember what *Mr. Finney* said, in a schoolhouse in this State. The village was so bad it was called Sodom, and it was said to have only one good man in all the village, and he was called Lot: and Mr. Finney was preaching in the schoolhouse, and he described the destruction of Sodom, how the city was going to be destroyed unless they repented; and that there would be rain from heaven of sorrow and destruction unless they too repented. And the people in the schoolhouse sat and ground their teeth in anger, and clinched their fists in anger; but before he got through with his sermon they got down on their knees and cried for mercy while mercy could be found. Oh it is a mighty Gospel; not only an invitation, but a warning; an omnipotent truth, stout branches of thick trees.

Well my friends, you see I have omitted one or two points, not because I forgot to present them, but because I have not time to present them, I have shown you here is the olive branch of peace, here is the pine branch of evergreen gospel consolation, here the palm tree branch of usefulness and of victory, and here are the stout branches of thick trees. The gospel arbor is done. The air is aromatic of heaven. The leaves rustle with the gladness of God. Come into the arbor. Come into the booth. I went out at different times with a fowler to the mountains *to catch doves*, to catch pigeons; and we made our booth, and we sat in that booth, and watched for the pigeons to come. And we found flocks in the sky, and after a while they dropped into the net, and we were successful. So I come now to the door of this gospel booth. I look out, I see flocks of souls flying hither and flying thither. Oh, that they might come like clouds and as doves to the window. Come into the booth. Come into the booth.

A Champion Blasphemer Was Recently Converted in one of the colliery villages in the north of England. He obtained a livelihood by catching sparrows to be used as targets at shooting matches. He was a thorough adept in drinking, gambling, and blasphemy. Nearly every sentence he uttered showed that his tongue was set on fire of hell, and ordinary swearers stood aghast at him. He once had a *swearing match* with another blasphemer, who, after listening for a few moments to his devilish expressions, said to him, "Man, you are not human," and withdrew. He led many of the young into the paths of sin, especially that of gambling, and was considered by many a hopeless case. Through the instrumentality of a missionary, he was induced to attend some revival meetings, and, after a good deal of persuasion, was constrained to admit that he was a great sinner. Presently he wept like a child, and two of the friends prayed for him, he kneeling between them. That night he gave his heart to Christ. The general topic on the following day, yea, for many days, was *the conversion of the devil*. Some gave him a week, some a fortnight, and some three weeks until he should be back again into the world. The woodhouse in which he had kept his sparrows is now converted into a *devotion house*, in which other sinners have listened to the Gospel and found peace.

A Daughter's Peaceful Death was a Never-forgotten lesson to her irreligious father who recently quitted this world. When he was taken ill he sent for the minister who had visited his daughter during his illness. "Will you tell me, sir?" he asked, "what made my daughter Anne (what you used to come and see long ago) so happy when she was dying? for I have a great dread of death." The old man had been very much opposed to the minister's visits to his daughter, but now his gaze was earnest, anxious, and expressive of relief that the minister had come. "Your daughter trusted in Jesus," replied the minister; "and it is He alone who can take away the sting of death, which is sin. His blood cleanses us from all sin, and whosoever cometh to Jesus will in nowise be cast out." Then opening to him more fully the Gospel plan of salvation, on this and other occasions, he had the joy of seeing his tears give place to a peaceful trust in Christ.

JAMES GRAHAM'S BUSH LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

(*Continued from page* 487.)

The First Victim of the Expedition—No Water!—The Mare's Piteous Appeal—Resolution to Return—Earnest Prayer for Divine Help.

On the first day of their memorable journey in the bush, Graham, Gordon, and Duncan arrived and camped on the Duck Creek, beside the burial place of the Blan blacks. This solemn resting place of the natives was far, far away from the wood-embosomed churchyard, where James many years since had wept over the burial of two sisters younger than himself; but its seclusion was so deep, it recalled that scene and his mother's tears. The solemnity of the place and the associations awakened by it, together with the responsibility and perils of the present enterprise, made him look up solemnly to the bright stars above him, as he lay with his head on his saddle, and caused him to pray with more than usual earnestness to the God who sustains those stars, and without whom a sparrow cannot fall.

Thirty miles more, next day, brought them to the Merule Creek—*the last on the verge of the desert*. As they were thinking where they should dig for water, before camping, a warragel started from under a great gum tree on the dry creek. He had been scraping for water by the roots of the tree. The kangaroo dog, Fly, was with them, and soon despatched the wild dog. With a shovel, improvised from the bark of the tree, they dug where the dog had scraped; and in three quarters of an hour's shovelling came on a spring of beautiful clear water, which soon formed a clear well, at which all slaked their thirst. Next morning, after breakfast, by early dawn, they started to penetrate the twenty miles of scrub which lay between them and the desert. In some parts it was hard work, but they effected it by eight o'clock, and even then the sun was intensely hot, and the kangaroo dog was panting with protruded tongue.

The only chance to save a dog in such circumstances, is to get him before you on the saddle, and gallop to water and throw him in over head and ears. Graham could not do so now with poor Fly. He heard the rattles in her throat, and helplessly watched, while she ran and thrust her head into a hollow log for coolness, and in a few minutes was dead—the *first victim of the expedition*.

On the verge of the desert stood the hill called Sugar-loaf Bulgar (native for "rock"), which they ascended for a look-out over the desert toward the Binier range.

The hill may be some 1800 or 2000 feet high, principally composed of white, very white, sandstone, rising like a loaf of white sugar or a pyramid of bleaching linen. Round its base for acres grew the wattle and mimosa. When they had had a look from this hill, and clearly descried Binier with its central depression or gap, Graham, pointing to the vast tracts of glowing sand, asked Duncan solemnly, "Shall we go on?" Duncan, pointing to the distant hills and the gap in them said, "*There must be water there*, and why should we now turn back with our finger in our mouth?" Graham said, "If there is no water here, there is none there, and we may say farewell to daylight for ever."

Duncan led the way, and they followed into the sand, which grew deeper and more scorching to the horses' feet as they advanced. Every mile our travellers advanced the tufts of scrub and grass grew thinner and thinner, and the character of the sandy desert more marked. They had full sixty miles of this wilderness from the Sugar-loaf Bulgar to Binier. When they stopped mid-way to rest they had no shelter from the sun-blaze, except a tent formed by stretching a blanket on a prickly bush and their guns. They pressed on; for every hour was most precious. The searching, pitiless rays appeared to reflect from the sand hotter than they fell on it, though in falling they appeared to dart direct into the travellers brains. But their horses bore up nobly; and as the shades of evening fell, they stopped to rest under the shadow of the mountain. There was no water; and the horses, having performed a journey of nearly eighty miles, were greatly exhausted.

Soon after sundown, as it grew dark, they reached the gap in the Binier range; and they tracked the gulley toward the top looking for water; but the darkness increased, and they were compelled to desist till morning. Poor Duncan spent a wretched and restless night in thirst and foreboding. He tried to allay the pain of his thirst, and draw moisture to his mouth by eating quantities of sugar, which subsequently inflamed his thirst. Graham tied his Arab mare to a sapling, and fell into a doze, in which cascades and torrents were sounding in his ears, as lakes had been gleaming in the mirage of the day.

The mare broke her fastenings; and, after rambling about, came to her master and awoke him by her heavy breathing and by licking his face. She said as plainly as she could, "I have searched in vain for water; rise you and search." He felt deeply affected by this unwonted conduct of the gentle, faithful beast, and raised his companions by dawn to renew the search for that element without which all should perish ere long. Alas! alas! the more thorough the search, the deeper the conviction that no water could, lodge in that sandy, porous rock, on which if water were poured it would be drunk up as by a sponge.

Despair glared in the looks of Graham's companions. And no wonder, for the torments of thirst were increasing; the sun would soon be up to increase them; and to re-cross that desert and scrub appeared to be in their case beyond human power. When the daylight dawned they renewed the search, but in vain; and they saw *beyond* the Binier range a region as hopeless as that they had traversed.

Despair now stared them in the face. The black Jackey looked frightened; and, in sad soliloquy, said, "Bell cooleen, bell pater, these poor fellows, all tumble down when euroka jump up: nothing to eat, nothing to drink, these poor fellows will all die when the sun jumps up." Duncan was shrunk in body and collapsed in soul. The fearful truth was now too plain—he had succeeded in persuading his too facile friend to a common destruction. "Graham," he said, "in Heaven's name what shall we do? I am afraid all is over. I only am to blame. What shall we do?"

Graham comprehended the horrors of their case better than did Duncan; and the excitement which was unmanning the one called up the resources of the deeper but tardier nature of the other. He was quite calm and pitied Duncan. He said "My dear friend, we'll make nothing by talk; further beyond the mountain is but deeper in the furnace. We can die but once, and God can still help us; let us return, there is no time to be lost!"

James Graham did not despair, but felt roused through all his powers to make effort to save himself and his companions. Much—indeed, under Providence everything—depended on the ability of their horses to hold out till they got within reach of water. For the first two days his Arab mare, Sarah, had borne the pack, and her strength had been reserved; he now mounted her, *and by sunrise led the party back on their own tracks through the desert they had crossed the previous day*.

If he ever lifted his heart to God it was then, as he remembered the words of his Bible: "Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them. Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivered them out of their distresses; and led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation. Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men."

At some two or three miles from the foot of the mountain they were leaving, he discerned to their left an undulating sand mound with some scrub on it. There he thought the waters of the Merule Creek might find an outlet; and thither he led the way. They dismounted, but the burning sand-drifts yielded no water. He and Duncan *resolved there to pray*; and having pushed aside the burning sand, Graham laid down a blanket on which they knelt, and in succession they poured out their sense of want and dependence to God, as men only can do who are made to feel such utter necessity and helplessness.

Duncan's prayer was passionate, excited, and eloquent; highly characterized by remarkably clear views of the office and value of Christ as a Mediator; but he appeared to give himself up as dead. If Gordon prayed, his prayers were not audible, though indifferent he could not be. But poor Jackey, he knew not God; and he sat on the sand beneath a shrub, swinging to and fro and shaking and tossing his head with a doleful hum—the aboriginal dirge—the requiem of his race. Poor Jackey thus bids farewell to his tribe and to his life, with no hope of sepulture except by the eagle-hawks. He feels that the white man has led him to inevitable and most miserable death, and he has no God to whom to utter nature's last doleful plaint against fate.

(*To be concluded.*)

GRACE.

A Sermon by Mr. D. L. Moody.

(*Continued from page* 493.)

"For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world."—Titus 2: 11, 12.

Three Terrible Enemies—Already Overcome by Christ—Incident of the Ten-cent Man—A Visit to a London Garret—Wanting a Father's Forgiveness—The Father's Promptitude—A Happy Death in an Attic.

We have got

THREE TERRIBLE ENEMIES.

Young man, put them in you mind. The flesh—and some one has said, You resist the devil and he will flee from you; but you resist the flesh and the flesh clings to you; you carry it around with you—the flesh, the world, and the devil—three terrible enemies. We are no match for them in our own strength. We have not got the power to conquer them. But when Christ comes He gives us the power over the world, and we can conquer the world. If I have Christ's spirit in me I can conquer the world. When Christ came He conquered Satan. Satan made his attack upon Him. Christ drew the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, and He said to Satan "it is written—it is written"—and Satan fled. He overcame Satan and He overcame the flesh. He conquered all those enemies, and if Christ is in me I will conquer those same enemies. That is the only way we can get the victory. Now what does He say: "My grace is sufficient for thee; as thy days are, so shall thy strength be."

Did you ever hear of a man failing with a good bank account? Did you? How is a man going to fail with a good bank account? Men are afraid they will fail and that they will not hold out if they become Christians. The bank of heaven has never been empty yet. There is plenty of grace. "My grace is sufficient for thee; as thy days are so shall thy strength be."

Here is a man who wants grace to overcome that mean and contemptible nature of his. Perhaps he is very impatient, and he wants grace to overcome that impatience. "My grace is sufficient for thee." Just think, just say, "My grace is sufficient for thee." There is a man that wants the victory over his appetite. That man has not strength to walk by a saloon without going in to get a drink. I heard of a man who kept in his room all one day this very week, because he was afraid if he went out he would be tempted, and so he stayed in his room. Well, thank God that men are wanting to get away from the tempter; but if that man will look right to the Lord Jesus and say, "Lord, deliver me," he can walk right straight through this city without yielding to temptation; he can conquer the world. I don't care how weak he may be in his own strength. "Lay hold of my strength," says God. Lay hold of Jesus Christ. He will hold men up and He will keep men up.

There was a man that I knew in New York and they used to call him

THE TEN-CENT MAN.

He came to the hippodrome when we were there, and I don't think the clothes he had on were worth ten cents. Some one had given him one of those little pieces of ten-cent scrip that used to be in circulation; he had given it to him to get a drink

with. He didn't give it to him for that purpose, for the man told him a lie; he told him he wanted it for bread; and I tell you when men are under the power of the devil they will do most anything. This man said he wanted it for bread, but he wanted to get some whiskey with it. But he came to the meeting; it was a cold day, and he came in there to get warm, and he stayed at the after meeting, and a friend got hold of that man and talked with him and prayed with him.

And when I saw that Christian lady upon her knees, praying with that man, I thought it was a sight for angels to behold. Thank God, we have such ladies, who can labor for poor, weak, fallen manhood. And that lady, with the fire of God burning in her soul, and with a desire to save souls, was down upon her knees, praying with that man. And when he got off his knees he says: "Now, Lord, if you will help me keep that ten cents for twenty four hours I will begin to think you have heard my prayer." And the next day I think he was about the happiest man in New York.

He came back and he says, "My friends, there is that ten-cent scrip; I have carried it for twenty-four hours, a thing that I have not been able to do for years." And when I went through New York last fall, I inquired for the "ten-cent man," and they said he had got the ten cents yet, and that he had never drunk another drop from that day to this. The grace of God was sufficient for him. That is the point: "My grace is sufficient for thee." Are you discouraged; are you disheartened? My good brother, look up and say: "Lord God Almighty, save me." It is a very easy matter for God to save. It is as easy for God to save a drunkard as it is for me to lift my hand.

William Dorsett, the great Yorkshire farmer, preached one night in London, and in his sermon he said that there was not a man so far gone in all London, but that the grace of God could save him. The next morning a lady called upon him, and she said, "Mr. Dorsett, I heard you preach last night, and I heard you make that striking remark. Did you mean it?" She thought perhaps that under the heat of the moment he might have said it without weighing his words, but Mr. Dorsett said, "Of course I meant it: I shouldn't have said it if I had not meant it." She says, "I have found a man in my tract district—my missionary district—who says

HE CAN'T BE SAVED,

that he is too vile, and too far gone. Would you go to see him?" "Yes, I should be glad to see him." She took him to the east end of London to a five-story building, and she says, "You will find him in the fifth story, and I think you had better go alone."

He went up five flights of stairs—dark, filthy stairs—and he opened the door and went into a dark, filthy room, and over there in a corner of that room, upon some straw, with scarcely rags enough to cover his nakedness, lay a young man dying. The man of God bent over and whispered in his ear and called him "Friend." The poor man looked up with astonishment, and says he: "You are mistaken, sir: you have got into the wrong place." "How is that?" says Mr. Dorsett. "Ah," says the young man, "*I have no friends.*" "But," he says, "you have a friend;" and then he went on to tell him about the Sinner's Friend, and he told him though every one else had forsaken him, the Lord had not; that the Lord loved and cared for him; and in that dark garret he preached Christ, he held up Christ to that poor, lost, ruined man, and for a long time he couldn't make that man believe that a man like him could be saved.

He thought even Christ could not save; he thought there was not grace enough in heaven to save him. He had been deluded by the enemy of righteousness, and he thought God could not save him. But Mr. Dorsett went on and quoted promise after promise, and at last the light of the Gospel began to break in upon that poor man's heart.

And do you know the first sign of a new life is that a man's heart goes out toward those whom he has injured; that is the first thing when the life of God begins in a man's heart; he will want to straighten out some things in his life, and he said: "Well, I believe that I could die happy now in this garret if I only knew that my father forgave me." "Who is he?" The young man told him. "Where does he live?" "In the west end of London." "Well," says Mr. Dorsett, "I will go and see him and ask him if he will forgive you." "No," says the young man, "I don't want you to do that." "Why not?" "Why," says he, "my father has

DISINHERITED

me out of my name. My name has been taken from the family records; I have been as one dead for years to him; he don't allow the servants or any one to mention my name in his presence, and if you go to him and talk about me it will make him very angry, and you have treated me so kindly I don't want your feelings injured." "Well," says Mr. Dorsett, "I will go and see him."

He got the address, and he went to the west end of London; he rang the door-bell, and he found the man was living in a beautiful palace. A servant in livery came to the door, and Mr. Dorsett inquired if his master was in. He told him he was. "Well," said he, "I should like to see him for a moment." The servant took him into the drawing-room, and presently a proud, haughty-looking man came down; he was a large merchant in London, and as he came toward Mr. Dorsett to shake hands, Mr. Dorsett put out his hand, and as he did so he said: "I believe you have a son named Joseph, have you not?" The man's hand fell by his side and he turned pale. Mr. Dorsett saw that the man was very angry, and he said, "No, sir; and if you have come to me to talk about that worthless vagabond I want you to leave my house. If you have been listening to his lies, you have been deceived. There is nothing good about that man. I disinherited him years ago. He is not my boy, sir. I disown him." "But," says the man of God, "he is your boy still, but he won't be long."

The man's countenance changed again, and he says, "Is Joseph sick?" "Yes, sir;

YOUR BOY IS DYING.

I haven't come to ask you to give him anything—I will see that his wants are met and that he has a decent burial—but I have only come to ask you to forgive him, and if you will forgive him, your boy will die in peace." The great tears trickled down that father's cheeks. Says he, "Forgive him! Ah, sir, I would have forgiven him long ago, if I had known he really wanted to be forgiven. Does Joseph want to be forgiven?" "Yes," says Mr. Dorsett. "He thinks God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven him, and," says he, "he thinks he could die happy now if he knew that you would forgive him." "Oh, forgive him," says the father; "can you take me to him?" "Yes." The man ordered out his carriage, and in a few minutes he was on his way to that dark garret, and as he went up those stairs he said, "Is it possible you found my boy dying here?"

He went into the room and he hardly recognized that poor boy, all mangled and bruised by the fall of sin. Ah, sin is a fearful thing, young man, and may God help you to hate it; may God help you to turn from it. The father bent over his boy, and as he did so he heard a faint whisper; it was very faint; he hadn't but a little while longer to stay; but he heard a faint whisper, and he says, "Father, can you forgive me; can you forgive me?" "Forgive you, my boy? Oh, I forgive you with all my heart, and I would have done so long ago if I had known that you wanted me to." And then he says: "Let the servants take him to the carriage, and take him home and away from this horrible place." "No," says the young man, "I am too weak, father, to be moved; I am too sick; but I can die happy now in this garret, knowing that you have forgiven me. I think God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven me;" and therewith, his head on the bosom of his father, he talked to him of a Saviour's love, and in a few hours from that time he closed his eyes in death, and up from that dark garret he passed into the kingdom of God.

Oh, I thank God that we have got such a Gospel, and that the grace of God stoops down to the lowest and to the vilest, and lifts them up and brings them into the presence of God. Oh, the marvellous grace of God—that grace of God that hath appeared, bringing salvation to all men. Every man can be saved if he will, and if he is not saved it will be his own fault. If a man spurns the grace of God, is there any one to blame but himself? God offers you salvation. Will you have it? Will you take it, young man? Will you receive it to-day? Will you take eternal life as a gift, or will you get up and go out of this house and turn your backs upon it? Oh, may the Spirit of God open your eyes to-day to show you the simplicity of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

"BRANDY I BEGAN WITH AND BRANDY I WILL END WITH."

WOULD you like to hear the story? It is not an uncommon one. Only a young life wrecked for time and for eternity by prescriptions of the physician. This is how I became acquainted with it.

A respectable, elderly man called on me one day, and besought me to try and save his son, to make him a Good Templar if I could, and so keep him from drinking. Harry was his youngest son and his darling. Carefully and tenderly brought up, he had been a Band of Hope boy, a Sunday-school teacher, and an abstainer up to the age of twenty-three.

He was now dreadfully ill with an attack of delirium tremens, the second that he had suffered from, and his father said he had brought it on by his daily visits to a public-house, where he was tempted to drink to excess, and to bet on horse races.

But how came this Band of Hope boy, this Sunday-school teacher, this regular attendant at church, this total abstainer, to frequent the public house? His tale is soon told.

A week after his father had sought my aid I met the young man in the street. His clothes hung in folds about his wasted form, his feverish eyes and burning face, and caged, despairing look, marked him plainly out for one of alcohol's miserable victims. I stopped him and spoke to him, urging him kindly to give up his drinking, warning him of what it would surely bring him to. He looked me in the face with a ghastly stare which I shall never forget, and drew out an empty brandy bottle from under his coat. "Mr. Kidd," he said, "you know nothing about it. I am dying. I cannot eat. I cannot drink anything but brandy. I am now going to get this bottle filled. Brandy I must have. Brandy I began with, and brandy will end it. It is the doctor's doings. I was a total abstainer all my life until I had a severe illness. My doctor ordered me brandy. I refused to take it, but after a severe struggle I gave in. I took the brandy which he prescribed for me, and I soon learned to love it. By degrees I became what I am—a drunkard, and hopeless. Let me alone; it is killing me, but I must have it."

When he had said this he hurried on, in spite of my most earnest pleading, to fill his brandy-bottle at the public-house. It was his last visit there. In three days after he was dead. Very probably the medical man who in his illness had ordered him brandy, and by the force of his medical authority had overcome his reluctance to take it, never heard of the result of his prescription, never saw his own work. But the work was done nevertheless. He saw death staring him in the face when he said, "Brandy I began with, and brandy will end it." Medical men who have studied the subject are generally careful to avoid the prescription of alcohol where their patient has a love for it. They seek some other remedy. But even they do not fully realize the danger of creating a fatal liking for stimulants; they refuse to believe in the facility with which it is often acquired. The patients and their friends realize that. In health there may be no craving for liquor, but a serious illness comes, the sinking, the deadly faintness is experienced, and the stimulant is administered. The sudden transformation that follows is not forgotten. Or, the patient is restless, tossing from side to side of the bed. The glass of brandy is drunk and soon sleep falls on the stupefied brain. But when the patient recovers, is the knowledge that relief may be had from intoxicants a beneficial knowledge? In thousands of cases that knowledge has led to habitual excess and a drunkard's grave.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Reports from the President's Sick Room during the early part of last week were of a hopeful character, but on the last three days it was noticed with apprehension, that he suffered a periodical rise of temperature, indicating that another obstruction to the discharge of pus was forming. Last Monday morning, Dr. Agnew and Dr. Hamilton, after consulting with the other surgeons, decided on making another incision from the surface of the body to the track of the bullet. The operation was performed at nine o'clock, the President being under the influence of ether. The patient endured it well, and on Monday afternoon was reported to be as well as could be hoped.

Every means which science and affection can suggest to add to the sufferer's comfort are employed. A description recently published of *the bed* on which he lies shows how much ingenuity has been exercised in the effort to save the wounded man unnecessary pain. The mattress is in several parts, so that it can be folded like a chair. Over this mattress is a canvas stretcher, which will support the patient while the mattress is being moved. The canvas can also be lifted at any time so as to admit an under current of air, serving the purposes of a hammock. All the manipulation is done by screws and cranks.

Repeated experiments have been made with *the electrical apparatus* to discover the spot where the bullet lodged, all of which confirm the conclusions formed when it was first tried. The ball will be allowed to remain until the President regains his usual health, unless it should give trouble. Dr. Hamilton, who is a recognized authority on gunshot wounds, speaking on this subject said, "I may say that I do not know that it could have been lodged in any safer place within the interior of the body." All the physicians concur in the opinion that, humanly speaking, the President will certainly recover. Prayer has ascended unceasingly to God for this result, and it becomes us now to thank Him that we have reason to hope those prayers will be answered (Ps. 17 : 7).

The Virginia State Democratic Convention assembled at Richmond on August 4th. John A. Daniel, of Lynchburg, received the nomination for Governor; James Barbour, of Culpeper, for Lieutenant-Governor; P. W. McKinney, of Prince Edward, for Attorney-General. All three gentlemen are ex-officers of the Southern army. The platform adopted by the Convention contains the following passage, which marks distinctly the issue between the parties in the coming struggle in the State: "We pledge our party to use all lawful authority to secure a settlement of the State debt, so that there shall be but one class of public debt; that we will use all the lawful and constitutional means in our power to secure a settlement upon the basis of a three per cent bond, and that the Conservative-Democratic party pledges itself as part of its policy not to increase the present rates of taxation." The Republicans and Readjusters complain that the statement is not explicit, and urge that the pledge not to increase the present rate of taxation involves repudiation in some degree; also that the expectation of negotiating three per cent bonds is delusive.

The Prohibition Movement has Suffered a severe defeat in North Carolina. The Prohibition law enacted by the Legislature required the sanction of the people, who have rejected it by a majority variously estimated at from forty to sixty thousand. The reports state that the whites divided on the question, but the colored vote was cast solid against prohibition. The friends of the movement are not cast down even by this enormous majority, which they believe is mainly due to a misapprehension that may be removed by an earnest effort to enlighten the people on the merits of the question. It appears that the measure, though passed by a Democratic legislature, did not command the unanimous approval of the party, many members of which voted against it, while a large number of Republican voters persisted in regarding it as *a party question*, and opposed it solely because it emanated from a Democratic source. The bill was passed by the Legislature by a vote of 104 to 17. Of the Democrats 83 voted for it and 10 against it, while 21 Republicans voted for it and 7 against. The bill made it a misdemeanor, punishable by *fine and imprisonment*, to manufacture, buy, or sell spirituous or malt liquors, wine, or cider, except for medical or mechanical purposes.

Predictions as to the Result of the Temperance campaign in Ohio differ from each other more widely than such political forecasts usually do. The following estimate is made by a friend of the movement residing in Cincinnati, who appears to be among the more moderate of its supporters. "There are 30,000 voters in the State who favor a temperance movement of some kind; and of these 6000 will vote the straight Republican ticket, and attempt to obtain temperance legislation through that party; 9000 will vote the Republican ticket with the exception of Forster for Governor and Longworth for Supreme Judge; and the remaining 15,000 will support the entire Prohibition ticket. This will defeat the Republicans, or come so near it that the party will be obliged to respect their claims to guard against future defeat."

It would appear from this estimate that the utmost the Prohibitionists can do is to defeat the Republican ticket, which at the last election had a plurality of only 17,129. Under these circumstances it is doubtful whether the Prohibitionists will poll their full strength.

An Interesting Experiment with the Object of converting sterile lands into fruitful fields is about to be made. Commissioner Loring has requested Professor C. A. White, of Greeley, Colorado, and Professor Samuel Aughey, of Lincoln, Nebraska, to act as a commission, for the expenses of which Congress made an appropriation, to select a site for sinking experimental artesian wells in the arid regions east of the Rocky Mountains. Should the experiment prove successful, millions of acres on both sides of the Rocky Mountains, which are now absolutely sterile, would become productive. An examination of the soil by scientific men has resulted in the conviction that if a supply of water could be obtained, the fertility of that region would be extraordinary. If that result is achieved it will be a type of the period predicted in Scripture (Isa. 35 : 1).

Bishop Erastus Otis Haven, D.D., LL.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church died at Salem, Oregon, on Tuesday, August 2d, after a brief illness. He was an active worker both with tongue and pen, and his death is the cause of profound grief through the whole M. E. Church. Bishop Haven was born at Boston, Mass., on November 1, 1820. Entering the itinerant ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1848 he was first stationed in New York and was a pastor until 1853, when he became a professor in the University of Michigan. He was also actively engaged in journalistic work. In 1862 he was elected a member of the Massachusetts Senate, serving two terms. He was also a member of the State Board of Education. In 1863 he became President of the University of Michigan, and held the position until 1869. He was next appointed President of the North-western University at Evanston, Ill., and continued to hold the office for three years. From 1872 to 1874 he was corresponding secretary of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1874 he was elected chancellor of Syracuse University, and in 1880 he was made a bishop. He was the author of several useful works, among which the best known are "The Young Man Advised" and "Pillars of Truth."

The following passage from a letter dated July 21st, Bishop Haven wrote to a friend, indicates the state of his mind in the presence of death. He wrote: "Allow me now to add that during every moment of my physical illness the Lord has consciously been with me, and I have had a peaceful assurance that He is mine and I am His."

Mrs. Garfield has Received $500 from England, in aid of the fund for the erection of the new Church of the Disciples in Washington, as an expression of sympathy and congratulation. Accompanying the gift was a letter stating that the money was the gift of four churches planted and aided largely by aid from American brethren, and concluded as follows: "We hope that this small contribution will be accepted by you for the purpose indicated, with the assurance that it comes from hearts *full of gratitude to God* for His merciful providence over you and yours. Be pleased to tender our hearty sympathy to your dear husband and assure him that while he is passing under the rod, his noble bearing, his Christian patience, his words of faith and hope and his sweet resignation to the Divine will, have been eloquently and *effectually preaching to the whole world.*"

Guiteau has made a Formal Application to be released on bail. There is no probability of his request being granted, but it is an indication of the character of his mind. He does not appear to realize the enormity of his crime as a blow at national institutions as well as a personal attack on the President. He cannot be aware either of the sentiment with which he is regarded in the country; the jail is a place of safety for him, and even that requires to be strongly guarded. If he were set at liberty, as he asks, there is no doubt he would be lynched in less than twenty-four hours. The authorities at the jail say that his application for release is the first sign of insanity Guiteau has displayed since his arrest.

Leo Hartmann, the Nihilist, Left New York abruptly on Thursday last. He is said to have taken refuge in Canada. We have no extradition treaty with Russia, but the public conscience has been quickened by Guiteau's crime, and Hartmann appears to have arrived at the conclusion that he would be safer under the British flag than under the Stars and Stripes. The narrative published by Hartmann proved that he was a murderer in intent, and it was generally felt that the fact that his intended victim was an emperor and not a private citizen, ought not to be regarded as a palliation of his crime. There is no disposition manifest to curtail the hospitality we extend to political refugees, but there is a marked difference between a revolutionist and an assassin.

The Net Results of Prohibition in the State of Maine are summed by ex-Governor Dingley, who states that the number of dramshops has been reduced from one to every 225 inhabitants in 1833 to less than one secret groggery to every 1000 inhabitants in 1881, while the sales in these secret shops are less than one fourth what they would be in openly licensed saloons. He also states that the criminal records afford convincing proof of the benefits of prohibition; there being in Maine only one State prison convict to 2700 inhabitants. That proportion is lower than obtains in seven States which he mentions. The proportion in New York is one to 1400.

Dr. Andrew Bonar, the Eminent Scottish preacher, who has come to this country to attend the Bible Convention Mr. Moody has invited to his home at Northfield, preached in Chicago on July 31st. The service was held in Farwell Hall, where the Moody meetings used to be held. Mr. J. V Farwell presided. Major Whittle made a characteristically hearty and appropriate address. The special subject of the meeting was City Evangelization. Dr. Bonar's text was, "Raise the Dead" (Matt. 10 : 8). He reminded his hearers that they were commanded to "raise the dead!" He said: "Workers for Christ, lay this to heart. Make sure that you are going forth to raise the dead. See that you go forth Sabbath after Sabbath, every day, in this belief, to raise the dead. Ask yourselves, *Have I raised any dead yet?* There is no joy like doing this. Look at the light this command casts upon the proclamation of the Gospel. You want to go to those that are lying in their sins. You want to go through that valley of dry bones where the dry bones are, and where they are very dry. Give those dry bones life." A large audience listened attentively to Dr. Bonar's fervent discourse. The following day he set out for Northfield.

An Earnest Appeal for Increased Christian activity is made in the columns of a contemporary not usually disposed to take the pessimist view of the world's condition. The cause of the appeal is that owing to the "tremendous dangers now threatening our own land from immigration, ignorance, Communism, Socialism, Nihilism, Mormonism, Kearneyism, Spiritualism, Jesuitism, materialism, rationalism and almost every other evil ism which the fertile brain of man under the instigation of the devil has invented, there is now *an unparalleled crisis* upon us, and one whose demands it is, and must be, our first duty to meet." This admission, which is quite true, is observed and understood by the watchful Christian as a sign of the approaching advent of his Lord (2 Tim. 3 : 1–6).

A Gospel Ship now being Built by Mr. Ludlow, Clerk of the District Court of Seattle, W. T., is described in the *Weekly Post* of that city. The steamer is intended exclusively for gospel work on the North Pacific coast, and Mr. Ludlow, who has long contemplated the scheme, is defraying the entire cost. He intends to keep her cruising among the islands and along the coast of Washington Territory, British Columbia and Alaska, holding services, distributing reading matter, and doing general missionary work. She will be provided with a good library and a portable cabinet organ, and will carry a tent capable of holding 200 persons, so that a church can be erected in the wilderness at short notice. She will also act as a bethel ship among the sailors, coming to and going from the sound. It is designed to obviate the difficulties missionaries have hitherto experienced owing to the isolation of the people to be reached, their remoteness from the usual lines of communication and the long distances to be travelled.

The Secret Convention of Irishmen now in Session at Chicago adopted unusually stringent precautions to prevent its proceedings being made public. Sufficient information has however leaked out to show that it was convened to take into consideration the work of "the skirmishers." A Chicago paper says: "Their deliberations are not as to whether dynamite shall be used against England, but as to *the most feasible way of using it*. The discussion proved that these Irish patriots are as much devoted to their ideas as are the Nihilists, and that there would be no difficulty in finding Irishmen who would accept the possibility or even certainty of death if by it they might do great and serious damage to England. The plans were elaborated by which dynamite was to be furnished and *used on vessels and in cities*. They considered the question of how to get better manufactories of explosive machines in the United States and France. Their financial condition was reported as being sound." The treasury contains nearly $100,000 for a skirmishing fund, and committees have been appointed to provide for the future and levy a tax to raise more money. It is evident that the spirit of lawlessness which we gather from the prophecy of Daniel and the Apocalypse would be a sign of the approaching end of the age, is now being rapidly developed. It would be difficult to find a more accurate description of the ways of these men than Isaiah wrote (Isa. 59 : 6–8)—men whose feet run to evil and make haste to shed innocent blood, and in whose paths are wasting and destruction.

A Man was Frozen to Death in New York on Friday last. The statement at first sight is incredible, as that day was the hottest we have yet had this summer, but it appears that the heat was the indirect cause of the fatality. The deceased was a saloon keeper residing in Fourth Avenue. He attended to his business as usual on Friday, but was not seen alive by any one after he closed his premises at night. Next morning, however, he was found sitting on a chair in his ice-house *frozen to death*. It is supposed that he must have felt oppressed by the heat and entered the ice-house to obtain momentary relief. There he must have fallen asleep and so perished. His sad fate is a type of that spiritual death which has overtaken many of Satan's dupes. They excused themselves for indulging in worldly pleasures on the plea that relief from care and worry is necessary, and they soon become insensible of their danger, and fall an easy prey to the enemy of souls.

A Brave Engineer Saved the Lives of his passengers last week at serious risk to himself. A special despatch from Kokomo, Ind., says an eastbound passenger train on the Toledo, Delphos and Burlington Railway jumped the track on August 5th. The engine and baggage-car were overturned; the engineer was so severely scalded that he can hardly recover. He had opportunity to jump from his engine and save his own life, but by remaining at his post the passengers had a better chance for their lives. A deed of self-sacrifice, such as this, proves heroism of a high order, and is an illustration of the sacrifice offered for men (Rom. 5 : 8).

A Slave's Gratitude to his Former Master is described in a Virginia paper in a letter from Salem, Va., which says: "One of the most remarkable characters of the day arrived here on Friday night—a colored man named William Key, from Shelbyville, Tenn. When the war closed he found himself free, and his old master and mistress penniless. His former owner had given him a fair education while a slave, which he made use of by entering college and becoming a veterinary surgeon and physician. With the knowledge thus gained he invented a liniment, the sale of which has netted him a fortune. He now showed his sense of his obligation to his benefactors for the education by means of which he had attained his wealth. He never lost sight of his old master and mistress, but kept them up in their former style of living while they remained on earth. He then undertook the education of their son by sending him to college. This is one of the most remarkable instances of the fulfilment of the Scriptural promise that bread cast upon the waters shall be found after many days (Eccles. 11 : 1)

A Prayer for Rain was Quickly Answered at Albany, Ga., on Sunday, July 31st. The secular local papers call attention to the fact as "a curious coincidence" that the pastors of all the churches in the city, without previous understanding, prayed for rain, and hardly had their benedictions been pronounced, when a little cloud gathered over the sweltering city, others gathered to it, and a refreshing, plentiful shower descended. These curious coincidences are so frequent that if they occurred in natural and worldly concerns they would be characterized by a name which more accurately describes them.

A Delicate Instrument is Used for Weighing gold at the Assay Office. It is said that the scales are so minutely exact that when balanced with two pieces of paper of equal size in the pans, if *a name be written with lead-pencil* on one it will add enough weight to the paper to turn the scales. The illustration used to exemplify the accuracy of this instrument is suggestive. It reminds us that at the day when all men will be judged according to the deeds done in the body, the deciding difference between the saved and the lost will be the name of Jesus written on the heart.

FAITH: WHAT IS IT? HOW CAN IT BE OBTAINED?

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Preached on Sunday Morning, July 17, 1881.

"By grace are ye saved through faith."—EPHESIANS 2 : 8.

Grace the Fountain—Faith a Conduit-Pipe—A Negro's Blunder—I. Faith, What is it?—Made Up of Three Things—Knowledge Essential to Faith—Of the Gospel—Of Christ—Belief Essential—Trust the Life Blood of Faith—Degrees of Faith—Simple Clinging—The Limpet—The Sweet Pea—Following—Learning—Love-Rooted—Realizing God's Presence—A Child's Calmness in a Thunder Storm—Founded on Assured Knowledge—II. Why Faith is Selected as the Channel—Its Natural Adaptation—It Gives the Glory to God—A Sure Method—Touches the Springs of Action—III. How Can we Obtain and Increase Our Faith?—By Prayer—Hearing—Receiving Testimony—Other Methods—A Foreman and His Employer.

I MEAN to dwell mainly upon that expression, "Through faith." I call attention, however, first of all, to the fountain head of our salvation, which is the grace of God. "By grace are ye saved." Because God is gracious, therefore sinful men are forgiven, converted, purified and saved. It is not because of anything in them, or that ever can be in them, that they are saved; but because of the boundless love, goodness, pity, compassion, mercy, and grace of God. Right well remember this, for else you may fall into error by fixing your minds so much upon the faith which is the channel of salvation as to forget the grace which is the fountain and source even of faith itself. Faith is the work of God's grace in us. Grace is the first and last moving cause of salvation, and faith, important as it is, is only an important part of the machinery which grace employs. We are saved "through faith," but it is "by grace."

Faith occupies the position of *a channel or conduit-pipe*. Grace is the fountain and the stream; faith is the aqueduct along which the flood of mercy flows down to refresh the thirsty sons of men. It is a great pity *when the aqueduct is broken*. It is said sight to see around Rome the many noble aqueducts which no longer convey water into the city, because the arches are broken and the marvellous structures are in ruins. The aqueduct must be kept entire to convey the current; and, even so, faith must be true and sound, leading right up to God and coming right down to ourselves, that it may become a serviceable channel of mercy to our souls.

Still, I again remind you that faith is the channel or aqueduct, and not the fountain head, and we must not look so much to it as to exalt it above the divine source of all blessing which lies in the grace of God. Never make a Christ out of your faith, nor think of it as if it were the independent source of your salvation. Our life is found, in "looking unto Jesus," not in looking to our own faith. By faith all things become possible to us; yet *the power is not in the faith*, but in the God upon whom faith relies.

However, it is a very important thing that we look well to the channel, and therefore at this time we will consider it, as God, the Holy Ghost, shall enable us. Faith, *what is it?* Faith, *why is it selected as the channel of blessing?* Faith, *how can it be obtained and increased?*

I. Faith,

WHAT IS IT?

What is this faith concerning which it is said, "By grace are ye saved *through faith?*" There are many descriptions of faith, but almost all the definitions I have met with have made me understand it less than I did before I saw them. The negro said when he read the chapter that he would *confound it*, and it is very likely that he did so, though he meant to *expound it*. So, brethren, we may explain faith till nobody understands it. I hope I shall not be guilty of that fault. Faith is the simplest of all things, and perhaps because of its simplicity it is the more difficult to explain.

What is faith? *It is*

MADE UP OF THREE THINGS

—*knowledge, belief, and trust.* *Knowledge* comes

first. Romanist divines hold that a man can believe what he does not know. *Perhaps a Romanist can;* but I cannot. "How shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard?" I want to be informed of a fact before I can possibly believe it. I believe this, I believe that; but I cannot say that I believe a great many things of which I have never heard. "Faith cometh by hearing:" we must first hear, in order that we may know what is to be believed. "They that know thy name will put their trust in thee." *A measure of knowledge is essential to faith:* hence the importance of getting knowledge. "Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live"

Search the Scriptures and learn what the Holy Spirit teacheth concerning Christ and His salvation. Seek to know God, "that God is, and is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." May He give you "the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord." *Know the gospel:* know what the good news is, how it talks of free forgiveness, and of change of heart, of adoption into the family of God, and of countless other blessings. Know God, know His gospel, and know especially Christ Jesus the Son of God, the Saviour of men, united to us by His human nature, and united to God, seeing He is divine, and thus able to act as mediator between God and man, able to lay His hand upon both, and to be the connecting link between the sinner and the Judge of all the earth.

Endeavor to know more and *more of Christ.* After Paul had been converted more than twenty years, he tells the Philippians that he desired to know Christ; and depend upon it, the more we know of Jesus, the more we shall wish to know of Him, that so our faith in Him may increase. Endeavor especially to know the doctrine of the sacrifice of Christ, for that is

THE CENTRE OF THE TARGET

at which faith aims; that is the point upon which saving faith mainly fixes itself, that "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them."

Then the mind goes on to *believe* that these things are true. The soul believes that God is, and that He hears the cries of sincere hearts; that the gospel is from God; that justification by faith is the grand truth that God hath revealed in these last days by His Spirit more clearly than before. Then the heart believes that Jesus is verily and in truth our God and Saviour, the Redeemer of men, the prophet, priest, and king unto His people. Dear hearers, I pray that you may at once come to this. Get firmly to believe that "the blood of Jesus Christ, God's dear Son, cleanseth us from all sin;" that His sacrifice is complete and fully accepted of God on man's behalf, so that he that believeth on Jesus is not condemned.

So far you have made an advance toward faith, and one more ingredient is needed to complete it, which is *trust.* Commit yourself to the merciful God; rest your hope on the gracious gospel; trust your soul on the dying and living Saviour; wash away your sins in the atoning blood; accept His perfect righteousness, and all is well. *Trust is the life-blood of faith:* there is no saving faith without it. The Puritans were accustomed to explain faith by the word "recumbency." You know what it means. You see me leaning upon this rail, leaning with all my weight upon it; even thus lean upon Christ. It would be a better illustration still if I were to stretch myself at full length and rest my whole person upon a rock, lying flat upon it. Fall flat upon Christ. Cast yourself upon Him, rest in Him, commit yourself to Him. That done, you have exercised saving faith.

Faith is not a blind thing; for faith begins with knowledge. It is not a speculative thing; for faith believes facts of which it is sure. It is not an unpractical, dreamy thing; for faith trusts, and stakes its destiny upon the truth of revelation. Faith *ventures* its all upon the truth of God; it is not a pleasant word to use, but the poet employed it, and it suggests my meaning:

"Venture on him, venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude."

That is one way of describing what faith is: I wonder whether I have "confounded" it already.

Let me try again. *Faith is believing that Christ is what He is said to be.* Faith also believes that *Christ will do what He has promised;* that if He has promised to cast out none that come to Him, it is certain that He will not cast us out if we come to Him. Faith believes that if Jesus said, "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life," it must be true; and if we get this living water from Christ it will abide in us, and will well up within us in streams of holy life. Whatever Christ has promised to do He will do, and we must believe this so as to look for pardon, justification, preservation, and eternal glory from His hands, according as He has promised.

Then comes

THE NEXT NECESSARY STEP.

Jesus is what He is said to be, Jesus will do what He says He will do; therefore we must each one *trust Him*, saying, "He will be to me what He says He is, and He will do to me what He has promised to do; I leave myself in the hands of Him who is appointed to save, that He may save me. I rest upon His promise that He will do even as He has said." This is a saving faith, and he that hath it hath everlasting life.

But now I thought, as it was a very hot and heavy morning, that I had better give you *a number of illustrations*, lest anybody should be inclined to go to sleep. If anybody should be drowsy, will his next neighbor just nudge him a little by accident; for it may be as well while we are here to be awake, especially with such a subject on hand as this.

Faith exists in *various degrees*, according to the amount of knowledge, or other cause. Sometimes faith is little more than a simple *clinging* to Christ: a sense of dependence, and a willingness so to depend. When you are down at the seaside, as we might all of us wish to be, you will see the limpet sticking to the rock; you walk with a soft tread up to the rock with your walking stick and strike the limpet with a rapid blow, and off he comes. Try the next limpet in that way. You have given him warning; he heard the blow with which you struck his neighbor, and he clings with all his might. You will never get him off; not you! Strike, and strike again, but you may as soon break the rock.

Our little friend, the limpet, *does not know much, but he clings.*

He cannot tell us much about what he is clinging to, he is not acquainted with the geological formation of the rock, but he clings. He has found something to cling to, that is his little bit of knowledge, and he uses it by clinging to the rock of his salvation; it is the limpet's life to cling. Thousands of God's people have no more faith than this; they know enough to cling to Jesus with all their heart and soul, and this suffices. Jesus Christ is to them a Saviour strong and mighty, and like a rock immovable and immutable; they cleave to Him for dear life, and this

CLINGING SAVES THEM.

God gives to His people the propensity to cling. Look at the sweet pea which grows in your garden. Perhaps it has fallen down upon the gravel walk. Lift it up against the laurel or the trellis, or put a stick near it, and it catches hold directly, because there are little hooks ready prepared with which it grasps anything which comes in its way: it was meant to grow upward, and so it is provided with tendrils. Every child of God has his tendrils about him—thoughts, and desires, and hopes, with which he hooks on to Christ and the promise. Though this is a very simple sort of faith, it is a very complete and effectual form of it, and, in fact, it is the heart of all faith, and that to which we are often driven when we are in deep trouble, or when our mind is somewhat bemuddled by our being sickly or depressed in spirit. We can cling when we can do nothing else, and that is the very soul of faith. Cling, then! Cling to Jesus; for that is faith.

Another form of faith is this, in which a man depends upon another from a knowledge of the superiority of that other, and *follows* him. I do not think the limpet knows much about the rock, but in this next phase of faith there is more knowledge. A blind man trusts himself with his guide because he knows that his friend can see, and trusting, he walks where his guide conducts him.

Every boy that goes to school has to exert faith while *learning*. His schoolmaster teaches him geography, and instructs him as to the form of the earth, and the existence of certain great cities and empires. The boy does not himself know that these things are true, except that he believes his teacher, and the books put into his hands. That is what you will have to do with Christ if you are to be saved—you must just know because He tells you, and believe because He assures you it is even so, and trust yourself with Him because He promises you that salvation will be the result.

Another and a higher form of faith is that faith which *grows out of love.* Why does a boy trust his father? You and I know a little more about his father than he does, and we do not rely upon him quite so implicitly; but the reason why the child trusts his father is because he loves him. Blessed and happy are they who have a sweet faith in Jesus,

INTERTWINED WITH DEEP AFFECTION.

The way of loving trust in the Saviour may thus be illustrated. A lady is *the wife of the most eminent physician of the day.* She is seized with a dangerous illness, and is smitten down by its power; yet she is wonderfully calm and quiet, for her husband has made this disease his special study, and has healed thousands similarly afflicted. She is not in the least troubled, for she feels perfectly safe in the hands of one so dear to her, in whom skill and love are blended in their highest forms. Her faith is reasonable and natural. This is the kind of faith which the happiest of believers exercise toward Christ.

Faith also *realizes* the presence of the living God and Saviour, and thus it breeds in the soul a beautiful calm and quiet, like that which was seen in *a little child* in the time of tempest. Her mother was alarmed, but the sweet girl was pleased; she clapped her hands with delight. Standing at the window when the flashes came most vividly, she cried in childish accents, "Look, mamma! How beautiful! How beautiful!" Her mother said, "My dear, come away, the lightning is terrible;" but she begged to be allowed to look out and see the lovely light which God was making all over the sky, for she was sure God would not do his little child any harm. "But hearken to the terrible thunder," said her mother. "Did you not say, mamma, that God was speaking in the thunder?" Yes," said her trembling parent. "O," said the darling, "how nice it is to hear Him. He talks very loud, but I think it is *because He wants the deaf people to hear Him.* Is it not so, mamma?" Thus she went talking on; as merry as a bird was she, for God was real to her, and she trusted Him. To her the lightning was God's beautiful light, and the thunder was God's wonderful voice, and she was happy. I dare say her mother knew a good deal about the laws of nature and the energy of electricity; and little was the comfort which her knowledge brought her. The child's knowledge was less showy, but it was far more certain and precious.

We are so conceited nowadays that we are too proud to be comforted by self-evident truth, and prefer to make ourselves wretched with questionable theories. Hood sang a deep spiritual truth when he merrily said,

"I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heav'n
Than when I was a boy."

A firm form of *faith arises out of assured knowledge;* this comes of growth in grace, and is the faith which believes Christ because it knows Him, trusts Him because it has proved Him to be infallibly faithful. This faith asks not for signs and tokens, but bravely believes. Look at the faith of the master mariner—I have often wondered at it. He looses his cable, he steams away from the shore. For days, weeks, or even months he never

sees sail or shore, yet on he goes day and night without fear, till one morning he finds himself just opposite to the desired haven toward which he has been steering. How has he found his way over the trackless deep? He has *trusted in his compass*, his nautical almanac, his glass, and the heavenly bodies, and, obeying their guidance, without sighting shore, he has steered so accurately that he has not to change a point to get into port.

It is a wonderful thing that sailing without sight. Spiritually it is a blessed thing to leave the shores of sight, and say, "Good-bye to inward feelings, cheering providences, signs, tokens, and so forth: I believe in God, and I steer for heaven straight away." "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed:" to them shall be administered an abundant entrance at the last, and a safe voyage on the way.

This is the faith which makes it easy *to commit our soul and all its eternal interests into the Saviour's keeping*. One man goes to the bank and puts his money into it with a measure of confidence; but another has looked into the bank's accounts, and has been behind the scenes and made sure of its having a large reserve of well-invested capital; he puts in his money with the utmost assurance. He knows and is established in his faith, and so he cheerfully commits his all to the banks. Even so, we who know Christ are glad to place our whole being in His hands, knowing that He is able to keep us even unto the end.

God gives us more and more of an assured confidence in Jesus until it comes to be an unwavering faith, so that we never doubt, but unquestioningly believe. Look at the ploughman; he labors with his plough in the wintry months, when there is not a bough on the tree nor a bird that sings to cheer him, and after he has ploughed he takes the precious corn from the granary, of which perhaps he hath little enough, and he buries it in the furrows, assured that it will come up again. Because he has seen a harvest fifty times already he looks for another, and in faith he scatters the precious grain.

To all appearance, the most absurd thing that ever was done by mortal man is to throw away good corn, burying it in the ground. If you had never seen or heard of its results, it would seem the way of waste and not the work of husbandry; yet the farmer has no doubt, he longs to be allowed to cast away his seed, in faith he even covets fair weather that he may bury his corn; and if you tell him that he is doing an absurd thing, he smiles at your ignorance, and tells you that thus harvests come. This is a fair picture of the faith which *grows of experience:* it helps us to act in a manner contrary to appearances, it leads us to commit our all to the keeping of Christ, burying our hopes and our very lives with Him in joyful confidence that if we be dead with Him we shall live with Him. Jesus Christ who rose from the dead will raise us up through His death unto newness of life, and give us a harvest of joy and peace.

II. Thus far have I done my best to answer what faith is; we shall now inquire,

WHY FAITH IS SELECTED

as the channel of salvation? "By grace are ye saved *through faith*." It becomes us to be modest in answering such a question, for God's ways are not always to be understood; but, as far as we can tell, faith has been selected as the channel of grace because *there is a natural adaptation* in faith to be used as the receiver. Do let me put this very plainly. Faith which receives Christ is as simple an act as when your child receives an apple from you, because you hold it out and promise to give it the apple if it comes for it. The belief and the receiving relate only to an apple, but they make up precisely the same act as the faith which deals with eternal salvation, and what the child's hand is to the apple, that your faith is to the perfect salvation of Christ. The child's hand *does not make the apple, nor alter the apple, it only takes it;* and faith is chosen by God to be the receiver of salvation, because it does not pretend to make salvation, nor to help in it, but it receives it.

Next, God selects faith as the channel of salvation because *it is a sure method, linking man with God*. When man confides in God there is a point of union between them, and that union guarantees blessing. Faith saves us because it makes us cling to God, and so brings us into connection with Him. When a man trusts to his works, or to sacraments, or to anything of that sort, he will not be saved, because there is no junction between him and Christ; but faith, though it may seem to be like a slender cord, is in the hand of the great God on the shore side; infinite power pulls in the connecting line, and thus draws the man from destruction. Oh, the blessedness of faith, because it unites us to God!

Faith is chosen, again, because *it touches the springs of action*. I wonder whether I shall be wrong if I say that we never do anything except through faith of some sort. If I walk across this platform it is because I believe my legs will carry me. A man eats because he believes in the necessity of food. Columbus discovered America because he believed that there was another continent beyond the ocean; many another grand deed has also been born of faith, for faith works wonders. Commoner things are done on the same principle; faith in its natural form, is an all-prevailing force. God gives salvation to our faith, because He has thus touched the secret spring of all our emotions and actions.

III. We close with the third point:

HOW CAN WE OBTAIN AND INCREASE OUR FAITH?

A very earnest question this to many. They say they want to believe but cannot. A great deal of nonsense is talked upon this subject. Let us be practical in our dealing with it. "What am I to do in order to believe?" The shortest way is to believe, and if the Holy Spirit has made you honest and candid, you will believe as soon as the truth is set before you. Anyhow, the gospel command is clear: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

But still, *if you have a difficulty, take it before God in prayer*. Tell the great Father exactly what it is that puzzles you, and beg Him by His Holy Spirit to solve the question. If I cannot believe a statement in a book I am glad to inquire of the author what He meant, and if He is a true man His explanation will satisfy me; much more will the divine explanation satisfy the heart of the true seeker. The Lord is willing to make himself known; go to Him, and see if it be not so.

Furthermore, if faith seem difficult, it is possible that God the Holy Spirit will enable you to believe if you *hear very frequently and earnestly that which you are commanded to believe*. We believe many things because we have heard them so often. Do you not find it so in common life, that if you hear a thing fifty times a day, at last you come to believe it? Some men have come to believe that which is false by this process: I should not wonder but what God often blesses this method in working faith concerning that which is true, for it is written, "Faith cometh by hearing." If I earnestly and attentively hear the gospel, it may be that one of these days I shall find myself believing that which I hear, through the blessed operation of the Spirit upon my mind.

If that, however, should seem poor advice, I would add next, *consider the testimony of others*. The Samaritans believed because of what the woman told them concerning Jesus. Many of our beliefs arise out of the testimony of others. I believe that there is such a country as Japan; I never saw it, and yet I believe that there is such a place because others have been there. I believe I shall die; I have never died, but a great many have done so whom I once knew, and I have a conviction that I shall die also; the testimony of many convinces me of this fact. Listen, then, to those who tell you how they were saved, how they were pardoned, how they have been changed in character: if you will but listen you will find that *somebody just like yourself* has been saved. If you have been a *thief*, you will find that a thief rejoiced to wash away his sin in the fountain of Christ's blood. You that have been *unchaste in life*, you will find that men who have fallen that way have been cleansed and changed. If you are in despair, you have only to get among God's people, and inquire a little, and some who have been equally in despair with yourself will tell you how He saved them. As you listen to one after another of those who have tried the Word of God, and proved it, the divine Spirit will lead you to believe.

A better plan still is this: *Note the authority upon which you are commanded to believe*, and this will greatly help you. The authority is not mine, or you might well reject it. It is not even the pope's, or you might even reject that. But you are commanded to believe upon the authority of God Himself. *He* bids you believe in Jesus Christ, and you must not refuse to obey your Maker. The foreman of a certain works in the North had often heard the gospel, but he was troubled with the fear that he might not come to Christ. His good master one day sent a card round to the works—

"COME TO MY HOUSE

immediately after work." The foreman appeared at his master's door, and the master came out, and said, somewhat roughly, "What do you want, John, troubling me at this time? Work is done, what right have you here?" "Sir," said he, "I had a card from you saying that I was to come after work." "Do you mean to say that merely because you had a card from me you are to come up to my house and call me out after business hours?" "Well, sir," replied the foreman, "I do not understand you, but it seems to me that, as you sent for me, I had a right to come."

"Come in, John,' said his master; "I have another message that I want to read to you," and he sat down and read these words—"'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Do you think after such a message from Christ that you can be wrong in going to Him?" The poor man saw it all at once, and believed, because he saw that he had good warrant and authority for believing. So have you, poor soul; you have good authority for coming to Christ, for the Lord Himself bids you trust Him.

If that does not settle you, *think over what it is that you have to believe*, that the Lord Jesus Christ suffered in the room and place and stead of men, and is able to save all who trust Him. Why, this is the most blessed fact that ever men were told to believe; the most suitable, the most comforting, the most divine truth that ever was set before men. I advise you to think much upon it, and search out the grace and love which it contains. Study the four Evangelists, study Paul's epistles, and then see if the message is not such a credible one that you are forced to believe it.

If that does not do, then *think upon the person of Jesus Christ*—think of who He is and what He did, and where He is now, and what He is now; think often and deeply. When He, even such an one as He, bids you trust Him, surely then your heart will be persuaded.

If none of these things avail, then there is something wrong about you altogether, and my last word is, *submit yourself to God!* May the Spirit of God take away your enmity and make you yield. You are a rebel, a proud rebel, and that is why you do not believe your God. Give up your rebellion; throw down your weapons; yield at discretion; surrender to your King. I believe that never did a soul throw up its hands in self-despair, and cry, "Lord, I yield," but what faith became easy to it before long. It is because you still have a quarrel with God, and intend to have your own will and your own way, that therefore you cannot believe. "How can ye believe," said Christ, "that have honor one of another?" Proud self creates unbelief. Submit, O man. Yield to your God, and, then shall you sweetly believe in your Saviour. God bless you, for Christ's sake, and bring you at this very moment to believe in the Lord Jesus. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Ephesians 2.]

NOTE BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.—*While revising this sermon I felt moved to ask the readers to circulate it. I tried to be very simple, and I think I succeeded. If you, dear reader, think the sermon likely to show the way of salvation to those around you, will you not get extra copies and give them away? The preacher of the sermon and the giver of it will rejoice together if, by their united effort, men are led to faith in Jesus.*

Marian's Lover Indicted.

News of the Prodigal's Disgrace.

MARIAN'S INFATUATION.

"THERE is proof positive," said Mrs. Stanley, "do not trust your future, Marian, to a man who has deceived you already."

The words were spoken by a middle-aged lady, a widow, to her young friend, Marian Towers, as she *handed her a letter* during a morning walk through the park which surrounded Mrs. Stanley's home. Marian was engaged to be married to George Conyers, a young man with whom she had had but a very brief acquaintance. He was not a godly man, and Marian's friends were averse to the match. They loved the bright, vivacious girl and watched her lover with the keen scrutiny his aspirations to Marian's hand prompted. The result of the scrutiny was unsatisfactory, for it convinced them that he was shallow, capricious, and heartless. But Marian was captivated, and resolved to leave all for her brilliant lover. Partly to separate the young people for a time, and partly that Mrs. Stanley might have an opportunity of exerting her influence, Marian was induced to pay a brief visit to the widow, who with her brother, an officer in the British army, resided in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Stanley gave the infatuated girl a hearty welcome and her brother treated her with paternal tenderness. After a time they approached the subject which filled all their minds, and with much tact and kindness urged their visitor to withdraw from her engagement. But Marian was firm; she believed they were mistaken, and that George Conyers was a good and honorable man.

At last it so happened that documentary proof came into Mrs. Stanley's possession, which left no doubt whatever that he had grossly deceived Marian as to some property of which he declared himself the possessor. Marian was greatly shocked and startled as Mrs. Stanley *showed her the paper* which contained the evidence of his guilt, but still she was obstinate. "George may have been betrayed into a momentary breach of good faith," she said, "but no one who looks into his honest face, and knows him as well as I do, can doubt that he is a good-hearted fellow after all, and will outlive the effects of this mistake. Anyhow, I shall not give him up."

She stuck to her resolution, and was married to George. The couple went abroad, and nothing was heard of them by their English friends, until one day, six years afterward, a forlorn and wretched woman was picked up in a fainting condition in one of the principal streets of Madras by an officer who thought he recognized the voice and features of the hapless stranger. It was none other than Marian, and the officer was Mrs. Stanley's brother.

Ruined in health, penniless, broken-hearted, and despairing, poor Marian could scarcely have been in a sadder plight. "I know not," said the gallant officer in a letter to his sister, "how I could have lightened Marian's crushing burden if I had not been able to point her to Him who is the great burden-bearer, and who ever finds His gracious opportunity in our direst extremity. I visited her frequently during her long illness, and am satisfied that nothing in the world could have brought relief to her wounded spirit, but the story of Him who, as our great High Priest, is touched with the feeling of our infirmity. She died yesterday, calmly and peacefully relying on Jesus, but solemnly beseeching me to warn all the young people under my influence against tempting God by connecting themselves with the ungodly. 'Tell them,' she said, 'that the best of all mottoes is this, *In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths*'" (Prov. 3 : 6).

FRANK MORRIS AND HIS PRODIGAL SON.

FRANK MORRIS was a wealthy merchant, whose chief ambition it was that his family should be thoroughly well trained in all the acquirements and accomplishments that win the good word of society. Himself a man of refined taste, he had an almost morbid dread of everything that looked like ignorance of what a well-bred man of the world ought to know. "Nearly all the evils of life," he used to say, "proceed in one way or another from ignorance or want of taste. Lord Chesterfield was quite right on that head. What he wrote to *his* son, is pretty much what I say to *mine*."

Mr. Morris had many undoubted virtues. He loved his children, and since the death of their mother had made a point of spending as much time with them as possible. His fine ear for music and the force of long habit had made him an uncommonly skilled musician. Nothing pleased him better, when the business of the day was over, than to take up his fine old violin and awaken strains with which even the most exacting of critics could find little fault. But he knew nothing of that deeper harmony which dwells in a heart at peace with itself and with God.

That portion of his history which more especially concerns us at present reached a crisis one beautiful summer's evening which he was spending with his daughters. He had just been refreshing himself with a noble strain by one of the great masters, when a servant knocked at the drawing-room door, and *delivered a letter* which overwhelmed him in a moment. His only son, now nineteen years of age, of whom he had always been extremely proud, had fallen into terrible disgrace. In order to meet a number of debts incurred in a course of gambling, George had *committed forgery*, and was awaiting his trial in a French prison. With all his self-command, and almost stoical indifference under disasters, Mr. Morris seemed completely stunned by the blow.

With a deep groan, such as his children had never heard from him before, he buried his face in his hands, and it was some before he uttered a single word; but the children noticed that big tears fell from their father's eyes, and that he was indifferent even to the caresses of the little one whose prattle even in his most depressed moments had never until now seemed unwelcome.

He had, in truth, been wounded in his most sensitive part. Every one regarded George as a youth of great promise, and Mr. Morris had spared neither money nor personal trouble in his educa-

tion. At school and college he had been thoroughly drilled in the subjects most important for one intended for the Bar, and had already displayed a persuasive eloquence and an interest in legal lore which experienced lawyers pronounced evidence of capacity far above mediocrity.

The blow was a crushing one, and as the merchant hastily gathered a few necessary things together for a journey to the city where his boy was imprisoned, he could think of nothing but the disgrace. But during his solitary journey other thoughts gradually obtained possession of his mind. He tried to trace out the steps George had taken to his deplorable position. "How had the boy first gone wrong?" the father asked himself. "Had his home training been of a character fitted to arm him against temptation?" *His taste* had been cultivated, but in those hours of solitary meditation the father saw that refined taste was a poor safeguard in the world. *His moral nature* had been neglected, and he resolved that if he could have the privilege of once more guiding his son's footsteps that defect should be remedied.

Arrived at George's prison, Mr. Morris carefully studied the evidence against his son. He found that George was guilty, but that legal proof of his guilt was lacking. He therefore went to the prosecutor, and on payment of the sum of money which had been lost in the transaction was able to effect his son's release.

It was indeed a bitter cup that Mr. Morris was thus called upon to drain, but its contents proved most healthful medicine. The complete breakdown of George's career led to a complete revolution in the principles of his paternal training. He determined that henceforth he would teach his family to regard *a high-toned morality* as more important beyond all comparison than any acquirement, however valuable, or any accomplishment, however graceful. Humanly speaking, he might have rested in this conviction until another serious breakdown revealed its insufficiency, but for the circumstance that his eldest daughter, now verging toward womanhood, had been converted under the teaching of a pious governess.

Mr. Morris's birthday was approaching, and his daughter, who loved him with all a daughter's affection, cast about in her mind as to the way in which she could both please and benefit her father on that day. Praying that she might be the means of leading him to Christ, she beautifully embroidered a card with his favorite flowers and wrote in the middle, words which she had found marked in a much-prized book of her mother's:

"Talk they of morals? O Thou bleeding Lamb,
Thou Maker of new morals for mankind,
The grand morality is love of Thee?"

Mr. Morris was greatly struck with the words, and when he learned that they had been underlined by the wife whose memory was so dear to him, it seemed the lines were a message from the eternal world. He was led, step by step, to clearer and clearer apprehension of their deep meaning, until at length he could rejoice in the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

For many years his prodigal son continued to be a source of the deepest anxiety, but ultimately the prayers of a converted father, a glorified mother, and God-fearing sisters were heard, and George, too, came to know "the love of Christ which passeth knowledge," and became the joy of his father's old age.

THE ADVENT PARABLES.

By Rev. Richard Chester, A.B.

(*Continued from page 451.*)

II. The Talents—The Judgment of the Saints—When it will Take Place—The Place—Its Character.

II.—THE TALENTS.

In the preceding parable our blessed Lord has conveyed a solemn practical lesson to each of His disciples individually concerning personal watchfulness and individual readiness for His Advent for His saints, and has strikingly illustrated the attitude of mind and the character of conduct in which that watchfulness and readiness specially consist. He has also represented the rapture to the heavens of these watchful, ready saints, under the figure of the wise virgins going in with the bridegroom to the marriage.

In the immediately succeeding parable of the Talents He proceeds, in the same strain of practical personal application of the solemn truths connected with His coming, to illustrate that

JUDGMENT OF HIS SAINTS

according to their works, which we so plainly learn from other Scriptures they shall undergo. In so doing He conveys most important instruction concerning—1. The relative time at which that judgment shall take place. 2. Inferentially but clearly concerning the place where it shall be carried on. 3. Concerning the character of that judgment, what it is, and what it is not, to be. 4. Concerning its result.

1. *The relative time of this judgment.*—It will be *after* the Lord shall have "received the kingdom and returned." This we learn from the closely corresponding and analogous parable of "the Pounds" (Luke 19: 11–27). It will be subsequent to that inauguration scene in heaven of the bestowal of the kingdoms of this world by "the ancient of days" upon the Son of Man, foreshown in vision to Daniel (7: 13. 14), as also to the first stage of His "return" to take possession of the kingdom, which will consist, as we learn from 1 Thessalonians 4: 16, 17, in a descent from the highest heaven—the place "far above all heavens" (Ephesians 4: 10)—where He is now at the right hand of God, to the lower heaven, or "air," or atmosphere which surrounds this earth, in order to gather there His dead and living saints. But it will be *before* "He shall have come in His glory to the earth, and shall have taken His seat upon the throne of His earthly glory, and shall have gathered before Him all the nations." This we are expressly taught by the passage immediately following this parable (verses 31 to the end).

The exact accordance between this, the direct teaching of our blessed Lord upon this subject, and the more inferential teaching of many other portions of the New Testament Scriptures, is especially worthy of notice.

2. THE PLACE

where this judgment shall be carried on.—If the wise virgins of the preceding parable represent the raptured saints, and the faithful servants of the parable of the talents represent these same saints being reckoned with before the Lord previous to His and their descent to the earth, when the judgment set before us in the subsequent parable of the sheep and the goats shall take place, then the place and scene of this judgment, or reckoning, must be, not the earth, but the heavens.

That it will be so seems to be the teaching of Revelation 19, 20, where we find the descent with the Lord of the previously raptured saints to the earth, the destruction of the Antichrist, and the false prophet, and the kings, the armies, and people confederate with them, the binding of Satan, the taking possession of the kingdom, and the reigning over it by the Lord and His saints. But where we do not find a word of any judgment or reckoning with these saints, or of any assignment to them of their several positions in the kingdom. All this, we therefore conclude, must previously have occurred above.

3. *The character of that judgment, what it is not, and what it is, to be.*—It is to be a judgment "according to works," its object being to "know how much every man has gained by trading" (see Luke 19: 15). It is not therefore a judgment having any reference to the entrance, or the non-entrance into eternal life. Eternal life is the *gift* of God through Jesus Christ received through faith, and without any reference whatsoever to the merits or demerits, the works good or bad, present or future, of those who enter into it. It is irreversibly theirs from the moment at which they have by faith taken hold upon the Lord Jesus Christ.

This judgment has for its object to determine *the position in eternal life* of those who shall have previously—many of them long previously—entered into it. Neither is it to be a judgment with respect to the sins which, either previous or subsequent to their conversion to Christ, the subjects of it have committed. All these have been blotted out in the atoning blood of their Redeemer. Concerning all these the promise stands secure, "Their sins and their inquities will I remember no more." It will be—so we are expressly taught—a *reckoning with* and *a rewarding* of each individual servant according to what he has done with the talents—the various gifts and graces, and the opportunities for turning such to account, which have been in this life afforded him.

As the individual members of the Church, which in her corporate capacity is "the bride, the Lamb's wife," have been, in the previous parable represented by "the Virgins" waiting and watching for the bridegroom's coming, to teach us that we are to *wait* and to *watch*, so in this parable these same individual members are represented by "the servants," *working* during their master's absence, to teach us that we are also to *work*, to "occupy till He comes."

Thus every believing child of God is also a servant of God, having work, wisely, lovingly adapted to his ability, appointed him to do. Thus all have gifts, some many, some few, to be used; all have talents, some more, some less, to be consecrated; influence, some much, some little, to be exercised; opportunities, some great and varied, others small and circumscribed, to be employed, to and for, and in, the Master's blessed service. Of each and all of such we are here impressively taught they will have to give account. While the corresponding parable of "the Pounds" (Luke 19), gives further the encouraging and stimulating assurance that he who of his two talents has gained but two talents more, he who of the one pound has gained but five pounds, no less than the gainers of the ten talents and the ten pounds—provided only that they have been earnest workers, faithful workers, equally with them—shall hear the inconceivably joyous utterance from that Master's loving lips: "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

THE FUTURE OF THE JEWS.

Notes of an Address Delivered at the Conference at Mildmay, London, on June 23.

By Rev. John Wilkinson.

The *Earl of Cavan*, who presided at the meeting, said: The condition of the Jews is little understood by the majority of Christian people; but though, to use the Apostle's language, "they were cut off *for a time*," God will speedily ingather them. Let us do what we can by earnest prayer and continual effort to lead them to Christ.

The Rev. John Wilkinson said: I wish to take for the basis of my remarks this afternoon the 11th chapter of the Romans—one of the deepest and most important chapters relating to Jews and Gentiles to be found in the New Testament. In the first four verses the Apostle carries backward the minds of the Jewish Christians to the time of Elijah, and *forward to the Millennial reign* of our Lord Jesus Christ. In a time of general apostacy then there was a "remnant" who did not bow the knee to the false god Baal, so even among the Jews to-day there is "a remnant according to the election of grace." Now, the teaching of the Word of God is that this "remnant" is to be gathered in during this present dispensation. The question, therefore, arises, By what means? By whose instrumentality? By Christians, most certainly. The Scripturally ordained means must be used by every individual Christian, and to overlook our responsibility, or neglect to use the means, is to delay the coming of Christ, and God does and will hold each one of us responsible in the matter.

Be it remembered—and the thought is a very solemn one—this is the only dispensation in which God will honor Gentile Christians for the spiritual enlightenment and help of the Jews; so that whatever we see necessary to be done, should be done with the utmost diligence. In the Millennium the Jews themselves will be the evangelists, and teachers, and pastors of the world. Other work of an important, but secondary character, will be assigned to us as Gentiles, but to the Jews will be delegated the honor of bringing the millennial inhabitants of the earth to the saving knowledge of Christ.

In what sense is it true, in verses 6 to 12, that "the Jews are fallen, and cast away; and in what manner is it true also that they are not fallen and cast away." The reason is that the ancient people were an elected people, elected *nationally* from among the nations of the earth; just so in a *national* sense, and in that only, has God "cast away Israel" for a time. They are not rejected by God from a *personal* and *individual* participation of the salvation which is by His Son Jesus Christ. And in this connection the apostle furnishes in his own person a demonstration that God has not cast off Israel. "For I also am an Israelite, of the seed of Abraham, of the tribe of Benjamin." So that we are justified in looking among the "cast away people" of God, for "a remnant according to the election of grace." And if the casting away of His people *nationally*, has been a means of large, but still *limited* blessing to the Gentile world, then their *national* ingathering will be the instrumental cause of universal blessing.

But some say, Is it not a practically hopeless undertaking, this business of converting the Jews? Now, as a matter of fact, *it is really easier to convert Jews than Gentiles!* Observe clearly what the Holy Ghost says in the 24th verse: "For if thou wert cut out of the olive-tree, which is wild by nature, and wert grafted, *contrary to nature*, into a good olive-tree, *how much more* shall these, which be the natural branches, be grafted into their own olive-tree?"

The Jews are, after all, the "natural branches." They are not idolators as the Gentiles were. They know and worship God. They have the Scriptures—the oracles of God. The Jews are *on the right road* in following Moses and the prophets, for they spake of Christ. Peter had no New Testament on the Day of Pentecost, when he showed from the ancient Scriptures that Christ was the Messiah, and three thousand Jews were converted to the Redeemer. When Christ Himself appeared to and joined His disciples on their sorrowful way to Emmaus, did He not "begin at Moses and all the prophets, to expound unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself?"

"NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

BY HESBA STRETTON.

An Old Hovel.

THERE was not another home like it in all the parish of Broadmoor. It was a half-ruined hut, with walls bulging outward, and a ragged roof of old thatch, overgrown with moss and yellow stonecrop. A rusty iron pipe in one corner served as a chimney to the flat hearth, which was the only fireplace within; and a very small lattice-window of greenish glass, with a bull's eye in each pane, let in but little of the summer sunshine, and hardly a gleam of the winter's gloomy light.

Only a few yards off, the hut could not be distinguished from the ruins of an old limekiln, near which it had been built to shelter the lime-burners during their intervals of work. There was but one room downstairs, with an earthen floor trodden hard by the trampling of heavy feet, while under the thatch there was a little loft, reached by a steep ladder and a square hole in the ceiling, where the roof came down on each side to the rough flooring, and nowhere was there height enough for even a short person to stand upright.

The furniture was as rude and simple as the home itself. The good household chattels, on which Ruth Medway had prided herself when she lived in her pretty cottage in the village street, had never come to this poor hovel. There was a broken chair or two, a table-top propped upon an unbarked trunk of a young fir-tree from the woods behind the lime-kiln, a little cracked crockery, two or three old boxes, and the indispensable saucepan and kettle in which she did all her cooking.

Upstairs was a low pallet bedstead with a flock bed, and, on the floor beside it, a mattress stuffed with chaff, close under the roof, where the thatch must almost have touched the sleeper's face. There was no window into this loft; the only light came through the square hole in the floor.

"Home is home, be it never so homely;" and Ruth Medway had learned to love the quiet place where her youngest and her dearest child had been born. Behind the house lay the Lime-kiln Woods; once a busy place of quarries and kilns, but left long ago to the growth of trees and brushwood; the haunt of all kinds of wild woodland creatures, hollow with rabbit-burrows, and thickly peopled with singing birds, and with the game that the squire loved to preserve.

Excepting in the shooting season, when the sharp crack of guns was to be heard all day long, there was no noise to drown the buzz of the humble-bee, and the low whirring of the unseen grasshopper, and the hundred faint and delicate sounds which fill the stillness of an unfrequented greenwood. Day and night, summer and winter, had their special signs and sounds there, all well-known to Ishmael, the youngest son of old Humphrey Medway.

He was the youngest son, and the most unwelcome to his father. Humphrey had given but a scanty welcome to his first-born child, and each successor had been received with growing surliness. Ishmael came the last, when his mother's hair was already gray, and her back bent with hard toil at out-door labor. The eldest son was grown-up and married, and the little love he might have once felt for his mother had hardened into indifference; while the other children, those who were living, were scattered abroad, seldom caring to return home.

Humphrey never mentioned any of them; but sometimes of an evening, when Ruth rested for a little while, and sat watching the kettle boil on the crackling fire of sticks, she would count their names over on her fingers; eight names over which she sighed, but at the ninth her brown, wrinkled face wore a fleeting smile as she muttered, "Ishmael."

On the whole, Ruth was not given to brooding over the past; for she lived too hard a life to keep her memory green. She had grown fond of this lonely hut, where Ishmael had been born; and he had never known any other home. There was nothing in it to prevent him keeping pet dormice, and hedgehogs found in the hollows of the wood; though the gamekeeper would not let him have a rabbit, or allow Ruth to keep a cat; and a dog was not to be thought of. But a tame starling, and the white owl which had chosen its roost under their thatch, and answered his call in the dusk, swooping noiselessly through the air, made the place full of life and interest to him. All the woods behind had been his play-ground from his earliest childhood; and not the finest home in Broadmoor could have tempted Ishmael to exchange his home for it.

Ruth had taught herself to read after she was married; when Humphrey soon began to leave her alone in the evening, and kept her sitting up late for his return from the village inn. Her loneliness had led her to reading the Bible—the only book she possessed besides a prayer-book and an old collection of hymns.

She had learned to believe quite simply, with no doubt in her inmost heart, that "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" and that Jesus Christ had really "given His life as a ransom" for her. With these two thoughts firmly rooted in her mind she read the Bible eagerly; and it was from its old, well-worn pages she had chosen the name of her youngest and dearest child, "Ishmael; because the Lord hath heard thy affliction."

Ruth had never been a woman of many words; and she was very silent about those things which were deepest in her heart. Humphrey was accustomed to boast himself of her subjection to him, as not daring to "cheep" a word against him. In her young days she had been one of the village choir; and now Ishmael sat in the singing gallery in her old place. It was one of her greatest pleasures to creep just within the church door, where her poor clothing would be least noticed, and listen to the voices in the gallery overhead, and to join in singing "Glory be to the Father" at the close of each familiar Psalm. There her bent back seemed to ache less, and her wearied limbs felt rested.

Often in the week, as she picked stones or hoed thistles in the fields, her withered lips would murmur the words, "Glory be to the Father," and she would feel as a way-worn traveller feels in a hot and desert country, when he comes across a little fountain of fresh water springing up in his path. His journey is not over, but the living waters give him strength to go on with it.

So bad a name did Humphrey and his eldest son bear in the parish, as being idle and drunken vagabonds, that it overshadowed Ruth and Ishmael, and they found themselves banished by it from all intercourse with decent and friendly neighbors. Ishmael did not feel it until he went to the village school, where the other children were warned against Humphrey Medway's boy. The women who worked with Ruth in the fields kept aloof from her; not so much because they were better off than she was, but because she was so silent in her ways. Thus there was no companionship for them but in each other; and it was sufficient. It was enough for Ruth to think of her boy all day, and to hear his regular, healthful breathing beside her all night; and for Ishmael, the woods that lay all around his home gave him never-ending occupation and delight.

But though they were without friends, they were not without an enemy. The nearness of the low hovel to the woods was enough to arouse the suspicions of the squire's gamekeeper, even if he had had no reason to dislike Humphrey Medway and his family. But, before Ishmael was born, there had existed a bitter hatred between Nutkin, the gamekeeper, and young Humphrey, Ishmael's eldest brother.

Humphrey had succeeded in winning away from Nutkin the girl he had wished to make his wife; and though the keeper had himself married shortly afterward, he had never forgiven the offence, or ceased to hold him and all belonging to him in bitter enmity. The very name of Medway was hateful to his ears. Of late, too, Ishmael had won two or three prizes at the village school over the head of his own boy, who was about the same age, and who lamented loudly over his defeat by old Humphrey's despised son.

Yet in spite of all Nutkin's efforts he had been unable to dislodge old Humphrey from the miserable hut. The rent of a shilling a week was paid punctually by Ruth, who would rather have gone without food than omit its regular settlement, since nothing else could keep her drunken husband and herself from the parish workhouse. The farmer, who held a lease of the lime-kiln and the hut, found her work on his farmstead and showed her some little favor. So all the keeper could do was to suspect and to watch, ready to take advantage of any trespass that could be punished by the law.

For thirteen years now Ruth had worked upon the Willows Farm; and many a hot summer day had Ishmael, when a baby, lain all day long under the hedgerows, carefully swathed in an old shawl, while his mother toiled in the harvest fields. He had himself begun to earn a few pence as soon as he could scare crows from the springing corn, or could help to tend the sheep in the chilly days of spring during the lambing season.

For the last two years his father had been grumbling at his being an idle mouth to feed; though it was rarely Ruth saw a penny of his money and it had been with difficulty that she had been able to keep her boy at school. But now the time was come when Ishmael must cease to be a child, and must begin to get his own living by regular work. Mr. Chipchase, the farmer, had consented to try him as waggoners' boy; and had promised if he was a good and steady lad to "make a man of him."

"Mother," said Ishmael, as they sat together on their door-sill in the long, light June evening, listening to the cuckoo and the thrushes singing in the woods, "I told teacher I'm going to service on Monday; and she says I may take little Elsie into the woods to-morrow; and she'll give us dinner to eat there; for me as well as her, mother; because she says I've always been a good boy at school, and she's sorry to lose me."

"I'm glad she's sorry to lose thee," said Ruth; "and if thee weren't to sleep at home every night, I hardly know what I could do without thee, Ish-

mael. I almost wish thee were a tiny little lad once again."

"When I'm a man," he answered eagerly, "you shan't ever go out working in the fields, or tire yourself, mother. We'll never, never leave here, because there's no place like it; but I'll get the master to let me build a better house, that'll keep you warm and dry, and we'll live together till we die; won't we, mother?"

"Please God!" she said softly, with a smile on her brown face, as she thought how much earlier she must die than the young lad, little more than a child, who sat beside her.

"I should think it would please God," answered Ishmael, in a quiet voice. "He doesn't want us to be always very poor, poorer than other folks, mother?"

"Nay, I don't know," she replied; "His own Son was born in a stable, and died upon the cross, with folks mocking at Him. I don't know what thee and me have to go through, Ishmael. We can only say 'Please God!'"

It was late before Ishmael mounted the ladder to the close loft overhead, and crept into his bed on the floor under the low thatch. But it was after midnight when Ruth, with her wrinkled yet sinewy arms, helped her drunken husband from one rung to another, fearful every night lest her strength should fail her, and that he might fall, crippled or lifeless, on the floor below.

"Thank God!" she always cried in the depth of her soul, when his sluggish and leaden feet were safely planted on the floor above.

(To be continued.)

THE MANNA.

S. S. Lesson for August 21. Ex. 16:1-15. Golden Text, John 6. 32. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE Lord had manifested Himself as the Deliverer and the Leader of His people, and He was about to reveal Himself as their Healer and as the Supplier of all their wants. Three days after they had sung the song of victory on the wilderness side of the Red Sea, their faith was tried, for they found no water. Would the wonderful experiences of the past lead them to exercise such faith in God as to endure quietly until deliverance was granted them? Alas no: they fell again under the power of "things which are seen" and "temporal" (2 Cor. 4:8). Arriving at Marah, and finding the waters bitter, they murmured against Moses, saying, "What shall we drink?" Moses did what they ought to have done, he cried unto the Lord, and the waters were soon made sweet for them.

There at Marah, by the healed waters, "He made for them a statute and an ordinance, and there He proved them, and said, If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God, and wilt do that which is right in His sight, and wilt give ear to His commandments, and keep all His statutes, I will put none of these diseases upon thee which I have brought upon the Egyptians; for I am the Lord that healeth thee" (or the Lord thy Physician). The ordinance for Israel was obedience. God's pledge was to heal them. Accordingly we find it written of the people who came out of Egypt, "There was not one feeble [sick] person among their tribes" (Ps. 105:37); and again, "Thy raiment waxed not old upon thee, neither did thy foot swell, these forty years" (Deut. 8:4). In respect of all their needs the Lord made Himself responsible: for their safety, for their guidance, for their health, their clothing and their food, they might have said with David, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want" (Ps. 24:1).

And yet, again and again we find them murmuring. God tried them and proved them, to know what was in their heart (Deut. 8:2), and He found there a depth of unbelief only equalled by that of the majority of His people in our day. Looking upon outward circumstances, it was a very great trial of faith that they should find themselves in the wilderness where no corn grew, where no food could be obtained either by working for it or by paying for it, to all appearance the mothers must see their children die of hunger before their eyes, and the strong men who were ready to work, were incensed against Moses and Aaron when they looked upon their wives and saw no possibility of procuring them bread, and thus they vented their indignation, "Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the fleshpots, and when we did eat bread to the full; for ye have brought us into this wilderness, to kill this whole assembly with hunger."

There was nothing wrong in asking for bread: God says, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me" (Ps. 50:15). But in the spirit in which they acted, they reflected upon God and upon Moses, it was unbelief and not faith. They despised and made light of the glorious distinction which God had made between them and the Egyptians, and spoke as though the consequences of trusting God were more fatal than those of rebelling against Him. Yet God in His tender love passed over their sin, and supplied their need without so much as rebuking them. "The Lord said unto Moses, Behold I will rain bread from heaven for you." God's storehouses are not confined to earth, His resources are wider than the universe itself, for His power is creative; why then doubt Him?

And yet how many there are who suffer need, and when they pray, do so in a despairing, hopeless manner as though they took it for granted that God would not hear them, instead of praying in the confident expectation of those who count upon God as He who has made Himself responsible by His very name of Father for the real needs of all His children. Fancied needs, such as the keeping up of a certain position, or the travelling hither and thither in search of health, or poverty which results from an unwillingness to do some honest work which may be thought beneath one—of course God does not make Himself responsible for such; but for food and drink and clothing we have His promise, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. 6:33). And even if we were placed in circumstances in which supply is as impossible as it was in the wilderness, He who rained bread from heaven on His ancient people, and who fed Elijah by means of the raven, is our God, and we have nothing to fear.

The people were waiting for the answer to Moses' prayer. He came forth with Aaron from their communing with God and said unto *all* the children of Israel (for this was such a vital question that the whole people were assembled). "At even, then ye shall know that the Lord hath brought you out of the land of Egypt; and in the morning then ye shall see the glory of the Lord; for that He heareth your murmurings against the Lord." Against the Lord? The people had murmured against Moses and Aaron, but God looked upon it as murmuring against Him, because He had sent them. Let us beware when we give way to discontent; nothing happens which God does not permit, and in fretting against the circumstance we are fretting against God's permission, and therefore God Himself. The eye of faith sees God in everything, and therefore cannot look at circumstances independently of Him. The more impossible the situation, the greater the opportunity for God to manifest His power.

The command went forth to all the congregation of the children of Israel, "Come near before the Lord: for He hath heard your murmurings." Moses and Aaron did not dispute, nor did they attempt to justify God or to appease the people; they simply brought them into the presence of God. Had they not possessed confidence in God, they might have questioned the Lord as to the needful supplies for His people, but they had stood in the direct line of the exercise of His power, their hands had been lifted up over the river and over the sea, and they had become God's active instruments, whereas the people who had only received the benefit by their means, and had not come personally into contact with God, fell an easier prey to the sin of unbelief. Let a man come near unto the Lord, then unbelief and distrust cease.

When the people came near unto the Lord, "they looked toward the wilderness, and, behold, the glory of the Lord appeared in the clouds." The glory of the Lord instead of their sad forebodings of death by hunger! And he spoke, recognizing their sin, their murmurings, but it was a message of deliverance. "I have heard the murmurings of the children of Israel; speak unto them, saying, "At even ye shall eat flesh, and in the morning ye shall be filled with bread, and ye shall know that I am the Lord your God." O how much more blessed would it have been could the Lord have said, "I know the trust of the children of Israel."

The first gift of food was that of quails, which came up and covered the camp, this however, was only a temporary succor.

"In the morning (at the very time the Lord had promised, for God is punctual to his engagements) the dew lay round about the host. And when the dew that lay was gone up, behold, upon the face of the wilderness a small round thing, as small as the hoar frost upon the ground. And when the children of Israel saw it, they said one to another, It is manna; for they wist not what it was." Moses knew what it was, there is no speculation about those who are on the lookout for God's working, there can be no chance: how is it that it did not immediately strike the people, "this is the fulfilment of God's promise to us?" Alas they walked by sight and not by faith."

God commanded the people by Moses to gather of it each according to his eating: nothing was to be left until the morning. God is an ever present God, and His supplies are infallible and inexhaustible; there was no need to get in a supply of the manna in case God should fail or forget to give the morrow's food Some of the people were disobedient and left of it till the morning, and "it bred worms and stank." This made Moses angry. But on the sixth day they were to gather the food of two days' to prepare it beforehand, and they found that although it bred worms when kept any other day, yet on the Sabbath it remained sweet. Some of the people who had gathered it every day, disregarding the word of God, went out to gather it on the Sabbath; but none was to be found, and Moses reminded them, "The Lord hath given you the Sabbath, therefore He giveth you on the sixth day the bread of two days." The Sabbath was a gift before it became a commandment.

"My Father giveth you the true bread from heaven," "I am the bread which came down from heaven" (John 6:32, 41); so spake our blessed Lord. Just as miraculous as the manna, just as applicable to all our needs, just as fresh day by day is Jesus our Lord to our souls. When the sun waxed hot, the manna melted. O how often is it the case that when we fail to seek our supply of communion with the Lord in the early morning, the possibility is gone for the day, and the time and opportunity are melted away in the necessary occupations and claims which are made upon us. And how often we find that our communion for one day is not the supply for the morrow. God can make it so, as He did always on the sixth day, but we have no right to make it so, and it is only as we enter into the holy Sabbath of rest from our own works as God did from His (Heb. 4:10), that He keeps the manna fresh for us. The manna fell upon the dew, which is a type of the Holy Spirit, and which falls when there is no wind, no agitation. Under the still unction of the Holy Spirit we are prepared for the unfailing supply of Christ the Bread of Life. God teach us to be still.

A Convent Secret has been Disclosed—During the progress of alterations to the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul at Gorlitz, in Silesia, one of the most splendid specimens of mediæval architecture in Eastern Germany, the workmen, in examining the foundations of the tower, came upon *the skeleton of a nun*, who at some remote time had been doomed to undergo a terrible form of punishment, that of being placed alive in the niche of a wall, and then being built in and left to die of suffocation or exhaustion. The bones of the victim were in perfect preservation, and the sleeves of her garments, ornamented with splendidly executed embroidery, had kept their original whiteness. The discovery reminds us of the time foretold in the Word of God, when every hidden thing shall be brought to light, and when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The British House of Lords Concluded its work on the Irish Land bill on August 5th. The alterations made in the measure are chiefly in the interest of the landlords, and in some cases affect the vital principle of the bill. It is expected that the Government will not accept such alterations, and that a sharp struggle between the two chambers will ensue. The London *Times*, in a leading article on the subject, says: "Some of the ground which the opponents of the Bill in the House of Lords too readily won will have to be surrendered hereafter, because the majority in the House of Commons will doubtless sustain Mr. Gladstone in refusing to adopt changes that touch the principle of the bill."

That the measure was unpalatable to the Peers was evident from the tone in which the debate opened. The Marquis of Salisbury, the leader of the Conservative party, denounced the bill in strong terms; declaring that it had been won, not from the sense of justice of the government, but from their fears. Even he, however, recognized the necessity for some such concession by saying that he would not advise the Lords to reject the measure, but to amend it in committee.

The Duke of Argyll, an ex-colleague and intimate personal friend of Mr. Gladstone, directed the most formidable attack on the bill, to which, however, he said, the government appears to be driven, as the Lords are, by circumstances. *He compared the government to a jelly-fish.* He advised the government "to tell the Irish that they will henceforth support the decisions of the courts, and that poverty is no excuse for wrong." He said that there was "a feeling of bitterness and humiliation, which was not confined to that House, in being *obliged to accept a bill* to which so many had strong fundamental objections." "Universal power," he said, "is given to three men of valuing rents all over Ireland." This was "eminently ridiculous." Giving absolute right of sale to everybody was "eminently unjust."

Mr. Parnell was Suspended from one Sitting of the House of Commons on August 1st for defying the authority of the Speaker and for using unbecoming language. He denounced the conduct of the Ministry in continuing to hold in prison men, whom with amusing inconsistency he described as "the true authors of the Land bill." This conduct, Mr. Parnell declared, proved the Ministry and the Parliament to be "tyrants and oppressors." Mr. Gladstone and Sir Stafford Northcote rose simultaneously to call the Speaker's attention to this language; but Mr. Parnell went on vehemently, paying no heed to the Speaker. He declared that "he cared nothing for the House of Commons." Mr. Gladstone moved his suspension, but before the question could be put Mr. Parnell said that he would not wait to see the farce played out, and then withdrew before his formal suspension, which was voted immediately afterward by an overwhelming majority. It is supposed that this ebullition of temper was an effort to maintain his popularity with the ignorant class of his constituents, which is impaired by the progress of the Land bill.

An Exciting Physical Struggle Occurred at the British House of Commons on August 3d, when Mr. Bradlaugh, the infidel member for Northampton, attempted to force his way into the House. The cable report states that he made the attempt soon after the business of the House commenced. He informed Mr. Erskine, Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms, that he was there by the mandate of his constituents and would not yield to anything illegal. Upon Mr. Erskine putting out his hand to prevent his passage Mr. Bradlaugh pushed him and was immediately seized by an usher, with whom he grappled fiercely, shouting, "If any one dares to hinder me!" He was hustled down the members' staircase, *grappling with the police* and ushers, but no blows were struck. He was *ghastly pale* when he appeared in the Palace yard, and was still struggling with the police and almost fainting. A glass of water was brought and his face was bathed. He threatened to come to the House again with such a force that the police would be compelled to arrest him.

The scene was a most exciting one. Mr. John Bright, who addressed the House, was deeply moved, and although he has no sympathy with Mr. Bradlaugh's atheism, believes he should be allowed to take the seat to which his constituents elected him. He described how Mr. Bradlaugh was brought down to the Palace yard in a fainting condition. He thought such a scene was unprecedented. He appealed to the House to reconsider their former decision so as to extricate themselves from the present difficulties.

Another Plot of the Nihilists to Assassinate the Czar of Russia has been discovered. The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *National Gazette*, of Copenhagen, says: "The Russian Court made the recent journey to Moscow because of the discovery of an extensive conspiracy to assassinate the imperial family. During the night, at Peterhof, the police on the 27th of July stopped a boat which had succeeded in passing the guard ships and arrested the occupant. It was subsequently discovered that sixty persons, some of them of high rank, were involved in the plot."

Ayoob Khan, the Victor in the Recent Battle in Afghanistan, is reported to be pressing forward to Cabul, the capital of the country. The defeated Ameer Abdurrahman has appealed to the British Government for assistance. He has despatched an envoy to Simla, who bears a message wherein the Ameer reminds the Viceroy that he had earnestly and repeatedly begged the Indian government to hold Candahar for a year in order to enable him to make his position secure. It is clear from the Envoy's account that the Ameer began to lose heart when he heard the news of the British evacuation of Candahar. It will be remembered that Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues were warned of the danger of their precipitate action.

Affairs in the East of Europe Present many elements of uneasiness which at any moment may develop into an outbreak of war. In Bulgaria there is a fierce agitation respecting the recent election, which is declared to have been carried at the sword's point, and which sets aside the constitution that was settled at the time of the prince's appointment, and invests the prince with autocratic power independent of the nominal Parliament. General Ernroth, upon whom devolved the conduct of the elections, has been condemned to death by a secret society; but the Prince of Bulgaria nevertheless persists in his high-handed conduct. The state of siege has been proclaimed in various districts.

The two Skirmishers, McGrath and McKevitt who attempted to blow up the Liverpool Town Hall with dynamite were placed on trial on August 2d. The jury, after a short deliberation, found both of the prisoners guilty of causing an explosion with intent to endanger life and with intent to damage the Town Hall. A fresh jury was then sworn, who found McGrath guilty as accessory before the fact in connection with the explosion at the police office in May last. McGrath was sentenced to penal servitude for life and McKevitt for fifteen years.

The International Congress of the Young Men's Christian Association continued its sessions last week at Exeter Hall, London. The telegrams state that it comprised 500 delegates—80 being from America—and altogether represented 3000 associations. On the International Committee were Messrs. Russell Sturgis, Jr., of Boston, and McBurney, of New York. *The American delegates were received with great cordiality*, and took a prominent part in the proceedings. On Monday evening, August 1st, at the reception given to the delegates at the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor entered in state with Mrs. William E. Dodge, of New York, the Earl of Shaftesbury and the Lady Mayoress following. On Wednesday evening Rev. Mr. Cuyler spoke. During the week many pleasant excursions were made in and about London. On August 5th the mansion of Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P, at Tunbridge, was visited. The hospitality of London was unbounded. It was stated at luncheon at Mr. Morley's, by way of compliment to Americans, that a young minister who had conducted them over the grounds and whose name was Washington traced a direct connection with General Washington. At the farewell meeting on August 6th addresses were made by Sir John Kennaway, member of Parliament; Professor Gladstone; Rev. John Hall, of New York; Mr. Russell Sturgis, of Boston, and others. The Convention has been a great success. The sum of $4000 was pledged to inaugurate a work in Great Britain similar to that of the International Committee in America.

The Persistent Refusal of Irish Juries to Convict persons arrested for rioting and other agrarian crimes impedes the administration of justice. In the Cork Assizes on July 22d, the trial of the criminal agrarian cases was stopped by the judge at the request of the counsel for the crown, on the ground that the juries declined to return verdicts of guilty, despite the plainest evidence. The remaining fourteen cases, comprising fifty defendants, were postponed until the next assizes, and the prisoners will consequently have to remain in jail for three months before they can be tried. The judge said that the condition of the country, as displayed by the crimes committed, could not be regarded by any right-minded man without alarm and almost despair.

A Remarkable Feat of Journalistic Enterprise has been performed by one of the correspondents of the London *Daily News* in penetrating to Merv, the famous stronghold of Tekke Turcomans, and called in the figurative language of Asia, "*The Queen of the World.*" Attention has been directed to this place for some time past, because it is believed to be the key of India; and that attention has been recently strengthened by the advance of Russian troops. The correspondent had to start by night to avoid the brigands, who are always on the lookout for any chance of plunder. He was attended by only four Turcomans whom he describes as unblushing thieves, liars, and cowards. The darkness of the desert was awful. His path was haunted by jackals, hyenas, and leopards. And when he had succeeded in reaching the object of his quest he was taken for a Russian spy and was hourly in danger of his life. He was placed in custody and subjected to all sorts of inquiries, and surrounded with all sorts of suspicions and perils. But though narrowly watched and jealously guarded he has managed to forward to Europe an account of his journey and of his impressions of Merv. The last accounts of the position of this intrepid correspondent represent him as safe, and as likely to be soon restored to freedom.

The Blessing on the Printed Word.—On Monday evening, July 18th, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, presiding at the usual Monday's meeting at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, said that while he was glad to know that many had been brought to the right path through hearing his sermons in the Tabernacle, a great many had also been similarly privileged though reading his printed discourses. It was but the day before that he had the pleasure of clasping the hand of an American gentleman who, nine years ago, was quite a careless, indifferent sort of person, but who had been led to Christ through reading his sermons, and is to-day the pastor of a large church in America.

"Coming Wars," by the Rev. M. Baxter: Two Pamphlets; price five cents each by mail *First Pamphlet* contains "Ten signs of the End, and Description of Approaching Events;" with two maps of the territory to be under Antichrist's rule, and four large diagrams. *Second Pamphlet* contains valuable quotations from twenty-six Expositors on the same subject. Address, with price enclosed—The Christian Herald, 63 Bible House, New York.

The Following Works by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon are for sale at The Christian Herald Office at prices much below what they can be obtained for elsewhere. Remittances must accompany orders: *John Ploughman's Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 cents. *The Treasury of David*, a homiletica exposition of the book of Psalms, four vols., as far as Psa. 103, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon Birth-Day Book.* This popular gift-book contains a suitable passage selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every day in the year, with a blank space opposite for autographs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon appear at their respective birthdays. The book is gorgeously bound, and the price is 75 cents.

Burr Printing House, 18 Jacob Street, New York.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1881. 15th Year. No. 33.—New Series.

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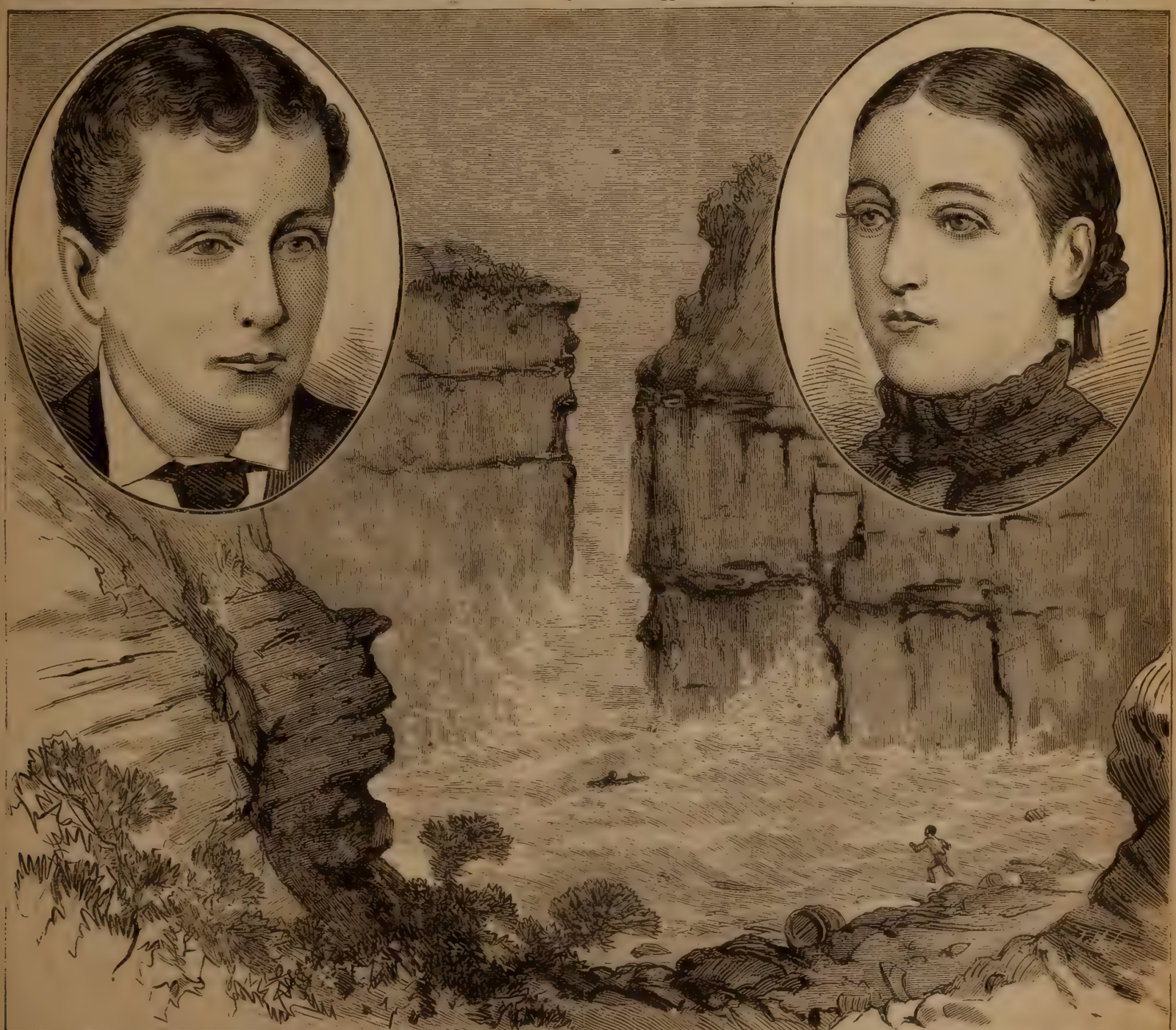

Midshipman PEARCE and Miss EVA CARMICHAEL—"The Caves," Rocks on the Australian Coast where the Lock Ard was Wrecked.

A MEMORABLE SHIPWRECK.

Heroic Rescue of a Young Lady.

Description of the Ship—The Romantic Scene of the Wreck—Pearce's Account of the Catastrophe—Breakers Ahead—The Ship Strikes on a Rock—Pearce Washed Overboard, and Swims to Shore—A Young Lady's Screams—Miss Carmichael Clinging to Wreckage—Her Rescue—Friends Found on Shore—Miss Carmichael in Fear Hides Herself—Anxiety as to her Safety—Her Story of the Loss of the Ship—The—Afternoon and Night Before the Wreck—The Captain's Touching Farewell.

THE two portraits which appear on our frontispiece are those of a young sailor and a lady who were the sole survivors of all on board a vessel wrecked on the Australian coast on June 1, 1878. The circumstances of the wreck and the heroic rescue of the lady caused a considerable sensation in the locality at the time, but they will probably be new to most of our readers.

The Loch Ard was an iron ship of 1623 tons register, and commanded by Captain George Gibbs. She was on a voyage from London to Melbourne, and was only within a day's sail of port, when the fatal catastrophe of her total loss occurred, near the mouth of the Sherbrooke Creek, about 27 miles west of Cape Otway. The ship had 3,275 tons of cargo on board, valued at $270,000, very little of which could be saved.

That the ship became a total wreck is not to be wondered at, considering the exceedingly rocky character of the coast. The only matter of surprise is that even two lives should have been so providentially saved to tell the thrilling story of their peril and deliverance.

THE SCENE OF THE WRECK.

The Australian coast for miles to the eastward and westward of the Gellibrand River, near which the Loch Ard was lost, shows nothing but precipitous rocks rising perpendicularly from the water to heights varying from 120 feet to 300 feet, and it is only at intervals of many miles that there is an inlet or gorge through the rocks where there is a small beach on which a landing may be effected. This is the case at *the spot where the wreck took place*, for at that particular locality there is a small inlet about a quarter of a mile deep and about 50 yards wide at the entrance, opening out at the upper end to a large semicircular bay with a fine sandy beach.

This is known as the Caves, and is about one mile east of Sherbrooke Creek, and about six miles west of Gellibrand River, or 14 miles from Moonlight Head. For several miles along the coast the frontage belongs to the Glenample station, owned by Mr. Gibson, who with his wife rendered the two shipwrecked people prompt aid and assistance, which probably saved them from perishing of cold and hunger.

The spot where the devoted ship was lost is one that would please an artist. The cliff rises straight out of the sea to a height of about 150 feet, without a single ledge on which a bird could rest, while at the top, and for perhaps five feet or six feet downward, the rocks are clothed thickly with ferns and heath. The sea, even on the quietest summer day, when it is quite calm outside, rushes in with a sullen heavy roar, and the waves, curling up against the sides of the gorge, finally expend their strength on the sandy beach.

At the end of this gorge there are *two caves*, which give the place the name by which it is known. Coming in from the entrance, the principal cave is on the left, quite sheltered from the weather, and is perfectly dry and warm, with a soft sandy floor. It is about 75 yards long, 10 yards wide, and fully 10 feet high. At the upper end of the gorge is another smaller and more irregular cave. It is only in one particular spot that it is possible for human beings to descend to the caves, and then it has to be done at the risk of the adventurer's neck, holding on by his hands and feet, and relying upon Providence that he may safely reach the bottom.

PEARCE'S ACCOUNT OF THE CATASTROPHE.

The *only male survivor was* Thomas Richard Pearce. He is a son of Captain Pearce, who lost his life when the steamer Gothenburg was wrecked, in Australian waters, some years ago, on her voyage from the Northern Territory. His age is now twenty-two, and although comparatively young, he had before this had some experience at a wreck, as he was one of the crew of the bark Eliza Ramsden when she was lost at the Heads, also off the Australian coast. After that he had been serving his apprenticeship in the unfortunate ship Loch Ard, which came to so untimely an end. It may, however, be mentioned incidentally, as a curious fact showing the misfortune that attended this ship from the very day of her launch, that, in addition to having been twice dismasted, nearly lost in the Calcutta River, and at last finally wrecked, during the very few years she was in existence *she had five captains*, four of whom are dead.

THE MIDSHIPMAN'S ACCOUNT OF THE WRECK.

Pearce gave his account of the sad occurrence in a plain and straightforward way, and, as he appeared to be a young man of much sound sense and knowledge of his profession, his statement may be taken as accurate. According to his account, then, the ship had fine weather and fresh breezes from the Cape of Good Hope, and the easting was run down with the full anticipation of making a tolerably good passage. Everything went well until the reckoning was worked up on May 29, after the meridian signs had been taken, and the ship was then discovered to be 150 miles southwest of Cape Otway.

The wind at the time was to the southward to S.E., and the course was altered to E.N.E., by compass, which it was expected, with the wind then blowing, would carry her clear of Cape Otway, and perhaps give them a sight of the light at Moonlight Head. Captain Gibbs was apparently, however, in some doubt as to the correctness of his compasses, as in the first dog-watch (from 4 to 6 P.M.) he shortened sail until the ship was only left with her three lower topsails and fore-topmast staysail, to make all secure for the night.

The captain remained on deck all night, Mr. Baxter, the second officer, having the middle watch from midnight until 4 A.M. The night had been very dark and hazy, and there was a heavy swell on, but the wind was not blowing very hard. Just as the watch was being relieved, at 4 A.M., and before the men had left the deck, the haze suddenly lifted, and the captain saw land right ahead, and at no great distance, and, almost at the same moment, some one on deck heard

THE BREAKERS,

so that it was estimated that the distance was not more than a mile from shore.

Captain Gibbs at once gave orders to set the spanker, mizzen, and maintopmast staysail, and the helm was at once put down, with a view of bringing the ship round on the other tack and standing off the land. In order to give her still further way, and also to bring her to her round quicker, the order was given to hoist the upper mizzen-topsail, but as she would not come to the wind the order was given to let go both anchors. The port anchor was let go first, with fifty fathoms of cable, and was quickly followed by the starboard anchor, with about sixty fathoms of chain. In anticipation that the anchors would hold, the sails were clewed up, and a man was sent into the chains with the lead to see if she were holding, but it was at once seen that the anchors were not holding, as the ship was getting close into the cliffs.

THE SHIP STRIKES ON A ROCK.

Captain Gibbs's next order was to slip both anchors, and get sail on the ship, which was now head to wind, with a view of standing on the port tack. An attempt was made to sheet home the topsails, but this appears to have always been a difficult thing to do on the Loch Ard, and after some time had been wasted in an endeavor to do so, the buntlines of the mainsail were let go, and the port main tack got on board and the sheet hauled aft. Just as this had been done *the ship struck on a rock*, which appeared to catch her just under the starboard mizzen chains.

As the morning had now cleared somewhat, the cliffs were seen close to the ship, and the captain gave orders to have the boats cleared away and the passengers placed in them. By this time *the seas were breaking clean over the ship*, and she was bumping very heavily, so much so that the top hamper was falling about the deck. As often happens in such cases, the boats were not in the davits, but were on the skids, and of course some time would elapse before they could be launched. Pearce, with five others, including the engineer, were clearing away the port life-boat, and the gripes having been cut and the chocks knocked out, they were just about hooking the tackles on when a heavy sea struck her, and knocked the boat over the side, and all with her. In doing so the boat capsized, and Pearce states that when he came to the surface

HE FOUND HIMSELF UNDER THE BOAT.

Here, he says, he remained for some time, as there was plenty of air. At last he dived down and came up outside the boat, holding on to the life-lines. He saw nothing about him but wreckage, but he also noticed that he had drifted into a gorge and at the same moment the boat struck against the rocks at the side, and he then left her and struck out for the beach, where, as he was a sturdy swimmer, he arrived safely. He was then very much exhausted, and finding *plenty of spirits* stranded on the beach he helped himself to them, and also got something to eat.

After being about an hour on the beach *he heard somebody screaming out, and looking seawards he saw a young lady holding on to some wreckage and drifting through the gorge.* He swam at once out to her, and getting hold of some of her clothing in his teeth, he brought her safely to land, and managed to drag her into the cave, where he cut some grass for a bed. She was then in an insensible state, and he tried to restore animation by pouring brandy down her throat, and also by rubbing her body with the same spirit. She recovered somewhat, but appeared to have lost her senses, and was raving.

PEARCE FINDS A FRIEND.

Being exhausted, he lay down, and when he awakened he found the young lady asleep, and left her to try and get assistance. He managed to climb up the side of the gorge, and at once coming upon *horse-tracks*, he followed them, and at last came upon George Ford, an employé of Mr. Gibson. Pearce told him that there was a lady in the caves wanting assistance, and at once went back to her, and Ford shortly after met Mr. Gibson, who sent him to the station for blankets, a lantern, and other articles he thought might be wanted, while he himself galloped off to the caves, overtaking Pearce on the way.

Having scrambled down to the cliff, they went straight to the cave where Pearce had left Miss Carmichael, *but she could not be found.* There was the grass that Pearce had cut for her bed, but she had vanished. They searched every nook and corner of the cave, but could find no trace of her, and by this time it was dark. Ford had arrived with blankets and a vessel for boiling water, together with some coffee and a lantern. Having lit the lantern, another and closer search was made in the cave for the young lady, but without success.

Mr. Gibson then proceeded to the second cave, which is about 100 yards distant, and this was also closely searched, but again without success. Fears were now beginning to be entertained for the young lady's safety, as it was thought that in her distracted state *she might have destroyed herself*, as they were quite certain that unaided she could not have climbed the cliff. They shouted continually to attract her attention. As after events proved, this was the cause of the delay in finding her. Never having heard the Australian "cooey" (shout) before, she fancied that it was the cry of some of the natives, and in mortal fear and trembling *she concealed herself* within a few yards of the search party.

As a last resource they tried to track her footsteps in the loose sand. They could see that she had left the cave, but her steps were so light, and they had crossed and re-crossed the sand so often, that the tracks were quite confused, and at last they were almost tempted to give up the search. There is in the gorge a single clump of dense tea-tree scrub, and as they were passing this, talking somewhat loudly, *a voice was heard among the bushes.*

THE MISSING YOUNG LADY FOUND.

Ir. Gibson at once rushed in, and found the ng lady, almost perished with cold and exhaus-. He took off his own coat and covered her, put on her his own warm stockings and boots. re was made from the wreckage, and in a short hot coffee was in readiness, and a pannikin of this was given her, and helped to revive her. was wrapped in blankets and placed before a e fire until she regained some little natural mth, but Mr. Gibson plainly saw that by some ns she must be taken to the station, and not wed to remain in the gorge all night.

he was, however, incapable of helping herself the almost perpendicular cliffs, and at last, n the buggy arrived, the men succeeded in ly carrying her and partly dragging her to the and she was then driven to the home station put to bed by Mrs. Gibson, by whom she was rously attended until recovery.

MISS EVA CARMICHAEL'S STORY.

hough suffering severely from the shock to her ous system, she was anxious to give every in- ation in her power relative to the sad disaster. admitted that certain portions of her narrative somewhat disconnected, but, to use her own ls at the time, "I was confused, and can't re- ber what occurred." As a matter of fact, ever, her story is clear and distinct, with per- the exception of that portion relating to the she was in the water, and the circumstances occurred for a few minutes previous to her g washed overboard.

is difficult to comprehend how a young lady of delicately brought up, could have survived af- being *six hours in the water*, which must been of very low temperature at such a time e year, June being winter time in Australia, ould have been thought that the most robust titution must have succumbed. As to a little usion of ideas respecting the occurrences just re she was washed off the ship, that is not to ondered at when it is taken into consideration strong able men had lost all control of them- s, and were in some cases paralyzed with fear. iss Carmichael referred very strongly to the that on board such a ship as the Loch Ard, *life-saving appliances were so few.* There only six life-belts on board, and only five life- s, while the boats were securely fastened on skids instead of being in readiness to lower The life-belts also were not in good condi- nor were they kept handy and available.

om what the young lady said, it is evident the captain and passengers were *a very happy ly* during the voyage, although on one occa- a letter of remonstrance was sent from them to to be forwarded to the owners relative to the ty of the provisions supplied to the cabin ta- This did not, however, interfere with the onious relations that existed between Captain s and his passengers. "He was most kind attentive to all of us, and was always at his "

me people will perhaps think that a young of 19 is no judge of what the captain of a ship ld be. Miss Carmichael can, however, ex- more lucidly the working of a ship and the she was under at different times than many a ho has been two or three years at sea. Miss Carmichael, whose body was subsequently ered and buried, had also *studied navigation* g the voyage, and was in the habit of taking vations for both latitude and longitude with ister, and working them out so as to check nother, but in no case was there more than a of difference between them. On May 29, two before the wreck, they both worked up the ning, with the chief officer, and although the s obtained were bad ones, they all came to the result, and it was then that the course was d for Cape Otway, and although the ship was nder very short canvas during the first dog- , the wind was blowing so fresh that, going t or two free, she was making good headway gh the water.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE WRECK.

ring the afternoon the passengers had been engaged in packing up their luggage in an ticipation of their arrival shortly at Melbourne. Miss Carmichael and her sister, together with a Mr. Jones, were on deck that night until midnight, and when the watch was called she heard the captain give orders to take a cast of the deepsea lead. This was done, and she was subsequently told that the depth of water was 64 fathoms, or 384 feet. Both she and her sister slept soundly until about 4 o'clock, when they were called, as she thought, to go up and look at the land.

She slipped on her dressing-gown and went on deck, but there was then a good deal of confusion, this being the time when Captain Gibbs was trying to get the ship's head off the land, and she returned to her cabin, where Miss Raby Carmichael was dressing, and who laughed at her for her eagerness to see the land, at the same time recommending her to finish dressing. She did so, and had just put on her hat and veil *when the ship struck.* In a very short time the cabin was full of water, but she could not say how long elapsed. Dr. Carmichael, with the assistance of the steward, opened the lazarette hatch and got up the life-belts, six in number. These were fastened to Mrs. Carmichael, Miss Raby Carmichael, Miss Evelyn Carmichael, Mrs. Stuckey, Dr. Carmichael, and Mr. Stuckey. These were, however, in such a bad and practically useless condition that *the strings broke* several times while they were being tied on, and at last they had to be fastened anyhow.

DYING LIKE A BRAVE SAILOR.

Miss Carmichael and her sister then ran up the companion-ladder on to the poop; but on the top step, and just before getting on deck, Captain Gibbs, with whom they were great favorites, and who had then evidently given up all hope of saving the ship, *took her in his arms and kissed her*, saying, "If you are saved, Eva, let my dear wife know that I died like a brave sailor—at my post." It should have been said that Captain Gibbs was only married *six weeks* before the ship left London. Miss Carmichael kissed him and stepped on deck.

Almost immediately a sea swept the decks and washed her overboard. Of course, for a few minutes all was a blank; but the first thing she recollects after that was *getting hold of a hencoop.* A Mr. Jones and a Mr. Mitchell soon afterward got hold of the same article, and it speaks much for the coolness and courage of Miss Carmichael that she should then say, pleasantly, "So the despised hencoops have proved useful at last." This was referring to the fact that during the passage the hencoops had been a source of annoyance to the passengers.

They were then floating so near to the vessel that *they could hear the screams* of some of those on board, but by that time the ship was sinking fast. Here another blank occurs in her recollection: but she states that the last she saw of those in the cabin before running on deck was *her two little sisters clinging to her mother's dress* and crying, while Mr. and Mrs. Stuckey were sitting down on one of the seats, the lady crying and clinging to her husband.

DELIVERANCE FROM DEATH.

Miss Carmichael and her two companions, finding the hencoop very awkward to hold on to, as it was continually throwing over, left it for a spar which came near them, and on this they floated into the entrance of the gorge, and then her two companions, fancying they could reach a rocky point near the entrance, left the spar and struck out for it, but the under-current carried them out to the sea. She still clung to the spar, and was gradually drifted until a portion of her clothing caught a projecting point of the rocky side, and where fragments of it were seen after her rescue.

It was then that, looking shoreward, she saw Pearce walking on the wreckage, and screamed out to him, and then lost consciousness, only recovering her senses when he was half carrying, half dragging her to the cave for warmth and shelter.

The thrilling narrative of the unexpected loss of the noble ship Loch Ard, and the rescue of Miss Eva Carmichael by Midshipman Pearce, himself barely saved from an untimely death, reminds us of the terrible peril of those who are sailing over the sea of life without Christ in the vessel, or chart or compass of Divine truth on board, and who are therefore drifting rapidly onward to inevitable and eternal shipwreck.

But He who heard the despairing cry of His affrighted disciples on the stormy Sea of Galilee, and bade the raging elements to cease their strife, bringing a great calm upon the water, and peace and safety to the fishermen, can even now hear the anguished cry of those who, conscious of their peril, cry, "Lord, save me, I perish!" He delights to save, and "saves even to the uttermost."

The bravery of young Mr. Pearce also furnishes an apt illustration of the duty of those who have themselves been saved from moral and everlasting wreck. It is for such to *remember the perishing*; the earliest and the latest breath and effort of their new life should be spent for others.

SOULS ARE PERISHING; WHO WILL SAVE?

During a heavy storm off the coast of Spain, a dismasted merchantman was observed by a British frigate drifting before the gale. Every eye and glass were on her, and a canvas shelter on a deck almost level with the sea suggested the idea that there yet might be life on board. With all their faults no men are more alive to humanity than rough and hardy mariners, and so the order instantly sounds to put the ship about, and presently a boat puts off with instructions to

BEAR DOWN UPON THE WRECK.

Away after that drifting hulk go these gallant men through the swell of a roaring sea; they reach it; they shout; and now *a strange object rolls from that canvas screen against the lee shroud of a broken mast.* Hauled into the boat it proves to be the trunk of a man, bent head and knees together, so dried and shrivelled as to be hardly felt within the ample clothes, so light that a mere boy lifted it on board. It is laid on the deck; in horror and pity the crew gather round it. These feelings suddenly changed into astonishment: it shows signs of life; they draw nearer; it moves, and then mutters—mutters in a deep sepulchral voice:

"THERE IS ANOTHER MAN!"

Saved himself, *the first use the saved man made of speech was to seek to save another.* Let us learn that blessed lesson and be daily practising it. And so long as in our homes, among our friends, in *this wreck of a world*, which is drifting down to ruin, there lives an unconverted person, there is "another man." Let us go to that man and plead for Christ; go to Christ and plead for that man; the cry, "Lord, save me, I perish," changed into one as welcome to a Saviour's ear, "Lord, save *them, they* perish."

A Discharged Prisoner had been Helped by some Christian people to good employment, and was frequently urged by them to give himself to Christ. "No," he said, "not yet; the world must see that I am a reformed man before I can be a good Christian." But the fascinations of the city and the influences of pleasure proved too mighty for him, and he not only ceased attending the House of God, but in every way possible sought for a long time to avoid meeting his Christian friends and benefactors. One Saturday evening he went to the young people's prayer-meeting. The Spirit of God touched many hearts, and the young man's among the rest. After the meeting a gentleman, who relates the incident, said to him: "God calls you to-night, my brother. Will you give up now and wait no longer?" His lips trembled as he said, "*The time hasn't quite come yet,*" and walked away. On the following Tuesday he was dying. The gentleman who had previously spoken to him being hastily summoned, he found the young man pale and gasping for breath. He asked him: "The soul, Armstrong—the soul, is it safe?" He could only shake his head and look imploringly into his friend's face, who said, "It is not too late now; remember the dying thief; put your whole trust in Jesus *now.*" He shook his head and then his lips moved. He whispered hoarsely, "*Do you think I would give Him the dregs of my life!*" They were his last words. In a moment more his soul had gone to the judgment. There was no hope in his death.

THE SYRO-PHŒNICIAN WOMAN.

A Sermon by the Rev. Dr. Talmage.

"Jesus answered and said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from that very hour."—Matt. 15 : 28.

The Preacher's Personal Experience—The Mother's Desperate Case—Her Triumph—I. Sin's Treatment of Men—Treatment of Dogs—The Prisoner in Philadelphia—The Gambler—The Drunkard—The Till-Tapper—II. Christ Turning His Back—An Unusual Attitude—The Artist's Answer—Mercy Postponed—Mercy Augmented—III. Jesus Conquered—The Strong Gives Way—Queen Caroline of England—The Woman's Faith—Reasonable Perserverance—Contrast with Commercial Failures—Burial of William the Conqueror—A Dying Woman's Last Message—"I Do Not See Any Shadow"—The Double Volume of Opportunities—Conclusion.

It was Sabbath afternoon in the Belleville parsonage. I had been trying to preach the Gospel for two years, but the Christian life was to me nothing but a struggle. That Sabbath afternoon I took up the Bible and asked the Lord for a special illumination. I opened the Scriptures, and having asked the Lord that my eyes might fall upon just the passage best suited to my distressed case, I met the verses of the text; from which time the Christian life, instead of being a struggle, has been to me a great satisfaction, a great joy, and a great rapture. And I pray the Lord that this passage of Scripture which was of so much practical use to my soul, may be the means of eternal joy and deliverance to thousands here assembled.

You see that

THE MOTHER OF THE TEXT

had an invalid daughter, a child afflicted with a convulsive and exasperating disease described as *possession of the devil*. All medicament had failed; the mother was a Gentile and hated by all the Jews; the Jews considered it their religion to hate these Gentiles, and they called them dogs—miserable dogs. This afflicted mother came to Christ soliciting His interference for the recovery of her daughter. She said, "My daughter is sick, I would like to have Thee make her well; Thou canst do it. Lord, help me!" Christ, to her surprise, and contrary, or seemingly contrary, to all His past reputation in such cases, turned to her and said, in seeming roughness and harshness of manner, "It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to you Gentile dogs. You know the Jews all call the Gentiles dogs, and how can you think of coming to Me and asking a cure for your daughter or expecting any of My grace?"

She was not to be thrust back. She understood, perhaps, something from the glance of Christ's eye; but I think that the woman understood that Christ was only rallying her faith and earnestness, and He was going to give a more grand and glorious demonstration of His grace. She was not to be put back or discouraged. She comes to Christ still pressing her case and saying practically, "I am willing to admit myself a dog; I am only a Gentile dog, but the dogs have some privileges, and when *the door is left ajar* the dog will come in and crawl under the table, and if there have sifted through the cracks of the table some crumbs of bread, the dog goes and gets those crumbs and eats them, and the owner of the household is not affronted. I do not ask a loaf of bread, I do not even ask a large slice of bread; I am a dog and I want to crawl to Thy feet and I want to get some of the crumbs of Thy mercy. Oh, save my daughter; save her from the convulsive disease and make her well!"

That was too much for Christ. He turned round to her and said, "Oh woman, thou hast conquered. Your daughter is well. Now go home, and before you get to your house, your daughter will come out carousing in health and skipping with glee." The moth r started for home. She felt twenty years younger. I think she went *on the half run*. When the twain met it was in the mingling of hysterical laughter and tears. The mother broke down every time she tried to tell her story; and there stood the daughter, her cheeks as rosy with health as before her sickness began. There may have been some doctors in the village who prophesied the cure would not hold out, but I read in the oldest medical journal in the world this statement, "The daughter was made whole from that very hour."

I. In the presence of this subject to-night I have first to learn from the suggestion of the text, that sin is disposed to treat us

AS IF WE WERE DOGS.

Not as dogs are treated in this world and in this age. *Landseer* has made princes of the canine tribe. You know that the dog is admired for his sagacity and faithfulness all the world over. Saint Bernard has one of them on whose collar you will find the inscription of *twenty-seven names*, the names of men that this one dog rescued from the snow drift. The most suggestive picture to me in Dr. John Brown's study in Edinburgh, Scotland, was *the picture of his dog Ralph* which he has made immortal in his writings. You know also that Walter Scott sang the praises of the dog. The old mastiff lying on the mat is now the pet of the whole household.

But it was not so in these old Bible times, and it was not so in the East. It was a loathsome creature, a snarling creature; and when the Jews compared the Gentile to a dog they used the utmost term of contempt and indignation. My friend, when the Jews held this contempt for the Gentiles they were guilty of a great sin, and when I read the story and get the suggestion of the text, it makes me think of the fact that Satan always treats men like dogs. It may begin perhaps at first by flattering them, but sin is a beast that bruises us finally if it gets a chance at us. The way of the transgressor is hard.

I heard a man say that in a Philadelphia prison as he came up to the wicket and I was trying to comfort him and help him. He stood on the stumps of his limbs, for his feet had been frozen off on one of his criminal expeditions, and his jaw had been fractured, and he had on his forehead the mark of the officer's club with which he had been pelted in the hour of arrest, the most forlorn creature I ever saw. He looked up into my face, and said, "Oh, Mr. Talmage, the way of the transgressor is hard."

Sin comes to a young man and says, Now take your chance at *a game of hazard*. That is the way men make fortunes, that is the way rapid fortunes are accumulated, it won't hurt you, a game of chance. And the young man takes the suggestion of sin, and he goes into the game of chance, and he wins horses, he wins a carriage, he wins a house, he wins a fortune. There, says sin, don't you see that the man who sticks to his salary is clear down at the foot of the ladder while you are at the top?

After a while the tide turns. Crack goes the sheriff's mallet on the last household valuable. He has gambled away his equipage, gambled away his house, gambled away his fortune. Now he seeks a penny for a drink, and he grapples with devils who trample him in delirium. The way of the transgressor is hard. Sin flatters him at the start, but it treats him at the last like a dog.

Sin comes to a young man and says, *Take wine*, take plenty of wine, it will give color to the cheek, it will give sparkle to the eye, it will give spring to the step. Take some in the morning, it will be an appetizer, take some at noon, it will help digestion; take some at night, it will produce sleep. The young man takes it; a few months pass along, or a few years, and you meet that young man about nine or ten o'clock in the morning on the street, and you say, Why, I always thought you were busy at this hour. Oh, he says, I have lost my place. God have mercy on that young man, who through evil habit has lost his place! All the powers of darkness are after him. Save that young man on that express train that will not stop until it goes over the embankment of perdition. The way of the transgressor is hard. Sin flattered him at the start, but treated him at the last like a dog.

Sin comes to a young man and says, *Take a little money* out of the desk of your employer. He won't miss it, and he will be just as well off, and you can add hundreds of dollars to your salary. The young man surrenders to the temptation, he takes the money, he takes more and more, a some day there is a knock at his door and the o cer of the law enters, and he says, "I want you "What?" says the young man. "I want you Exposure has come. Discovery has come; he lost his reputation, he has lost his soul. The w of the transgressor is hard. Sin flatters him at start, but at the last it treats him like a dog. I we need not go into such a case as that to find illustration of this text. You and I have found in our own experience that when we go into a kind of sin we find it a scarification and a ma ing, and a hurt to our immortal souls.

Sin chains us like a dog; sin throws refuse to like a dog; sin whips us like a dog; sin sa Here are robes of royalty, but it covers you w rags; sin says here is a luxurious banquet to y soul, but fills it with wormwood; sin offers freedom, but drives you into a kennel. It flatt you at the first but treats you at the last lik dog.

II. But carrying out the suggestion of my t we find Christ standing with

HIS BACK TO THE HUMAN SOUL.

This Syro-Phœnician woman came to Him said, Cure my daughter of her sickness. Ch turned away; He seemed only to throw disco agement on her application. You find Christ g erally with His face toward the people. He st with His face toward blind Bartimeus; He st with His face toward the foaming demoniac; stood with His face toward the limping paraly He stood with His face toward the sea when hushed it; He stood with His face toward grave when He broke it. But behold Christ in text with His back turned to the human soul.

I said to an artist some time ago, Did you see a picture of Christ with His back tu toward a human soul? He said, I never saw a picture. And you may go all through the ture galleries of London, and Dresden, and Be and Florence, and Rome, and you will find the tures of Christ full face and in profile, but not picture of Christ with His back turned on a hu soul. And yet here is a picture of it in my This Syro-Phœnician woman comes asking a b ing; Christ turns away. And so He has for reason turned away from your soul, although only for a little while. There are hundreds of ple here who want to be Christians. You pra Lord, cure my soul of this sin. I want to sta heaven. Lord Jesus, help me. Christ seem turn around to you and say, You are a sinner are a vile sinner, you are a lost sinner, and can you expect to have any of the glories of he given your soul?

Ah! Take the suggestion of the Syro-Phœn woman, and keep on the plea, put down all burdens at Christ's feet. If Christ's back is t to you, put down all your burdens at His heel He will turn and have mercy on you. M man from whom the grace of God has been poned a great while has at last become illus in Christian life. Do you know that *mercy poned is mercy augmented?* The waters c soul coming to a full tide break away the dan arrow pulls back against the string of the only to be projected further. And if Christ few moments to-night seems to turn away Hi from you, it is only that it may be more ra when He looks at you to pronounce pardo peace, and life, and heaven.

Oh, be not discouraged. Keep on with plea, remember the example of the Syro-Phœ woman. I hear horses coming down the s drawing a chariot. I see a man in the chario his mouth bandaged and there are folds his head. Who is it? *Naaman the leper*. come on down, and they drive up in front prophet's house, and shout, "Whoa!" and w that fuss and demonstration they expect to g prophet to come out and help this leper. prophet does not come out. Naaman ca with too much pomp, and the prophet, inst coming out, just sent word to him, You go in the Jordan and you will get well.

My friend, if we come to the door of me night with great pomp we will be turned awa we get mercy it matters not by whose ha

it, or at what moment we get it, if we only get Oh! remember the Syro-Phœnician woman in text, and be importunate in your plea, for I tell whole audience to-night that though Christ for a moment seem to turn His face away n you, the next moment He will turn his face ard you, and this night will be a time of joy in- cribable to your immortal soul!

II. But there is another thought in the subject. nd another picture, and that is, Jesus is

CONQUERED BY THE HUMAN SOUL.

en this Syro-Phœnician woman came and asked the cure of her daughter Christ turned away, n with a wit and a brightness and a positive ius that hardly any poet or sculptor or orator or ıter ever indulged in, she came to Him and l, Yea, even the dogs eat of the crumbs that from their master's table. What did Christ He surrendered. I have often spoken to you *Christ the conqueror* on a white horse, all ven following Him on white horses, the moon ler His feet, the stars of heaven His tiara, the the rocket shot up in the signal service of the t, burning worlds the bonfires of His victory, rist the conqueror. But behold to-night Christ conquered. There are some things Christ can- do. He cannot break His promise, He cannot nple on a humble soul, He cannot refuse an nest prayer. While He was ready in His power overthrow His enemies, when the Syro-Phœni- n woman presented her humble prayer Christ rendered.

History tells us that

QUEEN CAROLINE

ıe to Westminster Abbey to attend the corona- n of King George IV., her offended husband. : came with six shining bays and in a carriage state. Getting to the door she was not admitted: went to another door, then to another, and an- er. No admittance anywhere. They guarded door and said, "We have no right to admit ." In derision and indignation she got into carriage of state and rode off. Now if we ne to God in our pomp and pride—no admittance. we come in humility and self-abnegation, our ls will be received. Queen Caroline could not in to the coronation of the king, but the Syro- ænician woman took all the castles of earth and ven.

suppose there were some people trying *to dis- rage* the Syro-Phœnician woman of the text. ey said to her, Now you see Christ don't care you, Christ turns His back on you. Besides, if physicians of the village cannot cure your ighter, Christ cannot. He has no medicine. t she was not to be dissuaded, she followed on, pressed her case the best way she could until rist surrendered; and let me say that the hum- st person in this house to-night coming before Lord with a prayer of faith shall have God's nediate recognition. There is not a child in all s house who kneeling before the Lord to-night l not get His gracious audience. The Lord e you and bring you this night to Him who be- ds the Syro-Phœnician woman.

There are a great many perhaps in this house it suppose that it demands *unreasonable perse- ance.* No; you do not get discouraged in thly search. If you want to get money, if you nt to get a fortune, you will follow it for one ır, or five years, or ten years, or twenty years, or rty years, and you never stop until you get the tune; although you know that when the money gotten it is uncertain in possession. In 1861 00,000,000 of failure; in 1857, $297,000,000 of lure. Whom did that discourage? Nobody. ! if men had only the same importunity and the ne perseverance in gaining eternal treasure that y show in seeking worldly honor!

William the Conqueror was honored of all the rld, and yet when he came to die they stole the rments out of his room, they stole the woollens at covered his corpse; and when they were out to take him into the chancel a man stood ere protesting against putting his miserable car- se into the chancel. Oh! how little are the nors of earth! Of how little worth when you ve got them!

If you had had the ame perseverance for the honors that come from God's right hand that you have had for the honors of this world, long ago you would have been Christians.

I CONFRONT HUNDREDS

and thousands of you with the feeling that I have every Sabbath morning and every Sabbath night that I shall never meet you again. You come from the four winds of heaven. You once worshipped in a Scotch kirk. You once worshipped in an English chapel. You come from the prairies of the West, or from the savannahs of the South. All the cities of this land, and perhaps of all Christen- dom represented in this audience to-night, and I feel I must say a word for your eternal salvation.

Turn into the kingdom of God this hour. "Es- cape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain. Escape to the mountain lest thou be consumed" (Gen. 19:17). Oh! eternity, eternity! Where shall I spend it? Where will you spend it? Oh! joys that never fade! Oh! sorrows that never end! Which will be mine? Which will be yours? An hour ago I bent over *a dying pillow*, and after having offered a prayer, I said to that Christian soul, who per- haps has already passed through the gate, for I do not think she will survive the night, "I am going to my pulpit, have you any word to send to my congregation?" She thought for a few mo- ments and then she said, "Well, I can wish for them nothing better than that they may be as happy as I am."

When I quoted to her that passage in Psalm 23d, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," she interrupted me at that point and said, "*I do not see any shadow.*" This glad, this blessed, this triumphant religion I recommend to all this audience. Her ways are ways of pleas- antness and her paths are peace. Come and get this religion to-night. All these scenes will soon have passed away, and just as I close this book, just so after a while the book of all our earthly op- portunities will be closed; the volumes of all our opportunities for doing good and getting good, two great volumes, volume placed on the top of vol- ume, closed forever. What then will be our con- dition? What then will be our history?

In contrast with the scene through which I have passed the last two hours—a scene of sickness, be- reavement, and sorrow in that household of our congregation—in contrast with that how insignifi- cant are all other considerations! How small is time compared with eternity!

Eternity! stupendous theme!
Compared therewith our life's a dream:
Eternity, an awful sound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

What countless millions of mankind,
Have left this fleeting world behind,
Then gone. But where? Ah pause and see—
Gone to a long eternity.

In this hour of glorious mercy yield your heart to the Lord Jesus Christ and make sure work for eternity. This is the last address I shall give to many before the holy communion which will be celebrated *to-morrow afternoon* after the close of the morning service, and I invite any that are now prepared to sit at the Lord's table, and I invite many who are not yet prepared, to seek after God and on that glorious festal occasion to be associat- ed with us.

Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast;
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

See Jesus stands with open arms:
He calls, He bids you come.
Grief holds you back and sin alarms;
But see, there yet is room.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 230,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the con- version of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

INCIDENTS OF MISSION WORK IN LONDON.

THERE are few quarters on the habitable globe in which it is possible to see crowded into a small space so much vice and misery as in the east of London. About three years ago Miss Stewart, a Christian young lady, felt called to make an effort to spread the knowledge of Jesus in one of the worst parts of this district. She opened a hall at her own expense for Gospel Temperance work, and it has been the spiritual birthplace of many souls.

Among the interesting narratives of good effect- ed through the work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of those attracted to the hall Miss Stewart relates the following:

A SHIP CAPTAIN'S CONVERSION

took place not many weeks ago. Miss Stewart says, "The captain came to our meetings many times, till at last the Lord broke his hard and stub- born heart. One night he said, 'I have been serv- ing the devil for fifty years, but I never found any happiness. I spent all my earnings in drink, go- ing to the play, and such like. Many times I narrowly escaped with my life at sea. In all my voyages I never gave God a thought, only to curse and swear. For twenty-two years I have not been nigh a place of worship. Sundays especially I de- lighted to be in the public-house. At last one Sunday came I shall never forget. I had spent all my savings, even my last halfpenny, so I could not go to the tap-room; and sitting very wretched in my little room, in a narrow back alley, I thought 'I'll go and hear those open-air preachers at Market Street, just to see what they really are after.' I came to Market Street, listened, thought to myself, "It's all humbug;" but as they went to the Mission Hall, I felt a hand on my shoulder, and Mr. Hopkins kindly said, "Come inside, friend." I was led and put into a seat. During the service I felt, "It's all me they mean. What an awful sinner I am!" At the end I got on my knees, and as Mr. Hopkins said to me, "Him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out," I gave myself to Jesus, and found, oh, such a great load off me, and I've been a different creature ever since. No more public house, no cursing, the Lord has taken it all away. My mates say *I'm mad*, but I tell them I've found a happiness in religion I never could find anywhere else, bless the Lord.'"

SIX BLACK SAILORS

were walking in company down Ratcliff Highway one evening recently, when they were induced by a Christian friend to enter the Mission Hall, in Ca- ble Street. While the Gospel was being faithfully and lovingly preached, the Holy Spirit wrought powerfully on them, convincing them of sin, and of their need of a Saviour. At the close of the service they all approached the penitent form, seeking the pardon of their sins. One of them, who seemed to have been the wickedest, prayed aloud with groans and tears for nearly half an hour; the weight of his sins seemed too great for the Lord to have mercy on him. He was spoken and prayed with. At last he jumped on his feet, "*Oh, I've seen Jesus, He does save me! oh, glory to God, my load of guilt is gone.*" His very countenance was altered, so great was his joy; and warmly he grasped and shook hands with every one present, so that all rose up and sang with full hearts, "Praise God from whom all bless- ings flow."

SAVED FROM A WATERY GRAVE.

A young man given to drink ran away from his family who were living in the country, while he led a most dissolute and reprobate life in and around London. One night he was attracted by singing in Market Street, Shadwell, and drawn to our Open-air Meeting, followed us into the Mission Hall, in Cable Street, where he was convinced of sin, and in great agony of mind fell upon his knees, crying, 'Lord, be merciful to me.' The Lord heard his earnest prayers, and he left the hall rejoicing—a sinner saved by grace. He has since told us that on the evening of his conversion *he fully intended to destroy his life*, and was mak- ing his way to the river with that intent, when God in great mercy directed his steps to listen to His Word in our Open-air meeting. He is now in

the police force in another part of the country. Before he went away he bid us good-bye, saying, 'I shall never forget you, nor the hall at Shadwell, and every time I am tempted to drink I will lift my heart in prayer to Him, my God and Saviour, for grace and assistance to keep firm the pledge of abstinence.'"

JAMES GRAHAM'S BUSH LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

(*Continued from page 502.*)

Self-Upbraiding—Jackey's Horse Goes Mad—Duncan's Death—Water Found—Graham's Personal Account of Perils and Deliverance.

THEY remounted and went on, feeling that every moment was subtracting from the energy that should bring them to safety. Though speaking was difficult, yet Duncan and Graham often spoke. Poor Duncan was full of self-upbraiding for the adventure, which his companion now endeavored to excuse. He spoke in words of resignation concerning his own anticipated death, and repeatedly said—"*Christ, none but Christ can be the refuge of the soul from sin and eternal death.*"

Hour after hour passed away, and still the noble horses held on with an ambling pace through the sand, at about five miles an hour. Sometimes the riders felt sleep creeping over them for a moment, till awakened by the imaginary rush of cascades, or rivers, or by the real motion of the horses through the burning sand. "Hungry and thirsty, their souls fainted in them;" but still they held on, and ere sunset they came in sight of the Sugar-loaf Bulgar and the scrub.

Poor Duncan was sinking apace. "Graham," he said, "how magnificent is that sunset; I have seen many a sunset; I have loved sunsets; but I shall see the sunset no more. He shall rise but not find me on earth. I have nearly done with life. Oh, how much have I hoped and how little have I done! It is a vain show." His companion tried to encourage him, but the horses were fast breaking down. Oh, could they hold out but twenty miles more, they might bear their riders to water.

But it is impossible. When they reached the scrub the horses staggered. Their strength appeared to fail; they twisted and reeled and their riders alighted. *Jackey's horse was mad*, and rushing at Graham caught him by the breast and gave him a fearful bite. Graham writhed with pain, but instantly shot the horse, and *from his blood allayed their thirst a little.* The other horses were evidently dying, all but the Arab mare's colt, who had borne the pack. All were shot except her, and she, it was afterward thought, escaped.

They now took to walking through the scrub; and, as it grew dark, they were fearfully torn, and often their feeble limbs gave way over a log or in a hollow, and they fell prostrate in weakness. Poor Duncan felt his strength utterly gone. He was torn by the thorns of the scrub. Graham took off his glossy jean jacket and put it on him; but he said, "It is all in vain, I shall never take it off. My day is done. The first symptom of this death is madness. Graham, I feel getting mad. Tell my brother to write to my mother, and tell her I perished in the desert; but by no dishonor. Tell my brother to send her my watch and jewelry. Let us pray."

They knelt in prayer; and he commended his soul to God in terms the most awful and pathetic Graham had ever heard. He prayed for his companions, and especially for Graham, that he might reach home and be restored to his wife. He did not appear to desire or pray for safety for himself; but by the agony and bloody sweat of the Son of God, he appealed to God to forgive his sins and have mercy on his soul. Graham lived to tell that scene; but recurrence to that prayer always made the knot to rise in his throat and the tears to fill his eyes.

When he rose he asked Graham's forgiveness for bringing him into this peril. Forgiveness was freely accorded; and leaning on Graham's arm, they staggered farther through the bush. Gordon had also given up hope, and wished that on a beautiful rising ground they should all die together, where friends might find their remains. Graham's heart was the only one where hope still lingered. For nearly five miles he partly supported, partly carried Duncan, though his own servant never offered him an arm. Duncan complained of spikes in his boots; Graham took them off, but nothing was there to hurt him. When put on, he again complained of sharp stones in them, and asked to be left to sleep and die.

They continued to struggle on till they came to a large currant bush, at which Duncan stood still; and, as if leaning his back against it, *he sank back to rise no more.* It was a fearful thing for Graham to look by the bright star-light into the agonized face of that dying man; his moustache clotted with the horse's blood, and his tongue protruding, while his frame wrought in the last struggles. They drew him forward, till his head so rested that the scrub would give it shade by day, if perchance they might return with water to him. Of this there was little hope; and he had, while he could, urged them to leave him and save their own lives. They now could do nothing but leave him, except die with him.

They staggered on; and by the evening of that day they emerged from the scrub and crawled to Merule Creek. Graham steered for the hill under which they last drank water; but he staggered past the water hole some hundreds of yards; he was returning, however, by a detour when he met the faithful black coming with all his might, with some water in the tin vessel. Though he had spilt it all to a glassfull, even that gave Graham a little strength and he soon drank abundantly. A hard effort brought them to the oozing water, and they drank sandy water as fast as they could get it.

The calmest hours of after-life but confirmed Graham that if there be a God without whom a sparrow cannot fall to the ground, the hand of that God was in his deliverance, which we now narrate in his own words.

"My tongue was swelled in my head, my eyesight nearly failed. It was God that led me to the well of water. After I had drunk, I found myself so weak that only with difficulty could I raise myself from the ground. I think I never felt so hot a sun as at that time. Having even then sixty miles to go before I could get any food I began to despair. My only earthly hope then was my gun and ammunition and tin quart pot, which I had the presence of mind to carry with me through every difficulty.

"We were so exhausted and weak that my surviving companions threw away everything, even to their knives. When we discovered the water I found all the ammunition gone but that in the gun, and one round besides. My every hope was then gone, and I was praying and resigning myself to the will of God, when I thought *I felt the touch of a hand, accompanied by a voice, audible and distinct, which said, 'Arise, now's your time.'*

"I looked round, but could see nothing but my companions, who were both fast asleep, and I thought it might be imagination. At that moment a carrion crow perched on the limb of a tree above my head. I tried to raise the gun to shoot it, but weakness prevented me. Again I heard the same voice as before, in sweet accents saying again, '*Now's your time; now! now! now!*' Indeed, I seemed to hear a choir of voices then, some of them shrill and low; but all appeared to speak of hope.

"I cannot now tell what it was, but then *I did not doubt it was from God. Might it not have been the spirit of my mother who then was dead,* sainted guardian of my youth, permitted to act as guardian angel of her son, then near a death of despair? God knows; but I then did not doubt, and plucked up hope. I gained strength at the moment and *shot the crow.* We managed to boil it in the quart pot. We ate the flesh and drank the soup, from which, by courage, and the assistance of God, *we reached my place in about forty-eight hours afterwards.*

"I was confined to my bed for three weeks after that before I could recover strength, and it was only through God's blessing, and the tender exertions of my wife I ever recovered. This is one of many dangers that nothing but the matchless mercy of Providence could ever have carried through."

On beginning to recover, three weeks aft wards, he complained of pain and roughness his palate, and more than an inch of the pen bla of his pocket-knife was drawn out by his wif fingers, it having been broken off and forgott when, in the madness of thirst, he strove *scarify the roof of his mouth for moisture.* F years that broken knife, brought home in his be was kept by his wife, as a memento of peril a deliverance.

Graham subsequently returned to the bush, a made a search for the remains of poor Dunc but found only a few scattered bones, which t birds and the beasts had forsaken. They were terred in a shady hollow on Mow Poke Creek. mother's tears did not water their lowly bed; l thither often did Graham retire with his Bible the Sabbath evenings, and renew his reme brance of the mercy which, while it took one whc work was done, left another who had much mc work to do. Having enjoyed for some time a cc siderable measure of material prosperity, Jam Graham died a few years ago, trusting alone a cheerfully in the all-sufficient merits of Jes Christ for acceptance with God, and a home heaven.

THE END.

THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT I RELATION TO PROPHECY.

By Rev. William Maude.

HAVING in our former papers * drawn attenti to various prophetic passages, taken indiscrin nately from the books of the New Testament, t true meaning of which have, in the Revised Ve sion, been elucidated by the more correct readi or rendering of the original text; we propose, the present occasion, to confine our attention that which is pre-eminently *the* prophetic book the New Testament—the Book of Revelation—i dicating, in the first place, some of the passages which errors and blemishes have been removec and, secondly, pointing out a few cases in whic the revisers have not given us some called-f emendations.

It so happens, as shown by Dr. Roberts (himse one of the revisers) in his very useful and compe dious "Companion to the Revised Version of t New Testament" (London: Cassell & Co.) th the Greek text of the Book of Revelation on whic the Authorized Version rests, was of a most u satisfactory character. Accordingly, rather nume ous corrections of the original text, as well as in proved renderings where that text has not calle for correction, find a place in the Revised Versio And some of these changes, although not of t same doctrinal importance as certain others mac in the Gospels and Epistles, are of special intere to the student of prophecy.

Among the first passages in the Book of Revel tion which attract our attention as having unde gone somewhat important alteration in the Revise Version, is the sublime apostrophe contained in th seventh verse of the first chapter: "Behold, H cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Hin and they also which pierced Him; and all the kir dreds of the earth shall wail because of Him. This now reads as follows: "Behold, He comet with *the* clouds; and every eye shall see Him, an they which pierced Him; and all the *tribes* of th earth shall *mourn over* Him."

The reading of the Authorized Version, "A the kindreds of the earth shall *wail* because c him," has very generally suggested the idea tha the emotion spoken of is one of terror and despair as when, in chapter 6, the various classes of man kind are represented as saying to the mountain and rocks, "Fall on us, and hide us from the fac of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from th wrath of the Lamb." This, however, is

AN ERRONEOUS INTERPRETATION.

The reference to Zechariah 12: 10–14, is unmis takable, and teaches us that the sorrow depicted i that of repentant Israel after their deliverance from the Antichrist; and the true sense is, therefore

* See CHRISTIAN HERALD, pp. 455 and 471.

much better conveyed by the new reading, "All the tribes of the earth shall mourn over Him." Perhaps it would have been a still further improvement to have substituted the word "land" for "earth," as showing more distinctly the Jewish character of the passage.

This sorrow of Jewish hearts for their nation's sin, in the rejection and crucifixion of Messiah, may indeed be said to have been experienced ever since the Day of Pentecost, when so many Jews were pricked to the heart and made partakers of this deep penitential grief. And those tears of godly sorrow for the sin which caused the death of the Redeemer have never from that day onward ceased to flow. Thousands and thousands of Jews have wept for their sins, as they have beheld by faith the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. But the great general mourning of the nation will take place only when in the last days the Lord shall "pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications; and they shall look upon Him whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for Him, as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for Him, as one is in bitterness for his first-born" (Zechariah 12 : 10).

The next passage to which we would call attention is the gracious promise addressed to the Church in Philadelphia, which, in the Revised Version, reads thus: "Because thou didst keep the word of My patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of trial, that hour which is to come upon the whole world, to try them that dwell upon the earth." A reading which, in its emphatic repetition, indicates much more distinctly than the reading of the Authorized Version, the future unparalleled season of judgment referred to, namely, "the tribulation, the great one," spoken of in the seventh chapter. That this is undoubtedly the correct reference is admitted by Dean Alford, who says, in his Greek Testament, "The time imported is that prophesied of in Matthew 24 : 21, viz., the great time of trouble which shall be before the Lord's second coming. As such it is immediately connected with 'Behold, I come quickly,' following. The expositors have in many cases gone away from this broad and obvious meaning here, and have sought to identify 'the hour of trial' with various periods of trial and persecution of the *Church*; a line of interpretation carrying its own refutation with it in the very terms used in the text."

In the fourth verse of the *fourth* chapter, again, we note

A CALLED-FOR CORRECTION

in the translation of the Greek word *thronos*, which occurs in that one verse three times, uniformly "throne," instead of once "throne" and twice "seats" as in the Authorized Version. The verse now reads: "And round about the throne were four-and-twenty *thrones*: and upon the *thrones* I saw four-and-twenty elders sitting." This removes the arbitrary and incorrect distinction between the throne of God and the thrones of the representative "elders." The same alteration is also very properly made in chapter 2 : 13 : "I know where thou dwellest, even where Satan's *throne* is;" in 13 : 2 : "The dragon gave him his power and his *throne*, and authority; and also in 16 : 10 : "And the fifth poured out his bowl upon the *throne* of the beast."

A much more glaring blemish—we may truly say one of the most glaring of those which disfigures the Authorized Version—is removed, in the Revised Version by the substitution of

"LIVING CREATURE"

for "beast," as the designation of the cherubic attendants on the Divine throne, in chapter 4 : 6-9, and elsewhere in this book. Familiarity alone can have reconciled us—if it has reconciled us—to the latter rendering, which not only introduces a really grotesque feature into one of the most sublime visions in the whole compass of revelation, but tends to confound these cherubic life-forms with the "wild beasts" subsequently spoken of in the thirteenth chapter.

Indeed, in view of some of the unfair and fastidious objections which are taken to the wording of the Revised Version in certain places, it may safely be said that had our present revisers ventured on such a rendering as that of the Authorized Version in chapter 5 : 14, "And the four *beasts* said, Amen," it would have met with a universal expression of astonishment and derision. Even "living creatures," though infinitely preferable to "beasts," is not an altogether satisfactory translation of the Greek *zoon*, inasmuch as they are not actual living animals, but rather symbolic "*life-forms*," which latter expression we should, with Lange, have been disposed to adopt.

(To be concluded.)

AN INFIDEL BLACKSMITH'S CONVERSION.

Scene I. The Pastor's Study—Scene II. The Christian's Closet—Scene III. The Prayer Meeting—The Infidel Blacksmith Tells the Story how he was led to Christ.

SCENE I.—THE PASTOR'S STUDY.

"HAVE you conversed with our infidel and scoffing parishioner, Mr. Rogers, on the subject of religion?" said the venerable pastor to Mr. Bowers, an aged neighbor, and a devoted follower of Christ.

"I have, and at great length, but was unable to make the least impression upon his mind. You know that he is a man of extensive reading, and is master of all the ablest infidel writers. He regards the fortress in which he has entrenched himself as impregnable. You know his ready wit, and when he finds he cannot talk you down, he will laugh you down. I can say no more to him. He made my errand the butt of ridicule for the whole company."

"Then you consider his case hopeless?" "I do, indeed. I believe him to be given over of God to believe a lie; and I expect to see him fill up his cup of iniquity to the very, very brim." "Shall nothing, and *can nothing* more be done for him?" And the pastor arose and walked the floor of his study under the influence of deep agitation.

It was now a solemn time in the congregation. The preaching of the pastor for many sabbaths had been full of earnestness and power. The Church was greatly quickened. The spirit of prayer prevailed. Many were inquiring what they should do to be saved. Many, too, were rejoicing in hope, and the whole community was moved as with one silent but mighty impulse, for the Holy Spirit was striving mightily.

But unmoved, unconcerned, stood the infidel, amid the many changes of heart and mind in those around him, proud of his position and confident in his strength, and able, as he believed himself to be, to resist every influence, human and Divine, which might be brought to bear upon him. The pastor had often approached him and had as often been repulsed. *As a last resort, he had requested his able and skilful neighbor, a lawyer of piety and talents, to visit Mr. Rogers, and endeavor to convince him.* But it was like attempting to reason with the tempest or soothe the volcano.

SCENE II.—THE CHRISTIAN'S CLOSET.

There was a fire blazing upon the hearth in that little room. The wind was howling without; the snow was whirled in eddies and was swept with violence against the casement. It was a cold night in January. In that secret and retired chamber, where none but God could hear, was poured out a voice from a burdened soul. *The aged Christian was upon his knees.* His bosom heaved with emotion. His soul was in agony. That voice of prayer was continued at intervals through the livelong night. In that room was a wrestling like that of Jacob. *There was a prevailing like that of Israel.* It was a pleading with the Most High for an unwonted display of His power and grace, with the confidence that nothing was too hard for the Almighty. It was a night of prayer, of entreaty, of importunity. It was prayer as a man would pray for the life of a friend who was on the eve of execution.

SCENE III.—THE PRAYER-MEETING.

The meeting was still and deeply solemn. The vestry of the chapel was crowded to its utmost capacity. It was a cheerful evening, and the stars threw their mellow light over the dense assembly. Now the song of praise resounds from all parts of the room, and there is a heart in the utterance which belongs not to other tunes. Now the voice of one and another ascends in prayer, and such prayer is seldom heard except in the time of genuine revivals of religion. The silent tear steals down many a cheek. The almost inaudible sigh escapes from many a bosom. An intense interest rests on every countenance, and the voice of prayer is the voice of all.

One after another arises, and tells the listening company "what the Lord has done for his soul." There stands Mr. Rogers, *once the infidel—now the humble believer in Jesus.* He is clothed in a new spirit. His face shines as did the face of Moses when he had seen God face to face. He is a new creature in Christ Jesus.

"I stand," said Mr. Rogers, "to tell you *the story of my conversion.*" His lips trembled slightly as he spoke, and his bosom heaved with suppressed emotion. "I am as a brand plucked out of the burning. The change in me is an astonishment to myself, and all brought about by the grace of God, and that *unanswerable argument.*

"It was a cold morning in January, and I had just begun my labor at the anvil in my shop, when I looked out and saw Mr. Bowers approaching. He dismounted quickly and entered. As he drew near I saw he was agitated. His eyes were bedimmed with tears. He took me by the hand, and with indescribable tenderness said, 'Mr. Rogers, *I am greatly concerned for your salvation—greatly concerned for your salvation,*' and he burst into tears. He could say no more, but went out of the shop, got on his horse, and rode away.

"'Greatly concerned for my salvation,' said I, audibly, and I stood and forgot to bring my hammer down. There I stood with it upraised—'*greatly concerned for my salvation!*' Here is a new argument for the truth of religion, which I have never heard before, and which I know not how to answer. Had the aged man reasoned with me I could have confounded him; but here is no threadbare argument for the truth of religion. Religion *must* be true, or this man would not feel as he does. 'Greatly concerned for my salvation'—it rang through my ear like a thunderclap in a clear sky. 'Greatly concerned I ought to be for *my own* salvation,' I said—'what shall I do?'

"I went to my house. My poor pious wife, whom I had always ridiculed for her religion, exclaimed, 'Why, husband, what is the matter with you?' 'Matter enough,' I replied, filled with agony and overwhelmed with a sense of sin. 'Old Mr. Bowers has ridden two miles this cold morning to tell me he was greatly concerned for my salvation. What shall I do? what shall I do?'

"I do not know what you can do,' said my astonished wife; 'I do not know what better you can do than to get on your horse and go and see Mr. Bowers himself. He can give you better counsel than I, and tell you what you must do to be saved.'

"I mounted my horse, and followed after him. I found him alone in that same little room where I afterward learned he had spent the night in prayer for my poor soul, where he had shed many tears over such a reprobate as I was, and had besought God to have mercy upon me. 'I am come,' said I to him, 'to tell you that I am greatly concerned for my own salvation.'

"'Praised be God,' said the aged man. 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,' even the chief, and he began at that same Scripture, and preached to me Jesus. On that same floor we knelt, and together we prayed, and we did not separate that day till God spoke peace to my soul.

"And now permit me to say, if you wish to reach the heart of such a poor sinner as I, *you must get your qualifications where he did—in your closet and on your knees.* So it shall be with me. I will endeavor to reach the hearts of my infidel friends through the closet and by prayer."

He sat down overcome with emotion, amid the tears and the suppressed sobs of the assembly. All were deeply affected; for all knew what he once was, all saw what through the grace of God he had become.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The President's Condition Occasioned much anxiety during the past week. The operation of Monday, August 8th, afforded him great relief, but left him feeble, and he suffered from nausea, as the result of the etherization. The new wound was also exceedingly sore, but is reported by the physicians to be answering the purpose for which it was made. The drainage tube used before the operation was performed has not been inserted since, as it prevented the President resting comfortably. The pus now flows spontaneously through the naked channel and is said to be liberal in quantity and of a healthy character. Public concern has been caused by the mention in the bulletins of the daily recurrence of fever with high pulse and temperature and of the excessive weakness of the patient. The physicians, however, still speak cheerfully, and encourage the hope that unless unexpected complications occur he will recover.

In connection with the President's debility a Cabinet officer relates an interesting circumstance. He says the continued high temperature of the past week could have been reduced in part if the President would have taken *brandy to help his strength*. He asked if it was *absolutely necessary* he should, and being answered in the negative, *declined to take it*.

As an evidence that the President is really making progress, although not rapidly, it is mentioned that he is now able to adjust his spectacles himself and to *read the newspapers* for a few minutes at a time. He also was able to affix his signature to a State paper on August 10th, and those who saw it say that it was no burlesque on his usual bold free hand.

The United States steamer Tallapoosa, which has been undergoing repairs and fitting out for sea, has a suite of rooms specially prepared for the occupation of the President in the event of the doctors deeming it safe for him to take a trip on the river when he is sufficiently strong to leave his bed. The suite consists of four rooms, including a bedchamber, reception and ante-room, and a bathroom. If it is determined to take the President on the vessel a swinging bed will be hung in his chamber for the purpose of preventing his being annoyed by the motion of the vessel. A steam heating apparatus has also been set up whereby the four rooms can be kept perfectly dry and warm. This precaution is said to be principally for use during the continuance of foggy or damp weather.

The Statement of the Secretary of the Treasury, read at the Bankers' Convention at Niagara Falls on Thursday last, covered the history of the refunding operations since the 4th of March. Mr. Windom said that of the six per cent bonds there had been presented for continuance at 3½ per cent interest the amount of $178,055,150, leaving to be paid off from the surplus revenue $24,211,400, for which the Treasury had ample resources. Having succeeded in disposing of the six per cents the same principle was applied to the fives, and of these Mr. Windom thinks "there will be continued in all about $400,000,000 of this loan, leaving to be paid $39,708,050, the remainder of the loan having already been paid from the surplus revenues under calls previously made."

Mr. Windom concluded his statement with the following summary, which shows how rapidly this perplexing and momentous problem is being solved: "Meanwhile, from March 1st to October 1st, 1881, when these operations will have been completed, there will be paid of 6 per cents $24,211,400, and of 5 per cents $69,320,650, making an additional annual saving in interest of $4,918,716.50—a total reduction of the interest charge in seven months of $15,370,095.25. In other words, the annual interest charge, which was on March 1st, 1881, $76,845,937.50, will be on October 1st, 1881, as nearly as can now be stated, $61,475,842.25. This saving in interest can hereafter be applied to the reduction of the debt, thus reducing it more rapidly than heretofore."

The Civil Service Reform Association Assembled at Newport, R. I., on Thursday, August 11th. Mr. George William Curtis, the persistent and uncompromising leader of the movement, presided. In opening the proceedings he said that was the first national conference ever called on the subject. Civil Service reform associations had existed as local organizations, and it has been thought best to call the conference for the purpose of interchanging ideas from different parts of the country on the subject. Among the resolutions passed was one indorsing the bill introduced in the Senate by Mr. Pendleton of Ohio, and that introduced in the House by Mr. Willis of Kentucky. The practical outcome of the conference was the formation of "The National Civil Service Reform League," to serve as a centre of correspondence and to facilitate united action. The several Civil Service Reform Associations were requested to designate one person each to be a member of the provisional central committee. We may hope that this concentration of effort may lead to practical result. The present system of Civil Service appointments is a gigantic evil, recognized to be so alike by Democrats and Republicans, and is the source of more corruption and abuse than is generally believed.

The Remark of Mrs. Hayes, that the Issue in Ohio this fall, lay between indorsing Garfield or Guiteau, has caused no little resentment among respectable Democrats who naturally objected to be classed with an assassin. It is now explained that Mrs. Hayes did not intend that her words should convey that meaning. She thought that the President's own State ought, in the circumstances, to record its abhorrence of Guiteau's crime by a substantial majority for the President's friends, and therefore deprecated the nomination of a prohibition ticket as being calculated to reduce that majority.

The Opinions of Ex-President Woolsey of Yale College have always been received with respect as those of a patriotic and thoughtful citizen. It is therefore significant that at this juncture he has placed himself on record in the matter of Civil Service Reform. In an interview with a reporter last week he said: "The present is *the meanest* kind of political system in the world. It brings the motive of self-interest in its meanest form into politics. It is onerous for the President and Congressmen, and it is hurtful to the interests of the people. If the present opportunity for its destruction is neglected, it may be long before another as favorable will occur.

"The appointing power, as far as the nomination of the President and the confirmation of the Senate are concerned, cannot be shaken, being fixed by the Constitution. *The essential difficulty of the present system* is that the President nominates persons of whom he knows nothing. It is natural that under the present system Congressmen should expect to have a voice in deciding what nominations shall be made in their districts; but the system is radically wrong in that it permits the distribution of patronage as the reward of personal or party services. *The reform needed* is a provision that the tenure of office shall be permanent during good behavior, and the establishment of competitive examinations for admissions to the Civil Service. Wherever such examinations have been properly conducted the result has been most satisfactory. England would consider any other mode of regulating admissions to the Civil Service absurd, and the public business of this country can never be as well performed as that of England until our offices are as carefully filled by persons fitted by training for positions in the Civil Service."

The Year of Storms, Tornadoes, and Sunstrokes.—The phenomenal weather of this year has not, according to a statement in the Memphis *Avalanche* been equalled in the past fifty years. That journal says that for half a century there has not been so long a duration of extremely hot weather as has been felt in most parts of the country, but especially, perhaps, in the South, since about the middle of June. The year 1881 will long be remembered as *the scorching year*, when the North was visited by more sunstrokes and more storms and whirlwinds than in any previous year during the past fifty, when more houses were blown down and more lives destroyed by tornadoes than ever before, and when the South was more generally burnt up in her corn crops.

The Progress Socialism is making among the people ought never to be lost sight of by those who have the welfare of their country at heart. An indication of the stage it has now attained may be recognized in the speeches delivered at a meeting of Socialists in Irving Hall, New York, on Saturday last. The chairman, in the course of his opening remarks, said, in allusion to Hartmann's flight from the city, that this country had once been a place of refuge for downtrodden people. It was such a home no longer. This country was really worse than Europe, because instead of one tyrant there were millions. Every cotton king, banker, monopolist was a petty tyrant. *The time would soon come when people here would have to band together like the Nihilists* in Russia to free themselves from this tyranny.

The Death of Mr. Matthew Vassar on Wednesday, August 10th, removes from the world one of the best known philanthropists of the State. He had suffered for many years from kidney disease, and on August 3d he had a severe attack. The surgeons in attendance performed two serious operations, but were unable to save his life. During the past twenty years Mr. Vassar has devoted the bulk of his time to the affairs of Vassar College, which he served as treasurer, and for which service he received no remuneration. Last year Mr. Vassar with his brother, Mr. John Guy Vassar, presented to the trustees the title-deeds of *the Vassar Home for Aged Men* in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. It will accommodate fifty inmates, and the founders showed their liberal spirit by selecting the board of managers without regard to religious denominations, and endowing it with $30,000 invested in the best securities. The property itself was valued at more than $45,000. In making the presentation Mr. Vassar took occasion to say that, as Providence had blessed him and his brother John with some of this world's goods, they had deemed it proper to do something for their fellow-men; that they had come to the conclusion that old men who had no one to care for them were especially deserving, and that was the reason of their presentation of the Vassar Home to the trustees that day. A local journal says: "At the time of Mr. Vassar's death negotiations were pending for the purchase of property for buildings for another charity.

Mr. Vassar gave away much money in secret charity. It is understood that a great part of his estate is devised to benevolent purposes. He was twice married, but leaves no children. Since 1841 he has been an active member of the Baptist Church.

A New Serial Story entitled "Sylph Somers: A Story of the Last Century," will be commenced in the next number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is written by Henry Martin, author of "Felicia Cuffe," etc.

A Lady Advocate of Civil Service Reform a prayer-meeting.—At a recent prayer-meeting a Connecticut town, the venerable mother of -Gov. Andrews said: "I hear the young men aying for the recovery of the President. I hope will recover. I believe he will. But I hope ese young men will learn the lesson, and vote so at such a sad crime will never be attempted ain. I hear that the President has been worried nost to death by office-seekers. God ordained at man should earn his bread by the sweat of his ow. I believe that many of these office-seekers nt office because they are unwilling to submit to od's law. I am a poor, ignorant woman, but I ink I could improve the present system of giving fice. I would have the applicants for office exined and no man appointed that was not willing earn his bread by the sweat of his brow."

A Farewell Meeting was held in New York August 5th, to listen to an address by Mr. Fran- Murphy, the temperance orator, who sailed the llowing day on the City of Berlin for Great Brit-n. Mr. Murphy's most recent work was in the regions at Oil City, Pa. He stayed for three eeks, during which time he secured *two thou-nd* signatures to the pledge, organized a branch the national Christian temperance movement, d established a reading room and a coffee-house. nence he went to Franklin by invitation signed 600 citizens, including the mayor and ministers the gospel of all denominations. There, too, he d a great work. *Three thousand* persons signed e pledge, the mayor himself heading the list, and society was organized with the mayor as presint.

Mr. Murphy said, "I have labored ten years for e cause of temperance, from Maine to San Fran-sco, and I am thankful to say that in that time *ree million persons* have signed what is known the Murphy Gospel Temperance Pledge." Mr. urphy will attend the Methodist Ecumenical Conrence in London, and afterward will proceed on lecturing tour through England and Scotland.

A Drunken Infidel Converted at a Meeting the Salvation Army at Newark, N. J., related e story of his life at a subsequent meeting. He id he was an Englishman, who having failed in usiness in his native country, decided on emigra-ng to America. He said: "I landed in New ork, and went from there to Philadelphia; on e third day after my arrival I got a situation in ne of the best business houses on Chestnut Street a salary of fifteen hundred dollars per year. I pt that position for some time, when, most unrtunately, two young men whom I knew came om England and called to see me, and I asked rmission to leave business and go show my iends the city. Off we went, and got to drink-g, and the consequence was, I lost my position." fter this he sank lower in the ways of dissipation, d becoming connected with a society of Infidels denied the existence of God. He was rescued the blessing of God on the work of the Salva-on Army, and is now rejoicing in Jesus.

The Revival at Indianapolis Continues with- t perceptible diminution of intensity. A brief spatch from that city says that the additions to e various churches since Mr. Harrison, the boy eacher, commenced his labors, now number over *ve thousand.* A portrait and life of Mr. Harri-n appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of ne 24th, 1880.

A Thrilling Narrative of an Escape from iagara Falls appeared in the daily journals on ugust 2d. Three men, two in one boat and one in nother, set out from the American side to return their homes at Chippewa on the Canadian shore the evening of August 1st. The place where ey attempted to cross was little more than a mile ove the falls. It was an exceedingly venture-me thing to do, but they were familiar with the er and thought they could play with the rapids a tle without being hurt. They were not more an half-way across when the river became cov-ed with a *thick fog*, and the men lost each her. It was impossible for them to guide them-lves in the darkness and mist, and they began to out for help. Their cries were heard on shore, t nobody dared venture into the stream to run the chance of finding them or being hurried over the falls. Their cries, however, were answered, and the whole town turned out to try to rescue them. The church bells were rung to direct the imperilled men which way to head their little crafts, but the roar of the falls drowned every other sound, and the boats were meanwhile drifting rapidly toward the edge. One of the men named Greenwood had a small anchor attached to a long line in his boat, and he threw it out. The anchor providentially took hold of a rock, and his progress was stopped. The two men in the other boat drifted down to within half a mile of the falls, their course being easily traced from the shore by their cries. Their lives were saved by their boat striking a counter-current, which carried them against a projecting point on the Canadian side, near the burning spring. Greenwood was heard shouting for help at intervals during the night, but when day broke he was seen still riding safely at anchor, and was soon rescued. This narrow escape from death is a warning not only to those who are reckless enough to brave material danger, but to those who encounter risks in which their souls are imperilled.

The Proprietor of a Notorious Dance House in Chicago converted.—It was recently announced at a prayer-meeting in Chicago that Minnie Brooks, whose house bore a bad reputation in the city, had been turned from the error of her ways by the power of the Holy Spirit and desired that her establishment might be devoted to religious services. The surprise produced by the announcement could not be estimated, the change being regarded as miraculous. Devotional services are, nevertheless, being held in the house, and are an evidence that if the age of material miracles is past the day of spiritual miracles is present with us.

A Strange Abduction Story is Related by a boy thirteen years of age, at Decatur, Mich. He states that on August 4th he was engaged in splitting wood in the yard of his father's house, and just after his mother left to go down town he got upon the fence to rest. After sitting there a few moments he was seized from behind, blindfolded, gagged, and his hands tied. In this way he was hurried off and compelled to walk a long distance by being pulled along, and was finally taken into the woods, where he was *tied, hands, feet, and body, to a tree,* when the perpetrator of the outrage left. The boy says he was very tired and could not move, and remained in that position all night. Toward morning he commenced to twist his body as best he could, and finally succeeded in getting slack rope enough to allow him to move around the tree, which he did until he wore off the rope and freed his hands. He then took the bandage from his eyes and removed the fetters from his feet. After wandering about for some time he heard the whistle of a train, and found his way to the railroad and thence home. The deed is supposed to have been the work of tramps. Those who in a moment of spiritual unwatchfulness are similarly blindfolded and carried captive by Satan cannot by their own efforts liberate themselves; their only resource is to cry to God for deliverance.

A Magnificent Stone is being Prepared in Nevada as a contribution from that State to the Washington Monument. The last of the silver letters in the name of the State is let into the panel. These letters are of *solid silver*, are about as thick as a silver dollar, some six inches in height and of proportionate width. They are so neatly fitted into the solid granite that the joint is almost invisible. Above the word "Nevada" is deeply cut in the granite the motto of the State—"All For Our Country"—and below the date 1881. The figures of the date will be plated with gold. The granite composing it is the hardest ever seen. That part which is polished is almost blue in color, while the remainder presents a somewhat gray appearance. The stone thus being prepared for presentation is of immense value, but no one feels that it is too good for the monument to "the Father of his Country." While we thus admit our obligations to the national hero, how comparatively few remember the sacrifice required of us by Him to whom we owe eternal life (Rom. 12: 1, 2).

A MINIATURE PORTRAIT OF JOSEPH.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"The Lord was with Joseph."—GEN. 39: 2.

Brief Scripture Biographies—A Quaker's Salutation at Mentone—God With Joseph—I. The Fact—With Him as a Child—As a Slave—In Temptation—As a Prisoner—As a Ruler—II. The Evidence of the Fact—Always Under the Influence of the Divine Presence—Pure in Heart—Always Diligent—The Ways of Place-Hunters—He was Tender and Sympathetic—His Wisdom—Kept Faithful to the Covenant—Professors Who Become Eygptians—III. The Result—He was Prosperous—Not Screened from Hatred—Nor Temptation—Nor Slander—Saved from Sin—Enabled to Fulfil a Glorious Destiny—Gave Him a Happy Life—A Double Inheritance.

SCRIPTURE frequently sums up a man's life in a single sentence. Here is the biography of Joseph *sketched by inspiration:* "God was with him," so Stephen testified in his famous speech recorded in Acts 7: 9. Here is the life-story of Abraham: "Abraham believed God." Of Moses we read, "The man Moses was very meek." Take a New Testament life, such as that of John the Baptist, and you have it in a line: "John did no miracle: but all things that he spake concerning Jesus were true." The mere name of John—"that disciple whom Jesus loved"—would serve for an epitaph of him; it pictures both the man and his history. Holy Scripture excels in this kind of full-length miniature painting. As Michael Angelo is said to have drawn a portrait with a single stroke of his crayon, so the Spirit of God sketches a man to the life in a single sentence. "The Lord was with Joseph."

Observe, however, that the portraits of Scripture give us not only the outer, but the inner life of the man. Man looketh at the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh upon the heart; and so the Scriptural descriptions of men are not of their visible life alone, but of their spiritual life. Here we have Joseph as God saw him, the real Joseph. Externally it did not always appear that God was with him, for he did not always seem to be a prosperous man; but when you come to look into the inmost soul of this servant of God, you see his true likeness—he lived in communion with the Most High, and God blessed him: "The Lord was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man."

Dear friends, how would you like to have *your inner biography* sketched? How would your soul appear if set out in detail before all the world as to its desires, affections, and thoughts? Many lives have looked well on paper, but beneath their surface the biographer never dared to dive, or, perhaps, could not have dived had he been anxious to do so. It is often thought wise in writing a man's life to suppress certain matters; this may be prudent if the design be to guard a reputation, but it is scarcely truthful. The Spirit of God does not suppress the faults even of those whom we most admire, but writes them fully, like the Spirit of truth as He is.

This striking likeness of Joseph strongly reminds us of our Master and Lord, that greater Joseph, who is Lord over all the world for the sake of Israel. Peter, in his sermon to the household of Cornelius, said of our Lord that He "went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil; for

GOD WAS WITH HIM."

Exactly what has been said of Joseph. It is wonderful that the same words should describe both Jesus and Joseph, the perfect Saviour and the imperfect patriarch. When you and I are perfected in grace we shall wear the image of Christ and that which will describe Christ will also describe us.

How better could I salute you this morning than in the words of Boaz to the reapers, "The Lord be with you?" What kinder answer could you give me than "The Lord bless thee?" High up upon the mountains which form *the back wall of Mentone* I happened one day to meet a Quaker, in the usual costume, a warm-hearted lover of all who love Jesus. He saluted me and we found great unity of spirit. On parting I said, "Friend, the Lord be with thee;" and he answered, "And with thy

spirit," adding, "It is the first bit of the liturgy that I have ever used." Truly, the oftener we can use it with our hearts the better, for none can object to it. Thus do I say to all of you this day, "The Lord be with you," and I know that you are responding, "And with thy spirit." May you find that your desire is granted, by the Holy Spirit's being with my spirit that I may speak words which shall refresh your hearts.

Now let us think of Joseph, and see what we can learn from him. "The Lord was with Joseph;" let us consider, first, *the fact;* secondly, *the evidence of that fact;* and thirdly, *the result of that fact.*

I. First, we will run over Joseph's life, and note

THE FACT;

"The Lord was with Joseph." God was gracious to Joseph as *a child.* His father loved him because he was the son of his old age, and also because of the qualities which he saw in him. Before he was seventeen years of age God had spoken with him in dreams and visions of the night, of which we read that "his brethren envied him; but his father observed the saying." Dear young people, it may be that God will not appear to you in dreams, but He has other ways of speaking to His young Samuels. You remember He said "Samuel, Samuel," and the beloved child answered, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." May you answer in the same manner to the call of God by His word.

"The Lord was with Joseph" when Joseph was at home, and He did not desert him when he was sent away from his dear father and his beloved home and was sold for *a slave.* Bitter is the lot of a slave in any country, and it was worst of all in those early days. We are told by Stephen that the patriarchs, moved with envy, sold Joseph into Egypt, but the Lord was with him; even when he was being sold the Lord was with Joseph. This delicate child of an indulgent father, who had been clothed with a princely garment of many colors, must now wear the garb of a slave, and march in the hot sun across the burning sand; but never was captive more submissive under cruel treatment, he endured as seeing Him who is invisible; his heart was sustained by a deep confidence in the God of his father Jacob, for "Jehovah was with him."

I think I see him *in the slave market* exposed for sale. We have heard with what trembling anxiety the slave peers into the faces of those who are about to buy. Will he get a good master? Will one purchase him who will treat him like a man, or one who will use him worse than a brute? "The Lord was with Joseph" as he stood there to be sold, and he fell into good hands. When he was taken away to his master's house, and the various duties of his service were allotted to him, the Lord was with Joseph. The house of the Egyptian had never been so pure, so honest, so honored before. Beneath Joseph's charge it was secretly the temple of his devotions, and manifestly the abode of comfort and confidence.

That Hebrew slave had a glory of character about him, which all perceived, and especially his master, for we read, '*His master saw that the Lord was with him,* and that the Lord made all that he did to prosper in his hand. And Joseph found grace in his sight, and he served him; and he made him overseer over his house, and all that he had he put into his hand. And it came to pass from the time that he had made him overseer in his house, and over all that he had, that the Lord blessed the Egyptian's house for Joseph's sake; and the blessing of the Lord was upon all that he had in the house and in the field." Joseph's diligence, integrity, and gentleness won upon his master, as well they might. O that all of you who are Christian servants would imitate Joseph in this, and so behave yourselves that all around you may see that the Lord is with you.

Then came a crisis in his history, the time of testing. We see Jeoseph

TRIED BY A TEMPTATION

in which, alas, so many perish. He was attacked in a point at which youth is peculiarly vulnerable. His comely person made him the object of unholy solicitations from one upon whose goodwill his comfort greatly depended, and had it not been that the Lord was with him he must have fallen. The mass of mankind would scarcely have blamed him had he sinned: they would have cast the crime upon the tempter, and excused the frailty of youth. *I say not so;* God forbid. I should; for in acts of uncleanness neither of the transgressors may be excused; but God was with Joseph, and he did not slide when set in slippery places. Thus he escaped that deep pit into which the abhorred of the Lord do fall.

He was rescued from the snare of the strange woman, of whom Solomon has said, "She hath cast down many wounded; yea, many strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death." Slavery itself was a small calamity compared with that which would have happened to young Joseph had he been enslaved by wicked passions. Happily, the Lord was with him, and enabled him to overcome the tempter with the question, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" He fled. That flight was the truest display of courage. It is the only way of victory in sins of the flesh. The apostle says, "Flee youthful lusts which war against the soul." When Telemachus was in the isle of Calypso his mentor cried, "Fly, Telemachus, fly; there remains no hope of a victory but by flight." Wisely Joseph left his garment and fled, for God was with him.

The scene shifts again, and he who had been first a favored child at home, and then a slave, and then a tempted one, now becomes

A PRISONER.

The prisons of Egypt were, doubtless, as horrible as all such places were in the olden times, and here is Joseph in the noisome dungeon. He evidently felt his imprisonment very much, for we are told in the Psalms that "the iron entered into his soul." He felt it a cruel thing to be under such a slander, and to suffer for his innocence. A young man so pure, so chaste, must have felt it to be sharper than a whip of scorpions to be accused as he was; yet as he sat down in the gloom of his cell, the Lord was with him. The degradation of a prison had not deprived him of his divine Companion.

Blessed be the name of the Lord, He does not forsake His people when they are in disgrace: nay He is more pleasant with them when they are falsely accused than at any other time, and He cheers them in their low estate. God was with him, and very soon the kindly manners, the gentleness, the activity, the truthfulness, the industry of Joseph had won upon the keeper of the prison, so that Joseph rose again to the top, and was the overseer of the prison. Like a cork, which you may push down, but it is sure to come up again, so was Joseph; he must swim, he could not drown, the Lord was with him. The Lord's presence made him a king and a priest wherever he went, and men tacitly owned his influence. In the little kingdom of the prison Joseph reigned, for "God was with him."

He will rise higher than that, however, when opportunity arises for a display of *prophetic power.* Two of those under his charge appeared to be despondent one morning, and with his usual gentleness he asked, "Wherefore look ye so sadly today?" He was always kindly and sympathetic, and so they told him their dreams, and he interpreted them as the events actually fell out. But why did he interpret dreams? It was because God was with him. He tells them there and then that "interpretations belong unto God." It was not that he had knowledge of an occult art, or was clever at guessing, but the Spirit of God rested upon him, and so he understood the secrets vailed beneath the dreams.

This led to further steps, for after having been tried from seventeen to thirty, after having served thirteen years' apprenticeship to sorrow, he came to stand *before Pharaoh,* and God is with him there. You can see that he is inwardly upheld, for the Hebrew youth stands boldly forth and talks of God in an idolatrous court. Pharaoh believed in multitudes of gods; he worshipped the crocodile, the ibis, the bull, and all manner of things, even down to leeks and onions, so that one says of the Egyptians, "Happy people, whose gods grow in their own gardens;" but Joseph was not ashamed to speak of his God as the only living and true God. He said, "What God is about to do He showeth unto Pharaoh." Calmly, and in a dignified manner, he unravels the dream, and explains it all to Pharaoh, disclaiming, however, all credit for wisdom. He says, "It is not in me: God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace." God was with him indeed.

Joseph was made *ruler* over all Egypt, and God was with him. Well did the king say, "Can we find such a man as this is, in whom the Spirit of God is?" His policy in storing up corn in the plenteous years succeeded admirably, for God was evidently working by him to preserve the human race from extinction by famine. His whole system, if looked at as executed in the interest of Pharaoh, his master, was beyond measure sensible and successful. He was not the servant of the Egyptians, Pharaoh had promoted him, and Pharaoh he enriched, and at the same time saved a nation from hunger.

II. We shall next review

THE EVIDENCE OF THE FACT

that God was with him. What is the evidence that the Lord was with Joseph? The first evidence of it is this: *he was always under the influence of the Divine presence,* and lived in the enjoyment of it. I shall not need to quote the instances—all of them, at any rate—for everywhere, wherever Joseph's heart speaks, he lets you know that he is conscious that God is with him.

Take him *under temptation* especially. Oh what a mercy it was for him that he was a God fearing man! "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against *Potiphar?*" No. Yet he would have sinned against Potiphar, who had been a kindly master to him. Does he say, "How shall I do this great wickedness, and sin against *this woman?*" for it would have been a sin against her. No; but just as David said, 'Against Thee Thee only, have I sinned and done this evil in Thy sight," making the main point and consideration to be sin against God, so did Joseph, as he fled from the seducer, argue thus, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin *against God?*" Oh, you and I always felt that God was near, looking steadily upon us, we should not dare to sin.

The presence of God was everything to Christ as it was to Joseph. Now, if you and I set the Lord always before us, if our souls dwell in God, depending upon it God is with us. There is no mistake about it. If you are under the influence of that text "Thou God seest me," you may be sure that His presence will go with you, and He will give you rest. No man ever perceived God to be present and therefore walked before Him in holiness, and afterward discovered that he had been under a delusion. Grace in the life proves that the God of grace is with us.

The next evidence is this: God was certainly with Joseph because *he was pure in heart.* "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God;" no other can do so. God will not manifest Himself to those whose hearts are unclean. He that hath clean hands and a pure heart, he shall dwell on high. Our Lord Jesus said, "If a man love Me, he will keep My words: and My Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him." When the heart is shocked at sin, and enamored of holiness, then it can enter into communion with God, and not till then.

The next evidence in Joseph's case was *the diligence with which he exercised himself wherever he was.* God was with Joseph, and therefore the man of God hardly cared as to the outward circumstances of his position, but began at once to work that which is good. When he came to be a slave in Potiphar's house, the Lord was with him, and he was a prosperous man; the change of scene was not a change of his dearest companion. He did not strike an attitude, and make a display of his grand intentions, but he went to work where he was, and performed ordinary duties with great heartiness, for the Lord was with him. Many would have said, "I have been unrighteously sold for a slave. I ought not to be here, and I am not bound to perform any duties to Potiphar; rightfully I am a free man, as free as Potiphar, and

shall not work for him for nothing." No, the Lord was with him, and therefore he applied himself to that which lay next to hand, and went to work with a will. No doubt he performed menial service in the house at first, and then, by degrees, he rose to be the manager of the establishment. The truly godly man is ready for anything :

HE DOES NOT SIGH FOR PLACE,

but accepts the state in which he is found, and does good in it, for the Lord's sake.

The Lord was with Joseph none the less when he was cast into the prison. He knew God was with him in prison, and therefore he did not sit down sullenly in his sorrow, but he bestirred himself to make the best of his afflicted condition. Since the Lord was with him there he was comforted ; it would be infinitely better to be there with God than on the throne of Pharaoh without God. He did not mourn and moan, and spend his time in writing petitions to Potiphar, or making appeals to Potiphar. He set himself to be of service to his fellow-prisoners and the warders, and very soon he was to the front again, for "The Lord was with him."

When he came to be exalted, and Pharaoh made him to be ruler over Egypt, notice what he did. He did not strut about, or take his ease at court ; he did not stop to enjoy his honors in peace, and leave others to do the business, but he set to his work personally and at once. Read chapter 41 : 45 : "And Joseph went out over all the land of Egypt." Then read the next verse : "And Joseph went out from the presence of Pharaoh, and went throughout all the land of Egypt." No sooner did he get the office than he gave himself to the execution of it, personally inspecting the whole country. Many are so *worn out by their toils in getting a place* that they have no strength left for performing its duties. When they get a new situation their first consideration is how they shall spend the profits of it. Place-hunters seldom try to make themselves fit for the situation, but crave the position whether they are fit for it or not.

Many when they get an office are exceedingly skilful in showing how *not* to do it ; they get into the circumlocution office, and pass on everything to the next clerk, and he to the next, so that nothing is done. With them procrastination is the very hinge of business, and punctuality the thief of time. *They do as little as they can for the money*, upon the theory that if you are too energetic your labors will be too cheap. Joseph, however, was not of that sort, for no sooner was he made commissioner-general of Egypt, than he was up to his eyes in the task of building storehouses, and gathering up grain to fill them.

But notice again, God was with Joseph, and *that made him tender and sympathetic.* Some men who are prompt enough in business are rough, coarse, hard ; but not so Joseph. His tenderness distinguishes him ; he is full of loving consideration. When he had prisoners in his charge he did not treat them roughly, but with much consideration. He watched their countenances, inquired into their troubles, and was willing to do all in his power for them. This was one

SECRET OF HIS SUCCESS IN LIFE ;

he was everybody's friend. He who is willing to be the servant of all, the same shall be the chief of all. God was with Joseph, and taught him compassion, for God Himself is very pitiful, and full of sympathy for the suffering.

He loved with all his soul, and so will every man who has God with him, for "God is love." If you do not love, God is not with you. If you go through the world selfish and morose, bitter, suspicious, bigoted, hard, the devil is with you, God is not ; for where God is He expands the spirit, He causes us to love all mankind with the love of benevolence, and He makes us take a sweet complacency in the chosen brotherhood of Israel, so that we specially delight to do good to all those who are of the household of faith. This was a mark that God was with him.

Another mark of God's presence with Joseph is *his great wisdom.* He did everything as it ought to be done. You can scarcely alter anything in Joseph's life to improve it, and I think if I admire his wisdom in one thing more than another it is in his wonderful silence. It is easy to talk, comparatively easy to talk well, but *to be quiet is the difficulty.* He never said a word, that I can learn, about Potiphar's wife. It seemed necessary to his own defence, but he would not accuse the woman ; he let judgment go by default, and left her to her own conscience and her husband's cooler consideration. This showed great power ; it is hard for a man to compress his lips, saying nothing when his character is at stake. So eloquent was Joseph in his silence that there is not a word of complaint throughout the whole record of his life.

How different from the spirit of those people who pry about, seeking to discover faults, and when an imperfection is marked, they cry, "Look ! Do you see that ? I told you so. These good men are no better than they should be." Yes, it may be true that there are spots in the sun, but there are greater spots in your eyes or you would see more of the light. Those who see faults so readily have plenty of their own. Like the man who stole the goods and ran away, they try to turn the scent by calling, "Thief, thief," after others. May God make us blind to the faults of His people, sooner than allow us to have a lynx eye for their flaws and an inventive faculty to ascribe ill motives to them. I wish we were as wisely silent as Joseph was.

"God was with him," and this is the last evidence I give of it, that *he was kept faithful to the covenant*, faithful to Israel and to Israel's God right through. Pharaoh gave him in marriage the daughter of a priest ; and the priests were the highest class throughout Egypt, and Joseph was thus promoted to be of the nobility by marriage, as well as to be at the head of all the nobility by office. They cried before him, "Bow the knee," and every one honored him throughout Egypt. Yet

HE WOULD NOT BE AN EGYPTIAN :

he was an Israelite still, and his good old father, when he came down into Egypt, found him one of the family in heart and soul. His father's blessing was greatly prized by him, and he obtained it for himself and for his sons.

I notice with much pain that many professors who prosper in this world have not God with them, for *they turn into Egyptians ;* they do not now care for the simple worship of God's people, but they sigh for something more showy and more respectable. They want society, and so they seek out a fashionable church, and swallow their principles. They lay it all upon their children, for who can expect young ladies and gentlemen to attend an ordinary meeting-house, where such low people go ? For the sake of the young people they are bound to mix with society, and so they leave their principles, their people, and their God. They become Egyptians ; indeed, some of them would become devil-worshippers to gain rank and status. Off they go to Egypt, shoals of them, I have seen it, and shall see it again. If some of you get rich I dare say you will do the same ; it seems to be the way of men. As soon as a professor prospers in the world he is ashamed of the truth he once loved. Such apostates will find it *heavy work to die.*

Joseph stuck to his people and to their God ; though he must live in Egypt, he will not be an Egyptian ; he will not even leave his dead body to lie in an Egyptian pyramid. The Egyptians built *a costly tomb* for Joseph : it stands to this day, but his body is not there. "I charge you," says he, "take my bones with you ; for I do not belong to Egypt, my place is in the land of promise." "He gave commandment concerning his bones." Let others do as they will ; as for me, my lot is cast with those who follow the Lord fully. Yes, my Lord, where Thou dwellest I will dwell; Thy people shall be my people, and Thy God my God, and may my children be Thy children to the last generation.

III. Thirdly, let us observe,

THE RESULT

of God's being with Joseph. The result was that "he was a prosperous man ;" but notice that, although the Lord was with Joseph, *it did not screen him from hatred.* "The Lord was with him, but his brethren hated him. Ay, and if the Lord loves a man, the world will spite him. We know that we are God's children, because the adversaries of God are our adversaries. Furthermore, "The Lord was with Joseph ; but it did not screen him from *temptation* of the worst kind : it did not prevent his mistress casting her wicked eyes upon him. The best of men may be tempted to the worst of crimes.

The presence of God did not screen him from *slander ;* the base woman accused him of outrageous wickedness, and God permitted Potiphar to believe her. You and I would have said, "If the Lord be with us how can this evil happen to us ?" Ah, but the Lord was with him, and yet he was a slandered man.

Now, what did God's being with Joseph do for him ? First, *it saved him from gross sin.* He flees, he shuts his ears : he flees and conquers ; for God is with him. O young friend, if God is with you in the hour of temptation, you will want no better, no grander result than to remain perfectly pure, with garments unspotted by the flesh.

God was with him, and the next result was *it enabled him to act grandly.* Wherever he is he does the right thing, does it splendidly. If he is a slave his master finds that he never had such a servant before ; if he is in prison, those dungeons were never charmed by the presence of such a ministering angel before ; if he is exalted to be with Pharaoh, Pharaoh never had such a Chancellor of the Exchequer in Egypt before, never was Egyptian finance so prosperous.

In such a manner did God help Joseph that he was enabled *to fulfil a glorious destiny*, for if Noah be the world's second father, what shall we say of Joseph, but that he was its foster nurse ? The human race had died of famine if Joseph's foresight had not laid by in store the produce of the seven plenteous years, for there was a famine over all lands. The breasts of Joseph nourished all mankind. It was no mean position for the young Hebrew to occupy, to be manager of the commissariat of the whole known world. If God be with us we shall fulfil a noble destiny too. It may not be so widely known, so visible to human eye, but life is always ennobled by the presence of God.

Also *it gave him a very happy life*, for taking the life of Joseph all through it is an enviable one. Nobody would think of putting him down among the miserable. If we had to make a selection of unhappy men, we certainly should not think of Joseph. No, it was a great life and a happy life ; and such will yours be if God be with you.

And, to finish, God gave Joseph and his family

A DOUBLE PORTION

in Israel, which never happened to any other of the twelve sons of Jacob. There are two Josephs in Israel but only one Judah. Joseph has a double portion of the kingdom. Those who begin early with God, and stand fast to the end, and hold to God both in trouble and prosperity, shall see their children brought to the Lord, and in their children they shall possess the double, yea, the Lord shall render unto them double for all they may lose in honor for His name's sake. It may be they shall live to see the hand of the Lord upon their children and their children's children, and to them shall be fulfilled the word, "In thee shall Israel bless, saying, God make thee as Ephraim and as Manasseh."

Let us seek after a double part with God's people by keeping heartily with them. Who is willing to suffer with them that he may reign with them ? Who is willing to cast the riches of Egypt behind his back that he may have a double portion in the promised land, the land flowing with milk and honey ? I think I hear some of you say, "Here I am, sir. I shall be glad enough to share with God's people, be it what it may." Carry Christ's cross and you shall wear Christ's crown. Go with Him through the mire and through the slough, and you shall be with Him in the palaces of glory ; you shall share a double portion with Him in the day of His appearing. This can only be because the Lord is with you ; that must be the beginning and end of it. "The Lord was with Joseph :" O Lord, be with us. O Thou, whose name is Immanuel, God with us, be with us, henceforth and forever. Amen and Amen.

[PORTIONS OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Genesis 39 : 1–6 ; Psalm 62 : 20–23.]

Frederick Shaw's Remorse.

The Last Days of Lucy Foster.

FREDERICK SHAW'S TROUBLE.

Frederick Shaw was a land surveyor and a man of some culture and education, whose hearty genial disposition won for him many friends and made him a welcome guest in scores of hospitable houses. Few men were better known in the North of England town where he resided than Fred Shaw, and his hearty laugh and ready joke enlivened many a dull prosy party.

But a change came over the light-hearted man, which his friends noticed with regret. He became gloomy, dispirited, and melancholy. Once or twice those who met him averred they had seen traces of tears on his cheeks, and all agreed that Shaw had experienced some heavy trouble. The change in his manner dated from a certain night when an accident had occurred to a carriage in which Fred Shaw and two companions were riding to their homes after an excursion of pleasure. They had reached a part of the road where several piles of small sharp flint stones were laid at regular intervals ready for repairing the roadway. The horse, a spirited animal, shied at one of the heaps and rushed madly along the road. In a few minutes the three friends were lying amid the ruin of the overturned carriage by the roadside. One of the party was dead, *his neck broken* by the fall; another had his arm broken, and the third, our light-hearted friend Fred Shaw, was badly bruised and shaken. He was, however, a strong robust man, and soon recovered the physical injury he had received. But the events of that night seemed to have left a weight on his spirits he could not shake off.

The real cause of the trouble no one knew. That it was in some way caused by the tragic death of his friend was generally suspected, but all agreed that it was silly to allow an accident so to disturb a man's equanimity. But Shaw could not be cheered; his friends said "he moped." One day he was seen to start out on a solitary walk in the fields, and, fancying himself unobserved, he cast himself at full length on the grass and burying his face in his hands gave way to a fit of uncontrollable grief. His watcher came to his side and regarded him silently. He was no sympathizing friend; his attitude, as seen in our illustration, and expression of his face showed that plainly. He looked at the weeping man much as he would have looked at the antics of some inferior animal, and as if he thought Shaw had lost his reason. He had, however, sufficient delicacy not to intrude on the sufferer in his agony, and walked back to the town without letting Shaw know he had been observed. On his way he met a man named Myers, with whom he had a slight acquaintance, and who, like Shaw, had once been a gay worldly man, but who had lately become in the phraseology of society "a saint." Instinctively he realized that such a man might be useful in Shaw's case, and he told him of the prostrate man and where he lay.

Myers found him still in the same position, and still apparently overwhelmed with trouble. Kneeling by his side he gently inquired what was the matter. He could get no answer, but only a look pitiable enough to melt a heart of stone. A few words of heartfelt sympathy, however, soon elicited the cause of Shaw's grief. His conscience accused him, Shaw said, as to the young man who was killed in the carriage accident, and he reproached himself for having led him astray. Shaw had known him in early life as a pious, God-fearing youth, but coming to the city and renewing Shaw's acquaintance, he had cast off the restraints of home life, and following Shaw's example had become an habitué of *billiard rooms and the theatre*. "He is lost," the self-accuser cried, "and his blood is on my hands."

It was for some time in vain that Myers directed the attention of his friend to Him whose blood cleanseth from all sin. He went with him to his home and prayed with him, but the self-accuser believed himself a soul-murderer and beyond the reach of pardon. At length, after several interviews and frequent prayer, light dawned on the troubled soul. Humbly and with a profound consciousness of unworthiness he was led by the Holy Spirit to trust in Christ and found peace. But the recollection of that fatal night never left him. He sought by every means in his power to win souls for Jesus, and he never saw a young man drifting from the religious beliefs and habits of his youth without making it his special aim to gain his friendship, and by entreaties and solemn warnings to arrest the wandering steps. So, out of Frederick Shaw's trouble came, by God's providence, help and rescue for many a young man in danger of eternal shipwreck.

LUCY FORSTER, THE LAWYER'S DAUGHTER.

Lucy Forster was the only daughter of a Canadian lawyer, who, though regarded as one of the hardest and most unscrupulous members of his profession, manifested towards her a tenderness and affection of which most people would have thought him wholly incapable. He had an indomitable will and an energy that scorned to be daunted by difficulty or fear of failure. He admired nothing so much as the resistless force of character that sweeps every obstacle from its path, and makes each new achievement "a stepping-stone to higher things." But by "higher things" Andrew Forster meant, not things moral and spiritual, but things which concern the position and progress of a man in worldly affairs.

Mr. Forster's daughter also had several of her father's characteristics, but in a different way. Her activity was mainly mental, but it was of a kind to make itself *felt* and acknowledged. The range of her interests was altogether beyond what usually engrosses the attention even of highly educated ladies. Without neglecting the lighter accomplishments which lend an æsthetic grace and adornment to social life, she had taken an interest in questions of metaphysics and philosophy which are always the appanage of the few. Better still, she had come to know Christ as her Saviour, and reposed with absolute trust in His unchanging love. Poor child of weakness, as she seemed, "Goliath of Gath stood not in half her strength."

Mr. Forster, hard, worldly, and unspiritual as he was, could not help being moved by the tender and loving appeals which his daughter frequently made to him as her failing health indicated her approaching demise. He could not treat her as a weak-minded girl, whose ideas deserved no consideration. With all his legal acuteness, he felt himself no match for one who had drunk in, from its primal source, that highest wisdom, the wisdom of love, and who spoke with the authority of

one who had *seen* and *known* that whereof she testified. Many a witness had Mr. Forster baffled and confused in his time, but *this* witness could not be baffled.

When it became apparent that a few hours only remained to her in this world, Miss Forster summoned all her energies for one more appeal to her father. Clasping her hands together and looking up from the Bible she spent most of her time now in reading, to her father's face, as he stood lovingly regarding her, she said "Father, I know you love me, but you can do nothing for me now. I am fast gliding down the river, and shall soon reach the ocean of untried existence. In all its awful vastness it lies before me, but I do not fear it. The familiar scenes of life are passing away from me, but *I go not forth as a stranger*. He who fills the boundless void is with me, and I feel the pressure of His supporting hand at this moment."

The words were scarcely uttered, when a change, inexpressibly beautiful, passed over the features of the loved one, and in a few moments more her spirit had taken its flight.

Though in her last interview with her father Miss Forster had confined herself solely to the utterance of her own experience, in those supreme moments an indelible impression was made. He left the room where he had learnt the greatest lesson of his life, and, an hour afterwards, when one of his servants went up with a letter to his study, and knocked at the door, she received no answer. Fearing that he might be ill, she ventured, gently and noiselessly, to open it a little, when she saw the white head of her master bowed in prayer. With a fine instinctive reverence, as if she had caught a glimpse of the Holy of Holies, she instantly closed the door, and simply said to the messenger waiting below, "*Master must not be disturbed at present.*"

After several hours thus spent in the presence of God, Mr. Forster came out from his study to attend to the arrangements for the funeral. But it was evident to all that he was a changed man. Character speaks in tones as well as in looks and words, and Mr. Forster's tone had now lost all its usual harshness. It conveyed, too, a certain feeling of *repose in strength*, which only those faces show which are turned Zionwards.

THE ADVENT PARABLES.

By Rev. Richard Chester, A.B.

(*Continued from page* 509.)

The Principle of Reward—An Apparent Inconsistency—III. The Sheep and the Goats—Is it a Parable?—The Judgment Distinct from the Talents—Of the Gentiles—The Subject of the Kingdom—The Jews His Brethren.

THE *results* of the judgment for the proper use of the Talents, previously referred to (page 509), will be, as the two parables of Matthew 25 and Luke 19 expressly teach us, positions of kingly power and administrative authority in and over the numerous provinces, the different departments and offices which shall exist in the glorious universal kingdom of the "Kings of kings and Lord of lords." The latter parable, moreover, adds the *all-important information* that these positions will, in each individual instance, be assigned in exact proportion to the ability exercised, the fidelity exhibited, and the consequent fitness for such positions thereby acquired in their work for their Lord and Master during this present life.

What incalculable importance does this teaching assign to everything, from "the giving of the cup of cold water" to one, to the being instrumental in the conversion, or the restoration, of another disciple in the Master's blessed name!

Against such application of this parable, however, the introduction into it of the wicked, slothful,

UNPROFITABLE SERVANT,

has been urged as a strong objection. Are we not, it is asked, if we put this construction upon it, required by the parable to believe that unbelievers, as well as believers, will be caught up to the Lord together, at the time of His Advent, and will stand and be reckoned with together before His judgment seat? The answer is, By no means; no more than we are required to believe from the parable of "The Marriage Feast and Wedding Garment" (Matthew 22: 1-14), that unbelievers, unclothed as they are in the wedding garment of the Redeemer's righteousness, will be admitted in the first instance to "the marriage supper of the Lamb," to be subsequently expelled when detected.

The main object of a parable is rather to inculcate great and important practical lessons or principles than to set forth the actual details or the consecutive ordering of events. It is a natural or earthly illustration of spiritual or heavenly things; and we are not in every instance to expect from such that *all its parts* shall exactly conform with the eternal realities which it is designed to put before our minds.

The instances above referred to are manifestly adduced to render the teaching of each parable all the more solemn and impressive. They are introduced for the purpose of heightening the representation of the blessedness and the glory which shall be the everlasting portion of the believing, working, faithful people of the Lord, by solemn contrast with the doom of the mere nominal professor.

III.—THE SHEEP AND THE GOATS.

Is this passage to be regarded as a parable, or as no more than a direct prophecy of what is to take place upon the Second Advent of our blessed Lord to the earth? The question has been often asked, and it is not easy—nor does it seem to be very needful—to give a decisive answer. Archbishop Trench seems to have given his decisive verdict against regarding it as a parable by omitting all mention of it in his exhaustive work upon the parables. In either case there is scarcely any passage in the New Testament which has been so generally misinterpreted and misunderstood.

It has been all but universally regarded as giving the emphatic sanction of our Lord Himself to the popular idea of what is called a "*general judgment*," that is, a judgment at the same time (the Second Advent) and in the same place (this earth) of every individual of the human species (good or bad, believing or unbelieving), from Adam down to the last who shall be born into the world: all of whom are to be together assembled before Christ's judgment throne, to hear from His lips their final award of everlasting life or everlasting punishment. It may therefore be regarded by not a few as rash and presumptuous to affirm that such is in no wise the teaching of the passage. Regard for the truth of God's Holy Word, however, renders it imperative so to regard

THE DISTINCTION

between "sheep" and "goats." In the first place, the judgment here is unquestionably most distinct from the previous one of the parable of the talents. *All* individuals are therefore not included in it. Again, the word here employed to denote the subjects of this judgment—"the nations"—may with equal or greater propriety be translated "the Gentiles." It is so translated no less than ninety-three times in the New Testament. These "Gentiles," or "nations," being thus assembled before the Son of Man, subsequent to His Advent in glory, are at once, and previous to any reason being assigned for so doing, separated by Him into two distinct classes—"as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats"—and are placed, without any as yet assigned reason, "the sheep on His right hand, the goats on the left."

Then the reason for such distinction is assigned. Those on the right are bidden to "inherit the kingdom," those on the left to "depart into everlasting fire"—these widely different sentences being expressly stated to be the direct result of the widely different treatment by these two classes of a *third, perfectly distinct* class or party, whom the Lord specially designates as His "brethren," and which treatment He affirms that in each instance He has regarded as "done unto Himself." Then follows *a direct denial* upon the part of each of these two classes of *their having had any knowledge* whatsoever that in their respective treatment of this third class they were well-treating or ill-treating Him.

THE JUDGMENT OF GENTILE NATIONS.

Surely no professing Christian, whether real or nominal—no one who shall have ever read or heard the statement here made, and many a similar statement of our blessed Lord's made elsewhere in the New Testament, that what is done to His people He regards as done unto Himself—could, with any shadow of truth or of sincerity, plead the ignorance in this respect which is represented as pleaded by both parties here. Christians, nominal and real, are thus alike excluded from any share in this judgment. It is a judgment of Gentile nations, as distinguished alike from the Jews and from the Christian Church.

In what light, then, are we to regard this passage? For my part I can conceive of no other than the following:

The Lord having previously given direct instruction concerning the judgment of His raptured Church, and also incidental instruction (in the instance of the wicked and slothful servant) concerning the judgment of those who while professedly *in* the Church shall really be not *of* it, here proceeds to give further instruction concerning the judgment whereby He will determine who of the heathen or Gentile nations shall, and who of the same shall not, inherit His earthly kingdom *as its subjects*. In the previous judgment—that of the talents—He represents Himself as having provided for that kingdom its *viceroys or governors*, who shall rule over it conjointly with Him.

THE SUBJECTS OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

This subsequent determination as to who shall be its subjects is, He teaches us, to be made upon the ground of the previous conduct of these nations toward *a third party*, whom He designates as "His brethren." Who are these? Not, as some have suggested, Christian missionaries who have gone among these nations. Had they ever heard the Gospel from any Christian missionaries they should either have received or rejected it, and their having done either would have put their judgment upon a totally different footing from that which is here represented. Had they heard and received the Gospel their place would have been in the previous judgment of the talents. Had they heard and rejected it the condemnation of those who had so done should have been on account of such rejection.

This third party I can only regard as Jews—"His brethren" after the flesh. And the treatment of such being made the test of acceptance or rejection of the nations as the subjects of His kingdom, seems to be in exact accordance with the principle long before laid down, and ever acted upon in God's previous dealings with such nations. "Blessed ('Come, ye blessed,' etc.) is every one that blesseth thee; and cursed ('Depart ye cursed,' etc.) is every one that curseth thee."

If we remember moreover that, as is foreshown in many portions of the Prophetic Word, the time immediately preceding the coming in judgment of the Son of Man is "the time of Jacob's trouble," when the then living of the Jewish people shall receive specially cruel treatment at the hands of Gentile nations; and further, that these Gentile nations shall act in so treating them as the special agents and instruments of the last great Anti-Christian confederacy "against the Lord and against His anointed;" we get, it seems to me, strong confirmation of this view of the passage before us, and there is further no difficulty, as there otherwise might be, in the severity of the sentence thus passed upon those who shall thus be excluded from the kingdom.

Whether the interpretation of this most important discourse of our blessed Lord, suggested in this artifice, be or be not correct, it is assuredly well that our attention be directed to it, and that we endeavor to meditate upon and to realize it as the leading one of the New Testament predictions concerning His Second Advent. We do not assign to it its rightful position in the Word of God unless we regard and use it as the one which in proportion as it is rightly understood must furnish us with a key to the true interpretation of all Second Advent prophecy. Especially should we regard and use it as the most solemnly practical of all—as that to order by the teaching of which the details of our daily conduct and conversation will ensure our being "found of Him when He appears without spot, and blameless."

"NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

BY HESBA STRETTON.

(*Continued from page* 511.)

IN THE WOODS.

THE village schoolmistress, Mrs. Clift, knew Ruth well, for she had employed her as her laundress from the time she had taken charge of the school; and no linen could be sweeter and whiter than that which Ruth washed, and dried in the sun on the gorse-bushes growing about the old lime-kiln. Ishmael had been one of the most constant and least troublesome of her scholars; and she was willing to mark her approbation of him by entrusting her little girl to his care for a long day in the Lime-kiln Woods.

The spring had come slowly on during May, and though it was already June the trees were not yet in full leaf. The delicate network of boughs overhead still kept many an open space for the sunshine to stream through; and the half-transparent eaves glistened with a green light. There was no thick tangle of burdock and thistle at present to catch their feet and hinder them as they strolled along under the hazel-bushes. Here and there patches of bluebells covered the dusky earth; and in a few rare spots, known to Ishmael, white lilies of the valley were growing amid their broad green leaves.

No very tall or massive forest trees grew in the thin soil; but now and then an elm or an oak, somewhat stunted, spread out its crooked branches, and there were clumps of larches, tall and thin, growing in close companionship, with their pointed tops piercing the sky. And what a sky it was! A deeper blue than the bluebells under the hazels, with little clouds scattered over it whiter than the lilies, some of gleaming brightness, and others of a pearly gray, floating lazily along before the soft fresh westerly wind. Ishmael felt a pride in it all, as if the woods, and the flowers, and the sky belonged to himself.

"Sit down and listen, Elsie," he said, throwing himself under an elm tree, and holding his breath for very pleasure, as he strained his ear to catch the different notes of the birds, singing in these early hours of the sunny day. There was the merry whistle of the starling—did Elsie hear that?—and the deep, soft cooing of the wood-pigeons from their great clumsy nests in the fir-trees; and the harsh cry of the jay, as he flitted across the open space between some trees, displaying his bright blue wing-feathers. Oftener than any other note, except the chirp of the sparrows, came the deep, grave caw of the rooks, as they sailed by high in the air. Or was not the clear merry song of the thrushes and blackbirds in the bushes all about them the most frequent sound of them all?

But Ishmael knew also the note of the kingfisher and the woodpecker, and the plaintive cry of the lapwing, and the call of the little moor-hen in the swampy ground, overgrown with water weeds and tall bullrushes. Every sound, loud and low, of the busy woodlands was known to him; but they had never been so sweet to him as now, when, for the first time, he had a companion gazing admiringly into his face as he displayed his knowledge. Elsie was far before him in school; but here she sat with wide-open wondering eyes, drinking in every word he spoke.

"Oh, Ishmael!" she exclaimed, with a sigh of happiness and admiration, "I should think nobody in the world knows as much as you!"

Never before had Ishmael had such words spoken to him, and he felt almost dizzy. He began to think what other wonders he could show or tell to her. Yes, there were more wonderful things to disclose to her admiring eyes. The woods were beautiful; but he knew what was hidden underground as well as what lay open to the eye of day. For underneath their feet the earth was honeycombed with long, deserted galleries, and roadways, and tunnels, where ages ago the limestone had been dug, and brought to the surface by level shafts opening on the hill slopes. Far away from the light of the sun, these subterranean paths ran in many windings and twistings. Even on the surface there were indications of them in basin-like hollows of varying depths and sizes, where the treacherous ground had sunk in. Some of these hollows were filled with water, forming little pools, which glistened up to the sun, while others were dry basins green with turf and coltsfoot, among which wild strawberries grew.

Ishmael and Elsie had busily gathered the small red fruit, and strung it upon long bents of grass, to keep it as a dessert to the dinner they were going to eat in the woods. Ishmael hastily formed a surprise for Elsie. When the right minute came, when she was tired and hungry, and the sun beat hotly upon them, he would take her to the cool shelter of a cave near at hand, where he could show to her the entrance into the old limestone quarry.

They came at length to a broad open glade, stretching far away between two rows of trees, which was the famous spot for shooting-bouts in the autumn, when the squire's visitors spent whole days in sport. Here in the long, untrodden grass lay the old cartridge cases thrown hastily away last year. Ishmael told Elsie how the cracking of the guns rang all day long, and how the smell of the gunpowder and its thick smoke tainted the sweet air; and how, at night, when all was over, there seemed a sorrowful silence in the wood, as if its timorous inhabitants had been scared into utter terror.

"And the rabbits keep in their burrows," said Ishamel; "and don't come out to play after sunset, like they do other nights, ay, by hundreds and thousands, running after one another, and tumbling about like us on the green, when we've a holiday; and you can see their little white pads tossing about in the dusk. If you sit very still they'll come a'most to your feet. And the bats fly about, and the cockchafers, and big white owls, that make no noise when they fly. I'll show you our big owl at home before you go home to-night."

They were sauntering along the glade slowly, when suddenly, from under their very feet, as it seemed to Elsie, there sprang up, with a loud whirr and a great fluttering of wings, a pheasant which had been sitting close on her nest among the long grass, till their feet nearly touched her. Elsie uttered a little scream of fright; but Ishmael went down on his knees in a moment, parting the tangled grass which hid the nest. There lay a cluster of brown eggs, ten of them, packed closely together, and warm with the brooding-heat of the mother-hen.

"Oh!" cried Elsie, eagerly, "can't we have some of them for dinner? Only we can't cook them, you know, without a fire and a saucepan."

"Ay, but we can!" answered Ishmael, proud of doing what seemed impossible to his companion; "we can make a fire, and roast 'em in the ashes. We won't take more than four, two apiece; and I can tell which are the newest laid. See, I've got a match in my pocket, and we'll pick some sticks, and light a fire in a place I know of, where nobody can ever find us."

Gathering up the sticks as they went along, he led Elsie to his cave. It was situated about halfway down a steep slope which was overgrown with hazel-bushes and brambles. The low archway of the entrance was little more than a yard high, and was quite concealed by the brushwood. Within, the roof rose to a good height, and the floor of limestone was dry, forming altogether a pleasant retreat, large enough to hold from twenty to thirty persons. A green twilight reached them through the closely-interwoven network of underwood; and a delicious coolness made it the pleasantest place possible now the sun was so high in the blue sky.

"Look, Elsie," said Ishmael, leading her to the back of the cave, where a small hole, not unlike a large rabbit-burrow, led darkly into some space beyond, "I've crawled through there many a time; and if it wasn't for your frock we'd go now—you and me. Oh, it goes for miles and miles under the wood; and sometimes there's a little bit o' light coming through cracks in the ground; and there are pools all black and still, with just a tiny sparkle on them to show where they are; and there are glistening stones hanging down from the roof, and drops o' water always falling, falling from them. Oh, I wish you were a boy, and could creep in along with me!"

"Oh, couldn't I?" cried Elsie.

"No, it 'ud never do," he said, decisively. "Never mind; I'll light the fire now, and we'll have our dinner."

The fire was quickly kindled, and after it had died down a little, the four eggs were covered over with hot embers, and left to roast. Ishmael had brought a can of sparkling water from a little spring trickling down the rock, while Elsie had laid out their dinner. Now she was sitting beside it on a big stone, with her hands lying idly on her lap in simple enjoyment, and her blue eyes gazing out happily on the waving branches outside, whose shadows flickered up to her feet in a constant dance.

"Oh, Ishmael," she cried, "I must say the song mother taught me about, 'That's the way for Billy and me.' It seems as if it was made for us; and I'll say them while the eggs are roasting.

"Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

"Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

"Where the mowers mow the cleanest.
Where the hay lies thickest and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

"Where the hazel-bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

"Why the boys should drive away,
Little maidens in their play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
"That's a thing I never could tell.

"But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay,
Up the water, and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me." *

But Elsie had scarcely finished the last line, when *she saw the branches before her slowly parted*, and a man's head bent down, and looking into their cave. It was a brown, sun-burned, rugged face; she knew it well enough, but she had never liked it, and at this moment it filled her with vague terror. Ishmael was kneeling by the red and smouldering fire, and touching the eggs with the tips of his fingers. So absorbed was he that he did not notice the darkening of the green twilight as the game-keeper came stooping under the archway; and he laughed a low, quiet laugh of delight as he took one of the eggs from its hot bed.

"That one's done, Elsie!" he exclaimed, gaily.

"What's done?" asked Nutkin's harsh voice close beside him. "I saw the smoke from your fire, you young rascal, and I came to see what mischief you are up to. What, pheasants' eggs, pheasants' eggs! Would nothing else serve you for your dinner?"

Ishmael knelt unable to stir, and gazing up aghast into the gamekeeper's angry, yet triumphant face. What could he say? There were the eggs in the ashes between them; he could not even drop the one he was holding in his outstretched hand. He felt as if he could neither move nor speak. He had no right to those eggs; they were stolen; but he had not thought of that when Elsie had uttered her childish wish.

"I suppose you know," said Nutkin, very slowly, as if he meant every word to strike home, "that I shall take you to jail for this?"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Elsie, in an agony of fright; "we didn't know it was any harm, did we, Ishmael? The eggs were on the ground, and we might have trodden on them. Don't send us to jail!"

"It's not you, only this young scoundrel," continued Nutkin; "you may have to go before the justices, but it's him as'll go to jail for poaching and stealing. I've told the squire scores of times, and now he'll believe me. Get up, you rascal, and come along with me."

* This lovely little song is by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, and is not as well known as it deserves to be.

suddenly Ishmael broke into a loud and bitter
, which rang through the cave:
'Oh, what will mother say when she hears of
' he cried.
'And what will father say?" jeered the game-
:per, "and brother Humphrey? We'll take
e you don't grow up a drunkard, and a dis-
ace to the parish, like them, my fine fellow.
me along! Elsie, you run home to your
ther, and tell her to be more careful who you
p company with another time. The squire 'll
ieve me now."
So saying, he dragged Ishmael out of the cave,
l taking a strong rope from his pocket, he
otted it into a sort of handcuff, by which he
nd the lad fast to him. Elsie followed them,
bing, to the white dusty road leading to Up-
n, where there was a police-station; and then
ly watching them out of sight, she went home,
ost heartbroken, to her mother.

(To be continued.)

THE COMMANDMENTS.

**3. Lesson for August 28. Ex. 20:1-11. Gold-
n Text, Matt., 22:37. By Mrs. M. Baxter.**

VE read in the first Epistle of Timothy, 1:5,
low the end of the commandment is charity (or
) out of a pure heart, and of a good con-
nce, and of faith unfeigned." Thus in our
len text, Jesus, quoting from Deut. 5:5, says
the great commandment is, "Thou shalt love
Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all
soul, and with all thy mind." "Love is the
lling of the law" (Rom. 13:10), and therefore
nst "love there is no law." "The fruit of the
it is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentle-
, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance:
nst such there is no law" (Gal. 5:22, 23).
he end of the law is love," and "Christ is the
of the law," *i.e.*, love, to every one that believ-
(Rom. 10:4). The tone of the old law is
hou shalt," it expresses constraint, it is against
e who are subject to it, but not against love.
he law is not made for a righteous man, but
he lawless and disobedient, for the ungodly
for sinners, for the unholy and profane" (1
. 1:9).
Then God gave the law from Mount Sinai,
ything in the surroundings was calculated to
ire terror. "There were thunders and light-
s, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the
e of the trumpet exceeding loud; so that all
people that was in the camp trembled" (Ex.
16). Then the people were brought near, but
t not come up into the mount, they were
ed to keep at a distance from God "lest the
break forth upon them" (19:22-24). When
s recounted to the people after their forty
wandering in the wilderness the circum-
es of God's giving of the law, he said, "The
talked with you face to face, out of the midst
e fire, (I stood between the Lord and you at
time, to show you the word of the Lord; for
ere afraid by reason of the fire, and went not
to the mount)" (Deut. 5:4, 5).
ie commandments of the first table, which we
considering to-day, contain God's just claim
man in his relations to Himself. "I am the
thy God, which brought thee out of the land
gypt, out of the house of bondage. Thou
have no other gods before Me." Fact and
ience were God's warrant in asserting His
As *thy* God, I have a right to thy adora-
nd thy love, but still more, I have redeemed
from bondage, I have been true to thee; now
ou true to Me; give Me the true place of God
y affections, in thy desires, in thy service, in
ery thoughts; let neither person nor thing be
e Me. Let thy God be first. Now have we
are believers kept this law? We too have
delivered (have we not?) from slavery; we
are we not?) free from sin. If not, we have
eally given God the place of *our* God, and we
utting self in some form before Him. It is
ssible to do our duty toward God until we ap-
iate personally His great redemption, and be-
in very deed free from the condemnation and
ower of sin. Then the very fact that He has
us free endears Him to us, our hearts are
drawn out to Him, and the law of love which is written there sees Him as its first object.

The second commandment is directed against the strong tendency to idolatry which exists in every human heart. All the heathen have made likenesses or images after their own conception of their gods, and have worshipped them, even the work of their own hands. It is strange that the utter senselessness of idolatry has not struck its votaries. Isaiah represents a man cutting down a tree, using part of it for fuel, that he may gain warmth and prepare his food, and then, when his natural wants are satisfied, he makes of the remainder a God, a graven image, bows down to it, and says, "Deliver me, for thou art my God." How can that deliver us which we have formed? Thus we see that all the gods of the heathen are inferior to them in strength, in wisdom, in everything. But is there not among professing Christians in the present day something very much akin to this idolatry? There are many who say, "I believe God is merciful, and He is too good to let any of His creatures perish," and thus ignoring the holiness of God they make His goodness a reason for continuing to disobey Him, and transgress His laws. These have made a god after their own imaginings, for certainly this is not the God of the Bible, who says, "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity" (2 Tim. 2:19).

The curse which follows the breaking of this and other commandments has only to be traced in the families of the openly ungodly. For instance, where do we see the families of publicans living honorably and respectably generation after generation? There is a publican in the Black Forest of Germany who, in common with several others, has set up in his tap framed and glazed a parody on the ten commandments, placing his name in the place of God throughout. What is the result? The hand of God has been against that man. His wife is raving mad, one of his sons committed suicide, another of his children has gone altogether wrong, and the man cannot succeed in anything. "God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" (Gal. 6:7).

The third commandment is directed against the lightly using the name of God. This is a commoner sin than is often supposed. Surely every one who prays with the lips while the thoughts are wandering far away, is indeed taking God's name in vain. God says of such, "This people draw near Me with their mouth, and with their lips do honor Me, but have removed their heart far from Me." Real prayer is calling God, the great Almighty God, to an interview; saying a few words learned from some one else, without much thought as to what they mean, and without expectation of any tangible result, is surely not prayer; but it is the sin of taking God's name in vain. And is not every unbelieving prayer of God's children a commission of this sin? If we pray, and then from looking to past experiences think it unlikely that God will answer our prayer, even in the name of Jesus, are we not taking His name in vain? When we pray for complete deliverance from any sin or infirmity, and then, because of our own weakness or because of unfavorable circumstances, we only half expect deliverance, or perhaps think it most likely that deliverance will not come, are we not limiting the Holy One of Israel (Ps. 78:41) and taking God's name in vain? False swearing is not the only way of violating this command.

The fourth and last commandment which contains God's claim upon us with regard to Himself, concerns the keeping of the Sabbath. Truly "the Sabbath was made for man" (Mark 2:27); but it was made for God too, not only that man might rest, but that God might be adored. The day of rest was a gift from God, before it became a commandment. "God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it" (Gen. 2:3), and He reminded the children of Israel when He gave them the manna, *i.e.*, before the law was given from Mount Sinai, "the Lord hath given you the Sabbath." God commands us to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," *i.e.*, a day set apart unto Him. It is blessedly true that in the life of a true Christian every day is a Sabbath, every day is rest and every labor is rest, because the Lord doeth all our works in us, and there is no strain or compulsion in our service. But for God's honor He calls for an external observance of His own day, in which the ungodly may see our joy in His service, and in which they shall see that we honor Him, not doing our own ways, nor finding our own pleasure, nor speaking our own words (Isa. 58:13).

The Lord gives three reasons for the observance of the Sabbath; the first is as a remembrance of creation and of His rest: "For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; *wherefore* the Lord blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it." Again He would have them to observe it as a remembrance of redemption: "Remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and that the Lord thy God brought thee out thence . . . therefore the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the Sabbath day" (Deut. 5:15). Yet again, the Sabbath was a sign that God sanctified His people: "Verily My sabbaths ye shall keep: for it is a sign between Me and you throughout your generations; that ye may know that I am the Lord that doth sanctify you. Ye shall keep the Sabbath therefore; for it is holy unto you. Every one that defileth it shall surely be put to death: for whosoever doeth any work therein, that soul shall be cut off from among his people" (Ex. 31:13, 14). In face of such passages, how can we regard without sorrow the growing desecration of the Sabbath day in our lands, the doing away with God's sign to the world that His people are holy.

A Rescued Life Consecrated to Christian Service. A London clergyman recently related the following incident with which he became acquainted during his residence as a missionary in India. A man had climbed a palm-tree for the purpose of fixing a receptacle for juice, when he beheld beneath him a sight which filled him with alarm. A woman placed beneath the tree a child, which she was evidently about to trample to death. Quick as thought the man in the tree raised a loud and piercing outcry, which so startled the woman that she instantly fled, leaving the child behind her. The local authorities investigated the case, but as the woman could nowhere be found the infant was handed over to the wife of a missionary, who accepted the little waif as a gift of Providence, and taught her, while yet a child, to know and love the Saviour. As she grew up, the girl so strangely rescued gave evidence of having been truly converted, and was greatly blessed to the spiritual good of many native girls and women. She is now about twenty-two years of age, and as *the wife of a missionary* gives herself up entirely to Christian work, in which God continues to honor her in the conversion of sinners.

A Momentous Sunday-Evening Walk.—At a recent meeting in the East End of London, the Earl of Shaftesbury related the following incident, illustrating the value of Sunday-schools and the influence of little children. "A gentleman visited a man whom he had known as a very godless, bad fellow, but who had recently displayed a blessed change of mind, and had with his wife, also notorious as a reckless, wicked character, appeared at religious services. He asked how this had happened, and the man replied, 'I will tell you; my wife and I were *out walking one Sunday evening*, and were passing by Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle.' They turned in out of curiosity, and Mr. Spurgeon, who was preaching, spoke forcibly of the consequences of a careless, sinful life, and entreated the unconverted to pray to God for pardon. The man and his wife went home very much affected. He said to his wife, 'Sukie, did you like what the preacher said?' 'No, Jack,' she replied, 'I didn't like it at all.' 'Do you remember what he told us to do?' 'Yes, he told us to pray, but I hardly know what it is. *I have never prayed*, have you?' 'Never, at all,' said the man, 'but I'll tell you what we'll do; there's our little Mary upstairs, she knows.' They awakened the little girl, a scholar in a Sunday School only *nine years old*, and she prayed with much fervor, and the father says, 'From that time I was a new man.'"

FOREIGN TOPICS.

A Deadlock has Arisen in the British Parliament on the question of the Irish Land Bill. The bill as amended by the House of Lords was sent to the House of Commons on August 10th, when the latter house took into consideration the alterations made by the Peers. In one or two cases the amendments were accepted, others were modified, and those which affected the vital principle of the bill were rejected. Among the last named was an amendment providing that the compensation a landlord should be required to pay for the eviction of a tenant should in no case exceed $1250. Another rejected amendment was to the effect that the arbitration court *should not have the power* to quash a lease in which the tenant had consented to unfair terms under threat of eviction. When the amendments had been rejected, the bill was sent back to the Lords, who promptly restored them by decisive majorities. According to ancient usage both houses then nominated committees to draw up reasons for ther respective action, and prepare for a conference between the two houses.

The Contest between the Houses of Lords and Commons, both parties admit, is fraught with serious danger to the constitution. The disagreement has stirred the country from end to end. The correspondent of the New York *World* telegraphs as follows: "Men see that *the battle between the democracy* and the plutocracy is at hand, and there is an uncomfortable feeling abroad that *grave political and perhaps constitutional changes* are imminent. Mr. Gladstone says that he will not yield a hair's breadth in this struggle, and that he will seize the opportunity of calling the attention of the country to the fact that the work of an entire session of a vast majority of the people's representatives can be destroyed in a few hours by the upper house."

This means that he will appeal to the people in the dispute and propose some constitutional change, limiting the power of the House of Lords. It is notorious that for some time one article in the programme of radical politicians has been the abolition of the hereditary chamber, and it would appear that this crisis has induced Mr. Gladstone to seriously consider the propriety of proposing it in some modified form. Lord Salisbury is the leader who is responsible for the uncompromising attitude of the peers. Lord Cairns and the Duke of Richmond, two prominent lords belonging to the same party, counselled submission.

The Unexpected Release of Mr. Dillon, the Land League leader, who was arrested for making seditious speeches, caused unusual excitement in Ireland on Monday, August 8th. He was liberated late the previous night, and drove quietly to his home without any of his friends being aware of his release. On Monday the news spread, and Mr. Dillon was overwhelmed with congratulations. The government released him unconditionally, and it is expected that he will resume his place in the League and continue the agitation. When questioned on the subject in the House of Commons, Mr. Forster, the Irish Secretary, said that Mr. John Dillon had been released because a report had been received that further confinement would endanger his life. This report, upon investigation, was confirmed by other physicians. Under the circumstances it was not thought necessary to ask Mr. Dillon to sign any conditions. The London *Times* and other journals approve of the government's action. Mr. Dillon has been imprisoned since May 3d.

A Remarkable Financial Phenomenon has attracted attention in Egypt. There is a surplus in the national treasury equivalent to five million dollars. It is so unusual for any country under Turkish control to show anything but a deficit that the event is worth recording. Egypt has for a long time been upon the verge of bankruptcy, the viceroy being extravagant in his expenses, spending large sums on the erection of new palaces and on his harem. Since his deposition these expenses have been cut down, and his successor has followed the advice of England and France, to which nations his creditors chiefly belong. The result has been that the national income has more than sufficed to cover the expenditure, and the army and civil servants have been punctually paid. Another gratifying result of foreign intervention has been the partial *suppression of the slave-trade* with the interior. It is still carried on to a grievous extent, but it is done with difficulty, and only by purchasing the connivance of corrupt pashas.

The Pope is Said to be Seriously Considering the advisability of quitting Rome and residing either in America or in Malta. Rumors of a similar character have been in circulation before now, during the pontificate of the present pope and his predecessor, and they are probably without foundation. The palace of the Vatican, which the Pope occupies, is so rich in treasures of art and its library is filled with books of such priceless value, that Leo is not likely to remove voluntarily from the place. A more significant fact in this connection, however, is the agitation in Italy in favor of revoking the law known as the papal guarantees, by which the Pope is in the enjoyment of certain privileges, and by which a large income is set apart for his use. The present administration advocated the revocation when its members were in opposition.

M. Gambetta, the French Statesman, whose name has been, since Sedan, more prominent than any other in France, delivered a campaign speech on Friday at the Parisian suburb of Ménilmontant. The meeting was somewhat turbulent, and some hostility was manifested toward M. Gambetta. His policy during the past few months has inspired a growing distrust of him in the minds of extreme republicans. They suspect that he is intriguing to grasp supreme power in France, and in some quarters he is openly denounced as a traitor to the republic. He directed his observations on Friday to the removal of this apprehension and defended his public career, claiming that he had been throughout a sincere republican. "I am," he said, "like yourselves, a mere citizen, a servant of the democracy." The result of the elections to the legislature now taking place in France is anticipated on all hands with painful anxiety.

The Difficulties in the Negotiation between the Boers and Great Britain for the cession of the Transvaal have been arranged. A dispatch from Pretoria, dated August 8th, says: "The retrocession of the Transvaal to the Boers has been formally effected, and the Boer government has issued a proclamation announcing the establishment of the South African Republic. Mynheer Bok, Secretary of State, and several other officials have been sworn in. The proceedings were perfectly orderly. A dispatch from Durban announces that Secocoeni, the famous South African chief, who surrendered in December, 1879, and was sent by Sir Garnet Wolseley to Cape Town, has been released."

Mr. Bradlaugh has Applied for a New Trial of the action brought against him by Mr. Clarke for sitting in the House of Commons and voting, not having taken the oath. *The application was granted*, but the cable does not say on what grounds the privilege was accorded him. He received an injury to his arm during his attempt to force an entrance into the House on August 3d, and erysipelas has set in; he is confined to his room, but is not thought to be in danger of his life. The police showed marked forbearance on the occasion, and did not use unnecessary violence, but Mr. Bradlaugh is a strong, stalwart man, and considerable force was required to prevent his effecting his purpose.

The Wesleyan Methodist Connection Entered on Tuesday, July 19th, upon their one hundred and thirty-eighth Annual Conference at Liverpool, England. That the Connection has survived, keeping its distinct religious character and extending its influence and jurisdiction through so many years, is sufficient proof of the vitality of its principles. Of all religious bodies in England which are separated from the Established Church, that of the Wesleyan Methodists is the most interesting and unique. The Annual Conference is no unmeaning ceremony; eight hundred Wesleyan ministers were assembled, not for the purpose alone of communing with each other, and bringing into prominence their internal dissensions, but for the transaction of real, legitimate business. On the first acts of the Conference was to elect a President, and the lot fell upon Dr. Osborn. election on this occasion derived unusual imp ance from the fact that a Methodist Œcumen Conference will be held in London in Septem and it was felt that the Wesleyan Metho ought to be represented by a President worth his dignified office. The choice really lay betv Dr. Osborn and the Rev. W. M. Arthur, bot whom were eminently qualified for the posi Mr. Arthur, however, declined to be a candi and Dr. Osborn was elected with compar unanimity. It is not the first time that Dr. born has occupied the president's chair, and Wesley he is the oldest minister who has pre over the conference.

A Nihilist was Converted Recently Du a visit to London. He was roaming about the end when he met the agent of the London Mis to the Jews, who is a native of Russia. The N ist admitted that he was a Russian Jew, and boastful and defiant manner, said he had come from Russia in order to escape impr ment and to propagate his opinions in Englan

A conversation of three hours followed, i course of which the missionary, who is hims native of Russia, was enabled to set before the truths of the Gospel. The Word was power. The bold, defiant air was changed, subdued, inquiring frame of mind succeeded. a few more visits for further instruction, the left London for Germany, where the Rev. Dolitz has received him under his own care, a now giving him special instruction preparato baptism. The Gospel is the best cure for lism, Communism, and all forms of lawless

The British Premier and the Truck B An incident occurred one night recently in ace Yard, the quadrangle of the House of liament. A small crowd had assembled to se members pass out of the House of Common the rising of the House at six o'clock, and a them was a boy conveying a number of parce a truck. The lad going along without thinki his occupation, managed to drop one of his p without observing it, and continued his co *An elderly gentleman*, seeing what had happ promptly stopped and picked it up, at the time calling to the lad to return. The on-lo were not a little surprised and delighted to r nize in the doer of this kindly act the well k features and voice of Mr. Gladstone.

A Bird's Nest in a Pulpit.—The Follo curious incident is related by the London *A* "At Murren, in the Bernese Oberland, Sw land, where there is now a very picturesque well-appointed English Church, the services present season commenced on the first S after Trinity. The Rev. R. P. Bent, chaplai tem., writes that on going into the church arrival on Saturday, the 18th inst., he found pair of redstarts had built their nest on the ledge underneath the prayer-desk (used also pulpit) on one side of the chancel, and were rearing a brood of four young ones. It see he says, an almost literal fulfilment of the wo the Psalmist in Psalm 84 : 3, for the nest is few feet from the altar. He adds that th pretty nest, every particle of which must have carried into the church by the parent bird become an object of great interest to both dents and visitors, and that the little fledgli the sanctuary will probably have flown befo second Sunday of the services."

The Following Works by the Rev. C. H. geon are for sale at The Christian Herald at prices much below what they can be obtain elsewhere. Remittances must accompany o *John Ploughman's Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cen cloth, 60 cents. *The Treasury of David*, a ho ca exposition of the book of Psalms, four vols., as Psa. 103, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon Birth-Da* This popular gift-book contains a suitable p selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for eve in the year, with a blank space opposite for graphs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Sp appear at their respective birthdays. The b gorgeously bound, and the price is 75 cents.

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THE LATE DEAN STANLEY.

Character of the Dean—Birth and Early Life—At Rugby School—The Deanery at Westminster—Literary Work—Visit to America—Illness and Death—Royal Friendship—His Last Sermon—A Significant Text.

A SENSE of bereavement, so close as to be almost personal in its intensity, was experienced throughout the English-speaking world when, on Monday, July 18th, the news spread that Dean Stanley was dead. He had made many personal friends in America during his recent visit, who now mourn his loss. They had learned the many excellencies of his character from his writings, and his frank, cordial manner, and sincere appreciation of the good points in our institutions, which Englishmen frequently fail to recognize, deepened the respect they previously felt into warm affection.

It was not by his merits as a theologian that Dean Stanley attained the high position he occupied in public esteem, either here or in England. Both evangelical Christians and adherents of the High Church were separated in theology from him by a wide gulf, but by both he was respected as a sincere Chrstian, an earnest worker, and a generous, warm-hearted friend. The Evangelical Christian saw with deep sorrow the absence in Dean Stanley's teaching of the doctrine of man's inherited and inherent depravity, and the salvation of man through the Sacrifice on the Cross; the High Churchman considered that the dean failed in his want of appreciation for the ceremonies of the Church, but the dean regarded both as his brethren, extended to both his cordial esteem, and was always ready to discourse with them on the points in which they could agree.

He regarded

HIS MISSION

as one of reconciliation, and he labored hard, and not without success, to disarm hostility within and outside of the church to which he belonged. To him, Christianity was pre-eminently the religion of love, of tender, comprehensive, all-embracing, benevolence, and he appeared, by the readiness with which he fraternized with leaders whose creed differed most widely from that of his own church, to regard dogmatic truth as of minor importance. There is no doubt that this disposition seriously impaired the Dean's usefulness in the great work of winning souls for Christ, but it also exercised an indirect beneficial influence, in attracting to the church men, especially young men, of high culture, of scholarly and scientific attainments, to whom Christianity in the form of dogma is repulsive.

Such men, allured to the church by Dean Stanley's exhibition of religion, were brought under its influence, and were thus rendered more amenable to the higher teaching of salvation by grace through our Lord Jesus Christ. Thus it happened that on Monday, July 25th, there were at Dean Stanley's funeral, drawn together by a common sorrow, men of many nationalities, and men who differed as widely on religious subjects as Huxley and Darwin and the Bishops of London and Peterborough. The Prince of Wales and his brother, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Argyll and the Earl of Shaftesbury, with many other well-known men whose tastes, dispositions, and associations differed from each other as widely as it is possible for them to differ, stood side by side, united in one spirit—that of reverence for the dead and regret that the place he had filled in the world had become vacant.

Dean Stanley's life was a very busy one. There will probably be a complete record of it published in the form of a biography from the pen of Canon Farrar, or some other of his numerous friends. In the meantime the following narrative of its more salient features will be of interest to our readers.

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley was the second son of a former Bishop of Norwich, who is well remembered for the nautical enthusiasm which he possessed through life (he longed to be a sailor when a boy), for his love of natural science, and for his singular freedom from religious intolerance, standing on the same platform as *Father Mathew, the Irish priest and temperance pioneer*. He also preached a funeral sermon on Joseph Gurney, the Quaker philanthropist. For thirty-two years the father was rector of Alderley, where he won all hearts, and many of his traits appeared in the son. The honored mother of Dean Stanley was Catherine, daughter of the Rev. Oswald Leycester, rector of Stoke-upon-Trent, England.

He was born in the year 1815, and having enjoyed the tuition of his accomplished father during his early boyhood he was sent at the age of fourteen to Rugby School, of which the year previously *the renowned Thomas Arnold* had been appointed head master. In 1834 he proceeded to University College, Oxford, where he obtained numerous distinctions, and laid the foundation of the accomplished scholarship for which he was so remarkable. He gained a prize for his poem "The Gypsies," took a first class in classics, won the Ireland scholarship, a Balliol scholarship, and the Newdigate prize, the Latin Essay prize, the Theological prize, and the English Essay prize.

In 1842 occurred Dr. Arnold's sudden death; and Mr. Stanley, who had by this time been ordained, preached the funeral sermon in Rugby School chapel, where eight years before he had sat an attentive listener to the words of his venerated teacher. Two years later, Stanley published the work which first drew attention to his many high qualities—his

"LIFE OF THOMAS ARNOLD,"

one of the finest specimens of biography in the English language. In its whole plan and execution it is a model memoir of a noble man, by one whose relation to him is far from being adequately described in the statement that he was a favorite pupil. For though a reverent disciple, the biographer was also the respected friend whom Arnold thought it useful to consult, as his letters show, not merely upon literary matters, but also on other subjects of practical moment. The "Life of Arnold" exerted a *powerful influence in this country*, not only upon the teaching class, who drew abundant inspiration from the example of the Rugby master, but likewise upon a numerous body of young ministers and students of theology, who found in the utterances of Arnold help in their perplexities respecting Christian doctrine and the interpretation of Scripture.

At this time Mr. Stanley was Fellow and Tutor of University College, where he endeared himself to several generations of undergraduates by his unvarying kindness and almost fatherly sympathy. He was the very reverse of the usual type of "Oxford don," between whom and the youths he has to teach there is too often an absence of sympathetic feeling.

In 1851 Dr. Stanley was appointed Canon of Canterbury, and during this period he wrote his "Historical Memorials of Canterbury." In 1858 he resigned his canonry, becoming instead a Canon of Christ Church, and chaplain to Dr. Tait, then Bishop of London, but now well known as Archbishop of Canterbury. In 1864, when Dr. Trench was made Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Stanley was appointed to

THE DEANERY OF WESTMINSTER,

and in the same year he married Lady Augusta Bruce, sister of Lord Elgin, and for many years a personal friend and attendant of the Queen. His marriage gradually drew the dean from the comparative retirement of his former life into the choicest circles of London society, intellectual, literary, political, and aristocratic. He was wont to say that he had *never really lived* until his marriage. His friends had always been among the leading spirits of the time, and his house at Oxford was renowned for his abundant and catholic hospitality. But in London he moved in a larger circle, and under the auspices of Lady Augusta Stanley the deanery at Westminster became one of the most distinguished *salons* in London.

An important share was borne by Lady Augusta in all her husband's labors and pursuits. The dean himself thus chronicled his irreparable loss in a few pregnant words at the close of his memoir of his mother: "That 5th of March"—on which his mother died—"was the Ash Wednesday of 1862, when her surviving son was absent in attendance on the Prince of Wales, on a journey through Egypt and Palestine. On another Ash Wednesday, the 1st of March, 1876, he stood by the deathbed of her by whose supporting love he had been 'comforted after his mother's death,' and whose character, although cast in another mould, remains to him, with that of his mother, the brightest and most sacred vision of his earthly experience."

Dean Stanley's literary fame, as first evidenced by his "Life of Arnold," surpasses his fame as a public speaker. The book "Sinai and Palestine," which he wrote after visiting the Holy Land in 1852, is probably the best book yet published on those interesting regions.

He also published a commentary on the Epistles to the Corinthians, which has been widely read and highly commended. He has also written a copious "History of the Jewish People," in which the Old Testament history is presented with so much clearness, eloquence of style, and historic and literary illustration, not to speak of learning and calmness of judgment, that not theologians alone, but also cultivated readers generally, are drawn to its pages. The last published volume in the series, which treats of the period intermediate between the Old Testament and the New, is not surpassed as a piece of historical writing by any of the later works of this class which have emanated from the English press. In point of style it takes rank with Macaulay's history, and the best chapters of Froude. The Maccabean period and the reign of Herod are described in a manner to fascinate the attention of every cultivated reader. He was also a diligent worker in the company of revisers of the New Testament.

But the volume which of late years has probably attained the widest circulation of all the dean's works is that on Westminster Abbey, with its tombs and monuments. No journeyings among the tombs can compare in interest with this last production, where the dean's wealth of historical knowledge and familiarity with English literature are employed, with characteristic grace, to illustrate the records of this venerable mausoleum.

Our space forbids even a mention of his many other compositions, or of the excellence of his sermons, especially of his *funeral discourses*. One however may be mentioned which attracted much attention, preached when a certain gifted novelist was buried in Westminster Abbey. On that occasion he showed how our Saviour had practically illustrated the "use, the value, and the sacredness of fictitious narrative," and he referred to some among the ideal children of the departed author, "making that grave," he observed, "seem to those who crowd around it as though it were the very grave of those little innocents whom he had thus created for our companionship, for our instruction, for our delight and solace."

HIS VISIT TO AMERICA

in the fall of 1878, and the cordial manner in which he was then received by all Christian denominations, and even by the Jewish members of the community, will be fresh in the memories of our readers.

While here he was the guest of Mr. Cyrus Field, and during his stay, Mr. Field's house was crowded with clergymen and literary men, the editors of all our great daily journals uniting to do honor to the illustrious visitor.

He preached *a remarkable sermon* in Trinity Church, New York, in which, with graphic strokes, he sketched the rise and progress of the different schools of religious thought which have left their impress on Christendom. On the same evening an enthusiastic reception was accorded to Dean Stanley by the bishops and pastors of *the Methodist Episcopal Church*, at which an address engrossed on parchment was presented to him. In the course of the address he made in reply, the dean related how some eight or ten years ago the President of the Wesleyan Conference waited upon him, and in courteous terms asked that a monument might be admitted into Westminster Abbey to *the memory of Charles Wesley*, "the sweet psalmist of our English Israel," and he had then said, "And why not John?" A monument to the memory of the two illustrious brothers was according erected in the Poets' Corner of Westminster

Abbey, close to a monument erected a century before to the memory of the poet Isaac Watts. "I rejoiced," said the dean, "to have his monument among those of the kings and the great lights, whether of literature or science, that adorn the walls of Westminster Abbey."

A delegation of *Baptist ministers* also waited on Dean Stanley to express the pleasure with which they welcomed his visit to America, and to whom he spoke in the same liberal, genial spirit he has shown to the ministers of other denominations. The Century Club also entertained the dean at their house in New York. There he met a distinguished company of literary and ecclesiastical celebrities, who cordially united in expressions of esteem and fraternal regard. That the dean fully appreciated the enthusiastic welcome he had received from the American people, was evident from his remarks at that meeting. He said that he had been told in England that he would be met with kindness and *hospitality in America*, but he had not been led to expect anything like what he had experienced. He referred to the pleasant homes in which he had been entertained during the delightful two months which he had spent in this country; and concluded by saying that he was delighted at every fresh bond that cemented and strengthened the kindly feelings already existing between England and America, and that he wished to return his heartfelt thanks for all that had been done and said for him and his friends during their sojourn here.

On his return to England the deck of the steamer was crowded by eminent men, anxious to see the last of the distinguished English visitor, and not until the last bell rang were the last farewells said.

His arrival in England was *sadly opportune*, for

QUEEN VICTORIA

was shortly afterward plunged in grief by the death of her beloved daughter the Princess Alice; and to no other voice did she ever give so willing an ear as to that of Dean Stanley, who was able to offer her the precious consolations of the Gospel. There existed for many years a sincere friendship between the royal family of England and the dean, which on both sides was one of evident respect and esteem. It was remarked a short time ago that Queen Victoria, who has shown an unconquerable aversion to visiting London since the death of Prince Albert, came all the way from the Isle of Wight to pay a visit of condolence to Dean Stanley, on hearing of the death of his wife, to whom she was personally attached, and at the dean's funeral, visitors noticed prominent among the floral tributes a beautiful wreath of China flowers, sent by the queen, which had the following note attached to it, *in Her Majesty's own handwriting: "A mark of pure affection and high esteem, from Victoria R."*

LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

Since the death of his much loved wife the intimate friends of the dean have noticed a certain failing of energy and vital power, but no apprehensions were felt even when his fatal indisposition began. On Saturday, July 9th, the dean preached a sermon in Westminster Abbey, but during the service was obliged to retire twice from attacks of nausea. On Sunday his illness became more pronounced. Though on Tuesday he was able to visit the library, on the following day he was prostrated by his malady, and from that time did not leave his chamber. On Friday *erysipelas of the face* set in, and during the next two days extended in an alarming manner. From this time the strength of the patient rapidly failed, and when Sir William Jenner, the Queen's physician, arrived, he pronounced that there was no hope. Previous to the last and fatal attack the dean engaged in prayer with the Rev. Canon Jones, but it was with the greatest possible effort that he could articulate.

The Archbishop of Canterbury was at the dean's bed-side during a portion of the last evening, and arrived just in time to speak a few words with him before he became unconscious. In the course of the day, Canon Farrar, the intimate friend of Dean Stanley, administered the Sacrament to the dean. He expired quietly and without suffering.

Dean Stanley looked older than sixty-six years, his form was frail and diminutive, and of late years was bowed as if with silent sorrow. A few weeks before his death, when he presided over the annual meeting of the Workmen's Clubs Association, he said, somewhat humorously, to a friend, before the meeting began, that he did not, like other men, realize much satisfaction through his senses, as he had only about *one-half those allowed to ordinary mortals*. The conversation, which took place in the Jerusalem Chamber, began thus:—"How beautiful the cedar-wood smells!" "Yes," said the dean, "so they tell me; but *I cannot smell anything*." He then went on to say how his sense of *sight was failing him*, and that his sense of *hearing had always been imperfect*, as he could scarcely ever distinguish music from noise; he not only had *no ear for music*, in the ordinary meaning of the phrase, but what to other people was music gave him no satisfaction.

At the service of July 9th, to which allusion has been made, the dean preached from the text, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God" (Matt. 5:7, 8). The sermon was of a very solemn character, and now that it is remembered as the last sermon he ever preached both it and the text are called to mind as very significant.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Reasons for Founding the Abbey by Edward the Confessor—His Exile and Solemn Vow—Cost of the Abbey—The Procedure at Coronations.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, of which a picture appears on our frontispiece, is in many respects the noblest of all the venerable fanes that adorn England. It was built in the twelfth century, for reasons and under circumstances which are thus set forth in a life of Edward the Confessor: "The devout King destined to God that place, both for that it was near to the famous and wealthy City of London, and also had a pleasant situation among fruitful fields lying about it, with the principal river running hard by, bringing in from all parts of the world great variety of wares and merchandize of all sorts to the city adjoining, but chiefly for the love of the chief apostle whom he reverenced with a special and singular affection." A small abbey is, however, known to have stood upon its site ever since the seventh century.

King Edward was exiled by a hostile faction to Normandy, in France, but being afterward restored to the throne of England, he returned from his Norman exile possessed of a stock of ideas which he could not possibly have attained in his English home. With the exception of his long hair and beard all the marks of the Anglo-Saxon had been merged in those of the Norman.

Doubtless the idea of a regal abbey, on a scale hitherto unexampled in England, had been kept prominently before his mind by what he saw and heard during his sojourn in France. The motive by which he was actuated leads us back to times and modes of thought long since passed away. In that age, as still among some classes in Roman Catholic countries, religious sentiment took the form of special devotion to some particular saint. Among Edward's favorites St. Peter was chief. On his protection, while in Normandy, when casting about for help, the exiled prince had thrown himself, and vowed that

IF HE RETURNED IN SAFETY

he would make a pilgrimage to the Apostle's grave at Rome. This vow was, it is said, further impressed on his mind by the arrival of a messenger from England almost immediately afterward, with the announcement of the departure of the Danes and his own election as king. Edward having announced his intention of visiting Rome to the Great Council, the proposal was received with horror by nobles and by people. Great dangers, it was represented, would attend the pilgrimage; and, besides, at that critical time, his majesty could not be spared from his own dominions. The king at last gave way, on the suggestion that a deputation might be sent to the pope, who might release him from his vow. The release came, on condition that *he* should *found or restore a monastery of St. Peter*, of which the king should be the especial patron. Such are the circumstances in which Westminster Abbey had its origin.

ENORMOUS COST OF BUILDING.

The king spent on the building of the Abbey *one-tenth of the property of the Kingdom*. It was the first cruciform church in England, from which all the rest of like shape were copied, in expression of the increasing hold which the idea of the crucifixion had laid in the tenth century on the imagination of Europe.

Its massive roof and pillars formed a contrast with the rude wooden rafters and beams of the common Saxon churches. Its very size, occupying as it did nearly the whole area of the present building, was in itself portentous. The windows were filled with stained glass, the roof was covered with lead. The cloisters, chapter-house, refectory, dormitory, and infirmary, with its spacious chapel, if not completed by Edward, were all begun and finished in the next generation on the same plan.

This structure, venerable as it would be if it had lasted to our time, has almost entirely vanished. Possibly one vast dark arch in the southern transept—certainly the superstructure of the dormitory, with their huge pillars grand and regal at the bases and capitals, the massive low-browed passage leading from the great cloister to Little Dean's Yard, and some portions of the refectory and the infirmary remain as specimens of the work which astonished the last age of the Anglo-Saxon and the first age of the Norman monarchy.

The long expected dedication of the Abbey took place on Christmas Day, 1065, amid great pomp and high observance.

THE PROCEDURE AT CORONATIONS.

The rubric of the Coronation Service brings before us some of the most celebrated associations of the Abbey. "The Queen sitting in King Edward's chair, the Archbishop, assisted by the other archbishops and the bishops, comes from the altar. The Dean of Westminster brings the crown, and the Archbishop, taking it of him, reverently putteth it upon the Queen's head; at the sight whereof the people, with loud and repeated shouts, cry 'God save the Queen,' and the trumpets sound, and by a signal given, the great guns of the Tower are shot off. As soon as the Queen is crowned the peers put on their coronets and caps. The acclamation ceasing the Archbishop goeth on, and saith, 'Be strong, and of a good courage. Observe the commandments of God and walk in His holy ways. Fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life: that in this world you may be crowned with success and honor; and when you have finished your course, receive a crown of righteousness which God the righteous judge shall give you in that day.'"

It is impossible to enter into technical architectural details, or to describe the various alterations which the Abbey has from time to time undergone. To form an adequate conception of what Westminster Abbey is, its manifold treasures should be studied with such aids as that afforded by the late accomplished Dean Stanley in his able and interesting work, "Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey," to which we have been indebted for the above particulars. The long line of illustrious kings, poets, warriors, legislators, and men of letters, whose remains or whose monuments the Abbey enshrines, passes before us in the Dean's eloquent and instructive pages, and in which all that genius, learning, far-reaching sympathies, and marvellous versatility can do, is done to make the old Abbey speak to the men of this generation, in no inarticulate language, of all the high instruction and the precious lessons which are treasured up in its history.

"Coming Wars," by the Rev. M. Baxter: Two Pamphlets; price five cents each by mail. *First Pamphlet* contains "Ten Signs of the End, and Description of Approaching Events;" with two maps of the territory to be under Antichrist's rule, and four large diagrams. *Second Pamphlet* contains valuable quotations from twenty-six Expositors on the same subject. Address, with price inclosed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"And a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there: And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—Isa. 35: 8–10.

Wrong Ways—Marks of the Right Way—I. It is the King's Highway—The Brainard Pass—The Simplon Pass—II. It is a Clean Way—III. It is a Plain Way—The Convert in Philadelphia—IV. It is a Safe Way—The Heavenly Scroll—V. It is a Pleasant Way—The Wheel in a Factory—No Care on the Way—Some of the Travellers—VI. It Ends in Glory—Southey's Paltry Wish—The Christian's Glorious Prospect.

THERE are hundreds of people here who want to find the right way. You sometimes find a man, after journeying, standing at a cross-road, by his bewildered look indicating that he has lost his way, or is uncertain which road to take. There are many in this house persuaded of the fact that there are a thousand wrong roads, but only one right road. If I should come into your heart to-night, and were able to scrutinize it as only God can, I would find that the great question with you was about which was the right road. Here are various roads branching out; the question is, which one you had better take.

Here is a road which seems quite attractive, but there are many toll-gates on that road; you would have to pay your way; you would have to pay it in tears, in genuflections, in flagellations, and from that fact I know it is the Gospel way. Here is another road, with the houses of entertainment on either side of it of an evil nature; and there are bad solicitations to sin; and I know from the kind of people I see walking on that road, and the kind of people I see standing in the blackness of it, that it is the wrong road. Here is another way. It is beautiful, and it is macadamized. Horses' hoofs glitter and ring, and the vehicles spin down over the way. But in this instance you see the precipice, and you try to stop, and you begin to saw the bit in the mouth of the fiery steed, and you cry, "Whoa! whoa!" But it is too late, and you crash through the embankment, and you are gone.

From these roads I turn away; I want to find the right road; you want to find the right road. You know about the Roman Appian road. It was a very costly road; it was three hundred and fifty miles long; it was thirty-four feet wide; and on either side there was room for foot passengers. It was built out of hexagonal rock closely fitted together, and it was so costly a road, and so wonderful a road, that it exhausted the treasury of the Roman Empire to build it. And yet the invaders, and the elements, and time, *that old conqueror* who tears up a road as he walks over it, have left a mere ruin. Well, I have to tell you of a way older than the Appian Way; millions have gone over it, and millions are to come, and it is as good a road now as when the first pilgrim travelled on it.

> The prophets, and the apostles too,
> Pursued this road while here below;
> And therefore we, without dismay,
> Will walk, in Christ, the good old way.

I propose to-night, so far as God may help me, to tell you some of the characteristics of the Gospel road. "A highway shall be there, and a way; and it shall be called The Way of Holiness. The unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there: and the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."

I. In the first place, then, I remark in regard to this road, that it is

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

It is the royal road. You dash on through *the Brainard Pass*, and there is hardly a pebble to jar the carriage wheel. You go on over bridges which span awful chasms that almost take your breath, and then you go on through tunnels dripping with melting draperies, and yet approaching the rocks, and on by dangerous precipices, and perhaps for the first time in all your life you realize what it is to be on a royal highway, a royal road built by governmental patronage and authority.

Well, I am to speak to you to-night of another road. God sent His Son to build it. It was to span the chasm of earthly iniquity. It was to tunnel the mountains of earthly obstacles. It was to be blasted out of the Rock of Ages, and cemented with the blood of the cross. It was to be the royal road, the King's Son having built it. He waved His torn and blistered hand over it, crying: "It is finished." Napoleon spent fifteen million francs in building the *Simplon Pass*, that his armies might march over for the devastation of Italy. Christ, our King, has built a royal road, for a divine purpose, so that the armies of Heaven may march down over it, and the redeemed of earth may ascend it; and it has been done at vast expense, and all nations are invited to travel on it.

Other roads and other bridges have broken down under those who travelled over them; but this bridge is so mighty, and this road so great, that Christ having built the road, and mounted the chariot of salvation, and all His redeemed ones mounting with Him, they ride up the steep of Heaven amid the acclamations of angels. Done, well done, gloriously done, magnificently done. The King's Highway!

II. I remark again, in regard to this road, that it is

A CLEAN ROAD.

A road sometimes becomes fallow and miry because it is not properly cared for; but my text says in regard to this road that the unclean shall not walk there. Room on either side of the road to throw away all our sins. We may wash ourselves in the basin of the eternal rock.

> Firm and unmoved are they
> Who rest their souls on God;
> Fixed as the ground where David stood,
> And where the ark abode.

At every step of this road we cry out, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." It is a clean road. Without holiness shall no man see the Lord. If you have any idea that we can take our sins with us, we had better be looking at the finger-board of the road which says, "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." If we expect to carry with us our sins, our lusts, our worldliness, I must in the name of God to-night shatter the infatuation. We must give up sin, or give up Heaven. It is a clean road.

III. But I remark again, in regard to the road spoken of in my text, that it is

A PLAIN ROAD.

My text intimates that the man who is three fourths an idiot can find it as well as a philosopher. The wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein. So that though one be an imbecile, *a laughing stock* on the street, and pursued by the mob, derided and cursed, such an one will find the open gate of Heaven. While, on the other hand, there are many who are wise for this world, and who are fools for eternity. *Astronomers with their telescopes* sweep the heavens, yet are not able to see the morning star of the Redeemer. Many a man acquainted with the higher branches of mathematics is not able to do a plain sum in the Gospel arithmetic: What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul? Men able to botanize across the continent, and yet never having found the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the valley.

Oh, my friends, it is a plain road, plain pardon, plain peace, plain salvation. Why not this night start on it? Why stop for anything? I will not take your time up in philosophical discussion; you want to go to the city, and there is a right road to that city. After pointing out the road, would I give a geological discussion about the rocks over which you would have to pass? Would I detain you with a physiological discussion about the muscles of the body to be brought into play? No, I would say, "There is the road; there is the road." And I shall not detain you to-night by a discussion of whether the atonement was limited or unlimited; why God let sin come into the world or who was Melchizedek?

Let all these questions go. I tell you, There is the road, the highway, the clean road, the plain road, the straight road. Start on it now. The wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein. "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." "Except ye become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter the Kingdom of Heaven." In other words, if you get into Heaven it will not be by way of Athens, but by way of Bethlehem and Calvary.

When I was living in *Philadelphia* a man who had been a member of a former church wrote me "I have just become a Christian. You know the time I had with you talking and arguing with you about the things of eternity. But I found I could not be saved through my head; I must be saved through my heart." I had passed whole days in discussing the doctrines of religion with that man. He always met me with an acute argument. But he found out he must accept the Kingdom of God as a little child; and having found out that the next moment he was ushered into the Kingdom. It is a plain way; the child can find it, as well as the old man; the ignorant as well as the philosopher. It is not only a highway and a clean way, but a plain way.

IV. But I must go farther in carrying out the idea of my text, and tell you that it is

A SAFE WAY.

Sometimes along those ancient roads there were *lions crouching* in the grass; and the lion would wait until the traveller would come by, and then having secluded itself, its head down between its paws, as soon as the traveller came up the lion would crouch and leap upon him, and there was a mauled carcass by the roadside. But, says this text, in regard to this road to Heaven, "No lion shall be there." Oh, the complete safety of those who have got on this road! I really suppose that one minute after a man has entered the Kingdom of God he is as safe for Heaven as though he had been ten thousand years in Heaven.

He may fall, he may slip, but he is kept by the power of God unto salvation; and there is no need of fear about this matter if you are really the child of God. Though this be the first day of your adoption, I repeat it, you are as safe for a final heaven as though you had already entered upon it in glory. Oh, the safety of those who put their trust in God! What's the use of worrying? What's the use of fretting about anything? Safe for time, safe for eternity. What though your house be burnt? That is only a change of investment from earthly to heavenly securities. What though your reputation be assaulted? Your name will be a the better in Heaven; for when you give your heart to God, God not only takes care of your body and your soul, but of your reputation; and ten thousand persecutions can do you no harm permanently. Only be sure you are on the right road and all is well. Safe forever.

> "Firm and unmoved are they
> Who rest their souls on God."

You cannot be destroyed.

> "Though troubles assail,
> And dangers affright;
> Though friends should all fail,
> And foes all unite;
> Yet one thing secures us,
> Whatever betide,
> The scripture assures us,—
> The Lord will provide."

And I want you to remember that *earthly subtraction is heavenly addition.* And I want you to know that the tears of earth are the crystals of Heaven. And I want you to know that as they take the rags and tatters and put them in the paper-mill, and they go under the cylinders, and they come out pure white paper; so all the rags of earthly destitution and sorrow will go down unde

he cylinders of death, and they will come out a white scroll, on which shall be written your eternal emancipation. Take courage, it is not only the royal road, and a clean road, and a plain road, but it is a safe road. Just starting a man on that road keeps him on it.

And oh, how glad the end of the journey! As with our venerable friend and brother *Freeland*, who this last week went into the Kingdom of God: living a life of usefulness, honored in our city by all who knew him, his life an adornment of the Christian religion, walking for many years this royal road, this clean road, this plain road, this safe road, and reaching Heaven.

V. But I go further in this discussion of my subject, and tell you that the road spoken of in my text is

A PLEASANT ROAD.

It is a pleasant road. God gives an indemnity from all harm to every Christian. All things work together for good to those that love God. They hold a bond signed, sealed, and delivered by the President of the universe. People don't seem to understand that passage, "All things work together for good to those that love God." They do not understand it at all, and I did not until *I went into a factory* one day. You go into a factory, and you see a great many wheels turning; and here is a wheel turning this way, and there is another wheel turning that way, and another wheel turning some other way, and you say to the manufacturer, Why don't you make all these wheels turn one way?

Why not turn this way toward me, or turn this way instead of that way, and that way, and the other way? Why, the man of the factory would say, all this variety of motion gives us the power to make these fabrics, these shawls, these carpets; if they all turned one way we could not do it. Then I think again. That is the way with the wheels of God's providence; they work together. Here is a wheel turning that way, and you say, That is right. Here is a wheel turning that way, and you say, That is wrong. And you say, O Lord, why not make the wheels all turn one way; not one turn this way, and another the other way?" "Ah!" says the Lord, "it is by all these providential wheels you get the blessing; and the beautiful robe of your Christian character is being woven; and all these wheels, whether they turn this way, or that way, work together, like the cogs of the wheels working into the opposite wheel. Working together, though seemingly against you, working together for good to those that love God."

Oh, glorious assurance! What's the use of your worrying about bread? Behold the fowls of the air, they gather not, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. If He takes care of the hawk, the osprey, and the swan, and the raven, and the albatross, and the eagle, won't he take care of you? What's the use of fretting about clothes? Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

God clothed the daisy, the cowslip, the rose, the lily, the heliotrope. Won't He clothe you? What's the use of fretting about temptation? God will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will in every temptation bring a way of escape that ye may be able to bear it (1 Cor. 10: 13). Oh, what a way this is! What a royal road! What a clean road! What a plain road! What a safe road! What a pleasant road! The King's highway! The trees on either side reach over their branches until they interlock, dropping their shadow upon your pathway. Tables of entertainment spread for all poor pilgrims.

I start on this King's highway, and I go a little distance, and I find *a harper*, and I say, "Who art thou, O harper? Hast thou not a tune for the tired pilgrim?" He makes no answer. He turns his face toward Heaven, and his fingers tremble among the strings of the harp, and he begins the song: "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

I go a little further on this King's highway, and I accost *a trumpeter*, and I say, "Who art thou, O trumpeter? And hast thou not a song for the tired pilgrim?" He says nothing; but he wipes his lip, and puts the trumpet to his mouth, and he begins to discourse: "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

And I go a little further on this King's highway, and I meet *a maiden of Israel*. She has neither harp nor trumpet, but she has cymbals, and I say, "Who art thou, O maiden of Israel?" She makes no answer; but I notice that the cymbals are rusty with the rust of the sea-spray, and I find it is Miriam, as she claps the cymbals, discoursing: "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and the rider hath He thrown into the sea." Then I go a little further on the King's highway, and I see *a group, white-robed*, approaching me; and they are so bright, so lustrous, so fair, I say, "Who are ye?" And there comes no response. And I say again, "Who are ye?" And a voice comes from Heaven, saying, "These are they who came out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

Oh, come into the King's highway to-night.

VI. I want to tell you that

IT ENDS IN GLORY.

My text says the redeemed shall come to Zion. What does that mean? Zion was *a mountain fastness*; it was not only the King's fastness, but it was a mountain fastness, and it was impregnable. That is going to be the end of your journey, and once there you are safe forever. All the batteries of earth and hell may blaze away, but they cannot move it. Sebastopol was taken, Gibraltar was taken, Babylon was taken; Heaven is not taken by its enemies. Once there, there forever.

Dr. Dick said he thought in Heaven he would study chemistry and the higher branches of mathematics and conic sections. Southey said his chief enjoyment in Heaven would be in seeing Chaucer and Shakespeare. Dr. Dick may have his conic sections, and Southey may have Shakespeare; all the Heaven I want is Christ and my good friends that I knew and loved on earth. God grant that we may enter in through the gate into that city. Oh, start on the road to-night. When we have wept our last tear, and carried our last burden, and we come to Zion, all across Heaven may there be a chorus of the morning stars, a chorus of white-robe victors, a chorus of martyrs, from under the throne, a chorus of ages, a chorus of worlds; and there be only *one name uttered*, and only one song sung, and only one throne left—that of Jesus only.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 230,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

NATIONAL ADVERSITY.

An Address by Mr. George Müller on the Condition of England.

"In the day of adversity consider."—Eccles. 7: 14.

Many Christian friends know better than I can tell them that it is scarcely possible to hear a paper read, or to look into a paper, without learning of *great calamities* that have happened in connection with railways or in connection with mines, or about fire, murder, and the like. At the close of my seventy-sixth year I have to state that *I never in my whole life heard of such great numbers of calamities, and of such terrible days, as within the last two years.* All who have taken notice of these things will speak the same language. We have further to remember the great depression in agriculture, and the exceedingly trying circumstances in connection with commercial affairs. In looking at the colonies it is very little better. But worst of all is *the state of Ireland.*

What have we to say in all these circumstances? Adversity has befallen this nation. There is still abundant reason to praise and bless and magnify God for what He has given, and for what He is yet doing. But it would be sinful in the extreme if we did not own the hand of God in regard to adversity. The Word which I have been reading brings before us the commandment of the living God through His servant Solomon—"In the day of adversity consider." We have, therefore, to consider what is the reason why all these things happen.

It is not by chance, not at a peradventure; the hand of God is in all these shipwrecks, these calamities in connection with railways and mines, and in other circumstances. The hand of God is in this, that two years ago there was such a trying harvest; the hand of God is to be owned in commercial difficulties.

But the point is, whether in our inmost soul we are ready to acknowledge this. Let us not sin by pretending to humble ourselves, while the heart is haughty and lifted up. We have abundant reason to humble ourselves; abundant reason to say with the prophet Jeremiah, "It is of the Lord's mercies we are not consumed." If we had what we deserve, we should be without any of the mercies we enjoy. Let us remember that he who spoke thus was a holy man, yet he says, "It is of the Lord's mercies"—not that these wicked Israelites are not consumed, but—"that *we* are not consumed." And so *we* must do. Though by the grace of God we are not drunkards, and are free from the sins brought before us by name, yet great and many and varied are our own shortcomings and sins; and therefore, like Jeremiah, we have to include ourselves. Or like Daniel—one of the holiest men living then, so holy that we do not read of a single fault, though, of course, he was not without sin—when making confession he includes himself, and says, "*We* have sinned." And thus we have to do.

Once more I refer to the catalogue of sins brought before us. "*Covetousness.*" In connection with this covetousness let us remember one fearful sin of this nation—*The opium trade with China.* If there were nothing else but this one blot on us nationally, what reason have we to humble ourselves before God! And why have we done this? Because of our covetousness. If for every particle of opium we had to pay a large sum, and lost a large sum, it would not be thought of. But because it brings so much we care not what becomes of the bodies of these poor Chinese, and the minds and souls of these poor Chinese. Ah! the blood of this one single crime cries out before God against us as a nation; and therefore it becomes us nationally to humble ourselves on account of our sins before God.

What have we to do? There is yet the salt in the land; there are yet thousands and tens of thousands of God's children in the land; and we have to humble ourselves before God on account of the sins of the nation at large. We have to beseech God, if it might be, yet to lengthen out the days of tranquillity, to bring us into a different state nationally, and to bless us further spiritually as a nation.

Another point is, that we have to look out for answers to our prayers, and to seek individually to do what we can to bring about a different state of things. As to *covetousness*, let us, by our own life and deportment, show we esteem *heavenly riches*, and not the gold and silver of this world. As to *pride*, let us cry to God to clothe us with humility, that it may be seen that by the grace of God we aim at manifesting the mind of Christ. As to *temperance*, let us abstain altogether from those things which bring such misery on the nation. As to the observance of the Lord's day, let us, by our deportment and by meeting with the children of God, set a good example to our fellow-countrymen, and manifest the very opposite of the Spirit brought before us here.

What will be the result? As we are individually seeking to be like a city set on a hill, and as individually we aim at doing the will of God, so shall we, in our little measure, not only bring glory to God, but be a benefit to our fellow-countrymen.

SYLPH SOMERS.

A Story of the Last Century, by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe," etc.

Chester a Century Ago—The World-famous "Rows"—Dr. Cecil Gilbart Introduced—Influence of Dr. Priestly and Dr. Price upon His Mind and Character—Matthew Henry's Saintly Life—Influence of the Evangelical Creed.

OUR narrative begins in the city of Chester, England—not, however, the Chester of to-day—the "Central Terminus"—so named—of great lines of railway, whose vast station, overhanging with its crystal firmament acres of ground, surprises the traveller, and whose interminable platforms and arched roofs daily echo the footsteps and voices of thousands of hurrying wayfarers, many of them from the ends of the earth, or reverberate with the thunder of escaping steam from giant locomotives, in ardent motion, or impatient rest. But we are to tell the story of a life in the Chester of *a hundred years back*, whose population was not as now, forty, but fifteen thousand, and whose modes of traffic, as compared with those of the present day, were but as the tedious and awkward gait of the sloth as compared with the speed of the mettled racer.

Yet, though the Chester of a century ago would be deemed of little account if placed side by side with the Chester of this hour, it was by no means an insignificant place, especially when viewed in relation to the England of that time. Perhaps, when thus considered it was reckoned a more important city than is the Chester of to-day by this generation; for at the period we speak of it was a sort of provincial metropolis, and therefore the residence during "the season," so called, of many of the gentry from the surrounding districts. Its streets, day after day, brilliant with fair ladies, dressed in the grotesque yet elegant costume of the time, their towering head dresses and hooped petticoats gay with ribbon flashing along the picturesque and antique thoroughfares. The tradesmen, likewise, of Chester, we are told, held up their heads in those days, and assumed that air of importance which is natural to their class in towns the resort of opulent families.

Chester, also, a century ago, had not comparatively near it as now the great cities of Liverpool and Manchester, to dwarf and eclipse it by their vast size, surpassing wealth, and architectural splendor. King Cotton had not begun to reign—was only in swaddling clothes, nursed, and rocked in his cradle—so that Chester was Queen, so to speak, of the Northwestern "Marshes," but now her crown is dimmed and shorn of its glory by reason of a glory "that excelleth."

The maritime traffic of Chester in the olden time consisted of the Irish and coasting trade, with the addition of a small portion of foreign imports and exports. The Irish trade was the most important carried on, hence the connection of Chester with our present history. We learn from a "Trade Return" of those days that about 1776, while only ninety-five *foreign* vessels entered its port, no less than two hundred and sixteen entered inwards from Ireland, conveying for the most part immense quantites of linen cloth. Indeed, so great was the intercourse a century ago, both commercial and otherwise, between Chester and the sister-land, that many Irish families of note made yearly visits to Chester, and sojourned there for weeks, as such families do now in London, the great metropolis of the British empire.

Geographical description is not the task which we set before us; yet a few words concerning the appearance and history of Chester we consider necessary to our narrative.

Even to the present hour, notwithstanding all the changes which of late it has undergone—Chester, with its oak-framed houses and pointed gables, is the most antique-looking city in England. Even to this day as the visitor passes through its narrow streets, he is dimly conscious of a link which binds him to the past, and however strong may be his predilections for the conveniences and improvements of modern life, he has no alternative but to yield to the influences which temporarily affect him, and hold communion with the days which are buried in the grave of time, together with those busy personages who, a century ago, played their part on the stage of activity but have left only a memory behind.

The town proper is inclosed by a wall of great height and thickness, and of nearly two miles circumference. The city gates are well preserved, and after their ancient pattern, so that the visitor's imagination, if informed and vivid, irresistibly calls up before him the Roman legionary sentinel of seventeen centuries back, keeping watch and ward, clad in bronze helmet, and bearing spear and buckler.

"The form of the city," says Pennant, the well known Welsh Archæologist, "plainly evinces its Roman orgin, being in the figure of their camps, having four gates, four principal streets, and a variety of lesser ones crossing the main thoroughfares at right angles."

The architecture of these four principal streets is without parallel in the kingdom. They are excavated and sunk several feet below the original surface of the ground; so that the carriage-road lies far *beneath the kitchens* of the adjacent dwellings. It is furnished on either hand, however, with a line of inferior shops, and right over these runs a rather wide and unique causeway, bordered on the outside with a balustrade, planted at intervals with pillars, which, strange to say, support the upper front story of the houses.

As a witty writer has put it, "The passengers' footway, covered overhead, runs right through the first floor fronts of the houses, whose back drawing-rooms are turned into shops, and consequently no longer places for the delectation of guests, but for tempting the purses of customers."

These curious galleries are the world-wide famous "Rows," and a tenement in the Rows was the abode of the individual whom we first introduce to our readers. He is a member of the medical profession, that calling so illustrious for honorable names and public utility, and, for his century, is a man of great professional skill and scientific attainment. He has, therefore, a great reputation in the city, and as a consequence is in very extensive practice.

His name is Cecil Gilbart, or, in full title, *Doctor Cecil Gilbart*, and that his mental and moral *status* may be clearly known we furnish a few particulars respecting those agencies and influences under which his mind and character were nurtured and developed. Dr. Priestly, whose fine statue now adorns one of the chief quarters of Birmingham, was, in the days we write of, the foremost man in the scientific world. His great discovery of nitrous and oxygen gases, called by him in outlandish phrase, "dephlogisticated air;" his history of discovery relating to vision, color, and light, and other similar philosophical works, had won him a European fame, while his book on "Matter and Spirit," in which it has been said, "he ingeniously labored to spiritualize matter and materialize spirit," was bringing him into hot and furious controversy with the champions of a more established and widely accepted theory, and one certainly more consonant with the revealed origin of man.

Dr. Gilbart, carried away by the brilliant discoveries of his friend in a region germane to his own profession, was an ardent disciple of Priestly, and, enamored of his genius, became very much entangled, we fear, in his materialistic conception of men's higher nature, a conception which, in after years, the great Baptist pulpit orator, Robert Hall, who, in his younger days, had been smitten with the same craze, declared, as he wept over the lowered coffin of his father, "he buried for ever in his grave," shrinking with horror from the thought that the spirit he had revered, so full of light and love, was gone out in unconsciousness, and like the body, festering in its shroud, was resolving into millions of unthinking atoms.

Another leading spirit of the time before us, whom we must mention, was Dr. Price, a prominent man in the political world, who, although only advocating measures which have since been far outstripped in the statutes of the land, was dubbed, in the doggerel of the times, by the adherents of old abuses and class legislation,

"That revolutionary sinner, Doctor Price."

Doctor Gilbart, of a wide and generous, though far from poetic nature, was an eager student of the so-called seditious speeches, sermons, and pamphlets of Dr. Price; they appealed to his sense of social justice and English right, and his spirit yearned and panted after days of greater national progress and constitutional freedom.

It was, in truth, a period of great social ferment the world over. All the kingdoms of Europe, and France especially, as having outgrown their former measure of civil development, were in the throes of the birth of a new order of things.

Tennyson says, in one of his minor poems, "The good old rule" and "simple plan," is,

> "That he should take who has the power,
> And they should keep who can."

And never had the two sides of the social world, sarcastically described in these words, presented such a rage of controversy, and such a life and death war-struggle, as in the closing decades of the last century.

Dr. Gilbart, as a Nonconformist, in the days of Conventicle, Test, and Corporation Acts, was a warm partisan of Dr. Price, and in the exercise of his profession was brought much into contact with those whom he considered unrighteously placed under social ban and political disability, and that, in his opinion, by men often in every way their inferiors, and so he declared himself "the friend of liberty," a phrase of sinister omen to those holding the reins of power in his day.

Most persons will know that for many years Chester was favored with the ministrations of the sainted Matthew Henry, the celebrated commentator of the Holy Scriptures.

In a sketch of his life in our possession we read, "His constant work on the Lord's Day while in Chester was to pray six times in public, to sing six times, to expound twice, and preach twice, and this he did for many years together." After a life of intense devotedness to the cause of Christ and true religion, he died in 1714, at Nantwich, but his body lies buried in one of the churches of Chester, while a statue in the city, not very long erected, commemorates his eminent learning, virtue, and piety.

Matthew Henry, as all are aware, was a firm believer in the Supreme Divinity of his Saviour and Lord. In his commentary on the first chapter of St. John's Gospel, he says, "The Evangelist lays down the great truth that Jesus Christ is God, one with the Father."

After his death, however, those who succeeded him in the pastorate, from various causes gradually drifted away from this cardinal doctrine of the Christian Church, and, at the period of our narrative, the congregation worshipping in Matthew Henry's meeting house had become Unitarian and Arian. It was with the congregation, under its cold eclipse from evangelical truth, that the Doctor Gilbart of our story was identified.

His father, who had originally come from Ireland, had been for years before him a member of the same worshipping assembly, and from boyhood Dr. Gilbart had attended with him; as a consequence, never brought under the power of a more Divine and living creed, the mind of young Gilbart accepted the shorn doctrine of his teachers as an adequate presentation of Christian truth.

It is our deep and solemn conviction that what is commonly spoken of as the orthodox creed is above all other beliefs best fitted to call forth in their highest meed a kind and loving heart, and a humane and self-denying character. God incarnate as our ideal must from the nature of the case be most powerfully adapted to evoke within us the most lofty and beautiful humanity. Yet it must be confessed that Unitarianism has numbered among its adherents many most philanthropic men; it may be from their viewing deeply, as without question they do, the moral aspect of the atonement. But however this may be, as "a good Samaritan" we must in justice describe Dr. Gilbart. The sick poor had the gratuitous exercise of his medical skill, the hungry he was wont to feed, and the naked to clothe. In times of sickness and pain, sorrow and want, the wretched ever found him ready to their call.

Job of old, we are told, could say, "I delivered

the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him," and though he whose character we now portray never, of course, reached the lofty ideal which is set before us in the Oriental patriarch, yet if so disposed he could, in no mean measure, have applied to himself the words we have quoted, and might have added likewise, in phrase further descriptive of the great Arab Sheik, "The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

Dr. Gilbart's own heart, however, strange to say, was by no means one of the happiest. He had to a large extent what has been called, "the sorrow of knowledge." Beset by many philosophic doubts, in a world crowded with mystery, and holding to a cold and negative creed, he had not the confidence of a living faith to sustain him in his lonely hours, nor the sublime and glowing conception of the evangelical doctrine to give warmth and color to his spiritual emotions, and the joyous aspiration to his soul.

It may, however, be objected that such a course of benevolent service as that which Dr. Gilbart is stated to have pursued is totally and essentially inconsistent with the supposition of inward unhappiness and discontent; that of necessity acts of kindness must call forth in the doer of them the felicity of love.

It is certain that this is the case when our deeds spring from a moral nature which has been baptized with the Saviour's spirit, and by His grace has been quickened and renewed; but the great fact of experimental religion and the mysterious and sacred doctrine of the indwelling of God by faith in the human soul were things altogether untaught and all but ignored in Dr. Gilbart's day. The Gospel of Christ, in fact, was suppressed, and, as a rule, a sort of pagan morality was preached from the pulpits throughout England.

(To be continued.)

A PREVALENT DELUSION.

By Dr. Graham.

We are often assured from the pulpit and the press that by the preaching of the Gospel Christianity shall triumph over all its enemies, and fill the world with righteousness and peace as the waters fill the bosom of the deep. This, we are told, is the work of the Church, and especially the work of missions and till this is accomplished we need not look for the coming of the Lord. This, indeed, was my own hereditary faith, and it was with many struggles I gave it up. But it cannot stand the test either of Scripture, reason, or experience. I ask then, the question, "Is the ministry of the Gospel intended to produce

UNIVERSAL RIGHTEOUSNESS?"

And to answer the question, I submit the following facts for your consideration:

There is no such statement, either in the Old or the New Testament; for though many passages point us to the hopes of universal peace and prosperity upon the earth, yet they are all connected with the restoration of the Jews and the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ in His kingdom (Isaiah 9:9; Habakkuk 2:14; Isaiah 2:1–4; 6:3; 24:23). Read Isaiah 60 and 65, Daniel 7; 26–28, and many similar passages which promise universal righteousness; but they are all witnesses for the Advent of the Lord and the glory which it brings; nor can they be applied to the present widowed and suffering condition of the Church without the greatest violence and distortion.

The Lord's promise to the disciples (Mark 16:15; Matthew 2:19) goes not a hair's-breadth farther than saying, "The believer shall be saved, and the rejecter shall be condemned;" but it does not say that all the nations shall become disciples, nor that all the disciples shall be saved, much less that they are expected to fill the earth with righteousness as the waters cover the sea. Hence the beautiful saying of Chalmers that the Gospel is to be universally preached, but it is not to be universally planted, before the next coming of Christ.

History is against the belief. In no age or country has there been an example of Christianity becoming national. The flock has always been comparatively a little one; hitherto the gate has been strait and the way narrow; nor is there a hint of alteration while the dispensation lasts. On the contrary, it becomes worse toward the end (Luke 18:8; 1 Timothy 4:1-3; 2 Timothy 3:1–6). The solemn word is still the order of Divine providence, "Many are called, but few are chosen" (Matthew 20:16), and election, and not universality, is the law of the dispensation.

Apostacy began early in the Church, as we learn from the Epistles and from the threatenings of the Lord, and the stream of corruption, in spite of the checks that have been given it by the reformers and martyrs of the different ages, has become deeper and blacker until the present time.

THE THREE LEAVENS,

of Herod, of the Pharisee and of the Sadducee, that is, tyranny, superstition, and infidelity, have from the beginning continued to leaven the churches and the nations, and they seem busier in the present day than ever. Infidelity especially seems to be gaining the mastery in the high places of the Church and of the rulers of the world.

Perhaps we may recognize a historical as well as a synchronical development of these three leavens, and say the leaven of Herod refers to the tyranny of the old pagan empire with its ten persecutions, and the leaven of the Pharisee to the Papal times of ignorance, superstition, and blood, while the leaven of the Sadducee may be fairly applied to the present generation of the Church, in which the denial of angels and spirits, and a paternal God, and the atonement of the Cross, and a resurrection of the dead, is quite as common and as open as it was among the Jews in the days of the Lord and His apostles. This does not savor of universal righteousness.

Look at the *parables*, and what do you find? Sheep and goats, wheat and tares, wise and foolish virgins mingling together till the time of the end. Is this like universal righteousness? No; it is mixture, and nothing but mixture, until the final separation when the Lord comes. The two kingdoms are in conflict; the Cains and Abels, the righteous and the wicked, continue in warfare during the whole dispensation. So that there is absolutely no place on earth for your universal righteousness till the dispensation is changed, and till the principle of election ceases to be its law.

Look at the promises which are given to a scattered, persecuted community travelling through the wilderness, surrounded with enemies, fed with manna, and seeking a city that hath foundations whose builder and maker is God. Is that like your universal righteousness? Look at the awful threatenings which, like a black cloud, are suspended over the heads of the persecutors till the very moment of the Lord's coming (2 Thessalonians 1:6–10). While these threatened foes of God and man prevail upon the earth there can be no universal righteousness.

And do you think Babylon is to fall by the preaching of the Gospel? Then all the frightful judgments to be poured out upon that great harlot, ending in her sudden and utter destruction, like a millstone cast into the sea, are to be interpreted of the operations of Divine grace, and not of consuming vengeance, at the coming of the Lord! Read Revelation 17 and 18, and say, with your hand on the Bible and your eye on God, "*Is this possible?*

Again, the Scripture mentions other forms of Antichristianism, such as the Man of Sin, and Son of Perdition, the Beast and the False Prophet of the Apocalypse, and the apostates and mockers of the Epistles; and I demand some evidence that the preaching of the Gospel will ever either convert or silence them. No; Babylon is doomed to destruction, and your duty is to come out of her (Revelation 18:4), and to join with the apostles and prophets, and even heaven itself, in rejoicing over her fall (Revelation 18:20). The beast and the false prophet continue their wickedness up to the very end, and they are not to be converted by the preaching of the Gospel, but to be cast alive into the lake of fire (Revelation 19:20).

Is not Satan still the serpent, the dragon, and the roaring lion seeking whom he may devour? And does he not continue till Christ comes in flaming fire to bind him and cast him into the bottomless pit? And how can there be peace and prosperity and the conversion of the world and universal righteousness in this world of ours while Satan, Antichrist, and the Beast of the Apocalypse are doing their deadly work among us? The thing is impossible; it has no foundation in the Word of God.

Cast your eye over the nations called Christian and tell me if their present condition gives any proof of the conversion of the world by the preaching of the Gospel? Survey the state of Europe from Russia to the isles of Greece, and from the isles of Greece to the rock of Lisbon, and what do you find? You find apostacy from the faith and holiness of the Gospel everywhere; abundance of superstition and infidelity; the large cities overflowing with masses of ignorant, turbulent, and licentious men, who have no regard either for God or man. After wars bloodier than either of Napoleon's, you find the nations armed to the teeth, jealous, suspicious, hateful, and hating one another, just waiting to see who will strike the first blow. This does not look like peace, or the reign of peace, which you expect by the preaching of the Gospel. Old Adam is stronger than young Melancthon still; and iron rams, and rifled cannon, and six-barreled revolvers, and armed nations are proof that if the reign of peace and righteousness is to come by the Gospel, we are far from it.

But, you will say, if the world is not to be converted by the ministry of the Gospel, what motive have I for preaching? This opinion, you say, strikes at the root of missions, and damps my ardor before I reach the heathen shore. It tells me at the outset that my efforts shall be in vain. Hear me, my brother, and take heed how you hear. If your ardor be a false fire and your expectations unscriptural, it is right and proper that they should be damped. You have the high commission of the Lord: "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." And that is

A SUFFICIENT MOTIVE,

though He does not say that all will believe your message. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life;" and that is another motive. "Labor, watch, preach to the heathen; pray over them night and day, with many tears" (Acts 20:19–21; 2 Corinthians 2:4). Magnify your office, provoke them to emulation, as St. Paul did; and if only *some of them* are saved, let that motive content you, and be thankful; but do not doubt your commission if many reject it. Yea, hold fast to the command of your Master, though, like St. Paul, you may be scourged and imprisoned, or buffeted and crucified, as your Master was. Your loyalty does not depend on the largeness or number of your victories, but on the commands of your King. Many of His most faithful ministers have had but little success; and His own mission seemed a failure, for one of His apostles betrayed Him, another denied Him, and all forsook Him in the hour of danger.

God does, indeed, in almost all cases, encourage the faithful minister or missionary with more or less success, as we see in the preaching of the Gospel both at home and in the heathen lands. In China, in India, in the South Seas, and in barbarous Africa, infant congregations are being born to the Lord by the Word of His testimony; and for this let us render Him our thanks.

These are some of my reasons for believing that the modern expectation of converting the world is a delusion. I may sum them up in a concluding sentence. I have shown that it is not stated in the Scripture; that it is not promised in the Lord's commission; that all past history is against it; that the apostacy of the churches is against it; that the parable prophecies and promises are against it; that the doom of Babylon, the Beast, and the False Prophet at the coming of the Lord is against it; that the presence of Satan, tempting and devouring, up to the end of the dispensation, is against it; and finally that the present condition of the Christian nations is utterly opposed to any prospect of universal righteousness and peace.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Week's History of Events in the Sick room at Washington is one of mingled hope and fear, the latter unhappily predominating. A very serious relapse in the condition of the President, the most serious that has occurred since the shooting, took place last week. Premonitions of a very *severe attack of dyspepsia* were observed on Sunday, August 14th, which on Monday developed rapidly, and on Tuesday caused the gravest apprehensions. Violent attacks of retching shook the enfeebled frame of the sufferer, and the pulse mounted to 130, while the temperature sank below the normal point. The stomach obstinately refused to retain food, and the strength of the patient was only kept up by nourishment injected by enema. The bulletins were again eagerly watched by anxious crowds in every city, as they were during the early days of July, and many prayers were offered to God for the patient sufferer.

As the dyspepsia was slowly overcome, and liquid nourishment was cautiously administered, supplemented by the enemata, a new complication showed itself. The right parotid gland became inflamed. This gland is situated below the ear, and is the part affected in the sickness known as "*the mumps.*" The physicians were not alarmed by this fresh trouble. It was somewhat painful, and rendered the President uncomfortable, but was not considered dangerous. In the case of a healthy person it would be of trifling moment; in the state of prostration in which the President lies, it is idle to deny that it is not discouraging. At the latest accounts it is, however, reported as subsiding.

The condition of the wound has also given cause for disappointment. The public had inferred from the bulletins issued, that the progress of healing had been rapid, and the fact that the tube employed at the dressing penetrated only about three inches, led to the hope that the inner part had closed satisfactorily. Rumors were current on Friday that *another operation* had been performed to remove an obstruction. As nothing was said about the operation in the bulletin the rumors were discredited, but on Saturday persistent inquiry led to the admission by Dr. Bliss, that on the morning of Friday he removed with delicate instruments a piece of flesh which operated like a valve, opening outward to allow the pus to escape, but not opening inward to admit of the tube being inserted. When this valve of flesh was removed, Dr. Bliss said he was able to pass his catheter in to the depth of thirteen inches. At this point it did not touch the bullet, which still remains in the President's body.

All these new complications of course add to the gravity of the President's case. The physicians are still hopeful, but it is impossible to disguise the fact that his condition is extremely critical. The prayers of the whole nation are being offered that, if consistent with God's will, his life may be spared.

Expressions of Sympathy From all Quarters continue to pour in on the President and his family. The patriarch of the Armenian Church at Constantinople has sent a letter of condolence, in which, after expressing his thankfulness at the failure of the attempt to assassinate the President, he says: "As a representative of the Armenians of Turkey, I am happy to avail myself of this occasion, Mr. President, to be the channel of conveyance to you of the sentiments of high admiration which my nation feels for the Government and the people of the United States—a Government which realizes all the dreams of friends of liberty, and a people whose philanthropy obeys the highest precepts of religion and morality." The Queen of England has also telegraphed her sympathy, and desire for information as to the President's condition; to which Mrs. Garfield sent the following reply: "Your Majesty's kind inquiry finds the President's condition changed for the better. In the judgment of his medical advisers there is strong hope of his recovery. His mind is entirely clear, and your Majesty's kind expressions of sympathy are most grateful to him, as they are gratefully acknowledged by me."

The Assassin Guiteau Attacked One of his guards on Wednesday, August 17th, with a knife. The guard had reason to suspect that Guiteau was plotting suicide, and on entering his cell to investigate, observed that he was concealing a weapon. The guard ordered him to drop it, when Guiteau sprang upon him and tried to inflict a wound, but succeeded only in cutting his clothing. The guard drew his revolver, and Guiteau, dropping his knife, tried to gain possession of the pistol. The struggle lasted several minutes, when the pistol was accidentally discharged, and the report attracted the attention of other guards, who ran to the cell and secured the prisoner. Guiteau's motive in making the attack is matter for conjecture. He could not have hoped to escape, but may have wished to cause people to think him insane. *The knife* which he used was what is known as the "cheeser" at the jail. It is a shank used in the sole of shoes, and is sometimes removed by prisoners, who can sharpen it on the sandstone window-ledge to almost *razor-like sharpness.* It is used by them for shaving, and is of the best of steel. It is about five inches in length, and a quarter of an inch in width. About three inches of this weapon was sharpened, and the rest was wrapped in paper and tied by twine so as to form a substantial handle. It is altogether *an ugly weapon* in the hands of a desperate criminal.

A Vigorous Temperance Campaign will be commenced in Pennsylvania next month. A leading journal of that State says, "It is understood that this movement will extend to every portion of the State, cities and towns and rural districts will be worked up by able speakers—men and women employed for the purpose with a special view to their fitness and eloquence." The movement *will not be political,* but will be confined to an effort to win individuals from drunkenness to the cause of temperance, and to restore outcasts to society.

A Panic on the Excursion Steamer, Plymouth Rock, resulted from the breaking of a large steam pipe on Wednesday, August 17th, while the boat was on her way from New York to Long Branch. It appears that when off Sandy Hook a report was heard in the engine room, followed by what seemed to be an explosion. The escaping steam rose in volumes and filled the cabins, and a panic ensued among the passengers. Men, women, and children rushed to the forward part of the vessel, and screams and prayers filled the air. *Women and children were trampled upon* in the struggle for safety; their clothing was torn and their cries for help were disregarded. A rush was made for the life preservers. "The men," says one of those on board, "were absolutely wild, and some of them attacked their fellows with camp-stools in order to secure advantages; others smashed out cabin windows, and more than one *tore life-preservers from others* who were tying them upon their own persons. In this latter work there were numbers of the crew who participated." The life-preservers were stored in a part of the boat difficult of access, and women and weak persons could not obtain them, while some of the men were noticed wearing four, and one man had a life-preserver *tied around his valise.* The musicians on board who were playing when the accident occurred are said to have been overwhelmed with panic and to have cried like children.

The excitement was at its height and some of the passengers, fearing the worst, had unhesitatingly jumped into the sea, when the cloud of steam dissolved and there came a partial calm to the frenzied hundreds. A half mile distant was discovered the tug Germania, which came to the assistance of the disabled boat, and with the aid of the steamer City of Richmond she was towed in safely. No lives were lost, but many persons, chiefly women and children, were injured by being knocked down and trampled upon by the cowards who were eager to save themselves whoever else perished. An inquiry into the condition of the boat has been ordered by Mr. Windom.

The Arrest of Captain Howgate, Formerly connected with the Signal Service, on a charge of embezzlement, preferred by General Hazen, the chief of the Signal Service Bureau, has caused a shock of astonishment through the country. Captain Howgate is a man of considerable scientific attainments, and his reputation for proficiency in this branch of the service is very high both here and in Europe. His appointment to succeed General Myer, when that officer died, was strongly urged. The fall of so eminent an officer is deeply to be deplored, and a general feeling of satisfaction will be produced if he is able to fulfil his promise of completely exculpating himself. Several causes are assigned for the alleged embezzlement. Among others is one that affects the character of other distinguished officers. It is openly asserted that many appointments in the civil service are given to women of immoral character, who do not render to the government any return of service for the stipend they receive. The necessity for civil service reform thus appears additionally urgent.

The Progress Mormonism is Making in Georgia has stirred up public indignation against the men who are persuading uneducated men and girls by delusive accounts of the prospects of Utah to migrate thither. A bill has been introduced in the State Senate which makes the propagation of the doctrine of polygamy in Georgia a felony. The debate which immediately followed the proposal of this measure did not indicate that it is likely to pass in its present form, but showed that public opinion is not disposed to tolerate the insidious teachings of the missionaries. It appears that the Mormon agents in Georgia conceal the doctrine of polygamy from their dupes until they have them safe in Utah. The Georgia citizens, even the most uneducated, would recoil from the system if they understood its immorality.

Typhoid Fever Has Broken Out, is the melancholy intelligence that comes from the English colony at Rugby, Tenn. Of the four hundred residents, twenty are reported sick with this dangerous complaint. A consultation of the physicians at Rugby and those summoned from Cincinnati resulted in the observation that the symptoms were so uniform in all cases as to indicate a common cause. Suspicion at once fell upon the drinking water. An investigation showed that a small reservoir, which in the partial failure of the regular supply had been drawn on for drinking purposes, was poisoned by decaying animal and vegetable matter, and no doubt remains that the disease was engendered in this way. Thus far only two of the colony have died, Mr. Dayken and Mr. Chater. These were the *first deaths at Rugby,* and the funeral services on Sunday, August 14th, were touching and melancholy in the extreme.

The Return of Leo Hartmann, the Russian ihilist, to New York last week may possibly bring ıe question of the extradition of criminals to a ·st. Hartmann declares that he has returned for ıat purpose. The question is now being argued ith considerable energy in the press, but as yet, ıe Russian government having made no demand r the surrender of Hartmann, the question has ot come before the courts. There is no extradi- on treaty between this country and Russia, so ıat if the refugee were surrendered, the act would e of courtesy and not of right. Political agita- rs, conspirators for the overthrow of foreign overnments, would never be given up by the Wash- gton government, but how far the principle of otection of foreign refugees applies to such men Hartmann, has not been decided. It is certain, owever, that if Guiteau had made his escape to ussia we should apply for his extradition, and artmann is certainly in the same category as uiteau, although the President of the United ates bears no resemblance to the despotic ruler Russia. Hartmann has declared his intentions becoming a citizen of the United States and taken it his papers.

The Forthcoming Cotton Exposition at At- nta, Ga., is anticipated with considerable interest, ot in the South alone, but throughout the Union. me idea of the proportions of the exposition may e gained from the following figures showing the ze of the main building. It contains 1,200,000 et of lumber. In its sides are 296 large win- ws, and as many more in the monitor on its of. There are 1050 feet of the main shafting, ıe centre of which is sixteen feet above the floor. he prize list is now completed and shows that the sh prizes aggregate $20,000, and are offered to mpetitors in all departments; but the largest rtion are in those relating to cotton and cotton achinery. The grand prize of the exposition is 000, for the best bale of cotton other than long aple. In the Department of Cotton Machinery a and prize of $500, or a piece of plate of that val- , is offered for the most valuable new improve- ent for preparing or manufacturing cotton. An- her of $200 is offered for the best arrangement r receiving seed cotton, keeping it clean and sep- ate, carrying it through the process of cleaning, d for the separate delivery of the seed to the wner as he may desire it. Another of the same lue will be awarded for the best practical inven- n for preparing for ginning storm-beaten cotton which large fragments of boll and stalk have ad- red. It is expected that the exposition will give marked impetus to the progress of cotton manu- cture in the South.

A Singular Will was Left by Charles Elliott, wealthy farmer of Knox, Maine, who died there July 15th. Among the legatees are two grand- ns who share equally with the children, but who e required as a condition of receiving their lega- es to abstain from intoxicating liquors and bacco. Another clause in the will imposes the ndition that they shall not gamble or engage in tting. The farmer also gave minute instructions s to the penalties to be inflicted for any violation the conditions. He directed that if they use bacco in any form, either to smoke or chew, or rink any ardent spirits or alcoholic liquors in any ay unless prescribed by a physician under oath at it is necessary, they shall be cut off from wer for six months for the first offence, and one ar for each subsequent offence, their share so cut f to be disposed of and divided the same as pro- ded in case of their decease.

A Death from an Electric Light Apparatus curred at Buffalo, N. Y., on August 7th. The ght used in that city is that known as the Brush ght, and is produced by a generator at the com- any's station on Ganson Street. The generator surrounded by a railing to keep people from uching it. It is constructed of iron and copper ire, and weighs about 4800 pounds. The arma- re makes about 700 revolutions a minute, and enerates a current equal to 225,000 cells of a bat- ry. On the end of the machine is a brass and pper cylinder, termed a commutator, where all ıe current generated accumulates, and is gathered p by six copper strips called "brushes." These pass the current to the positive pole of the instru- ment. Three of these copper strips are on the side facing the entrance. A man who was exam- ining the brushes was warned that they were dan- gerous, but he appeared to disregard the warning, for he was observed to reach over the railing and seize two strips, one in each hand. Instantly a circuit was formed, and he dropped on to the rail- ing rigid. Only a gasp was heard as the man fell. His hands still grasped the strips, and the attend- ants who rushed to his assistance, found it impos- sible to loosen the clenched fists until the machine had been stopped and the current cut off. It was seen at once that the man was dead. He was a healthy and strong man, but succumbed to the powerful agency like an infant. The obstinate re- solve to test in his own person, in spite of warning, the effect of the dangerous element, is like that some young men show in their desire for the expe- rience known as "seeing life," which generally ends in eternal death (Prov. 7 : 22–27).

A Farmer's Desperate Fight with Seven wolves is reported in a Chicago journal as having occurred recently near Dayton, Wis. The farmer owns a large flock of sheep, and a few nights ago he went out to drive them home, when, as he passed a swamp, he heard snarling and barking. He had taken an old musket along, thinking per- haps he might shoot a partridge or some small game, and had loaded it with shot. But feeling unsafe, he advanced toward the sound, and there saw two old wolves and five large whelps wrang- ling and fighting over the dead body of a sheep. He got to within two rods of them before they heard him, when he fired into their midst. Immediately the whole seven came bounding toward him, and before he had time to climb a tree they were full upon him. He reversed the gun and used it for a club. The fight was long and desperate, and in the struggle the farmer had his clothing torn to pieces and was bitten in several places, but event- ually he succeeded in slaying the whole seven. It is impossible to read such a narrative without hor- ror at the thought of what would have been the fate of the man had he been less active and cour- ageous. The Christian in his spiritual life has to contend with enemies in the shape of evil passions and the temptations of Satan as fierce and relent- less as wolves, but victory is assured for him if he relies on the strength of his Saviour (Eph. 6 : 12).

One of San Francisco's Late Millionaires was locked up in a station house a few days ago, and had to remain all night because he had not five dollars to put up as bail. He was formerly the owner of a princely fortune. One block of stock he once held was worth *ten million dollars*. He was lavish in his expenditure; as an example of his reckless extravagance it is stated that he built a stable on California Street finished inside and out with costly woods, and which cost over forty thousand dollars. Numerous other instances are given of his wastefulness and of the silly ways in which he squandered his money. His substance and his friends alike are gone, and in his extremi- ty he has none to help him. Those who are mak- ing the acquisition of riches their aim in life could have no better commentary on the warnings of the Bible (Prov. 23 : 5).

The Discovery of the Body of a Beautiful young lady, until lately known as "the belle of New Haven," which was found floating in the river by a Savin Rock fisherman, has led to dis- closures of a most revolting nature. It is supposed that she committed suicide while suffering the pangs of remorse at having succumbed to tempta- tion. An attractive young woman of immoral character, residing in New York, visited New Haven, and formed the acquaintance of the girl, and is believed to have aided her seducer in his wicked scheme to work her ruin. The New York girl has been arrested on a charge of perjury, and is ex- pected to make a full confession. The event should be a lesson to both parents and their daughters, in- ducing greater care in making the acquaintance of strangers. Those men, too, who deliberately plot the ruin of innocent girls may be assured that even if they escape punishment in this world, God will one day take cognizance of their crime, which in some aspects is worse even than murder.

THE WORD OF THE CROSS.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"For the preaching of the cross is to them that per- ish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God."—1 Cor. 1 : 18.

The Wisdom of Words—The Evil it Works—I The Word of the Cross—The Cross has one Uniform Teaching—Contradistinct from Other Words—From the Word Ceremonialism—The Cries of the Cross—"God Must be Just"—"God Loves Men"—"The Atonement is Com- plete"—"Come and Welcome"—II. The Word of its Despisers—They Call it Foolishness—Because they Could not Originate it—Because It Convicts Them of Folly—A Bone for a Dog—Not Capable Witnesses—An Irishman's Nega- tive Evidence—What Perishing Means—III. The Word of Believers—They Call it Power—It has Delivered From Sin—From Satan—Per- sonal Experience—The Cross Omnipotent.

NOTE well that in the seventeenth verse Paul had renounced the "wisdom of words." He says that he was sent to preach the Gospel, "not with wisdom of words, lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect." It is very clear, therefore, that there is an excellence, elegance, and eloquence of language which would deprive the Gospel of its due effect. I have never yet heard that the cross of Christ was made of none effect by great plain- ness of speech, nor even by ruggedness of lan- guage; but it is the *wisdom of words* which is said to have this destroying power. Oh, dreadful wis- dom of words! God grant that we may be de- livered from making attempts at it, for we ought earnestly to shun anything and everything which can be so mischievous in its influence as to make the cross of Christ of none effect.

The "wisdom of words" works evil at times *by vailing the truth* which ought to be set forth in the clearest possible manner. The doctrine of atone- ment by blood, which is the essence of the preach- ing of the cross, is objectionable to many minds, and hence certain preachers take care not to state it too plainly. Prudently, as they call it—craftily, as the apostle Paul would call it, they tone down the objectionable features of the great sacrifice, hoping by *pretty phrases* somewhat to remove the "offence of the cross."

Proud minds object to substitution, which is the very edge of the doctrine; hence theories are adopted which leave out the idea of laying sin upon the Saviour, and making Him to be a curse for us. Self-sacrifice is set forth as possessing a high, heroic influence by which we are stimulated to self- salvation, but the Lord's suffering as the just for the unjust is not mentioned. The cross in such a case is not at all the cross by which self-con- demned sinners can be comforted, and the hardened can be subdued, but quite another matter. Those who thus vail an unwelcome truth imagine that they make disciples, whereas they are only paying homage to unbelief, and comforting men in their rejection of the divine propitiation for sin. What- ever the preacher may mean in his heart, he will be guilty of the blood of souls if he does not clearly proclaim a real sacrifice for sin.

Too often the "wisdom of words" *explains the Gospel away*. It is possible to refine a doctrine till the very soul of it is gone; you may draw such nice distinctions that the true meaning is filtered away. Certain divines tell us that they must adapt truth to the advance of the age, which means that they must murder it and fling its dead body to the dogs. It is asserted that the advanced philosophy of the nineteenth century requires a progressive theology to keep abreast of it; which simply means that

A POPULAR LIE

shall take the place of an offensive truth. Under pretence of winning the cultured intellects of the age "the wisdom of words" has gradually landed us in a denial of those first principles for which the martyrs died. Apologies for the Gospel, in which the essence of it is conceded to the unbeliever, are worse than infidelity. I hate that defence of the Gospel which razes it to the ground to preserve it from destruction.

The "wisdom of words," however, is more fre- quently used with the intent of *adorning the Gos-*

pel, and making it to appear somewhat more beautiful than it would be in its natural form. They would paint the rose and enamel the lily, add whiteness to snow and brightness to the sun. With their wretched candles they would help us to see the stars. O superfluity of naughtiness! The cross of Christ is sublimely simple; to adorn it is to dishonor it.

Some seem to imagine that the Gospel does not contain within itself sufficient force for its own spreading, and therefore they dream that if it is to have power among men it must either be through the logical way in which it is put—in which case all glory be to logic, or through the handsome manner in which it is stated—in which case all glory be to rhetoric. The notion is current that we should seek the aid of prestige, or talent, or novelty, or excitement; for the Gospel itself, the doctrine of the cross, is in itself impotent in its hands and lame upon its feet, and must be sustained by outside power, and carried as by a nurse whithersoever it would go. Reason, elocution, art, music, or some other force must introduce and support it, or it will make no advance—so some injuriously dream. That is

NOT PAUL'S NOTION;

he speaks of it as being itself the power of God, and he says that it is to be preached "not with wisdom of words," lest the power should be attributed to the aforesaid wisdom of words, and the cross of Christ should be proven to have in itself no independent power.

Having cleared our way of the wisdom of words, we now come to the word of wisdom. Paul preached the cross, and our first head shall be *the word of the cross*. Many give the cross a bad word, and so our second head shall be *the word of its despisers concerning it*, they called it foolishness; and then, thirdly, we will think upon *the word applied to the cross by those who believe it;* it is to them "the power of God." O that the Holy Spirit may use it as the power of God to all of us this day.

I. First, then, we speak upon "*the word of the cross*." I borrow the term from the Revised Version, which runs thus: "The word of the cross is to them that are perishing foolishness, but unto us who are being saved it is the power of God." This is, to my mind, an accurate translation. The original is not "the preaching of the cross," but "the word of the cross." This rendering gives us a heading for our first division and at the same time brings before us exactly what the Gospel is, it is "the word of the cross."

From which I gather, first, that *the cross has one uniform teaching*, or word. We are always to preach the word of the cross, and the cross hath not many words, but one. There are not two Gospels any more than there are two Gods; there are not two atonements any more than there are two Saviours. There is one Gospel as there is one God, and there is one atonement as there is one Saviour. Other Gospels are not tolerated among earnest Christians. What said the apostle, "If we or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, *let him be candidly heard and quietly fraternized with.*" Nothing of the sort. I will quote the Scripture. Paul saith, "Let him be accursed." He has no more tolerance than that for him, for Paul loved the souls of men, and for to tolerate spiritual poison is to aid and abet the murder of souls.

There is no Gospel under heaven, but the one Gospel of Jesus Christ. But what about other voices and other words? They are not voices from heaven, nor words from God, for He hath not in one place spoken one thing, and in another place another; neither is it according to the spirit of the Gospel that there should be one form of Gospel for the first six centuries, and then another mood of it for the nineteenth century. Is it not written, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever?" If the atonement were in progress, if the great sacrifice were not complete, then I could understand that there should be progress in the preaching of it; but inasmuch as "It is finished" was pronounced by Christ upon the tree, and then He bowed His head and gave up the ghost, there can be no further development in the fact or in the doctrine.

From that word I gather, next, that the doctrine of the atonement is *one word in contradistinction from many*

OTHER WORDS

which are constantly being uttered. We preach Christ crucified, and His voice from the cross is, "Look unto Me and be ye saved;" but another voice cries aloud, "This do and thou shalt live." We know it, it is the voice of the old covenant which the Lord Jesus hath removed, taking away the first covenant that He may establish the second. The call to salvation by works is a strange voice within the fold of the church, and the sheep of Christ do not follow it, for they know not the voice of strangers. The word of the Gospel speaketh on this wise: "The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." "Believe and live" is the word of the cross.

Much less do we regard *the word of ceremonialism* and priestcraft which still lingers among us. We had thought it was a dull echo of the dead past, but, alas, it is a powerful voice, and is constantly lifting up itself. Priestcraft is crying, "Confess to me and thou shalt have forgiveness. Perform this ceremony, and undergo the other rite, and thou shalt receive a sacred benediction through men ordained of heaven." This voice we know not, for it is the voice of falsehood. He that believeth in Christ Jesus hath everlasting life; we are complete in Him, and we know nothing of any priest save that one High Priest, who, by His one sacrifice, hath perfected forever them that are set apart.

Brethren, let us hear this word of the cross, for in effect my text says, "*Let the cross speak for itself.*" That is to be our preaching. We bid reasoning and speculation hold their tongues that the cross itself may speak. We let the cross speak its own word.

First, it cries aloud, *God must be just!* The dreadful voice of justice in its certainty and severity rings through the world in the sighs and cries and death-groans of the Son of the Highest. Jesus has taken man's sin upon Himself, and He must die for it, for be sin where it may, God must smite it. The Judge of all the earth must do right, and it is right that sin should involve suffering. God must make bare His arm, and bathe His sword in heaven to smite sin wherever it is found, for He smites it even when it is imputed to His only Son!

THE CROSS THUNDERS

more terribly than Sinai itself against human sin. How it breaks men's hearts to hear its voice! How it divides men from their sins, even as the voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon and rends the rock in pieces! If God smites the perfect One who bears our sin, how will He smite the guilty one who rejects His love?

Let the cross speak again, and what does it say with even louder voice? *God loves men, and delights in mercy.* Though He loveth righteousness and hateth wickedness, yet He loves the sons of men, so much so that He gives His only Begotten to die that sinners may live. What more could God have done to prove His love to mankind? "God commendeth His love to us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." The love within that glorious deed needs no telling, it tells itself. The word of the cross is "God is love;" He willeth not the death of the sinner, but that he turn unto Him and live.

What next does the cross say? Mark, we are not speaking of the crucifix. The crucifix represents Christ on the cross, but He is not on the cross any longer, He has finished His sacrificial work, and has ascended to His glory. If He were still on the cross He could not save us. We now preach the cross as that on which He died who now liveth and reigneth full of ability to save. Let the bare cross speak, and it declares that the one sacrifice is accepted and *the atonement is complete.* Sin is put away, the work of reconciliation is accomplished, and Jesus hath gone up on high unto His Father's throne to plead for the guilty. Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more, death hath no more dominion over Him; He is risen for our justification, and we are accepted in Him.

"No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more,
For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heavens adore."

Let the cross speak, and *it tells of ransom* paid and atonement accepted. The law is magnified, justice is satisfied, mercy is no longer bound by the unsatisfied demands of judgment. "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them: and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation," which also is the word of the cross.

When we let the cross speak still further we hear it say—*Come and welcome!* Guilty sons of men come and welcome to the feast of mercy, for God hath both vindicated His law and displayed His love, and now for the chief of sinners there is free and full forgiveness to be had—to be had for nothing, for the cross gives priceless blessings without price: "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." This is the word of the cross; what more can we desire to hear? We may be forgiven in a way which shall not violate the claims of justice. God is just, and yet the justifier of him that believeth. He is merciful and just to forgive us our sins. Oh that I knew how to be quite still and to let the cross itself speak out with its matchless tones of mercy and majesty, love and blood, death and life, punishment and pardon, suffering and glory. It speaks *in thunder and in tenderness!* If we will but listen to what it hath to say it is the word by which the inmost heart of God is revealed.

II. We have the unpleasant task, in the second place, of listening to

THE WORD OF ITS DESPISERS.

They call the doctrine of the atonement "*foolishness.*" Numbers of men call the doctrine of salvation by the blood of Christ "foolishness." It is most assuredly the wisdom of God, and the power of God, but they stick at the first assertion and will not acknowledge the wisdom of the wondrous plan, it is therefore no wonder that they never feel its power. No, it is foolishness to them; a thing beneath their contempt. And why foolishness? "Because," say they, "see how the common people take it up. Everybody can understand it. You believe that Jesus is a substitute for you, and you sing with the poorest of the poor,

"'I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me;
And on the cross He shed His blood
From sin to set me free.'"

"There," say they, "that's *a pretty ditty for educated men.* Why, the very children sing it and are able to believe it, and talk of it. Pshaw! it is sheer foolishness! We don't want anything so vulgar and commonplace. Don't you know that we take in a high-class review, and read the best thought of the times? You don't suppose we are going to believe just as common ploughboys and servant girls may do?"

Ah me! How mighty wise some people think themselves! Is every truth which can be understood by simple minds to be thrown aside as foolishness? Is nothing worth knowing except the fancy thinking of the select portion of humanity? Are the well-known facts of nature foolishness because they are open to all? Is it quite certain that all the wisdom in the world dwells with the superfine gentlemen who sneer at everything and take a review? These superficial readers of superficial literature, are they the umpires of truth? *I wish that their culture had taught them modesty.* Those who glorify themselves and sneer at others are usually not wise, but otherwise; and those who call other people fools may be looking in the mirror and not out of the window. He who is truly wise has some respect for others, and the profound has respect for the Word of God.

But why is it that you count the Gospel of the cross to be foolishness? It is this: because this religion of ours, this doctrine of the cross, is not the offspring of reason, but the gift of revelation.

the thinkers of the ages continued to think, but they never invented a plan of salvation in which divine justice and mercy should be equally conspicuous. The cross was not in all their thoughts. The plan which blends vengeance and love was never invented by human imagination. Since man has such an aversion to the great atonement, he could not have been the author of the idea, and he was not the author of it; God alone reveals it in language that babes may understand, and therefore carnal pride calls it "foolishness."

Besides, the carnal man thinks it foolishness because it makes him out to be a fool, and you may take my word for it that anything which proves either you or me to be a fool will at once strike us as being very foolish. Our conscience is dull, and therefore we retaliate upon those who tell us unpleasant truth. "Why,

AM I NOBODY AFTER ALL?

I, bound in the best black cloth, and wearing a white cravat? So religious and so respectable, so thoughtful, so studious, so profound, *am I to be nobody?* Do you dare to say to me, 'Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom!' My dear sir, you cannot know what you are talking about. Why, I am a professor, a philosopher, a doctor of divinity, and therefore you cannot really mean that I am to receive truth as a little child? Such talk is foolishness." Of course they say so.

I have rejoiced when I have read the sceptical papers, and have seen how they sneer at the old-fashioned Gospel. The Bible said that carnal men could not receive spiritual things; how truthful is its statement! It is written, "There shall come *in the last days* scoffers." Here they are, hastening to prove by their conduct the things which they deny. One is grieved that any should scoff, and yet in a measure we are rejoiced to find such confirmation of truth from the lips of her enemies. As long as the world lasts, ungodly men will despise a revelation which they are unable to understand; it is beyond their sphere, and therefore its preachers seem to be babblers and its doctrines to be foolishness.

But, in very deed, it may well seem foolishness to them, for it treats on subjects for which they have no care. If I were able to explain to a general audience how to make unlimited profit upon the Stock Exchange, or in some other market, all the world would listen with profound attention; and if I put my point clearly I should be pronounced *a really clever preacher*, a man well worth hearing; but when the sermon is only about the Word of God, and eternity, and the soul, and the blood of Jesus—most people turn on their heel; they are not sure that they have souls, and they refuse to argue upon the supposition of a future existence, which is an old wife's fable to them. As for eternity their philosophy has no room for it, and they do not concern themselves about it.

One said in argument the other day, "I believe I shall die like a dog." I could give him no better reply on the spur of the moment than to say, "If I had known that you were a dog *I would have brought you a bone.*" As I had the notion that he would live forever I came to talk to him upon subjects suitable to an immortal being, but as I found out that he was going to die like a dog, what could I do for him but provide such cheer as the creature could enjoy? These men call the Gospel foolishness because they look after the main chance, and care more for the body than for the soul.

One of their wise men said, "Why do you preach so much about the world to come, why not preach about the world which now is? Teach these people how to ventilate their sewers, that is a much more needful matter than their believing on Jesus." Well, sanitary matters are important, and if any of you feel that you have nothing to live for but *ventilating sewers* I wish you would live at a great rate, and get it done as quickly as you can. Meanwhile, as we are convinced of the need of other things besides drainage, and as many of us expect soon to take our happy flight to a place where there are no sewers to ventilate, we shall look into those things which concern our future life, seeing they also fit us for the life which now is.

Now, brethren, I say of these gentlemen who pronounce the Gospel foolishness that you need not take muuh notice of them, because they are

NOT CAPABLE WITNESSES,

they are not qualified to form a judgment upon the subject. I do not depreciate their abilities in other respects, but it is certain that a blind man is no judge of colors, a deaf man is no judge of sound, and a man who has never been quickened into spiritual life can have no judgment as to spiritual things. How can he? I, for instance, have felt the power of the Gospel, and I assert that I have done so. Another man declares that I am not speaking the truth. Why not? Because he has not himself felt that power. Is that sound reasoning? Have you not heard of the Irishman who, when five men swore that they saw him commit a theft, made answer that he could produce fifty people who did *not* see him do it. Would there have been any force in that negative evidence?

The unspiritual are incapable witnesses; they put themselves out of court, for at the outset they assert that they are not cognizant of those things concerning which we bear testimony. Their assertion is that they never were the subjects of spiritual influences, and we quite believe what they say; but we do not believe them when they go further, and assert that therefore what we have seen, and tasted, and handled is all a delusion. Concerning that matter they are not capable witnesses.

And I beg you to notice that those who call the Gospel of the cross folly are themselves, if rightly looked at, proofs of their own folly and of the sad results of unbelief. The Christians in Paul's days felt that the Gospel had emancipated them from the bondage of idolatry and vice, and when they heard others that were captives under these delusions telling them that the emancipating force was foolishness, they looked at them, and smiled at the absurdity of the statement. They noticed that such men were themselves

PERISHING.

What a calamity it is for a man to be perishing! *A house is unoccupied*, its floor is untrodden, its hearth knows no genial glow. It suffers from neglect, it is perishing. Men who are not living to God are missing the end of their being, and like deserted houses are falling into ruin; they are perishing. While unoccupied by good, such minds are surrounded by powers of evil. *Yonder is a tree*, I have seen many such; around its trunk the ivy has twisted itself, grasping it like a huge python, and crushing it in its folds. The tree is perishing, its very life is being sucked out by the parasite that grasps it. Multitudes of men have about them lusts, and sins, and errors that are eating out their life—they are perishing. Their souls and characters are as timber devoured by dry rot, it remains in the fabric of the house, but it is perishing.

Unbelieving men are *comparable to a ship* that is drifting to destruction; it has snapped its cable, it is nearing the rocks, it will be broken to pieces, it is perishing! Those that believe not in Jesus are drifting toward a sure immortality of misery, they are daily perishing; and yet while they perish, they condemn the means of rescue. Fancy *drowning mariners mocking at the life-boat!* Imagine a diseased man ridiculing the only remedy. That which we have tried and proved they call "foolishness;" we have only to answer them, "Ye are yourselves, as ye remain captives to your sins, the victims of foolishness. Ye are yourselves, as ye waste your lives, as ye drift to destruction, proofs that the foolishness is not in the cross, but in you that reject it." The preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness, but to nobody else. O that their hearts were changed by the power of the word, then would they see all wisdom in the word of the cross.

III. We come, in the third place, to notice

THE WORD OF THOSE WHO BELIEVE.

What do they say of the cross? They call it *power*, the power of God. The more we study the Gospel the more we are surprised at the singular display of wisdom which it contains; but we will not say much upon that point, for we are not qualified to be judges of wisdom. But we do say this, the word of the cross is power; it has been *the power of God to us*, it has worked upon us as nothing else has ever done.

The phenomenon of conversion is a fact. Men and women are totally changed, and the whole manner of their life is altered. It is of no use to deny the fact, for instances of it come before us every day; unbelievers become devout, the immoral become pure, the dishonest become upright, the blasphemous become gracious, the unchaste become holy. Evil ways are on a sudden deserted, and penitents struggle toward virtue. We see persons in all ranks of society undergoing a radical transformation—self-satisfied people are humbled by the discovery of their unworthiness, and others who were steeped in immorality renounce their vicious pleasures and seek happiness in the service of God.

HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR THIS?

We who are the subjects of such a change account for it in this way—it is wrought by the doctrine of the cross, and the power which accomplishes the change is the power of God.

We have been delivered, also, *from the power of Satan.* That evil prince has great power over men, and once we were led captive at his will. Even now he attacks us, but we overcome him through the blood of the Lamb. We are also daily delivered from self and from the world, and from all things that would enthral us. We are being saved; yea, we are saved. Every day a saving force is operating upon us to set us free from the thraldom of corruption. This we feel and know.

We could tell the histories of some here present, or, better still, they could tell them themselves, histories of changes sudden but complete, marvellous but enduring, changes from darkness to light, from death to life. How gladly could we detain you with details of our being upheld when our temptations have been almost overwhelming, and kept pressing forward in Christ's service when we have been altogether without strength had not the word of the cross poured new energy into us. We have been ready to die in despair until we have looked to the cross, and then the clouds have yielded to clear shining. A sight of the bleeding Saviour, and a touch of His hand have made us men again, and we have lifted up our heads as from among the dead. Under the power of the cross we still advance from strength to strength; there is power in the word of the cross to make a man grow into something nobler than he ever dreamed of. We shall not know what we shall be till we shall see our Lord and Saviour as He is.

I appeal to you who are truly converted, were you converted through the wisdom of man? I appeal to you that are kept from sinning, are you led toward holiness by the power of elocution, of rhetoric, or of logic? I appeal to you who are despairing, are you ever revived by musical words and rhythmical sentences? Or do you owe all to Jesus crucified? What is your life, my brethren, but the cross? Whence comes the bread of your soul but from the cross? What is your joy but the cross? What is your delight, what is your heaven, but the Blessed One, once crucified for you, who ever liveth to make intercession for you? Cling to the cross, then. Put both arms around it! Hold to the Crucified, and never let Him go. Come afresh to the cross at this moment, and rest there now and forever!

Brethren, believe in the power of the cross for the conversion of those around you. Do not say of any man that he cannot be saved. The blood of Jesus is omnipotent. Do not say of any district that it is too sunken, or of any class of men that they are too far gone; the word of the cross reclaims the lost. Believe it to be the power of God, and you shall find it so. Believe in Christ crucified, and preach boldly in His name, and you shall see great things and gladsome things. Let no man's heart fail him! Christ hath died! Atonement is complete! God is satisfied! Peace is proclaimed! Heaven glitters with proofs of mercy already bestowed upon ten thousand times ten thousand! Hell is trembling, heaven adoring, earth waiting. Advance, ye saints, to certain victory! You shall overcome through the blood of the Lamb.

The Schoolmaster's Prayer for Help.

A Medical Student's Confession.

THE HAPPY SCHOOLMASTER.

The Bad Temper Cured.

By the Rev. G. A. Rogers, M.A.

"I SHOULD like to tell you my case," said a tall, fine-looking, gentlemanly man, with a bright beaming countenance. I had been speaking at a meeting in a large provincial town, on the mighty power of Divine grace, as all-sufficient to save and deliver from the habit of besetting sins. At the close of the meeting this gentleman accosted me, as above, and added, "I keep a school, and for years my temper was sorely tried by my boys. Being, as I trust I am, a converted man, and a professing follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, I felt that by giving way to my temper I was dishonoring my Lord and Master. This was a sad grief to me. It was a bad example for my boys, and I knew it must mar my influence with them. I struggled against it. I made it a subject of earnest prayer. Night after night I confessed my sin and sought strength to overcome it, but all in vain.

"I then wrote down and kept on my desk a memorandum of my transgressions, hoping that the constant sight of the reminder of my sins might serve as a check and cure, but still in vain. The outbursts of temper broke over all such barriers. Again and again I confessed, and wept over my sad and sinful habit. It was injuring my own soul, and dishonoring my Lord in the presence of the whole school. This state of things went on for weeks and months. I knew not what to do. All my efforts were fruitless; all my good resolutions were broken. I was at length so driven to utter self-despair, as regarded this matter, that one night I fell upon my knees, and cried unto the Lord, and said, '*It is no use, Lord; I give it up*, undertake for me.'

"It is now five years ago, sir, since this happened. The Lord *did* undertake for me; He did for me what I could not do for myself. Since that time I have never once been out of temper with my boys, nor have I once felt the inclination to be so. I thought you would like to have your words confirmed by this account of my experience." Such was in substance the language of the speaker.

I was glad to receive this living testimony to the all-sufficiency of Divine grace. It is just the happy experience which true faith in the present power of the Lord Jesus Christ ensures. It confirms the words of the Holy Spirit, uttered by the loving John: "This is *the victory* which overcometh the world, even our faith" (1 John 5 : 4).

Present victory over a bad temper is one of the many triumphs of simple faith. Until this gentleman had utterly despaired of self, and had put the whole case into the hands of the Lord, and cried unto Him "*undertake for me*," he struggled against his sin in vain. The old Adam was too strong for him, until he was brought to despair of all his own efforts, and "gave it up." His extremity was God's opportunity. As soon as he gave up all self-trust, Christ was ready to undertake for him. If we would conquer temper, or any other sin, we must just make it right over to the Lord. We must give it up to be dealt with by Him. We must place it wholly into His hands, confess to Him that we have done with all attempts to overcome in our own strength, and trust Him to "undertake for us."

Simple trust in the power of the Lord Jesus Christ to overcome daily sins and sinful habits, is the one great secret of victory. Many a Christian man brings disgrace upon his profession by the outbursts of an unruly temper. It is often remarked, "He is a good man, but he has *such* a temper; it is the one great *infirmity*." And often the victim of this bad temper has brought himself to believe that it is *only* an *infirmity*. He looks upon his ungovernable temper as another man looks upon his deafness, or blindness, or his broken leg, as a sad misfortune, as one which must be endured, but which cannot be cured.

I remember a learned and eminent Doctor of Divinity, highly esteemed and beloved as a faithful minister of Christ, being greatly pitied on account of his *affliction* with a bad temper. It seemed never to have been suggested to his admirers, nor to have occurred to himself, that a bad temper is not a *bad affliction*, but a *bad sin*, which *ought* to be confessed as such, and overcome.

"I can cap that story with another, equally remarkable," said a brother clergyman to me, when I had related the above circumstance at a clerical meeting. "There is a gentleman in my parish—a man of decided piety—whose temper was the plague of his life. At times it completely overmastered him. Everybody knew it, and it made him very miserable. He carried his temper upon his face. He struggled and prayed against it, but without success. But a short time ago a remarkable change took place. He was in his chamber, upon his knees, wrestling with the Lord against this besetting sin, confessing it and weeping over it, when he seemed to hear a voice speaking to his conscience, '*Will you give up your temper to Me?*' He was startled, but he accepted the voice as the voice which spake to Samuel of old, and at once said aloud, '*Yes, Lord, I will;*' and then and there he made over himself afresh to the Lord to be delivered, and kept from this besetting sin. The victory was won. He came out of his chamber with a countenance beaming with happiness, and every one has noticed the happy change which then took place in him."

Many other instances might be named, and doubtless will occur to some of my readers. Let no Christian doubt the immediate and saving power of his Lord. He who saves from hell, can save, and save *at once*, from every sin. His keeping power is equal to His saving power. Place Jesus between you and temptation, and you will find that He is able to save to *the uttermost*. Let the same simple, confiding faith by which you first trusted Him for your salvation be now exercised in Him for deliverance from any sinful habits, and He will make you more than a conqueror.

THE MEDICAL STUDENT.

By the Rev. G. A. Rogers, M.A.

"YOU know how greatly I value your ministry, but, forgive me for saying, I did not at all like your sermon last Sunday morning." This was addressed to me by a very dear and valued member of my congregation, one of the most efficient of my forty District Visitors, and a hearty and enlightened laborer in my large London parish of some ten thousand souls.

I gave respectful attention to her remonstrance as she went on to address me to the following effect: "The sermon was so unlike the usual style of your preaching. It might have done very well for a tract, or a meeting, but surely such a subject was not fit for the pulpit. You have accustomed us to the full Gospel, which has gathered around you such a crowded church [the church contained nearly two thousand sittings]. I was so unhappy at hearing such a sermon, with so little of the Gospel in it, that I felt I must come and tell you how disappointed I was. Pardon my boldness, but surely that kind of sermon will never save souls."

This was an alarming exordium from such a quarter. All I could do in reply was to assure my kind monitor that I had not preached the sermon without first having sought my Master's guidance and blessing; and having acted under a deep sense of personal responsibility, I still hoped, that notwithstading her disapproval, God would own my feeble effort to promote His glory. This was scene number one. Now let us pass on to scene number two.

While quietly sitting in my study one evening, several months after the above interview, a knock was heard at my door, and a gentleman introduced himself as a medical student. He told me that he had been walking the hospitals in London, and was just completing his course of study. He had during the whole of his term in London attended my ministry at Regent Square Church, but had never made himself known to me. But as he was now on the point of leaving London, he felt he could not depart without calling to thank me for having been the instrument in God's hands of leading him to seek and find the Saviour. This was indeed joyful news, and led to some delightful and profitable conversation. I examined the grounds of his hope and new-born happiness and was thankful to find that the evidences of his conversion of heart appeared to be clear, decided, and Scriptural.

Before parting, I inquired whether he could recall any sermon in particular which God the Holy Spirit had so blessed to his saving change. "Oh yes!" he replied, "I shall never forget *that* sermon!" "Which was it?" "You remember, sir, preaching on Palmer the poisoner?" "Perfectly." "Well, as a medical student, I was deeply interested in the case." And then he went on to state how, from being interested in the career and awful end of that poor wretched man, the Lord opened his eyes to see himself as a lost sinner, and his need of a present Saviour. He saw a picture of his own depraved heart in that of the poisoner, and he saw his own deserts in the doom of that detected and condemned transgressor. He went home to his chambers from that church a changed man, and he gave himself no rest until, by the grace of God, he found both pardon and peace at the foot of the cross.

Years after this event I was paying a visit to a near relative in Devonshire. "There is a gentleman residing in this parish who will be very de-

lighted to see you," said my host. "He heard you were coming, and he said how pleased he would be to you." "And *who* may he be?" I inquired. "Oh! he knows you very well. He is our parish doctor, an excellent man. And I believe he is a truly godly man. You will be sure to meet him at church on Sunday."

And I did meet him. I scarcely recognized him. But he soon recalled to my mind *the Medical Student* of old who paid me that evening visit which I have just recorded. After a cordial greeting, when we separated, almost his parting words were,

"I SHALL NEVER FORGET THAT SERMON."

I am not certain that my lady monitor has ever become acquainted with the result of *the disapproved sermon*. When she reads this short narrative I have no doubt she will be one of the first to recognize the leadings of the Holy Spirit, and to praise God for having led His unworthy servant to preach it.

THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT IN RELATION TO PROPHECY.

By Rev. William Maude.

(*Continued from page* 519.)

In Revelation 5, verses 9, 10, we find a new reading of such exegetical importance that, for the purpose of comparison by the reader, we shall place it side by side with that of the Authorized Version.

Authorized.	Revised.
"And they (the four living creatures and the four-and-twenty elders) *sung* a new song, saying, *Thou art worthy* to take the book, and to open the seals thereof; for thou wast slain, and *hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred*, and tongue, and people, and nation; and *hast made us unto our God kings* and priests, and *we* shall reign on the earth."	"And they (the four living creatures and the four-and-twenty elders) *sing* a new song, saying, *Worthy art thou* to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and *didst purchase unto God with thy blood men of every tribe*, and tongue, and people, and nation, and *madest them to be unto our God a kingdom* and priests; and *they* reign upon the earth."

Here, it will be observed, the ground of the opinion very widely entertained, that the living creatures, or cherubim, as well as the elders, must represent the redeemed in general, or certain classes of the redeemed, inasmuch as they speak of themselves "as redeemed by Christ's blood, made kings and priests and destined to reign over the earth" is wholly removed. The redeemed of God elect out of every tribe, and tongue, are spoken of throughout in the third person: "Thou didst purchase unto God with thy blood *men* of every tribe," etc., and "madest *them*," and "*they* reign upon the earth."

In the *sixth* chapter the omission of the words "and see" in the summons of the four living creatures to the horses and their riders which go forth on the opening of the first four seals, has sufficient MS. authority, besides being strongly supported by the internal evidence. The imperative "Come!" is addressed, not to the seer to come and behold the vision more closely, but to the symbolic riders sent forth as the heralds of God's four great providential agencies to prepare the way for Him whose coming is at once the keynote of the book and the sole remaining hope of humanity.

This is the view taken by Alford. "In interpreting so unusual a term of address," he observes, "surely we should begin by inquiring whether we have not the key to it in the book itself. And in this inquiry are we justified in leaving out of consideration such a verse as chapter 22: 17, 'The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come;' and the following, 'Amen. Even so come, Lord Jesus?' This seems to show, in my mind beyond a doubt, what, in the mind of the seer, the remarkable and *insulated exclamation* 'Come' imported. It was a cry addressed, not to himself, but to the Lord Jesus: and as each of these four seals is accompanied by a similar cry from one of the four living beings, I see represented in

THIS FOURFOLD 'COME,'

the groaning and travailing together of creation for the manifestation of the sons of God, expressed in each case in a prayer for Christ's coming; and in the things revealed when the seals are opened, His fourfold preparation for His coming on earth."

In the vision of the great multitude, recorded in the *seventh* chapter, verses 9–17, several important variations from the reading of the Authorized Version will be found. Thus the question of the elder, in the 13th verse, instead of "What are these which arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?" is, in the Revised Version, given in the following terms: "*These* which are arrayed in the white robes, *who are they, and whence came they?*"

But the emendation in this passage to which we would more especially call attention is the insertion of the definite article in the 14th verse, "*the* great tribulation." Indeed the original is still more emphatic, the article being twice repeated, "*the* tribulation, *the* great one." And thus the unquestionable reference to "the great predicted tribulation of the coming apostacy and Antichrist"—"the hour of trial" from which the overcomers in Philadelphia are to be "kept"—and not merely to any general tribulation extending over the whole interval between the first and second Advents, is sharply indicated.

Another noteworthy reading has been adopted by the revisers in chapter 15: 6, where, instead of the seven angels who bear the seven last plagues being said, as in the Authorized Version, to be clothed in pure and *white linen*," we now read, "arrayed with *precious stone*, pure and bright." The significance of this reading will appear when we contrast this passage with chapter 19: 7, 8, "The marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready. And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in *fine linen*, clean and white; for *the fine linen is the righteousness*"—or, as the Revised Version more correctly reads, "the righteous acts"—"of the saints." Hence, being thus specially appropriated, the emblem of "fine linen"—washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb—would hardly be suitable if used emblematically to represent the unfallen righteousness of angelic beings.

There are various other points in the Revised Version to which we intended to call attention, such as the reading "an eagle" for "an angel," in chapter 8: 13; "the key of the pit of the abyss" for "the key of the bottomless pit," in chapter 9: 1; "sign" for "wonder," in chapter 12: 1; and "bowls" for "vials," *passim*: but the limits of this article will only allow us to refer to one other improved reading of special importance, and based on a correction of the original text, which is found at chapter 17: 8. This very remarkable verse reads, in the Authorized and Revised Versions respectively thus:

Authorized.	Revised.
"The beast that thou sawest was, and is not; and *shall ascend out of the bottomless pit*, and go into perdition: and they that dwell on the earth shall wonder, whose names were not written in the book of life from the foundation of the world, when they behold the beast *that was, and is not, and yet is.*"	"The beast that thou sawest was, and is not; and *is about to come up out of the abyss*, and to go into perdition. And they that dwell on the earth shall wonder, they whose name hath not been written in the book of life from the foundation of the world, when they behold the beast, *how that he was, and is not, and shall come*" (*marg.* "shall be present").

The last clause of this verse, as it stands in the Authorized Version, is indeed, as Dr. Roberts has remarked "truly an enigmatical declaration."

What meaning can be attached to the statement that "the beast"—whatever we understand by it—"is not, and yet is?" But by the substitution of the adopted reading—which has overwhelming MS. authority—an intelligible statement is attained. "I have no hesitation," observes Mr. W. Kelly, "in saying that so runs the last clause of the verse. This would not be questioned by those who are sufficiently acquainted with the subject to form an opinion. Persons may differ in the explanation of the verse; but there can be no doubt that such is the true reading. The common text is almost contradictory of itself, and affords no just sense."

Thus far our object in the present paper has been to point out some of the passages in which English readers may derive help in their study of the Book of Revelation from the labors of our present learned revisers. And this help is, as we have sufficiently indicated, neither scanty nor unimportant. But before concluding these remarks a less grateful task remains for us; namely, to specify a few cases in which, either by the adoption of an unsatisfactory rendering, or by having introduced a passage calling for correction, they have, as it seems to us, failed to afford the aid we might reasonably have expected.

As an example of the former class we may point to chapter 1: 19—

A VERY IMPORTANT PASSAGE,

inasmuch as it gives us, as we conceive, the correct *threefold* division of the whole book. In the Authorized Version it reads thus: "Write the things which thou hast seen, and the things which are, and the things which shall be hereafter." The rendering of the Revised Version is very similar: "Write therefore the things which thou sawest, and the things which are, and *the things which shall come to pass hereafter.*"

There is some improvement here, no doubt; nevertheless, we are strongly of opinion that the correct rendering of the last clause is, "the things which are about to come to pass after these things;" which rendering is that adopted, with very slight variation, by Tregelles, Davidson, W. Kelly, Seiss, and Rotherham. The point of importance is, that the immediate sequence of "the things about to come to pass" to "the things which are"—without the recognition of which the Book as a whole cannot be correctly interpreted—is missed alike in the Authorized and Revised Versions. The word "hereafter" is vague, whereas the sense of the original is precise, and indicates that the series of events included in the prophetic portion of the Apocalypse follows immediately upon the termination of the Church's earthly history, the latter constituting "the things which are," as outlined in the Epistles to the Seven Churches contained in chapters 2 and 3. Hence the fourth chapter commences, "After these things" (Revised Version).

Of another kind is the mistake committed by the revisers, as we venture to think, by the retention of the word "book," as the translation of the Greek *biblion* in chapter 5, instead of "roll," the roll or scroll of parchment being, as all know, the ancient form of book. Indeed, to say that a "book," in the modern acceptance of the word, was "written within and on the outside, and sealed with seven seals," is a statement which is hardly intelligible, while a scroll rolled up and sealed upon the edge presents a clear and graphic image.

The one other instance of failure on the part of the revisers to convey the true meaning of the original, to which we shall refer, is found in the sixth verse of the tenth chapter, where, in the revised text as in the Authorized Version, the mighty angel who stands upon the sea and upon the land, lifts up his hand to heaven and swears by Him that liveth for ever and ever "that there shall be

TIME NO LONGER."

The right rendering, however, undoubtedly is "that there shall be *no more delay.*" That this rendering, adopted by Tregelles, Alford, Davidson, etc., is the correct one, is confirmed by the statement which immediately follows in the sacred text, "but in the days of the voice of the seventh angel, when he is about to sound, then is finished the mystery of God." This rendering, it will thus be seen, is of great exegetical importance; and, indeed, apart from this, the statement that "time shall be no longer" is one to which no definite meaning can be attached. As long as man exists time must continue, for time is simply the creature's relation to eternity.

But we have done. We are not careful to find fault where we feel we owe so large *a debt of gratitude*, and this feeling grows upon us the more familiar we become with the Revised Version. The revisers have done their work and done it well. To say that it is not perfect is to say what must be said of every work to which man puts his hand. To say that it does not admit of improvement is certainly a statement to which we are not prepared to commit ourselves; but still the fact remains, and a grand fact it is, that a purer and more strictly faithful version has been placed in the hands, or within the easy reach, of the hundred millions of people who speak the English tongue.

"NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

BY HESBA STRETTON.

(Continued from page 527.)

Saturday and Sunday.

RUTH had been hard at work all day hoeing thistles. Many a time she lifted up her eyes to the green woods where Ishmael and Elsie were at play, and recalled the rare days of holiday like it which she had had when she was young. The thought of the children's pleasure made her own work lighter; and though she was tired enough when she heard the church clock strike the hour for leaving the field, she walked along briskly under the hedge, to be home the sooner.

Elsie and Ishmael would be fine and hungry before she could get tea ready; and Mrs. Chipchase had promised her some buttermilk, to make them some buttermilk pikelets for a treat. There was a pleasant stir and agitation in Ruth's mind, yet there was a vague disquiet mingled with the pleasure. Ishmael was about to cease to be a child, and was stepping into the perils and duties of boyhood, that dangerous crisis in which she had seemed to lose all her other children. He was about to escape from under her wing and flutter away; like these little half-fledged hedge-sparrows, which were twittering and hovering all along the thornbushes.

Her other boys and girls seemed to care no more for their poor home than the nestlings of this year will care for the old nest next spring. But Ishmael was not like the others, who had all taken after their father, and only thought of their mother as *a drudge to slave for them.* She had not been as good a mother to them, she said to herself; but then she had not believed in God as she did now. How marvellously good He had been to her to give her such a son as Ishmael, when she was a weary, worn-down, gray-haired woman!

Mrs. Chipchase nearly filled Ruth's large brown pitcher with buttermilk, and gave her two or three spoonfuls of tea in a screw of paper. Ruth was a favorite with her, as being a quiet, harmless old woman, and she lingered a moment at the door to speak a word or two to her.

"Mind Ishmael's here in time of a morning," she said, "for the master's very particular."

"I'm sure," answered Ruth falteringly, "as I don't know how to thank you and the master for taking him. It 'll be the makin' of him, I know; and he's a good lad, ma'am, God bless him!"

It was seldom Ruth uttered so many words together, except to Ishmael; but her heart was full. The farmhouse was a homely place, but there was a rude abundance about it, which she seemed to feel for the first time, as if she also had a share in it. She stood at the kitchen door, and could see the big table at which Ishmael would eat, where a plough-boy was now sitting, deeply absorbed in the contents of a huge basin, which had been filled up from a big iron pot hanging a little way above the fire. The smell of the good broth reached her, and seemed to promise that Ishmael would grow a strong, hale man, when he could always satisfy his hunger. "He hath satisfied the hungry with good things," she murmured to herself, as she took up her brown pitcher, and with a curtsey to the mistress turned to go away.

"Ruth Medway!" shouted a loud, rough voice from the far end of the farmyard, "Nutkin the keeper's been and hauled Ishmael to jail for stealing pheasants' eggs in the wood!"

"There's the master come home!" cried Mrs. Chipchase. "Whatever is he shouting, Ruth?"

Ruth was still standing with a smile on her wrinkled face; but it died away as the meaning of the words reached her brain. The sky grew black, and the sunshine fled away; a dizziness seized her, which made the solid ground she stood on reel beneath her. The loud crashing of her brown pitcher, as it slipped from her hand, and broke into a hundred fragments on the stone causeway, brought her back to her senses.

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Chipchase, running to the door, which her husband had now reached.

"Matter enough!" he answered. "Here's our new waggoner's lad, that was to come on Monday morning, taken off to jail for poaching. Nutkin caught Ishmael and Elsie roasting eggs in the wood; pheasants' eggs, stolen from the nest! There's no chance of him getting off; for the squire's mad after game; and Nutkin swears he'll lock him up out of harm's way. I'm sorry for you, Ruth, to have such a husband and family. I did think Ishmael was going to be a comfort to you in your old age. But the lad knew better; and he's no excuse."

"It was naught but a lad's trick," said Mrs. Chipchase, "such as any one 'ud do. Ishmael never stole an egg of mine, when I set him to gather them. Our own boys never brought in more than he did. He's as honest as the day, I'm sure."

"Thank you kindly, ma'am," murmured Ruth, turning away and walking slowly down the causeway toward home, with a bowed head and feeble feet. How heavily her sixty years seemed to weigh upon her all at once! How rough the road was, which she had trodden so many hundreds of times in all kinds of weather, to earn her own bread and Ishmael's! Was she half blind, that everything looked so dim? And where had all the merry sounds of the summer evening gone to? There was a sort of numbness and stupor over her mind, until she found herself trying to fit the old key into the lock of her poor hut, the home Ishmael had never yet left for a single night. He was not coming home to-night!

She sank down on the door-sill, and swayed herself to and fro in mute despair. No tears came to her eyes; for she was old and her tears were exhausted; but she sobbed heavily again and again, and yet again. There was no hope in her heart. She thought of Nutkin's enmity, and her husband's bad character. The rector's family had gone away to foreign parts for six months, and a stranger, who knew nothing of Ishmael, was taking the duty of the parish. The squire could not be reached, for Nutkin's influence was all-powerful with him. No, there was no chance for Ishmael.

To be in prison! Home was poor enough; she felt all at once what a dark, miserable, empty hovel it was. But if Ishmael could only be within, it would be a true home to both of them. She sat down on the desolate hearth, and tried to think of God; but she could think of no one but Ishmael yet. Her soul was in the deepest depths. All night long she lay awake. The little bed on the floor beside her was empty for the first time; and her ear listened in vain for Ishmael's quiet breathing. Her husband had come home so drunk that she had not dared to get him up the ladder, and he was lying in a dead sleep on the floor below.

Over and over again she counted her nine children on her fingers, some dead and some living, and a heavy sob broke from her lips as she whispered "Ishmael." She had mourned over her dead, and grieved over her living children who had forsaken her; but no sorrow had been like this sorrow. None of them had ever been in prison, and now it was her youngest and dearest, yes, and her best, who was fallen into deep disgrace. When the morning came her heart turned sick at the thought of going to church, and Humphrey with an oath forbade her to go to Uptown after Ishmael. Ishmael would not be in the singing gallery; and how could she sing "Glory be to the Father" while he was in prison?

All the morning Humphrey, sitting by the wood fire, to make sure that Ruth obeyed him, was cursing Ishmael as a disgrace; but she did not answer a word. She had kept silence so long that she hardly knew how to talk, except to Ishmael. It was a relief to her when her husband took himself off in the afternoon, and left her in solitude as well as silence. She was sitting alone, with her wrinkled face hidden in her hands, deaf, blind, and mute to everything but her trouble, when she felt a warm pressure of loving arms round her neck.

For a moment she thought it was Ishmael, but looking up she saw the face of Elsie. Her mother was standing near, and when Ruth rose to drop a curtsey to the schoolmistress, she took her hard cramped hand between both of her own, and bending forward, kissed the old woman's brown cheek. Ruth's face flushed a little, and a strange feeling of surprise and pleasure flashed across the darkness of her grief.

"I want you to get a cup of tea for me," said Mrs. Clift.

It was something for Ruth to do; and, as she busied herself in kindling her swift-burning fire, and filling her small tin kettle from the well, for a few fleet moments she forgot Ishmael. But she could eat nothing when the tea was ready, though Elsie had brought some dainty tea-cakes in order to tempt her appetite.

"I have been up to the Hall, and seen Mr. Lansdowne," said Mrs. Clift, as they sat together at the rough little table. "Elsie has to go before the magistrates to-morrow at Uptown; and I went to speak for poor Ishmael. But there's not much hope, Ruth. Mr. Lansdowne tells me Nutkin says Ishmael has infested the woods since his very babyhood, and all the village thinks him to be in league with poachers. That's not the truth, I know."

Ruth shook her head in sorrowful denial.

"I told the squire so," said the schoolmistress, softly; "and he answered women never could be made to believe that poaching was a crime. I did say I couldn't call taking a few eggs from a wild bird's nest any great sin—not bad enough for a young lad to be sent to jail for. He said it was not only that, but all the Medways were a plague and a pest in the parish; and it would be a kindness to check Ishmael at the outset. Ruth, I'm more grieved than I can tell you."

Again Ruth shook her gray head in silence.

"I've been thinking how lonely you are, and how you have to bear the sins of your husband and sons," said Mrs. Clift; "and it seems to me that to think of our Lord's life here is *the only thing to comfort you.* Do you remember the words, 'He is despised and rejected of men; a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from Him; He was despised, and we esteemed Him not?'"

The quiet voice speaking so gently to her ceased for a few minutes; and Ruth covered her troubled face again with her hands. It was the Lord Jesus who had been despised and rejected of men, as she was by her neighbors. He had been "a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," more deeply than she was. Did her old companions in the village hide as it were their faces from her? Nay, all the world had hid their faces from Him who died to save them. Even on the cross those that passed by reviled Him, wagging their heads; and the chief priests and elders, and the thieves crucified with Him, had mocked and jeered at Him.

"'Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows,'" resumed the quiet, gentle voice. "'He was wounded for our transgressions: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed.'"

She was not bearing her griefs alone, then, as she had fancied during the long dark night. The Lord Himself had carried her sorrows. He had been wounded for her transgressions, and for Ishmael's. A healing sense of His love and compassion and fellow-feeling was stealing over her aching heart.

"'All we like sheep have gone astray,'" went on the soothing voice; "'we have turned every-one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all. He was oppressed, and He was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth: He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth.'"

Dumb, and opening not His mouth! Was not that again like herself? She could not cry aloud, and speak many words, and make her grief known to every ear. It was true. Jesus Christ had lived her life of sorrows, and grief and scorn, and silence. Her head was bowed down still, but her heart was lifted up. The suffering Son of God made it easier for her to bear her own suffering.

It was growing dusk now, and the schoolmistress bade her good night; but Ruth would go a little way on the road with her. When she returned to her lonely home, she lingered for a minute, trembling and reluctant to re-enter its dark solitude. It had always been her custom, since

mael was a baby in her arms, to sing, "Glory Thee, my God, this night," as the last thing be- he went to bed, except when Humphrey hap- ed to be at home, which was very seldom. She l not thought of it last night, the first time t Ishmael had been away from her. But the ught crossed her mind, and could not be driven ay from it, that, may be, this Sunday evening was singing it alone in his cell at Uptown. e tears, which had not come last night, stood in dim eyes, as, sitting down in her old chair by dark hearth, she sang the hymn right through, low and faltering voice, which could hardly e been heard beyond the threshold.

(To be continued.)

THE COMMANDMENTS.

5. Lesson for Sept. 4. Exod. 20:12-21. Golden Text, Eccl. 20; 13. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

God must in all things "have the pre-eminence" l. 1 : 18) ; in the Lord's Prayer we are taught ray first in God's interest and secondly in our n, and thus the first four of the Ten Command- nts concern our direct duty to Him, the last six cern our duty to man. The first of these, *i.e.*, fifth commandment, treats of our relations to earthly parents, "*Honor thy father and thy ther.*" This commandment is enforced in at st eleven other passages of Scripture, so greatly s our God insist on filial respect (Ex. 21 : 17 ; . 19 : 3 ; Duet. 5 : 16 ; Jer. 35 : 7, 18, 19 ; Mal. 6 ; Matt. 15 : 4 ; 19 : 19 ; Mark 7 : 10 ; 10 : ; Luke 18 : 20 ; Eph. 6 : 2). God has made no eption of unworthy parents or unconverted ents ; our duty is the same to them, whatever y may be to us. It not unfrequently happens t a converted son or daughter has much to suffer ome through the misunderstanding of uncon- ted parents, and too often they think it is a icient reason for leaving home and seeking a of less suffering and reproach among such as lerstand them. This is in direct opposition to command of our God. If in such a case the ents request them to leave home, it is quite ther matter, or when God gives them a distinct to leave home for His service, provided they not doing so from the selfish motive of avoid- suffering, let them go, and the Lord be with m.

But it is a blessed thing when a son or daughter stand fire, not only the open persecution of ner friends, but the bitter poisoned darts of se nearest and dearest to them ; and how bitter y are, only those can tell who have experienced m. There is a heroism in obeying the many arently needless requirements, which are often iously arranged on purpose to hinder the child ttending a meeting or in some precious service ctly for the Master. It needs real practical h to recognize under such circumstances that *ll* things work together for good to them that God" (Rom. 8 : 28), and at the same time to firm as a rock about those things in which prin- e is involved. A daughter who is ready to ounce a religious meeting which she had counted to please a captious mother by doing some house- d duty which could have been done just as easily nother time, has a right to say to that mother en she insists on her going to the theatre or to ne worldly amusement, "No, dear mother, I can up my will, but I cannot give up God's will, I cannot follow Jesus to the theatre," etc. A verted son who for conscience toward God will k to the utmost requirements of his unconvert- father to help him in business, even though he st thereby deny himself many of the spiritual asures which his heart longs for, will be in a ition to speak with God's authority about any- g in the business which is contrary to His will, d, Sunday work, or whatever it may be. "So ne will of God that with well doing ye may put ilence the ignorance of foolish men" (1 Pet. 15). Disobedience to parents (2 Tim. 3 : 2) is gn of the perilous times of the last days, and fearfully prevalent even in families of believers he present time.

Thou shalt do no murder," has been explained our blessed Lord to include anger against a ther and hard names ; He warns us against the sin of attempting to hold communion with God while we are not on good terms with our brethren ; "*first* be reconciled to thy brother, and *then* come and offer thy gift (see Matt. 5 : 21–26). Let a child of God give way to a bitter or jealous thought about a brother and then go to prayer, he will be conscious of an uneasiness, a restlessness, a want of concentration ; the enemy has come in at the open window and the stillness of the soul is broken by his presence. Things are not in their right order, *first* be reconciled to thy brother, and tell him the hasty, evil, unworthy thoughts that you have been thinking about him, and "*then* come and offer thy gift." "Yes," you say, "but he would not think me capable of doing so, and I should sink in his estimation." Of course you would, and the sooner, the better for your own sake, if this is a thing you fear. But if he is a man living in the light of God, he will honor you as he never did before, and an unhindered flow of communion with God will set in upon your soul. All which is against love is in violation of this command. As God's Levites it is our vocation "to bless in the name of the Lord" (Duet. 10 : 8, 9). Let us follow our vocation, and Him who called us to it.

"*Thou shalt not commit adultery*" is applied by the Lord Jesus even to a sinful look. How much more then to the unholy and unclean reading and conversation which is so sadly common in our days. Details of sin are read and spoken of with interest by parents in the presence of children, who catch every word, and then either talk over it with their young friends, or look out the terms used in the dictionary, that they may be able another time to understand all which is said ; the unwise parents never suspecting that those who are so young possess such sinful curiosity. Alas ! it is hereditary. In other cases the children are sent out of the room, but they do not notice when they look through the window that the parents are bowed in prayer over that which they just heard mentioned, and their keen sense of justice tells them that if it is wrong for them it is wrong for their parents too. Whenever there is an impure atmosphere in a house, although it may be only manifested in the reading with interest that which is impure, the children and servants will in some way come under the influence. O how great a check would be placed upon habits of impurity which are too often formed in childhood if there were a pure transparent atmosphere at home, nothing hidden, sin never referred to without sorrow and prayer to God, all things done and spoken in openness and transparency ; in such an atmosphere all comes to the light, "All things that are reproved are made manifest by the light : for whatsoever doth make manifest is light" (Eph. 5 : 13).

Our beloved Lord teaches us not only that we should not *steal, i.e.* that we should in nowise injure others, but also that we should act in the most disinterested manner towards them. "I say unto you that ye resist not evil." If a man takes away our coat, we are not to defend our cloak ; the Word of God does not suppose that Christians have a very large wardrobe, and if it consists of only coat and cloak, still we are told not to resist evil if any one would take them away. "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth" (Luke 12 : 15). Some say, "But this would be encouraging vice." I suppose when it was not the custom among Christians that any man should say of aught that he possessed that it was his own, this experiment *was* tried, and far from vice being increased thereby, we see how the Spirit of God could not tolerate a lie among the company of believers, but Ananias and Sapphira were cut off by the immediate judgment of God. The half-hearted durst not join themselves unto them, for then the life of Christ, the superhuman, divine life was manifest ; and so it would be again if we returned to the true standard of Christian principle.

"*Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.*" "A false witness that speaketh lies" is among those things which God hates and which are an abomination unto Him (Pro. 6 : 16–19). The sin above all others which shuts out from the New Jerusalem is the sin of lying : "There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie." "Without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie" (Rev. 21 : 27 ; 22 : 15). God is truth, the devil is a liar and the father of lies (John 8 : 44), all which is untrue is of the devil. Why do not men speak the truth? They are afraid of one another, they see it is not to their interest, they want to appear better, cleverer, of higher birth or richer than they really are. Thus their whole life is one tissue of untruth, and not their words only. The assumption of the present day, the attempt of servants to imitate the dress of their mistresses, of the middle classes to imitate the luxury of the upper classes, the sad want of simplicity and reality, is all part of one great lie.

The unwillingness of many to work ; young ladies, who get into the pernicious habit of ringing for their maids to do every little service for them, thus losing their health by inaction, because they think it beneath them to put their hands to anything but embroidery ; the large class who are willing to work in anything which they think worthy of their position or education, but who fear more to do that which they consider menial than that which is really sinful in the sight of God ; men who fail in obtaining situations as clerks and who would be ashamed to carry parcels until they obtain another situation ; girls who have learned music and French, and would rather starve than go out as nursemaids until God opens them a way to take a better situation, all this is part of one great untruth which is infecting the whole nation. Such people are not afraid of begging, they think it beneath them to work but not beneath them to beg. Paul, busy as he was in his glorious mission of soul winning, would not be dependent upon any man : "Ye remember, brethren, our labor and travail : for laboring night and day, because we would not be chargeable to any of you, we preached unto you the Gospel of God" (1 Thess. 2 : 9). All we are and do has reference to those around us, and all unreality and want of truth is a sin against the ninth commandment.

The last commandment is directed against a sin which is almost universal, except where the life of Christ exists. "*Thou shalt not covet* thy neighbor's house, wife, servant, maid, ox, ass ;" these are the things mentioned, and then it is added "nor *anything* that is his." No doubt among those whose treasure is on earth these things mentioned may be objects of envy. O how I should like to have just such a house or such a carriage or dress as so and so ! Others think if they do not say, Oh how I should like to be the intimate and esteemed friend of such and such a Christian ! or how I should like to be used of God just as such and such a Christian is. All this is coveting, and therefore breaking the tenth commandment, and all this is a reflection upon the goodness of our heavenly Father. He arranges all the circumstances in the life of each of His children to serve in the very best way to His glory and their advance in holiness. Now what is the antidote to all the sins against which these commandments are made ? Simply renouncing self. It is self which dishonors father and mother, self which generates anger. Christ in us does neither of these things. Christ in us cannot be impure, does not take away that which belongs to another, bears no false witness, does not, and cannot covet. A man who has no will but God's will, no wish or choice about anything but that God may be glorified, needs not to be restrained by these laws ; the instinct of Christ's life within him makes the obeying of them his second nature ; he has learned to live not unto himself but unto Him which died for him and rose again ; he has become "a new creature, old things are passed away, behold, all things are become new" (2 Cor. 15 : 15, 16).

A Confession of Ignorance of a Startling character was made the other day by a man of ripe years who called at the Bible House and bought a New Testament. He said he wanted to compare it with the New Revision ; *he had never read either*, and wanted to see which was the best.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

A Compromise has been Effected Between the two Houses of the British Parliament on the subject of the Irish Land Bill. Two members of each House held an informal conference and arranged the concessions it was thought might be honorably made. The decision arrived at was accepted, and the bill has become law. The House of Commons accepted three important amendments as well as some verbal modifications inserted by the Lords. The landlords will now have the power alike with the tenants of appealing to the new land court in cases of dispute; they will also have the right to claim compensation for investment when a tenant sells his lease; and the claims of the tenant for compensation for money sunk in improvements are restricted. It is obvious that all these changes are made *in the interest of the landowners*. It is also apparent that they involve the more important consideration of the tenant being involved in litigation to enforce his rights, which is *an important aspect of the case*, because the tenant being usually without capital while the landowner has it, he may accept a compromise rather than go to law.

The House of Commons having accepted these amendments the House of Lords did not insist on the others, and the Bill was finally agreed to by the Peers. As an evidence that the settlement in the dispute now effected is fair, it may be noticed that the Peers are assailed by the Conservative press for having surrendered too much, while the Radical press blames Mr. Gladstone for permitting them to extort concessions so important from him. The Marquis of Salisbury said, as a final expression of opinion on the bill, that although the opposition retained its objections to the Land Bill, and particularly regarding its provisions affecting leaseholders, he would not take any action which would send the bill back to the House of Commons, which had removed the dangerous excrescences of the bill. He expressed the hope that the bill would be of great benefit to the tenants and not of much harm to the landlords.

The Execution of the Coercion Act in Ireland was denounced by Mr. Parnell and his gang of followers in the House of Commons, as soon as the Land Bill was safely passed. They threatened the government with a continuance of the agitation if those arrested were not promptly released. Mr. Parnell said that the power of arrest under the Coercion act had been used to crush political agitation and not against the "ruffians" whom the Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Forster, denounced in his speech introducing the Coercion bill. If evidence had been needed that the British Government have acted wisely in the matter this declaration supplies it. The government in locking up the leaders instead of their dupes, have shown that they recognized in the instigators to crime, a more dangerous class than the actual perpetrators.

An Important Agitation Has Commenced in Ireland which will probably lead to increased emigration from that country to the United States. The agricultural laborers are combining for a general strike for higher wages. They contend that as the farmers are enjoying better terms from the landowners, they can afford to pay their employés better than heretofore. It is notorious that the lot of the laborers is most pitiable, and that of those who work for the farmers who belong to the Land League is worst of all. Their demand is for payment in two classes. The better class to receive nine shillings per week ($2.25), the second class six shillings ($1.50), with some perquisites, such as a small plot of land at low rental. Should the farmers refuse to grant the concession it is expected that the men will strike, and a large proportion of the people will then be penniless.

Signs of Future Trouble Between Germany and France are noticed by those who watch the expressions of feeling in both countries. One of the most ominous is the speech M. Gambetta made recently at Belleville. Alluding to this speech a German newspaper of much influence says: "The portion of M. Gambetta's speech at Belleville in which he said, 'I hope to see the day when our severed brethren will once more be united to France,' contains fresh and unmistakable reference to Alsace-Lorraine, with the intention of describing the present state of affairs as merely provisional. We regret that M. Gambetta, in the prominent position he now occupies, never allows a year to pass without exciting afresh by public speeches the feelings of the French nation against Germany and the *status quo*, thereby showing his anxiety to be regarded by his countrymen as one who has devoted himself to a lifelong task of effecting the realization of French projects of revenge. We sincerely wish to foster and strengthen the friendly relations with France, and shall, therefore, combat every attempt to represent them as provisional." However strongly these attempts are "combatted" in Germany, travellers in France assert that the French people only await a propitious time to endeavor to wrest Alsace and Lorraine from Germany.

An Accident at a French Bull Fight Occurred on Sunday, August 14th, at Marseilles. At about five o'clock a large and crowded stand gave way, and about *two thousand people* were dashed suddenly to the ground amidst the débris of the structure. It is stated that over three hundred persons were wounded and twenty-seven killed. The scenes at the course, after the accident occurred, were of the most frightful and heart-rending description. The fact that these killed and wounded people were engaged at the time of the catastrophe in the desecration of the Sabbath, renders the circumstance additionally deplorable.

French Troubles in Africa.—The French have not yet put an end to their troubles in relation to their occupation of Tunis. The revolt against French authority continues to spread, and assumes every day a more serious and threatening aspect. The Arabs have escaped from Sfax, which the French have captured, to the Holy City of Kairouan, and incited their brethren there to rise against the French. There are signs that in view of the serious state of things that has arisen, the French Government and the French people are beginning to doubt the wisdom of the policy which suggested the expedition to Tunis, and their ambitious enterprises in Northern Africa generally. They believed that their position in Algeria would be strengthened by it, and that commerce would be tempted into new channels more favorable to them. But so far they find themselves grievously mistaken. Algeria is more disturbed than it was before, and Tripoli has become a centre of intrigue against French influence and authority. France has rough work to do before she sees the end of this Tunisian business, upon which she entered with such a light heart, and with such flourish of trumpets.

The Commercial Treaty Between England and France expires in November, and the negotiations for its renewal have been broken off on account of the wide divergence of views between the representatives of the two countries. Should the treaty not be renewed there will probably be a serious decline in the interchange of commodities, and both nations will suffer. While the treaty has been in operation the exports from France to England have risen from $145,000,000 to $205,000,000 per year. On the other hand the exports from England to France have decreased from $165,000,000 to $135,000,000 per year.

The Creditors of the Glasgow Bank, the failure of which spread desolation and ruin throughout the British Isles some time ago, have now received ninety per cent of their claims. Of 1819 shareholders, only 269 remain. *The others are ruined.* Nearly 600 gave up all they had, and began the world again. To the trustees of the fund raised for the relief of poor shareholders, which exceeded $1,950,000, there were 883 applications for aid.

The Rev. George Müller's Annual Report for 1881, shows that during the year ended the 26th of May, 1881, he received for his Orphanages and several Missionary objects the extraordinary sum of about *one hundred and sixty-four thousand five hundred dollars.* Such is one year's income of a man with no financial responsibility! He is God's steward, and he draws from the resources of the Almighty. None of that vast sum was laid apart for a fund to meet emergencies. It was all spent except a trifling balance of about $15,000. The work done during the year included the support and education of 2,252 orphans at the Orphan ages in Bristol; the support or assistance of 7 day schools, 56 Sunday schools, and 6 adu schools, most of which were in England and th rest in various parts of the world; the sale or th gratuitous distribution of 91,072 Bibles, Test ments, and Scripture portions; the assistance 151 preachers of the Gospel at home and in foreig countries; and the sale or the gratuitous distribu tion of 3,018,754 tracts and books. Truly this one of the most wonderful works of God sinc apostolic times. Mr. Müller's address is Ashle Down, Bristol, England.

A Triumph over Bad Temper was Describe by Mrs. Amanda Smith, at a Christian conventio held recently at Keswick, England. She said, " met a lady on a steamer whose face was beamin with delight. She had consecrated herself to th Lord, and had been healed in body and soul. Sh had long been a converted woman, but had bee troubled herself and had troubled others wit great irritability, the result of the complaint fro which she suffered. After she had consecrated he self, the suggestion came to her that she was no be ter, that she was conscious of having received n special blessing. Still she clung to the belief fulness of blessing in Christ, and all that night an for the next two days she kept on praising Fathe Son, and Holy Ghost for the perfect salvation pr vided for her. The result was that ere long th light and love of God filled her whole soul to ove flowing; and she became one of the most triumph ant and devoted of Christians."

Fishing in Little Pails.—At the Recent Co ference of Mr. Spurgeon's Pastors' College St dents, he related, by way of illustrating the wi dom of fishing in little pails as well as in dee seas, that when unable, through illness, to preac at the Tabernacle, and yet able to move from o room to another, he is accustomed to conduct brief service at Westwood for his own servants an others who may wish to come in. On one of thes occasions *a gardener was converted*, and interes ed in the change which had come over her hus band, the man's wife wished to know if Mr. Spu geon would again preach in the parlor next Su day. "Yes," answered the convert; "if he doe not get well." On the next Sabbath he repeate the little service, and the wife was won to Chris Mr. Spurgeon remarked on this, "I might n have done so well at the Tabernacle."

"Your Brother is Down There."—"A littl while back," said the Rev. A. G. Brown, of Lon don, in the course of an address delivered at th Mildmay Conference, "in the East of Londo they were digging a deep drain in the neighbo hood of Victoria Park. Some of the shoring gav way, and tons of earth fell down upon several me who were there at work. Of course, there was good deal of excitement; and, standing by th brink was a man looking on—I grant you wit great earnestness—on those who were attemptin to dig out the earth. But a woman came up t him, put her hand on his shoulder, and said, 'Bil your brother is down there.' Oh! you shoul have seen the sudden change! Off went his coa and then he sprang into the trench and worked a if he had the strength of ten men. Oh, sirs, ami the masses of the poor, and the degraded, and th lost, your brother is there! We may fold ou arms and say, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' Yes It is not for us to shirk the responsibility. Ther lie our brethren, and we shall have to give an ac count concerning them."

The Following Works by the Rev. C. H. Spu geon are for sale at The Christian Herald Offic at prices much below what they can be obtained f elsewhere. Remittances must accompany orders *John Ploughman's Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; i cloth, 60 cents. *The Treasury of David*, a homilet ca exposition of the book of Psalms, four vols., as fa as Psa. 103, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon Birth-Day Boo* This popular gift-book contains a suitable passag selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every da in the year, with a blank space opposite for aut graphs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurge appear at their respective birthdays. The book gorgeously bound, and the price is 75 cents.

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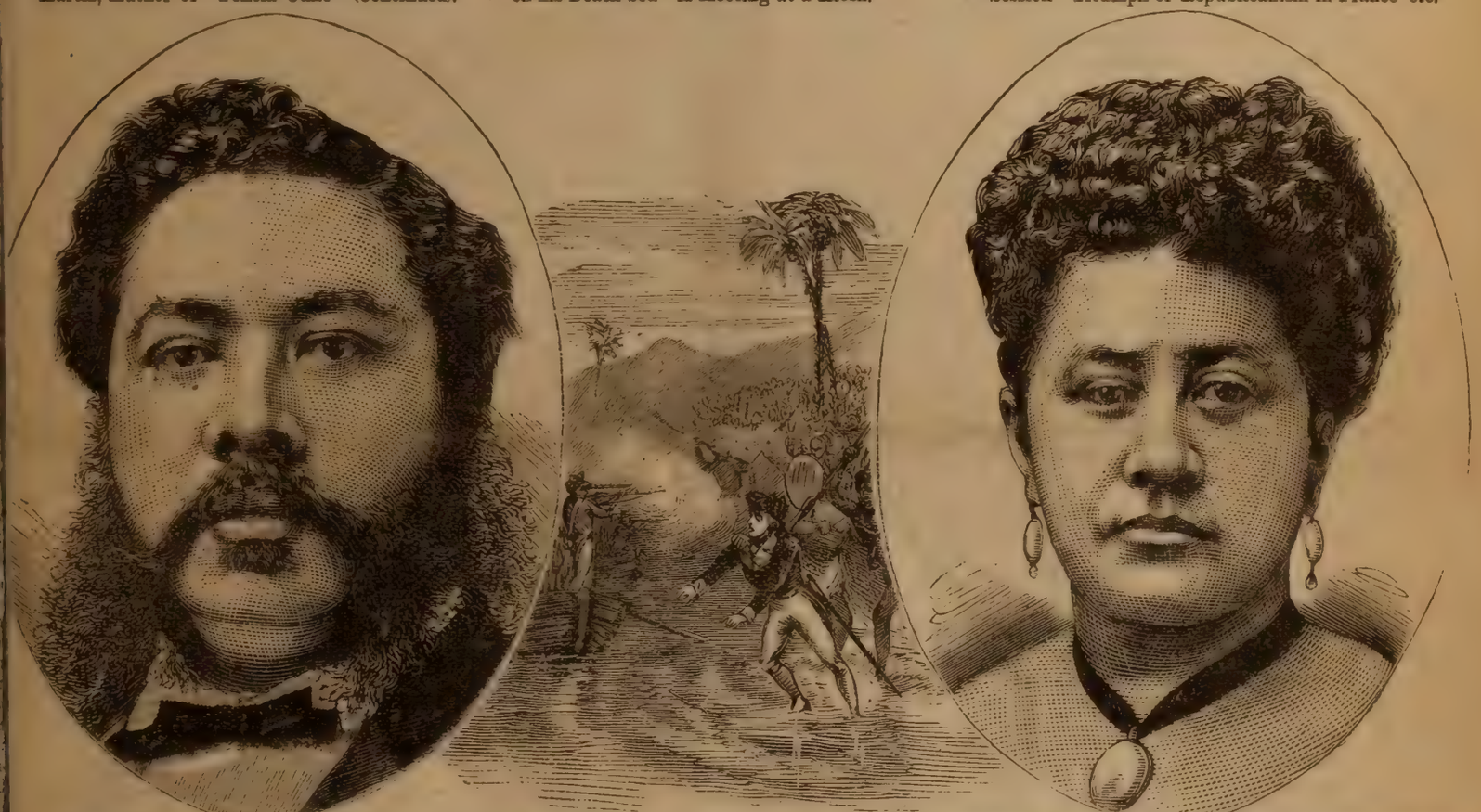

THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS—The Murder of Capt. Cook—The Hawaiian Church and Memorial of Capt. Cook.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

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HIS Majesty David Kalakaua I., the King of Hawaii (pronounced Ha-why-ee), whose portrait, together with that of his wife, Kapiolani, we give on our frontispiece this week, and who has lately attained an unusual prominence in civilized society by his foreign tour, *was born* in 1836. He is the son of an eminent noble of princely rank, named Kapaakea, and on the death of King Lunalino I., otherwise called Kamehameha V., who died in February, 1874, leaving no heir, and without nominating his successor, he *ascended the throne.*

The announcement of his accession was at first received with considerable dissatisfaction, and a disturbance took place, many of the Hawaiians preferring as monarch Queen Emma, the widow of Kamehameha IV., a lady who visited Europe in 1871, and whose brother, then King of Hawaii, accompanied her. While in England both the king and queen *died* of measles, the former on July 14th, and the latter on July 8th. Their remains were laid in state in London, and were subsequently conveyed to the Sandwich Islands for interment.

When order was ultimately restored in the islands, Kalakaua was *elected by a vote* of the Island Legislature, and seven years of a peaceful and prosperous reign have shown that the confidence of the Deputies was certainly not misplaced.

The King is spoken of as a gentleman of good education, sound intelligence, and exemplary manners. It is supposed that one of the chief objects of his foreign tour is to make efforts to secure a desirable class of colonists for his dominions, for notwithstanding the increase of material prosperity, *the native population is gradually dying out*, and the Chinese bid fair to overrun the whole of the territory.

The Sandwich Islands, as they are now more generally termed, were discovered in 1778 by

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK,

and as a compliment to Lord Sandwich, his patron, who was then first Lord of the British Admiralty, he named them after him; but that title is nowhere recognized in the constitution and laws of the Islands, which are thirteen in number, and constitute the kingdom of Hawaii. They are beautifully situated *in the North Pacific Ocean*, their distance from Panama, midway between North and South America, being 4800 miles; from San Francisco, 2100 miles, and from Japan, 3400 miles. Their distance from Australia is but little more than it is from Japan. They contain 6000 square miles. The largest of the group is Hawaii, which is about 97 miles long, 78 broad, 300 in circumference, and contains 4000 square miles. Honolulu is the capital, and it has a splendid harbor, formed by a huge coral reef. The total population is about 60,000.

Colonel C. H. Judd, an American citizen, who occupies the important post of secretary to the King, visited New York recently, and supplied many interesting details of life on the Sandwich Islands to the press. He is a son of Dr. G. P. Judd, who went as a missionary to the Islands in 1826. Among other information Col. Judd says: "The foreign society of the Capital, Honolulu, consists of about 2500 to 3000 Americans, English, French, and Germans. There is always a large number of men-of-war of different nations in port. Those who move in official society are in the main persons of education and refinement, who have seen a great deal of the world. At the King's receptions manners are very courtly, and the company is often accomplished and brilliant. The King is one of the few *monarchical rulers who have had a business training*, having practised law before he became a sovereign. He is making efforts to elevate the people, and endeavoring to introduce improved methods of agriculture. King Kalakaua is an eager reader of French and English magazines and newspapers, and carefully studies the *United States Patent Office Gazette*, in which patents are fully illustrated."

It is impossible to dwell upon, or even enumerate, all the incidents of the memorable but fatal voyage which resulted in the discovery of Hawaii, or, as it is sometimes written, Owhyhee, by Captain Cook, in 1778. The people at that time were

WILD TATTOOED SAVAGES,

but proved friendly, and a brisk exchange of goods was carried on between them and the crew of Cook's ship, the Resolution. The first time the natives saw white men they described them as *gods of the volcano.* Looking at them in the distance, they said, "The men are white, *their skin is loose and folding*," mistaking their garments for their skin, as they at that time had no conception of the well-fitted clothes of civilized men.

Mistaking *the hats* of the white people for their *heads*, and the cigars which were being smoked for something supernatural, they said, in alarm, "Their heads are strangely shaped; they are gods,

GODS OF THE VOLCANO,

for fire and smoke issue from their mouths." Thinking their *pockets* to be *openings in their bodies*, they exclaimed: "They have doors in the sides of their bodies; into these they thrust their hands and take thence many valuable things. Their bodies are full of treasure."

These ideas of the dark, untutored minds were strongly confirmed by the discharge of a cannon and the display of fireworks; so that when Captain Cook landed the people invested him in a red cloth of the same kind as that in which they arrayed their idols, bowed down to him with solemn reverence, and conducted him to the house of their gods, and there *worshipped* him, various ceremonies being performed in his honor by the priests.

Ever after, when the captain went on shore, he was attended by one of the priests, who went before, giving notice that the "Orono," or god, had landed, and ordering the people to prostrate themselves before him; and even when on the water this functionary would stand at the head of the boat giving notice of Captain Cook's approach, at which the natives in their canoes would immediately cease paddling and lie down on their faces till he had passed.

CAPTAIN COOK'S MOVEMENTS.

It happened most unfortunately for this intrepid navigator that after his departure from the island, when the parting had been friendly on both sides, his ship was so damaged during a gale that he was under the necessity of putting back for repairs. This sudden return seems to have been viewed with suspicion; a *tabu*, or prohibition, was placed upon the bay where the ship anchored, so that there was no one present to welcome the officers and crew. In spite of this ominous sign, tents were erected on shore, and the damaged foremast, with all necessary tools and materials, landed to be repaired.

In a short time the *tabu* was removed and the natives entered into friendly intercourse, but several unpleasant incidents occurring shortly after, seemed to excite hostile feelings on both sides. The islanders could not keep from *pilfering* whenever opportunity offered, which brought about *retaliation* from the sufferers. A boat's crew were pelted with stones and driven from their boat, and it was only by the active interference of a chief that it was saved from destruction. Getting bolder and more troublesome, they at length *stole a boat* from its moorings, and Captain Cook determined to get King Terreeoboo on board, and compel him to remain as hostage till the boat was restored.

ATTEMPT TO SECURE THE KING.

Landing with a party of armed men, he proceeded to the King's house, and invited him and his two sons on board. The King gladly responded; but as they made their way to the shore chiefs and natives crowded round them, and begged their monarch not to go; they even compelled him to sit down and remain where he was. Finding no entreaties on his part could prevail in urging him to proceed, and that his plan was frustrated, Captain Cook began to be alarmed, and prepared to return to the ship.

Just at this moment news arrived that *a chief of high rank had been shot*, which caused quite a ferment among the assembled crowd, who immediately sent off all the women and children, and *prepared for war.* One of the natives went up to the captain, and, flourishing his weapon in his face, threatened to attack him. He was desired to desist, but not doing so, Cook *fired a charge of small shot* at him. The man escaped injury, but the action irritated and encouraged the others to hostile demonstrations. While the fray was going on, Cook *fired again*, and, killing one of the foremost of the throng, a general attack with stones immediately followed, answered by discharges of musketry from the marines on shore and the sailors in the boats. Before the former had time to reload, the islanders broke out into

LOUD FIERCE YELLS,

and a terrible confusion followed. The last seen of Captain Cook was when he was standing near the water's edge, calling out to the boat's crew to cease firing, and to pull in. While he *faced* the natives no violence was offered him, but directly he turned toward the boat he was *stabbed in the back* and fell with his face in the water. As Captain Cook fell, he uttered a groan, and the people at once exclaimed,

"HE GROANS! HE IS NOT A GOD!"

They then set up a deafening shout, and, dragging him on shore, surrounded and dispatched him with repeated stabs, snatching the daggers from each other's hands in their savage eagerness to take part in the assassination.

Such was the melancholy death of Captain Cook, a little more than a century ago. His body was carried into the interior of the Island, and divided among King Terreeoboo and several of the chiefs. *His heart and liver were eaten by three hungry children*, who were well known on the Island until they became aged men. In the year 1837 the officers and crew of the British ship Imogene, while cruising in the Northern Pacific, affixed to the trunk of a tree, near the spot where Cook met his death, an inscription on metal, commemorating his discovery of the islands, and constituting

A MONUMENT TO HIS MEMORY.

For many years the islands were not visited again; and it was not until 1786 that several vessels called for purposes of trade. But from the discovery of the islands to the arrival of missionaries in 1820 was *a period of forty-two years*, and the number of visitors, on the whole, must have been very great. There is no trace, however, of any religious instruction, even of the most rudimentary character, having been imparted to the natives.

ARDENT SPIRITS AND FIREARMS

were the chief articles of trade, and the main influence was to foster intemperance and a most licentious dissipation, which hurried the unwary people in thousands to their hopeless grave.

The following series of events will indicate in what a remarkable way God prepared the Sandwich Islanders to receive the Gospel, and will also show how it came to pass that the American churches were stirred up to send the glad tidings to them.

Kamehameha I. died in 1819, only a few months before a Christian mission embarked at Boston, Mass., to convey the Gospel to him and to his people. Although he had strenuously adhered to the religion of his people, *he would not permit human sacrifices to be offered* when he was sick for his recovery, as was customary in such cases; and, in lieu of such victims at his funeral, *three hundred dogs* were sacrificed. But there were the usual wailings throughout the islands. According to usage, the people shaved their heads, burned themselves, knocked out their front teeth, broke through all restraint, and practised all manner of crime as if it were a virtue. All ages and both sexes gave scope to the vilest passions, in self-torture, robbery, licentiousness, and murder.

Liholiho succeeded to the kingdom, and appointed his wife, *Kaahumanu*, as his premier. There soon followed an event which has scarcely

a parallel in history, giving an affirmative answer to the inquiry of the prophet, "Hath a nation changed their gods which are yet no gods?" (Jeremiah 2 : 11). The *tabu* system of restrictions and prohibitions was *inseparable from the national idolatry*. They extended to sacred days, places, persons, and things; and the least failure to observe them was *punished with death*.

THE OLD SYSTEM SHORN.

A prohibition, which weighed as heavily as any other, was that in regard to *eating*, and was the first to be violated. A husband could, on no occasion, eat with his wife, except on penalty of death. Women were prohibited on the same penalty, from eating many of the choicest kinds of meat, fruit, and fish. These prohibitions extended to female chiefs, as well as to women of low rank. Many of the highest chiefs of the nation were females; and they especially felt burdened and uneasy.

They did not fear being killed by the priests, for they were chiefs; but the priests had made them believe that if they violated any prohibition *they would be destroyed by the gods*. This they began to doubt, for they saw foreigners living with impunity without any such observances. Besides—a fact which shows the power of God to bring good out of evil—ardent spirits had been introduced among them; and they often, when partially intoxicated, trampled heedlessly on the prohibitions of their idolatrous system, and yet were not destroyed by the gods. The awful dread, therefore, which formerly existed had in a measure subsided; and which, when no longer restrained by fear, the female chiefs were quite ready to throw off the burdens so long imposed upon them.

The mother of the king first violated the system by eating with her youngest son. Other chiefs, *when they saw no evil follow*, inclined to imitate her example. But the king was slow to yield. At length, however, he gave his assent; and then the work was done. The chiefs, as a body, trampled on all the unpleasant restraints which had previously enslaved them. In doing this, they were aware that they *threw off all allegiance to their gods*, and treated them with open contempt. They saw that they took the stand of open revolt. They immedately gave orders to the people that the *tabu* system should be disregarded,

THE IDOLS COMMITTED TO THE FLAMES,

and the sacred temples demolished.

The high priest, having resigned his office, was the first to apply the torch. Without his co-operation the attempt to destroy the old system would have been ineffectual. Numbers of his subordinates, joining in the enthusiasm, followed his example. Idolatry was for ever *abolished by law*, and the smoke of heathen sanctuaries arose from the once venerated groves of every island. All the tribes, uniting in a jubilee at their deliverance, presented the extraordinary spectacle of *a nation without a religion*.

Liholiho seems to have had *no higher aim in these remarkable proceedings than to be freed from restraint upon his habits of dissipation;* and it is thought that the queen-premier favored the change in order simply to remove unreasonable disabilities from her sex. No *religious* motive appears to have had any influence with any of them, and the result was to leave the nation so far without any religion as to be practically in a less favorable state for *self-preservation* than it was before. But an unseen and all-merciful God, though they knew it not, was preparing them for the speedy introduction of

A BETTER RELIGION.

It was in a singularly interesting manner that God prepared the way throughout for the heralds of salvation in the Sandwich Islands. Ten years before the events we have just described—in 1809—two of the native boys shipped themselves on board an American vessel bound for New York. On their arrival in America their destitute, helpless condition drew forth Christian sympathy on their behalf. They were taken to New Haven, Conn., where one of them was subsequently converted to God.

Interest in these boys soon led to solemn inquiry into the condition of their country, and to the formation of the institution of the celebrated Foreign Mission School for the instruction of youths from heathen lands. The enterprise was consecrated by prayer, and was pre-eminently successful. Among the earliest pupils of the institution were *five of the natives* of the Sandwich Islands. On October 15th, 1819, a valedictory meeting was held in Park Street Church, Boston, Mass., to bid God-speed to a number of missionaries and their wives, who were about to sail for Hawaii. Among the number were several Americans, and *three native young men*, named Hopu, Tenooe, and Honuri.

The company embarked on October 23d, expecting a protracted and perilous conflict with pagan rites, for *no intimation whatever had been received of the wonderful changes* that had been occurring at the islands. The first tidings the missionaries had of them were on reaching the coast of Hawaii after a little more than five months sailing, on March 31st, 1820. Then they heard with wonder and gratitude that the idols and altars had been overthrown, and that the *tabu* and priesthood were abolished.

Having cast anchor, King Kamehameha III. and the royal family, with a retinue of dusky attendants, came off to the missionary ships in their double canoes. The king had a narrow girdle round his waist, a green silk scarf over his shoulders, a string of beads on his otherwise naked neck, and *a feather wreath* or garland on his head. Presently the missionaries were conducted ashore, and on landing were greeted with shouts of joy, and found the people most amicable and ready to believe and embrace the Gospel.

Not only were the Americans welcomed as missionaries, but as apostles of civilization, and Dr. Judd, whom we have already mentioned as one of the missionaries, became the adviser of the king and the chiefs. He organized the finances of the government and was Minister of Finance almost to the time of his death, about 1867. The Rev. Dr. William Armstrong, of Pennsylvania, went out as a missionary in 1831 and remained at the mission until 1848, when King Kamehameha induced him to become Minister of Public Instruction, a place he held until his death, in 1859. Almost his first act was to establish a private school for the education of the children of the chiefs.

Classmates together at this school were Kalakaua, now King of the islands, the dowager Queen Emma, and the three previous kings, and besides Colonel Judd and Mr. Armstrong, their brothers, Albert Judd, at present Chief Justice of the Hawaiian Supreme Court, and General Armstrong, who afterward became head of the colored school at Hampton, Virginia.

Colonel Judd was reared and educated at the islands, while Mr. Armstrong, like most of the sons of missionaries, was sent to the United States, and educated at Yale. He relates that when he visited the islands, a year ago, for the first time in twenty-five years, he entered the Court House at Honolulu one day and found *two graduates of Yale sitting as judges*, while the Attorney-General was a Harvard man, and the counsel for the defence was from Yale.

A reciprocity treaty was concluded between the United States and the Sandwich Islands by the influence of the missionaries, which has been of great advantage to the islands, as well as of great benefit to the Pacific Coast, which has received the entire crop of sugar of the islands, and could dispose of three times as much. The exports to the islands have nearly quadrupled in three years, consisting of machinery and supplies, which in value offset the sugar importations to the coast.

As an illustration of *the marvellous success* of the Gospel in Hawaii, we may mention that in the autumn of 1826, a congregation, estimated at not less than 10,000 natives, assembled to listen to the tidings of salvation. Wherever and whenever the missionaries preached there were immense and attentive audiences. Buildings were erected to hold 5000 people, and were at once filled to their utmost capacity. Schools were established in every district of the islands, and were conducted by four hundred teachers; and twenty-five thousand pupils, chiefly adults, were gladly receiving instruction.

THE CHURCH AT HONOLULU

is the most conspicuous edifice in the capital of the Sandwich Islands. It is the stone church of the American Board, *and is shown in our frontispiece*. Its tower and town-clock serve as a landmark for seamen. Its massive walls consist of coral blocks. The erection of this house was a Herculean work. The materials, stone, lime, sand, and timber, had to be collected by natives, whose facilities for the business were few and simple. The sand was transported by men, women, and children in calabashes, mat bags, handkerchiefs, etc., some bringing a quart at a time, some a peck. Some of the largest timbers were dragged a distance of some fourteen miles—fifty or a hundred natives perhaps, dragging a single piece.

The concourse of people at its opening was probably not much short of four or five thousand, among whom were his Majesty the King, his premier, and all the high chiefs. In the progress of the exercises the king arose, and before the vast assembly, presented a deed of the building and premises to the church, and to those of like faith who may come after.

A NATIONAL JUBILEE

was held in Honolulu in June, 1870, to recognize by heartfelt praise the goodness of God in sending thither the Gospel. Thousands assembled from all the islands, the King Kamehameha IV. and Queen Emma were present, and a special commissioner from the American Board attended from the United States.

A feast for six or seven thousand people followed a time of Christian fellowship and social enjoyment. With this jubilee the American Mission to the islands closed its labors, in a sense. It had done its work. By means of the blessing of God on the efforts of about one hundred missionaries, and the outlay of about a million and a quarter of money, that work had been nobly achieved. About a thousand true converts are now annually received into the fellowship of the Church, which is self-governing, self-sustaining, and aggressive in character, itself undertaking missionary operations among the heathen.

The Problem of Human Life Here and Hereafter is the subject of a book by Wilford Hall, published by Messrs. Hall & Company of New York, which deals with the question of evolution from the scientific point of view. Mr. Hall believes that many Christians have displayed more haste than courage in adopting the theories of evolutionists in the modified form known as theistic evolution, and claims that the orthodox doctrines of Christianity can be successfully defended on a scientific basis. It is notorious that during the last few years the great enemy of souls has used this theory of evolution to sap the faith of the most advanced scholars of the day, in the cardinal doctrines of the Bible. They have boasted that when the Christian is confronted with scientific theories he dare not face them, but *takes refuge in faith*, and rejects fact and reason. That he clings to the belief in the inspiration of the Bible and refuses even to examine facts which appear to him to conflict with the Scriptural account of the creation and the promise of a life beyond the grave. The charge has doubtless a basis of truth, for the Christian is often a busy and active worker in the cause of his Master, devoting all the time at his command to the work of winning souls for Him. Faith is above reason, and he who can say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and who sees the world lying in the arms of the wicked one, is not easily drawn aside from his work to examine the hypotheses of scientific experts. But it is not well that young men of education and culture should, because Christians have more useful work to do than spend their time in argument, arrive at the conclusion that the doctrines of the Bible are not so much above reason as contrary to reason. It is therefore a very commendable effort that Mr. Hall has made to prove that, even by the light of science alone, the advocates of the evolution theory stand convicted of illogical blunders, and that after all they have done the grand old doctrines of the Bible still stand impregnable.

THE NATION'S WOE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning, August 28, 1881.

"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God."—ISAIAH 40 : 1.

The President Shot—Why should any one want to Kill Him—The Shadow on the Hearthstone—Its Alleviations—I. The President Prepared to Die—His Sermons—His Avowal to Dr. Sunderland—An Illustrious Death-bed—II. His Family Provided for—III. The Nation Safe—A Fair Chance for Gen. Arthur—The Spirit of Good Government in Answer to Prayer—IV. If the President Dies it will be at the Best Time—He has the Love of the People—Life would bring Rancor—The License of the Printing Press—The North and South at the Sick-bed—V. The Business of Office Seeking—Guiteau not Insane—Harrison and Taylor Killed by Office Seekers—Sacrifice the only Path of the World's Advance—VI. The Outburst of Sympathy—VII. The Uncertainty of Human Life—Where our National Heroes are Enshrined—God Save the President.

THIS reiterated command to the ministers of religion centuries ago is just as appropriate this terrible morning, while we are awaiting tidings from the suffering couch of our chief magistrate.

"*The President shot!*" was sounded through the railtrain as we halted a few moments on the morning of July 2d, at Williamstown, Massachusetts, the place at which the President was expected in three days. "Absurd and impossible," I said. I asked then, as I ask you now,

WHY SHOULD ANY ONE WANT TO KILL HIM?

He had nothing but that which he had earned with his own brain and hand. He had fought his own way up from country home to college hall, and from college hall to House of Representatives, and from House of Representatives to the Senate Chamber, and from the Senate to the Presidential chair.

Why should any one want to kill him? He was not a despot who had been treading on the rights of the people. There was nothing of the Nero or the Robespierre in him. He had wronged no man. He was free and happy himself and wanted all the world free and happy. Why should any one want to kill him? *He had a family* to shepherd and educate, a noble wife and a group of little children leaning on his arm, and holding his hand, and who needed him for many years to come. If any one must shoot him, why shoot him then, just as after with indescribable perplexity and fatigue he had launched his administration and was off for a few days of recreation which he had so dearly earned? How any man could take steady aim at such a good, kind, sympathetic heart, and draw the trigger and see him fall is inexplicable.

But the deed is done. There is a black shadow on every hearthstone in America. It seems as if there were one dead in each house. Again and again we have prayed as we prayed this morning, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from us." God will hear our prayer, if not in one way, then in another. God's way is sometimes different from man's way, but it is always the best way.

I am thankful to my friends who have sent me a great multitude of telegrams this morning, showing their interest in this subject, telegrams from gentlemen who are my friends, and from others who are strangers, official telegrams from the public office of telegraphy, and they give *a ray of hope.* Who knows but our President may come forth again and ride through these very streets in triumph. God grant it. But the indications are not in that direction. I have hastened before my time of expected return, because I wanted in your presence to obey the text: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God." While I comfort you, I must comfort my own soul, for no public event has ever so overwhelmed me.

I could dwell on the aggravations of this event, and say, what a pity that he could not have carried out the excellent policy proposed; what a pity that he could not longer have enjoyed the high honor bestowed by the suffrages of the people; what a pity that he should go out of life by the hand of violence; what an awful thing for his family and the nation and the world if he should die. But instead of dwelling upon the aggravations I shall obey my text: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people," and present only

THE ALLEVIATIONS

of this stupendous horror.

I. *Alleviation the first.* James A. Garfield is prepared to exchange worlds if God sees fit to call him. Long ago he settled that matter. He was not dependent for happiness upon the course of a bullet or the whim of an assassin. On his knees and in days of health and with deliberation he had made

ALL RIGHT FOR ETERNITY.

There has been nothing of cant or whining or lugubriousness in his religion but a manly out and out profession of faith in God. Yea! he has preached this very Gospel. A minister said to me the other day, "*I heard him preach;* he preached for me in my own pulpit." I said, "What style of sermon was it?" He responded, "Excellent, excellent." But in all places he had preached—in Wall Street to the excited throng the day after Lincoln was shot—at Chickamauga among the wounded soldiers—in the Congress of the United States in many a noble speech.

Religion was with him no new thing. When a college boy, and encamped among the mountains for summer recreation, at eventide he takes out his Bible and says: "Boys, at this time of evening I am apt to read a passage of the Scripture; if you would like to hear it, I will read a chapter now." And then one of the comrades was called upon for prayer, and they all knelt in their summer tent. The last thing he did before leaving Mentor for Washington, was to take the holy sacrament of our Lord Jesus Christ, the tears of emotion rolling down the cheek of the communicant. The first opportunity he had after he was shot, he declared to my friend, Doctor Sunderland, that he trusted all in the Lord's hand, was *ready to die or to live.* Surely he was ready then. After these eight weeks of purifying distress he is ready now.

I want all the world to mark that this *illustrious bed,* if it be a death bed, illustrious for patience, illustrious for courage, illustrious for gentleness, is no infidel's death bed, no scoffer's death bed, no profligate's death bed, but in the most radiant sense a Christian death bed. Though canopied and surrounded with the elegance of a ruler's mansion, it is the same kind of pillow that your old Christian father and mother died on, and the same pillow which shall be offered in our last sickness, however humble our lot may be. It puts me more than ever in love with the old Gospel, the Gospel of the One who died at the hand of cruel assassins. O! Thou assassinated Christ, by Thy own wounds in the side and the hands and the feet and the brow, pity the head, the feet, the side, the physical anguish of our beloved President!

There had been other Christian men in the Presidential chair of this country, but the most pronounced Christian since the days of Washington, in the Presidential chair, is James A. Garfield. If he go—God forbid that he should go now—but if he go, he goes straight to the bosom of a merciful God. Death will be promotion. He will lose nothing, but gain everything. On the steps of the Capitol that stormy day in March he took the oath of high office. If he go now, at the gate of Heaven he will take the crown of triumph. Whether he live or die, I shout for him: "Victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

THE GARFIELD FUND.

II. *Alleviation the Second.* His family will be magnificently provided for. It is an awful thing when the bread winner of a family falls, if there be no estate left, and the wife must go forth with her helpless children at her back to fight for a livelihood. The mother, weak and sick with long watching, goes out to look for a place, and the children are taken by friends who, perhaps, get tired of the burden they assumed under sudden impulse of sympathy. But the more than $150,000 already subscribed to the Garfield fund are a hint that there is not one of us amid the fifty millions of America who will allow that afflicted family to suffer need. If this stroke come, *the widow, the children, the aged mother* will be the sacred charge of this nation. I see so many bereft women in the awful struggle for bread dying by inches, and finding no rest until they get inside the grave, that I am sure I am right when I present among the alleviations of this great sorrow the complete financial deliverance of our President's family.

NATIONAL SAFETY.

III. *Alleviation the Third.* If our President die, this nation, without a moment's halting, will march right on in its career of prosperity. The death of rulers in other lands often means bloody revolution. This nation endured the death of Presidents Harrison and Taylor and Lincoln, when it was not half as strong as it is now, and it will not be discomfited by this calamity. It will take more than one murderous wretch to stop this nation when God commands it to march on. If on that awful second of July the President had been instantly slain, I know not what would have occurred. There would have been other pistol shots and panic, and perhaps *national delirium.* How good God was to spare our President these two months, until the nation could gather its equipoise; for I tell you that while the heart of this nation is very sore, *its head is level.*

There will be but one life taken, and that by the hand of the law. I have no admiration for the organizations that I hear are forming to tear down the Washington jail, and maul the desperado. No, no. Let the judge of the court take his place and the jury be impanneled, and the witnesses testify, and the verdict be rendered, and the judge, amid a silence like the grave, give the sentence, and the scaffold be raised, and with a stout rope this accursed Guiteau be hung by the neck until he be dead. All that excitement will soon be in the rear, and the nation, chastened by this affliction, will move on and up.

"But," you say,

"WHAT IF THE PRESIDENT DIE,

what of his successor?" I answer, I have no acquaintance with the one who would be the incoming President, but I beg of you, the American people, give him a fair chance; do as you would like to be done by if you were put in the same crisis. The nation would make nothing by throwing any impediments in his way. Others make a prophecy in regard to this incoming President in case of the death of our present ruler—*I make a prophecy.* They make prophecy from a political standpoint—I make mine from a religious standpoint. If our President die, judging from what seems God's design of kindness to this nation, I think He will give especial blessing for especial emergency, and the chief ideas of President Garfield's administration will be carried out by President Arthur's administration.

There are men now in the Cabinet who have inaugurated such a great work that they will certainly be retained. *Postmaster General James* has sent such consternation into the scoundrels of the Star Routes, saving our country millions of dollars, and making his department more illustrious than have any of his predecessors, that I know his hand will be kept in that reformation. *Secretary Windom* has wrought what merchants and bankers all over the land have called a miracle of financiering, and I am sure he will not be dethroned while he is saving the land more millions than I dare to state. *Robert Lincoln,* Secretary of War, admired by all parties, first for his own sake and next for his martyred father's sake, will, I am sure, continue in the councils of the nation.

And others of the Cabinet, whose brilliant and world-renowned services cannot afford to be stopped, will stay in their places; and with all the Episcopal churches of America, by the command of their liturgy, praying Sabbath by Sabbath for the President of the United States, and all the non-liturgical churches of America uniting in the same supplication, I am sure upon the new chief magistrate would come straight from God the spirit of good government. You say that his position, if called to it, will be one of great delicacy. I know it. But it will be one of unlimited and unparalleled opportunity. Mark that. Fellow citizens, fellow patriots, fellow Christians, fellow mourners, now is the time to trust God.

IV. *Alleviation the Fourth.* If our President dies, he dies at what must be

THE BEST TIME.

If does not seem to suit me, it does not seem to suit you; but God's time is always the best. Do you say this is the teaching of fatalism? O, no; it is the teaching of your Bible and my Bible that God sets the limit of our life. Had it been best, the President by this time would have been amid the cooling sea breeze of Long Branch. Men with more bullets in them and in worse directions, are walking your streets to-day.

If he die—God avert the sorrow—if he die he goes at the time when he has the love of all the people. If he live he could not be an exception to the universal rule, that a brisk and decisive and reformatory administration rouses rancor and invective. Look up the files of the newspapers and see what surges of obloquy rolled over Lincoln, and Madison, and Monroe, and Jefferson, and Washington. Do you suppose Mr. Garfield could have carried out his intention of extirpating Mormonism, and that there would have been no wincing under the national surgery? He had other plans revolutionary for good.

It seems to me he suffered enough abuse in the political campaign of last autumn to suffer for one lifetime. If in addition to that there should be the insults of three or four years of contumely, it would be more than his share of bombardment. What is called *the license of the printing press* is getting to be something damnable. If James A. Garfield now dies, he dies in time in time to escape more insult than was ever heaped upon any of his predecessors, for by so much as he proposed greater reforms, he must have had to endure worse outrage. *I was with him* a few days before the bloody assault. I never saw a more anxious or perturbed countenance, and it seemed a relief to him to talk to my child, turning his back on the perplexities of State. What he has escaped, or seems about to escape, God only knows. The storm is lulled. If he goes, ours will be the grief—his the congratulation.

Six months seems to be a very short administration, but in that six months he has accomplished what forty years of his predecessors failed to do; the complete and eternal *pacification of the North and South.* There are more public meetings of sympathy in the South than in the North, on this subject. His sick bed, in eight weeks, has done more for the sisterhood of States than if he had lived out eight years, namely, two terms of the Presidency. The North, the South, the East, the West stand on the four sides of his bed looking into each other's eyes with a kindliness that never before characterized them. If he expire, do not think his administration because of its brevity is a failure. There has gone out from that sick room an influence that will be felt as long as the American Government continues. O! measure not a man's life by days, or months, or years; measure it by the sweep of its influence. Out of six months of time a good man may build an eternity.

V. *Alleviation the fifth.* This calamity makes

THE BUSINESS OF OFFICE SEEKING

disgustingly disreputable. Guiteau was no more crazy than thousands of other place-hunters. He had been refused an office, and he was full of unmingled and burning revenge. There was nothing else the matter with him. It was just this: "You haven't given me what I want, now I'll kill you." For months after each Presidential inauguration the hotels of Washington are *roosts for these buzzards.* They are the crawling vermin of this nation. Guiteau was no rarity. There were hundreds of Guiteaus in Washington after the inauguration, except that they had not the courage to shoot. I saw them some two months after, or six weeks after. They were mad enough to do it, I saw it in their eyes.

They killed two other Presidents, William Henry Harrison and Zachary Taylor. I know the physicians called the disease congestion of the lungs or liver, but the plain truth was that they were worried to death, they were trampled out of life, by place hunters, President Jackson said to a gentleman who told me of the utterance: "Sir, people want to be President of the United States. I want to tell them that this place is a perfect hell!" Now, in God's name *let this thing stop.* Three Presidents sacrificed to this one demon is enough. Let the Congress of the United States at the next session start a work of Presidential emancipation. Four Presidents have recommended civil service reform, and it has amounted to little or nothing. But this assassination will compel speedy and decisive action, and so some good will come of it.

But is it not sadly strange that the world makes no advance except through the

SACRIFICE

of human life. The Church is to be reformed, but Wycliffe and John Oldcastle must perish; and the scenes of Piedmont and Brussels market place must be enacted. The French despotism must be destroyed; but the streets of Paris must be incarnadined with human gore. The United States are to be separated from foreign rulers; but the frosts of Valley Forge must devour, and the bayonets of Yorktown must stab. National contest about slavery must be settled; but a million brave Northern and Southern men must die. Official patronage is to be regulated; but James A. Garfield must be assassinated. Alas! alas! without the shedding of blood there seems to be no reformation for the suffering state, and no atonement for the sin-cursed world. It seems for every reformation *there must be a Messiah* born in a manger and dying on a cross.

VI. *Alleviation the sixth.* This calamity has resulted in an

OUTBURST OF SYMPATHY

glorious and sublime. There never was anything like it since the world stood. You tell me this is a selfish world, and it is every man for himself, and there is no kindness or generosity left. You make a mistake. Throne and cottage, Victoria and the village schoolgirls, parlor and kitchen, transatlantic and cis-Atlantic, trans-Pacific and cis-Pacific, Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, Eastern hemisphere and Western hemisphere, have by voice, by pen, by telephone, by telegram, by day, by night poured forth sympathy for our President and his family and the nation. There never has been anything like it.

That man expressed the feeling of many in this country when last week he offered to spare part or all the *blood from his veins,* if it was necessary to invigorate the President. We go back to ancient history to find a scene like that, and we speak of it in poetry and in song. We need not go so far back now. There are men here to-day who, wrought upon by the same power in this great sorrow, would bare their arm for the lancet, crying, like that old hero, of centuries ago, "Pour my blood into his veins that he die not." O! I think we must be brothers and sisters all. I think that all nations must belong to one family, and that they must have the same great mother—God. A little fore taste this of the good time when all misunderstanding shall cease and everybody shall say pleasant things about everybody else, and the embroidered eagle and lion and bear, will be taken off the banners, and there shall be substituted the lamb and the dove. How strange that one sick-bed should have made a millennium.

The President's son was said to be keeping a scrap book with all the expressions of sympathy and kindness, that he might show them to his father after he got well. Unsuccessful attempt. No book that ever went forth from earthly bindery would be large enough to contain the story. It will require the infinite book of God's remembrance to keep the record of the earthly and celestial sympathy that has hovered these long, dreadful weeks over the emaciated form of our suffering President.

VII. *Alleviation the Last:* The fact that this nation has impressed upon it as never before the

UNCERTAINTY OF HUMAN LIFE

Starting out on a holiday tour—coming back in an ambulance. Strong health no warrant against fatality. The President had a model physique. Out of a hundred men you would have selected him as the most healthy. Fine intellect no warrant. He was decidedly the most brilliant mind that ever occupied the White House. Able to select what food he would, what residence he would, what defence he would, yet we have been told more than once during the last two or three days that he is dying. Out of all this come lessons of *perpetual readiness.* It was a wonderful eulogy day before yesterday pronounced by the surgeons when they said: "There is no need of telling him he has to die, for he said at the start he had no preparations to make." Be ye also ready so that whether by flying bullet or falling scaffold, or colliding railtrains, or in gradual decease of ordinary sickness ye be called away.

I must leave until next Sabbath morning many things I want to say on this stupendous subject. Then I will tell you, if the Lord will, *what this nation ought to do.* I have this morning tried, at the behest of my text, to comfort you by the rehearsal of the alleviations of the national calamity. But after all there will remain in all our hearts a grief for many a day. O! I say I know just what you all feel.

OH! THAT HE ONLY COULD GET WELL!

How we would ring the bells and thunder the cannon, and set the night afire with pyrotechnic display. Oh! if he only could get well! But it does not seem to me at this crisis—although I have been hopeful until now—that he will recover.

I fear the message very soon will come shuddering along the lines: "President Garfield is dead!" If so, then with the pomp of great processions, and the tolling of bells, and the booming of minute guns, his silent form will move through these great cities toward his western home. He started from it with the congratulations of his country neighbors only a few months ago. They will at the same depot take up *his palled casket,* and with blinding tears carry it to the quiet graveyard and lay it down among his old friends.

We have no Westminster Abbey in which to bury kings, but we have a great national heart in which we enshrine those who have suffered for our land. Into that great shrine of the national heart we will carry our beloved President, and lay him down beside Adams, and Lincoln, and Washington, and the other mighty men who loved God and toiled for the betterment of the race. Then we will sound forth, partly in requiem and partly in grand march of triumph, the *words which Garfield employed* after another famous assassination: "The Lord reigneth. Though clouds of darkness are around about Him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne." *God save the President! God save the nation!*

The Responsibility for the Reign of Vice in New York City was fixed by Dr. Howard Crosby in an address at Trinity Baptist Church on Sunday night, August 7th. In sketching the history of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, of which he is President, he said: "The liquor law is a dead letter in New York City. We can't enforce it. All we can do is to make out lists of the improper places that mingle gambling and more questionable crimes with drinking, not allow them licenses, and revoke them where they have been granted. It took the society two years to persuade the judges to send any liquor-sellers to prison. Fines of $5 or so would be imposed and were readily paid by the offenders. They would be willing to pay $25 a week, and then could make fortunes. At last we did persuade the judges, and *three men were sent to prison; but Governor Robinson pardoned them all before they got to the prison-door.* Governor Cornell is of different material. He doesn't do that sort of thing. We did get a man sent to the penitentiary for thirty days. Ten days after he was sent we discovered that he was in the Tombs, where the head isn't shaved. We told the sheriff the man must be in the penitentiary in twenty-four hours or there would be trouble, and he was there in five hours. That is a specimen of how all the officials of the city government are ready to wink at delinquencies. The greater crimes in New York are attended to with a great deal of alacrity; but the matters which are the sources of crime—the sale of liquor, gambling dens, etc.—are wofully neglected, and officials *purposely turn away their eyes* so that they won't be called upon to make an arrest."

SYLPH SOMERS.

A New Serial Story, by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(*Continued from page* 535.)

Dr. Gilbart's Generosity and his Philosophy—His Marriage—A Daughter Born—Its Mother Dies—Dr. Gilbart Becomes Warmly Attached to his Motherless Child—He is Summoned to a Conference of Antiquarians—His Reflections upon Rome's Invincible Legion.

As a great admirer, indeed, of the old Roman spirit and character, the *Stoic* philosophy was more affected by Dr. Gilbart than that of Socrates; a philosophy whose theory of human life is, "that acts of kindness should arise more from the head than from the heart," and that the duty of friendship more than love, of citizenship more than gentle charity, magnanimity more than tenderness, should actuate the conduct of men.

In harmony with this severe and stern system, Dr. Gilbart, at considerable cost, however, to his better self, schooled his generous impulses, and put restraint upon his emotional nature. Indeed, with Seneca, the great Roman stoical moralist, he long endeavored to persuade himself "That all emotion was mere perturbation, and all perturbation imperfection and weakness."

Hence, at the period we now speak of, he ruled himself to act more from cool judgment than from spontaneous sympathy—from what his conscience suggested he ought to do than from what a generous heart told he must. Consequently, though to give happiness, and dry tears should have been to Dr. Gilbart a virtual heaven upon earth, his principles of action robbed him of the bliss—keeping down, as far as he could, human love in his heart. He was like the sunshine and the rain, which are the source of refreshment and delightful pleasure to others, while they themselves all the while are unconscious of the joy.

Our abode, it is certain, plays no mean part in influencing the disposition and temper of our lives. Dr. Gilbart's dwelling, though, no doubt, it would nowadays be considered by many rather cramped and inconvenient, was, in our opinion, far preferable to the great majority of costly and pretentious houses of the modern type.

It was built of wood, framed in oak, and the interior, both the entrance hall and rooms, was wainscoted from floor to ceiling with the same timber. This material, dark from age, and polished, was bordered with deep and artistically carved mouldings. The rooms, though of good shape, were somewhat small, and the ceilings low; and the furniture, in harmony with its surroundings, was of a rich and antique pattern.

There are sanitary reformers, who, there is no question, would protest against the narrow bounds of air measurement in the various apartments of this abode. Yet their moderate size assuredly tended to promote cosiness and warmth.

Solid in structure and venerable of aspect, it was a house which tended to cherish, perhaps unconsciously, a quiet and dignified life, and to give its inmates to associate themselves with an unbroken and honorable part. Not like too many mushroom structures of to-day, which have no antecedents, are hastily produced and shamefully scamped, and which less than a twelve-month ago were things of nought, "Viewless as the wind," and without a history.

Dr. Gilbart had married in early life, but, after several years of quiet conjugal happiness, was now a widower. With an almost broken heart, he had laid the idol of his youthful affection in the cold and remorseless grave. It was felt to be a cruel blow. He had, in his conception, surrounded his beautiful wife with all the personal and moral attributes of an angel, and he somehow felt, that, if the world had only been right, the undying life of an angel should have been possessed by his beloved one too.

This bereavement, we fear, had the effect of strengthening his stoical theory. It led him to conclude more forcibly, if blindly, that in a world of death, where the affections are liable, at any moment, to be robbed of their object, it is fatuitous to give play to the emotions. That prudence should dictate a sort of hardness and reserve; that in a universe, which, in the hour of his intense grief, he dared to deem callous and heartless, the inner nature of man, and the outer world of dark and distressful circumstance, should be brought, by a discipline of impassiveness, into harmony the one with the other.

It was more than good fortune, however, it was a kind and fatherly providence, which in the hour of his bereavement provided for Dr. Gilbart an agent which in spite of his hard, un-Christian philosophy should ere long call forth and cherish within him the gracious and softer elements of his nature. In the death anguish of his "dearest one," an infant daughter was born to him, so that on the night one life was taken from the household, another was bestowed.

But, as Dr. Gilbart, in the presence of its dead mother, looked upon the infant, it was rather with a feeling of resentment than of joy. It was not a gift from heaven, he said to himself, but a tyrannical exchange that was forced upon him, and on cruel terms, and at a ruinous loss; and the rebellious anger and grief of the husband suppressed and kept in cold suspense the satisfaction and instinctive yearnings of the father.

Such an unnatural self-restraint and tension, however, human nature being what it is, could not last very long, and this, the more, since Dr. Gilbart, under a sense of professional responsibility, did not banish his motherless child from its home. He felt bound to watch over the feeble and helpless being, which in the course of nature had been intrusted to him. He therefore carefully selected a nurse for the infant, who should fill the post of foster-mother under his own medical advice and daily inspection.

As Dr. Gilbart's motherless infant grew to prattling childhood, and, taught by its skilful and generous nurse, held out toward him inviting hands and called him father, it was natural that he could not be either careless or indifferent.

One day, in special, he seemed to catch in the beaming eye and glad features of the little one the light of a spirit he had for years rejoiced in, and the beauty of a face that he had last seen ere the coffin of his most loved one was closed. The power of the recognition was overwhelming and irresistible; his usually cold and icy philosophy thawed as in summer sunshine, the fountains of a long sealed up passion gushed forth, and every barrier of studied stoicism was broken down mightily in his heart.

Taking up his "darling," as he now passionately called her, to his arms, pressing her to his bosom, and with an abandonment of love kissing her, his eyes full of tears, he confessed aloud in tender accents his former unnatural distance and reserve, rebuked his heartlessness, and vowed within himself to be a loving parent to the child which promised to restore to him in his home a loveliness and a fellowship of kindred-mind and spirit that he had believed was lost to him for ever. From that day forth, whatever impassiveness he might assume abroad, he was at home the fond parent and tender father.

When his daughter had reached somewhere about her fifth year, Dr. Gilbart spent a rather busy day among some of his antiquarian and would-be scientific friends in Chester. In digging a foundation for some houses the remains of some ancient baths were come upon by the workmen. And although a similar structure was already known within the city, the one now brought to light outside the walls lost nothing of its interest.

Dr. Gilbart, as an acknowledged authority in archæological matters, was, as a matter of course, summoned by the local *savants* to give his aid in exploring and explaining the fortunate discovery. This was a call, which as an ardent student in subjects of this nature, he was forward to obey, even at the cost, for an hour or two, of professional neglect towards some of his patients.

We fear that had some of our readers been present to hear a considerable portion of Dr. Gilbart's dissertation and exposition, they would have been little interested and edified. Such uncouth-sounding and un-Saxon words as "Tepidarium," "Balneum," "Sudarium," and such like, would have conveyed but little information to their minds; and were it otherwise, they would not care to know that they meant respectively, "hot water," and "hot air" baths, and "sweating places."

They might, however, have been interested to hear the Doctor say, when comparing the unquestionably important baths before him with those in Rome, that the baths, or "Thermæ" of the Emperor Caracalla, in the Imperial City, were no less than a mile in circumference, and included not only baths, but rows of marble seats for philosophic converse, halls for public lectures, and arenas for youthful exercises and athletics. "In fact," said Dr. Gilbart, "they were upon a scale of unparalleled magnificence—an institution for purifying at once the body and the mind, and for evoking the whole nature of man, as Rome then understood it, to its highest perfection and development."

But it was through *not* knowing what constituted the whole nature of man, its relationships and correlated responsibilities, that Rome gradually declined from the climax and zenith of her majesty. She had yet to learn that in meekness was true majesty, and that weakness was invincible almightiness. Empress of the world, she gloried in her strength, and made an arm of flesh her confidence. A little later than the time here referred to, the Creator of all things, the promised Christ of God, and the Desire of all nations, revealed to men a higher virtue than Rome could ever boast, and laid the foundations of an empire whose beneficent sceptre shall one day be universal.

After various descriptions and explanations of the objects around him, Dr. Gilbart, to give a practical turn to the occasion, launched out eloquently in praise of the costly provision for, and careful use by the Roman, of daily ablution, as compared with the indifference of the Briton of his own day in regard to this important matter.

"See," he happened to say, "how even the common soldier among the Romans practised the bath. There is my proof," he added, as he pointed to several ancient bricks lying loose in the ruin, inscribed with the letters, Leg. XX. VV. (signifying the unconquerable Twentieth Legion). "These men it was," he said, "who constructed in this far off province of the empire this bath, and as you see, friends, at large expense of money, time, and labor, counting life unbecoming and, indeed, unendurable, without their daily ablution. I wonder," he inquired, "if our King George's men cleanse their whole person in such a complete and thorough manner, not to say once a day, but once a twelvemonth? I very much doubt it."

In such a group as that which surrounded Dr. Gilbart, there is always one at least who is counted even by his friends "a good deal of a simpleton," though he himself all the while is inflated with an immeasurable amount of self-appreciation and conceit. Such was the case at all events upon the day before us. This individual was greatly struck with the Doctor's remark, and pondering it for a little in his mind, saw in it, as he supposed, the palpable and adequate explanation of a late national catastrophe.

"You are quite right, Doctor," he exclaimed, with a patronizing air—"*quite* right, my dear sir; and it is as clear as daylight to me, gentlemen," he said, turning to those about him, "that this Twentieth Legion, whose record is before us, were unconquerable, as they say on these bricks, just because of their daily wash. They entered, as the saying is, *with clean hands*, into every contest; and as a natural, and necessary, and, indeed, I may say, moral, consequence, they came off victorious. Now, our brave fellows, you see, unfortunately adopt no such custom; and mark the consequence, gentlemen—under General Burgoyne, at Saratoga, they have had, a short time since, to lay down their arms, horse and foot, you know—English soldiers they were, remember—brave as the Romans any day. And what else, gentlemen, but what I have suggested, can account for their defeat? I am sure *I don't know;* and what a great, I was going to say, ridiculous misfortune it is, gentlemen, that the sordid, and what I must call the harpy conditions—the harpy condition, I repeat—of the faces, hands, fingers,

and feet of our heroes, and their inefficiency therefrom will eventuate, *sure as I'm a living man*, gentlemen, in American independence."

(To be continued.)

PERSIA: ITS POSITION IN PROPHECY.

By Rev. E. J. Hytche.

Symbolized in Nebuchadnezzar's Image—Its Future Prominence—Its Place in the Closing Crisis—An Antagonist of Antichrist—Alliance with Gog—The Eastern Kingdoms in the Millennium.

ONE notable sign of our times is the fact that the Eastern toes of Daniel's image have become strikingly prominent during the past half century. Two, Greece and Egypt, are already notable factors in Eastern politics; the first country, in fact, dominates whenever questions connected with the eastern encroachments of Russia are considered. But one once powerful, but now powerless State, which also formed a portion of Daniel's image—namely Persia—has escaped the notice of most prophetical students, although prophecy indicates that that kingdom will have *an important post* to occupy in the latter days of this dispensation.

As respects the position of Persia in prophecy fulfilled and unfulfilled, we need scarcely say how aptly the "silver breast and arms" (Daniel 2 : 32) of Nebuchadnezzar's image symbolizes the dual kingdom of Medo-Persia. This prophecy, indeed, is so self-interpreting that there cannot possibly be any doubt as to its meaning; for after telling the great Gentile autocrat that (verses 38, 39), Thou art the "head of gold," Daniel added that "after thee shall arise another kingdom inferior to thee;" and so we have a gradual metallic debasement, until, when the image reaches its last or ten-kingdomed form, it is smitten by the Divine stone and scattered "like the chaff of the summer threshing-floors."

About forty years afterward—during the reign of Belshazzar, the last Babylonish emperor—Daniel himself had a prophetic vision, in which the second universal Gentile empire was revealed in its true or beast-like form. Thus we read, after describing the Babylonish beast (Daniel 7 : 5), "Behold another beast, a second, like to a *bear*, and it raised up itself on one side, and it had three ribs in the mouth of it between the teeth of it; and they said thus unto it, Arise and devour much flesh." Again the interpretation is supplied, for it is stated (verse 17), "these great beasts, which are four, are four kings [or empires], which shall arise out of the earth." This description of the second universal or Persian empire was fulfilled to the very letter, even to the three ribs, which symbolized its three great provinces of Persia proper, Media, and Babylon, which fitly represented the whole Persian empire.

For long ages Persia was in a semi-dormant state—thus literally answering to the photograph of Daniel (7 : 12), "The rest of the beasts had their dominion taken away, but their *lives were prolonged for a season.*" But we are prepared for the revival of Persia in the last days as one of the five eastern kingdoms, probably under the general name of Syria, by the description of the Therion. For in Revelation 13 : 2, we find that "his feet were the feet of a *bear*"—the very emblem given to Daniel as significant of the Persian empire.

It is true that the fourth or Roman empire did not include much of the territory of ancient Persia, save Armenia and a part of the land lying between the Tigris and Euphrates and bordering on Syria proper. But as Nebuchadnezzar's image (Daniel 2 : 34) is to be "smitten on his *feet*," and as the Apocalypse not only portrays (Revelation 13 : 2) these "feet," but intimates that they are "the *feet of a bear*"—the Persian symbol shown to Daniel—and as they are also prominent features in Antichrist, there can be no doubt that Syro-Persia will be one of the five last eastern kingdoms. In that case Persia will probably regain its ancient boundaries, and extend from Syria to the Indus.

And here we cannot omit to refer to one mysterious event in which Persia and the Jews are brought into conflict. While Daniel was meditating on the prophecies of Jeremiah by the river Hidekel or Tigris, the angel Jehovah explained to him these enigmas, and further told him (Daniel 10 : 14) "what should befall his people in the *latter days*;" "for yet," as he continued, "the vision is for many days." It was also stated in verse 13, that "the prince of the kingdom of Persia withstood me twenty-one days." This prince, as the scene of the conflict was in heaven, was clearly no mere human being, but some evil spirit to whom Satan had committed the oversight of Persia. The archangel Michael, who is described as the prince of Israel (verses 13, 21), took part in the contest, and Satanic malignity being foiled, Daniel was told in answer to his prayer the trials and glorious destiny of his kinsmen "in the latter days." Nor need we be astonished at such a conflict between unfallen and fallen spirits; for, as the angelic hosts during this dispensation are (Hebrews 1 : 14) "ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation," we may well infer how active they would be in sustaining the courage of such a faithful servant of God as was Daniel. The same archangel Michael will also be the chief agent in ejecting Satan, the "prince of Persia," and other fallen spirits out of heaven (Revelation 12 : 7, 8) prior to the reign of Antichrist and his ten vassal kings.

PERSIA AS AN ANTAGONIST OF ANTICHRIST.

In the last days of this dispensation we first hear of Persia as an antagonist of Antichrist before he obtained universal sway. Thus Daniel intimates (11 : 40) that "at the time of the end the king of the south (or Egypt) shall push at him, and the king of the north (or Syria) will come against him like a whirlwind, with chariots, and with horses, and with many ships." But the alliance of these powers will be in vain, for the Therion will "enter the countries and overflow and pass over" them as conqueror and reduce them to vassalage. Hence it is probable that Persia is one of the three horns which Antichrist will "pluck by the roots" (Daniel 8 : 8–20).

THE ALLIANCE OF GOG AND PERSIA.

The contiguity of Syria or Persia to the land of Gog—"the prince of Rhos, Meshech, and Tubal," or Russia (Ezekiel 38 : 2, *literal*)—will account for its antagonism to and after its defeat for its ultimate alliance with Antichrist. Among the many nations stated as taking part in the last terrible invasion of Palestine by that awful potentate, Persia is specifically mentioned in the fifth verse of that prophecy. Of his utter defeat of that kingdom Ezekiel also reports, where Persia is mentioned under its primitive name of Elam.

But whatever be the cause, it is certain that the alliance of Gog and Persia will be interrupted just before his defeat in the Valley of Jehosophat. For it is stated (Daniel 11 : 44) "tidings out of the east (or Palestine) and out of the north (or Syro-Persia) shall trouble him; therefore he shall go forth with great fury to destroy, and utterly to make away many;" that is, the Jerusalemites who will have revolted (*see* Zechariah 12 : 5–8). As the northern boundary of the Holy Land will abut on Syria, this may possibly tend to unite the two nations against the increasing exactions and oppression of Antichrist. Both nations being thus in rebellion—the Jews in the field active, and the Syro-Persians at least passive—will enrage the tyrant beyond all control, and his final assault of Jerusalem will bring on the predicted crisis when the Divine Liberator will descend on Mount Olivet with the resurrection saints, and close the controversy of six thousand years (*comp.* Zechariah 14 : 3–5, and Revelation 19 : 11–21).

The five eastern as well as the five western kings of Daniel's image are stated (Revelation 17 : 12) to "have received no kingdom *as yet*," but that they will "receive power as kings one hour (or at the same time) as the beast." It is obvious then, that neither the present Persian nor any other eastern or western dynasty will then reign, for they will have been rejected from regal sway either by revolutions or the spread of democratic principles. The word "receive" would point to popular elections as presidents of republics, for at first they appear as crownless (Revelation 12 : 3). But afterward, under the leadership of Antichrist (Revelation 13 : 1), they appear as crowned kings. We may, then, infer that, at first, they will be elected as presidents of ten eastern and western republics for seven years; and that at the expiration of three years and a half, like the two Napoleons, they will violate their oaths, and assume the insignia of regal authority under the emperorship of Antichrist.

THE EASTERN KINGDOMS DURING THE MILLENNIUM.

With the sole exception of Babylon (*comp.* Jeremiah 51 : 62–64, and Revelation 18 : 21–23), it would appear that all the four eastern kingdoms divided among the generals of Alexander will be re-established during the millennium. Hence the same prophet, in fact, who so graphically depicted the downfall of Persia also prereported its revival, for he says (49 : 39), "It shall come to pass, in the latter days I will bring again the captivity of Elam, saith Jehovah."

Nor need such national restoration of Persia excite any astonishment; for the New Testament records two incidents which are but forecasts of its brilliant future. Thus the magi who presented precious gifts to the infant Jesus were clearly either Persians or of Persic race. That they were monotheistic we have every reason to believe, seeing that the high-principled Daniel offered no opposition to the desire of Nebuchadnezzar (Daniel 2 : 48), which constituted him Archimagoi, or chief of the magi. It was, then, the descendants of these men who were the custodians of all the knowledge and philosophy of Persia, who had the high honor of antedating the time when all science and all genius shall be placed at the feet of Christ the King in grateful homage.

So about thirty years afterward, when the feast of firstfruits had called all the Israelitish males, as well as many of the Jewish proselytes to the Holy City, the Persians were again prominent among those Gentile proselytes who had recognized the Messiahship of Jesus. Gathered in one place, in manifested unity, the sacred fire not only baptized the Hebrews, but also the "devout men," or Gentile proselytes.

Prominent among these proselytes were the "Parthians," who were located in that part of Persia which lies between the Tigris and Indus. The Medes, too, who were so closely allied to the Persians, also contributed their quota to this memorable assembly. The Elamites, whose capital, Shushan (now Kusistan), was the home of the exiled Daniel, were also conspicuous among these Gentile proselytes. As all these tribes spoke the Persian language, they may be regarded as one people; and thus Persia had the high privilege of

> Forecasting that millennial day,
> When flags of every nation
> To Christ shall homage pay.

Notwithstanding that our Lord attested the inspiration of Daniel (Matthew 24 : 15) no book has been so assailed by neologians as that of Daniel, and we are sorry to add that no prophecy has been so mangled by commentators, by confounding past with future events, as that book, which is the Apocalypse of the Old Testament. It is therefore most cheering to find—even though true faith does not require it—how much of the *past* history of Persia verifies the predictions of Daniel. And when we see how much of its *present* condition is prerecorded, especially its relations with Russia, a country which in the days of Daniel was almost unknown, we may well infer that its future is equally preoutlined in the pages of prophecy.

Even in our days we see the beginning of the predicted national revival of Persia. For of all the Christian Asiatics among whom Dr. Jacob Perkins and other American missionaries have labored, none have been so fruitful as the Nestorians—that purest of the ancient churches—who have been located since the first age of the Church in the part of Persia adjacent to Babylon. Bishops, presbyters, and people of that ancient race have embraced the Gospel of God's grace in large numbers, who "are living epistles" to their kinsmen of all creeds. All these are but foreshadows of the coming millennial days, when, consequent on the epiphany and reign of Jesus, God will redeem His promise to Persia uttered 2900 years ago (Isaiah 49 : 39), "In the *latter day* I will bring again the *captivity* of Elam."

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Melancholy Words "No Hope" Embodied the substance of the bulletins from the sick room in the White House at the close of last week. For the first time since the shooting, the physicians at the bedside on which the anxiety of the whole nation was concentrated, despaired of the President's life. Even the patient himself, who has been cheerful throughout his long suffering, asked on Friday whether it was worth while to maintain the struggle any longer.

The cause of the depressing feeling was the extreme exhaustion of the sufferer, to which was added the obstinacy of the swelling in the parotid gland. It occasioned the President serious discomfort, but at first, as stated last week, the physicians did not regard it with alarm. On Tuesday, August 23d, fears were, however, entertained of suppuration, and the drain on the enfeebled system would then become a serious factor in the case. The following day *the presence of pus* was detected in the gland, and it was decided to lance it. The operation was performed by Dr. Hamilton, but the result did not fulfil the expectation of the physicians. Only a small quantity of pus was released. Meanwhile, although the President was able to take liquid nourishment and the stomach apparently digested it, yet there was no indication of an increase of strength.

On Thursday the gravest apprehensions were excited, and Mrs. Garfield and the Cabinet were informed that the President was very much worse. *On Friday* the alarm increased. The President's pulse rose to 138, he was delirious at intervals, and his exhaustion was extreme. The glandular swelling, the physicians admitted, was the result of blood poisoning, the pus from the channel of the bullet having been absorbed into the blood. A little encouragement was derived from the discovery that the swelling was discharging through the ear; but the hope raised was feeble, for the drain on the vitality of the sufferer was apparently greater than his resources. Mr. Blaine telegraphed to Mr. Lowell, in London, that the situation was "one of great gravity and danger." As the President's critical condition became known there was profound sorrow manifested throughout the country. One man wrote to the doctors that if the President could be sustained by the transfusion of blood, *he was willing to give half or all his blood* for the purpose. The doctors, however, did not entertain the idea. *On Saturday and Sunday* the President slightly revived, his mind became clear, and he asked for and ate a small quantity of solid food. Mr. Blaine was able to telegraph to London that the case was *not absolutely hopeless*, although it was very dangerous and critical. During the whole of the day on Sunday, as the President lay hovering beteen life and death, Christians of all denominations in every city and village of the land were offering their supplications to "Him in whose hands are the issues of life" for his recovery.

On Monday afternoon the welcome intelligence was received from Washington that the parotid swelling had sensibly diminished and was discharging freely; that the body wound had improved in appearance and that the pus discharged therefrom was thicker and of a more healthy character than formerly. "*The possibility of life*," as Mr. Blaine said in his telegram to London, has manifestly increased, and hopes are encouraged that although the most sanguine of friends and the most eminent physicians had given up hope, God, in answer to the nation's prayers, is bringing back the President from the threshold of the grave.

The Secretary of the Treasury issued a notice last week offering to redeem, without rebate of interest, the thirty million five per cent bonds maturing on the first of next October. It is understood that the Secretary's action anticipating payment was prompted by a desire to relieve the banks. It appears that large sums of money were accumulating in the treasury vaults, while the bank reserves were dwindling down to a dangerously low amount. By setting free the money in the treasury, it was hoped that the schemes of speculators who might conspire to produce a panic would be thwarted.

Three Greenback Conventions Were in Session on Wednesday, August 24. They were those of New York, Massachusetts and Mississippi. In the platform adopted by the New York convention the following demands are formulated: "The unification of the people of the whole country; the overthrow of all monopolies by the resumption by the government of the power to issue and control the money of the people, and by a government control of railroads and other transportation corporations; the just payment of our national debt according to the laws under which it was contracted; the protection of labor by the establishment of an honest fiscal and financial system, and by securing to every citizen the inalienable right to the soil; and the general administration of the Government in the interest of the producing many, instead of as at present, the non-producing few. The other two conventions passed resolutions of similar purport. In each case a Greenback ticket was nominated. In Mississippi a coalition has been effected between the Republicans, the Greenbackers, and the Independents. The Republicans fill three places on the ticket.

A Difficulty is Reported to Exist in the liquidation of certain claims called into existence by the struggle for the United States senatorships at Albany. The new Collector of the Custom House is under the control of the Secretary of the Treasury, not of the Secretary of State. Mr. Windom is a convert to the principles of civil service reform, and besides, was not so much interested in the Albany struggle as Mr. Blaine was; it is therefore probable that such claims as can be substantiated will have to be discharged in some other place than that under Mr. Robertson's control.

The Exposure of the Star Route Frauds goes on with sickening uniformity. Not only do we hear of the clever schemes by which the forms of law were observed while the people's money was stolen, but as the investigation proceeds, cases are exposed in which the mode of procedure advanced from cheating to barefaced robbery. Route No. 38,150 is a specimen. There *a clean steal* of $4568 was made. It extended from Saguache to Lake City, Col., a distance of ninety-five miles, with four intermediate stations, and was let originally for $3426. The usual trick of expedition and increased service was put in operation on a petition with *only fourteen signatures*, making the route worth to the contractor, $15,437, but he was paid $20,005.

As to the possibility of the offenders being punished, the New York *Times*, which has relentlessly exposed the villany, says: "There is reason for misgiving, lest the department of justice should find the obstacles in its way so formidable and the support behind it so inadequate that guilty men *will finally escape* the penalty of their wrong doing. But if *public sentiment* could only be aroused to exert its full power, and to bring all the forces of the government into play for the vindication of the national honor, there would be no doubt of the result."

A Gift of Twenty-Five Thousand Acres of land has been made by the Sioux Indians to the much-wronged Poncas. At the conference held in Washington last week, between the Omaha, Winnebago, Sioux, and Ponca chiefs and Secretary Kirkwood, the secretary offered to purchase from one of the tribes lands upon which to locate the one hundred and seventy-five Ponca Indians who yet remain upon the old Ponca reserve. The Omaha and Winnebago delegates refused, but the Sioux delegates consented not only to part with the land the Poncas needed, but offered *to give the lands* to the Poncas. White Thunder—the successor of Spotted Tail, who spoke for the Sioux delegation—said with native eloquence, when Secretary Kirkwood inquired whether they expected the government to give anything for the lands, "No, my friend; that is not what I want. You told me yesterday I ought to have pity upon these poor Poncas. If I have pity upon them I am not going to take their money. We give them the lands they need." Thus some reparation will be made for the iniquitous course of Mr. Hayes's administration through the nobility of the Sioux.

Eight Children Were Taken from Their mothers in New York, on Monday, August 22, by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. In each case the cause was that the mother was an habitual drunkard. One of the mothers was in the habit of sleeping in the open street with her baby in her arms; another was found actually *offering her little daughter, two years old, for sale* on Centre Street; and another had by her insatiable love of rum caused the ruin of her husband, the break-up of her home and the serious disease of her four girls aged from one to eleven. One of the children, an infant at the breast, had been dropped by her mother in the street. It was taken to a hospital, where the doctors said the baby was suffering from *alcoholic poison* imbibed through its mother's milk. If Christians who oppose prohibition would take the trouble to think over these and numberless similar cases, they would probably see reasons for reconsidering if not changing their attitude on this question.

The Duty of Watching for Christ's Second coming was impressed by Mr. Moody, last week, on the large assembly gathered at the Northfield Conference. While many people are saying, as was predicted, "Where are the signs of His coming?" Mr. Moody said, "Here is where I stand, and nothing can shake me off this rock; I am told to watch, and surely I am to watch for something. *I am told to expect Christ.* I am told not to look for signs, but to look for Him. As soon as we begin trying to descry signs we get muddled. *All we have to do is to be ready* for His appearing, if He should come at once as a thief in the night. I am to have my loins girded and my lamp burning. What may come any day, I am to be ready for every day."

"Cannot Divorce Suits Be Disinfected Before publication?" is the question asked by a prominent journal, in referring to a scandalous case to be argued in the courts. The question is a timely one, for it is certain that the publication of the details of so many of these suits has already done serious harm. Men and women have been heard to reply to expostulation, in reference to their own sins, that they are not so bad as some defendant they mention, recently before the public. Not a few also have acquired an acquaintance with deceitful tricks which they can imitate although they have not the brains to devise them. It is becoming a serious duty in the face of the rapidly spreading corruption of society for ministers to speak plainly of the fearful culpability of this sin.

A Curious Mistake Was Near Causing Loss life at Newark, N. J., on August 20th. A poeman had been requested to sleep in a house ere by its proprietor, who was temporarily abnt, and was anxious about the safety of his propty. Two other policemen, knowing that the man is away, but not being aware that a policeman d been stationed there, saw a light in the house, d thinking that burglars were at work, went on e stoop and tried to open the door to capture em. The policeman inside supposing that the ise of a man fumbling with the lock indicated an tack by burglars, rose, and going to the door uck at them through the glass. Pistols were awn by all three, but before the shooting a utual recognition of the voices took place, and ey were able to congratulate each other on their rrow escape. It is not the first time that allies ve mistaken each other for enemies. It would ve been a happy thing in many controversies beeen the clergy of different denominations if they d been sufficiently enlightened to recognize in ch other, servants of a common Master, before ey wounded each other's hearts (James 3 : 16).

Following an Example in Crime is the Plea t up by a boy who is now in the jail at Camden, J. He is charged with having placed a tie ross the rails on the Camden and Atlantic Railad near Waterford, Camden County. He has ade a statement to the effect that he was inced to place the tie on the track because he saw *other party do the same thing* a few days preous, but that he intended to do no injury. If the y speaks the truth he must be little better than idiot, but it is certain that, although every one ust bear the punishment of his own sin, many a an is responsible for the ruin of boys who enter e downward path through imitating him.

"Saved by a Dog" is the Acknowledgment ade by a man in Philadelphia, who had a narrow cape from a burning house last week. He was akened from sleep by his young Newfoundland g leaping on his bed and pawing his face. On ising he found the house suffocatingly full of oke, which issued from the kitchen. The fire partment was summoned and the flames extinished, but not until damage to the extent of ooo had been done. He is satisfied that *he uld have suffocated* had it not been for the dog, there was no other one in the house at the time. is is by no means an isolated case of an ani-al's watchfulness being the means of saving his aster's life. We hold ourselves superior to utes on account of our reasoning powers, but ripture points out that the ungodly show less inligence and a baser nature than the brute crean (Isa. 1 : 3 ; Jer. 8 : 7).

Alone In the World and Dreading Sick- ss was the reason assigned by a German govness at Greenwich, Conn., for committing suile. The lot of a woman alone in a land of angers is very disheartening, but it was a very surd idea as well as a very wicked one for this verness to attempt to improve it by committing icide. Had some Christian counsellor been at nd to direct her to a "friend who sticketh closer an a brother," she might have seen the only sure y out of her apprehensions. To the solitary as ll as to the Christian with many friends, there is thought so reassuring and comforting as that spired by the words of the ascending Saviour, *Lo, I am with you alway*" (Matt. 28 : 20).

A Remarkable Case of Healing Through th and prayer is reported from New Britain, nn. Miss Anna Lewis, the daughter of an emoyé of Messrs Humason & Buckley, cutlers, has en suffering during the past three years and a half m a severe nervous disease which has rendered r life a constant burden to her, and in its acute ges has prostrated her so utterly that she has en for three months at a time unable to rise from r bed. Many physicians had been consulted thout avail. In June last, a friend of the family lled their attention to the cures effected through e instrumentality of Mrs. Mix, the colored lady Torrington, especially to that of Miss Carrie dd, already described in these columns. Mrs. Mix was applied to, and on June 22d she visited Miss Lewis, and explained to her the necessity of absolute faith that the Lord could cure her according to His promise. The sick girl answered "I have faith." Then Mrs. Mix prayed, quoting the words "and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up" (James 5 : 15). When she had finished praying she moistened the tips of her fingers with olive oil taken from a small bottle, and touched with them the forehead of Miss Lewis. After this Miss Lewis lay still for a few moments, and then, Mrs. Mix taking her by the hand, she rose and walked across the room, uttering the prayer as she did so, "Lord, help my faith." Since that time, though very weak, Miss Lewis is conscious that she is entirely cured of her disease.

Mrs. Mix, in the course of conversation on the cure, said, "I believe in the Bible. There is no more efficacy in my prayers than in those of anybody else that prays with faith. It isn't necesary to anoint with oil. It isn't necessary even to be present. The only essential things are prayer and faith. I use oil because the Bible says so, and I have no doubt, therefore, that it is proper to use it."

In the Oldest Meeting-House in America an interesting commemoration service was held on Monday, August 8th. It is situated at Hingham, Mass., and is *two hundred years old*. A brass tablet by the side of the pulpit bears the inscription, "This church was gathered in 1635. The frame of this meeting-house was raised on the 26th, 27th, and 28th days of July, 1681, and the house was completed and opened for public worship on the 8th day of January, 1681-2. It cost the town £430 and the old house." Following is a list of the six pastors who have successively ministered to the church from 1635 to the present time. Rev. Calvin Lincoln, the present pastor, is a descendant of Rev. Peter Hobart, the first pastor, whose term of service extended from 1635 to 1679.

A Man Found Dying in a Cellar in New York on Wednesday, August 24th, from the effects of intemperance, is another instance out of many chronicled every day of the power of evil habit over men of ability and culture. From the contents of the dying man's pockets it was found that he was a Dane, whose connections in Denmark occupy a high position in society. Among his papers was a formal *document on parchment*, dated at Copenhagen, September 14th, 1879. It was a certificate issued by Dr. A. G. Drachman, saying that the bearer, a lieutenant in the Danish army and a candidate of philosophy and student of medicine, at the University of Copenhagen, had been in his service as an assistant physician and manipulator, and was very skilful and experienced. There were also several photographs, one being of *a gray-haired man in the uniform of a general*, and another of two little children caressing each other. The physicians at the hospital to which he was removed, say that he was completely *saturated with liquor*, yet he was a skilful surgeon and a man of education. Parents ought to see from this and similar cases that culture is no protection from this mania, and should teach their children to avoid liquor as they would the plague.

"A Rattlesnake is on the Bed" was the Start- ling information a lady gave her husband a few days ago at Rome, Ga. The couple had been away from home a few hours, and the lady on their return entering her chamber, saw a dark object on the bed. Happily she did not touch it, but struck a light, and then saw to her horror that it was a huge rattlesnake about six feet long. She called her husband, who succeeded in destroying it before it did any harm, but had she not discovered it in time, she and her husband in retiring to rest, might not have escaped injury. So has many a Christian, warned by the exhortations of his Saviour to constant watchfulness, been preserved from the wiles of the crafty enemy of souls, who is always active in places where men seek repose (Matt. 26 : 41).

A Portrait of Mrs. James A. Garfield, the Devoted Wife of the President, will appear in the next number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THE MINSTREL.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"But now bring me a minstrel. And it came to pass, when the minstrel played, that the hand of the Lord came upon him."—2 KINGS 3 : 15.

Elisha's Dependence on the Spirit—His Desire for Music—An Effort to Produce a Receptive Condition—What the Christian Should Strive After—I. To be in a fit State for the Lord's Work—Our Hindrances—Surroundings—Inward Feelings—What are Our Helps?—Singing—Bible Reading—Prayer—Christian Association—II. To Get a Touch of the Lord's Hand—Use What Faith you Have—Hear an Earnest Preacher—Attend Earnest Meetings—Seek Privacy—III. To Use Holy Minstrelsy—Specimens of Minstrelsy—Recollection of a Night of Alarm—The Music of Gospel Doctrine—The Music of Experience—Of Calvary.

THE text is a somewhat singular one, but I hope it will suggest a profitable idea.

Elisha needed that the Holy Spirit should come upon him to inspire him with prophetic utterances. "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." We need that the hand of the Lord should be laid upon us, for we can never open our mouths in wisdom except we are under the divine touch. Now, the Spirit of God works according to His own will. "The wind bloweth where it listeth," and the Spirit of God operates as He chooseth. Elisha could not prophesy just when he liked; he must wait until the Spirit of God came upon him, and the Spirit of God could come or not even as He pleased. Elisha had noticed that the Spirit of God acted upon him most freely when his mind was restful and subdued. He found himself best prepared for *the heavenly voice* when the noise within his soul was hushed, and every disturbing emotion was quieted. Having ascertained this fact by observation, he acted upon it. He could not create the wind of the Spirit, but he could set his sail to receive it, and he did so.

At the particular time alluded to in the text Elisha had been greatly irritated by the sight of Jehoram, the king of Israel, the son of Ahab and Jezebel. In the true spirit of his old master, Elijah, the prophet let Jehoram know what he thought of him; and having delivered his soul, he very naturally felt agitated and distressed, and unfit to be the mouthpiece for the Spirit of God. He knew that the hand of the Lord would not rest upon him while he was in that state, and therefore he said, "Bring me a minstrel." The original Hebrew conveys the idea of a man accustomed to play upon the harp. Listening to the dulcet tones which were produced by a skilful harper, who very likely sang one of David's psalms to the music, the prophet waited awhile, and then the hand of the Lord came upon him.

Under the influence of minstrelsy his mind grew quiet, his agitation subsided, his thoughts were collected, and the Spirit of God spake through him. It was a most commendable thing for him to use the means which he had found at other times helpful, though still his sole reliance was upon the hand of the Lord. It would seem from a passage in the First Book of Samuel that Elisha was not the only prophet who had found music helpful, for we read, "Thou shalt meet a company of prophets coming down from the high place with a psaltery, and a tabret, and a pipe, and a harp, before them; and they shall prophesy." Elisha, like his predecessors, only used a natural means for putting himself into readiness for receiving supernatural help.

Let us see if we can bring forth the practical lesson which this incident may teach us.

I. First: here is a lesson to those who wish to serve God, and to speak in His name. *Let us strive to be in a fit state for the Lord's work.* If we know of anything that will put our mind into such a condition that the Spirit of God is likely to work upon us and speak through us, let us make use of it. Elisha cried, "Bring me a minstrel;" let us also say—bring me that which will be helpful to me. The harper could be of no service to Elisha for bringing him inspiration; but by putting him into a calm, equable state of mind he prepared him for the heavenly communication and

removed from his soul that which would have hindered the divine working.

It is very evident that we, too, like the prophet, have

OUR HINDRANCES.

We are at times unfit for the Master's use. Our minds are disarranged, the machinery is out of order, the sail is furled, the pipe is blocked up, the whole soul is out of gear. The hindrance in Elisha's case came from *his surroundings*. He was in a camp; a camp where three nations mixed their discordant voices; a noisy, ill-disciplined camp, and a camp ready to perish for thirst. There was no water, and the men-at-arms were perishing; the confusion and clamor must have been great. Prophetic thought could scarcely command itself amid the uproar, the discontent, the threatening from thousands of thirsty men.

Three kings had waited on the prophet; but this would not have disconcerted him had not one of them been Jehoram, the son of Ahab and Jezebel. What memories were awakened in the mind of Elijah's servant by the sight of the man in whom the proud dame of Sidon and her base-minded consort lived again. Naboth's vineyard must have come to his mind, and the stern threat of Elijah—"The dogs shall eat Jezebel by the wall of Jezreel." "For there was none like unto Ahab, which did sell himself to work wickedness in the sight of the Lord, whom Jezebel his wife stirred up."

Elisha acted rightly, and bravely. When he saw Jehoram coming to him for help, he challenged him thus—"What have I to do with thee? Get thee to the prophets of thy father, and to the prophets of thy mother." When the king humbly and with bated breath confessed that he saw the hand of Jehovah in bringing the three kings together, the prophet scarcely moderated his tone, but exclaimed, "As the Lord of hosts liveth, before whom I stand, surely, were it not that I regard the presence of Jehoshaphat, the king of Judah, I would not look toward thee, nor see thee." It was fit that he should be in that temper; the occasion demanded it. Still it was not a fit preface to the inward whisper of the Spirit of God, and the prophet did not feel

READY FOR HIS WORK;

the circumstances were not soothing or elevating, and so he said, "Bring me a minstrel."

Do you not occasionally find yourself in an unhappy position? You have to preach, or to teach a class in school, or to carry an edifying word to a sick person; but everything distracts you. What with noise, or domestic trouble, or sinful neighbors, or the railing words of some wicked man, you cannot get into a fit frame of mind. You have had a duty to do which has caused you much pain and disquietude, and you cannot get over it, for everything conspires to worry you. Little things grieve great minds. The very sight of some individuals will throw a preacher off the rails. I know that the height of the pulpit, the thinness of the audience, the sleepiness of a hearer, or the heaviness of the atmosphere, may put the preacher's heart out of tune, and incapacitate him for the blessing. Yes, we have our hindrances even as Elisha had.

Elisha's hindrances lay mainly in *his inward feelings;* he could not feel the hand of the Lord upon him until the inner warfare had been pacified. Anger, even if it be of the purest kind, is a great disturber of the heart; it ruffles all our garments, and makes us unfit to minister before the Lord. I know of nothing that is more likely to put a man out of order for the communications of the Spirit of God than indignation. Even though we may be able to say, "I do well to be angry," yet it is *a very trying emotion*. The unruffled lake reflects the skies, but if it be tossed with tempest even the purest water becomes a broken mirror; even thus in the quiet of the soul the thoughts of God's Spirit are reflected, while in the rush of indignation they are broken and confused.

Moreover, the servant of God must have been the subject of a fierce internal conflict between two sets of thoughts. Indignation and pity strove within his heart. His justice and his piety made him feel that he could have nothing to do with two idolatrous kings; but pity and humanity made him wish to deliver the army from perishing by thirst. Like a patriot, he sympathized with his people; but, like a prophet, he was jealous for his God. The men of Judah and Israel, whatever they might be in character, were the Lord's people by covenant; he could not let them die; yet they had broken that covenant, and how could he help them? The prophet was perplexed, and his heart grew heavy.

How can we do the Lord's work when we are cast down in spirit? The joy of the Lord is our strength, and when we lose it our hands are feeble. When the heart is torn with inner conflict how can we speak words of comfort to those who are weary? We have need to escape from this inward strife before we can become sons of consolation to others. While rent with conflicting feeling, there was no rest in the prophet's spirit; and the hand of the Lord did not come upon him. Most wisely he did not attempt to speak in the name of the Lord, but sought for a means by which his excitement could be allayed. In the face of many hindrances we shall be wise if we imitate him. When we feel ourselves cumbered with much serving we shall act discreetly if we pause in it, and take Mary's place, for awhile, at least, and sit at Jesus' feet; or, if the service must be done at once, it will be well to use the readiest means for preparing the mind for doing it. It may be that some simple natural means will be helpful, and, if so, we must not be so ultra-spiritual as to disdain to cry, "Bring me a minstrel."

WHAT ARE OUR HELPS

when we are pressed with hindrances? Is there anything which in our case may be as useful as a harp? "Bring me a minstrel," said the prophet, for his mind was easily moved by that charming art. Music and song soothed and calmed, and cheered him.

> "Through every pulse the music stole,
> And held high converse with his soul."

On the wings of melody his mind rose above the noisy camp, and floated far away from the loathed presence of Jehoram; the melting mystic strain laid all his passions asleep, and his soul was left in silence to hear the voice of the Lord. Well did Luther say, "Music is the art of the prophets, the only art that can calm the agitations of the soul; it is one of the most magnificent and delightful presents God has given us."

Among our own helps *singing* holds a chief place; as saith the apostle, "Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." It is good to sing praises unto the Lord, and a part of its goodness lies in the comfort which it brings. It is not without significance, that after supper, before our Lord went to His great sacrifice, He sang a hymn. Did not even He find refreshment in that holy exercise? My mind dwells sweetly on a season which I have often mentioned to you when *a new lie* had been forged against me; a lie of peculiar bitterness, and it vexed me. I was never particularly pleased at being slandered, though I have had my fair share of it. Well, I went alone awhile, and sang over to myself in my own poor way:

> "If on my face, for Thy dear name,
> Shame and reproaches be,
> I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,
> If Thou remember me."

By that means the sting was removed, and I felt merry again. "Bring me a minstrel;" the restoring means may be a little thing, but if you do not look to *the linch-pin of a cart-wheel* the wheel may come off, and down will go the cart, and what is the poor horse to do then? If you can get your mind right again by such a simple thing as singing, pray do not neglect it.

Suppose, however, that singing has no such power over you; let me recommend to you the quiet *reading* of a chapter of God's Word. Go upstairs and open the Book, and think upon a few verses. If you are much perplexed, read that blessed chapter which begins, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me." Those verses act like a charm upon many minds; many and many a time a storm has subsided into a calm by the reading of those words. Some such passage read quietly will often operate as the harper acted upon Elisha. If time be pressing, see what is the text for the day in the almanac; or choose out some one precious promise which in other days was sweet to you. It is wonderful the effect of a single verse of Scripture when the Spirit of God applies it to the soul.

You will find it equal to bringing a minstrel, and perhaps even more efficient, if you will get alone to *pray*. That horrible Rabshakeh's letter—you read it, and then you wished you had never seen it. You put it behind the glass, but you fetch it out again, and read it again, and cry, "What a trial is this! who can bear it?" There is a kind of basilisk power in an abominable letter, so that you feel compelled to read it again and again. Can you not break the spell? What is the wisest course? Go upstairs, open it wide, spread it before the Lord, and say, "O Lord, Thou hast seen letters like this before; for Thy servant Hezekiah showed Thee one." I would say of every sorrow, "*Pray over it.*"

It may be you will find fittest help in *Christian association*. I commend it to those believers who are seldom fit for God to use because they are morose and fault-finding. You ought to say, "Bring me a minstrel;"—find me some praying sister whom I may talk with, or find me some genial brother who rejoices in the Lord, and let me converse with such." It may be that the Master will join you and make a third, and then shall your heart be glad. Much misery is caused by Christians attempting to go to heaven alone.

What is *the duty* that arises out of this? It is this:

IF YOU GET INTO A BAD STATE DON'T STICK THERE.

"Ah," says one, "it is very close weather, and I feel depressed, so that the Spirit of God does not work upon my mind." Then cry at once, "Bring me a minstrel." Do not say, "I cannot help being stupid." You need not be; at least, not more so than you are by nature. You may get out of your dulness by making an effort, and you ought to make it. Did I not hear you say, "Everybody has gone away for a holiday, and I cannot leave my work. Trade is dull, and so am I?" But you need not be dull. Why should you always be heavy? You say, "I do not feel fit to go to my class," or, "I do not feel fit to preach." Should you, therefore, cease from the work of the Lord? By no means. *Rouse yourself*. Think of the way in which God has aforetime helped you, and use the same means again. While you are helping yourselves God will help you, and the hand of the Lord will come upon you.

Do not give way to feelings which unhinge you. Fight against them and cry with David, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul?" Still, do not rush into God's service in an unfit condition. Resort to such means as are within reach for calming the lower faculties, and then the Spirit of God will move upon your higher powers. Act rationally. Use you best judgment and most prudent endeavors, or we shall suspect that you have no particular wish to do the Lord's work, or fancy that anything is good enough for your God. Say to yourself, "Being in an unsuitable condition, I cannot expect God to use me. I must therefore get right."

This, then, is the first lesson, and I am sure there is real practical teaching in it, though some superior persons may despise it.

II. My second word is to those who have not yet found the Lord. We should

USE EVERY MEANS

to obtain the touch of the Divine hand. There are some here present who do not yet know whether they are believers in Christ or not; and I am sure I cannot tell them. I hope they are believers, for they are sincerely desirous of eternal salvation, but sometimes I am afraid they are not, for they do not appear to understand the meaning of the finished work of Christ. What are those who are earnestly seeking the Lord, to do? The reply is but one answer, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Faith is the only and only course commanded. But, some one

s. "Alas! I cannot get at that." But, my nd, you must get at it, or perish. Without h it is impossible to please God.

till, to help you, let me urge you to do this ch lies near at hand; if you cannot feel that Spirit of God will bless you as you are, call some minstrel, who may aid you in your search r the blessing. If there be any subordinate ns which may be helpful, use it with a view to higher and better thing. I would first say—If feel that you have not the faith which you ought ave, *use what faith you have.*

: is wonderful what an immense amount of pos- lity lies in a mustard seed of faith. It is a very ll, tiny thing; but sow it, and it will grow. ı have not enough faith to believe that Christ save you, but you have enough to feel sure : Christ *can* save you. That is something; l to it and follow it out to its fair conclusions. man has not money enough to pay for a week's visions, let him not starve; but let him spend t he has, hoping that more will come. Have a small dust of faith? use that, and it will tiply.

you want to feel the hand of the Lord, I would t say, Go and *hear a sound, earnest, lively acher.* I am advising you to do as I acted self. I was muddled, and could not exercise ı, and so I resolved to obey that other precept, ear, and your soul shall live."

ut suppose I have attended such a ministry, have found no good; what shall I do? Why, Scripture says, "Believe in the Lord Jesus ist, and thou shalt be saved." Still, if you can- get at this for the moment, *attend earnest tings* where souls have been converted, and ıy have been brought to Jesus's feet. Trust to preachers or meetings; but, still, go where rain is falling, and there may be a drop for . If a ministry is blessing others, resort to it, ying, "O Lord, *bless* me." Our immediate l is the hand of the Lord, and we may be made ly to receive it by hearing the Gospel; there- let us diligently incline our ear to the heavenly d.

would also strongly recommend you to *get a l deal alone.* You poor souls, who cannot find ist, and do not seem to understand what it is to eve in Him, should think much, and meditate h, upon Jesus and His cross. David said, "I ıght on my ways, and turned my feet unto Thy imonies." If you want a minstrel, think of r sin, your sin against your God, till it breaks r heart; then think of Christ, His nature, His k, His love, His deeds of mercy; think of the y Spirit, and His power to renew, regenerate, fort, sanctify; think over those precious truths he Word of God, which are set there on purpose ɔe beacons to light souls to Christ, and while are thinking of these it shall be to you as when minstrel played, and the hand of the Lord ıe upon His prophet

I. Thirdly, we should more abundantly use

HOLY MINSTRELSY.

ıts and sinners, too, would find it greatly to r benefit if they said, "Bring me a minstrel." s is the world's cry whenever it is merry, and d with wine. The art of music has been pros- ed to the service of Satan. Charles Wesley said:

"Listed into the cause of sin,
Why should a good be evil?
Music, alas! too long has been
Press'd to obey the devil.
Drunken, or lewd, or light, the lay
Flow'd to the soul's undoing;
Widen'd, and strew'd with flowers the way
Down to eternal ruin."

is for us to use singing in the service of God, to make a conquest of it for our Redeemer. rldlings want the minstrel to excite them; we t him to calm our hearts and still our spirits. t is his use to us, and we shall do well to em- the harper to that end.

et us give instances: I will suppose that this ning you were thinking about coming up to the mbly of God's people, and you felt hardly up he mark. It would have been wise to do as I this morning. I read at family prayer the eighty-fourth Psalm: "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!" What a sweet piece of Sabbath minstrelsy it is!

When the house is full of trouble, and your heart is bowed down, is it not well to say—"Bring me a minstrel, and let him sing to me the twenty-seventh Psalm. 'The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell. Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.'" You need not confine the harper to that one strain; for David has written many psalms for burdened hearts. It is wonderful what provision God has made of sacred minstrels to play us up out of the depths into the heights if we will but make a right use of them.

I will suppose you are in a state of alarm; it may be there is a thunder-storm, or possibly a disease is stalking through the land. Did you ever sing in such times that forty-sixth Psalm: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." I remember being in a family one night *when I was but a lad*, when everybody in the house, strong men though some of them were, trembled and were afraid. A child was upstairs and must be brought down; but no one dared to pass by the window on the staircase. Well do I remember fetching down the child, awed, but not alarmed, and then I sat down and read aloud the ninety-first Psalm, and saw how it quieted both men and women. Ah, my brethren, David as a musician is one of a thousand; we need no other minstrel. The Word of God hushes the tempest of the soul, and refreshes the heart with a celestial dew. "Bring me a minstrel," but let him sing us one of

THE SONGS OF ZION.

Do you ever get depressed in spirit, beloved friends? I fear you do; and are you ever troubled because you seem to have more affliction than anybody else? Have you watched the wicked and seen them prosperously sailing while you have been tossed to and fro on a raging sea of troubles? Do you want to get peace to your mind by the power of the Holy Spirit? Then say, "Bring me a minstrel;" and let him sing that thirty-seventh Psalm, "Fret not thyself because of evil-doers." Or if you would have a change from the thirty-seventh, *turn the figures round*, and let him sing the seventy-third, and the notes will run thus: "Truly God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart. But as for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped." You will not be long before you will rise to the note—"Whom have I in Heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee. My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."

When we come to die we will breathe our last breath to music. Then will we say, "Bring me a harper," and like Jacob and Moses we will sing ere we depart. Our song is ready. It is the twenty-third Psalm: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

This is the kind of minstrel for me. Say you not so, my brethren? When you are in trouble or distress will you not remember your songs in the night? If such be the strain, I am of the same mind as Martin Luther, whose words I have copied out to read to you. His language is always strong.

LUTHER SPEAKS

thunderbolts. "One of the finest and noblest gifts of God is music. This is very hateful to the devil, and with it we may drive off temptations and evil thoughts. After theology I give the next place and highest honor to music. It has often aroused and moved me so that I have won a desire to preach. We ought not to ordain young men to the office of preacher if they have not trained themselves and practised singing in the schools." That is pretty strong. I fear many would not have been preachers if they must first have been singers. Still, there is a power about song; and to sing the praises of God in psalms such as those I have read to you is most consoling.

Suppose you have done with the minstrelsy which I have now mentioned, there is next *the music of gospel doctrine.* I confess to you that, when depressed in spirit, I love a bit of thorough Calvinistic doctrine. I turn to "Coles on Divine Sovereignty," and relish his plain speaking upon sovereign grace. The doctrine of election is noble music; predestination is a glorious hallelujah. Grace abounding, love victorious, truth unchanging, faithfulness invincible; these are melodies such as my ear delights in. The truth of God is fit music for angels. The harps of the redeemed never resound with more noble music than the doctrines of grace. Every truth has its melody, every doctrine is a psalm unto God. When my heart is faint, "Bring me a minstrel," and let him sing of free grace and dying love.

If these do not charm you, fetch a minstrel from *experience.* Think how God has dealt with you in times of sorrow and darkness long gone by, and then you will sing, "His mercy endureth forever." That one hundred and third Psalm might last a man from now till he entered heaven, he need not change the strain—"Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name." He may keep on chanting it until his song melts into the hymn of the angels, and he adds another voice to the chorus of the redeemed above.

If you want music, there is yet a sweeter store. Go fetch a minstrel *from Calvary.* Commend me for sweetness to

THE MUSIC OF THE CROSS.

At Calvary I hear music set to the minor key, which has bred more joy beneath the skies than all else. Hear it: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Jesus deserted is the comfort of deserted souls; Jesus crying, "Why hast Thou forsaken Me?" is the joy of the spirit that has lost the light of God's countenance. That grave and solemn note can lift despair into delight.

But if you want another hymn of the cross to be sung with the accompaniment of the high-sounding cymbals, or with trumpet and sound of cornet, let me commend you to this other song of the cross, "*It is finished.*" All music lies there. Condensed into those three words you have the harmonies of eternity, the melodies of the infinite. Angels themselves when on their loftiest key did never sing a canticle so sweet. "*Consummatum est*" is the consummation of song. "It is finished;" sin is blotted out, reconciliation is complete, everlasting righteousness is brought in, and believing souls are saved. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Till the day break, and the shadows flee away, "Bring me a minstrel," and let us sing unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, to Him be glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

[PORTIONS OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Psalm 136; 2 Kings 3: 1–15.

The Story of Joseph has been Dramatized in the Mahrattee language of India, and brought out by a Hindoo theatrical company in the principal theatre of Bombay, and playbills in the Mahrattee language give the outline of the plot. The scene is laid in India, and the name of Joseph has been changed to Jayapal. The story has been altered and accommodated to the tastes of theatre-going people. *The religious element* is eliminated. Jayapal has six half-brothers who resolve to kill him; they thrust him into a cave and cover the mouth of it with a stone. Some soldiers travelling that way stop to rest in the neighborhood of the cave, hear the youth's cries, deliver him and take him with them. He is next found in the camp of the commander-in-chief of Sarungpoor, whose wife seeks to seduce him, and failing, has him cast into prison. The king has a bad dream and summons the Brahmans to explain it; but being told of Jayapal sends for him. Then follows Joseph's promotion, his marriage with the king's daughter, and so on to the end.

A Dying Surgeon's Joy.

A Meeting at a Kiosk.

A SURGEON'S DIFFICULTY SOLVED.

By the Rev. G. A. Rogers, M.A.

A SURGEON, with a large practice, in the East of England, was in the habit of visiting members of his family residing in my parish in London. But, unhappily, like too many of his professional brethren, he was not in the habit of attending the house of God. Contrary, however, to his usual custom, on one of his visits he was prevailed upon to come to my church. He became so interested in the truths of the Gospel which he then heard that he determined henceforth always to attend when he had opportunity.

It was upon one of these occasional visits to his friends that I became personally acquainted with Mr. R. I found him to be a very gentlemanly man, of fine intellectual powers, and of a highly cultivated mind, and, what is rare in men of his profession, he was anxious to speak on matters relating to the soul. Nor was he narrow-minded, nor self-opinionated, and much less was he bigoted, or prejudiced against those doctrines of grace which were entirely new to him. He was a man of an inquiring mind, and always desired to go to the root of every subject, and to require an intelligent reason before yielding up his assent to any statement. He was not a man who argued for argument's sake, but he questioned and reasoned with the sole view of discovering and accepting truth. It was very pleasant to converse with him. He seemed to gain some additional light, and to make some advance in spiritual knowledge, and to grasp some new truth at every interview.

Some months passed away after my first acquaintance with my friend, when I was informed that he had been seized with an alarming illness, and had returned to London. I hastened to see him. I was pained to witness the sad change which a few months had wrought in him. He was evidently in a most critical state. The cold damps and foggy atmosphere of his country home, his exposure by night and day to the inclement weather in the rounds of his professional duties, had told fearfully upon his constitution. He knew full well the critical state he was in. Already he began to look upon himself as a dying man.

But there was no abatement in his mental vigor. His ample forehead and keen and penetrating eye indicated remarkable intelligence. Calm and earnest were our conversations on the one now absorbing question: "*How can a guilty sinner appear justified before a holy God?*" The Bible was constantly appealed to, as the only authority on this point. Day after day passed away, and the question was not solved to the satisfaction of the inquiring patient.

My friend rapidly grew worse. Nothing could stay the swift progress of his decline. He seemed to waste away before one's eyes. He was soon confined to his chamber, and then to his bed. But his mind remained as clear as ever, and his anxiety for the immediate salvation of his soul knew no abatement. He knew and felt that he had not yet discovered the true secret of safety and peace. He could not understand the great fundamental truth: "The just shall live by faith." He could not reconcile this doctrine with man's responsibility to "work out his own salvation." He had no doubt that the difficulty was his own. But until he could understand, and reconcile to his own satisfaction, these apparently conflicting truths, he could not receive them, nor find peace. His mind was greatly exercised and troubled. But I was certain the Holy Spirit was teaching him, and would lead him into the truth. He was earnest in prayer for enlightenment and guidance. And at last the whole truth burst upon his mind.

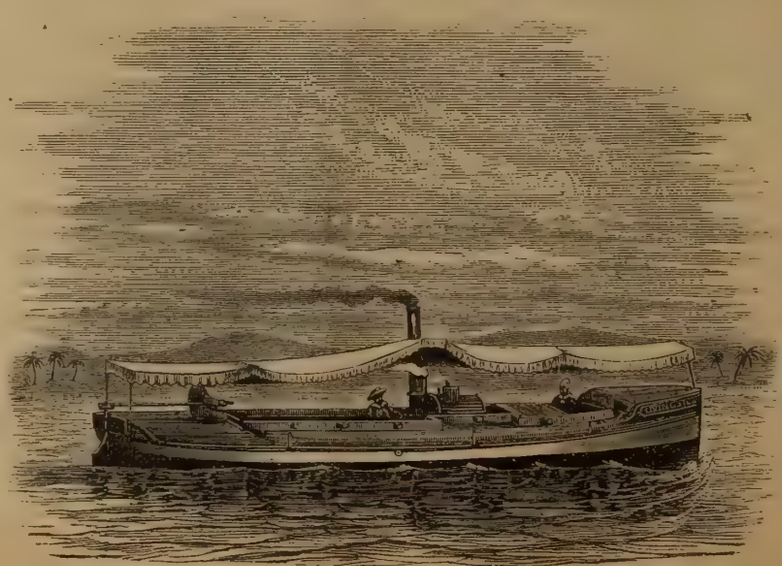
Upon entering his chamber on one Sunday afternoon, between the services at church, throwing out both his emaciated hands, and with a voice tremulous with joyful emotion, he exclaimed to me: "*I see it all—I see it all—it is so clear and so simple.*"

And he did see it all. Truth is simple in proportion to its importance. And what did he see? What made him now so happy and triumphant? In a few terse, well chosen sentences, he explained that he now comprehended the way of salvation by Christ Jesus. He now saw clearly that God "justifies the ungodly," by imputing their sins to Christ, and imputing His righteousness to them. He understood now that, believing in Jesus, all his sins were atoned for on the cross, and that Christ had wrought out a perfect robe of righteousness on his behalf. Such passages as Rom. 4 and 5 and 2 Cor. 5 : 19-21 no longer puzzled him. He *saw it all*, and, what is more, he *felt* it all, and casting himself as a guilty, lost sinner at the feet of the Saviour, and looking to His blood and righteousness alone for acceptance before the mercy-seat, he found peace, and was made happy and joyous in believing.

I had longed for this moment with the yearning those only know whose life-work is the salvation of immortal souls. The joy I now felt at Mr. R.'s deliverance was proportionate to his own. I hoped that we might have many a happy hour's conversation on the Word of life. I knew he could no remain long with us, but I little thought his end was so near. After my evening's service in the church I again looked in upon him—but my friend was now passing away. He had but strength to beckon me to his side, and with difficulty to utter a few words of grateful love, and express his calm confidence in his Redeemer's merits.

The fear of death was removed. The near prospect of an eternity of bliss dawned upon him. And in the full assurance of faith in a crucified and risen Saviour he peacefully passed away into that Presence where there is fulness of joy, and where there are pleasures for evermore.

This was no common deathbed repentance. We have little confidence in such repentances. They often prove deceptive. But here was an instance of a calm, enlightened, deliberate, and prayerful inquiry after saving truth, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, which ended, as it always *will* end, in perfect peace and endless salvation.



The New Mission Steamer "Livingstone" on the River Congo.

A MEETING AT A KIOSK.

Encouragement for Preachers.

By the Rev. G. A. Rogers, M.A.

A Spanish Evangelist—His Wife's Conversion—A Welcome Letter from Australia—The Invalid's Conversion.

IN passing a *Kiosk* for the sale and gratuitous distribution of the Scriptures some years ago in the Maritime *Exposition* at Hav... where a dear friend had organized a great work for God, I was accosted by the inquiry, "Will you accept, sir, a copy of the Book of Revelation? It is a book little known and seldom read by Englishmen."

I turned to my interrogator and answered, "Do you dispose of many copies of the Scriptures in this place?" "Yes; they are eagerly sought after. Many a Frenchman having accepted a New Testament will begin reading it at once, and go on until he has finished it from Matthew to Revelation."

"Do you meet with much opposition from the priests?" "From some; but others, more enlightened, encourage their people to buy them. The other day a parish priest from the country brought up a bevy of his parishioners, and asked for a copy of the New Testament for each one of them."

"This is very encouraging," I replied. "Are you Mr. Hawke?"

"Yes," he answered; "and are you Mr. Rogers? Oh, how glad I am that you have come!"

Our conversation was here interrupted by the well-known missionary who labors as an evangelist in Spain, who, upon learning my name, came forward, and, grasping my hand, exclaimed, "How glad my wife will be to see you!" "Do I know her?" I asked. "No; but she knows you, and you are her spiritual father." "Tell me, when and where?" "It is now nearly eighteen years ago, when you were Vicar of L——, that this happy event took place. She lived in the neighborhood, some miles distant from the town, and from what she heard of your ministry she was led to go to your church. She became a regular attendant, and it was there the Lord brought the word home to her heart, and she became savingly converted. She never liked to make herself known to you then. But how glad she will be to see you now!"

"Is she with you in Havre?"

"Yes; we are spending the summer here during the *Exposition* to help Mr. Hawke, and to labor among the Spaniards attracted by it."

It was not long before I found my way to the temporary abode of Mrs. L——. I need not describe the mutual pleasure the unexpected interview afforded us. She was surrounded by a happy little family, whom she was striving to bring up in the fear of the Lord. How thankfully and gratefully did she recall the ministry of the word in the old Minster Church where the Lord met with her. With what humble gratitude did we, on that foreign shore, bow our knees together and bless God for His goodness!

This little incident has often encouraged me in the work of the ministry. We ministers need encouragement. Our hearts grow sad when we labor on day after day, week after week, month after month, and, in some places see so little fruit of our toil. We sow the good seed, but how seldom do we see it spring up! We cast the bread upon the waters, but how long it is before we find it again! Our labors seem to be in vain. Our prayers seem to be forgotten. We sow in hope, but hope speeds from us on wings. The ministers of evil flourish, and gather in their sad harvests. We witness the effects of the powers of darkness.

But we need not be discouraged. There is a seed time, and a harvest time is coming. The husbandman waiteth, and *we* must wait. We shall yet gather the ripe and full sheaves into our bosom if we be faithful and patient. The Lord is not slack concerning His promises. "*Eighteen years*" may seem long to wait for gathering in one soul, but this one was probably a type of many others. We know, thank God, that many besides the missionary's wife received the Word with joy and to their salvation in that old Minster Church. How many the recording angel has noted in the Book of Life we know not. But though we have to wait twice-told eighteen years, it matters not. "*My word shall not return unto Me void.*"

A LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA

ately reached me. It came from an unknown correspondent, one who had attended my church in Regent Square. I had never spoken to her, nor had I ever seen her; but in a far distant land her heart was drawn out, under an impulse she could no longer resist, to tell me that it was under my ministry the Lord had met with her and brought her to Himself. On three several occasions she had endeavored to call on me in London to thank me. Thrice she actually came to my door for the purpose, but each time her heart had failed her. Twenty-five years had now passed away, and she felt constrained to pay this debt of gratitude, and to confess what God had done for her soul. She is now laboring for Christ in the hospitals and in other spheres of work in Australia.

"I have found the Lord Jesus Christ, and I should like Mr. Rogers to know it."

These were glad tidings, conveyed to me in a letter from England, just as I was compelled a few years ago to seek rest on the Continent. While on a visit in the neighborhood of London, I had met a gentleman who had been ordered home from China, having suffered from a sunstroke. I had many times spoken to him about the never-dying interests of his soul. He had listened with interest to the simple exposition of the way of salvation, but without giving me any grounds for hoping that he had found the Saviour. Upon subsequent inquiry, I learnt that he had been taken alarmingly ill—so ill, indeed, that he had to be placed under the care of strangers. But shortly before his death he enjoyed a lucid interval, and recalling perhaps my anxiety for his spiritual welfare, he said to one who took down the words, "I have found the Lord Jesus Christ, and I should like Mr. Rogers to know it."

It was his own sister, herself a child of God, who gleaned these facts, and kindly gladdened and cheered my heart with the welcome tidings.

Let all who know the Lord be encouraged to speak for Him at all times—in season and out of season. In some unexpected moment we may learn that angels in heaven have sung for joy over the words we have uttered in our Master's name.

TRIAL TRIP OF THE LIVINGSTONE.

Mr. Guiness's New Mission Steamer on the Congo River South Africa—Doubts as to the Engine's Power Dispelled—Arrival at the French Agent's House at Borna—The Quickest Passage on the Congo—Present State of the Mission.

IN our issue of July 28th appeared a brief notice of the arrival of the steam-launch sent from Mr. Guiness's Missionary Institute in London to Africa. We now publish a picture of the little ship, and further particulars. It is intended for navigating the Congo, and to aid Mr. McCall and his fellow-missionaries generally in their work in Congoland.

The launch arrived out at the Congo River, in Central Africa, last May, and Mr. McCall came from Manyanga, further inland, to see it, and make a trial trip with it. He writes:

"Everybody here, including myself, *thought the engines of the Livingstone far too small to drive the launch up the river*. On Thursday, May 5th, we loaded her up with a ton and a half of cargo, boxes of rice, bales, boxes, etc., together with about three quarters of a ton of coal. We loaded her carefully so as to balance her well fore and aft, and put the propeller well down in the water. Everything was prepared for a fair start next morning.

"*Friday* 6.—We steamed out of Banana at 6.15 A.M., with a pilot at the helm (lent by the French house), Angus, in the stern, Joe at his post managing the engines, etc., Joe (No. 2) the black stoker, also at his work, and the three hands 'for'ad.' We started out in good form under seventy pounds steam pressure. I had not yet seen the pretty little engines working under strong pressure, but now I soon discovered that with pressure they could drive us though the current splendidly. It was a lovely morning, the water calm as a lake, the rising sun gleaming brightly over the placid river. Our little *Livingstone* flew along, steady as a rock, graceful as a swan, comfortable as an arm-chair!

"Soon we rounded Roolambemba Point (the commencement of the Congo River proper) and entered upon our task of steaming up against the current; but *to my joy and satisfaction we went ahead almost as if there were no current against us!* We 'pounded' away (pardon the word) mile after mile, the strength of the current always increasing, the little engine humming again with the rapidity of its revolutions, and the propeller raising a perfect whirlpool astern, making the seething water hiss and curl up under our counter until it nearly reached the gunwales. We reached the landing-stage of the French house at Ponta da Lenha at eleven A.M., only four hours and three quarters from Banana, a distance of over thirty miles—about thirty-six, I believe.

"At 12.30 we were again under steam and away for Boma, where we arrived about 5 P.M., and made fast at the pier of the French house, everybody remarking what a capital run we had made. After dinner I called on Mr. Greshoff to request him to let me have a little coal. We arranged for our boys to come for it in the morning early.

"*Saturday* 7.—Steam up at 6 A.M. Some delay getting the coal; finally started for Massuca and Nokki at 7 A.M., and arrived at Massuca, after a capital run of exactly four hours, a distance of thirty miles and strong current. I met Mr. Grenfell here for the first time, and had a chat with him, breakfasting at Signor Santos' (who is always agreeable and hospitable), left again for Nokki soon after 1 P.M., running direct to Nokki in about one hour, thus making the entire 'run' from Banana to Nokki, a distance of 105 to 110 miles, in a *day and a half*, including stoppages, fourteen hours of actual steaming. No steamer on the river, Stanley's or otherwise, *has ever done it in a shorter time*.

"On Tuesday morning at 6.30 we steamed out of Nokki, Mr. and Mrs. Craven and Signor Martini as passengers; in *twenty-eight minutes* we were at Massuca. Mr. Grenfell came alongside with his boat, into which Mr. and Mrs. Craven stepped at once, and in two minutes we were off 'full steam ahead' for Boma. We regularly flew down with the current, and actually arrived at Boma in two hours from Massuca—*i.e.*, fifteen miles an hour.

"Here I had a call or two to make, and to get some more coal, so that we did not start again until 10.10 A.M., when we ran for Banana direct without going to Ponta da Lenha. We had a fine run down; and although the last fifteen or twenty miles were *against wind and tide* and a head sea, we cut through splendidly, tossing the spray far and wide, and, with only half pressure, we arrived at Banana at 3 P.M.—*i.e. ten minutes under five hours*, a distance of seventy miles. With a full head of steam we could have done it easily in four hours and a half.

"So ended the trial trip of our pretty little *Livingstone*, to the complete satisfaction of all parties, and with hearty thanksgiving to our loving Father, the Giver of all good gifts, and the One in whom is our joy, and our hope now and for ever."

A HINDOO GOD IMPRISONED.

THE Vyshnavs are a large section of the most intelligent Hindoo merchants in Western India, who worship their own priests or Maharajah, believing them to be incarnations of God. Some of their modes of rendering devotion to the Maharajahs are too filthy to be related and would scarcely be believed. One of these Maharajahs has been convicted by a British court of justice of complicity in the theft of *a parcel of pearls* from a post-office, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment and a fine amounting to one thousand dollars. As the Vyshnavs believe that nothing a Maharajah does can be wrong, they attach no importance whatever to his conviction of the crime, but they are overwhelmed with horror at their god being classed with felons. An Indian paper thus describes how the Vyshnavs received the news:

"When the effects of the shock caused by the intelligence gave place to reflection, men, leaving aside their business, collected in large groups in the market and began to speculate on the extent of the accuracy of the information received. The knowing ones declared it to be absolutely correct; and then ejaculations of 'Ram, Ram,' (God! God!) escaped those upon whom the conviction laid its hold that he, whom they regarded as the incarnation of the deity, had been condemned to a felon's jail. When the news was confirmed, the Vyshnavs, with one consent, closed their establishments. As they constitute a large portion of the native trading community, this measure practically meant the stoppage of all business in the native town, the streets of which presented a curious appearance. In the Bhooleshwar district, the crowd of devotees was very great, long lines of carriages outside the temple indicating that the mourning was not confined to the lower and less opulent classes. At the temples prayers and offerings were made to the idols to secure the release of the incarcerated Maharajah, and a general fast was observed until yesterday evening by the entire community."

The Vyshnavs are among the most astute and prosperous traders of Bombay, a large share of the commerce of that emporium being in their hands, and it is said that they are prepared to raise *ten millions of dollars* in the attempt to deliver the Maharajah from the clutches of the law.

"NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

BY HESBA STRETTON.

(*Continued from page* 543.)

The Magistrates' Meeting.

UPTOWN was not worthy of the name of town; it could hardly be called a large village. But it was the centre of a wide agricultural district, and a small market was held in it once a week, chiefly for the sale of butter and eggs, as the farmers carried their corn to a more important market farther away in the county-town. A magistrates' meeting was held at Uptown at stated intervals; and there was a police station just outside the village, provided with two cells but seldom occupied, in one of which Ishmael had been safely kept since noonday on Saturday.

Heavy-hearted still, though with a fund of secret courage bearing her up, Ruth entered Uptown on the Monday morning. There was more stir than usual about the single street, as there always was on the days when the magistrates came to hear the trivial cases which awaited their judgment. Round the inn where the justices' room was, there were several groups of somewhat discreditable folks hanging about in readiness. Nutkin was within the inn-yard, eagerly talking to one of the magistrates who had arrived before the others, and had just dismounted from his horse. Ruth saw him, but it was as if she did not see him, so absorbed was her whole soul in watching for Ishmael to come along the road between the town and the police-station.

She was half unconscious of the increasing crowd and stir as the magistrates rode in one after another; and the magistrates' clerk bustled down from his house with his blue bag full of papers. Mrs. Clift had arrived too with Elsie; and Squire Lansdowne was gone into the large room of the inn; but she only half knew it. At last Ishmael appeared, walking beside a policeman, who kept his hand tightly on his collar, as if to remind him it was of no use to try to escape. But could this sullen, scowling lad, with rough uncombed hair and tear-stained face, be Ishmael? He was close beside her, yet he never raised his eyes; and he would have passed her by, if she had not cried out in a very lamentable voice, "Oh, Ishmael, Ishmael!"

"It's my mother," he said, as the policeman tightened his grasp of his collar. "Don't you come inside, mother dear. It 'ud do no good, and it 'ud make me cry. You go home again now you've seen me, to say good-bye. You'll loose me to kiss my mother?" he added, looking at the policeman.

"Ay, if you're sharp about it," he answered.

For a minute the young boy, scarcely more than a child, and the bent, gray-haired woman stood with their arms fondly clinging about each other. Ruth felt as if she could not let him go; it seemed but a few days since he was but a baby in her bosom; and now he was a prisoner charged with an offence against the laws of his country. But Ishmael loosened his hands and let himself be led away inside the magistrates' room. Then she sat down on the lowest step of a horse-block below its open window, through which she could hear the hum of voices coming indistinctly to her ear. How long it was she did not know, but a gayly-dressed, flaunting young woman came to her at length, and spoke in a pitying tone.

"Don't you take on, Mrs. Medway," she said; "you're a good woman, I know, but luck's agen you. Nutkin was very hard on him; and they've give him three months in the county jail."

"Is it my Ishmael?" she asked, looking up with a wandering and vacant expression in her eyes.

"To be sure," answered the young woman. "'Ishmael Medway, thirteen years of age; three months for stealing pheasants' eggs.'"

Ruth heard no more, saw nothing more. But bending forward, as if to lift herself upon her feet, she fell heavily on the pavement, in a deep swoon. There was a crowd clustering about her when Ishmael was marched out of the inn by the policeman; he looked round in vain for a last glance at his mother's face.

"It were best for her to go away," he said to himself, with a sob; "but I should ha' liked to ha' seen her again."

He felt as if he was going to die in the prison to which they were sending him, and as if he should never see his mother's face again. His young soul was in a bewilderment of grief and amazement. He had heard himself described as an incorrigible thief and poacher. Everything had gone against him; the notorious character of his father and elder brothers; his own admission of having haunted the woods until he knew every spot in them; even his tearful confession that he knew he had no right to the eggs, and did not know why he should take them then for the first time. All had been against him.

He was going away to jail, a shame and disgrace to his poor mother. To-day too; the very day he was to have begun to earn his own living, and relieve her from the burden he had been upon her. He would be a worse trouble to her than any of the others had been, even than his father, who came home every night either drunk or angry. What could he ever do to make it up to her now? He could do nothing better than to die.

It was late before Ruth reached home in the evening, and she found her husband awaiting her return, sober and sullen; a hard, tyrannical old man, who looked upon her as a silent and spiritless drudge.

"So," he exclaimed, as she stepped feebly and wearily over the threshold, "this is what it's come to; thy fine lad's got hisself into jail! This comes o' book-learnin' and psalm-singin', eh? He brings shame on all on us. Ne'er a one on us was iver up afore the justices till now; and they say at the 'Labor in Vain' as he's got three months. And serve him right, I say. I takes sides with Nutkin, and th' squire, and the justices, as are ivery one on 'em gentlemen. If I'd a bit o' land, I'd hang every poacher as set foot on it. And a young little lad o' his age! What'll he be when he's a man? I'd ha' sent him to Botany Bay, I would. I'm on the side o' justice. And if ever Ishmael crosses o'er that door-sill agen, I'll thresh him to within an inch o' his life! I'll break ivery bone in his body! And thine, too," he shouted, with growing fury, "if thee don't open that cursed mouth o' thine, and say somethink!"

"I'm ill, Humphrey," she answered, meekly; "I swounded away dead when they told me on it."

"Swounded!" he repeated, sneeringly; "don't tell me. It's only born ladies as can do that, not a workin' woman like thee. But swound or no swound, just hearken to my words. Ishmael niver sets his foot over yon door-sill. I'll harbor no poachers or jail-birds under my roof."

Very quietly Ruth went on lighting the fire and boiling the kettle. It was a relief to her to be at home again, out of the stir and buzz of the little town, and out of sight of inquisitive eyes. Even her husband's threats and jeers could not altogether spoil the sense of having found rest at her own fireside. And when he was gone, the unbroken silence of the dark hut suited her. Her harassed soul could recollect itself now. Even in dense darkness our eyes by eager gazing begin to see a little, and so in the deepest trouble the soul by its earnest yearning towards God begins to discern light.

As Ruth sat alone in the dark hut, there came back to her memory the old story in the Bible, from which she had taken a name for her youngest boy. She thought of Hagar in the wilderness, a runaway slave, fleeing from her mistress, and how God heard her affliction; and how once more she was driven into the wilderness, wandering up and down homeless, until her son Ishmael was dying of thirst, and his mother cast him under a shrub to die, and went away out of sight—a good way off—lest she should see the death of her child; and how God heard the voice of the lad, and once again sent His angel to succor Hagar. Ruth shut her aching and swollen eyelids with a feeling of comfort and awe, as she whispered, "'Thou God seest me.'"

Yes, God saw; God knew. There was unspeakable consolation in that. She felt no bitterness of heart, even against Nutkin. She had nothing to say against the law that had sent Ishmael to prison. She did not try to justify her boy; he had done wrong, though in light-heartedness and thoughtlessness, not in malice. None of these things occupied her simple mind. God had seen all; and He knew all about it. It was in that thought she was to find consolation and strength. She must endure, as seeing Him who is invisible.

The hay-harvest and the corn-harvest, with their long hours of labor in the hot sunshine, passed by; and Ruth was one of the busiest of the women working on Chipchase's farm. No one saw much change in her, for she had always been a silent, inoffensive woman, minding her own business, and leaving other folks alone. But when harvest was ended, and the shooting season begun, the term of Ishmael's imprisonment was nearly over.

Nutkin and his assistant keepers were very busy about the woods, watching them all night, while all day long the crash of guns could be heard far and near. It was not a good time for Ishmael to be coming home; there was too much to put her husband in mind of his threats, and to keep his anger hot against his son. But surely he could not be so hard as to turn Ishmael out of doors when the law let him go free!

"*Ishmael's time's up to-morrow*," she said, in a tremulous voice one evening, with a deep anxiety she was striving to conceal.

"Ay," answered Humphrey, slowly, "that's what Nutkin says. So I up to the Hall this mornin' early, and I says to th' Squire, 'Squire, I've been a honest man all my life; and I've worked on your hedges many a year; and I'm not a-goin' to harbor no poacher in my home. There's that lad o' mine that's been a disgrace to me, a-comin' out o' the county jail to-morrow. He'll niver set his foot o'er my door-sill, I promise you.' The squire says, 'As you choose, Humphrey. Go into the kitchen, and get a draught o' ale.' And good ale it was; a sight better nor that at the 'Labor in Vain.' I'm not the man to drink the squire's good ale, and go agen him in any way."

"Thou'lt never turn the lad adrift on the world?" cried Ruth.

"Adrift! He's big enough to shift for himself," said Humphrey, doggedly. "The squire could get us turned out o' here neck-and-crop if he chosen; and what 'ud become of me, if we had to go to the workhouse? The squire won't have no poacher harbored close to his woods; and who's to save me from goin' into the house in my old age, eh? Me, as can't live without my drop o good ale, often and regular. I tasted the beer in the workhouse once. No; Ishmael niver sets his foot o'er that door-sill agen! And now thou knows it, and can make the best on it."

Ruth had a sleepless night again, as if the first bitterness of her sorrow had come back upon her with tenfold power. Early as the dawn came the next morning, she was up before it, making a bundle of all Ishmael's coarse clothing, the scanty outfit she had scraped together for him three months ago, when he was going out to earn his own living. Mrs. Chipchase was taking her butter to market in the county town, and had offered to carry Ruth with her in the gig, that she might meet Ishmael at the gate of the county jail. She saw little enough of the dusty high road along which they drove, or of the bustling streets thronged with a concourse of market people. It was only when she came within sight of the jail that she seemed to wake up from a brown study and get her wits about her again.

It stood outside the town, mid green fields; large, square, ugly building, surrounded by strong and black stone walls. Small round windows, closely barred and grated, looked out like hooded winked eyes over the lonely fields. Ruth felt herself shivering, though the September sun was shining in an unclouded sky, as she looked up, and wondered which one of those gloomy windows had lighted Ishmael's cell. But before she could reach the heavy gate she saw sauntering down the path from the jail, creeping with sluggish footsteps and a bowed-down head, her boy, Ishmael himself.

"Mother!" he cried, "mother!"

He threw himself into her arms, laughing and crying at the same moment. Ruth could not weep, but she held him fast in her arms, until he lifte

) his head to look into her dear face. There was) one near to see them ; they were as much alone : in their own quiet woods ; only that grim and gly building looked down upon their meeting ith its hollow eyes. She drew him away to a nely spot under its walls ; and they sat down gether on the grass, while, with her trembling nds, she untied the little packet of home-made read, baked in their own oven, which she had ought for them to eat together, before they had part again.

"I never meant any harm, mother," he said, hen their meal was over. "I never thought of ything save little Elsie wishing for 'em. But I ow it was poaching ; and oh, mother, it 'ill turn) against me all my life."

"I'm afeared so, lad," she answered, sighing. But hast thee asked God's forgiveness, Ishael?"

"Often and often," he replied, eagerly. Mother, I never forgot to sing, 'Glory to thee, y God, this night;' only *I sang it low, in a hisper*, like I used to do when father was at ome. I thought you'd be singing it as well, iother."

"Ay," she said, softly ; "thank God I could ng it after the first evenin', Ishmael."

(*To be continued.*)

IDOLATRY PUNISHED.

. S. Lesson for September 11. Exodus 32: 15–35. Golden Text, 1 John, 5 : 21. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

IF we had not known by bitter experience the vil of our own hearts, and the truth of our Mas-r's words, "Without Me you can do nothing," would have appeared inconceivable that *about orty days after the giving of the law*, the whole ssembly of Israel should have lapsed into idolatry. revious to the giving of the law, the people had ledged themselves to the Lord. God had sent loses to them with this message : "Ye have seen hat I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bare ou on eagles' wings, and brought you unto myelf. Now, therefore, if you will obey my voice, ideed, and keep my covenant, then ye shall be a eculiar treasure unto me, above all people ; for ll the earth is mine. And ye shall be unto me a ingdom of priests and an holy nation." The apeal of God, grounded as it was on what He had one for them, and on His great purposes regardng them, met with no opposition from the people. All the people answered together and said, All hat the Lord hath spoken we will do" (Exod. 9 : 3-8). Alas ! how little they knew themselves. And yet they could not be ignorant of the mighty ower of God, nor yet of His special regard for hem. The plagues in Egypt, and their wonderful xemption from so many of them, the way which He had made for them through the waters of the Red Sea, the miraculous food which was still sustaining them, the continued wear of shoes and lothing which the journey had in no way damaged (Deut. 8 : 4)—all this was proof of the power and he love of their God. But He had called Moses .way to commune with Him after the people had leclared a second time, "All that the Lord hath aid will we do, and be obedient" (Ex. 24 : 7). There was but one man who accompanied Moses nto the mountains, Joshua, Moses' minister, and ve are not told how far away he remained where Moses went up into the mount ; and the glory of he Lord "like devouring fire, covered it.

There, however, was the glory and every Israelte could see it with the naked eye, and each one could know that there, invisible to him, God was communing with Moses, and Moses with God. How deep, then, was the sin ; how unjustifiable he impatience of the people when they "saw hat Moses delayed to come down out of the nount," and they gathered themselves together nto Aaron and said unto him, "*Up, make us gods*, which shall go before us ; for as for this Moses, he man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we wot not what is become of him." Was hen God to be hastened, or was Moses to desist rom his interview with God, to satisfy the fleshly mpatience which possessed them? Which was most becoming, that they should learn to wait for God, or that the mighty God of the universe should minister to their childish petulance?

Moses had left Aaron as his representative ; when he and Joshua left the seventy elders of Israel behind, he said unto them, "Tarry ye here for us, until we come again unto you ; and behold Aaron and Hur are with you ; if any man have any matters to do, let him come unto them" (24 : 14). This idolatrous desire of the people is the first recorded matter which the people had. Now it is that we perceive the fruits of Moses' unbelief when he drove God to give him Aaron as his spokesman. Aaron had not been chosen by God or fitted for the position which he occupied as Moses was. The burden of his people's wrongs had not lain for a lifetime on his heart, as was the case with Moses, he had not his brother's knowledge of God, or his experience either of Egypt or the desert ; and now he found himself in a great difficulty. Instead of putting the matter boldly and at once into God's hands, as Moses probably would have done, Aaron seems to have had recourse to human policy ; Moses would soon return, and the great thing to do was by some means to occupy the people until he came. He would effect a compromise. The people should have what they craved for, some visible representation of God, and Aaron would make a feast unto the Lord ; it was the best which could be done, he probably thought, under the circumstances.

O how terrible are the consequences of one wrong step ! No sooner had Aaron made a golden calf, he, the high priest of the most high God, than the people shouted, "These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt." God's priest had violated the second commandment, the people's promise to obey God was broken, the current was now turned into the channel of idolatry, and Aaron, instead of seeking to stem it, was carried away with it, and he built an altar before the golden calf. Things went from bad to worse ; once the rein given to their carnal passions, and this feast, said to be to the Lord, became one scene of shameful debauchery. Was it worse than the scenes of Christmas Day, Easter, and Whitsuntide, when drunkenness and licentiousness are often the characteristics of these feasts said to be unto the Lord?

God was not too much occupied with Moses to notice that which was going on in the camp of Israel. He said unto Moses, "Go, get thee down; for *thy* people, whom thou broughtest out of the land of Egypt, have corrupted themselves." "*Thy*" people ! Had not God declared that the people should be a peculiar treasure *unto Him*, a nation of priests *unto Him?* Yes, truly, but it was on the condition that they obeyed His voice and kept His covenant. He told Moses that which had taken place, and added, "*Now, therefore, let me alone*, that my wrath may wax hot against them, and that I may consume them : and I will make of thee a great nation." Moses had learned to become a living sacrifice, no self-love would urge him to consider for a moment the personal glory it might be to him to become the head of a new race of God's people, and that God should call Himself the God of Moses instead of the God of Israel ; he looked at God's interests alone, and said, "Why doth Thy wrath wax hot against *Thy* people, which *Thou* hast brought forth out of the land of Egypt?" God imputed to Moses the bringing forth out of Egypt, and Moses imputed it to God. God said to Moses, "*Thy* people," and Moses held fast that they were God's. This was the strength of his intercession. It was a touching thing, God not able to destroy the people if Moses pleaded, and Moses, in utter self-abnegation, praying for the people, who were all the time persisting in their grievous sin against God. Moses urged how the Egyptians would believe, if He destroyed them, that He had brought them out of the land of Egypt for mischief, and then he pleaded : "Remember Abraham, Isaac, and Israel, Thy servants, to whom Thou swarest," remember Thy promise. And Moses prevailed : "The Lord repented Him of the evil which He had thought to do unto His people."

But when Moses went down with Joshua from the holy presence of God in the mountain, and heard with his own ears the sounds of sinful revelry, and saw with his own eyes the revolting sights of sin, Moses' anger waxed hot, and he cast out of his hand the tablets of stone which were "the work of God and the writing of God," and broke them beneath the mount. He then proceeded to deal with their sin : "He took the calf which they had made, and burned it in the fire, and ground it to powder, and strawed it upon the water, and made the children of Israel to drink of it." Nothing less than utter destruction can vindicate God's righteous anger against idols, everything which takes God's place in our hearts must be utterly done away. If a right hand or a right eye offend, better a thousand times to lose them both, than to harbor one vestige of sin, one refuge of idolatry.

Moses having utterly destroyed the sin, went on to deal with the sinners. None but God had told him of Aaron's part in the people's guilt, but as he had been left in charge, Moses held him responsible, and said to him, "What did this people unto thee, that thou hast brought so great a sin upon them?" Aaron told Moses the truth until it came to his part in the transaction, and then he said, speaking of the gold which was brought to him, "I cast it into the fire, and there came out this calf," whereas, "he had fashioned it with a graving tool, after he had made it a molten calf." O how cowardly is the heart of man ; there is no nobility in him until he is possessed by the Holy Ghost ! If such were the heart of Aaron, the leader and high priest of the people, what wonder that their hearts were set on mischief ! Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, "Who is on the Lord's side? let him come unto me. And all the sons of Levi gathered themselves together unto him." He committed to them the work of destruction ; brother, companion, neighbor must fall; only death could wipe away the heinous sin which Israel had committed, and three thousand men fell that day and went to answer for their sin at the bar of God. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die" (Ezek. 18 : 4) is God's command, and He cannot reverse it. Had we who believe in Jesus not died in the person of our precious Redeemer, we too must have died for our sins.

But it was not sufficient that the sin should be judged and put away ; every discovery of sin, every real dealing with sin is a call to renewed consecration, "Consecrate yourselves to-day unto the Lord." It is a terrible thing to make light of sin, God never does. Whenever He has unveiled to us any sin in the light of His holy countenance, it is a call to us to dedicate ourselves in the new light of our own unworthiness and God's unspeakable grace, to a life in which our one undivided aim shall be to please Him, in which every member of our body and power of our mind shall be at the disposal of the Holy Ghost to do or to suffer what He wills ; to be humbled or lifted up as He wills ; for consecration implies a will laid down. Moses gave as the reason for consecration, "that He may bestow a blessing upon you this day." A blessing to follow such a sin? Yes, such is God's grace.

But the people did not know the extent of Moses' self-sacrifice, when he went and pleaded with God for the blessing. He only said unto the people, "Ye have sinned a great sin : and now I will go up unto the Lord ; peradventure I shall make atonement for your sin. And Moses returned unto the Lord, and said, Oh, this people have sinned a great sin, and have made them gods of gold. Yet now, if Thou wilt forgive their sin—; and if not, blot me, I pray Thee, out of Thy book which Thou hast written." What is this? A man, and the man to whom God had offered that he should be made a great nation in the stead of Israel, yet willing rather to renounce his personal salvation than that the people should perish ! Paul alone had a like spirit when he said, "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren" (Rom. 9 : 3). Moses' prayer was not yet answered ; God said, "Whosoever hath sinned against Me, him will I blot out of My book . . . in the day when I visit I will visit their sin upon them. And the Lord plagued the people because they had made the calf, which Aaron had made."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Session of the British Parliament was closed on Saturday, August 27th, when Lord Selborne, the Lord High Chancellor, read the Queen's speech. This document is only called "The Queen's speech" by courtesy. It is really the production of the Cabinet, but is submitted to Her Majesty for approval before it is read. The events of the past session are reviewed in the speech as well as the affairs connected with British foreign policy. As to the latter, the Parliament is congratulated on the termination of hostilities in Basutoland, and the withdrawal from Candahar, two events on which the English public seem to be little disposed to congratulate themselves.

The paragraph referring to Irish affairs is as follows: "I warmly appreciate the zeal and assiduity with which you have devoted yourselves to the task of maturing a measure for improving the relations between the owners and occupiers of land in Ireland and for otherwise bettering the condition of its agricultural population. It is my earnest hope that the new law may be productive of benefits commensurate with the care you have bestowed upon its enactments. It has been my study to use the exceptional powers confided to me in Ireland with vigilance and firmness, but with discrimination, while I earnestly desire that the condition of the country may so improve as to enable me to dispense with or abate the use of temporary and exceptional provisions." This will be understood as implying that unless there is an increase of agitation in Ireland the powers of the Coercion Act will not be used.

The Successor of the late Dr. Stanley as Dean of Westminster Abbey has been appointed. He is not one of the men from whom it was generally expected a selection would be made. It is officially announced that the new dean will be Rev. George Granville Bradley, M.A., the master of University College, Oxford. He was an intimate friend of Dean Stanley, and came near being his schoolfellow. He entered Rugby school just as Stanley was leaving it. Mr. Bradley is best known as a schoolmaster. The great Marlborough School was placed under his charge some years ago, and he performed for it a service analogous to that Dr. Arnold performed for Rugby, raising it to the front rank of British schools.

The Elections in France have Resulted in a triumph for the Republicans. Both Royalists and Bonapartists have suffered in the struggle. The Royalists have lost 14 members, and the Bonapartists 26. Of the successful candidates 398 are Republicans, while the two other parties combined only number 85. This result must be very gratifying to M. Gambetta and his friends, although the triumph is diminished by a personal check. M. Gambetta, although re-elected, polled only 9400, while in 1877 he polled 13,300. This decrease of popularity is due to a fear lest his power is growing too great for the safety of the republic, and also to dissatisfaction with his conduct in reference to the recent difficulty with the Senate. It will be remembered that the Senate vetoed the plan M. Gambetta proposed, having for its object the increase of the size of the constituencies, merging a large number of small constituencies into a smaller number of large ones. This would have ruined the power of local "bosses," who it is supposed exerted their influence against him in the election.

The Expulsion of Prince Krapotkine, the Russian Nihilist, from Switzerland, on August 23d, has caused dismay in the revolutionary ranks. It was supposed that Switzerland was a safe asylum, but the horrors of the Czar's murder has caused a revulsion of feeling against Nihilists, principally because so many innocent lives have been sacrificed in their plots. The following are the details of the life of Krapotkine as given in a popular journal: Prince Krapotkine is now about thirty-eight years of age. He is a member of one of *the oldest and noblest families of the Empire*. Bred in ease and luxury, he very soon broke with all the traditions of his caste and devoted himself from his seventeenth year to the study of the natural sciences. He studied at various universities in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kharkoff and other cities, and soon became an authority in the specialty he had chosen—geology. He undertook, with the help of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society, of which he was secretary, various scientific expeditions throughout Russia. The life he led was so retired and seemed so utterly engrossed by scientific interests that nobody thought of suspecting him of any revolutionary propaganda. When, in 1877, he was suddenly arrested and thrown into a dungeon of the St. Petersburg fortress, public opinion was utterly amazed.

King Kalakaua in a Railroad Accident.—King Kalakaua, whose portrait appears with that of his wife on our frontispiece, and who has been travelling in Spain during the past week, had a narrow escape while travelling from Madrid to Lisbon. Between Veradas and Puerto Llano the special train which was conveying the king and his suite ran over a bullock and was thrown from the track. With the exception of a severe shaking no one was injured, but the accident caused great delay.

The Separation of Armenia from Turkey, and its formation into an independent State, is declared by the Russian General Count Melikoff, to be near at hand. Melikoff is likely to know, because Russia has for many years devoted her energies to stirring up discontent in Turkey, treacherously hoping to discredit that Power in Europe, and to profit by her fall. The Armenians, many of whom are very intelligent, constitute 70,000 of the 120,000 inhabitants of Tiflis, and they make it the headquarters of their agitation for Armenian freedom. M. Arzruni, a millionaire, devotes himself to promoting the movement by publications, and his party are now seeking to obtain practical self-government for Armenia under Russian protection. They affirm that Europe must before long resound with the noise of the Armenian question. We know from prophecy that the solution of the problem will be the separation of Syria, along with Armenia, from Turkey, and their establishment as an independent kingdom.

The Irish Drink Bill is a Matter worthy of consideration now that another appeal is likely to be made by Mr. Parnell to this country for money, and O'Donovan Rossa's agents are supplied with collecting cards to gather dimes for the Irish. Mr. William Hoyle, a well-known statistician, has published a pamphlet in which he shows that during the ten years ending 1879 the people of Ireland spent on an average each year over $65,000,000 in intoxicating liquors, which is $11,500,000 in excess of the rental of the land of Ireland. As Mr. Hoyle justly remarks: "It will need no superior intellect to see that if a reduction of the rent burden would prove so highly beneficial, even greater benefits would result from the abolition of the drink burden."

An Incident in Connection with the Hardships of Irish tenants is related by an Irish correspondent of the New York *Herald*, and suggests a doubt whether the tenant farmers are quite as poor as is represented. It appears that two weeks ago a deputation of the tenants of Mr. M. S. Synot, a landlord of County Armagh, called upon him and pleaded their inability to pay their rents. One of the deputation, John Cunningham, also visited Mr. Synot privately and begged for a large abatement of rent on the ground of the hard times and his absolute inability to pay. The request was refused and *Mr. Synot got no rent.* While returning, John Cunningham was robbed of his purse, which contained, besides a considerable sum of money; a bank deposit receipt on a Belfast bank, showing that he had sufficient money in the bank to pay *his arrears ten times over.* He was obliged to complain to the police to have the suspected thief arrested, and it is easy to imagine how ashamed he must have been as he told his story to the bench of magistrates, one of whom was his own landlord.

Serious Apprehension is Felt in England lest an era of radicalism, akin to socialism, should follow the régime of Mr. Gladstone. A London society journal, by no means unfriendly to the Premier or the present administration, makes the following significant remarks: "So far as a parliamentary majority can guarantee power, the present is a powerful administration. Nevertheless, the feeling grows, and as it grows it generates a profound uneasiness, that it perhaps represents only *a provisional régime.* *The whisper of dissolution* has long been in the air. Mr. Gladstone retains all the energy of consuming genius and devouring zeal, but his physical health is matter of anxiety. What is to come after Mr. Gladstone? If that question could be answered satisfactorily, much of the existing apprehension would disappear. But this is exactly what society cannot do. It feels that it is between two waves—the wave of Gladstonian liberalism or radicalism on the one hand, and a wave which may prove to be of a yet more portentous and destructive character on the other. Society has a shrewd apprehension that it might, perhaps, only be the lull before a new outburst of revolutionary tempest. The position is full of every kind of uncertainty and anxiety. It is a period of transition. Lord Beaconsfield is dead; Mr. Gladstone, at the age of seventy, cannot be an active political force much longer; a new era will begin; a new point of departure will be made."

Only Thirteen Years Ago the following Official bulletin was publicly posted up in the capital of Japan: "The evil sect called Christian is strictly prohibited. Suspicious persons should be reported to the proper officers, and rewards will be given." Now there are 18 Protestant Missionary Societies at work in Japan, besides 3 Bible Societies; 176 missionaries and missionaries' wives; 182 native preachers and helpers; 2912 communicants, and 31 Christian schools with 1525 scholars. In many of the *public schools*, the Bible is the prescribed text-book on morals, and the students often say to the teacher, "Sir, these are golden truths, and we thank you for them;" or, "Sir, please teach us to pray by ourselves." A young man saw in a native paper the advertisement of a mission school, and walked 150 miles to join the school. Some of the Japanese Christians have organized a foreign Missionary Society, and have set apart two men of their own number as missionaries to Corea.

An Expelled Nun.—A Paris Newspaper Correspondent has just supplied a vivid illustration of the rapacity and inhumanity which are bred of the Roman Catholic system. Esther Renaud endowed a convent with her fortune, she was not guilty of insubordination or careless in observing her vows. She was the victim of a disease which tortured her day and night, and disabled her from all work. The Superior of the convent decided that she was a useless mouth and *expelled* her. She was advised by counsel that it was useless to think of recovering the endowments that she had made, but that she might perhaps compel the convent to receive her back. She therefore applied to the Court of Appeals at Besancon. The tribunal declaring itself incompetent, she went to the Court of Cassation, which now decides that the Superior of the convent, in virtue of an article of the statutes for the internal regulation, has power to expel any nun she pleases. Esther Renaud is therefore now *an invalid pauper*. We trust she may be led also to see and feel her moral and spiritual destitution, and through faith in the all-sufficient efficiency of Christ's blood receive pardon and peace, and become possessed of unsearchable and eternal riches.

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MRS. GARFIELD, the Devoted Wife of the President.

MRS. LUCRETIA R. GARFIELD,

The Devoted Wife of the President of the United States.

The School at Chester—An Accident to a Garment—Forms the Acquaintance of the Future President—The Janitor of the Institute—An Apparently Undesirable Engagement—Marriage—The First Home—The Mentor Farm—Mrs. Garfield as an Architect—Her Wifely Devotion—The Terrible Second of July—The National Fund.

THE heavy affliction which has fallen on the nation in the blow that struck down its chief executive, naturally descended with a more crushing force on the members of the President's family. It is impossible for even the most indifferent and hardened citizen to read without sympathetic emotion the pathetic exclamation of the President's aged mother, when informed that a miscreant had shot the stalwart man whom she still persists in regarding as her "baby"; of the tearful, anxious faces of the group of beautiful and intelligent children of whom General Garfield is the father, but more especially of the devoted wife who, not yet completely recovered from illness severe and critical, has repressed the agony that filled her heart, so that she might encourage and comfort her wounded husband.

It was well known to the public, even before General Garfield was placed by the votes of the people in the Presidential chair, that his family relations were of the happiest kind, that his wife was not merely the mistress of his home, and the mother of his children, but an intelligent and congenial companion who had in his earlier struggles contributed in no slight measure to his success. It is natural, therefore, that in the trying circumstances in which Mrs. Garfield has spent the last two months, more interest has centred around her than is usually felt in the lady who presides for the time being in the White House, and a desire has been manifested to know all there is to be known of this afflicted lady.

In the year 1848 there was, attending

THE GEAUGA ACADEMY

at Chester, Ohio, a tall ungainly lad of eighteen. He was dressed in a coarse suit of clothes made of Kentucky jean. He had no overcoat, and it appeared that his suit of jean clothes comprised the whole of his wardrobe, for on one occasion his landlady, to whom he paid *one dollar and six cents per week* for board, washing, and lodging, found her lodger in deep distress. His trousers had worn thin at the knees, and on that day, as he was bending forward they had broken and exposed the bare knee. He had pinned them together as well as he could, but was mortified at the thought of how he would appear the next day, for the purchase of a new pair of pants was beyond his means. His landlady, however, with true womanly kindness, solved his difficulty by sending him to bed and repairing the dilapidated garments before school time next morning. This boy was James Abram Garfield, the son of a widow, his father having died when he was eighteen months old. He was trying to obtain an education, and had come to Chester with seventeen dollars to support him through the first term. During the second term he subsisted on twenty-five dollars, which he earned by chopping a hundred cords of wood for a neighbor.

At the same school was the daughter of a farmer, whom one who knew her then, describes as "a quiet thoughtful girl of singularly sweet and refined disposition, fond of study and reading, and possessing a warm heart and a mind capable of steady growth." This was Lucretia Rudolph, then in her seventeenth year. James Garfield was awkward and bashful, but he noticed and admired the girl, and some slight acquaintance sprang up between them. There was no romance in it, and there could have been no thought of marriage in the mind of the lad who during this very term in which he first became acquainted with his future wife had to lie in bed while his clothes were mended.

Garfield worked on during the following three years, teaching school in vacations and working in the carpenters' shops of the neighborhood in evenings, to save enough money to carry him through a college course. In 1851 he presented himself at the Eclectic Institute at Hiram in Portage County, and having obtained admittance to the room where the Board was sitting, he said: "Gentlemen, I want an education, and *would like the privilege of making the fires* and sweeping the floors of the building to pay part of my expenses." The Board took the young man at his word, and after two weeks' probation, during which Garfield lighted the fires and swept the floors to the satisfaction of the Board, he was duly installed as janitor of the Institute.

At the Eclectic Institute Garfield was again brought in contact with Lucretia Rudolph, who was also attending the institution.

A MUTUAL ATTACHMENT

sprang up between the two, and though the prospects of the young man at that time must have seemed to Miss Rudolph unpromising enough, she accepted his proffered love and promised that when he had graduated and was in a position to support a wife she would marry him. There was no doubt about young Garfield's earnestness and determination. He was a hardworking student, and he soon became an assistant teacher at Hiram. From there Garfield went to Williams. He was aided by a loan from a faithful friend, which was promptly repaid after he graduated in 1856. In that year Garfield commenced life on his own account. He was twenty-five years of age, he possessed a score of college text books, a college diploma, a good education and a magnificent physique. His indebtedness to his friend amounted to four hundred and fifty dollars. He was elected teacher of Latin and Greek in the Institute at Hiram, where he had been janitor, and he was now in a position to offer a home to the young lady of his choice. Miss Rudolph knew his poverty, but she also knew the character of her lover, and she was ready to fulfil her promise.

On November 11, 1858, they were married at the house of the bride's parents, and in the varying and changeful fortunes of the subsequent years she has been a faithful and devoted wife, the wise counsellor and the loyal friend of her husband. She was by no means unfitted for her station as a professor's wife. She was a good scholar in Latin, Greek, German, and French, was well read in philosophy, mathematics, and general literature, and could aid the young professor in the preparation of his lectures by collecting facts and references for his use. One who was acquainted with

THE BRIDE

Mr. Garfield brought to Hiram, describes her at this time in the following words: "She was of medium stature, with dark hazel eyes, wavy brown hair, a rounded form, and an expression about her mouth denoting a calm sweet temper, combined with a strong will. With all her learning she was still a quiet, trusting, affectionate country girl, who had but one hero in life, her lover and husband, but one ambition—to hold fast his love, and make for him a happy home. The marriage was a happy one. Indeed, it could hardly have been otherwise, for there was congeniality of taste, a high ideal of a pure home life, *identity of religious belief*, a great love of study and culture, and a long-standing affection to base it on."

The first four years of married life were spent by the Garfields in boarding among the families of their friends, but in 1862 the college debt of $450 having been repaid, and by dint of careful frugality a small fund of savings having accumulated, Mr. Garfield purchased for eight hundred dollars a small frame cottage facing the college, and Mrs. Garfield for the first time became mistress of a home. There, too, Mr. Garfield brought his venerated widowed mother, who has ever since been an inmate of his home. Here the Garfields resided for many years until the growing needs of the increasing family necessitated a more commodious dwelling.

By this time the number of the Garfield family had materially increased. God had given to the wedded pair seven children, of whom five are living. The first-born, Mary, died while the father was absent from home serving with his regiment in the war; the second, Harry, was born in 1866; then follow James, Molly, Irwin (named after General McDowell), and Abram. The youngest, Edward, died in Washington in 1876. Harry and James are preparing for college at St. Paul's School at Concord, New Hampshire.

Mr. Garfield had always had a strong desire to own a farm, and having paid off the mortgage on the little frame cottage, and being a little ahead in money matters, this desire increased upon him. A farm of 160 acres was, he heard, for sale

AT MENTOR,

Lake County, and he made arrangements for its purchase. On the farm was an ancient and somewhat dilapidated farm-house a story and a half high, and there the family removed in 1876. The ceilings were low and the house was somewhat inconvenient; but the outdoor life delighted the boys who ran wild in the orchards and hay fields, and Mrs. Garfield and her widowed mother-in-law rejoiced in the return to the scenes of farm life among which both had spent their younger years. Mr., now General Garfield, also, after the season at Washington, found healthful and congenial occupation in reviving the farmer-skill of his boyhood in holding the plough, loading the hay-wagon or driving the ox team.

Things prospered on the little farm, and in 187[illegible] it was found practicable to enlarge and modernize the house. Mrs. Garfield had considerable talent in architecture, which she had improved by study, and she now devoted her attention to devising the best way of improving the home. After long consideration *she prepared the plans* for the new house, the builders were set to work, and the present elegant but unpretentious dwelling was erected around and over the old one. It is described by Mr. E. V. Smalley, in his interesting work "The American Manual," as broad, high, and spacious. "Its two stories are capped by a steep red roof, which shelters a big garret lighted by dormer windows. A wide piazza extends the whole length of the front—a wide hall runs through to a back porch. Below is the parlor, dining room, kitchen, and two large bedrooms, the pleasantest being the room of "Grandma," now nearly eighty years of age. Above are the other sleeping rooms and the study of the master of the house. A few steps from the house, in the edge of the orchard, is a little building of a single room called the library, with its walls lined with book-cases and with windows on all sides through which the lake breeze pours."

This is the home to which in the crises of the President's suffering he has pathetically entreated to be removed. It is very significant, as showing how vain are the pomps and vanities of the world in times of real trouble to afford consolation, that although surrounded with the splendor and magnificence of the White House, and occupying a position which is the height of the American citizen's ambition, the President's thoughts have turned longingly to his little home at Mentor as the place where he would like to be.

With Mrs. Garfield's

DEVOTION TO HER HUSBAND

during his illness the public is well acquainted. It is inappropriate to laud it, as has too often been done, as unparalleled. She has displayed the same tenderness, the same gentleness and affectionate solicitude that thousands of wives are at this moment displaying at the bedsides of their beloved husbands, and in according to her the praise to which she is fully and justly entitled there is no need to depreciate the wives of less distinguished citizens by comparisons which are unjust and unnecessary. She has shown herself—as other noble women have done in the past, as others are showing now—the loving, faithful wife, unfaltering in devotion, unshaken in courage, and unsparing in her exertions for her husband's welfare.

Not long after her husband's inauguration she, too, was stretched on a bed of sickness. The malarial atmosphere of the White House had increased and developed a dangerous malady which for some days threatened her life. It was manifest, then, how close and tender was the tie which united the heads of the Presidential household. Though oppressed with the cares of State and in the midst of the anxieties and perturbations of the

was deaf to the eloquence of His apocalyptic announcement "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father."

The day of his child's burial, however, restored much of his scepticism. The grim facts of death seemed in utter contradiction to the belief of an all-powerful and loving existence in the universe.

(To be continued.)

THE DIFFERENT RESURRECTIONS.

By the Rev. W. L. Sanders, Pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Cambridge, Ill.

An Address First Delivered in Swedish.

The Authority for the Doctrine—Two Synchronous Events—Christ's Advent Premillennial—Martha's Mistake—The Resurrection of the Just—Paul's Aspiration—The Interval—The Resurrection of the Unjust—The First Event of All—The Translation of Believers—Enoch and Elijah—Hope from the Ascension of Christ—A Happy Meeting—Questions—The Duty of Watching.

OPEN your Bibles at 1 Thess. 4 : 15, 16. You will notice here, first of all, Paul calls special attention to the fact of his inspiration, "For this we say unto you by the Word of the Lord." Why? Because he is going to speak of *a revealed doctrine:* so he gives us his authority. But apart from this statement, we have sufficient proof that Paul was inspired, from the nature of the doctrine he is going to speak of. Resurrection is one of God's purposes and thoughts—God says, "My thoughts are not your thoughts" (Isa. 55 : 8). And so, when Paul writes about the resurrection of the dead, and the rapture of living believers, which he says is to take place when Jesus comes, we may be quite sure that the apostle is not giving us his own thoughts; for no *man* had ever thought of such a thing. The doctrine of the Resurrection was considered incredible from the standpoint of human reason. When the philosophers at Athens heard of the resurrection of the dead, "some mocked." This is truly a wonderful doctrine, and yet no more wonderful than the revelation of creation.

"By faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the Word of God," and by faith we understand that "the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice and shall come forth" (John 5 : 28). If in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth out of nothing, surely at the end He can resurrect man from something. If God has wrought this *greater miracle* in creation, cannot He perform the lesser in resurrection? But, my friends, there is no "if" about it.

"Why should it be thought a thing incredible that God should raise the dead?" (Acts 26 : 8.) And before one statement is made, the apostle reminds us of the Holy Spirit's authority and word, "For this we say unto you by the Word of the Lord." Now we shall all be agreed on this point, viz., "That the dead in Christ are to be raised when Jesus comes, them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

THE MAIN QUESTION.

The only question which need be asked here, is, "*When is Jesus coming, before or after the Millennium?*" If He is coming before the Millennium, then we can consistently, and ought to, watch and wait for the Son of God from Heaven, and daily be looking for that blessed hope; but if He is not coming till after, how are we to obey our Lord's command, "Let your loins be girded about and your lights burning, and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord, when He will return from the wedding; that when He cometh and knocketh, they may open unto Him immediately. And if He shall come in the second watch, or come in the third watch, blessed are those servants. Be ye therefore ready also; for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not?"

I speak of the time of our Lord's return at this point, because you will see at once how it affects the time of the resurrection of believers. Many earnest Christians, while I believe they love their Master, certainly are not looking for that blessed hope; because by placing *at least* a thousand years between them and their Lord, they believe that He will not come in their lifetime, and hence they do not look for the Son of God from heaven. (1 Thess. 1 : 10; Titus 2 : 13.) We shall all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ; but it does not say "at the same time." And so of our Lord's own words, "Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth"—this seems only to teach the *universality* of the Resurrection, that the bad as well as the good shall hear His voice, and shall come forth! When? Not at the same time, as I shall try and show from the Word. "The hour is coming." How long will that hour last? In the 25th verse of the 5th chapter of John, Jesus says, "Verily, verily I say unto you, The hour is coming and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live."

Here again we have the word translated "hour," referring both to the salvation hour or period, also to the hour or "period" of resurrection. The hour is coming and *now is*—this Gospel *hour*, or dispensation of salvation is still here! How long has it lasted already? Eighteen hundred years. Yes, nineteen centuries nearly, of this precious gospel hour, or dispensation, has favored mankind with its bright light. When Jesus said to the woman of Samaria, "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth," He referred of course to this happy gospel hour, or dispensation, in which we live, and so when He speaks of the resurrection hour, or dispensation, the long period of time which will include the resurrection of every human soul, we are not to do violence to the text, and to the accepted rules of Biblical interpretation, by assigning one meaning to the word "hour," as it relates to the dispensation or hour of grace, and a totally different meaning when the Holy Spirit in the same verse uses it in reference to the dispensation or hour of universal resurrection.

THE ORDER OF EVENTS.

In the revealed account of the creation and subsequent arrangement of the universe, we find each event in its order—each day had its separate and fulfilled work, and it was not completed until the end of the week, and on the Sabbath God rested from His labor; and in like manner I take it God is fulfilling one by one the events which are a part and portion of "the present dispensation of grace—the *great event* of this age being (as I understand the Scriptures) the Holy Spirit's call to the Gentiles to take out of them a people for His name. Afterward God says, "I will build again the tabernacle of David, which is fallen down, and I will build again the ruins thereof, and It will set it up," (Acts 15 : 14).

Now, as we see different events in their order during the creative week, also in the antediluvian, patriarchal and Mosaic dispensations, as well as in the present age or dispensation of grace, may we not similarly expect that in the coming age of millennial glory, which will include the resurrection and judgment of every human soul, there will at least be *order;* and that all these *momentous* and *appallingly grand events* which are to come, will be fulfilled in the order of prophecy which forecasts plainly *long intervals of time?*

You remember how it was with Martha when Jesus said, "Thy brother shall rise again." She believed in the doctrine of the resurrection in a general way, because she answers, "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day." Martha was right in point of *fact*, but wrong in point of *time;* she didn't realize that her brother's resurrection was so near, and so she didn't get the comfort out of this blessed truth, which was her privilege. She answers Jesus in words which reveal *sorrow* as well as faith. "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day."

When Jesus said "Thy brother shall rise again," He referred not to a general, but a *special*, a *particular* resurrection, and when we read the words of Paul, "But every man in his own order (or band). Christ the first-fruits; afterward they that are Christ's, at His coming" (1 Cor. 15 : 23), it seems plain that the Holy Spirit is speaking of a particular resurrection. And so, dear hearers, if any of you, like Martha, have had your eyes fixed on a general resurrection at the last day, I entreat you to look to Jesus, who Himself says, "I am the resurrection and the life:" look for Him a second time, and then the first resurrection, the "better" resurrection—the resurrection of the just—will appear more real, more glorious. It will appear nearer to you, because the resurrection of believers is plainly the first event which takes place when Jesus comes. "The dead in Christ shall rise first" (1 Thess. 4 : 16).

THE FIRST RESURRECTION.

Before passing to the second event which is to take place at our Lord's return, let us briefly consider, more critically, the doctrine of the resurrection, not relative to the fact, which we all believe, but specially as it relates to the "time." That there is to be an *interval of time* intervening between the resurrections of the just and unjust—the resurrection of life and of damnation, seems evident for the following reasons:

1. It is distinctly stated that those only who are "in Christ" are to share in the first resurrection. "Christ the first-fruits, afterward they that are Christ's at His coming" (1 Cor. 15 : 23). "The dead in Christ shall rise first" (1 Thess. 4 : 16).

2. "The resurrection of the just" is spoken of by the Saviour as the rewarding time for believers: "Thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just" (Luke 14 : 14). It is evident, therefore, that no "unjust person" will share in this resurrection. Crowns of righteousness are to be given in that day to those that love His appearing. The Bridegroom is coming to receive the bride. But only believers are "the bride:" hence none but "the bride," the Lamb's wife, will have a part in this delightful union.

3. In the 6th chapter of John, in that memorable conversation with the Jews, our Lord speaks of the security of the believer, and *four successive times* re-affirms what He intends to do for all who shall believe in Him, by saying, "I will raise him up at the last day." Now, it cannot be that our Lord had reference to a general resurrection of the just and unjust, because then those words would have had no meaning. If this is simply an assurance that believers should be raised, it would be no more than the unjust will realize, for "*all* that are in their graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth." This solemn pledge our Lord four times repeats as a sure reward for His servants must relate to a *special* resurrection—the first resurrection, in which believers only shall share.

EK NEKRON.

4. In Luke, chapter 20th, our Lord speaks of some "which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, and the resurrection from the dead." Does not this language plainly intimate that some will not be worthy and hence will not share in the resurrection of the just? But the language in the original is even more significant. The Greek words, *ek nekron*, mean "out of," "from among," or, "from" the dead, as they are here translated. Now this preposition, *ek*, is never used in connection with the ungodly. The phrase *ek nekron* is used forty-one times; thirty four times to express Christ's resurrection; three times to express John's supposed resurrection, who, as Herod thought, had been raised *out* of, or from among the dead; three times in reference to Lazarus, who, we know, was raised "out of" the dead; and in the passage I have just quoted.

So if our Lord's coming is to be before the Millennium, which the apostle believed, and which is admitted on all hands to have been the firm and cherished belief of the early church, and which the Scriptures plainly teach; then we see at once the reason for this little word *ek*, prefixed before *nekron*, in reference to the resurrection of Christ and believers, but never otherwise.

Was not the resurrection of our Lord, literally, a resurrection "out of" or, "from among" the dead? And at the death of Jesus, when the graves opened and many bodies of them which slept arose, we have another instance of a resurrection from among the dead. So also with Lazarus.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Improvement in the President's Condition noticed on Monday, August 29th, was maintained with little variation through the week. It cannot be said that there was material progress toward recovery, but the fact that the sick man "*still held his own*" was accepted with thankfulness by the public as ground for encouragement. On Wednesday the pulse sank to 95, and though it rose fourteen beats in the evening, the lower figures were observed with renewed hope. Later in the week the pulse again became rapid, and on Saturday noon was 104. The physicians attributed the higher figure to the oppressive weather which prevailed in Washington.

The swelling of the parotid gland has decreased during the week. Several incisions were made in it, and healthy pus was released. It is now described as *a large and painful sore*, but serious danger is not apprehended from that source.

The condition of the bullet wound is not regarded as wholly satisfactory. The physicians say that it is "indolent" and that although some of the pus discharged, gives evidence that the process of healing is going on, some of it is of an unhealthy character. The ball still remains in the wound, and it is believed that it cannot become encysted (that is rendered harmless by a covering of flesh) on account of its shape having become jagged by contact with the rib, which it fractured. It seems probable that eventually it will have to be extracted, though at present the patient is too weak to undergo the operation.

The most serious danger now apprehended is that of malaria, to which the inmates of the White House are always exposed at this time of the year, owing to the proximity of the Potomac flats, covered with decaying vegetation. The President has long been anxious to be removed from the White House, and has expressed a preference for Long Branch. At a consultation of the physicians on Saturday, September 3d, it was unanimously decided to remove the President in the course of a few days, unless he became worse in the interval. It is of course *a very serious undertaking*, but Dr. Hamilton, having visited the flats, expressed his conviction, that the danger to be encountered in removing him would be less than that to be apprehended from malaria if he remained in the White House. It appears that the septicæmia—a mild form of blood poisoning—from which the President is suffering, has been rendered more virulent by the malarial odors from the flats, and it is certain that he is in no condition to bear any new complications. The best means of removing the President without fatiguing him were discussed, and the railroad companies expressed their willingness to make any arrangement for the safety of the journey by suspending traffic and in such other ways as the physicians might recommend.

A Striking Parallel has been Drawn by a prominent daily journal between the crisis in the President's illness and that of the Prince of Wales in 1871. In both cases the sufferers reached the crisis on *the same day of the week*—Saturday. Both were given over by the doctors, and on the next day, Sunday, when human aid seemed exhausted, the prayers of the people ascended to the great Healer, and an amendment was noticed, followed by a refreshing sleep. In each case the patient suffered from secondary irritations not necessarily connected with the disease or wound itself. The Prince suffered from ulcers on the intestines, which were hourly expected to break and produce perforation of the intestinal canal. Both were tenderly nursed by their wives. We can but hope that the analogy may be extended and that the perfect health now enjoyed by the Prince of Wales may be, under God's blessing, the lot in store for President Garfield.

The Project of Lynching Guiteau, to which an organized band of determined men are known to be pledged, has little, if any, chance of success. It should be well understood that such an attempt would involve the rioters in certain loss of life. The jail, where the wretch is confined, is so situated that the approach of an attacking force could be observed in time to prevent a surprise. It is strongly built; thirty-five well armed men are within the walls; Gatling guns cover all the approaches, and a thousand men are close at hand ready to obey a telegraphic call for assistance. These preparations to defeat an attack are generally approved. It would be a national disgrace to have law and order trampled under foot in our national capital; but the temptation to inflict summary and merciless punishment on the miscreant who has caused so much suffering is well nigh irresistible to men of ungoverned passion. To read of Guiteau's life in jail, of his good health, increasing weight, and his "happy hours with his books," while his victim lies in death agony, moves the calmest citizen to indignation, but it must not be forgotten that *lawlessness is criminal*, and in no circumstances justifiable.

An Application was made to the Secretary of State on September 3d by Governor Hoyt of Pennsylvania, in reference to the appointment of a day of prayer for the restoration of the President. Mr. Blaine replied as follows: "Proclamations are so essentially acts of the supreme executive power, that the cabinet has not felt authorized to assume its exercise even for the object which you propose, heartily as they sympathize with it and earnestly as they desire it. But it is entirely competent for Your Excellency to communicate with the executives of other States and promptly accomplish the desired end." Governor Hoyt accordingly fixed Tuesday, September 6th, as a suitable day, and invited the citizens to assemble in their respective places of worship between the hours of ten and twelve for prayer for the President's recovery. He also sent telegraphic messages to the governors of the other States with the view of securing concurrent action.

The Sad News of the Massacre of General Carr, six other officers, and 110 soldiers by the Apaches, arrived on Saturday. General Carr was in command at Fort Apache, a post on the White Mountain reservation, which lies in the southern half of Arizona. Rumors had been frequent of threatened disturbances among this tribe of Apaches, fomented by "*medicine men*" who had promised their followers to raise the dead warriors from their graves and sweep away the whites. The massacre appears to have resulted from an attempt to arrest one of these medicine men. In trying to prevent his capture the medicine man shot and killed his assailant, a lieutenant. The troops then killed the medicine man, and the Indians opened fire upon them. It is reported that every white man was slain, and that Fort Apache has been taken. The capture of the fort is not believed at military quarters, though considerable anxiety is felt on the subject, as Mrs. Carr and other ladies had quarters there.

The details of the fight received so far, are meagre, and as the telegraph lines are down it may be some days before accurate information is received. General McDowell is hastening troops to the scene of the massacre, and asks that others may be held in readiness to go to his assistance if the rising proves to be general. General Eugene Carr was a native of New York, and was fifty-one years of age. He had served in several Indian campaigns and had been many times wounded. He also served with distinction in the war, and received three wounds in the battle of Pea Ridge.

A Disastrous Cyclone of Unusual Violence visited the coasts of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, on Saturday, August 25th, doing extensive damage to property and causing a serious loss of life. *A ferry house* was blown down at Port Royal, and it is feared that more than twenty persons were killed. At Charleston the injury to buildings is estimated as at least $140,000. So violent was the storm, that the spray from the sea rose to a height of forty feet. At Savannah, Ga., houses were unroofed and sluiced, stores and warehouses flooded, and the streets littered with débris and prostrated trees. The shipping on the river was torn loose and thrown on the banks and there were many collisions. At Tybee, farther down the river, there was a serious destruction of property. *One very sad incident* occurred there. A young married lady with her child and her young brother were spending the season in a cottage, and becoming alarmed at the approaching storm, they went to the house of a friend for company. The house where they sought refuge was blown down, and before the inmates could be rescued from the debris, the fallen timbers caught fire and the lady and the children were burned to death. Their own cottage, where they were afraid to stay, escaped injury.

General Grant, Ex-Senator Conkling, and other Stalwarts are reported to have been in consultation on several occasions with Vice-President Arthur in reference to the changes to be made in the event of the President's death. General Grant has requested the announcement that there is *no truth in any of the statements*. He had been present at no consultation, and knew of none. He had only seen General Arthur once since the attempt on the President's life—at a brief morning call about three weeks ago—and no one was present except the Vice-President. He had met no one who showed a more profound and sincere sorrow for the President's condition than the Vice-President. General Grant did not believe, he said, that there had been any consultation of the character described between General Arthur and his political friends. This denial is very welcome. The publication of the statements General Grant contradicts, caused deep regret; they implied qualities in General Arthur which led the public to view his possible elevation to the Presidential chair with apprehension.

The Programme Sketched by Senator Edmunds in his letter to the Massachusetts Republicans covers a wide range of political ground. Among the objects he recommends the party to strive for, are, the improvement of the Civil Service; the readjustment of the revenue laws; the enactment of a law making coin the only legal tender; and an alteration of the mode of ascertaining the result of Presidential elections. All these are objects which the majority of citizens, without distinction of party, believe to be desirable, and there is no reason why at least some of them should not be speedily realized if Congress will consent to lay aside for a time mutual jealousy and make the welfare of the nation the primary motive. Especially does the question of civil service reform claim the attention of legislators. The wilful and persistent neglect of this very urgent necessity is mainly responsible for the crime which has plunged the whole nation in its present distress and anxiety.

The State Republican Convention of New ork is to be held in New York city on October n. This decision was arrived at by the State mmittee, which assembled on August 31st. Ex-nator Platt occupied the chair in the absence of ce-President Arthur. The division of the party the Conkling question has concentrated public ention on the coming convention in an unusual gree. It is expected to foreshadow the immedi- future of the party in the State, and to show extent of Mr. Conkling's influence and the use which he intends to put it. The Stalwarts car- their points in the committee; the Adminis- tion wing of the party wished the date of the nvention to be September 28th, and they would ve preferred it to meet in any place rather than w York. The fact that the committee omitted pass any vote of sympathy with the President and express condemnation of Guiteau's crime, al- ough all the Democratic committees have done is significant, and has been made the subject of ere comment. Collector Robertson is said to ve had a resolution on the subject prepared but l not present it.

A Remarkable Centenarian Died at Holder- s, N. H., on Sunday, August 28th. Her name s Hannah Cox, and she was born on July 4th, 6. The record of many centenarians has been n to doubt, but this case appears to be well henticated. Around the dying bed were grouped resentatives of four generations of her descend- s, children, grandchildren great grandchildren, l *great great grandchildren.* The farm on ich she lived for over a century adjoins the es- originally owned by Chief Justice Livermore, of the signers of the Declaration of Independ- e. Her father, Isaac Stanton, was a Captain Connecticut volunteers in the Revolutionary r. She had known personally nearly all the vernors of the State, her husband, Robert Cox, ng a man prominent in State politics. She re- ed the use of her faculties almost to the last r of her life, and her memory was very reten- . When she was seventy-five years old her t and hearing failed her, but both senses were ewed; and at the age of ninety she was again to hear and read without difficulty. The rem- cences of so long a life were very interesting, the old lady had many visitors anxious to con- se with so remarkable a character. How de- ted would many be if they could be assured of ong a life on earth, yet Jesus offers *an endless* unclouded with infirmities to those who will e to Him, and His offer is despised (John 6 : 40).

he Cost of a Bad Habit was the Subject of a rt private sermon preached by a minister to his sicians. The minister was an inveterate snuff- r, and his doctor expatiated to him on the evil ilts of the habit, and among other induce- ts to give it up he urged that it was expensive. minister admitted that he was aware of that, said he would give it up. In the conversation doctor had used an oath several times, and the ister addressed to him a faithful appeal to give *his* bad habit. "Well," said the doctor, "at rate it is not an expensive habit, like yours." h," said the minister, "I am afraid you will it so *when the account is rendered.*"

Farmhouse for Children has been Opened Mr. Orlando B. Potter, on his estate near Sing g, and has proved a real benefit to the little . The enterprise originated with Mr. Potter's ghters, who are connected with the Grace pel Mission in New York. The children are n from the various missions of New York in in- nents of seventeen or eighteen by steamer, and kept at the farm for three weeks, and then rs replace them. If any are weak or sickly are allowed to remain a second three weeks. children are from three to twelve years of age. Misses Potter give their personal attention e little ones, conducting devotional services, Their object is to give the children fresh air, meat, milk, vegetables, and everything that do them good. As soon as the children arrive are put in a bath. They have opportunity to and play, eat and be happy. They are ht little household duties, too, such as making own beds. They thrive wonderfully under this treatment, and *their appetites are enormous.* Those who have seen the pallid faces of the children who live in the tenement houses of New York will understand how the fresh air and the wholesome diet are appreciated by the poor children.

Young ladies oppressed with ennui and other ills that beset the indolent, might learn a valuable lesson by visiting Mr. Potter's farm. The pleasure of doing good is an invaluable recipe for the cure of many ailments of the mind.

A Prospector's Death on the Mountain of the Holy Cross, is described in a Leadville paper, and shows that the life of a prospector, with all its attractions of wealth and freedom, may have a melancholy end. A party of miners from Gold Park started recently on a tour of investigation up Turkey Creek, south of Battle Mountain, and suddenly came on a lonely little hut in a picturesque spot on the undulating ground near the mountain of the Holy Cross. As they pushed open the rude door they were startled by the sight of a man partially undressed and apparently dead, stretched on a low bunk, with *a prayer book clasped in his hands.* Closer inspection showed that the man was still alive and the miners gave him such restoratives as they had. He revived sufficiently to tell them that his name was Charles Henderson, and his home was in Cincinnati, Ohio, whence he had been impelled by the gold fever to migrate to Colorado. He had prospered, but a week or two before the miners came, had caught a cold, which being neglected, became congestion of the lungs. He continued his work until at last he could stand no longer and crawled into his bunk, expecting to die in solitude. He had managed to reach a prayer book from his table, and said it had been his only comfort, and he hoped to die with a prayer on his lips. He died on the night the miners found him, having sacrificed his life in the pursuit of gold (Prov. 23 : 4).

How a Minister's Offer of Marriage was brought about, through a curious misunderstanding, is described in a Newtown journal. It appears that the minister, who was somewhat diffident, could not muster courage to propose to a young lady whom he sincerely loved. A new catalogue of the Sunday-school library was needed, and the young lady in question undertook to read the titles of the books while the clergyman wrote them down. As he wrote, he was meditating on the question he was so anxious to ask, but failed to overcome his timidity. "*Why don't you do it?*" said the young lady. The minister was surprised at the apposite question, but he merely said in a formal way, "Next book." "*No time like the present,*" said the lady. Thus encouraged, the minister told his love, and did not discover, until after he had been accepted, that the lady's words were merely the titles of the two books next on the shelves of the library. The two appeals, though they were misunderstood, will have an important influence on the clergyman's future, but they might be addressed with still more propriety and, by God's blessing, with still more momentous results, to many young people in danger of postponing the duty of giving their hearts to the Saviour.

The Announcement that Dr. Tanner is in training for another fast, this time of ninety days, is not one very gratifying to the public. Dr. Tanner professed, when he fasted forty days, that his object was to demonstrate a great scientific truth and to prove in his own person a fact that it would be beneficial to the human race for physicians to know. It is difficult to see what more can be proved of any value by the contemplated experiment. If it is purely a business speculation it sinks to the level of an ordinary exhibition of physical endurance, which deserves the condemnation and not the encouragement of the public.

Two Dollars Received from G. G. Have Been handed, as requested, to Mr. Jerry McAulay for the support of his mission in Water Street, N. Y.

The Subscription List of the "Christian HERALD" is now nearly all set up in type, and the addresses on the wrappers are printed instead of being written every week. As mistakes may have occurred in making the change, we shall be obliged to any of our subscribers who inform us if their papers are misdirected,

SHUT IN OR SHUT OUT.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"The Lord shut him in."—GEN. 7 : 16.

Noah a Member of a Pitiful Minority—I. Shut in—1. Noah Shut in—A Condition of Permanent Separation—Shut Out from Ambition—From Festivities—2. Shut in by God—Very Closely—Very Fast—Very Necessary—The Deed very Instructive—3. Shut in with God—4. With all His Family—5. To be Perfectly Preserved—II. Shut Out—Who were They?—A People that had Been Preached to—Prayed for—Associated in the Lord's Work—Had Seen Great Wonders—What They Did—What Came of it—Who is the Doomed Man?

NOAH was a very different man from the rest of those who lived in his time, for the grace of God had set a division between him and them. *They* forgot God, and *he* feared him; they lived for things seen and temporal, and he lived in sight of the invisible. When he was building his ark he was in a miserable minority, as men count heads; and, even after one hundred and twenty years' ministry, when his ark was builded and his family entered it, they were eight against many millions, an insignificant few, as men would say; a pitiful sect among mankind. Who could imagine that the eight would be right and all the millions wrong? *Where God is, there is the majority.* But very clearly there was a very marked distinction between Noah and his household, and all the rest of mankind. Yet, great as that distinction was, throughout one hundred and twenty years there was no impassable gulf between the two parties. Although Noah could not, would not go to them, yet they that would might pass to him; if they would hear, believe, and obey, they, too, might be among the company whom God had blessed, and whom he would surely preserve from destruction.

When the last seven days of grace had come to a close the Lord began His work of justice by separating Noah, and "the Lord shut him in." Then there was a more marked difference between Noah and the rest of mankind. He that openeth and no man shutteth, he that shutteth and no man openeth, even he had interposed a barrier impassable between Noah and those that believed not. Mercy's gate was shut, the time of longsuffering had come to a close.

Brethren, the Church of God stands at the present moment in the world very much in the same condition as Noah and his family. Still is the door of the ark wide open, and it is our business with all our might to persuade, constrain, compel men to come in. Not without success have our entreaties been; for many have entered the ark of salvation which is found in the person of our divine Lord Jesus. These make up with us the chosen family of God who shall be safe when the world is deluged with the last devouring fire. But the time cometh, it comes to each man in death, and it will come to the whole company of the ungodly in the day when the Lord Jesus shall descend from heaven with a shout, that the door shall be shut, and it shall be said, "Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed; so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence." Character will become unchangeable; he that is unjust will be unjust still, and he that is filthy will be filthy still.

Our meditation will be arranged under two heads, which may readily be remembered: *shut in* and *shut out.* They stand in very distinct contrast, and admit of no third condition.

I. First, let us think of truths which range themselves under the head of

SHUT IN.

This is a blessed text. Oh that the Spirit of God may help me to preach from it, and you to enjoy it.

1. Observe, then, that Noah was *shut in*—shut in the ark. Noah's condition as to an evil world was now one of permanent separation. He was severed from the world, and his separation was beyond recall. There is a time in the human character when it has some good thing in it toward the Lord God of Israel, and yet that good thing may be lost; but there is another and happier time when the truly converted have stepped over the

boundary, and shall never go back again unto corruption. They are dead, and their life is hid with Christ in God; hidden beyond further damage or death. They are henceforth kept by the power of God unto salvation; crucified unto the world and the world unto them.

There was a time when, speaking after the manner of men, Noah might have given up his testimony and sided with the ungodly mass; but that possibility is all over; for the door is shut, the Lord hath shut him in. There was no wish in Noah's heart to come out, and he could not come out. The deed was done, and could not be undone; the bolt was turned and could not be withdrawn. Noah was shut in by a hand which is not given to undo its own work. I believe that this fixity of character and condition has happened to all believers who can truly say that they are dead unto the world. Dying unto the world is the way of our salvation.

Beloved, it is a great mercy when a man can feel in his own soul that God has fixed forever his condition toward the ungodly.

WE HAVE COME OUT,

my brethren, from among men just as Abraham did when he left his fatherland and went into the land of which he knew nothing but that God had said that He would give it to him and to his seed. They had as fully left Padanaram behind them as if they had been dead and buried to it, and their life showed each one of them to be a pilgrim and a sojourner with God. Even so with believers, the Lord has called us out and set us apart unto himself.

Brethren, I am always glad when I can feel concerning any of you that you have finally done with the world, and may be numbered with *the irreconcilables:* for, alas, I fear there are too many who have so questionably come out of Sodom that their hearts are there still, and they are apt to cast lingering looks toward the accursed city. Ah me! what if any of you should become pillars of salt! "Remember Lot's wife!" But when, like Noah, you are divided from the world's pursuits by God's own act, then is it well with you. Noah was shut in, and could not follow after the festivities and worldlinesses of men. They were eating and drinking, marrying and given in marriage, but to Noah the dance and the viol, the feast and the revel, called in vain. He could not now hoard up wealth, nor seek for fame among the sons of men. He was utterly exiled and excluded from all those things which charmed the minds of his contemporaries; he was *out of the fashion*, yea, out of the world.

He was shut out, too, from all their possessions; even from his own farm he was now expatriated. Blessed is that man who, whatsoever he hath, hath it as though he had it not; he sets no store by earthly things, and does not lock up his soul in his iron safe. He is shut out from the things which rust and corrupt, so that they are not his God, nor his treasure. Noah was divided from the evil generation among which he dwelt by the act of God: here was his safety.

O happy man who can truly say that henceforth he is "shut in," because he is born again, and thus entirely changed. In the olden time *a newly converted man* who became an eminent saint was met in the street by a woman who had at other times tempted him to sin. He took no notice of her, and at last she cried out, "Do you not know me? It is I." "Ah," said the new man, "but it is not I." No, he was not the man who could take pleasure in uncleanness; he could no longer sin, for he was born of God. Our inner life shuts us in to holiness, and the wounds of Jesus seal the door. The goodness of God interposes a barrier between us and evil, for we say with Joseph, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" "How can we that are dead to sin live any longer therein?" Hence our prayer is that of Toplady:

"Oh nail me to the sacred wood,
There tie me with thy Spirit's chain;
There seal me with thy fastening blood,
Nor ever let me loose again:
There let me bow my suppliant knee,
And own no other Lord but thee!"

2. We must now remark, secondly, that Noah was not only shut in, but he was

SHUT IN BY GOD.

There was the excellence of it, "The Lord shut him in." No man can shut in as the Lord can. I cannot shut professors in to the ways of godliness as I could wish; alas, with all my preaching, many wander, and try to be members of the church and citizens of the world too. We have among us avowed lovers of Christ, who act too much like "lovers of pleasure." I have preached no liberty to sin, as some do, but I have declared that "strait is the gate and narrow is the way;" but yet these men make excursions into the broad road. I would still hammer at the door of the ark, in hope of shutting it close and keeping it so; but it is little that I can do. Oh to be enclosed by Almighty grace! The Lord has shut his people in unto himself by his choice of them in Christ Jesus, by his redemption of them from among men, and by his sanctifying them to be a peculiar people unto himself. Yes, the Lord has done it—"The Lord shut him in."

Take notice that this was very *close* shutting, so as to keep out the water. I fancy that if you saw a huge vessel lying upon the dry land where the floods would come to float it, you would be very anxious about that great opening in its side. It was evidently a huge doorway, for a pair of elephants had passed through it; so that it was a gaping leak which would take in enough water in an hour to sink the ark to the bottom.

Hence "the Lord shut him in" because nobody else could safely be trusted to shut such a door, against which a forty days' tempest was to beat most furiously. What a mercy it is that when we get into Christ by faith, and are shut in from the world with Him, that we are perfectly safe, because the Lord Himself has shut us in. We are not only brought to Christ Jesus by divine power, but we are preserved in Christ Jesus unto eternal life by the same divine might.

That door was also

SHUT VERY FAST,

to prevent the entrance of enemies from the outside. For who can tell? I should fancy that when the waters began to rise, when they were up to the ankles, or knee deep, those who had hitherto ridiculed the patriarch's barge would assemble around that door and clamorously demand to be admitted, resolved, if refused, to force their way. In vain. God had shut the door, and no violence could force it open, by push of crowd, or leverage of strength. Even so it is with us, we are protected against every onslaught of the enemies of our soul. Come life, come death, things present or things to come, salvation hath God appointed for walls and bulwarks. Come temptations of every sort, come craft or assault of devils, none can force the doorway and come at us for our destruction. "At evening let them return; and let them make a noise like a dog, and go round about the city. But I will sing of thy power; yea, I will sing aloud of thy mercy in the morning: for thou hast been my defence and refuge in the day of my trouble. Unto thee, O my strength, will I sing."

This divine shutting in of Noah was *very necessary:* for I suppose that no one else could have moved the gigantic door upon its enormous hinges. It was probably too massive to have been stirred by Noah, or his united family. It must have been a moment of wonder and awe when that stupendous door began silently to move of its own accord, as though an invisible hand was carefully closing it, so that not a crevice should be made through which water could penetrate. The ark was soon as entire as if it had never exhibited an opening from stem to stern.

You and I need shutting into Christ by a divine hand, or it never will be done securely. When a soul is brought to Christ it is by divine grace, but the whole is not done then; the grand difficulty is to keep us in Christ; for without continued grace we shall still perish despite all the arrangements of redeeming love. How many have ventured to sea in the galleys of their own resolve and have perished there! How many have hoped to shut themselves in with Christ by the mere force of personal determination, and the leakage of their own depraved heart has drowned them. But, oh, when God has brought us into union with Jesus He shuts us in, and we are saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation.

Notice, once again, that this deed was very *instructive* to Noah; it must have been so. Noah had ceased to live according to the mere senses of the body, and had come to perceive his absolute dependence upon God; but he was made by the opened door to see that dependence most clearly. By divine orders he had built an ark on dry land, and when it was builded Noah might have said "Now I feel safe:" but he could not say so, for there was a gaping gash in the side of the ark, a vast aperture which he could not close up. It was an occasion of mercy to mankind, and Noah was probably glad to see it open that he might still preach righteousness and warn men to escape, saying "The door is open! Come, ye great sinners! Enter, ye sons of Anak. Come and be saved."

"Come to the ark, ere yet the flood
Your lingering steps oppose;
Come, for the door which open stood
Is now about to close."

Yet when he had done his sermon and went home perhaps he said to his wife, "Beloved, how can this ark save us? That door, if ever the floods come, will be a dreadful danger to us. We cannot shut it, what is to be done? We must leave it with God. We are still dependent upon a divine interposition, and Jehovah will stretch out His hand and shut the door effectually so that we shall float above the deluge." In this condition of daily dependence the Lord would have His people abide, conscious to the very last that in Him only do they live. "Without me ye can do nothing." We are entirely dependent upon our faithful, loving God for everything.

3. Thus, then, the text tells us that Noah was shut in, and that he was shut in by God; but now let us remember that *he was*

SHUT IN WITH GOD;

for in the first verse of the chapter we read, "The Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark;" and this clearly shows that the Lord was in the ark already. O what a joy it is to know that when a soul is buried to the world it lives with Christ. "For if we have been planted together in the likeness of His death, we shall be also in the likeness of His resurrection." God is in Christ Jesus, and we are in Christ Jesus, and thus we have fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus. The tabernacle of God among men is the person of Christ, and when we are joined unto the Lord and become members of His body, we are alive unto God and have fellowship with Him.

Next, notice that Noah's happiness was all the greater because *he was shut in the ark with all his family.* This is a great joy, to have all your household brought unto the faith of Christ. Some among us have one or two of their family still without Christ, and strangers to His salvation. This is a great grief. I will not enlarge upon a subject so painful, but I know instances in which godly women have all their children with them in Christ but the husband is still a stranger to the covenant of promise.

There is a brother among us who joys to dwell in Christ, but his father and mother are still without God and without Christ. How often have we heard that dear brother's prayer for his relatives! Perhaps his parents are here, and if so I would tell them how much their son's prayers affect me; he cries as for his very life that God would save his father. Some among us never pray in the prayer-meeting without strong crying and tears for their kinsmen according to the flesh; they cannot get through a prayer without mentioning their children, or their brothers, or others of their household. I hope they never will; I hope God will lay the kindred on their heart as a heavy burden till they are all saved in answer to prayer.

You are very pleased, some of you, to see your sons and daughters respectably settled in life, thank God for his gracious providence; but, my you, if they were all poor, and you saw them saved, there would still be the highest cause

gratitude. Better to see them regenerate than ich, better married to Christ than to a fortune. Give your God no rest till it is so ; and if there is one who seems quite outside of spiritual things, pray for him as Abraham prayed for Ishmael, 'Oh that Ishmael might live before thee!" It is better you should pray hard for them while they live, than that you should mourn bitterly over them when dead, as David did when he lamented loud, "O Absalom, my son ; would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" May the Lord, when He blesses us as He did Jacob, extend that blessing to all our tribes, and cause all that are born unto us to be born again into himself.

Noah and his household were *shut in*, dear friends, *to be perfectly preserved, and then to come forth into a new world.* The rains descended, the water-springs poured forth their fountains, the waters rose, and the huge vessel began to quit the ground, and to walk the waters like a thing of life. I cannot attempt to picture the scene : men must have come clustering in great multitudes round the ark when they saw that in very deed the flood was descending and uprising. As the fast-closed ark began to move the inmates must have heard a chorus of cries, and groans, and shrieks of men and women as they perished in the insatiable waters.

Down poured the incessant showers, beating on the roof with perpetual thunder. The hidden eight were in solitude, shut in from the all-enveloping sheet of rain. The waters continued to gather, and still up rose the ark ; though they could scarce tell where they were amid the watery solitude, they knew that they were safe. When they looked out and saw no living thing, not even the top of a mountain, and they were floating on a sea that knew no shore, how strange must have been their sensations ! But the Lord had shut Noah in, so he was perfectly safe. He knew that *the Lord High Admiral of the seas* was at the helm to steer the lonely bark aright. Then came a strong wind to assuage the waters ; and how the ark must have sped before the gale, none knew whither : it was tossed about, doubtless, for it is the nature of winds to raise waves, and where there was no more to give the slightest shelter the vessel must have felt all their force. Yet the favored family was safe.

"Without deep calleth unto deep,
But all is peace within."

The waters were assuaged, and by-and-by the ark yawned to a strange sensation, for its keel was touching the earth, the ark was coming to its rest. God remembered Noah, and brought the ark to rest on the mountains of Ararat. But will the ark be found safely ? Perhaps she will break her back on a rock, or slide down the side of a hill, or overset the brink of a precipice. No, no. He who was her Architect will be her Preserver. God has found an anchorage for the stars, and He can surely berth a ship. He found the ark a safe resting place, and brought out all her passengers safe and sound. He is berthing many a vessel now in the everlasting harbors, and He hath such skill in navigation that no vessel which belongs to Him shall ever come to an ill end. So far Noah fared well and felt solid ground beneath him once again.

So shall it be with us : shut in with Christ away from this world, to which we are not conformed, we shall ride in safety as exiled beings out of this old world into another. A day cometh when the new heaven and the new earth shall be seen, and men the meek shall inherit the earth and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace ; then shall all our sacrifice of praise be accepted of the Lord. Blessed are they who enter into the ark of Jesus Christ, and so die to the old life that they may live in newness of life, rejoicing in Him who sitteth upon the throne and saith, "Behold, I make all things new!" This be your lot and mine for ever and ever.

II. I have purposely reserved a very few minutes only for the second and much more painful point of my discourse, which comes out of the words

SHUT OUT.

To have the door shut is well enough for Noah and those who are with him, but as for all the rest, that big door when it closed on its hinges shut them all out ! Shut them all out to perish with a swift and sure destruction.

WHO WERE THEY ?

I wonder if any of the sort are here !

Well, they were *a people that had been preached to.* Noah was a "preacher of righteousness," and fulfilled his office perseveringly. The men of his generation were not left to perish without light; they had been warned, they had been instructed, they had been entreated. They were such as you are who have been habitual hearers of the word, but hearers only. Of course, you have none of you heard the gospel for one hundred and twenty years from one man ; but many of you have heard it quite long enough to have incurred great guilt in having rejected it so often.

They were a people *who had been prayed for.* You will ask me how I come to know that. I answer that Ezekiel speaks of three men notable as intercessors, Noah, Daniel, and Job ; and I feel sure he would not have mentioned Noah in that company if he had not been a man of great prayer. I believe that he prayed much for his generation, and yet they were not saved. Sure I am, dear hearers, that some of you are daily the objects of earnest supplication. On Monday nights I have had notes about some of you, and hundreds, and even thousands of us have joined together in praying for you. Beside that, you know the dear ones at home are earnestly interceding for you, and some who are now in heaven pleaded hard for you ere they departed ; yet you will be shut out as sure as you are alive unless you fly to Christ, and enter into His salvation very soon.

They were a people who had many of them been *associated with Noah in his work.* It is hardly likely that Noah built the ark with his own hands all alone ; he must have hired fellers of trees and carpenters, and calkers, and shipwrights of various kinds. None of these were saved. It is a sad thing that those who helped to build the ark were shut out of it ! Remember, however, that they shut themselves out ! They chose their own destruction. Do I speak to any who have subscribed to build the house in which they worship ? who contribute their share to the expenses of the church and to the help of the poor, and to the education of the young ; and yet to have no part in Christ ? I do not understand those of you who are zealous in promoting religion, and yet have no share in the great salvation ? Why will you resolve to be shut out ? As sure as ever you sit on that seat, you will be shut out of heaven, and shut out of Christ forever, unless you arise and go unto your Father confessing your sins and seeking His mercy. May God arouse you to flee from the wrath to come !

These people *had seen great wonders.* Half the world must have gathered to see the camels and elephants, eagles and peacocks, snails and worms, all come running, or flying, or creeping to the ark. Such a sight never could have been seen before. There they come in pairs ; four wild beasts two and two ; and clean beasts by sevens ! Voluntarily entering the ark ! What a sight it must have been ! Many saw it and confessed that God's hand was in it, and yet they did not enter the ark themselves. Oh, my hearers, some of you have been here in times of revival ; you have seen drunkards saved, you have seen the most unlikely ones converted, and yet you have not turned unto the Lord. Be ye sure of this—you will be shut out of hope forever ! May God grant it may never be so ; but except you repent it must be the case.

Next, notice

WHAT THEY DID.

What they did was this . they were a people who took all their delight in worldly things. We are told in the New Testament that they "ate and they drank, they married and were given in marriage, till the day that Noah entered into the ark." They were altogether taken up with this world—like some of you, who have no regard for the world to come, but live as if this life would be everything. Prayer and praise, and looking into eternal things are all a weariness to you ; you look after the shop and the farm and the house, and forget God. I do not blame you for diligence in business any more than I blame these people for eating and drinking and marrying ; but to make this the main thing in life is to despise God and heaven and eternity. O my hearer, remember your God ! your Saviour ! your soul ! death ! heaven ! hell !

And then they did not believe, there was the point. Whatever Noah might say they replied, "Poor old man, you have entered on a second childhood. Perhaps when we are five hundred years old we shall talk nonsense too." When the patriarch came to be six hundred years old they said, "That graybeard is always telling us these stories," and they jested at the old man's fable. Alas, some of you do not believe the Gospel, and therefore do not seek its salvation ; but it is true, and you will own it to be so when you get breast deep in the fire-flood, as you will be ere long. Oh that you would believe, and escape from the wrath to come ! They despised the longsuffering of God. They said, "Here has Noah been telling us these one hundred and twenty years that a flood is coming, and where is it ?"

Among ourselves it is a common proverb, "Christmas is coming," but in Noah's days there must have been more sting in the proverb, "The deluge is coming." They would not believe that such a thing could ever be. Some say, "I have gone on very well, I have had no religion and yet I have always prospered. I have seen godly people getting poor, but I have always added field to field and house to house. I do not want religion. I am comfortable enough without it." If we say we pity them, they reply, "We do not want your pity." Just so ! but the tables will be turned ere long, and then you will demand our pity, though it will avail you nothing, for the door will be shut. Once let God shut the door, and there will be an eternal separation between the ungodly and all hope and happiness.

WHAT CAME OF IT

then ? The door of hope was shut, and the multitude perished without hope. When I was thinking this over I fancied that I could preach about it ; but I cannot. When I realize the fact that any one of my dear hearers should be shut out of heaven I cannot bear myself. I want to find a secret place wherein to weep. If an angel should say to me this morning, "All your hearers shall be saved but one, and you must pick out the one who shall be shut out of heaven," I should run my eye anxiously up and down these lines of pews, and I should take up many an hour, and at last cry, "No, I cannot take the responsibility of marking out *the doomed man.*" I should keep you here, I think, till I expired before I could make the horrible death-choice. I would say, "Lord, save every one." And as for the marked man, I would cry, "Spare him ! Do spare him !"

Oh, my hearers, will you do for yourselves what I could not dare to do for you ? Will any man choose for himself to be lost ? Will he count himself unworthy of eternal life, and put it from him ? Then I must shake off the dust of my feet against him. I will have none of the responsibility. If you will be damned you must do it yourselves. I will not be a partaker in the crime. Your blood be on your own heads. Go down to the pit if you will deliberately choose to do so ; but this know, that Christ was preached to you, and you would not have Him, you were invited to come to Him, but turned your backs upon Him , you chose for yourselves your own eternal destruction ! God grant you may repent of such a choice, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

[PORTIONS OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Genesis 7.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it ; and for its weekly circulation of more than 230,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

Sir John Franklin's Monument in Westminster Abbey.

OBJECTS OF INTEREST IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE venerable building, of which a picture appeared in our issue of August 25th, contains many objects of interest which are esteemed on account of their historical and personal associations. Among these is

The Monument to Sir John Franklin,

the intrepid Arctic explorer, whose life was sacrificed in his attempt to wrest the secrets of the Arctic circle from their icy home. The monument was erected by *Lady Franklin*, the widow of the explorer, who in the many weary years that elapsed during which the fate of her husband was a mystery, spared neither money nor exertion in her efforts to discover the truth.

Sir John Franklin and his followers left England on his last voyage on May 19th, 1845, on board the two ships Erebus and Terror, and *he never returned.* No tidings were received of him, his ships, or his crews, although *twenty-two expeditions* were sent in search of them during the following twelve years. But in 1857, Sir Leopold McClintock sailed on a new search expedition in the yacht Fox, which Lady Franklin fitted out at her own expense, and he returned on September 22d, 1859, with the melancholy intelligence that Sir John Franklin had died on June 11th, 1847, that his ships had been destroyed, and the crews, numbering one hundred and five persons, had died of cold and starvation. Incontrovertible evidence, in the shape of relics and a written record signed by officers of the expedition, were brought back by Sir Leopold McClintock, which placed the truth of the sad intelligence beyond a doubt. Later (on June 19th, 1878), Lieutenant Schwatka, of the United States Navy, was able to add further details to those discovered by Sir L. McClintock.

During his famous sledge journey of 3251 miles, across King William's Land, he thoroughly searched the coast near the point where Sir John Franklin's party abandoned their ships, and found graves and relics of the expedition, and collected from the natives, narratives of events showing that the party must have suffered protracted agony before they died. An account of Lieutenant Schwatka's search, with the life and portrait of Sir John Franklin, appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of November 11th, 1880.

Monument to the Wesleys.

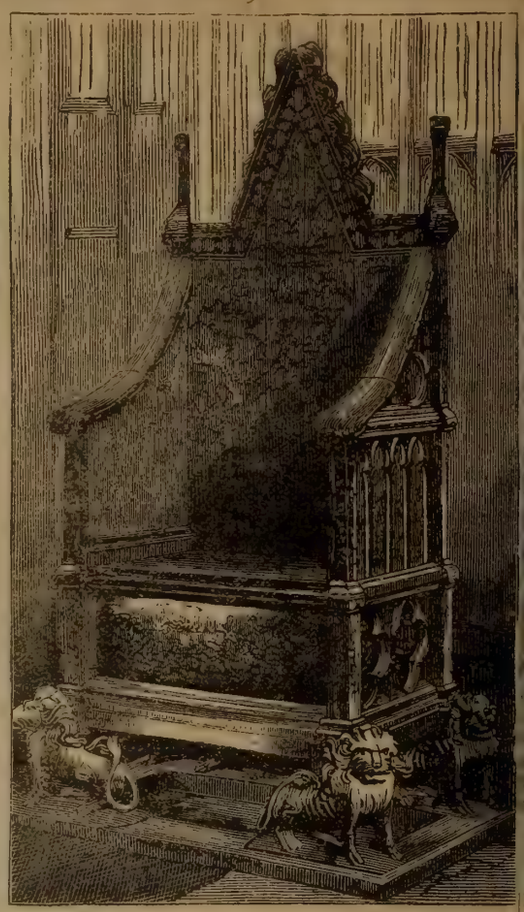
The Monument to the Wesleys.

Towards the Poets' Corner, in the south aisle of the choir and near to the monument of Isaac Watts, there was erected in 1876, a monument to the two Wesleys, inscribed with their characteristic sayings, taken from their respective tombs, and sculptured with the faces of the two brothers. Rich as is the far-famed Abbey in memorials of the illustrious dead, it may well be doubted whether, within its precincts, anything can be found more worthy to be perpetuated than the memory of the great and good men whose apostolic zeal and almost incredible labors did so much to transform the face of English society.

Dean Stanley himself explained the origin of this monument when he was in New York on his well-remembered visit. He related how some eight or ten years before, the president of the Wesleyan Conference waited upon him, and in courteous terms asked that a monument might be admitted into Westminster Abbey to *the memory of Charles Wesley*, "the sweet psalmist of our English Israel," and he (Dean Stanley), had then said "*And why not John?*" A monument to the memory of the two illustrious brothers, of which the above picture is a representation, was accordingly erected near Poets' Corner in the abbey.

An anecdote, connected in part with this memorial to the Wesleys, is thus related by a correspondent of the *Spectator*: "About three years ago, on Whit Monday—one of those occasions when the Dean delighted to mingle with the groups in the Abbey, drawing their attention to points of interest and beauty that might have been missed by working men, or explaining the history of particular monuments—*a woman and her two children*, boy and girl, were lingering round Henry VII.'s chapel. They were not exactly belonging to the artisan class, but poor, evidently, and with an air of struggling respectability.

"As they chanced to come near the Dean, who had been talking to others, the woman timidly asked him if it was 'true that some little princes were buried in the Abbey.' Immediately he took them to the chapel where are deposited the remains of the two princes murdered in the Tower, and spent some little time talking to the children, especially asking if they were learning English history at school, upon which the mother answered with pride, pointing to the boy, 'Oh yes, he learns his lessons, and *he is going to be a preacher!*' The quick sympathy of Dean Stanley was roused at once, and with that enthusiasm which kindles young minds, and is never lost upon children, he said, '*Then he ought to see John Wesley's monument.* Come with me.' We followed him to the aisle where the monument is placed, one of many others added during Dean Stanley's time, and there he pointed out to the small, white-faced boy of twelve years old or so, the image of the man he was to emulate, and spoke of the goodness, earnestness, and zeal of Wesley. Surely the enthusiasm with which it was done, shown in voice and manner, can never be forgotten by the boy, and was characteristic of the man we mourn, as was the quickness of his unfailing sympathy."



The Coronation Chair.

The Coronation Chair.

In Edward the Confessor's Chapel in Westminster Abbey, is preserved the Coronation Chair used when the sovereigns of Great Britain are crowned. Under the seat of it is the famous "*coronation stone*," a relic of antiquity of which many fabulous stories are related. The origin of the stone is unknown, and it is difficult to separate the true from the false in the traditions concerning it.

The late Dean Stanley, who probably knew more about the history of everything connected with Westminster Abbey than any other scholar, endeavored to trace the history of the Coronation stone to its earliest point, but he could ascertain nothing definite about it prior to its being in use at Scone, in Scotland, in connection with the coronation of the kings of that country. It was encased in a chair of wood, and stood by a cross on the east of the monastic cemetery. From it Scone became the "*sedes principalis*" of Scotland, and the kingdom of Scotland, the kingdom of Scone; and hence for many generations Perth, and not Edinburgh, was regarded as the capital city of Scotland. Wherever else it may have strayed, there need be no question at least of its Scottish origin. Its geological formation is that of the sandstone of the western coasts of Scotland.

This precious relic Edward I. was determined to possess. He had already hung up before the confessor's shrine the golden coronet of the last Prince of Wales. It was a still further glory to deposit there the very seat of the kingdom of Scotland. On it he himself was crowned King of the Scots. From the Pope he procured a bull to raze to the ground the rebellious Abbey of Scone which had once possessed it, and his design was only prevented by his sudden death at Burgh-on-the-

ands. He wished Westminster to e an English Scone. In 1306, the ıst year of Edward's reign, the enerable chair which still incloses it as made for it by the orders of its aptor. In spite of many treaties and egotiations, by which the Scotch ave sought to regain possession of ıe relic, it has from Edward's time :mained in Westminster Abbey. ı this chair, and on this very stone, very English sovereign, from Ed- ard I. to Queen Victoria, has been ıaugurated.

Once only has the stone been ıoved out of the Abbey, and that ɔr an occasion which proves more ıan any other single event since its rst capture, the importance attached ɔ it by the rulers and people of ngland. When in 1653, *Cromwell* as installed as Lord Protector in Vestminster Hall, he was placed in ıe "Chair of Scotland," brought ıt of the Abbey for that single and ɔecial occasion. In 1689, when ıe great Prince of Orange became ing of England, under the title of Villiam III., a second chair was ade of the same pattern. William erived his title to the throne from s wife Mary, who was the daughter of King ımes II., one of the worst of English kings. King Villiam and Queen Mary were crowned together ıd the second chair was made for the queen.

The White House at Washington.

THE WHITE HOUSE.

THE Executive Mansion, of which the above is picture, and where the President is now lying in critical condition, is thus described in "Apple- n's Cyclopædia": "The President's house or xecutive Mansion is in the west part of the city Washington, and is one mile and a half from

ANECDOTES.

elated at the Recent Christian Convention at Keswick, England.

THE proceedings of the annual convention for e Promotion of Practical Holiness were this ar of more than ordinary interest and useful- ss. Among the various meetings held were the dies' meetings conducted daily *by Mrs. M. Bax- r*, which were largely attended and at which any encouraging testimonies were given.

At the general meetings one of the most promi- nt speakers was Rev. W. Haslam, whose *por- ait and life* appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of January 27th, 1881. In the course of his address, on July 28th, Mr. Haslam told how

A CRIPPLE WAS HEALED

by the power of the Word of God. She came into a meeting leaning on crutches; but the Gospel was so brought home to her heart, that she was healed there and then; threw up her crutches, clapped her hands, and cried, "Glory be to God! I'm healed! I'm healed!"

THE SERMON IN THE CRACK.

"I heard," said Mrs. Amanda Smith, "of a good man who had written an excellent sermon, and would, no doubt, have read it well, but there was a large crack in the old pulpit from which he preached, and the sermon slipped down the crack, and so he got on poorly. I am afraid there are many people like that. The good they have to make manifest to others slips down some awkward crack or another, and so nobody gets the benefit of it. Let us beware lest some such crack should prevent the message which God has given us from being duly delivered."

"A GLIMPSE AT THE LORD."

"A dear Christian man," said Mr. Haslam, "was dying the other day. A friend said to him, 'Brother, have you got *a glimpse of the Lord?*' 'A glimpse of the Lord?' was the reply. 'No, glory be to God, I've had a good full look at Him for forty years.'" Let us not be content with mere glimpses.

It was mentioned by another speaker that at the first Keswick Convention a cripple was brought on a couch into the tent, and that, when he began to question himself as to whether all was right, he was reminded of one bad habit—the habit of smoking. He asked himself whether he could *smoke to the glory of God*. Feeling convinced that he could not, he resolved, as a sanctified man, to give up the habit, and had derived great benefit from the self-denial thus practised.

HAPPY PETER.

Mr. Haslam told how "Happy Peter" was in the habit of saying he had been happy for thirty-seven years. One who visited him, and noticed the appearance of his sickly wife and humble home, said, "Have you no clouds?" "Yes," replied Peter, "but if there were no clouds there would be no sweet rain."

Dwelling on common mistakes about the gloom of a religious life, Mr. Haslam added: "I have a friend in Norfolk who was converted seventeen years ago. He is a magistrate and chairman of the Local Board. People said when he was converted, 'It's all over with him;' and a cousin of his said to me, about the same time, 'My cousin has become serious.' 'No,' I said, 'he hasn't.' 'Well, well, he has become religious.' 'No, he hasn't. A Hindoo, a Mohammedan, a Jew is religious, and your cousin might be that and be going to hell.' 'Then he must be going to die.' 'No, he isn't, for I've got hold of the same thing, and am stronger far than I was thirty years ago.' There are many people like that; and to one and all of them I give the same answer."

STRUGGLING FOR LIFE.

A gentleman was one day walking along one of the banks of the Thames, when he heard a great cry. Two young men had been playing by the river at high water, and indulging in some rough pranks, which ended in one of them being thrown into the river. The gentleman saw him in the water, and the young man who had pushed him in cried, "Oh, do please get him out if you can!" The gentleman looked on with much calmness for a moment or two, simply observing, "What a strong young man that is! how he struggles!" As the struggles continued a minute or two longer, the gentleman repeated the same remark. But, perceiving that the struggles were becoming weaker, the gentleman pulled off his coat, plunged into the river, and rescued the man, which he might not have been able to do if the drowning man had been as able to struggle as at first. It is even so with us. While we are struggling and struggling, and trying to save ourselves, God cannot save us. But when we give up our struggles, and simply resign ourselves into the hands of Him who alone can save us, then it is that we come to know how great and how glorious is His salvation.

SAVED AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

One day, at a place where I was preaching, I was told of an old great-grandmother of ninety-two, and went to see her. I said, "You won't live much longer." "No," she said, "but I'm going to heaven." I said, "What makes you think you are going to heaven? Are you converted and a child of God?" She said, "Oh, you mean *like a Methody*." I found she had been *hoping* to go to heaven for eighty years. I said, "Now, I'm sure if you are not converted your will not go to heaven; and if I were you, I should be afraid to look at that fire lest it should remind me of hell."

I left her, but at half-past ten that night her son, who looked a good deal older than his mother, came to the house where I was stopping, and said: "You have made my mother look right down miserable. I wish you would come and speak to her." I went, and said, as soon as I saw her, "*I'm so glad to see you looking so miserable.*" She was thoroughly broken down, and I put the only way of salvation to her as plainly as I could. After awhile she saw it, and about half-past eleven that night she found peace.

LADY RADSTOCK'S TESTIMONY.

The late Lady Radstock came to a meeting which I was conducting in a barn some years ago. A farm laborer gave her a tract, and said, "Old lady, are you converted." She answered, "I hope so." To which the laborer replied, "What! haven't you got any further than that yet?" She walked away, but not feeling easy about her testimony, she returned and said to the young man, "You were dissatisfied with my answer, but I've been a Christian forty years." "*Then why didn't you say so,*" said the man. "Pray, what do you say when asked if you are converted?" inquired her ladyship. "I say right out, 'Bless the Lord, I am.'" From that time Lady Radstock always took the greatest care to speak of her conversion, not as a matter of hope, but as an undoubted fact.

Secretary Windom Decreed the Award of the gold medal of the life-saving service to Captain Charles P. Smith, the gallant commander of the *Seawanhaka*, but the medal did not arrive from the mint until the day before Captain Smith died.

"NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

BY HESBA STRETTON.

(*Continued from page* 559.)

Ishmael's Trials.

"When I get home," Ishmael said, "I'll go up to the Hall and ask the squire to forgive me; I'll beg and pray of him; and if he will, maybe I can go to work with Mr. Chipchase, like I was to go before I came here."

"He's got another wagoner's boy," answered his mother; "and thee'rt not to go home with me, but do thy best away from home. Father won't hear of it; and maybe the squire ud get us turned out altogether if thee comes home. But if God has forgiven thee—"

"Not go home with you, mother?" he cried.

"No," she said, half sobbing, "no! But God sees; God knows. Jesus Christ had not where to lay His head, and had to wander about without a home. Ishmael, I want thee to believe that God sees us always; and He loves us, in spite of it seeming as if He didn't take any notice of us. Oh, if I thought God didn't know and didn't care, my heart 'ud break. I'd go down to the river, yonder, and just drown myself. But some day He'll find us a home again, thee and me."

She had never spoken so passionately before, even to him; and he was startled, gazing into her agitated face with wondering eyes. Then he looked back at the dreary jail, his last dwelling-place. There seemed to be no place for him in the whole world now he had been in there.

"Where can we find a home again, mother?" he asked at last; "there's no place like home."

"Up there!" she said, lifting her dim eyes to the great sky above them; "if God gives us no other home here in this world, He's got one ready there for thee and me. 'Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you.' That's what Jesus said. He's preparing a place for us, Ishmael; and we must not trouble our hearts too much. Only we must go on believing in Him."

"I'll try, mother," he said, putting his hand in hers; and they sat there, not speaking much, but with hands closely clasped, till the chiming of the church clocks in the town behind them reminded Ruth there was still something to be done. A place must be found for Ishmael to sleep in that night, and if possible to stay at till he could get work to do.

It was hard work leaving him, so far away from her, to loiter about the streets and pick up any stray job that might fall in the way of a boy with a doubtful character. Her mother's heart told her but too plainly how precarious such a life must be. Only a few months ago he was still a child; even yet in happier homes he would be reckoned among the children, to be punished, indeed, for his faults, but not to be thrust into want and temptation. But Ishmael was to fight in the thickest of the battle, bereft of his good name, and removed from all good companionship. Yet Ruth had hope and faith. She worked harder than ever, never taking a day's rest, that she might save a few pence every week to send to his help. She knew he was almost always hungry; often pinched with cold; ragged and nearly barefoot at all times; scarcely able to pay for a shelter night after night. He roamed about the country from farmstead to farmstead, doing any odd work the farmers would trust him with, and sleeping in any outhouse or broken shed he could find open. But he failed in getting a settled place; there were too many boys of good character who wanted to set their foot on the first step of the ladder.

There was one thing he could not make up his mind to do. He could not put such a distance between himself and his mother as would prevent him seeing her every Sunday. He never failed to steal homeward at the close of the week, lurking about the lime-kiln or the woods, in hiding from his father, until he could make his presence known to his mother. It was the great solace and enjoyment of her life. She could still wash and mend his clothes for him, and get him a sufficient meal or two, and listen to all that had happened to him during the week.

He never crossed the threshold of his old home; but on summer evenings Ruth and he sat together within the tangle of green brush-wood behind it, and on winter nights they sheltered themselves under the walls of the old kiln, or, if they needed a roof over their heads, they met in the limestone cave, which most often of all was Ishmael's sleeping-place.

So five years went on, and still Ishmael was not a man. There was little hope now of his ever making a strong, hardy, capable man. The privations he was compelled to undergo had told upon his under-sized, thin, and feeble frame. But still more had the anxieties and the mortifications he had to endure borne down his spirit. No one but his mother cared for him. Suspicion dogged him, and he doubtful companions necessity forced upon him strengthened suspicion. He was losing heart, and growing hopeless. His mother had called him Ishmael, because the Lord had heard her affliction; but she might have called him Ishmael because every man's hand was against him. Would the day come, dreaded by his mother, when his hand would be against every man?

The last few years had weighed more heavily upon Ruth than ten might have done if Ishmael had been at home. She could no longer help her old husband up the ladder when he came home drunk; and many a night he had lain on the damp floor, groaning with rheumatic pains, for want of a strong young arm such as Ishmael's would have been. Still every Sunday brought her a gleam of gladness. As yet Ishmael had not gone astray amid his manifold temptations; and she was comforted for her own sorrow and his. But what would become of him when she was no longer there?

It was a hard trial to her, when she heard Ishmael's call, plaintive and low, sounding round and round the hut through the stillness of a winter's night, and she could not answer it. It would come nearer and nearer, until it seemed as if it was under the very eaves; but if her husband was crouching over the fire she dared not even open the door to look out. In the black darkness outside the little casement she could see for a moment the dim outline of her boy's white face gazing through the lattice-panes; and then the long, low, plaintive cry grew fainter, and died away in the woods behind.

"I must tell Nutkin of that owl," said old Humphrey, peevishly.

At last Ruth could go out no more to her hard work, but lay still and almost helpless in her close loft, scarcely able to creep down the ladder to the hearth below. Old Humphrey could not understand that she was no longer the willing drudge she had been so long. That she could get free from him by death never once crossed his dull brain, soddened by drink. Many a moan he made over his wife's idleness in the sanded kitchen of the "Labor in Vain," where he sat now on a corner of a bench furthest from the fire, having only a few pence to spend; he who in better days had been welcome to the best seat, and been most lavish with his money.

But whenever Sunday came new life seemed to visit Ruth. Whence the strength arose she could not tell; but it never failed her when she got up from her bed, and crept downstairs, and out into the spring sunshine to meet Ishmael. Everybody knew now, except Humphrey, that Ishmael haunted the old home where his mother was dying; but they took no notice except by carrying food, as they said, for old Ruth, though they knew well she could not eat it.

Some of the women offered to do any washing they could for her, and made no remark when Ishmael's clothing was among it. For when we are going down visibly into the dark valley of the shadow of death, those around us look upon us with other eyes, and press upon us some of the kindliness and tenderness which would have made all the pilgrimage of life only a happy journey. Ruth, so long a solitary and sorrowful woman, wondered at the friendliness which gathered about her in her last days.

"It makes home seem sweeter," she said to Ishmael, "to have plenty o' friends, and plenty o' everything else. But if it had always been so I might never ha' thought as dyin' was like goin' home. *I always think as if heaven were home now, Ishmael,*" she added, a faint smile lighting up her wrinkled face.

She was sitting beside him on the old door-sill *for the last time*, though that they did not know. For when death is drawing near to any one of us we do not always know that the last time is come for the old familiar duties and habits of every-day life. It had been a long sunny day in May, but now the twilight was coming on, and every minute made her beloved face more thin and shadowy.

"It feels a'most," she went on falteringly, "like when I was a little girl, and 'ud hear father callin' me in from my play. I'm partly afeared to say it, Ishmael; but it's sometimes as if I could hear the blessed Lord callin' 'Ruth, come to Me, and ye shall find rest.' And last night I answered Him out loud, 'Lord, I can't rest because of my lad Ishmael.' And it seemed to me as if there came a low quiet voice whispering to me, 'Leave Ishmael to Me. He is My son.' And I said to myself, 'The Lord has heard my affliction again.'"

Ishmael sat silent, with his eyes fastened on the pale yellow light in the sky behind the tops of the trees, across which a bat was flitting to and fro; but he did not see the sunset light or the flight of the bat.

"Ay!" she said, almost joyously, "and to-day I knew He'd heard; for Mrs. Clift and Miss Elsie came to see me; and Ishmael, my lad, they brought grand news for thee. They're going away across the seas, to that country where folks go for a better chance than they've got here; and they've promised to take thee with them; for Mrs. Clift said, 'It was all along of Elsie that Ishmael got into trouble and disgrace; and folks won't think badly of him there; and I'll be like a mother to him,' said Mrs. Clift. And I knew then that God had heard my affliction again."

"Oh, mother!" cried Ishmael, "I couldn't leave thee, never; not if the Queen of England sent for me to go!"

[illegible] free. She could no longer come down the ladder which led to the loft, where she lay in darkness; but whenever Humphrey was away, Ishmael was beside her in the darkness, within reach of her hand, as in the old time when he was a child. There was no stint of food for him now, for Mrs. Clift came every day with Elsie, and Mrs. Chipchase sent from the farm, or called in to see Ruth herself, and neither of them came empty-handed. It was only when the time came each day for him to escape out of the way of his father that he felt himself still an exile from his home.

"I'll not leave thee to-night," he said, one evening when she seemed worse than he had ever seen

her before ; "I can't leave thee to-night. Maybe thou'rt dyin'."

"Nay," she answered with a long, low, sad sigh, "nay, Ishmael, there mustn't be a fight twixt thy father and thee over my dyin' bed."

"He'll come home drunk," he said almost fiercely ; "and I can't leave thee alone with him."

"I'm not afeared to be left alone with thy father," she replied. "He was a good husband to me once, and he'll not be hard with me when I'm dyin'. I wasn't always as good a wife as I might ha' been ; and I've a many things to say to him. Hark ! they're running to tell thee he's comin' up the lane. Go, Ishmael ; kiss me, and go quickly."

"I cannot go !" he cried, clinging to her ; "p'r'aps I shall never see thy face again, never ! Oh, mother, I cannot go!"

But as he still held her in his arms, and she pushed him feebly away, Elsie's clear young voice was heard in the kitchen below, calling hurriedly.

"Ishmael, she cried, "little Willie Nutkin is lost in the old quarry behind the cave, and we want you. Nutkin, and the squire and everybody ; we all want you."

(To be continued.)

REVIEW OF THE QUARTER'S LESSONS.

S. S. Lesson for September 18. Golden Text. Ps. 105 : 43. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

IN our lessons for the past quarter we have seen the misery and helplessness of God's ancient people in Egypt, and the mighty power and love of our God in their deliverance. What could be more pitiable than their slavery, the bitter, cruel bondage which they endured, who were yet heirs through promise to the richest and most fertile of lands ! Only the antitype can equal it, the state of God's people now, and this is even more grievous. What does it mean that men and women who are called to be divine, to exercise the very power of God in their own lives and upon the lives of others, are yet held captive to lust and passion and self, just as though there were no Saviour to deliver, and no salvation to set them free? What does it mean, that instead of going forth in the power of "the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven" (1 Pet. 1 : 12), the Lord working with them and confirming the word with signs following (Mark 16 : 20), instead of leaving behind them everywhere on their track, sinful and sick ones delivered and healed, and bound ones set free, the proofs of believers' ministry are so small compared to apostolic times? It is time we set ourselves to discover the reason, and cry unto God for as complete a deliverance as Israel experienced in coming out of Egypt.

It was a matter of primary importance with God's ancient people that they should recognize their bondage, and that they should carry the matter to God. Thus it must be with us. So long as a powerless unfaithful child of God is satisfied with his condition, he will continue to abide in it, but when he discovers in God's Word promises of a life of power and of liberty to which he is a stranger, and he discovers moreover that he has a title to this inheritance of power, it is folly and sin in him to go on living as he has done, "God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of a sound mind" (2 Tim. 1 : 7). If you and I are not exercising the spirit of power, we are wronging God who has given it to us in the gift of His Holy Spirit, as surely as He had already given the land of Canaan to the Israelites in Egypt, and we are wronging our own selves to whom God has given His gifts, and others for whose sake God has trusted His gifts to us.

How stands it then? Are we willing to set ourselves to the task of obtaining this deliverance as a realized possession, and are we willing to do so at any cost which may be involved? Are we willing to stake everything upon it ; life, reputation, money, influence, comfort, to cast all into the scale so that only God may have His rights and possess us as instruments which will carry out His will in the same power and devotedness as the early Christians did, and with the same glorious results? Then let us make one united cry to God that He will undertake for us *until* the power and blessing of the first days of the Christian church have visited us again, and God will surely hear our cry. And if, in our close dealing with Him, He calls upon us to give up this or that unnecessary expenditure, let it be done without a moment's hesitation ; if He call upon us to renounce the friendship of some one we have valued, let nothing weigh in the scale against the interests of Jesus; if our hearts are wholly His, and He has told us so, it will cost very little to place our treasure where our hearts are gone before. The great want in the Christianity of our day is whole heartedness.

We have seen how Moses, before he could be instrumental in delivering the children of Israel from Egypt, must first become nothing in himself, must find his own plans of helping them to be a hindrance and not a help, and must be so conscious of his own utter weakness that his temptation instead of being as at first, that of too great zeal to undertake the deliverance of the people, should actually become that of fear to undertake it, even when God sent him. He had to find that his great learning was of no avail, that his influence in the court of Egypt could not help God, that his burning zeal was useless, that he could not even speak, in fact that he was of no account ; and then, and then only could he do by faith that which God will allow no man to do by human resources. We have seen his mistake when he carried his self-distrust to a point in which it became distrust of God, and he almost forced God to send Aaron with him. It was probably God's first intention to unite the offices of ruler and priest in the person of Moses as a type of Christ, and we have seen in the fearful sin of Aaron in the matter of the golden calf, how much better it might have been had Moses simply trusted the promise of God, "I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say" (Ex. 4 : 12).

We have also seen in our lesson on *Moses and the Magicians* how great is the contrast between a man empty of himself but thoroughly at God's disposal, and a man who, after having blasphemously denied any knowledge of God, so yielded to a demoniacal strife against God and His people that at last God hardened the heart which had been wilfully steeled against Him. Moses by the lifting up of his hand under the command of God, exercised an irresistible power over Pharaoh and all his people, Pharaoh, king of the then mightiest nation upon earth, full of threatenings and anger and malice, but possessed of no power to hurt the people of God, nor yet to defend his own people from the wrath of the Almighty, obliged to withdraw his reiterated declaration that he would not let the people go, and at last even to beseech them to depart; and then, when with fiendish hatred he pursued them into the Red Sea, the death which he had desired for them, overtook him, and he went to his account to meet, whether he would or no, the God whom he had sought to ignore and had blasphemed in word and deed.

We next thought of *the Passover*, the blood of the Lamb under cover of which the children of Israel abode, when the destroying angel passed over to destroy the flower of Egypt, the first-born of all the land. O it is true of us that "If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we (*i.e.* God and we), have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin ;" and again, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1 : 7, 9). Walking in the light, *i.e.* in the consciousness of always pleasing God, there is fellowship, a real understanding between God and us. Are we then not sinful? Yes, but cleansed and therefore clean, and we have no right to be anything else. Any believer whose heart condemns him, who has a constant sense of uncleanness, is either not walking in the light, allowing sin of some kind to continue unconfessed, or he does not really believe that the blood of Jesus cleanses him *now* from all sin. Faith and obedience are the great requisites to purity of life. A Christian young lady who longed for holiness of heart, had a constant sense of condemnation, and again and again her thoughts were turned to a valuable ring which she wore. At last she sold it and gave the money to the work of God ; and all sense of condemnation disappeared. God was jealous of that ring. Let us make conscience of all things.

Our next lesson was on *the Red Sea*, the great trial of faith and the glorious deliverance. Paul says the people were "baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea (1 Cor. 10 : 2), *i.e.* they went through a death and resurrection. For such as were naturally slaves of fear what must have been the terror of being led into the bed of the ocean with walls of water hundreds of feet high on either side. Faith alone could grasp the fact that not one drop of those walls of water could move from its place without the will of its Creator, who manifested Himself there in the pillar of cloud or of fire ; and faith alone could rest still with the certain knowledge that in that narrow water walled way their deadly enemies marched behind them. It was a death, but there was a resurrection to follow. And it is so with every definite deliverance which we receive from the hands of God, it is always one history, the life of Christ out of the death of self. In our lesson on the *Manna*, we see how they who had been marvellously delivered were afterward miraculously sustained. He who is our provider can never fail to send succor in time of need for spiritual and for temporal necessities.

Our next two lessons were on *the Commandments*. It is those who live with no cloud between them and God, who walk in the light of His countenance and rejoice in His name all the day (Ps. 89 : 15, 16), it is such as these who are the most anxious to discover the will of God that they may do it. Paul prays for the Colossians that they might be filled with the knowledge of God's will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding that they might walk worthy of the Lord to all pleasing (Col. 1 : 9, 10). These were no badly converted Christians, Paul gave thanks to God for their faith in Christ Jesus, their love to all saints, and the hope which was laid up for them in heaven, the Word of the truth of the Gospel brought forth fruit in them, but they needed to become acquainted with all the will of God. This is our life's study, to discover by His Word and by His Spirit that which is His will, and to let Him write it on our hearts. Sometimes the writing is painful, but it is worth the while if thereby we may walk worthy of our God. In the early part of our review we have referred to Israel's idolatry. The Lord our God so deliver us and so teach us His will that when our Lord shall come we may be found ready.

A Sunday Morning Dream.—A Writer to the London *Record* says : "One Sunday morning, some months ago, quite early, it seemed to me I was neither waking or sleeping, when the following dream passed through my mind. I fancied I was in a place of business familiar to me, when I met a gentleman I had not seen for some years, and who, though possessing much of this world's wealth, was devoid of the true riches—peace and joy through faith in a loving and living Saviour. Somewhat abruptly calling me by name, he thus accosted me, 'Will you give up your business immediately and accept my cheque for—?' naming a large amount. At once I answered, 'Yes.' Somewhat in surprise, but with evident gratification, he replied, Then you *do* believe and trust me?' 'Most implicitly,' was my answer. Then all at once it seemed to me as though my whole soul was drawn out toward him in earnest longings for his salvation, and I said to him, 'It pleases you that I trust you? Oh, believe me, this is the way in which God would have you accept His offer of eternal life. Freely, lovingly, surely, He offers it to you, and asks you to take His word for it. Yes, now, at this very moment, as you listen to my voice, in the person of His Son, our dear Lord Jesus Christ, who died for our sins, and rose again for our justification. He has paid the debt. 'Jesus did it—did it all, long, long ago.' All that remains for you to do is to believe God, to take Him at His word, and receive now, once and forever, to the rejoicing of your soul, this grand truth, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' I awoke, and my whole being was filled with a holy peace, as I thought of what an immediate salvation there is in Christ for every poor sinner."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Loss of the Teuton, a British Steamer, is reported from Capetown, South Africa. The vessel struck on a rock near Quoin Point on August 30th. She backed off and steamed for the shore, but before reaching it her speed was seen to slacken, and she suddenly foundered in deep water. Three boats were lowered and were filled with as many of the passengers and crew as could be crowded into them. Two of the boats have come safely to land, but the third, on board of which were thirty women and children, it is feared, is lost. The passengers and crew numbered 227 persons, of whom nearly two hundred must have been drowned. The sudden sinking of the vessel was caused by the collapse of the water-tight bulk heads dividing the compartments. The Teuton was one of the Union Mail Steamship Company's vessels, and left England on her voyage to Africa on Friday, August 5th.

Two Electoral Defeats have Befallen Mr. Gladstone's supporters in England during the week. In North Lincolnshire an election was held on September 2d, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of a Liberal member of Parliament, and a Conservative was elected by a considerable majority. In North Durham, on September 3d, Sir George Elliott, a Conservative, was elected also in the place of a Liberal member. Thus the administration loses two supporters, which means a difference of four in a party vote. The change is in part due to the Irish vote, which at this election was cast for the Conservative who promised to vote for the release of the men imprisoned under the Coercion act in Ireland. It was also due in some measure to the wave of reaction sweeping over the country in favor of reciprocity or "fair trade." The principle of the "fair trade" party is to admit free of duty the productions of those countries only which admit British manufactures free. This discrimination, should it be carried into effect, will operate prejudicially against the United States unless a revision of our own tariff takes place.

The Operation of the Land Bill is Dreaded by the leaders of the Land League in Ireland. At a banquet given in Dublin, on August 29th, to Mr. John Dillon, who has recently been liberated from jail, Mr. Dillon referred at length to his action in regard to the Land bill, and said he was very strongly of the opinion that the passage of the bill would immediately increase the difficulty, if it did not *render impossible, the carrying on of the Land League movement on the old lines.* When it is remembered that "the old lines" included Boycotting, maiming cattle, and shooting landlords, the assurance will be hailed with pleasure. Mr. Dillon feared the yoke of landlord ascendancy would be so much altered as to make the people once more bow their heads beneath it, whereas if the fight had been continued another six months unconditionally they would have been in a position to dictate their own terms and abolish landlordism altogether. That opinion is open to doubt, though it was well understood from the first, that the abolition of landlords was an article of the League's creed.

A Special Service of Prayer for the Recovery of President Garfield was held at several Nonconformist places of worship in London, on Sunday, August 28th. Liverpool newspapers state that prayer for Mr. Garfield was almost universal in the churches there on Sunday. The Bishop of Tennessee, preaching at Seaford, England referred to the spirit which is abroad in the world to put down all authority.

A Bitter Attack has been Made on Mr. Forster, the British Secretary for Ireland, and on Mr. Gladstone for selecting him for the position. Many American journals have echoed this denunciation, with no apparent reason except that Mr. Forster is not an Irishman, and is therefore presumed to be unable to understand Irishmen and Irish affairs. It is, however, notorious that the appointment of an Irishman to the post would have been fatal to the prospects of the Land Bill. Mr. Forster was chosen because he had given evidence during a former session of Parliament, when he had charge of the Education Bill, that he possessed in pre-eminent degree the qualities of *tact, patience and good humor*—qualities essential to the successful management of Irish affairs. It has been proved by experience that an Irishman as Secretary for Ireland has inspired the jealousy of the Irish members, and has been more hated than any Englishman could have been.

The Enquiry into the Cause of the Explosion on board the British ship Doterel has terminated. The court has acquitted the captain and officers of all blame. In the opinion of the court the first explosion was caused by gas evolved in the coal bunkers, into which a light had probably been introduced for purposes of examination. The court further expressed the belief that the second explosion was the result of the first, the violence of which burst the bulkhead and allowed the flame to enter the magazine. There was no evidence to support the suspicion that the vessel was blown up by dynamite concealed among the coals.

A Pamphlet on the Condition of Russia has been published by Count Baschkoff and General Jadcreff, the friends and advisers of the Czar, in which some frank admissions are made. It is claimed that it represents the view the Czar held when he was only heir to the throne. It is asserted that it was submitted to the Czar shortly before his father's death, and received his approval. It acknowledges that all Russia is dissatisfied with the present state of affairs. It advocates some kind of popular administration, and has apparently been published in order to acquaint the world with what the Czar might do if the Nihilists would refrain from agitation, and discontinue their plots for his assassination.

The Agitation Against the Jews in Germany continues, in spite of the influence exerted against it by the Emperor and the Crown Prince. Various causes are alleged for the spirit of hatred that prevails against the Jewish race there, and in other European countries. The principal reason, however, appears to be that the Jews are very seldom landed proprietors or producers; that they are mainly traders and money-lenders, and by their superior commercial skill they have become rich. Jewish capitalists hold mortgages on the estates of the aristocracy, and Jewish pawnbrokers have the goods of the poor in pawn. It is evident that God is punishing the nations in this way for the sins of the past, when the Jews were not permitted to possess land. Jews found trade the only way in which they could maintain themselves, and they became adepts in it and have surpassed their rivals in all its departments. Thus the Germans, Austrians, Russians, and Armenians are now only reaping the fruits of their own misdeeds.

Nearly Buried Alive.—A Curious Incident occurred in the British camp at Newcastle, in South Africa, during the Transvaal war, illustrating a too common danger. A private of the 97th who had poisoned himself with native grog—a sort of villainous brandy—was brought in as dead, and an inquest was held upon him. He was found to have died by overdrinking bad alcoholic liquor, and was in the course of the morning taken away for burial. While being borne to the grave the shaking up of the coffin *awoke him, and he shouted lustily to be let out*, causing a general scare among the men carrying him. The man was released, and is still alive, and his narrow escape will doubtless make him more cautious as to the quality of his liquor in future.

A Spanish Martin Luther.—The Rev. J. P. Wigstone, of Villagarcia, says: "We have a hearer in this town who has his country house and land about twenty miles distant. This is the season for work in the fields, and this man circulates Gospels and tracts in that part. The priest has excommunicated any one who will serve him in the fields or the house. One Sunday in July he *nailed a paper on the church door before mass, begging that the priest would convince him publicly of his errors.* Coming out of mass everybody was talking about the heretic, the priest among the number. At this moment our friend presented himself. Everybody gathered round, and the priest was accompanied by three who are studying for the priesthood. 'Mr. Rector,' said our friend, 'you say I am a heretic, and that the doctrines I now profess are wicked. Now, I have brought two books for you to examine publicly—a Roman Catholic Catechism and Bible. I am determined to be right. Now tell me, are these books bad? They are recognized by the pope and the bishops, and they contain all the doctrines I have spoken about in the parish.' The priest was enraged, and so were his friends. Our friend continued: 'I want you to give your judgment first on the Catechism. Is it good? But, mark you, it says we ought to believe the Holy Scriptures.' 'I won't give any opinion whatever.' 'Then, about the Bible, what do you say, is it false?' 'I won't give any opinion.' It was an exciting time, and in that inland fanatical place it as a bold step to do this. The other day in that village a man burned a Bible because in Matthew 1 it said the Virgin brought forth her 'first born.' But our hearer took the priest's Bible to show him that was just the same. In this way the Word of God gets spread."

Champagne in a Welsh Sewer.—For some time past in the town of Cardiff, Wales, there has been considerable excitement in the matter of a lottery for the benefit of the infirmary there. Tens of thousands of tickets were sold; indeed, every one in the district was supposed to "try his luck." The process of drawing for the prizes came off, and it so happened that a case of champagne fell to the lot of Mr. Johns, a good Christian teetotaler of forty years' standing. Here was a case of conscience to be settled. Of course he could not drink it; he would not give it to the infirmary for the patients, nor sell it. After a short consultation with members of his family the washing-tub was sent for, the contents of the bottles emptied into it, and then the whole ignominiously thrown into the common sewer! Some of his neighbors found grievous fault with him, while others applauded him for his heroic settlement of the difficulty.

Saved at Seventy.—At Redruth, in Cornwall, England, a town missionary and his band of workers hold open-air services all the year round, sometimes in storms of rain. On one of these occasions, when the rain fell heavily, a poor woman living in a cottage close by heard the singing. For sixteen years she had not been to church or chapel, and only two or three times to a mission hall. So, hearing the singing, she said to those in the house, "Well, to think they are out in this storm of rain! There must be something in that religion, and I should like to have it." So, being feeble, she afterward listened at the window, where the Holy Spirit convinced her of sin. When the missionary called to see her, she exclaimed, "Bless God! I have found Jesus. I know I am saved: I feel it. To think an old sinner of seventy, living all my life in sin, should now be saved. Praise God." As thus she gave glory to God, her face was radiant with joy.

A Young Convict has Recently been Led to Christ through the instrumentality of Mr. G. Hatton, whose self-denying work among criminals in St. Giles's, London, is so well known. Having made application for admission into the home, he was asked what he had been doing for a living. His reply was, "I have done nothing that is good, but, on the contrary, everything that is bad. I am really sick of my life. I do hope that you will take me in and help me to become an honest man." "Have you been convicted many times?" he was asked; "and when was your first conviction; and have you a father?" His answer was, "I have no father. My mother turned me out of doors at the age of thirteen," and he proceeded to give a long list of convictions recorded against him. "What made you come to us?" "I heard of your kindness at a mission in Spitalfields, and I thought I would try and get an honest living." He was admitted into the Home, and watched very carefully. He gave signs of repentance, and was often found in tears when spoken to. A situation was obtained for him, where he has proved himself worthy of the trial given. He has given his heart to Christ, and rejoices in sin forgiven.

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This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the late Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, Rev. W. M. HAY AITKEN, Dr. DEEMS, or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

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REV ANDREW A. BONAR, D.D.

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AMERICANS have just been reminded of the name of "Bonar" by the visit of the septuagenarian whose portrait appears in this number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to attend Mr. Moody's Bible Conference at Northfield, Mass. The name is not unfamiliar to the religious people of this country; for as long as

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,"

and

"I was a wandering sheep,"

and

"I lay my sins on Jesus,"

and other hymns which may be found in almost any hymn book, continue to be sung in the homes and the churches, people will think of *Horatius* Bonar of Scotland; and as long as the Life of the Rev. Robert Murray McCheyne stands a cherished memorial of one of the saints of the earth, people will remember its author, *Andrew* Bonar. Least of all do the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who have read so many of their discourses on prophecy in its columns, require to be told who Drs. Horace and Andrew Bonar are. Like the Wesleys, they are two brothers, one gifted as a preacher and writer, the other as a preacher and singer.

But old Scotland has been the scene of the labors so well appreciated in America, and the battle-ground of the conflicts that enlisted sympathy here. In that, their native country, the two Bonars remain white-haired veterans of the long struggle that ended in the disruption of the Church of Scotland; and in many years they have watched the heroes of that day—Welsh, and Gordon, and Candlish, and Guthrie, and Cunningham, and Buchanan, and the great Chalmers—lay down their weapons and go to their reward. They are monuments of the

STERN PURITANISM

that made their race at once the awe of the pious and the butt of the godless; that Puritanism which is fast melting away, as the old bulwarks fall off, and as the railway and the telegraph obliterate the distinctive features of the nation.

A few more years and the story will be true, in a sense, once more: "The people served the Lord all the days of Joshua, and all the days of the elders that outlived Joshua, who had seen all the great works of the Lord that He did for Israel. . . . And also all that generation were gathered unto their fathers: and there arose another generation after them, which knew not the Lord, nor yet the works which He had done for Israel" (Judges 2:7,10).

For although the Scotch churches are rich in faith and strong in zeal, with more love to man than they had in by-gone years; yet the old men who have seen both periods notice that the fear of God and the love of his commandments which produced John Knox, are merging into other sentiments—sentiments that are much to be admired, but which are almost too dear at the price of their purchase.

Dr. Bonar and his contemporaries have seen the day when no temporal consideration was deemed sufficient to justify *Sunday travelling* or Sunday trading; and when reverence for the house of God and the Book of God were impressed with indelible impression upon the young. When, too, it was considered no merit to submit the authority of the Bible to the somewhat variable tests of scholarship, and its doctrines to the treacherous crucible of the human understanding. Much that was faulty and short-sighted in Christian faith and practice at that time has given way to accurate and full views of what the Gospel teaches; but the change has been carried to unwarrantable limits, and men still living who love "the old paths and the good way" (Jer. 6:16), regretfully notice that the words of God do not excite the awe with which they used to be regarded.

So the Bonars are venerated in their own land as representatives of a generation that has nearly passed away; and one of the two brothers having just been among us, with his cheerful face and eager voice, we give our readers a few notes of his rather uneventful life. Dr. Andrew A. Bonar was *born* in the year 1810, and if his birth did not actually take place in Edinburgh, that was at least the home of the family. The period of his school and college life is veiled by the privacy in which the Scotch love to pursue their affairs. But he was a young minister in 1836, when he began to attract notice by his fervent piety and his firm belief in the *speedy premillennial advent of Christ*.

At that time the doctrine of Christ's personal reign upon the earth, as the hope of the Church, was far less extensively known than it is now; and so strong was the prejudice against it, that no common courage and clear-sighted perception of truth were necessary to lead a man to profess it openly. But these very characteristics were at that time developing themselves in Dr. Bonar, and in company with his brother he patiently studied the prophetic Scriptures. That was the wise and candid way to settle his convictions; for it is strange disregard of that portion of God's Word, rather than any particular interpretation of it, that characterizes nearly all those who look for the gradual improvement of the world up to a state of universal Christianity, and who deny the personal return of Christ to reign upon the earth and remove the curse from it.

It has always been the aim of the writers in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to lead people to read the prophetic Scriptures for themselves. Differences of opinion regarding points of detail in the events that are to come upon the earth are of small moment, compared with an intelligent acquaintance with the large section of the Bible which treats of the future of the Jewish and Gentile Church. Many of God's people, who would shudder at the thought of slurring over the historical, devotional, or doctrinal parts of the Bible have no scruple in vaguely setting aside as "figurative" the books and chapters in which the near future of the Church is minutely sketched, with its disasters and deliverances, its trials and triumphs, all to come. This is done with as little discrimination as an ostrich exercises when it swallows for food bread and meat, paper and rags, stones and iron, with almost anything else that comes in its way. It is a mistake into which Dr. Bonar never fell. He earnestly sought to know *the whole counsel* of God, and he remembered how carefully, by word and letter, Paul warned the Thessalonians of these things (2 Thess. 2:5).

In 1839 Dr. Bonar, who was then Mr. Bonar, and *minister of Collace*, with Dr. Black, of Aberdeen, Dr. Keith, and the Rev. Mr. McCheyne, were sent by the Church of Scotland on a

MISSION OF INQUIRY

into the spiritual condition of the Jews. In those days such a journey was an undertaking scarcely less serious and novel that an expedition to the Arctic Sea is now; and it excited extraordinary interest in Scotland. The journey, moreover, was attended with *no small danger*; for the ports and cities of the East had not then been provided by the enterprise of competition with means for the accommodation and convenience of travellers, and the natives had not become familiar with the incident of meeting European tourists, and were less cautious than they have since grown about treating them roughly. Indeed when the party got among the fierce and bigoted people of Austrian Poland, they had a narrow escape from some shepherds with whom they came into contact.

Only the two younger members of the mission, Dr. Bonar and Mr. R. M. McCheyne, followed the whole course laid down for them, and returned home by way of Moldavia, Wallachia, Austria, and Prussia. A painful accident was the means used by Providence to turn the steps of Dr. Keith and Dr. Black in a different direction and for a larger purpose. Dr. Black dropped asleep when riding in the Egyptian desert, and *fell off his camel*, hurting himself so seriously that he had to be carried like a patient for many days afterward.

"None of all our company," writes Dr. Bonar, "could conjecture what bearing on the object of our mission this sad occurrence could have. Is it a frown on our undertaking? Or can it really be a movement of His kind guiding hand? We often spoke of it; in our visit to Galilee we thought that we saw some purposes evolving; but there was still something unexplained. Now, however, the reason appears; even that event was of the Lord, in wise and kind design. But for that fall, our fathers in the deputation would not have sailed up the Danube on their way to Vienna, and Pesth would not have been visited. This accident, which mainly disabled Dr. Black from undertaking the after fatigue of exploring Galilee, was the occasion of directing the steps of our two fathers to that station, where a severe stroke of sickness was made the means of detaining Dr. Keith till they had learned that there was an open door among the Jews.

"And there, accordingly, it has been that the Lord has poured down His Spirit on the Jews that have come to our missionaries so remarkably that no Jewish mission seems ever to have been blessed with deeper conversions. There is nothing but truth in the remark made by one of our number—'Dr. Black's fall from the camel was the first step toward Pesth.'"

The incident of the loss of *Dr. Bonar's Bible* in the well of Sychar is well known. He and Mr. McCheyne separated to look for that object of sacred associations, as all tourists in Palestine had to do for themselves forty years ago. Dr. Bonar found it, and in leaning over it let his Bible fall into the water. Four years afterward Dr. Wilson, the famous Indian missionary, who was exploring the same region in preparation to write his work "The Lands of the Bible," sent a native Samaritan down to examine the well, and the man found and brought up the soaked and decomposed remnants of the book.

During the absence of these ministers in the East, there occurred that *great revival* which shook many towns in Scotland to their centre. For never before had the propriety of a Presbyterian service been disturbed by crowds of men and women falling on the ground and crying out in the anguish of conviction of sin. So many people were affronted and incredulous at what they regarded as an overflow of excitement, that in the following year, 1840, the Presbytery of Aberdeen appointed a committee to collect evidence and inquire into the facts of the case!

Dr. Bonar returned to his charge at Collace in November, 1839; but that town was outside of the locality in which the rousing work of conviction and conversion was still in progress, and he was a good deal discouraged. But no Presbyterian minister at that time could be long in dull spirits, for the Church of Scotland was hastening into the

THROES OF DISRUPTION;

and in 1843 the memorable event took place, when four hundred and fifty of the ablest and most devoted ministers any Church ever had left their churches and manses, and, supported by an overwhelming multitude of the people, entered upon the struggles and hardships of organizing the Free Church of Scotland.

Dr. Bonar was one of the four hundred and fifty, and in fortitude under difficulty, patience under trial, faithfulness in labor, love of God, and knowledge of the Word, there was not a greater than he in the entire body of seceders. A friend met Dr. Bonar early one Sunday morning walking out of the road that led to his church. On remarking to him about the early time and the locality, "Ah," the doctor replied, "there is *a poor woman* who has been trying in vain to get her husband to church, and I thought if I went myself this morning, I might persuade him." And he had to preach that day twice at least, and probably three times. But for the sake of trying to win a soul he would go out early at almost any inconvenience to himself.

But it is the peculiarity of men like Dr. Bonar

, while gloriously enthusiastic, they remember old landmarks and contend for a careful study of Scriptures. Let us illustrate this by a charactic instance. Dr. Bonar was keenly alive to dangers which might arise from the adoption n erroneous theory about human perfection. at one time some of his people wanted to go ier than he thought was Scriptural or wise. at then did his elders and himself do? They a whole evening with their Bibles in their ds, "searching the Scriptures" to find out t really they taught concerning the perfecta- y in this life of believers; and the result was ually satisfactory.

or the last *twenty-five years* Dr. Bonar has n minister of Finnieston Free Church, in the

WEST OF GLASGOW,

has lent his aid freely and heartily at evangel- services and prophetic conferences in England Scotland. He was an active co-operator with srs. Moody and Sankey when they went to land a few years ago. He has also written litracts and contrived in other ways to promote Master's cause.

rom an early date in his ministry Dr. Bonar has ngly maintained that all Christians ought to : the assurance of their salvation, and not rest sfied without it. He is also very emphatic and ded in preaching against any conformity of istians to the world. He recognizes the evil the dangers of the world's ways, and wants istians to keep on a different track altogether. ddition to these two points he holds, as we e said, the doctrine of Christ's premillenial ad- , despairing of the world's conversion under the pel, and daily watching, according to the com- ndment, for the Lord's appearing.

hose who have heard him in the pulpit are re of the facility he has in making himself in- sting; and that explains in a great measure *popularity of his books*. His "Narrative of Mission of Inquiry to the Jews," which he pre- d jointly with Mr. McCheyne, was first pub- ed in 1842; and it remains to this day one of most absorbing of the many books that have n written on travels in Egypt and Palestine. Life of McCheyne is in the front rank of gious biographies for every quality that makes emoir valuable and impressive. Both these ks have been reprinted and largely sold in this ntry; the latter having found its way into nearly y religious household in some parts of the ted States and Canada. Dr. Bonar has also lished a scholarly Commentary on Leviticus.

was from discernment of his character as a man of God that Mr. Moody invited the doc- to be present and help at the Believers' Bible ference, which closed its sittings the week be- last. Dr. Bonar came, *accompanied by his ghter*, who is enthusiastic about evangelistic ices, and sings and plays sweetly when her is wanted in that way. They did not prolong r stay after the Conference, but the doctor hav- responded to invitations to preach in Boston, onto, Philadelphia, and New York, they sailed in for Scotland on Saturday morning, the 10th ant. Dr. Bonar has been a widower for six- n years.

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY IN EGYPT.

THE interest of archæologists and Bible students been excited by the discovery of a large num- of mummies and a vast store of relics of an- ity in a cave in the mountains near the Temple Deir-el-Bahari, about four miles from the Nile he east of Thebes. The number of mummies wenty-nine, and they are all of royal and priestly sonages who lived between the time of Abra- n and the time of Solomon.

The identity of twenty-six of the bodies has been ertained beyond dispute by the inscriptions n the mummy-cases, and there is not a doubt t the very Pharaoh who *reduced the Israelites ondage*, and whose daughter drew Moses out he river, is now lying in the Boulak Museum r Cairo, where the curiosities have been re- ved. As that king is not designated in the book Exodus otherwise than by the general name of Pharaoh, students of ancient Egyptian history have been obliged to rely upon collateral evidence to establish his full name and dynasty. He is considered to have been Ramses II., the third king of the nineteenth dynasty, and it is the mummy of this king that has now been found. The following is the description of it:

"The mummy is in a perfect state of preservation, but of the three mummy-cases in which it once probably reposed, only one remains. This mummy-case is of plain sycamore wood, unpainted and unvarnished. It is carved to represent Ramses in the position of Osiris. The crossed arms rest upon the breast. In the right hand is the royal whip, and in the left is the royal hook. The features are most beautifully and delicately carved, and are surmounted by the crown of Upper and Lower Egypt, with the uræus serpent. The mummy-case is a most graceful and animated specimen of sculpture, displaying, in all its purity, the firm and flowing lines of the period of the Egyptian Renaissance.

"The *nomen* and *prænomen* cartouches of Ramses are written in plain black characters upon the mummy-case, which bears no other text or representations whatever, and in its beautiful simplicity contrasts strangely with the pompous and exaggerated dedications of almost all other inscriptions which mention the name of Ramses the Great. The mummy itself is wrapped in rose-colored and yellow linen of a texture *finer than the finest Indian muslin*, upon which lotos flowers are strewn. One of the bands which pass across the shrouds to keep them in place bears a hieratic inscription stating that this, the mummy of Ramses II., was concealed in a pit at a time when a foreign army invaded Egypt."

The cases of the other mummies present considerable variety in their carving and coloring, all being distinguished by the most costly and tasteful style of ornamentation. Several of the mummies are queens and princesses of ancient dynasties that reigned in Egypt.

Besides these human remains there were discovered in the cave the following curiosities:

A magnificent *tent* made of pieces of leather of different colors and bearing the cartouche, or inscribed tablet, of King Pinotem I., with the royal vulture and stars in red, yellow, and green. Fifteen enormous *wigs* which were worn upon occasions of ceremony. These wigs are about two feet high, and are made of curled hair or wool falling in braids behind the back. Three thousand seven hundred small porcelain funeral statuettes, each bearing cartouches and inscriptions. Nearly two thousand other objects, such as drinking cups, baskets, vases, lamps, urns, chairs, dried fruits, boxes, etc.

There are also four *papyri*, or rolls of ancient Egyptian paper, covered with hieroglyphic writing, which may prove to be the most valuable part of the discovery. It is possible that they will throw light upon the history of Genesis and Exodus by confirming the sacred narrative of Israel's captivity in Egypt; or they may furnish new evidence that the highest civilization of the world was in times which it is customary to call primitive, and that the savage state was not the original state of man, but that it represents a deterioration from the remarkable race of men whose achievements are chronicled in the tenth chapter of Genesis.

But whether the papyri turn out to be important or not, this discovery of the mortal remains of the grandest monarchs of Egypt in the time of its glory, of whom it was thought that all trace except the stone-inscriptions had gone from the earth, is not the least of the striking occurrences of 1881.

The discovery was brought about in a simple way. One of the Turkish provincial governors of Egypt noticed in the early part of the summer that the sale of relics to foreign tourists was brisker than usual; so he arrested several of the Bedaweens, and by means which are familiar to Oriental justice extorted from them the information that they had recently lighted upon a cave which contained the treasure. The governor had the intelligence to telegraph the news to the Khedive, and he at once directed Herr Emil Brugsch, of the Boulak Museum, to go to the place and take charge of what the cave contained.

The manner in which the relics came to be in the cave is explained by inscriptions in the mummy-cases which record the fact that the priests removed the most precious of the mummies in their charge to the cave for security when Cambyses invaded and conquered Egypt in the year 520 B.C. The mummies were at least a thousand years old at that time, and they have remained concealed in the cave 2400 years.

MR. CHARLES COOK.

MR. CHARLES COOK, the celebrated open-air preacher, who is now visiting this country for the benefit of his health, and whose portrait we give on page 589, is one of the most successful evangelists in London. His well known work at the West End, in Hyde Park, Hyde Park Hall, and the Metropolitan Music Hall, alike speak of his ability to attract, and his power to retain the attention of the masses; while the numbers who have been converted through his ministry show plainly the honor God has conferred upon his work. The last named place, accommodating over 2000 persons, is more than crowded every Sunday evening with a congregation, the majority of whom have been gathered out of the non-church-going masses.

He was born in 1846, and after his conversion in 1867 he immediately commenced work in the cause of Christ. His first efforts were made in the poor lodging houses of the east of London, where he spent every hour of his time when not engaged in business in Christian conversation with the inmates, and in praying with such of them as were sick.

In the year 1872 some of the parks were thrown open for public meetings, and Mr. Charles Cook at once began preaching the Gospel in Hyde Park; and no better illustration of the success of open air preaching or greater arguments could be used by that hard-working society, the Open-Air Mission, in proof of the work they are doing and helping, than that one of their honorary members, who began his work by standing up in Hyde Park with but one brother to help him, has in a few years succeeded in getting an indoor congregation of 2000, and that the largest regular open-air meeting in London is his meeting, not where infidelity is advocated and upheld, but where the simple Gospel is preached and blessed.

At the close of the second summer's work a music hall holding 1000, but nearly a mile from the park, was taken for indoor meetings; but after a month's services the proprietor refused the further use of the place, and Mr. Cook then hired for six months a large dancing academy (where years before he had loved to dance), and which was filled every Sunday evening. In 1877 the large music hall in the Edgware Road was taken, and for four years the Sunday evening services have gone on, it being a common thing to see the large bills outside the hall, "NO ROOM."

Mr. Charles Cook's forte is open-air preaching, and many have been the marked and striking cases of conversion in Hyde Park. It is *the* park of the West End, and on Sunday evening is crowded with a class of people who attend no place of worship, and it is to this particular class that he has been wondrously blessed. Possessed with a singularly powerful voice, which experience has taught him how to use and modulate, he is distinctly heard even by those on the outskirts of the vast crowd who surround the rostrum from which he speaks; and, ably and lovingly assisted by a good and godly band of singers, who are almost as well known by their correct singing as he by his plain preaching, he never fails to get an attentive as well as immense congregation.

As an evangelist he has travelled through England, Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, beside preaching in many cities of the continent of Europe, but of later years has kept more to his local work. On account of his health failing through overwork and study, after preaching almost nightly for ten years, and having the entire responsibility of the whole of the work upon him, he has been recommended to come to America for change of air, hoping the voyage will do him good, and allow him to labor here for a few months.

BREAD.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning, September 11, 1881.*

"Then Elisha said, Hear ye the word of the Lord: Thus saith the Lord, to-morrow about this time shall a measure of fine flour be sold for a shekel," etc.—II. KINGS 7 : 1, 2 and 20.

The Horrors of an Ancient Siege—The Banquet of the Four Lepers—The Sceptical Nobleman—Weak-kneed Christians—Courage Needed—The Supernatural not to be Surrendered—Rationalists Laughing—The Way God Stops a Famine—A New York Boy's Dying Message—The Kind of Flour Provided—A Grand Salvation—The Gospel according to Darwin—Old-Fashioned Religion—The Siege Lifted—A Wide Gospel—An Accident on a Steamer—A Swimmer's Decision in the Waves—An Almighty Saviour—Come into the Ark.

THANK God for the showers of last night. Would that they might spread all over the land. *Ten thousand families homeless.* Vast estates destroyed. Drought at the North, the South, the East, and the West. Was there ever such a time in which to preach a sermon about bread?

Around Samaria had been drawn the fiery girth of Assyrian vindictiveness. Siege was laid to the city, and ghastly and horrible famine prevailed. The bombardment of a modern city has in it something of grandeur as well as of terror. The toss and the bursting of the bombshells kindle the eye of the artist while people perish. But the besiegement of an olden time city was starvation by inches.

Nothing short of the Judgment Day will give any idea of what was suffered when Hamilcar besieged Utica and Titus besieged Jerusalem. In one of those old time besiegements history tells us that a mouse was sold for two hundred pence. History tells us that in one of those old time besiegements the soldiers gnawed the flesh from their left arms, while they fought with the right. Alas! for Samaria. The hollow-eyed wretches lay in the streets. The Bible says that the head of an ass was sold for twenty-five dollars. *Mothers cooked their own children* and fought over the disgusting fragments.

ALAS! FOR SAMARIA.

The hunger continued to pinch and drink out the life of the city, and left its wolfish howl in the market places, and shoved its victims into the grave. Tighter and tighter was the girth of Assyrian vindictiveness drawn around poor Samaria. At that darkest time Elisha comes forth, and he says: "To-morrow will end this famine, and in these streets, where these people are dying, you can buy a peck of fine flour for five shillings." There was a nobleman, a confidential friend of the king, on whose arm the king was leaning while he looked out upon the desolation; this nobleman said: "Well, that's absurd. If the Lord would open a window-shutter in Heaven and throw out a lot of corn, that might be. You are a silly prophet; you can't fool me with any such prophecy as that." Then retorted Elisha: "Thou shalt see it with thine eyes, but shalt not eat thereof."

Four lepers stood at the gate of this besieged city. "Ah! what shall we do? what shall we do?" they cried. "If we stay here, we'll die of the leprosy; if we go into the city, we'll die of the famine; if we throw ourselves on this Assyrian host, they will cut us to pieces with their swords. What shall we do?" After much consultation and thought they decided they would throw themselves on the Assyrian host that was besieging the city. It was eventide, and the long shadows, which were funeral shadows, stretched across that dying city, and in the shadow of the evening the four lepers started for the encampment of the Assyrian host. Coming there, lo! the Assyrians were gone. The horses were tied by the encampment. A great banquet was spread. Plenty of silver and gold lying all around. Royal apparel in abundance. The richest of wines. Go there—go in, ye four lepers, and slake your thirst with the costliest of the wines, and clothe yourselves in the costliest of the apparel, and eat the richest fruits of all the earth. *Banquet of four lepers!*

Word, of course, reached the city of Samaria that the Assyrian host is gone, and the siege is lifted. Thousands on thousands of people pour out of the streets of Samaria. The dying wretches on the street lift up their eyes, and there is a ghastly smile on their faces at the announcement of bread, very cheap, a peck of fine flour for five shillings. But there is one word caught up and flung over the city and over the country—one word that goes forth from pauper's cabin and from rich man's gate, and from city tower—one word that goes up in shout, and laughter, and huzza, and congratulation—a plain word, but it thrills every heart, and it flushes every cheek, and it bounds from the white lips. That one word is "bread!" All the people of the city got the advantage of the fall in prices save one man—

THE SCEPTICAL NOBLEMAN.

History says that he was caught in the rush of the people as they were pouring out of the city. They ran over the nobleman not knowing who he was, or caring who he was; they ran over him and trampled him into the dust, and the record says, so it fell out that he was trampled in the gate and he died. Before we come to the more cheerful part of this subject, we want to stop a moment at the funeral of that man. I knew him. You know him. You see him in this city, or any city of America any day you want to. He died then, but *he seems to have been resurrected.* He was an out and out Rationalist. "Why," he says, "there's no sign that the Assyrian host is going to lift the siege, and we have looked in every hole and corner of this city for food, and we have actually become cannibals and eaten women and children. Now, you say to-morrow there is going to be plenty of flour, and it is going to be so cheap you can get a peck of it for five shillings. It is an absurd thing. I don't believe it."

Why, that is *nothing new*, that is nothing strange. There have always been men of that kind. They believe no more of God, or of Christ, or of Providence, or of eternity than they can understand with their little brain, not recognizing the fact that there are a thousand things we believe that we cannot understand. "O!" say these men, these Rationalists, "I don't believe that Christ is God, because I can't understand how the Divine and the human natures are interjoined. The Bible isn't true because there are many things in it I can't explain. Regeneration is a farce. There is good enough in us if we only get it out." "Development" is the word. "Development," or "culture," as though you spelled it "culchar."

The story of the Garden of Eden is a fairy story, no more to be believed than the "Arabian Nights," or "Robinson Crusoe," or "Gulliver's Travels." We are all descended from baboons, and we are *blood relations to the monkey* on the top of the hand organ. Lazarus was not dead; he only played dead. Christ did not turn the water into wine; He only found some wine convenient at that particular crisis of the entertainment, and He brought it in. Christ did not walk on Genessaret; He only walked on the shore so near it looked as if He was walking on the water.

What is the remarkable thing, the alarming thing in this day, is that Christian people cannot unblanched say they believe in a whole Bible, every statement, from the first word of the first verse of the Book of Genesis, to the last word of the last verse of the last chapter of the Book of Revelation. Go out among commercial circles in New York, and how many Christians are there who can stand bombardment. Out of five, how many will dare to say: "I believe everything in the Bible?" Well, if you find one out of five, you do well. Now, my friends, we have got to come to a time when we believe not only that every word in the Bible is true, but are courageous enough to state it. But what is the fact?

THIS WEAK-KNEED CHRISTIAN

meets a sceptic who says: "It's absurd to say that the Red Sea was divided." The weak-kneed Christian begins and he tries to soften down the statement and explain it away. "Why," he says, "that isn't so very wonderful. The fact was there was a hurricane, and it blew from one direction a great while, and the waters piled up, and then at that season of the year the water was very low anyhow. It isn't very wonderful that they should have crossed the Red Sea." Instead of coming out frankly and boldly, and saying: "I suppose God came down to the brink of the sea and with His right arm He rolled back the water on one side, and with His left arm He rolled back the waters on the other side, until they piled up hundreds of feet high, and through the glassy walls the sea monsters looked with affrighted eye upon the passing Israelites."

"Why," you say, "if I should take that position among business men in this city, I would be laughed at." What of it? Was not Elisha laughed at? You are no better than Elisha. You are no better than the Lord Jesus Christ, who was caricatured and assailed and spit on all the active days of His ministry.

But the sceptic comes up and says: "Really you, a professor of religion, don't believe that story about the whale swallowing Jonah; you know it's only a great fish story, and you can't possibly believe such a thing as that." There have not been so many Nantucket fishermen out after one whale as there have been men harpooning this Mediterranean sea monster, and they have got enough oil out of it to light ten thousand souls to perdition. "Why," says the sceptic, "it's absurd—that whole incident is absurd. Why, the prophet would have lost his life before he had passed through the jaws of the sea monster. Besides that, he could not have lived three days in such close quarters and in such bad ventilation." "Well," says the weak-kneed Christian, "I'll explain it for you. This whale is an air-breathing fish, and it often comes to the surface, and I suppose it took enough breath for itself and enough breath for the prophet."

Why, do you not say God can do anything, and if it was the smallest whale that ever floated the Mediterranean Sea, God could put a man down its throat. Who made the whale? God. Who made Jonah? God. Then He can do what He will with either of them. My friends, just as soon as we dismiss the supernatural and the miraculous out of our religion, we surrender the Bible, and I prefer "Æsop's Fables." They are what they profess to be—fables; but if you tell me after all I have read of this Bible that Christ did not turn the water into wine, and you actually prove that God did not divide the Red Sea, and that all those stories of miracles are mere fables, then I declare that the Bible is the worst fraud that was ever perpetrated in all God's universe.

Why, my friends, I am not this morning trying to prove the truth of the Scriptures; I want simply to make you who do believe in the entire Bible willing to be laughed at. Surrender nothing, compromise nothing, trim off nothing to please others. You can afford to wait.

RATIONALISM LAUGHED

a great while and said: "Matter is eternal; the world was not made; it was always made; God didn't create it." "I believe in the eternity of matter," says the Rationalist. But the geologist goes on in our day, and he discovers, what every body must admit, that the earth was gradually made. If gradually made, then there must have been a time at which the process began. If the process really started at a certain time, then who started it? And then we are ready, after all that process of thought, to open the Bible and read the first four words, and they roll up in magnificence indescribable: "In—the—beginning—God."

Rationalism laughed a great while at that story in the Bible, told over and over again, about the locusts, and you notice that wherever it is mentioned, it almost always speaks of the locusts as an army. Rationalism says: "That's absurd; it's a poor comparison anyhow. Why, an army walks; locusts fly; an army moves with precision, locusts go without any order." But in 1868, in the southwest part of this country, scientific men went out to watch the locusts, and they all talked invariably about "*the army of locusts*"—all the newspapers reported "the army of locusts," and said it was just like an army, moved like an army, halted like an army, had commanders, and that if the locusts halted when there was a wind, they would wait

* A verbatim report, revised and approved by Dr. Talmage.

il the wind had passed, and then they would rt again, and go straight as an arrow—proving t the Bible was right when it spoke of the rmy of locusts."

Rationalism laughed a great deal at the story in about the light turned as the clay to the seal. Why," Rationalists said, "it's absurd; the light n't turn, it don't come in curves, the light is aight." Scientific men go on in their explora- ns and they come and tell us that the light does ve around the world just like the seal—like clay the seal.

Ah! my friends, we can afford to wait. The e will come—if not in your day or mine, the e will come—when all the world will see that re is perfect harmony between science and reve- ion.

But you say, "Suppose the Rationalist shall me out from Harvard, or suppose he shall come t from some German university, are you going put him off in this rough way?" I reply, God s no special rule for a graduate of Harvard or graduate of Berlin. He has got the same law d the same provision for great brain and for all brain, for high-forehead Greek professor, d flat-skulled Esquimaux. "He that believeth d is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth t shall be damned." By that divine announce- nt I must stand or fall, and so must you. *I e my stand here this day*, and I declare these be the theories of my religion: an infallible ble, a supernatural religion, a divine Christ, in om all the world must believe or be lost.

But my subject impresses me also with the way

GOD STOPS A FAMINE.

hen the gates of the city were opened, if a few ves of bread had come in, that would have been great mercy; but no—what is in that pail? our. What is in that sack? Flour. What is at piled up in all the market places? Flour. hat is in every house? Flour, plenty of it, a ck for five shillings. That is the way God pro- les for the hunger of the nations. You know y are famine-struck with sin, you know they are ing for bread. What supply does God give? st a little grace for here a man, or a little grace there a man? No. Abundance of help, par- n for all, peace for all, comfort for all, life for all, aven for all.

The idea was well expressed by a lad who sent rd to his Sabbath-school superintendent that he nted to see him. *The word came from a garret* the lowest part of the city of New York. The perintendent went to see what was the matter. saw the little child about dying in the straw, d said, "Why did you send for me?" "Well," child replied, "I attend your Sabbath-school." Why do you look so very happy?" asked the perintendent. "You said last Sunday when I s there that whomsoever a fellow cometh to God will in nowise cast him away, and I have come Him, and I have prayed to Him, and He has ken away my sin, and I'm going to heaven, and thought I would like to see you before I go." ne boy's grammar was bad, but his faith was agnificent. Whosoever—that is the whole story Whosoever.

But mind you,

THE KIND OF FLOUR

at was provided. It was not any coarse meal at the Lord gave that famine-struck city. It was ne flour. And when God provides salvation for e world He gives us grand salvation—it is beau- ul salvation. It is not the ground-up corn cobs worldly morality mixed with a little grace, but it a fine Gospel. It is an unadulterated Gospel. is a pure Gospel. Why one crumb of the bread llen from the Master's table is worth more than l the banquets of worldly frivolity.

Mind you, that just what that flour was, or much that flour was to those poor people of the city Samaria, that Christ Jesus is to all who have im. He does not offer a coarse supply when He ys to you and to me to-day: "I am the bread of e." Fine flour for a shekel. O! what Christ is you, and what He is to me, I cannot tell. With- t Him heaven would be a dungeon, with Him ne great Sahara would be a paradise. You may ave all the harps of heaven, and all the trumpets of heaven, and all the thrones of heaven. Give me Jesus. He washed away my sin. He com- forted my sorrows. He conquered my tempta- tions.

> "When on these new fledged wings I rise
> To tread the shore beyond the skies,
> I'll run through every golden street,
> And ask each blissful saint I meet,
> Where is the God whose praise I sing?
> Lead me, O, stranger, to your king.

Which Gospel do you like the best? Do you want the Gospel of Theodore Parker, or *the Gospel of Darwin*, or the Gospel of Stuart Mill? or would you not rather have the Gospel of the *two old people* who found more comfort in their religion in one hour than all the ungodly scientists of the earth ever found in a lifetime? You know what two people I mean. Those two old people that sat at opposite ends of the table in your child- hood. I mean those old people beside whom you would like to lie down and sleep when your work is done. Would you not rather have their religion, their

OLD FASHIONED RELIGION,

than all the dreaming of the universities? O! come out from under the cold fog of Rationalism into the sunlight of Christ's Gospel. Stand on the eternal rock. No elaborate thinking necessary. If it were elaborate thinking, you might have to take this subject home, and think perhaps days and weeks and years about it. There is no elabo- rate thinking about it. There are *just two ideas*. You can put them together now. One idea is the saddest in the universe, and the other is the glad- dest: You are a sinner, but Christ died to save you." Can you not to-day put those two ideas together?

I proclaim this morning that *the siege is lifted*. Bread! Bread! Why perish with hunger? A peck of fine flour for five shillings? No; better than that. "Without money and without price." O! my dear brother, do not refuse this Gospel be- cause you cannot understand everything about it. Remember the fate of the sceptical nobleman— that Rationalist of olden time who, when told about the flour, rejected the prophecy because he could not see how the flour was to come. "The people trode upon him in the gate, and he died."

Let everything else go. There is one thing you can understand. I know you can take up this Bi- ble this morning, and find five hundred things you cannot understand. I can find a thousand; but there are two or three things I can understand. I know if I will come to God this morning and throw myself at His feet, crying for mercy, He will re- ceive me and pardon me and bless me, and He will do that for you. I swing the door wide open. I do not think a man can preach too wide a Gospel.

There was

AN ACCIDENT ON A STEAMER

on one of the Western lakes, and a father and hus- band found that he would have to get his family to the shore or they would perish. They were far away from the land; but he was a stout swimmer, and he had full faith in his strong arms. He said to his wife and child who were on the deck: "I'll leap into the waves, and then you leap after me, and I'll take you ashore. If I don't take you, no one can take you." It was an awful hour. The hus- band leaped into the wave; the wife and child leaped after him. The one clung to one shoulder, and the other to the other shoulder, and he put out with mighty strokes for the beach. It was not only his own life that was in peril, but the life of his wife and child.

With an almost superhuman effort he struggled toward the beach, but his strength began to fail. He found he could not reach the shore with his own life and the life of his wife and the life of his child. *Someone must perish*, or they must all go down. O! what a crisis it was in the life of the man. His strength failing, he said to himself: "My first duty is to my wife, and I'll have to let my darling child die." So tenderly he pushed her aside, the little child, and then began to put out for the shore. Coming to the shore, coming into the breakers and within reach of those on shore, he fainted dead away, and they carried him and the wife into a cabin. The child was gone. O! it was a grand thing for him to save one.

I bless God that Jesus is *an Almighty swim- mer*. He can take us all on his shoulder—father, mother, husband, wife, son, daughter—all the world. He is a mighty swimmer. Lay hold of His strength to-day. Lay hold of it, O ye dying yet immortal auditors. He is mighty to save. "O! come thou, and all thy house into the ark." Come this morning. Come now. In the prayer we offer just put up that one petition that will bring emancipation to your immortal spirit, and if you cannot pray in words, just look and live. And who knows but that by one almighty impulse this entire auditory may be launched into the kingdom of God? Come, Holy Ghost! Come, Holy Ghost!

The Rev. Cornelius DeHerr, a Missionary on the Gaboon River, west coast of Africa, one of our subscribers, writes "I have just visited two pow- erful tribes in the interior, one of which had never before seen a foreign missionary, and the other but once. Surprised by the intelligent, hearty wel- come accorded me, I learned that this was due to the Gospel teaching which had been carried to them by one of their own people, who in his journey- ings having come in contact with the truth, had embraced it, and at once set to work to bring others to the Messiah. Before I could tear myself away from them I had to promise, in response to their earnest pleadings, that I would send some one to teach them more of the way of life.

"Another party from farther interior, hearing of my arrival, *travelled all day* over a difficult road, that they too might hear the blessed message. During this tour I organized a church at a point where we had been employing a native assistant. On the first Sabbath *eighteen* were admitted on profession of their faith. At another place *ten* were admitted to the sealing ordinances, having previously been under instruction. Christian par- ents from among the heathen brought their little ones to receive the seal of the covenant. A num- ber reclaimed from their heathen practices came to me to be united in Christian marriage.

"These people bade me choose a site upon which they would erect a house, if perchance a missionary could be found who would remain with them and break to them the bread of life. And out of their extreme poverty they freely contributed of such as they had to the treasury of the Lord. Wherever I travel on this coast I find an open door. We need not leave the coast with its mil- lions of perishing souls to find work for the Master."

A Saturday Midnight Dance was Going On in Edinburgh in the house of a prominent member of St. George's Church congregation. Its minis- ter, Dr. Andrew Thompson, had been out late that night to visit a sick member of his flock. Re- turning home, his eyes chanced to light on this house, whose windows were brilliant with the glare of festivity. He paused as he saw the shad- ows of the dancers on the window-blinds of the drawing-room, and heard the sounds of the music, to which the votaries of Terpsichore were tripping it on the light fantastic toe. Taking his resolution, he stepped up to the doorway and rang the bell. Without speaking a word to the servant who opened the door, he went upstairs, entered the room, and stood up in the midst of the dancers. Had a spirit from the other world appeared, the party could not have been thrown into a state of greater embarrassment and confusion. The music ceased; the dancers stood still; a silence as awful as death followed, while the bold intruder sur- veyed the company with a stern glance. Not a word did he utter; not one tongue was moved to ask, "What doest thou?" As the penetrating glance of reproof fell in turn on each one of the revellers, every countenance fell, and the bravest quailed. The piercing eye and solemn presence having accomplished the work of admonition, the minister retired, amid the same unbroken silence. It was a bold stroke, but God blessed it, and it was the beginning of a work of the revival of gen- uine Christianity and reformation in many a fam- ily in the Scottish metropolis.

SYLPH SOMERS.

A New Serial Story, by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(*Continued from page 567.*)

Oliver and David Owen's Wagons—The Brothers' Greeting on the Road—Owen finds on the Highway a Fainting Lady with her Child—His Efforts to Restore Consciousness are Successful.

AT the period before us Wrexham was the largest town in North Wales, and its fine church, with magnificent tower, panelled in stages and adorned with statues, is still the boast of the Principality. The road from this town to Chester was daily traversed a century since by Owen Oliver's huge wagon conveying corn and other useful commodities to the cathedral city.

The great wagon, covered with a canvas awning stretched on hoops, and lumbering along on very broad and massive wheels—necessary before macadamized roads were dreamt of—is nowadays almost a superseded article. Smooth and level highways, and, above all, the railway van and iron horse, have all but banished it from use as a mode of conveyance. But a century ago the wagon was an institution.

Owen Oliver's great wagon, drawn by four and sometimes six horses, had been for several years the chief means of communication between Wrexham and Chester—or, rather, there were *two* such methods of communication, Owen's wagon and another, the exact likeness of it, conducted by his brother David.

These wagons, however, travelled each day in different directions, for at the hour one started from Chester the other started from Wrexham, and moving at the same rate they passed each other about half-way on the road each day nearly at the same place and at the same moment. It was only at this instant of transition that the brothers saw each other and spoke to each other the whole year through, from New Year's Day to Christmas.

Owen and David were taciturn men—uncommonly so for Welshmen—for, as every tourist in Wales knows, whether he meets the "sons of the leek" in railway carriage or on the common road, the Cymri are an irrepressible race, and evidently take a huge delight in talking and in all justice; it must be added that they give as great a degree of delight as they take.

Owen and David Oliver, however, were certainly an exception to this rule, for as they met each day, what follows was the unvarying length and tenor of their conversation: Owen to David, as the horses' heads approached each other, "Morra;" David to Owen, in solemn reply, "Morra." David to Owen, as the wagons came side by side, "Aught? (*i.e.* "Is there any news?") Owen to David, in prompt response, "Naught (*i.e.* "Not any"). David to Owen, as the unhalted wagons rolled beyond each other, "Morra," and Owen's final salute was just its echo, "Morra," and with this closing greeting, without the turning of a head, the brothers parted, not to see each other again for another twenty-four hours.

It was a conversation, it will be seen, of just six words—three a-side—and with the exception of the simple negative letter n, they were relatively alike. An absurdly curt and monotonous interchange of thought and speech, one would say, between two rational beings.

Yet it served to refresh and keep alive in these men brotherly affection and interest, and of such a depth and strength that when, at last, one of the brothers died, the other only for a short time survived him. Deprived of the long accustomed momentary salutation and loving glance of one that was now gone forever, he fell into a strange sort of craze and melancholy, wasted away, pined and fretted to death. Life had lost its zest, and he hastened, as it were, to join his brother in the grave. How delicate and subtle is the bond that sometimes holds even rugged men to this world's life! And well has it been said that there are more mysteries in the heart of the simplest boor than a philosopher could fathom in a century.

Upon a day, at the period of our narrative, Owen, conducting as usual his heavily rolling wagon, had reached about a third of the distance to Chester, when, from the following incident, he was led to bring his horses to a stand. While cracking his great whip every now and then with the reverberation of a pistol shot, and calling to his horses to urge their pull and speed, with the laboring wagon, up an ascent, his eye, at a bend of the road, suddenly came in sight of a woman lying on one side of the highway, and his ear caught the sounds of a child weeping near her.

Owen, though of a gross build and rough exterior, had a warm Welsh heart, and the wailing voice and tears of the child greatly touched him, and as it would seem from the sequel, thawed his reserve and loosened his tongue, for a season, most unwontedly.

Halting his team on the incline soon as possible, he came over to the objects that had so arrested him, to learn what was the matter. When he had closely approached the woman and the child he perceived at once they were no common wayfarers. The child's features and dress bespoke her of a superior class, and the woman, who was lying on the ground as in a faint, had both the apparel and general appearance of a lady.

Owen did not often come into contact with "quality folk," as he called them, so checking his ruder forms of speech, as taken a little aback, he addressed the child in his most respectful accents.

"Pardon, little miss, a rough chap such as me," he said, "for speaking to the likes o' ye, but what's wrong, my pretty dear, with you and the lady?" Getting no reply because of the sobs of the child, Owen went over close to the prostrate form, and, speaking half to himself, said, "I think I mun' raise her agen the bank, poor lady, fur her pale face tells me her has fainted." This the kind-hearted fellow proceeded to do in the gentlest and most respectful manner, and when done, he took his stand near the lady's feet to watch the effect of his merciful ministry.

The object of his solicitude, however, continued in the same state of complete unconsciousness; the eyes remained closed, the head lay back, the white form was relaxed, while a more deathlike hue seemed to overspread the features. This latter appearance was, no doubt, due to Owen's mistaken act of raising the body at a somewhat high incline against the bank, a posture which, unknown to him, served not to recover from the faint, but to increase and perpetuate it.

In great alarm Owen turned to the weeping child to ask who the unconscious lady was, and how she was taken ill, but as the person interrogated was not much over four or five years of age, as he reckoned, he could extract but little information. "It's my mamma, sir, my own dear mamma," was all the intelligence which, amid violent and choking sobs, Owen could gather.

"Where do you come from, my precious little dear," inquired the wagoner, but the reply was a child's attempt at some long and guttural Welsh word, the name of the child's abode, which, Owen listening with all his ears, and making the child repeat it over and over again, was more (Welshman though he was) than he could make anything out of.

"What's your own name, darling?" asked Owen, striving in this way to get some clue to the mystery. What sounded like "Silf" was murmured by the child. "Silf what, ' asked Owen. "Nothing but Silf," responded the interrogated. "Mamma and papa call me Silf, and so does nurse, and *that's* just my name, and nothing else, sir."

"What in the name o' goodness am I to do" Owen asked of himself. "This lady, poor thing, shure as day, is goin' to die, and no wan will ever know who she is, and where this child has come from. It's wan o' the awkwardest fixes that ever happened me ever since I war born."

Owen looked up and down the road to see if any one were in sight that he could enlist to give aid, or who might suggest some more feasible method for the recovery of the swooned one, than his inexperience could think of; but no, the road was vacant, no living object could he espy, nor was there a house on either hand in view to which he might repair to entreat assistance.

Owen then, left completely to his own resources, resolved to see what effect would follow his ther best-devised expedients for the recovery his unsought-for patient thrown so absolutely u his personal endeavor. He fanned her face w his hat, he bathed her temples with water, chafed her hands, but all in vain, and to greatly augmented vexation and distress, he served on the fingers of the unconscious lady as took her hands in his to chafe them, rings of gr value; he had no doubt of their worth, for, as fingers moved under his efforts, the rings flash wonderfully in the sunlight.

"Was ever mortial man in such a plight as m this blessed minnit?" exclaimed Owen. "I p test, I'd give a good ten 'pun' note to have good missus here, that I wud, she'd know at wu what to do; aye, or if hur here now were onl horse I could manage she," he reflected, "b shure, it's a wummun's job and nothin' else I on han', and bless me, I'm naught but a dolt it."

After studying the case of his patient a li longer and more deeply, he said at last, stroikes me, now, that howsumever it has cum pass, it's summit to nourish her this poor la wants. Shure, it's plain to be seen when I lo more carefully at her." And then, Good Te plarism being a thing undreamed of in those da he fervently cried, "Wud to 'even I had a w drop o' wine wi' me."

The expression of this wish brought, as was na ral, to Owen's recollection a certain case of th commodity which he had in his wagon convey to Chester. It was, in truth, being returned t wine merchant there as deemed by the consign not quite equal to sample.

Having no scruples about the use of wine—th were few who had at this period—Owen cri "I'm blest, but I'll force open that case in t wagon, I will, and take wan o' them bottles fr it, yes, *I will*, and put it to a far better use th the owner, Mr. Vines—honest man—ever dream of. 'Tis true the 'licker' isn't mine and I'm o in charge of it, but still and all, necessity has law as I've heard them say, and any how, it'll n be robbery in God's sight, *it won't*, but Christi charity, an' my character is well known on t road, *it is*, and shure, more nor that, I mean pay fur it. What then can the law or evil talki and thinkin' do on me? and in any case," he ad ed, "I mean to save, iv I can, the life o' this lady

After these thoughts and intentions had rapid passed through Owen's head, it was not long un he acted upon his resolve. He climbed at once in the wagon; after some trouble came upon t wine case, and with hard and brawny han forced it open. Soon he reappeared and hasten to the unconscious one, with a bottle in his han and having dexterously shivered off the neck, a plied the broken vessel, at the most convenie part, to the lips of the lady; but, to his sore d appointment, he could not get her to drink, a indeed, all power of swallowing seemed to be gor

But Owen, rude in culture as he was, prov equal to the emergency. Calling the child ne him, whose sobs and tears had stopped upon w nessing the attention of Owen to her parent, directed the little girl to dip her finger into t rosy fluid, and apply the wine, in drops, to the li of her mother.

Owen's surmise as to the cause of the lady's c lapsed condition proved to be correct. For seve hours she had not tasted food, and nature w sinking from depletion. The generous stimular therefore, administered in the method related, r called the vital powers. A slight tinge of col came back to the ashy lips and pallid cheeks; t bosom gently rose, she sighed, and the ey opened. First the reanimated lady looked at h child and then at her deliverer, and awakening from a horrid dream, and taking in the circu stances, she said, fervently, though weakl "Thank God, I am restored to life, for my child sake, thank Heaven! And you, sir," she sa with an effort, addressing Owen, "accept the be acknowledgments I can give. I see that I owe to you, as Heaven's instrument, that I am call back to this world. God in mercy sent you her and put it in your heart to save a dying mother

her child, and from the very depths of my soul I thank Him," she repeated, looking upward.

"I thank God as well as you, missus," said Owen, "for a sparin' o' ye, and for a givin' to us this happy success; from the bottom o' me heart I thank 'im, fur if it war that you died, forgive me for sayin' it, what in the wurld wud I do, and what 'id becum o' the dear babbie, that like a very hangel is attendin' o' ye."

(*To be continued.*)

THE DIFFERENT RESURRECTIONS.

By the Rev. W. L. Sanders, Pastor of the First Baptist Church of Cambridge, Ill.

(*Continued from page 567.*)

OBSERVE, in this connection, another passage: Paul's intense desire, expressed in Phil. 3 : 10, 11, "That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection. . . . . If by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead." This earnest longing of the apostle is proof that he had his eye, not on a general, but a *particular*, or *special* resurrection: and so, in the original we find this same preposition attached, and the article "the" is repeated after the word resurrection. Hence the literal reading of this passage is, "If by any means I might attain unto the *out resurrection*—in other words, the resurrection from among the dead."

Yes; Paul's desire evidently was that he might share in the better resurrection—the resurrection of the just—the first resurrection, which only those who sleep in Jesus will share. This the Holy Spirit reveals through John (Rev. 20 : 4), "And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them; and I saw the souls of them that were beheaded" etc.

Here we not only have the two resurrections, but also an interval of time between them—*an age of millennial righteousness*. Now, dear friends, what have we before us? The end of this gospel dispensation or age, closing with the judgment of the quick or living nations, when He shall come *with* His saints, who have been previously resurrected from among the dead, and translated or caught up, from among the living.

In Matt. 25th chapter, we have the account of the judgment which takes place at the close of this present gospel day, or dispensation; but please observe that not a word is said about *the ungodly dead* being judged then. The ungodly dead are not once referred to in this account of the judgment of living nations. Not a word regarding their resurrection before the millennium either. Keep these thoughts clear in your minds, and you will not be confused as to the time of the resurrection and judgment of the ungodly dead.

What follows the judgment of the quick or living nations? The Holy Spirit forecasts it in prophecy, the millennial age, a Sabbatic rest, the saints' jubilee, when "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea," and when the prayer so often offered shall be fulfilled, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." John the Revelator sees all this, and the Holy Spirit forecasts it in Revelations. With a prophet's vision, he looks on to the approaching millennial age, and his eye rests at the end of it. He takes in a thousand years at a glance, and sees the end. And what is it? Resurrection and judgment again. Of whom? Of all the remaining dead, all who went down to their graves in sin without faith in the Son of God.

THE SECOND RESURRECTION.

"The rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished." (Rev. 20 : 5.) "And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away, and there was found no place for them; and I saw *the dead*, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life, and *the dead* were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up *the dead* which were in it, and death and the grave delivered up *the dead* which were in them, and they were judged, every man according to his works" (vers. 11—13).

Daniel speaks of it as a "resurrection of shame and everlasting contempt." Jesus calls it "the resurrection of damnation." Those who die in their sins are to be raised, they are to receive their bodies back again, to receive punishment in the same body in which they sinned. Awful thought! Christ Himself says, "These shall go away." From whom? From God, from heaven, from hope, from peace. To what? "To everlasting punishment." Oh, friends! what solemn truths are these! Will you not ask your heart this moment, Which resurrection shall I share in?

How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?

Now I hope it is clear to your minds from what I have shown you from the Word of God: 1st. that all are to be raised; 2d. that the first resurrection takes place when Jesus comes; 3d. that only those who died in Christ are to be raised when He comes; 4th. that the resurrection of all the remaining dead does not take place till the close of the millennial age.

THE TRANSLATION.

Now, for a brief time, I will speak of another important event which the Holy Spirit tells us will occur in connection with the first resurrection of Old and New Testament saints, viz., the rapture or translation of living believers. In 1 Thess. 4 : 15, Paul writes: "For this we say unto you by the Word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall not prevent (or precede) them which are asleep. For the Lord Himself shall descend with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

Not only have we this precious truth revealed, but God has furnished us with more than *one literal illustration* of that wonderful change which "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," will pass over each living believer when Jesus comes." By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found because God had translated him, for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God" (Heb. 11 : 5). Enoch was taken out of the world before the judgment of the Flood came, a type of what Jesus promises to do for those who, like Enoch, have faith and walk with God. Elijah, also, was carried up bodily into heaven.

And then, consider our Lord Jesus Christ Himself. In His resurrection we have a pledge of the resurrection of all who sleep in Him when He comes, and in our Lord's ascension we have a pledge of the rapture of those who are alive and believe in Him. So that our Lord Jesus Christ is not only in His resurrection the first-fruits of those who sleep, but in His glorious ascension bodily he is also the first-fruits of those who shall be alive and remain. Dear hearers, what a comfort is this for those who go down to death, as well as for us who remain. Christ's resurrection is a comfort for the dead, because they will not be forgotten.

Asleep in Jesus! Time nor place
Affects this precious hiding-place;
On India's plains, or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

And Christ's ascension is equally comforting to us, because in it we have a pledge of our translation, and that we shall not be forgotten.

Then when Jesus comes He will bring our friends with Him. Many of you have lost friends. They died in the faith of Christ. Yes—they that sleep in Jesus God will bring with Him. Be of good courage, ye who are called to mourn: here is solid comfort for you. Jesus says, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." They shall be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.

Then will come that long-looked-for and happy hour when all the Old and New Testament saints shall be resurrected, and we who are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; then we shall meet the saint and his Saviour, and we shall indeed see Him whom we loved on earth.

Oh, what a sight will that be! The Bridegroom meet the Bride, and receive the kiss of friendship. John forecasts this happy scene, (Rev. 19 : 6), "And I heard, as it were, the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!"

This was Paul's intense desire, to see each and every believer walking holy and blameless before God. To the Corinthian brethren he says: "For I am jealous over you with godly jealousy; for I have espoused you to one Husband, that I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ" (2 Cor. 11 : 2). My hearers, are you robed in this fine garment of Christ's righteousness? Can you say,

Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE CHURCH.

Many interesting questions might be asked here relative to the rapture of living believers. But the Holy Spirit has not seen fit to answer all our questions. Some will ask, But where will the resurrected and translated saints be? "They will be forever with the Lord,"—that's enough. But where will they go? With the Bridegroom, of course. "These are they that follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." Of course a large portion of the church will experience death and resurrection, but some will be alive when Jesus comes, and the world will be moving on the same then as now, with this difference, that "evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse" (2 Tim. 3 : 13). And because latter-day iniquity abounds on every hand, as we see it to-day, "the love of many will wax cold" (Matt. 24 : 12), and many within the church will have the form of godliness, but deny the power (2 Tim. 3 : 5).

Evil servants, who profess to love their absent Master, will say in their hearts, not "My Lord will not come at all," but "My Lord *delayeth* His coming;" and they will cease to watch and be sober. And what then? "The Lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for Him, and in an hour that he is not aware of, and shall cut him off (*marg.*) and appoint him his portion with the hypocrites: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth" (Matt. 24 : 51). And it will not be very long, for "He that shall come will come and will not tarry." Jesus says, "Behold I come quickly. Amen." The glorious day draws nearer and nearer, and when that solemn hour arrives the dead in Christ shall rise first, and we who are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

Paul closes by saying, "*Comfort* one another with these words" (1 Thess. 4 : 18). Poor comfort this to an infidel, to a rejecter of God's dear Son. Poor comfort to all whose sins are not washed away by faith in the precious blood of Christ; but it is sweet comfort to you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled, and have laid hold of the hope set before you in the Gospel. My dear Christian friends, what can be a greater incentive to a holy, active life than this thought, "*My Master may come to-day?*"

And be sure and remember, while you work for Jesus, what the Holy Spirit has said, "And we know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness" (1 John 5 : 19). The world lies guilty before God, never so guilty as to-day, because it never had so much Gospel light; but God has made ample provision for all in Jesus, and all who will may come.

Oh for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call;
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all.
For all my Lord was crucified:
For all, for all my Saviour died.

"And now, little children, abide in Him; that when He shall appear we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming" (1 John 2 : 28).

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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Will subscribers whose names and addresses are **printed** *upon their papers be pleased to notice the date which points to the expiry of their subscriptions. Others will get special notice. Subscriptions are invariably payable in advance.*

NOTICE.

To give our readers an opportunity of introducing the Christian Herald to their friends, we will send the paper post free to any address from 1st October, to 31st December, 1881, on receipt of 25 cents.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Condition of the President is Still the chief topic of public concern. A more hopeful feeling was produced last week by the encouraging bulletins issued from the sick room after the patient's removal to Elberon; but it is impossible to notice the fluctuations of the pulse, the account of the condition of the wound, and the daily recurrence of fever without grave apprehension. Prayer ought to be offered without ceasing to God for him, that, if it be in accordance with the Divine will, he may recover.

On Tuesday, September 6th, the removal of the President from Washington to Elberon was safely accomplished. Notwithstanding the oppressive heat, he bore the journey very well, but complained after his arrival of pain in his back, saying it felt "as if it had been pounded" The results of the journey were also manifest in the rise of his pulse on Tuesday evening to 124. *On Wednesday* the President made no perceptible progress. The weather was very hot, and the cooling apparatus by which the atmosphere of the sick room in the White House was kept at a uniform temperature not being available at Long Branch, the patient suffered from the heat. There was, however, no recurrence of the dreaded nausea, and food was administered naturally. *Thursday* was a day of marked improvement. The pulse went down to 94; some solid food was taken with apparent relish, and Dr. Bliss expressed the opinion that *the President was convalescent. Friday* also was an encouraging day. The President said to Mrs. Garfield in the evening: "This is the first day on which I have myself felt that I am making real progress." Mr. Blaine was able to cable to Mr. Lowell that "the medical reports are all favorable to-day—morning, noon, and night. The President has not for many weeks done so well for so many consecutive hours. He has had very little fever; his respiration has been normal, and his pulse has not exceeded 100. He slept without opiate, and gained strength without stimulant." *On Saturday* many disquieting rumors were circulated; but the bulletins afforded no confirmation of them. Dr. Agnew said in the evening that the President had had a very fair day, and was doing well. Secretary Windom had an interview with the President in the afternoon, when the latter inquired how the operations for refunding were proceeding, and evinced his gratification at the satisfactory news the Secretary was able to give him in reply. *On Sunday* the President was troubled by a cough, and he expectorated a quantity of mucus which contained pus of a most unhealthy character. The doctors admitted that a pus cavity had formed in the lower portion of the right lung, which is of course a most serious complication. During Sunday night the President slept well and *on Monday* the cough was less, and the expectoration materially diminished. The pulse again stood at 100, and the temperature normal.

It was decided on Wednesday, at the suggestion of the President, to dispense with the services of Drs. Barnes, Reyburn, and Woodward. Mrs. Dr. Edson, who has acted in the capacity of nurse, also retired. The President, when informed that the doctors intended to accompany him to Long Branch, said that he thought it unnecessary, and preferred that the case be left to Dr. Bliss, with the alternative assistance of Drs. Hamilton and Agnew. In his enfeebled condition, the presence of so many persons at the dressing of his wound tended to excite him; and the desire having been communicated to the doctors they withdrew, after having, at the request of Dr. Bliss, accompanied the President on the journey to Long Branch.

Prayers for the President were Offered on Tuesday, September 6th, in many States, and Public Offices closed, in accordance with the proclamation of the governors. In other States, as in New York, Thursday was observed as a day of humiliation and prayer. All the public offices and a majority of the stores were closed, and the services of prayer were attended by earnest crowds. Had the day fixed been announced earlier, so that business men could have made their arrangements for suspending business, there would have been greater unanimity; but, as it was, the deserted offices in Wall Street, the silent Exchange, and the closed gates of the courts, with the open churches, presented a solemn and suggestive spectacle. In spite of all that sceptics and infidels have done and said, the nation in its hour of suspense had turned for help, not to philosophy, but to God.

The Journey of the President from the White House to Elberon will probably long be regarded as an historic journey. It was a hazardous experiment, and was only justified by the greater danger of malaria which menaced the patient if he remained at the White House. Every precaution which could be devised to insure the success of the removal was made. A track was laid from the railroad to Pennsylvania Avenue, to avoid the jolting the President would suffer in being driven over the rough paving of Sixth Street, and also to spare him the emotions he might endure in being carried through the room in the depot where he was shot. Another track was laid at Long Branch from the railroad to the cottage Mr. Francklyn has placed at his disposal at Elberon. The President eagerly anticipated his removal, and talked continually about it. He was very cheerful, and humorously suggested that the experiment of carrying the bed down stairs should be tried with some one else in it, before he made the descent.

Soon after dawn on Tuesday morning, the legs were unscrewed from the bed on which the President lay, and it was laid on *a stretcher specially made* for the purpose. The President was sleeping under the influence of morphine, and did not awake while the doctors and his friends carried him down and placed him in the express wagon which waited at the door of the White House. As the wagon drove along Pennsylvania Avenue the President opened his eyes, and seeing the bystanders gazing in silent sympathy on his wasted features, he *waved his hand in adieu.* He was placed in the car prepared for him. Boards had been fixed crosswise in the car, and on these a box large enough to hold the bed laid on three mattresses.

Engineer Page, who had charge of the train, is known as the most skilful engineer in the company's service, and the train under his care was run with the utmost delicacy and without a single jolt. During the journey the President talked but little. He lay quietly, sometimes sleeping, and at others watching with interest the changing scene from the window of the car. All along the line of the road, people were gathered, and great crowds were collected at towns passed on the route. Everywhere there was *perfect quiet.* It was a common thing to see the people *taking their hats off and standing reverently bareheaded until the train had passed by.* At Bay View the engineer heard that the President was enjoying the trip, and decided to try the experiment of a faster rate of speed. He ran a mile in fifty-three seconds, and at the next stopping-place sent to inquire if any ill effects had been experienced. He was informed that the increase of speed had not been noticed, and the President said: "Tell him to go ahead. I want to get there. I feel as though I were on the road to recovery." After that, the engineer ran at the highest rate of speed he considered safe, according to his knowledge of the road, and during the rest of the journey some portions were done at the rate of *seventy miles an hour.*

Elberon was reached at 1.20 P.M., the entire distance of 227 miles having been run over six different railroads in less than seven hours. The engine was detached at the Elberon station, and the car was pushed along the track to the cottage by willing hands, so as to avoid the jar of the breaks. The President was lifted from the car and carried to his cool room, from which he could see the waves as they broke on the beach.

The Report of the Massacre of Gen. Carr and his troops received a welcome denial last week. One officer—Captain Hentig—and ten men were killed in the fight, but General Carr and the remainder of his command succeeded in making a rapid retreat to Fort Apache, which they reached August 31st. Troops are being sent forward for the defence of the fort, as it is feared the rising of the Apaches is general, and that a serious onslaught will be made. The origin of the disturbance is not yet made clear. It appears there has been some ill feeling caused by the discovery of a mine, either of silver or of coal, which Agent Tiffany desired to purchase, and there have been other causes of discontent; but the arrest of the medicine man, whom the Apaches regard as the high priest of their religion, brought the ill feeling to the point of explosion.

A Hurricane of Fire is the Expressive Name by which eye-witnesses describe the appalling calamity which has devastated extensive districts of the State of Michigan. Huron, Sanilac and Tuscola Counties have been the chief scenes of the terrible visitation. It is impossible to estimate the loss of either life or property, but it is stated by reliable witnesses that more than *a thousand square miles* of forest have been burned; at least *ten thousand families have been rendered homeless; and five hundred persons* have perished in the flames. Such a catastrophe is without parallel in the history of forest fires.

In an appeal for assistance for the homeless by a New York journal, the extent of the fires is thus explained: "Northern Michigan is a heavily timbered country only recently settled. Much of the land is still covered with primeval forests of pine, oak, maple, and beech. Many of the farms are small, isolated clearings. Sometimes three or four farms lie together, but the horizon is always bounded by *a wall of trees*, and there is rarely a stretch of road over a mile long which does not at some point run through a 'piece of woods.' Escape from one farm or group of farms to another not menaced by the advancing flames could therefore only be had by traversing the forests which fed the fire, and often the fire ran faster than could the poor creatures fleeing for their lives, and struck them down in the roads with its hot breath. The first warning sign of the approach of the dreaded scourge is a vast black cloud of stifling smoke. Then strange noises are heard like the crackling of musketry. Soon, there is a lurid light in the sky; the sound of falling tree trunks, bursting limbs and crackling underbrush become more distinct, and the dull, roaring undertone grows loud and menacing; showers of sparks and big blazing brands are carried forward by the wind. Then, the near woods are all aflame, and the whole earth seems to burn with fervent heat. There is no assurance of safety in flight for the beleaguered farmer and his family. They are fortunate if they can find their way to a swamp or a wet meadow or a field of green corn or buckwheat. In some such refuge, lying with their faces close to the ground, they may keep alive until the storm of fire passes by, but if the clearing is small, the air may become so heated as to cause death even where the flames do not touch them."

An appeal for aid in the shape of money, food, or clothing for the thousands of homeless people has been issued, and the Erie Railroad has undertaken to carry all contributions gratis to the scene of the calamity. All contributions should be addressed to the Hon. E. C. Carleton, Mayor of Port Huron.

Vol. III. of The Christian Herald and Signs of our Times, bound in cloth, containing all the numbers for 1880, with a complete index, is now ready. Price, $3, including postage.

he Record of the Famous Dark Day a tury ago, was recalled to the memory of New gland citizens by a strange atmospheric phenom- n on Tuesday, September 6th. Local journals that in many parts of the East and in Canada, day was so dark that artificial light was neces- . The most singular effects were in Troy, ingfield, Mass., Providence, R. I., Boston and onto. In Springfield several large manufacto- suspended work, reading and studying were ndoned in some of the public schools, and in dreds of shops and houses, the gas jets burned *a peculiar white light.* In Toronto, great of some terrible calamity disturbed the peace any people. At five o'clock, the sky presented appearance of *an orange dome* of extraordinary ity. As sunset approached the orange hue ened over sky and city, and the streets were d with people gazing at the weird spectacle. It believed that the phenomenon was in part ed by the forest fires in Michigan, though even stupendous conflagration could scarcely have luced at that distance so remarkable a result.

he Removal of the Police Commissioners ew York, by Mayor Grace, is likely to lead to wed litigation. It is alleged by the removed ials that the mayor's act was prompted by po- al motives, and that he is anxious to give the rol of the police board into Democratic hands. y trust, too, that the Republican governor will at the mayor. It is, however, a fact that they not appear to deny, that during the last three ths they were in office, only 140 miles of streets of the 385 miles the city contains, were cleaned . The charge against the commissioners and r defence, involves the principle, which must ul- tely be settled by the people, that officials t to be appointed according to their capacity ischarge their duties, and not because they be- to one or other of the political parties.

he Democratic State Committee of New k assembled on Wednesday, September 17th. he surprise of many, Mr. John Kelly, and other many delegates were admitted. It was decid- o hold the convention on October 11th at Al- y. It is expected that Tammany will enter the vention on equal terms with the other organiza- s, experience having convinced most Democrats success can only be insured by harmony. The wing resolution was unanimously adopted : hat the members of the Democratic State Com- ee, at their first meeting since the attack upon President of the United States, take occasion to rd their indignation and horror at the infamous l, and to express their heartfelt sympathy with distinguished sufferer and his stricken family in dire affliction, with the earnest hope that the rs of love and science for the restoration of the f Magistrate to health, and to the full exercise he constitutional functions of his office may be crowned with complete success."

essrs. Moody and Sankey Propose to Con- an evangelistic campaign in Great Britain of ast two years' duration. Mr. Sankey sailed New York on September 10th, in the City of in, with Dr. Bonar and other friends. Mr. dy and his family expect to leave on the 24th. Sankey said to a friend : " It is not yet fully rmined at what points in Great Britain we l labor. Probably, however, we shall spend t of our time in the north of England and in land."

he Premature Explosion of a Torpedo Cost U. S. officers their lives on August 29th. y were engaged at the torpedo station on Goat nd, near Newport, R. I., where experiments in nection with torpedo instruction are carried on. rpedo was laid in the harbor by Lieutenant- mander Edes and Lieutenant Spalding, and returned to the shore to fire it, but failed, ng, it is supposed, to a leak in the case. They e then instructed to lay another torpedo. y took it out in a boat, drew up the first tor- , disconnected it and attached the wire to the nd one. As they did so it exploded in the , and both officers were killed, Lieutenant Edes g blown to pieces, and Lieutenant Spalding g terribly mutilated. It is believed that the dent was caused by a neglect of precautions on the part of the deceased officers. The connection should have been broken in two places, but they appear to have thought it would be safe to make only one break. This break was closed either by the action of the salt water, or by some other unknown cause. The sad event has caused general grief at the station, where both officers were very popular. Much surprise is also expressed at the manner of their death, as they perfectly understood torpedo practice, and were aware of the risk they incurred. In this and other catastrophes of a like nature, such as explosions in mines, it is observed that the constant presence of danger often produces in men who are cognizant of it, a carelessness almost incredible. A like disposition is often manifest as to spiritual danger by men who have been warned of the judgment of God from childhood (Eccles. 8 : 11).

A Little Heroine, only Eight Years of Age, lost her life at Providence, R. I, on September 10th. She saw a younger child straying in the way of an ice cart, which was being driven along the street in the reckless way icemen too frequently drive. Instantly she darted into the road and, clutching the child, drew her away from the threatened danger. As she did so, she slipped and fell ; the wheels of the ice cart crushed her head, and she was carried to her home a lifeless corpse. A more pathetic incident is rarely witnessed. The child whose life was thus saved will learn, as she grows older, that as she lives through the sacrifice of another's life, so she may inherit eternal life through the sacrifice of the Son of God (John 3 : 16).

A Maine Hunter's Fight with a Panther is described by the Augusta, Me., *Journal.* It seems that on September 5th two young men, while hunting for partridges in the vicinity of Medomac Pond, near Washington, came suddenly face to face with one of the most savage and ferocious animals of the northern woods, namely, a puma, or North American panther. The panther, after giving vent to a terrible growl, slowly retreated, when one of the sportsmen, Prof. A. E. Jones, a resident of Washington, raised his gun and discharged it at the animal, the shot taking effect in its side. Turning quickly he came with mighty bounds straight toward the sportsmen. They had only time to fire one shot when the animal was upon them. With a leap he crushed Prof. Jones to the ground, when his companion, E. B. Sweeney, an amateur sportsman, with wonderful quickness inserted a shell into his gun, and, placing the muzzle against the animal's head, discharged it with deadly effect, killing it instantly. Mr. Jones escaped with a few scratches and a large gash in his breast. The panther measures six feet four inches from tip to tip, having claws nearly two inches long. The sudden and ferocious attack of the panther on the startled sportsmen typifies the assaults which the great enemy of souls often makes on men whom he hates (1 Peter 5 : 8).

An Active Search for Pearls is being Prose- cuted along the Stones River in Rutherford Co., Tenn. A Southern journal says a gentleman from Jefferson saw persons wading in the river and assiduously hunting mussels, which yielded fine pearls which were readily sold. Not less than 500 people were engaged daily in raking the bottom of the stream, delving down in the mud for mussels, which are piled along the banks, opened, and critically examined for the treasures contained in many of them. One pearl was secured that brought $80 in New York. The general range of value, however, was from 50 cents to $25. This search must be a somewhat weary one, and, considering the time spent in it, not particularly remunerative ; but the chance of finding an eighty-dollar pearl will be sure to attract many seekers. Yet there are comparatively few seekers for that treasure beside which we are assured pearls are not worthy of mention (Job 28 : 18).

The Subscription List of the "Christian HERALD" is now nearly all set up in type, and the addresses on the wrappers are printed instead of being written every week. As mistakes may have occurred in making the change, we shall be obliged to any of our subscribers who inform us if their papers are misdirected.

DRESSING IN THE MORNING.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

" And that, knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep: . . . . But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof.—ROMANS 13 : 11-14.

What is the Time of Day to a Christian ?—The Early Morning—Duties for Each Hour—Time to Awake—I. The Morning Call—Awake from Inaction—Leave Lethargy—Have Done with Dreaming—Cast off Night-Clothes — Religion not a Celestial Over-all—The Morning Dress—For Fighting—For Service—Walk and Behavior—Decorum and Dignity—Honestly—No Reserve or Duplicity—Renouncing Deeds of Darkness—Sensuality—Impurity—Passion—II. The Morning Gospel—A Famous Verse—Put on Christ—A Covering—A Garment for Necessity—An Apparel for Dignity—Armor for Defence—Raiment for Expectancy—Put it on at Once.

THIS passage is a piece of holy teaching set forth under the parable of rising in the morning and preparing for the work of the day. May the Holy Spirit help me to place it before you in a clear light.

It is a great mistake in a man's life when he does not know the times in which he lives, and how to act in them ; and when he does not know the time as to the day of his own life, so as to apply his heart unto wisdom. The apostle speaks of his Roman brethren as "*knowing the time.*" What, then, is the time of day with the Christian ? It is no longer the dead of the night with us ; but "the night is far spent, the day is at hand." A little while ago the dense darkness of ignorance was about us ; but the gospel has made us light in the Lord. We lay asleep in the gloom of sin ; like a thick cloud it enveloped all our powers ; but God has brought us out of darkness into His marvellous light. Some of us were plunged in despair, a night without a moon, without a star; we were without hope, and feared that our future would be the " blackness of darkness for ever." That hopeless gloom is over, and we have light and joy in Christ Jesus.

Of what value is the knowledge of the time of day ? It lies here. Certain duties arise out of the hour. " Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening." From morning to evening, and from evening to morning again, there is a round of duty to be fulfilled, and each work is comeliest if attended to in its own season. When the shadows of evening fall the time has come for going home, where domestic joys await us at the hearth. It would not be right for the laboring man to go home in the morning, nor seemly for him to be going out at night. Each duty has its own time of day, and therefore the apostle would have us know the hour and be assured that it is high time to awake out of sleep. He urges us to the duties which attend the hour of rising, the hour to which we have now come.

As my Master helps me I shall endeavor, first of all, to give *the morning call ;* and then, secondly, to preach *the morning gospel.*

I. First, Listen to

THE MORNING CALL.

I have shown you that the hour of the day is that in which men should rise and begin their daily service ; and its first seasonable duty is to *awake*— " It is high time to awake out of sleep." When day begins sleep should end. The bugle sounds in the camp, " Awake ! awake !" But are not all Christians awake ? Yes, from the sleep of death, but not from other kinds of sleep. Many need rough shaking and loud calling before they will be thoroughly awakened. Beloved brethren, I speak to you upon whom the light has arisen, and who are now delivered from the power of darkness, for you will not deny that it is high time for you to shake off the bands of slumber.

You should rise from *the sleep of inaction.* Do not let your religion consist in receiving all and doing nothing. Work while it is called to-day, and as you wish to be faithful servants of your gracious Lord be up at once. It is time for you to stir yourselves, and see what can be done with the golden hours for the glory of your Redeemer's name. Go forth and see what herbs are to be

planted, what weeds are to be rooted up, what part of the garden needs watering, and which of the vines need pruning. Your Master's vineyard needs constant labor; for He Himself keeps it with unceasing care. Up, then, gird up your loins and yield your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God.

Leave also *all lethargy* behind you. At night a man may yawn and stretch himself as he likes; but when the morning comes, good sir, have done with yawning, and display energy. Look about you and be brisk, for the day will be none too long. Does not the song of the birds and the glitter of the dew bid you shake off your slumber and have done with listlessness? Oh, I hate to see some professing Christian people go about the Lord's work in such a languid way, as if it did not matter how their Lord was served. Ah me! If God was obeyed with half the activity with which the devil is served we should soon see a change in church life.

Moreover, it is time to *have done with dreaming*. That is proper for the night, but not for the morning. An ungodly man's pursuits are mere dreams; he hunteth after shadows, he feedeth upon ashes; his weightiest business is a mere vision, a thing of nought. Have done with day dreams as well as night dreams, and come to stern matters of eternal fact. Trifle no longer; the time past may suffice you for that. Be earnest! Be all awake, put forth all your powers, arouse all your faculties. It is high time to awake out of sleep.

THE GARMENTS OF THE NIGHT.

When awake, what is the next duty? Is it not to *cast off your night clothes?* Our text saith, "Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness.' The man who is just awakened, and finds that it is morning light, must first of all put off the garments which covered him during the night. He quits his bed, and in so doing shakes off his bed clothes and leaves them. The coverlet of night is not our covering by day. There must be a putting off in the morning before there can be a putting on; there is a measure of undressing before we commence to dress.

Simple and homely as the figure is, it conveys a lesson which I pray you to remember. Sins and follies are to be cast off when we put on the garments of light. I have known a man profess to be converted, but he has merely *put religion over his old character*. He has been a passionate man with bad companions, and all he has done is to carry his bad temper into a church-meeting. He has been accustomed to drink more wine than is good for him, and all the change is that he drinks it in respectable company or in secret. He has taken up the saint without casting off the sinner. The rags of his lust are rotting under the raiment of his profession. This will never do; Christ has not come to save you *in* your sins but *from* your sins. Anger and drunkenness, and such like, must be got rid of; Christ never came that you might christen your anger by the name of warmth, and your drunkenness with the name of liberty.

I have heard of persons living unclean lives who have heard that faith in Jesus Christ would save them, who have misunderstood this doctrine so grievously that they have thought of believing in Christ, and continuing in their evil ways. That attempt will be their ruin. Rahab the harlot was saved by faith; but she was saved from being a harlot any longer. The rags of sin must come off if we put on the robe of Christ. There must be a taking away of the love of sin, there must be a renouncing of the practices and habits of sin, or else a man cannot be a Christian. It will be an idle attempt to try and wear religion as *a sort of celestial overall* over the top of old sins. You must be cleansed in the blood of Jesus before you can be clothed in the white linen which is the righteousness of the saints. See to it that, being awakened out of your sleep, ye put off all the garments of the night.

So far we have described our getting up: first, we awake, and then we cast off the garments of darkness. Now *we must put on*

OUR MORNING DRESS.

The believer should at once look to his toilet and array himself for the day: "Let us put on the armor of light." "What," says one, "armor? Why, I thought my danger was over. The darkness has departed, and I am no longer afraid of thieves and robbers, for the daylight has come. Why, then, should I put on armor?" Is it not instructive that no sooner do we awake than we have to put on "the whole armor of God"? Does it not warn us that a day of battle is coming? Brethren, you may as well expect a conflict, for it is sure to come, and it will be wise to put on your harness for the fight. Dress according to what you will meet with during the day. *You are not at home yet;* the land of peace is yet beyond you.

Young converts think that they have got to heaven, or very near it; but it is not so: you *will* get there one day; but the time is not yet. You are in an enemy's country: put on the armor of light. Perhaps before you get down to breakfast an arrow will be shot at you by the great enemy; or you may come down-stairs after your morning prayer feeling as safe as if you were among the angels, and yet you will not get through the first meal in the day without an assault from the arch-enemy, or an outburst of your own corruptions, or an attack from the world. Your foes may be found in your own household, and they may wound you at your own table. Before you leave your bedchamber you had better put on girdle, helmet, breastplate, shield—you had better take the complete panoply. A Christian is never safe unless he is protected from head to foot by grace, for in such a world as this you know not behind what bush the assassin may be lurking, or from what corner the fatal bolt may fly.

The Greek word, however, may be understood to signify not only armor, but such garments as are fitted and suitable for the day's work. These should be put on at once, and our soul should be *dressed for service*.

PRAY GOD TO CLOTHE YOU

in such style that you may be ready for whatever comes. You are not a gentleman on the parade, but a workman in his workday clothes. Some people are too fine to do real service for the Lord. When *the Duke of Wellington* asked one of our soldiers how he would like to be dressed if he had to fight the battle of Waterloo again, he answered that he should like to be in his shirt-sleeves. How I wish that Christians would get into their shirt-sleeves, as if they meant work for Jesus.

Now you are dressed, what next? *It remains that we walk forth and behave as in the light.* The directions are explicit—"Let us walk honestly, as in the day," which means, let our demeanor be such as becomes daylight.

The word translated "honestly" may mean decently—with decorum and dignity. In the middle of the night, if you have to go about the house, you are not particular as to how you are dressed; there is no person to see you, and so you will slip from one room to another in dishabille; but when you rise in the morning, and come down to your day's work, you choose to be somewhat neat. You do not go out to your business slip-shod and half-dressed, but you array yourself according to your station in an appropriate manner. Let it be so with you spiritually: holiness is the highest decency, the most becoming apparel. You live in the daylight, brother; therefore walk as one who is "compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." Yet more, walk as one who has the eye of God upon him, which is infinitely more.

"Walk honestly," says our translation, because that is the right thing for daylight. The thief breaks through and steals beneath the cover of the darkness; but a child of light must be upright and just. I earnestly beg all professing Christians to be honest in heart, and then they will be honest in word and deed. You ask me, "Do you mean that we should pay our debts?" Of course, I mean all that, but I mean far more: *be honest when you speak to others and of others.* Do not say of any man behind his back that which you would not utter to his face. Do not carry a mask about with you, it is a horrible instrument of torture to an honest man. Say what you mean, and mean what you say. Many act upon quite another principle, practising

RESERVE AND POLICY,

if not duplicity. They bring themselves into a great deal of trouble by being cunning, and "pl ing their cards well," as they say. What has Christian to do with such deceitful gaming?

Walk honestly; let all your actions be such will bear the light. A man that stands under powerful electric light bearing right down on hi would feel uncomfortable with everybody look at him; at any rate, he would be careful what did. Behold, the light of eternity is shining upon your soul, God Himself sees you, you stand the blaze of the eternal day. O Christian man, with transparent honesty; have nothing to c ceal; come to the light, that your deeds may made manifest that they are wrought in God. clothed with light, and walk in the light as God in the light.

THREE PAIRS OF EVILS.

Our position in the light of the morning deman of us one more point of behavior: *we must nounce the deeds of darkness.* If we have be truly awakened, and have put on the garments light, it behoves us to have done with the thi that belong to the night. I will not dwell up them at any great length; but I may not p them over, since the apostle thought it necess to mention three pairs of evils with which we m have done. He mentions them because even Christian assemblies it is necessary to denoun these things. People exclaim against the preach if he speak plainly home about the vices of times. "Really, it is shocking," says one, "I not like to hear such indelicate things referred t No, no, ladies and gentlemen who do such thi cannot bear to hear of them by way of rebuke. have noticed that none are more fantastically n than *the morally nasty;* none are so ready to f fault when a spade is called a spade as th whose morals most want digging. They will co mit the vice themselves, but they cannot bear hear it mentioned—it shocks their marvellously d icate minds.

The apostle Paul felt none of the noxious dain ness which touches sin with a delicate hand; speaks out plainly, and he says that all Christ people, first, must have done with *sensuality*, wh he describes as "rioting and drunkenness." drinking bout is held it is usually at night. B quets generally begin in the evening; if they come scenes of gluttony and drunkenness they a vance far into the night; but the sun rebukes s orgies, and men usually give heed to the warnin "they that be drunken are drunken in the nigh Christian men have done with night, and ought have done with all excess in meat and dri Alas, there are some who spend more over a sin dinner for a few than would keep families of p people a month. Gluttony is seldom mentioned a possible fault, and yet I fear it is far from be an obsolete vice among professed followers Jesus.

"*Drunkenness,*" well I need not say how shan ful it is in any man; but he that professes to b Christian man, how temperate, how abstin should he be; for intoxication is a soul-destroy sin, and no drunkard can enter the kingdom God. These are night vices; let the children night have them if they will: as for us, we de to be filled with the Spirit, and fed upon the br of heaven, for we are the children of the day.

Then Paul denounces *impurity* by saying, " in chambering and wantonness." It is an aw thing when a man calls himself by the name Christian, and yet can be foul in language, chaste in conversation, lascivious in spirit, wic in life. If any man indulges in fornication adultery, and yet calls himself a Christian, he surely come under the curse of God. We spea such persons weeping, for they are the enemie the cross of Christ.

Oh, that you who are young might be kept f anything like looseness or effeminacy. A glances, words, and thoughts which tend way. Do not go near the borders of that sin men and women sin not grossly all at once, *slide by degrees*, as the vessel slides from the st into the sea at the time of its launching. It m very little at the first; but by and by it gai impetus, and glides rapidly into the deep. keep you from sins of the flesh, for they are a

ditch, and the abhorred of the Lord do fall into them. They are base deeds of the night; does not nature itself teach us so? Vice walks abroad beneath the moon; it is by night that our streets are defiled. O you who have reached the morning light, abhor these things, and hate even the garment spotted by the flesh.

The next night deed is *passion;* passion taking the two shapes of "strife and envying." Brawls are for the night. Fierce assaults disturb us in our sleep, but they are not usual in the day. So Christian men, being of the day, are not to strive. It is a great pity when strife comes into a family, when brother is divided from brother and father from son, and when relatives cannot speak well of one another. These bitter things are for the night; you have reached the daylight, and must have done with them! Away, then, from all deeds of darkness, and seek only that which may be set in the face of the sun and cause no man to blush.

II. Now, I have preached so long upon things required of you that you are beginning to say, "Ah me, how much there is for us to do! How shall we ever accomplish it? We have to wake, to put off our night garments, to dress in suitable attire, to behave ourselves as children of light, and to avoid the deeds of darkness. Alas, what shall we do?" Now listen, ye anxious ones; here is something sweet and blessed for you; you shall be inclined and helped to obey in all things; therefore hearken diligently and hear, that your souls may live. I preach to you

THE MORNING GOSPEL.

Here it is—"Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ."

This verse has been rendered very famous in church history, since that chief among the fathers, the mighty teacher Augustine, found the light through reading this verse. He had been leading an ungodly and more or less dissipated life when he began in a measure to think upon his condition, and he thought he heard a voice saying to him, "Tolle, lege. Tolle, lege!" "Take up and read." So, taking up the New Testament which lay near, he began to read it, and, as God would have it, he opened upon this very place, and he read: "Let us walk honestly as in the day, not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ."

Here are his words, which I will read to you: "I would read no further for I needed not; for when I had read to the end of this sentence all the darkness of doubtfulness vanished away, as if some clear light of security were poured into my heart. It was as if it had been said, 'O man, acknowledge thy misery, thou art naked; cover thy filthiness; *put upon thee Jesus Christ.*' And forthwith I felt a fire within me. My heart was lightened, the scales fell from mine eyes—I was able to see!" How earnestly do I desire that these words may strike some of you in the same powerful manner.

Does any one here desire to put off his old garments of sin and to dress in robes of holiness? And does he mourn over an empty wardrobe? See, here is a robe for him—"Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ." Did I hear one cry, "You told us to put on armor, but we have neither shield nor breastplate; how can we put on the armor of light?" Here is the panoply—"Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ." Does the man cry, "I am afraid to go into the world undressed, and I dare not put on the old garments of darkness; but what can I do?" Here it is; here is the death of sin and the life of holiness—"Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ."

For, first, in the Lord Jesus Christ, there is *a covering*. The garment covers the man; he is hidden, and his garments are seen. Come, then, poor sinner, and take by faith the Lord Jesus Christ to be a covering for your soul. You are naked, but He will be your robe of righteousness. There is in the Lord Jesus a complete and suitable apparel for thy soul, by which every blemish and defilement shall be put out of sight, according to the word, "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, and whose sin is covered." In Christ Jesus there is merit to cover our demerit, purity to cover our impurity, obedience to cover our disobedience, beauty to cover our deformity, perfection to cover our imperfection, acceptance to cover our provocation.

"Ay," saith one, "I need more than just to be covered, I must have *a garment provided for my necessity;* suitable for my everyday work." My text points you to a full supply: "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ" as the most suitable dress for a saint at work, as well as for a sinner desiring justification before God.

As we have already said, a first necessity is to awake, and truly none can lie and dream after they have once beheld his glorious robe; they are eager to obtain it. Our next necessity is to cast off the old garments of the night, and nothing helps us more than to put on Christ. Only look at this robe of righteousness as yours, and you will loathe the filthy rags of sin at once. When a man perceives the perfection of the righteousness of Christ, which is freely given to him of God, he abhors his sin, he loves his God, and pines to be like Him in holiness. There is no breeder of repentance like simple faith in Jesus Christ. Unbelieving philosophers tell us that if we preach salvation by faith in Christ alone people will take license to sin; but in this they err from want of observation.

Now speak your own experience, Christian man; did you ever feel yourself moved to sin by the assurance of being justified by Christ's righteousness? Never was there such a case in this world. A man may hear about it and turn it into an excuse for sin, but he cannot in his heart believe it and do so. The grandest motive power for the death of sin is the death of Christ; and nothing makes us so eager to die *unto* sin as Christ's death *for* sin. Off goes the filthy raiment at the sight of the glorious, spotless righteousness which is freely presented to every needy sinner in Christ Jesus.

I would call attention to this garment very specially in a few words. The text says, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ." What made him use

THE THREE NAMES

there? Because he meant to point out the three senses in which we clothe ourselves from head to foot with Christ. "Put ye on the Lord," become His servant, wear His livery, let Him be your Rabbi, your Master, your King, your Lord. Put ye on "Jesus" the Saviour, acknowledge yourself as a saved one, saved by Him whose name is called Jesus "for He shall save His people from their sins." Put ye on "Christ"—that is the Anointed; take an anointing from God the Holy Spirit through Jesus Christ to whom He is given without measure. As Christ is anointed to be prophet, priest, and king, put Him on in all these three offices, and rejoice to do so. "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ."

Do not put on Jesus only as your Saviour, put him on as your Commander. Do not only put Him on as your Master and Saviour, but as your Christ, anointed for you. Take a whole Christ to yourself that you may be wholly in Him, and so may be spiritual, gracious, holy. Henceforth may those around you see nothing of you, but much of your Lord. May your outward character be so Christ-like that men may see Christ displayed upon you, as a new garment is displayed by the act of wearing it. May the Spirit of glory and of Christ rest upon you. May you be clothed with power. Our Lord said to His disciples, "Tarry at Jerusalem until ye are endued with power from on high"—the word signifies "clothed." If we are clothed with Christ, we shall be clothed with power from on high; even as He has said "The works that I do shall ye do also." Therefore put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Yes," but I hear another say, "I want not only raiment to cover my nakedness and supply my necessity, but I want *apparel for my dignity*. You told us that we were to walk abroad in a worthy and honorable manner." Ah, and so you will if you put on Christ. Oh what a bright creature in the sight of God is the man who has put on Christ. God himself asks no purer or more acceptable array. The perfection of God is upon the soul that has put on Christ. Ay, and while God thus sees us in Christ, and is well pleased with us, our fellows are obliged to admire us too. If you put on Christ, so that you become like to Christ, your walk and conversation will be bright and lustrous before the eyes of those about you. They, perhaps, will not like it, they may even hate you for it, but they will not be able to do otherwise than own your excellence. He who lives in Christ lives a charming life, which, by its loveliness, commands the homage of onlookers.

"Ay," says another, "but you have forgotten part of your sermon. You said that now we were awake we were to put on armor." I have not forgotten, for Christ is *armor for our defence*, therefore put on the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is a coat of mail for you. The man that does as Christ would do, and thinks as Christ would think, and lives as Christ would live, and makes Christ to be all in all to him, and thus armors himself with Christ, is thereby made impervious to the shafts of the enemy, and amid the darts of temptation or the arrows of slander he may abide unharmed. The Lord is our defence, and the Holy One of Israel is our King.

"Ay," saith one, "but you told us that the day when it was once up, would never again darken into night, but brighten into a perfect day." It is even so, and here is *raiment provided for our expectancy*. We may expect to meet with years of mingled conflict, service, and suffering. "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ," and you will be prepared for all weathers, fair or foul, and for all conditions and requirements. This garment will never wax old; it will last you all the desert through, and, what is more, it is suitable for Canaan, and you shall keep it on for ever and ever. We need a dress that we can wear in all the events which will happen in the awful future, the endless future. It is on this account that I press home the words of my text—"Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ."

Our Lord is a fit robe for life and death, for time and for eternity. I expect to battle till I die; here is my armor, the integrity and uprightness which I learn of Christ will preserve me. I expect in death to rise out of this lower life into a higher one; and when I reach that higher life, that glory life, I shall require a dress, and I shall find it in my Lord. I cannot have a better garment than the Lord Himself, and there is a wedding coming on! Every believer expects to be married to his Lord. Then, dear friend, you must certainly have *a wedding dress*. How can you go in unto the marriage feast, not having on a wedding garment? but here you have it: "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ."

Now I have done; but how I wish that some souls would be moved as Augustine was, and at once put on Christ before they leave the place. I wish that some of you that came in here this morning with nothing on but your

OLD RAGGED RIGHTEOUSNESS

would at once pull it off and throw it under your feet. Here is Jesus Christ Himself waiting to become your righteousness. Will you not have Him? His is a perfect righteousness, for He magnified the law, and made it honorable. He made a perfect robe, and then He dyed it in His blood, that you might wear it as the imperial purple of the kingdom which He gives you.

Put it on, poor soul, that is all. "But I have nothing that I could bring." Do not bring anything, but put on Christ. There He is! Do not refuse Him! I beseech you, do not refuse Him; for he who will not put on Christ when Christ is freely set before him must not wonder if at the last he stands shivering amid the glare of the last lightnings, in front of the awful judgment-seat, with the eyes of men and angels, and the eyes of the great Judge, fixed upon him. Ah, then he tries to hide himself and cannot, and he shrieks to rocks and mountains, "Hide me, hide me from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne." He will have no one but himself to blame when it comes to that, if he will not put on Christ. May the Lord Jesus now be made unto you wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Romans 12.]

The Evening Prayer.

George Radcliffe's Cruel Accusation.

THE EVENING PRAYER.

"NURSIE," said a childish voice, "who hears our prayers beside you?" Two little figures attired in airy costume were bending their knees and about to repeat their usual prayers. The inquiry was addressed to the nurse who from their birth had taken charge of the children. She was an earnest Christian girl, who, happily for the little ones, filled the place which their mother left vacant, she having too many engagements in the world of fashion to think of the spiritual welfare of her children.

Nurse explained to the children the wonderful nature of prayer. Both listened in silent awe. The time might come when they would be puzzled by scientific objections, and would hear that "the laws of the universe are not suspended in answer to prayer." They might some day learn that in this late day of the world's history it was proposed to institute "*a prayer test*," but as they bowed at nurse's knee in childlike faith and confidence their hearts were nearer the standard of excellence Jesus set up than those of the philosophers.

The evening prayer was then said, the children repeating solemnly the words uttered by the infant lips of many generations:

> "Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray thee' Lord, my soul to keep;
> If I should die before I wake,
> I pray thee, Lord, my to soul to take,
> And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

Then after they had retired to their little beds, the nurse too sought her own chamber, and bending at the Throne of Grace prayed that God would bless such teachings as she was able to give to the children, and that when they grew up and were exposed to the temptations of life they might be "kept unspotted from the world."

None can tell the impression produced on a child's mind by a simple prayer regularly uttered every night. It is an interesting incident that is told of an old saint of eighty-six years, whose mind had so failed that he could not recognize *his own daughter*. Very touching was the scene one night, after retiring, as he called his daughter under the impression that the form he saw, with eyes dimmed with the dews of death, was his mother, saying, like a little child, "Mother, come here by my bed and hear me say my prayers before I go to sleep." She came near. He clasped his white withered hands, and repeated the verse; then quietly fell asleep, and woke in heaven.

GEORGE RADCLIFFE'S CRUEL ACCUSATION.

GEORGE RADCLIFFE was a farmer, whose wife being dead, employed his niece to manage his house. Morose, penurious, and suspicious, he was at the best a far from agreeable master, and, in his darker moods, could say cutting things in words so provoking as to be almost unendurable. But Martha, his niece, had accepted the old man's invitation to go to the farm without hesitation, for she was very poor; her father and mother were only recently dead, and she knew that in some way she must earn a living for herself. She was a pious girl and when her uncle offered her a home it seemed to her a fulfilment of her dying father's words as he said, "Do not fear, my child, I have committed your lot to the Lord, and He will provide a home for the orphan." The farm had not proved a home in the true sense of the word. There she had found food and shelter; but the feeling of home, such as she had enjoyed in the dear old place where her childhood had been spent, had not been renewed at the farm. She had worked hard and had kept the place clean and tidy, but she found it impossible to win her uncle's confidence. His whole soul was bound up in his money, and he suspected every one, and, as it seemed to her, herself most of all, of a design on his hoard.

One evening, her domestic duties concluded, she sat down by the light of a candle to repair some article of wearing apparel belonging to her uncle. She sat stitching alone for some time, the farmer not having returned from market; but soon she heard his heavy footstep at the door. He entered and walked straight to a corner cupboard in which he usually kept his loose money. In a moment he turned hastily to his niece, and said, in an angry tone: "Martha, how's this? I left ten pounds here when I want away this morning, and now there's only five?" As he uttered these words his look and manner were such as clearly to convey the impression that he laid the whole blame of the loss on her.

Poor Martha's whole nature shrank with horror, not only from dishonesty but from the suspicion of it. As her uncle's words fell upon her ear, she turned deathly pale, and was hardly able to utter a word beyond the assurance that she knew nothing whatever about the missing money. Her state of tremor and fright was taken by her suspicious uncle as proof that she had either stolen the money or had some guilty knowledge as to its disappearance. Where's that money gone to?" he said. 'You've got your Bible open there I see, but don't think I'm going to be deceived by that. There's more roguery among them as professes to be religious, I tell you, than anywhere else."

Martha's first impulse was to leave the house at once, although it had been dark more than an hour, and seek a friendly shelter among the neighbors. Going up, however, to her bedroom, she laid the matter, with many tears and earnest supplications, before God. She particularly pleaded the promise in Ps. 37: 5, 6, "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass; and He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light and thy judgment as the noonday." Soothed and cheered by these words, and by the testimony of a good conscience, Martha retired to rest, with a calm persuasion that in some way or another she would be cleared from the dreadful aspersion which had been cast upon her.

The next morning her uncle was even more bitter and unmeasured in his abuse than before. He avowed his intention of sending for a policeman and having Martha taken before the magistrate of the neighboring town; but before doing anything else, he called to consult a neighbor who was supposed to be uncommonly long-headed and well-informed in matters of law. "I'll tell you what, Radcliffe," said the latter, after hearing the story of the robbery, "if you are not careful you will make a great fool of yourself. There's no *proof* that the girl is guilty, and if you bring a charge as won't stand, against your own niece, you may look out for a snubbing from the squire."

Hard-hearted and obtuse as he was, Radcliffe had a strong wish not to look foolish in the pres-

Rev. Charles Kendall.

Mr. Charles Cook.

Rev. George Osborn, D.D.

ence of his landlord, and so gave up the idea of prosecuting Martha, although still clinging to the firm persuasion that she was guilty.

Four long weeks, which seemed like years to Martha, passed, and the disappearance of the money remained wrapped in mystery, when an occurrence at the inn of the next hamlet solved it. A drunken laborer, who had at the time of the robbery been in Radcliffe's employ, was heard to boast that he had "served old Radcliffe out for paying for his bit o' work so badly," and said he was not the sort of man to be "swindled by a miserly farmer." The man, too, was found to have more money than such men usually have, and suspicion was excited.

Perhaps no one would have troubled to right the old farmer; but there were many who would rejoice in seeing his niece cleared of suspicion. Inquiries were made, which resulted in the discovery that the man had asked for change of the identical five pound note Radcliffe had lost.

The laborer was tried and convicted for his theft, and Martha rose in her uncle's esteem by the patience with which she had borne an unjust and cruel charge. She became to the old man almost as dear as his gold, and when after his death she was informed by the farmer's lawyer that she was sole heiress of his property, she acknowledged with devout humility that God had more than fulfilled the promise which had cheered her on the night when her uncle had brought against her his unjust charge.

THE REV. GEORGE OSBORN, D.D.,

The New President of the British Wesleyan Conference.

THE Rev. George Osborn, D.D., who has just been re-elected to the chair of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, was *born* March 29th, 1808, and is therefore now in the 73d year of his age. He is a native of Rochester, England, where his father was in business as a dry goods merchant, and highly esteemed as an earnest Methodist and acceptable local preacher for fifty years. Brought under the influence of religion while yet young, he was early led to Christ, and while under the parental roof was taught zealously to promote the interests of Wesleyan Methodism.

He was *educated* at Brompton, under Dr. Hulett, a well-known educationalist of that day. Having joined the Wesleyan Methodist Society, and engaged in various evangelistic work, at the age of twenty-one he was recommended as a candidate for the Wesleyan ministry. At the Conference of 1829 he was appointed junior minister in the Brighton Circuit, where he spent two years, under the fatherly guidance of the Rev. John Geden. In 1831, he removed to Liverpool, and at the Manchester Conference of 1833 was ordained, and soon made his mark as *a preacher*. He at once occupied a prominent position in the foremost Circuits in England.

In 1851, he was appointed one of the general Secretaries of the Wesleyan Mission House, which post he held for seventeen years. Elected a member of the Legal Hundred in 1849, he was by a large vote *placed in the chair* of the Conference in 1863. During this year he received the honorary degree of D.D. from America.

During his year of office he rendered invaluable service to Methodism, especially in connection with the Jubilee of Wesleyan Foreign Missions, in which movement he took a most active part. In 1864, owing to the sudden decease of the president, the Rev. William L. Thornton, he had again to discharge the duties of the presidency. In 1868 he was appointed Theological Professor at the Wesleyan Mission College, Richmond, Surrey, which post he still holds. At the institution of the Fernley Lectureship, he delivered the first lecture, taking for his subject "The Work of the Holy Spirit." He is thoroughly versed in Wesleyan theology, and has a full grasp of the polity of Methodism. As a Conference debater he is unequalled. In politics he is a strong Conservative.

The Rev. Dr. Osborn belongs to a generation of Methodist ministers, the remaining representatives of which are comparatively few. All the qualifications necessary to make a powerful minister of the Gospel are combined in him. Together with extraordinary natural gifts, he has always possessed the habits of a laborious student. He has very extensively studied Methodist *biography*; but his sympathies have, perhaps, been more fully commanded by the marvellous poetical forms in which the spiritual element of Methodism has found its permanent expression. The Methodist Hymn Book in Dr. Osborn's hands has often appeared as an incomparable manual of devotion and directory of the Christian life. By his *complete edition of the poetical works of John and Charles Wesley* he has conferred a lasting benefit on the Church.

A man of such labors, of such Connectional position, and of such power, is worthy of the re-election with which he has now been honored. There has been only one other instance of re-election to the high office in twenty-eight years, and that was the case of the venerable John Farrar in 1870. Twelve months ago it was feared that the term of his service might not be much extended; and he was so unwell, and so full of apprehensions, that he desired at once to resign the chair of Theology at Richmond; but there has taken place a great improvement in his health, and he seems at present equal to the duties of his arduous position.

The President has before him a year which will be made memorable in the annals of Methodism. The great representative gathering which quickly followed the recent Conference will turn the thoughts of Methodists in all lands to London and to that British Methodism of which the President will be the leading representative. No one can tell the Œcumenical Conference more about Wesley than Dr. Osborn can. No one can more readily settle any historical difficulty that may arise in that assembly. No one can more correctly represent the conditions and tendencies which distinguished the Wesleyan Connection before the last great agitation by which it was convulsed, and throughout a past generation.

REV. CHARLES KENDALL,

The New President of the British Primitive Methodist Conference.

THE Rev. Charles Kendall, of Driffield, the newly elected president of the Primitive Methodist Conference in England, is the oldest minister in the Hull District, and has on one or two former occasions been put in nomination for the presidency.

He is a man about sixty-two years of age, and has been engaged in the work of the ministry for forty-two years. He is fresh and vigorous for his years, and looks younger than he really is. He is of medium size, and rather slight build, but appears to have a good constitution and considerable working power. He has, we understand, some four or five brothers who are all ministers, some of whom have been remarkable for their precocious mental development and his only son has been from his boyhood a popular minister, and has distinguished himself for his scholastic attainments. He has rather a long face, with strongly marked lines, a perpendicular forehead, and level eyebrows knit over the eyes. He shaves the upper lip, but wears a beard which is getting mixed with gray.

His voice is clear and bell-like, and he is a distinct and effective speaker. Mr. Kendall has for many years been an efficient and influential minister in the Hull district, and is now employed as a circuit preacher in the largest station in the connection. He is possessed of considerable literary power, and is an author of some repute, having produced two volumes of considerable merit on "Strange Footsteps; or, the Mysteries of Providence," and "A Biography of the late Rev. W. Sanderson," etc. It is also rumored that he has for some time been engaged in preparing a history of Primitive Methodism in Hull. It may be hoped that his year of office will be rich in blessing to the church which has appointed him to its presidential chair.

"NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

BY HESBA STRETTON.

(*Continued from page 575.*)

Her Last Command.

ISHMAEL loosed his hold of his mother, but he did not rise from the place where he was kneeling beside her. A faint gleam coming up from the room below lit up Ruth's face as she looked earnestly and searchingly into his.

"I can't quit my mother," he answered, speaking in a loud but forced tone; "she's dyin', and if I go maybe I shall never see her again."

"Ishmael," said Ruth, "thee has never forgiven Nutkin yet."

"No," he muttered, "no; it's been too much to forgive. He drove me away from home: and I'd have been a man by now, instead of a wastrel, if he hadn't been hard on me. Thee'd not ha' worked thyself to death, mother, if it hadn't been for him. No; I've not forgiven him. Let him find his little lad for himself!"

"You must come, Ishmael," called Elsie. "Willie's been missing five hours or more; and we can hear him crying in the old quarry; and nobody knows it like you do; and the opening's too small for a man to crawl through, and it's no use sending in a boy, if any of them would go alone. Oh come quickly! Suppose he strayed into one of those pools you told me of, and was drowned. Come down this minute!"

But Ishmael did not move, holding his mother's hand between his own, and gazing mournfully into her beseeching face.

"If I bid thee go," she murmured, "thee would not disobey me now I'm dyin'?"

"Don't send me," he cried; "don't bid me go!"

"Nay," she said tenderly. "I'm bound to bid thee, and thee art bound to go. It 'ud be no comfort to see thee nigh me, if I couldn't die happy for thinkin' o' the little lad in the pit. And it's partly because thee hasn't forgiven Nutkin. And if we forgive not men their sins, neither will our heavenly Father forgive ours. That's what the blessed Lord says. And oh, if thee forgives him, the Lord will forgive thee. Go, Ishmael; I shall see thee again—not here, maybe—but in some better place."

"I'll go," he said looking into her face very sorrowfully; "but, oh, if I never see thee again in this world, it'll seem hard to wait till we get to heaven."

Still Elsie's impatient and entreating voice reached their ears, urging him to make haste, and his mother's sunken eyes were fastened upon him with a look in them as if she was beseeching him to go. It might be the last time he would ever see her face. With a deep and heavy sob Ishmael stooped to kiss her, and, as if afraid to trust himself to linger another moment, he sprang down the ladder, and, pushing on through bramble and brushwood, quickly reached the entrance of the cave.

It was no longer dark and solitary. Many of the villagers were there, and the glimmer of several lanterns produced a lurid and fitful light. Nutkin knelt at the far end of the cave before the low and narrow inlet, through which, when there was a moment's silence, he fancied he could hear in the black darkness the voice of his child crying.

"The men will be here with pick-axes soon, Nutkin," said the squire, who stood beside him, "and we'll get the little fellow out in a very short time, my man."

"I'm more afeard of the picks bringing the old roof in than aught else, sir," answered Nutkin, in a voice of despair; "there's been a deal o' heavy rain o' late, and there's been two or three hollows given in above ground; and if the roof gave way betwixt us and the little lad he'd die o' fright before we could dig him out. If the hole was but big enough for a man to creep through! But nobody could creep through a hole no bigger than a rabbit-bury; only a teeny creature like little Willie."

A profound silence followed Nutkin's speech, for no man or woman there could risk the life of any of their boys by sending them into the workings of the old quarry. And amid the silence there was heard plainly enough a low stifled voice speaking.

"I can crawl through," it said; "I know every step o' the old pit."

"Ishmael Medway!" shouted half-a-dozen voices, joyously, "he's the lad, if there is one."

He felt himself pushed forward to the far end of the cave, where the light was strongest. The thin, stunted, undersized lad, in his tattered clothing, and with his mournful face, stood in front of the squire, and of his old enemy, who gazed at him half in shame and half in hope.

"Mother's sent me," he said, touching his old ragged cap to the squire. "She's dyin', and I don't s'pose as I shall ever see her again; but she couldn't die happy with the little lad lost in the pit. And mother says if I forgive him here God'll forgive me, and take me, some day, somewhere, *to the place where she's goin'!* I slept here last night, and I heard the ground give way. Don't set any picks at work."

Ishmael did not wait for an answer, but lying down on the ground, crept through the narrow, winding tunnel he had often crawled through as a boy. He called back to them when he had reached the shaft, where he could stand upright, and they saw that he had struck a light; but presently all sound and sign of him was lost, and Nutkin and the squire rose from their knees where they had been watching and listening, and the fitful light of the lanterns shone upon the tears in their eyes.

"I'll make a man of that lad," said the squire in a broken voice.

"God Almighty bring him and Willie safe back," cried Nutkin, sinking down on his knees again, "and I'll treat him as my own son, I will; as long as ever I live! So help me, God!"

So silent for some time was the crowd of villagers now thronging the cave, that they could hear the heavy splashes of water falling from the rain-sodden earth into the little pools collected below in the subterranean alleys of the old pit; and once a low rumbling like distant thunder, telling of the earth giving way in one of the many galleries, made them hold their breath in speechless dread, and look anxiously into one another's faces. But, as if Ishmael too had heard it, and wished to reassure them, there came *the sound of his voice*, calling back to them from the hidden pathways.

"God bless him!" exclaimed the squire, a smile for a moment crossing his anxious and clouded face.

"Ay!" cried Chipchase, "he was as good a lad as ever breathed before he went to gaol for stealing them pheasants' eggs; and old Ruth, his mother, you might trust her in a room full of golden guineas. She's as good an old soul as ever lived. Ishmael said she was a-dying, didn't he, sir?"

"Yes," answered the squire.

"And she'd send him away from her to save Nutkin's little lad!" said Chipchase; "that's what I call being a Christian. Any minute might bring the roof over his head, and bury him alive: and old Ruth knows it. But if any soul in Broadmore believes in God, it's Ruth; and, please God, I'll be a better man myself from this day forth."

The farmer's voice trembled as he finished speaking, and he turned his face away from the light, ashamed to let his neighbors see how much he felt.

"Old Ruth's had a hard, bitter life," said Mrs. Chipchase, sobbing; "she was near broken-hearted when Ishmael went to gaol; and she's never been the same woman since. He was like the apple of her eye, Ishmael was; and he'd worse luck than any of her children, thanks to Nutkin, I always said, and always shall say to my dying day. What was a boy's taking a few paltry eggs, I'd like to know?"

"I'll treat him like my own son," muttered Nutkin, not looking up.

"We must make it up to him," added the squire. "If I'd known he was a good lad, he should never have gone to gaol."

"Hush!" cried Elsie, who was standing beside Mrs. Chipchase.

Instantly there was a breathless stillness in the cave, and every eye was turned toward the low outer entrance, through which they could hear the dragging of weary footsteps. Bent almost double, and tottering as if every step must be the last, came *old Ruth herself*.

"Where's Ishmael?" she asked, looking round at her neighbors' faces with eyes dim and glazed.

When Ishmael had obeyed her, and gone away from her death-bed, Ruth had for a little while lain still in utter solitude. After the echo of Ishmael's and Elsie's footsteps had died away, not a sound had reached her ears. She was accustomed to be alone; but this loneliness seemed terrible in her last hours. An unutterable yearning came upon her to see her boy once more, to know what he was doing, and what was befalling him. He had gone into danger at her bidding; and until she knew what became of him, she felt as if she could not turn her thoughts even to the God in whom she trusted. If only Humphrey would come home, she would prevail upon him to follow Ishmael to the cave, and bring back word, or send some one to tell her what was going on. How could she die in peace while her boy was in instant danger? She lifted herself up, and strained her ear to catch some distant sound of voices or footsteps, but there was nothing save utter silence and solitude.

Then a feverish strength, the strength of the dying, came to her. To be somewhere near where Ishmael was, to have faces about her, and hear the voices of her neighbors, seemed absolutely needful to her. With feeble, yet hurried hands, she dressed herself in the poor old clothing she had laid aside for the last time, and with faltering feet she descended the steep ladder. The fresh air of the evening blowing softly in her face revived her, and made her feel as if it had only been because she had been lying in bed in the hot, dark loft that she had thought herself dying. But as she crept on through the tangle of brushwood, with barely strength enough to part the hazel twigs which beset her path, the numbing hand of death weighed more and more heavily upon her.

She heard the voices of her neighbors passing to and fro in the woods, but she could not call loudly enough to make them hear. The thrushes sang in the topmost branches of the trees, where they could yet see the lingering sunset light, but below her path was all in darkness, and the power of seeing was fading out of her eyes. Half-blind, stumbling over the roots of the trees, fainting with weariness, yet urged on by her passionate love for her son, Ruth reached the cave at last. She was come to die somewhere near where Ishmael was.

"Didn't he say his mother lay a-dying?" exclaimed some of the crowd, as they fell back to make way for her. But as soon as they caught sight of her face by the light of the lanterns they knew that she was dying. She tottered forward with stumbling feet to the end of the cave, and sank down on the ground, breathing fitfully, while her sunken eyes gleamed with a bright light. Nutkin shrank away in awe of her; but she smiled faintly, and beckoned with her hand that he should watch and listen still at the post he had held since Ishmael had entered the old quarry. But he stood, pale and panic-stricken, looking down upon her as if she had been one come back from the dead.

"Ruth," cried Mrs. Clift, the schoolmistress, coming forward from among the villagers, "how did you get here?"

She sat down on the ground beside her, and drew the gray old head upon her lap; and Ruth looked up thankfully, and summoned all her failing strength to answer.

"I was afeard," she whispered, "never to see Ishmael again. And God helped me. The poor lad 'ud fret so if he never saw me again; and it 'll be easier to die here than all alone at home yonder."

"Some of us ought to have thought of you," said the schoolmistress.

"It's best here," she whispered again, "near Ishmael. God's been very good to me all my life; and He's very good to me now I'm dying. I'd rather wait here for him to come back than be anywhere else in the world. Only I shall miss seein' Humphrey, and he was a good husband to me once."

"Ruth Medway," said the squire, speaking

ly and distinctly, that she might hear him, 'on't you be troubled about your son. I will see r him, and make a man of him ; I promise you mnly."

uth looked up inquiringly into the squire's face nfamiliar face, looking blurred and misty to failing eyes.

Who is it?" she asked.

The squire," said the schoolmistress, gently.

I thank you humbly, sir," she said, making a at effort, "but it's too late now, I'm afeard. s goin' away to a country where there's a bet- chance for him, as soon as I'm gone. He won't e me, sir, not as long as I live, if he starve for But he'll go as soon as I'm dead."

I ll make it worth his while to stay at home," l the squire.

There won't be no home when I'm gone," rmured Ruth ; "he's never had a home these years ; like Him that had no place to lay His d."

(To be concluded.)

TEMPERANCE.

S. Lesson for September 25. 1 Cor. 9 : 22-27. olden Text 1 Cor. 9 : 25. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

OUR lesson for to-day is temperance, and *temperance is one of the fruits of the Spirit*, which "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, odness, faith, meekness, temperance" (Gal. 22) ; thus, in order to possess true temperance, need the Holy Ghost. All self-restraint which oceeds from a selfish motive includes self- ulgence or self-exaltation. For instance, in the cient Grecian athletic games, to which our Gold- Text refers, the candidates for the prize were nperate in food, drink, etc. ; they went into train- , as young men do now for boat-racing. But s was quite consistent with an immoderate am- ion, and the flesh, which was kept under on the e hand, exalted itself all the more on the other. at can be true of Christians which was never ie to the letter in the ancient runners and wres- rs.—"Every man that striveth for the mastery temperate *in all things*."

It would have been impossible for those ancient ndidates for "a corruptible crown" of laurel, rsley, or olive, to put themselves to so much in- nvenience if the fading crown had not brought th it unfading honors, if the combatants had not fore them *something they esteemed worth striv- g for*. What, then, is the goal for which we are iving—what is "the mark for the prize of the gh calling of God in Christ Jesus," which Paul essed toward twenty-eight years after his con- rsion, during his first imprisonment in Rome hil. 3 : 14)? What was that "crown of right- usness" which he knew was already laid up for m in heaven, and for all those who love Christ's ppearing. "If by any means I might attain nto" (Phil. 3 : 11), "lest that by any means, when have preached to others, I myself should be a astaway." Such words as these from such a man nply an object which he might have missed many ears after his conversion, and even after he could y, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." e was saved from hell, from sin, and from him- lf, but there was a grasp of the eternal life which e already possessed, which he yet sought for ; there as a knowing Christ and a winning Christ in an in- nser inward union than was as yet his experience, o for this Paul counted all else "but loss" and but dung" (Phil. 3 : 7, 8). He measured all things n their bearing upon this one goal, never let hanker- ng glances follow that which was allowable. "All nings are lawful unto me," said he, "but all nings are not expedient ; all things are lawful for ne, but I will not be brought under the power of ny." This is Christian temperance.

How, then, can a man be temperate in business? Paul says, The time is short, let they that buy be s though they possessed not (1 Cor. 7 : 29). Such n exhortation followed, and men of business would not die of heart disease, induced by over- nxiety, by excessive travelling, etc. ; we should not hear of sad cases of brain wear in the service of what?—a fortune which must and will be left at a moment's notice. O the intemperance of laying up treasures upon earth! O the folly of living only for time! Daniel was a man of business, but no pressing engagement hindered him from openly praying to his God, in the midst of a people who no doubt esteemed him a fanatic ; it was Daniel's temperance submitting the interests of time to those of eternity. Let a man deny himself when a good speculation offers, and go quietly on getting the ten per cent or so which is his equitable profit ; let him carry on his business as a steward for the Lord, and not think so much about the amount which may come to him, as about the honor of the Master with whose goods he is trading.

To be temperate in food, the aim will be not to seek that which is most pleasant and palatable, but that which can best fit us for our work, that which does not take too much time in cooking, and is not too expensive, so that time and money may be reserved for other work. To be temperate in drink in these days in which our God has so blessedly set His seal to the labors of His servants in the cause of total abstinence. There can be but one opinion about intoxicating drinks among those in our country who desire to serve God in the Spirit. "It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak" (Rom. 14 : 21). It has been so ably demonstrated, both in theory and by experience in hospitals, that intoxicating drinks are deleterious to health, that the old excuse that they are necessary for health can no longer stand its ground, the only place they can take is that of an expensive, useless, dangerous, and often, by the example to others, *cruel* luxury, and as such it becomes the followers of Christ in our land to have done with them.

But how to be temperate in dress? Both the apostles Peter and Paul have given us the mind of God on this subject for women ; and in our day there is nothing to find fault with in men's attire, unless it may be in useless extravagance. Paul calls on women to adorn themselves in "modest apparel," and he certainly did not mean such as show every line of their figure when they move, or that they should make themselves appear something like the nude statues which disgrace the houses where they are, by opening the door wide to the lust of the eye. It used to be only lost women who allowed their form to be seen by every passer-by, but now, just when bonnets are becoming modest once again one is almost forced to turn one's head the other way when a young lady walks down the street. "But it's the fashion," you say. Blessed be God, His children are not bound to follow the fashion. Jesus has redeemed us from our vain conversation (or manner of life) received by tradition from our fathers (1 Pet. 1 : 18). Better to be unfashionable than immodest or lacking in sobriety. The apostle further says, "Not with broidered hair, or gold or pearls, or costly array," *i.e.*, nothing which takes much time, much thought, or much money ; time, thought, and money are given for worthier objects. Peter says almost the same (1 Pet. 3 : 3).

How can we be temperate in our households? We are called to be "given to hospitality." A dear old German woman, the rich widow of a farmer, lives as simply as any of the farm-laborers who work on her farm ; she has in her dining-room only a deal floor without covering, deal tables without cloth, except at meal times, and deal benches. The same simplicity all over the house ; and yet she is willing at an hour's notice to afford hospitality to twelve or twenty of the Lord's servants. She has built a large hall for gospel preaching, where she undertakes all the financial responsbility. She dresses in common blue cotton, and works with the servants all day, that she "may have to give to him that needeth ;" she is perhaps one of the largest givers to missionary work in her part of Germany. This is an instance of temperance in a household. She economizes light, having breakfast at five o'clock A.M., dinner at eleven, and supper at seven, thus there is not much need to burn candle, and more money can therefore go to the Lord's work. O how much more could we all do if we were more simple in our households! Jesus had "not where to lay His head."

But how can we be temperate in our conversation? This is most important, but oh how much neglected by God's children! Useless words, light and aimless words, come as much under the heading of the "idle words" for which we shall have to give account, as bitter, untrue, and malicious words do. "Every idle word which men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified and by thy words thou shalt be condemned" (Matt. 12 : 36, 37). This is a day of much speaking and little reflection; we have to learn Solomon's exhortation, "He that hath knowledge spareth his words" (Prov. 17 : 27). But "a greater than Solomon is here," "The words which I speak unto you I speak not of myself" (John 14 : 10), said our blessed Lord. Oh let us learn to speak when God bids us speak, and never say that which is unnecessary, that so our speech be always with grace seasoned with salt, that we may know how to answer every man.

Again we must learn to be *temperate in sleep*. How many precious hours are lost through the evil habit of late rising. Most people can do well with seven hours' sleep, when they take as much regularly, from ten to five or from eleven to six, and this leaves a good margin for prayer before the day begins. Paul in everything kept under his body and brought it into subjection ; he would not let it master him by its requirements ; an unnecessary appeal from his body for more sleep when the hour for prayer was come would have been left unresponded to by Paul ; more food, when he had already taken enough to strengthen him, no, this would be denied ; conversation, when there was no necessity for it, no, the man lived for another. To him "to live was Christ."

A Distracted Mother Sought an Interview with Rev. Wolcott Calkins after he had preached, some years ago, at the American Chapel in Paris. He had referred in the course of his sermon, to Uzzah having been struck dead for touching the ark of God. When he read to her the story again she exclaimed, with sobs : "The ark, nothing but the ark ; and I have put forth my hand against my own son. I have killed him—I have murdered my boy."

From further explanations it appeared that she had been left a widow with two young children in a mansion in New York, and in the enjoyment of an immense fortune. She gave herself up to fashionable society and utterly neglected her children. When they were old enough to be companions to herself one of them joined the same gay society and seemed to desire nothing better. But the other son had become a studious, thoughtful, and Christian young man. His example was such a reproach to her that she could not bear to have him near her. Sensitive to this feeling of his mother he sought her out and told her he had received a business offer from South America, and had decided to go. She told him she was glad of it, and parted with him without one kind word, and without giving him the slightest help. By and by news came that a hazardous expedition by a company of American engineers in Brazil had been attacked by desperate highwaymen, and only one or two escaped. Among the killed was her son. Hence, the grief and remorse she now felt.

Mr. Calkins prayed with her with the fifty-first Psalm spread open before them. "*Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God,*" was her incessant cry. Gradually and timidly she began to hope for the thorough washing from iniquity for which David prayed. She was very ignorant of spiritual truth, and had to be led step by step, but ere long she gave proof of being truly converted to God. It turned out, strangely enough, that her son, after all, had not been murdered. His name was enrolled for the expedition, but he went only part way ; was detained by sickness, and ultimately returned to headquarters in safety. He heard of his mother's conversion, and when Mr. Calkins last heard of him he was on his way to join her in London. She declared to Mr. Calkins that her one desire was to receive assurance of forgiveness from her long-neglected and persecuted child.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Principal Topic of Interest in Europe during the week was the meeting at Dantzig, in Germany, of the Emperors of Russia and Germany on Thursday. The interview is represented as having no political significance; but the fact that the Emperor William was accompanied by Prince Bismarck, and the Czar by M. de Ghiers, implies that the personal relations of the two potentates were not the only cause that brought them together. It appears that the feeling between the two courts has been, since the Czar's accession, becoming gradually colder, and the Czar's known antipathy to German ideas, and the frigid nature of the hospitality tendered in Russia to German princes has increased the estrangement. When it became known that the Emperor William proposed to visit Dantzig, the Czar availed himself of the opportunity to remove the unpleasantness by paying him a visit. The meeting took place on board the Hohenzollern, the yacht of the Emperor of Germany, and the Czar afterward dined with the Emperor at Dantzig. The meeting is regarded in Europe as a rebuff to France, which had cherished hopes that, in the struggle with Germany which she anticipates, she might have had the assistance of Russia.

A Revolution has Broken out in Egypt. The insurgents under the lead of Araby Bey, with two regiments of infantry, consisting of 4000 soldiers, and two batteries of artillery, with thirty guns, surrounded the Abdin, the Khedive's palace, on Friday, September 9th, and demanded the immediate dismissal of the ministry and *the creation of an Egyptian Parliament.* The Soudan troops are marching on Cairo from Touras. The Bedouins of Upper Egypt are also under Araby's orders. The movement is connected with *the general Moslem rising.* It is feared that this difficulty may involve a dispute between England and France. The Khedive is at the mercy of his army, and is practically its slave. It is therefore necessary in the interest of the creditors of Egypt, that the state of anarchy resulting from the supremacy of the army should be terminated by some foreign power. France has too much to do in Tunis to take an active part herself, but would resent the interference of either England, Italy or Turkey. The situation is very ominous.

The Elections of Members of the British Parliament during the past week have caused some surprise. In Tyrone County, Ireland, there were three candidates for the vacant seat, and a supporter of Mr. Gladstone was elected. Mr. Parnell's nominee polled only 907 votes, while the successful candidate polled 3168. The London *Times* says: "Mr. Parnell's discomfiture is rendered more complete by the tremendous efforts of himself and colleagues during the canvass. Their speeches were more than ordinary electoral harangues. They appealed to the cupidity of one class of electors and to the patriotism of others, for the purpose of catching votes on every side. It is estimated that the Land League did not poll more than half of the Catholic vote."

An election in Cambridgeshire has resulted in a Conservative triumph. The Marquis of Blandford, the Liberal candidate, retired before the election. He came forward as a Land Law reformer; but if he had polled the constituency it would not have been a fair political test. Lord Blandford's personal character is so corrupt that the idea of his advocating reform in anything is ridiculous. Many supporters of Mr. Gladstone who would have liked to vote for a Liberal would probably have voted against Lord Blandford to save themselves from the disgrace of being represented in Parliament by so base a man.

The Methodist Œcumenical Council commenced its sittings in London on September 7th. The council was opened by a sermon by Bishop Simpson from the text John 6 : 63. The bishop argued that the success of Methodism could only be accounted for by the fact that it is instinct with the divine spirit of life. The successive assemblages of great Protestant bodies during late years, the bishop said, foreshadowed that there would, at no distant day, be an æcumenical conference of evangelical Christians of every denomination. Dr. Osborn, the president of the British conference, whose portrait we give on another page, delivered an address of welcome, to which Bishop McTyeire and Dr. Douglass, of Canada, responded. A resolution of the Business Committee desiring the prayers of the delegates for President Garfield was received with great enthusiasm, and a devotional meeting was held to pray for his restoration to health. The Lord Mayor of London, who is a Methodist, received about nine hundred delegates and others on Wednesday evening at the Mansion House. The Lord Mayor, in addressing the delegates, said he trusted the proceedings of the Conference would be a blessing to every member of the Christian body. At the session of Saturday the topic discussed was Methodism and the young, and Dr. Bennett deplored the tendency of the young people of America to leave the Methodist for other communions, which he considered *one of the most disastrous facts* connected with Methodism.

Mr. Parnell has Committed a Blunder which has involved those who followed his advice in a serious loss. He advised the tenants to sell their holdings rather than pay rent. Many of them did so, and are now without farms or interest. Had they retained possession they would now, under the new land law, be in a very advantageous position. Mr. Parnell is being severely blamed, and those who have been practically ruined by accepting his advice are loud in their complaints.

A Corner in Cotton has been Effected by a ring of speculators in Liverpool. This is not the first occasion on which they have attempted to force a rise in prices, but they have been more successful this time than formerly. A cablegram from Liverpool says: "The spinners are suffering heavy losses. The quarterly report of the council of the associations of spinners of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and adjoining counties, states that the spinning department is in a worse position than for some time. The trade is paying 10 to 20 per cent more for cotton than its proper value, while a small clique is pocketing the proceeds. These corners cannot be maintained for more than a few weeks at a time, but their constant recurrence points to the advisability of concerted action. A meeting of spinners was held at Manchester on Friday, at which it was decided to stop the mills for a week if the consent of two-thirds of the spinners could be secured. The meeting adjourned until the districts could be canvassed. Should the determination of the spinners be realized, the syndicate holding the cotton for a rise, with the banks that are aiding them, must lose heavily.

A Severe Engagement is Reported to have taken place on Wednesday, September 7th, between the French forces and the Arabs at Hammamet, in Tunis. The French Government have refused to allow war correspondents to accompany the army, so that the details of the battle have not been made public. The report, however, that the French were victorious is generally credited. They are usually successful in important engagements, but lose ground in the guerilla warfare and the minor struggles which their watchful antagonists force upon them. The ranks are being rapidly thinned by disease, and reinforcements are being sent. France has entered upon one of the little wars which entail serious loss of life and money, but bring little recompense. The government would rejoice if they could withdraw from the struggle without endangering their popularity at home; but they are not strong enough to follow the example the British set them in surrendering the Transvaal.

A Vegetable Bludgeon.—A London Lawyer relates a curious incident arising out of the apprehension timid people feel in travelling on the railroad since the recent murder: "Going home by rail, I carried a strong umbrella as the best means of protection. On one occasion I got into a carriage the only other occupant of which had what seemed to be a roll of paper in his hand. I thought he held it in an attitude of readiness for attack, and I accordingly sat equipped with my umbrella, prepared for any emergency. I was sure he had a bludgeon concealed in the harmless-looking roll of paper, and he certainly looked excited enough for a deed of violence. Need I say that I breathed more freely when I reached my destination. I sent a letter, which was published, to a morning paper, detailing my 'narrow escape.' Next day I read in the same journal a letter from my fellow-traveller, describing a scare he had had in riding with a fellow-passenger who carried his umbrella in a way that suggested offensive intentions. Thus my watchful, suspicious air, and the position of my weapon of defence—[illegible] umbrella—made him uneasy, and his roll of paper was simply *a cucumber* which he was bearing home to his family." The incident reminds us of the many groundless alarms which, from time to time, disturb the quietude even of the children of God. As the Psalmist said: "There were they in great fear where no fear was." (Psa. 53 : 5.)

Refusing to Pay for Heathen Rites.—The Rev. Dr. Verbeck, a missionary in Japan, narrates the following hopeful incident: A rule was adopted for the Japanese army, that every soldier should give a small amount to provide for the funeral expenses and for the widows and children of those who might die in the service. A young Christian soldier refused to pay his quota, saying that he was willing to give toward the support of the families of deceased comrades, and for ordinary funeral expenses, but not for heathen rites of a Japanese burial. He was put under arrest, and, what was more trying, was urged by some native Christians to yield. He, however, remained firm. The matter was referred to the Government. Much anxiety was felt in relation to the decision. The Government has released the prisoner, restored him to his position, and announced that *he need not pay for Buddhist rites if he were not disposed to do so.* This recognition of the rights of conscience, and grant of religious liberty, are worthy of honor, and will be heard of with satisfaction by all Christians.

"The Man of Glass" was the Name used by the attendants to designate a Frenchman at Bicêtre Asylum, who was taken there in 1797, wounded by a pane of glass which fell on his head, and before the cut could be healed the brain became affected by a permanent disease. After the first transports of delirium had passed off the man became more quiet; but he could never get rid of the idea that he was made of glass, and that the least shock or blow would cause him to break in pieces. He remained, therefore, perfectly quiet and silent, being afraid even to speak, for fear of precipitating the catastrophe which he fancied was ever impending. For eighty-three long years he had led this singular existence, only once opening his lips in speech, when he asked for a little tobacco. At only one period his faculties appeared to be aroused, and that was when during the siege of Paris he could hear the shells bursting in the air at no great distance from his place of retreat. At the time of his death he had attained the age of 103. His illusion appears very ridiculous to some people, but many men who are supposed to have the use of their reason cherish ideas which, in the light of eternity, they will see were equally idiotic and more disastrous to their own well being. (1 Timothy 4 : 1).

"Coming Wars," by the Rev. M. Baxter: Two Pamphlets; price five cents each by mail. *First Pamphlet* contains "Ten Signs of the End, and Description of Approaching Events;" with two maps of the territory to be under Antichrist's rule, and four large diagrams. *Second Pamphlet* contains valuable quotations from twenty-six Expositors on the same subject. Address, with price inclosed, THE CHRISTIAN [illegible], 63 Bible House, New York.

The Following Works by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon are for sale at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Office at prices [illegible] below what they can be obtained for elsewhere. Remittances must accompany orders: *Ploughman's Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in [illegible], 60 cents. *The Treasury of David*, a homiletical exposition of the book of Psalms, four vols., as far as Psa. 103, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon Birth-Day Book.* This popular gift-book contains a suitable passage selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every day in the year, with a blank space opposite for autographs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon appear at their respective birthdays. The book is gorgeously bound, and the price is 75 cents.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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NCIS MURPHY, the Famous Temperance Lecturer and Founder of the BLUE RIBBON MOVEMENT.

FRANCIS MURPHY.

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IN THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of August 18th, we informed our readers of the departure from this country for Europe of Francis Murphy, whose successes during the past eleven years in the United States and Canada have been amazing, not fewer than *eleven million signatures* having been obtained in that period to the ever-lengthening roll of the Blue Ribbon Temperance Army, through the agency of Mr. Murphy and the co-operation of his numerous band of lieutenants. This week we give a portrait of Mr. Murphy, and pictures of four incidents in his life.

Francis Murphy was *born* at the village of Targoat, in Wexford, Ireland, on April 24th, 1836, and is therefore now forty-five years of age. His parents occupied a very lowly station in life, but they were pre-eminently honest and moral people, greatly respected by all who knew them.

The humble cottage in which the family lived overlooked the sea. Francis often stood at the door of it, watching passing vessels, with their white sails set, bearing toward the New World. He had often heard of the American continent, with its "silvery lakes and golden rivers," and had excitedly longed for the time when he would see it. But poverty necessitated his going into the fields to work, and in that way beginning to earn a living.

After years of deserving toil, his mother came into the possession of comparative wealth. At that time *public dinners* were fashionable in Ireland, and though her means could ill bear the strain, Mrs. Murphy bowed to public opinion, and gave costly dinners to her friends. At those dinners a large amount of strong liquors was consumed, and though it was not the custom for the children to sit with the guests at dinner, yet the influence of the elders was potent, and, according to his own admission, Francis Murphy "fell under the influence of drink at the early age of thirteen, and at sixteen had become habituated to its use."

EMIGRATES TO THE NEW WORLD.

In 1852, at the age of sixteen, having resolved to leave home, he obtained his mother's reluctant consent and blessing, and took ship at New Ross for America. After a voyage of seven weeks and a half, he reached Quebec, where he was kindly greeted, and taken to an hotel. There he was invited to drink, and although standing at a public bar to drink was a new experience to him, he thought the right and proper thing for him to do under the circumstances was to invite friends to drink with him. Such dissipation lasted for a week, at the end of which his money was all gone, and the landlord's friendship with it.

For eighteen months Francis Murphy remained in Quebec, working at various trades for a livelihood, but all his attempts ended in failure. His craving for drink and his sociality caused him a constant struggle. Referring to that sad period of his history, he says: "My position at that time reminds me of a story of *two of my own countrymen*. Arriving in America, they went to find out the locality in which a friend lived, and discovered that it was a distance of twenty miles from the landing. 'How shall we reach him?' said one. 'By walking ten miles each,' said the other.

"Off they started. It was mosquito harvest then, and as the two friends came upon a swampy place, the mosquitoes came out in swarms to welcome them. As it was getting dark, the Irishmen proposed to get out of the way of their tormentors by covering themselves up in their blankets. They lay down to sleep; but one of them happening to awake during the night, got uncovered, and saw a fire-fly. He therefore aroused and warned his companion that one of the mosquitoes was after him with a lantern. I was in the position of my countrymen, for I could not by any possibility get out of the way of my social tormentors, or so-called boon companions."

BECOMES A FARM-LABORER.

By the intervention of a kindly disposed Scotchman, who took an interest in him, Mr. Murphy obtained employment on a farm as a laborer, ploughing, and sowing, and reaping. He says: "The farmer was a tall, lanky fellow, set up after the fashion of Abraham Lincoln—on rails." This man had a dairy on his farm, and Francis was sent to "milk the critters," but got repeatedly kicked by the cows. His employer then sent him with a yoke of oxen to "stone that piece of land up thar." He had never seen a yoke of oxen before, "and the oxen knew it." Whenever he approached them they ran off, and while he was running after them the tall farmer stood behind a barn laughing at him. He noticed, however, that when his master approached the oxen he always had *some corn in his pocket*. Francis, therefore, adopted the same plan, and by kindness found that the animals would become tractable and gentle.

In 1856, when Francis Murphy was about twenty years of age, he was living a sober hard-working life, and had managed to save a little money. He then *married*, and until the breaking out of the civil war, lived a quiet and contented life. At that eventful period he enlisted in the New York Volunteers, as a private soldier, and served until 1864 all through the campaign. Peace having been concluded, he was induced to go to Portland, Me., where he had a brother, and was strongly recommended to open a hotel and drinking saloon in that city.

Before undertaking the business he thought he would consult his wife, yet, with the full determination that if she did not indorse his project, he would take it up. Upon being informed of the proposal, Mrs. Murphy said, "I would sooner beg in the city for a living, than have you keep a hotel." In a short time the establishment was started, and a strenuous effort was made to conduct it with respectability; but, as Mr. Murphy himself admits, "*there is no respectability about the traffic*. No man can see his best friends stand drinking at his bar till they reel and stagger without becoming degraded."

LED TO CHRIST IN PRISON.

It was then that his own first experience in hard drinking began, and, sad to relate, he soon became a common drunkard. Disaster and ruin overtook him. He became so reckless, that his friends thought it best to have him confined in prison; so in 1870, the sheriff of Portland presented him with an authority, signed by four of his friends, for his incarceration. He turned from the door of his desolate home, broken-hearted and full of remorse, and went with the sheriff to the jail.

There he remained for some time, and before he regained his liberty the Holy Spirit of God had made him "free indeed." In the city of Portland there was a kind-hearted, Christian man, named Captain Cyrus Sturtevant, who believed it possible to save men, in Christ's name, however degraded, and he used to pay frequent visits to the jail for the purpose of talking to the prisoners and leading them to the Saviour who died for them. Let Francis Murphy himself tell this part of his life-story:

"Captain Sturtevant came to me one Sunday evening, and said, 'I should like you to attend the religious meeting in the prison,' and I agreed to go. He was weeping as though he were broken-hearted, and the first words he said as he walked along were, 'God's mercy endureth for ever.' He repeated it again and again, and it was very sweet to me. He never said an unkind word to me, but talked only of God's love and mercy; and as he spoke of wife and children, I thought I should like to see mine. I did not believe that anybody particularly cared for me, and I was anxious for the service to close as speedily as possible.

"As I was again returning to my cell, Captain Sturtevant accompanied me, and as we walked along he said to me in a very tender manner, 'I am so sorry to see you here; would you not like to be with your wife and children?' I replied, 'No hope remains for me!' 'Yes, Mr. Murphy, there is hope for you,' he answered, 'and if only you pray to God to help you He will.'"

And there, upon the floor of the jail cell, as shown on the left-hand side of *the portrait in our frontispiece*, the servant of Christ and the hopeless Francis knelt, while the voice of prayer and Heaven-moving entreaty went up to Him who "healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds" (Psa. 147: 3). The result was that the genial-hearted inebriate went forth from that prison in the enjoyment of a double enfranchisement, for not only had he resolved in God's strength never more to sell or taste intoxicating drink, but he had also received forgiveness through the precious blood of Christ, for all his past sin-stained and guilty, godless life.

There is one incident, however, which we must narrate before we pass from that interesting epoch in Francis Murphy's career. The week after Captain Sturtevant's first interview with him, Mrs. Murphy went to see her husband, and the children came along and stooped down to peep into the cell "where father was." Mary, his eldest daughter, had a beautiful bouquet of flowers in her hand, and as she put her arms about his neck, she sobbed, "Oh, father, we have been so lonesome without you!" and with a choking voice he answered, "God helping me, I shall make an effort to become a sober man." They then prayed together, and not only did the hearts of the weeping wife and children dance for joy, but there was also "joy in the presence of the angels of God" over the sinner's repentance, and his realization of acceptance with his Divine Father.

BEGINS TO SPEAK ON TEMPERANCE.

On his being set free, the Temperance Crusaders of Portland took him by the hand, and frequently referred to him as an example of what could be done by prayerful efforts on behalf of lost and dissipated men. Through their agency he was induced to speak at a temperance meeting one evening. It was his maiden speech, and was characterized by so much earnestness, humor, and pathos, that he was cordially congratulated upon the effort. The earnest solicitations of his temperance friends resulted in his relinquishing a situation he had obtained as bookkeeper, in order to devote himself to the work of lecturing upon the evils and dangers of strong drink.

His faithful and devoted wife sickened and died in 1870, and during her illness he was very poor. He had no money wherewith to buy either medicines or food, yet, as he thankfully acknowledges, God provided both by the instrumentality of Christian people. When Mrs. Murphy was told that nothing more could be done for her, turning to her husband, she said in a pathetic manner, "Never mind about me; I'm quite satisfied; for God has saved you!" *Her dying message* was, "Keep the children together and meet me in heaven."

Mr. Murphy's first temperance lecture was delivered in Portland on April 3d, 1870, to a full house. From that time to the present he has been almost constantly engaged in lecturing all over the United States and in Canada, with altogether unprecedented success. It is impossible for us to give either the names of the cities, towns, and villages that have been visited, or more than an approximate number of the persons who in every place have signed the Murphy Temperance Pledge. The largest buildings are filled to overflowing wherever he goes, and overflow meetings have invariably to be arranged. Perhaps a concise summary of the work done in Pittsburg, Pa., in 1876–77 will give a fair idea of the general features of Mr. Murphy's work.

REVIVAL AT PITTSBURG.

Under the auspices of the Young Men's Temperance Union of Pittsburg, the first lecture was given in the Opera House on November 26th, 1876. "God has given us Pittsburg, my brother!" said Mr. Murphy to one of the committee after its close. Then visits were paid to all the

On the occasion before us the intended victim s large and powerful, a noble English bull, with ssive head and curved horns. As he gazed, jestically, upon the vulgar throng around, he ked by far the finest living existence on the spot, d cast into the shade his two-legged persecutors. e would think that his aspect, so calm and con- ing, so gentle, and yet so indicative of strength, uld have appealed to the better feelings of those o had assembled to make holiday of his suffer- rs and have conquered their sympathy—but no, : natures of those who surrounded him, though ny of them were women, were too coarse and ital for any such sentiment, and their higher f too oblivious of all true admiration and pity. After a loud and impatient demand from the ex- ed crowd, at a signal several dogs of great size d strength were slipped from their collars and ciferously hounded on upon the alarmed, yet oudly defiant, more gigantic animal. Two or three of them were killed in a moment, red and tossed high into the air by the infuriated nt they had dared to summon to battle, and ivering in death, they fell at the feet of their en- ged but unpitying owners.

We shall not pursue in its details the sanguinary ectacle, but every change in the fight, every inci- nt of agony and blood, was greeted with mad outs of anger or delight, by the crowding and ose-pressed multitude.

(*To be continued.*)

HOUGHTS ON MATTHEW XXIV. AND XXV.

By P. W. E.

IN Matt. 24 : 3 the disciples ask three questions. st. When shall these things be? 2d. What shall the sign of Thy coming? 3d. And of the end the world or age? Thus they classed together e destruction of the temple, the coming of hrist, and the end of the age.

The Lord's answer may be divided into four rts. *First.* The general condition of the disciples id of the world during the time of the testimony, om verse 4 to the end of verse 14. *Second.* The eriod marked by "the abomination of desolation" stand in the holy place, or in the temple, verses 5. 16. *Third.* The Lord's coming and the gather- g together of the elect, or the remnant in Israel, erses 29–31. *Fourth.* The gathering before Him ll nations and separating them one from another, nder the symbol of sheep and goats. Chapter 5 : 31 to the end.

We will explain these points in the order given. *First.* Remember that on account of Christ's ejection the *kingdom* was set aside with the Jews; hus the Gospel of the kingdom was *postponed* and ill not be resumed till after the Church has been *athered out* and taken up to be with Christ. It s now the time for the preaching of "*the Gospel f God*" (Rom. 1 : 1), and Paul's Gospel, which is he unity of the Church with Christ, composed of hose gathered out of the world and united to Christ by the Holy Spirit.

After the Church has been caught up to be with he Lord, then "the Gospel of the kingdom" will e resumed by the remnant Jews; and it shall be reached "in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come" (Matt. 4 : 14). We also learn that at this same period "the everlasting Gospel is to be preached unto hem that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, nd kindred, and tongue, and people" (Rev. 4 : 6). And in Jerusalem, "the *two* witnesses shall prophecy a thousand two hundred and three score days" (Rev. 11 : 3).

This time will be characterized by wars, fam- nes, pestilences, and earthquakes; also by false Christs and false prophets. The remnant are not o be troubled; for the end would not be yet. These things will only be the beginning of sor- rows, for they are to be delivered up, put to death, hated of all nations. He who endures to the end shall be saved, for he shall come out of "*the* great tribulation." They are then to preach "this Gos- pel of the kingdom;" not the proclamation of the union of the Church with Christ, nor redemption in its fulness, as preached and taught by the apostles after the ascension, but the kingdom which is to be established on the earth, as John the Baptist, and as the Lord Himself, had proclaimed; but which was set aside on account of the rejection and crucifixion of the Lord.

The rejection and crucifixion of our Lord and the refusal of the Jews to receive the Gospel, caused God to *raise up a special gospel, or testimony, by the hands of Paul, without annulling the truth of the coming kingdom.* Thus "the Gospel of the kingdom," when it shall be resumed, will reach all nations before the coming of that judgment which will put an end to the age.

"This *generation* shall not pass till all these things be fulfilled" (verse 34). The Jewish nation has been set aside; but this 34th verse has a much wider sense, and one that more properly explains it. The Greek word translated *generation*, means *family, race, descendant.* Thus this generation, or race of unbelieving Jews, are to exist as such until all shall be accomplished.

The Scripture, in Deuteronomy 32 : 5, 20, where this judgment of Israel is especially in view, gives us light on the subject, which see—God hides His face from them until He shall see what their end will be, for they are a very froward generation, children in whom is no faith. They are still a distinct generation of people and exist in the same condition of unbelief—a monument of the abiding certainty of God's dealings and of the Lord's words.

Second. This is designated by "the abomination of desolation" or idol, which is to be set up in the temple. In speaking of the abomination that maketh desolate, the Lord quotes from Daniel, that we may fully understand to what time He refers. In Daniel 12, where this is spoken of, we are brought definitely to the last days, to the time when Michael shall stand up for Daniel's people, *the Jews*, who shall then be, as they are now, under the dominion of the Gentiles—the days in which there shall be a time of trouble, such as never had been nor ever again shall be, and out of which the remnant shall be delivered.

This is the time when the remnant, under the symbol of a woman, in Revelation, flees from the serpent into the wilderness, and is nourished there three and a half years. At the end He shall come in judgment, and the kingdom shall be given to the saints, and Christ shall become King of kings and Lord of lords.

Third. The Lord, as Son of man, shall come and gather His elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other. This 30th verse answers the second question of the disciples.

"And then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven; and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory." The Lord will come suddenly, as a flash of lightning, a sign sufficient for the guidance of the saints; but the world will see no sign. The brightness of His glory whom they had despised, will show them who it is that comes. What a terrible moment—when instead of a Messiah, who would answer to their pride, the very Christ, whom they had despised, shall appear in the heavens, in power and great glory.

Here comes the *end*, of which the disciples inquired—of the *age* during which the Jews shall be subject to Gentile rule—a period which shall *cease*, giving place to the Messiah, and the establishment of His kingdom on the earth.

Fourth. He gathers before Him all (*living*) nations and separates them, etc. Notice, the prophetic history is resumed in Matt. 25 : 31, from Matt. 24 : 31. In Matt. 24 : 31 the Son of man appears suddenly in glory and power, and afterwards gathers together the remnant of Israel from the four corners of the earth. For the way this is done, see Isaiah 66 : 18–20, and other places. For the way His enemies are to die or to be slain, see Zech. 14 : 12 15 and other passages.

But here, in Matt. 25, we see, besides the Son of man, *three classes* of persons; (*a*) the *brethren*, who are the believing Jews, whom the Lord shall employ as messengers to preach the Gospel of the kingdom during His absence; (*b*) the sheep, those who shall receive this Gospel; and (*c*) the goats, who shall despise the teaching or the testimony of these messengers, and will thus despise the King who shall send them.

During this terrible week of seven years, in which the Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached, and the everlasting Gospel that shall be proclaimed in all the earth, and the two witnesses shall testify in Jerusalem, some—perhaps many—of the Gentiles are going to *believe* and accept the truth. They also are going to befriend the remnant Jews, who preach this Gospel of the kingdom, and in some instances visit them in prison, feed them, care for and clothe them, all of which will be contrary to the wishes of the Beast and false Prophet, as they are not to allow any one to buy or sell, excepting those having the mark of the beast upon them (Rev. 13 : 17): and Christ recognizes all these kind acts as having been done to *Him*. Thus He says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these *My brethren*, ye have done it unto *Me*" (Matt. 25 : 40).

"My brethren" are the believing Jews. Those who shall believe this Gospel and shall be kind to these Jewish messengers shall be the "*sheep*," and those who shall be unbelievers and shall neglect the Jews in their persecution and trials, shall be the "*goats.*"

Thus the whole effect of Christ's coming, with regard to the kingdom and His messengers during His absence, is unfolded in these two chapters. With respect to the Jews, as far as verse 31 of chapter 24; with respect to His servants during His absence, to the end of verse 30 of chapter 25, including the kingdom of heaven in its present condition, and the heavenly rewards that shall be given; and then, from verse 31 to the end of chapter 25, with respect to the nations who shall be blessed on the earth at His return.

Comparing these chapters with Luke 21, I will simply say that the disciples ask nothing about the end of the age in Luke, consequently the Lord says nothing about the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, as in Matthew, nor of the end of the age. When we reach the 25th verse of chapter 21 of Luke, we find the Lord refers to the terrible time when He shall come in judgment to redeem His elect. But we have nothing respecting the gathering of the elect Israel, who have been dispersed, of which Matthew speaks, nor of the separation of those who *believe* the testimony of His messengers from those who *despise*, as spoken of in Matt. 25.

The text itself informs us of what disposition is made of the goats or unbelievers. The sentence then given is as final as that will be after the millennium, when the dead are brought before the judgment of the great white throne. In the one case the *living wicked* are brought before Him, and in the other the *wicked dead* are brought before the great white throne.

The Widow's Investment.—A Lady in Scotland, whose husband had left her a competence, had two profligate sons who wasted her substance with riotous living. When she saw that her property was being squandered, she determined to make an offering to the Lord. She took twenty pounds ($100) and gave to the Foreign Missionary Society. Her sons were very angry at this, and told her that she might just as well cast her money into the sea. "I *will* cast it into the sea," she replied, "and it shall be my bread upon the waters." The sons, having spent all they could get, enlisted in a regiment and were sent to India. Their positions were far apart, but God so ordered in His providence, that both were stationed near the missionaries. The elder one was led to repent of sin and embrace Christ. He shortly afterward died. Meanwhile the widowed mother was praying for her boys. One evening as she was taking down her family Bible to read, the door was softly opened, and the younger son appeared to greet the aged mother. He told her he had turned to God, and Christ had blotted out all his sins. Then he narrated his past history in connection with the influence the missionaries of the cross had on his own mind, while his mother, with tears of overflowing gratitude, exclaimed, "Oh, my twenty pounds! my twenty pounds! I have cast my bread upon the waters, and now I have found it after many days."

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NOTICE.

To give our readers an opportunity of introducing the Christian Herald to their friends, we will send the paper post free to any address from 1st October, to 31st December, 1881, on receipt of 25 cents.

CURRENT EVENTS.

President Garfield is Dead! The Intelligence flashed through the country on Monday night carried a sense of bereavement into every home. It is with sorrowful hearts that we say, "God's will be done!" We hoped that the magnificent constitution, the undaunted spirit that for eighty days had waged this heroic fight with death, might have triumphed after all. But it was not to be. God must have seen that it was necessary for the nation that the sacrifice should be made, and we, though we had prayed that the cup might pass from us, must add, like our Divine Exemplar, "not our will, but thine be done."

The end was very sudden. There was no attempt on Monday night to disguise the fact that the President was in imminent danger, but at nine o'clock there was some encouragement for hope. The President had rallied from the chill, and was sleeping quietly. At 10.10 o'clock, however, he awoke, complaining of pain at the heart, and then sank into unconsciousness. The doctors were summoned, and there, standing around the dying bed, watched the patient sufferer, who lay breathing heavily, his hand clasped in that of his devoted wife. At 10.35 the long struggle was over, the assassin's fatal work was complete, the sacrifice was made. It is a sorrowful time; only the consciousness that God, who directs all events, is all-wise as well as all-loving, can sustain us. May He who is the God of all comfort succor and comfort the widow and the fatherless.

The Bulletins Issued by the President's Physicians last week did not allay the anxiety about the condition of the distinguished patient. *On Tuesday* some encouragement was given by the announcement that the President had been allowed to lie for half an hour in a reclining chair, and had not suffered by the experiment. *On Wednesday* the pulse, temperature, and respiration were abnormally high, and at night it was admitted that there had been no perceptible gain during the day. *Thursday* also passed without improvement.

On Friday an aggravation of the symptoms was observed. The pulse showed increased fluctuation, the pus discharged from the wound decreased in quantity, and was of a more unhealthy character, and the cough was more troublesome, with expectoration of a decided purulent kind. The patient had a high fever and was unable to bear removal to the invalid chair. *On Saturday* the gravest apprehension was again excited by the intelligence that the President had had *a pyæmic chill* or rigor. It lasted half an hour, during which his pulse bounded up to 137, and he was delirious. When the rigor passed, he fell asleep and the pulse fell to 102 and the temperature below normal. *Sunday* passed uneventfully until evening when the President had another rigor. On *Monday* morning at half past eight his limbs were observed to stiffen rapidly, he shivered in spasms and the end seemed very near. A rigor was upon him and though every effort to relieve him was made by Drs. Agnew and Bliss who were present, it continued twenty minutes. The pulse mounted to 143 and there was aberration of the mind. Then, as the rigor yielded, the President sank into a stupor, which the doctors regarded as a sign of approaching collapse.

Mount Garfield is the Name Officially Conferred on the mountain in the Franconia Range heretofore known as Haystack Mountain. The Selectmen of Franconia, N. H., have executed and placed in the County Clerk's office the necessary official document legalizing the change of name. The significance of this testimony of respect is deepened by the fact that the Selectmen are Democrats, who voted against Garfield last fall.

Gov. Cornell has Declined to Indorse Mayor Grace's removal of the Police Commissioners of New York. The Governor does not disagree with the Mayor as to the culpability of the commissioners; he is careful not to express any opinion on the matter. But the law under which they were removed having been repealed, all offences committed against that law, the Governor considers, are cancelled. The effect of the Governor's veto will not be serious, as the commissioners cannot, under the new law, any longer prevent the cleaning of the streets.

General Ambrose E. Burnside Died Suddenly on September 13th, at Bristol, R. I. He had been slightly ill for two or three days, but serious consequences were not apprehended until an hour before his death, when he was seized with spasms of the heart. He was born at Liberty, Ind., in 1824, and graduated at West Point in 1847. He took a conspicuous part in the war, and was made a Major General in 1862. In November, 1862, he succeeded General McClellan in the command of the Army of the Potomac, but he only held that position until January 26th, 1863, when he was succeeded by General Hooker. Since the war he has been three times elected Governor of Rhode Island, and in 1875 he took his seat as Senator from that State. He was re-elected on the expiration of his term for that ending in 1887. The Republican ranks in the Senate will, by the death of General Burnside, be still further reduced. The Democrats now have a majority of three in that chamber.

The Subscriptions in Aid of the Sufferers by the Michigan forest fires are proceeding in all the large cities. The amount raised in New York up to Saturday, September 17th, was $44,230.71. A letter from Detroit, acknowledging the receipt of the New York contributions, shows how sorely help is still needed. The writer says:

"No language can adequately describe the terrible suffering these people have passed through, and the fearful condition they are still in and likely to remain in for some time to come, do the best we can. It is estimated that at least *a half of million of dollars will be required* to bridge over the winter, as a majority of the sufferers lost everything, many even the clothing on their bodies; and others whose lives were spared will be maimed for life; as, for instance, a young girl of sixteen years who ran a mile and a half through the fire and on reaching shelter was so severely burned that her flesh fell from her bones and amputation of both lower limbs became necessary. Many still more distressing cases could be cited if time permitted.

"The dead list increases daily, and information continues to arrive of hitherto unreported burnt territory. In order to realize the magnitude of the calamity, bear in mind that upward of *fifty townships*, covering an area of about 2000 square miles, have been wholly or partially burnt over, scarcely a green sprig being left in the track of the fire. Immense trees were twisted off by the force of the tornado which prevailed, and the darkness was so great that not anything could be distinguished at six inches distance. This accounts for the great loss of life, as the people were bewildered and knew not which way to turn to escape."

The Hon. W. M. Evarts, who Returned from Europe on September 4th, is not sanguine as to the results of the International Monetary Conference, to which he was a delegate. As to the opinions of the conference, Mr. Evarts remarked to a reporter: "The general opinion, we think, of the conference was that an international bi-metallic convention would accomplish the purpose of making both silver and gold an international money, thus enlarging the basis of the credit system of the world, and relieving it from disasters, and give steadiness to the exchanges that would prevent the drain of gold, which is now the only international money, from disastrously affecting the industries and money systems at home of the nations subjected to its laws." The conference has not terminated, but has adjourned to next spring, and Mr. Evarts is doubtful "whether our own or any other nation will occupy the interval to carry on negotiations in the matter or whether it will be left to the ordinary channels and the press to be discussed, or whether all these influences combined will operate during the interval."

The Disappearance of Mr. G. A. W. Stuart, ex-Secretary of the Brooklyn Board of Education, has caused considerable excitement. He was charged with having embezzled $100,000 belonging to the Board. It was part of the funds realized by the sales of books to the children in the public schools, which had been intrusted to him. He had been liberated from arrest under bonds fixed at $10,000, but he heard that further investigation had decided the Board of Education to commence a civil suit against him for $200,000, and it is supposed he absconded rather than undergo punishment. Alderman Jones, who is a brother of Mrs. Stuart, and was one of Stuart's bondsmen, was arrested on Monday for aiding and abetting the ex-Secretary in his embezzlement. Mr. Stuart held the office of Secretary more than twenty years.

The Pool-Selling Establishments in New York have been made the subject of complaint by the Mayor, who in strong terms calls the attention of the Police Commissioners to the neglect of duty shown by their subordinates. The Mayor said: "The existence of these places causes a widespread mischief, in that they are most powerful corrupters of the morals of our community. Among their frequenters are many young men, and even boys; and these places are nevertheless permitted in open daylight and under the very eye of the law which denounces them, to entice these youths to their ruin. The law is explicit in its condemnation of gambling houses. Such crying, notorious, and constant breaches of the law can surely be punished and prevented if the desire exists on the part of the officers of the law, and *these places must be abated.*"

On Wednesday, September 14th, the police visited the haunts of the pool-sellers, and arrested some of the clerks. The places were afterward closed and remained closed during the week, pending the proceedings before the justices.

The Death of Rev. Cyrus Dickson, D.D., is announced. He was until recently Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, and devoted his best energies to the work of the office. He made extensive journeys throughout the country in order to become personally acquainted with the needs of the several districts. In 1870 he was appointed Permanent Clerk of the General Assembly, a position he held until his death. Dr. Dickson died at Baltimore on Sunday, September 11th, aged 65.

A Remarkably Ingenious Invention is Described in a recent issue of a scientific journal. An engineer driving his locomotive in a fog or a snowstorm is frequently unable to see the signal which is set to inform him whether the track is clear ahead. Fog-signals and other devices have been tried to overcome this difficulty, but not with satisfactory results. The new scheme is that of attaching to the locomotive an insulated brush, so placed as to be at the edges within a few inches of the roadway. A copper-faced bar is placed betwen the rails near the signal, and attached to an electric battery. When the signal stands at danger the bar is slightly raised and the insulated brush on the locomotive sweeps it; this completes the current, which *opens the whistle, and thus sounds the alarm.* When the signal is "line clear" the bar is depressed, and the locomotive brush does not touch it. The difficulty and the proposed remedy have a partial resemblance in life. The danger signals intended to warn men that their habits are leading them to destruction are often unseen because the moral atmosphere in which they live is loaded with corruption. Contact with God in prayer, however, quickens the conscience and warning is given of the evil ahead (Matt. 26 : 41).

A Child's Pathetic Wish was Granted in a remarkable manner recently. A correspondent of a contemporary says: "Mr. William L. Bonner, of Syracuse, has recently lost three daughters by diphtheria—Hattie A., in her fourteenth year, Lillie May, in her eighth year, and Matie, in her fifth year. A little time before Lillie died, she said to her mother, 'Ma, I don't want to come back, but *I don't want to go alone.* Let Matie go with me.' A few hours afterward, when Matie was struggling with the fell destroyer, she reached up her hands toward the ceiling exclaiming, 'Lillie, take hold of my hands.'" It is easy to understand the little sufferer's desire for company in the momentous journey. The mature Christian has the same wish, and for his encouragement he is told he shall not tread the dark valley alone (Psa. 23 : 4).

A Cinder in the Eye Has Been the Means of effecting a surgical operation so delicate and difficult that no surgeon would attempt it. The incident, related by a Cleveland, O., journal, is as follows: Last fall, as the results of a cold, an ulcer appeared on the right eye of a young gentleman of this city. The ulcer was removed, but a scar was left on the cornea directly over the pupil, completely obscuring the sight. While riding in the cars last week the young man experienced the customary fortune of travellers, and for several days suffered from the evil effects of a large cinder in the eye. When the bandage was removed, much to the surprise of the patient, he found that he could see almost as well as before the growth of the ulcer. The rough edges of the cinder had removed the scar, a feat supposed to be beyond the power of science. How many times has it happened that some event which the world calls a misfortune, such as financial ruin, or a serious illness, opened the eyes of the sufferer which Satan had blinded by worldly prosperity and worldly pleasure (Psa. 78 : 34).

A Morphine User Writes to the New York *Tribune* that he has been cured of his habit. Some six months ago a piteous appeal for help appeared in that journal from one who had fallen under the power of the habit through the treatment he had undergone on recovery from a painful illness. The physicians had ordered the injection of morphine under the skin by a syringe, and he had experienced so much relief from it that after his recovery he continued the practice. Eventually he used two and a half grains a day, and was unable to dispense with it. It produced ecstasy, cheerfulness, and braced up the nerves, and when discontinued the effect was languor, headache, restlessness and aching limbs. The publication of the letter led to numerous confessions showing how largely slavery to this fascinating habit prevailed in society. Among these was one who took the drug instead of injecting it, and it is this victim who now writes announcing his cure. He states that having mixed his drug as usual he replaced the quantity he took with the same quantity of clear water and continued doing so until the mixture was so diluted that there was not a trace of morphine in it, and that by that time he was cured, and in three months he has not had occasion to touch it again. Thousands of people in this and other cities are the abject slaves of this miserable habit, and are sighing for release. The cure of this victim may possibly lead to the emancipation of others.

A Magnificent Fortune, as the Reward of kindness, is reported to be awaiting the claim of a mechanic at Kingston, N. Y. Three years ago he met an immigrant from Ireland who was in abject poverty. The Irishman seemed to be intelligent and honest, but he had been sick from the time he arrived, and had been unable to obtain employment. His condition awakened the mechanic's sympathy, and he took him home and cared for him until he was strong enough to work, and then found him employment. The Irishman was very grateful and showed his sense of his obligation by writing letters for the mechanic, and rendering him other little services. The two men were separated by business engagements, but kept up a correspondence. At length the Irishman wrote that he was about to return to Ireland to look after some property he heard had fallen to him, by the death of a distant relative. He went, and succeeded in establishing his claim. But ill health returned, and he died after having enjoyed his prosperity only a few months. A few weeks ago, it is stated, a lawyer notified the mechanic who had befriended the Irishman when he was in distress at Kingston, that his friend had made him sole heir to the property, which is said to be worth nearly seven million dollars. It is rare, indeed, for so splendid a reward to result from an act of kindness; but we may be assured that such acts never fail of ultimate reward (Luke 14 : 14).

A Death Resulted from the Prick of a Pin on Monday, September 5th, in the Adirondacks. A young married lady of Albany, on a summer excursion in the mountains, was going out driving on Saturday, and when dressing she noticed a cold-sore on her upper lip, which she pricked with a brass pin, and rubbed it with camphor. Before she reached her hotel her lip commenced to swell, and before night her whole face was swollen to an abnormal size. Her husband was telegraphed for, and arrived before the unfortunate lady died, but she could not speak to him, such was the condition of her face. Erysipelas had set in of the most virulent type, and death resulted within forty-eight hours. Such a melancholy result of so slight a cause is very infrequent, but we know that many men whose spiritual nature may be correctly described as dead, full of "wounds and bruises, and putrefying sores," commenced the career of sin which led to their desperate condition with a sin which the world would call trivial, as unworthy of serious thought as the prick of a pin (1 Cor. 15 : 56).

A Strange Landmark was Discovered in Maine a few days ago. It was *a Bible laid on a rock* and covered by an enormous stone. Inquiries about it elicited the fact that fifty years ago an aged farmer in Turner, by name John Swett, had a disagreement with a neighbor as to the boundary line between their farms. The old man declared a certain big rock marked the line, and laying his family Bible on that rock, took oath to that effect. He then covered the Bible with a flat stone, and instructed his descendants to allow it to remain there forever. When the Bible was found, after its half a century's intombment, the print was still legible. It was an inexplicable freak of the old farmer to put his Bible to such a use, and may possibly have been done with the idea that it gave the monument a sacred character. It often happens that people who rarely study the Bible have a superstitious veneration for it, as the Israelites had for the brazen serpent in the time of Hezekiah (2 Kings 18 : 4).

The Subscription List of the "Christian HERALD" is now nearly all set up in type, and the addresses on the wrappers are printed instead of being written every week. As mistakes may have occurred in making the change, we shall be obliged to any of our subscribers who inform us if their papers are misdirected.

SAVED IN HOPE.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"For we are saved by hope: but hope that is seen in not hope: for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for? But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it."—ROM. 8 : 24, 25.

Distinction Between Faith and Hope—The Salvation by Faith—Something more to be Had—A New Appetite—For Freedom from Sin—Without and Within—From the Memory of Sin—From Tendency to Sin—Freedom from the Body.—I. The Object of Hope—1. Absolute Perfection—2. Redemption of the Body—3. Enter upon our Inheritance—4. Glory Revealed in us—5. Liberty—6. Manifestation.—II. The Nature of the Hope—Its Component Parts—Belief—Desire—Expectancy—Grounded on the Word—Wrought by the Spirit—Operates Holily.—III. Its Anticipatory Power—Secured by the Promise—Saw the Harvest in the Firstfruits—Reckons it as Obtained—Groans after it—Triumphs in it.—IV. Its Proper Sphere.—V. Its Effect—Patience—Rowland Hill's Message to Heaven—An offer of Endless Life on Earth—The Hope of the Unbeliever.

ACCORDING to our version "we are saved by hope," but that is scarcely in accordance with other parts of Holy Scripture. Everywhere in the Word of God we are told that we are saved by faith. See the first verse of the fifth chapter: "Therefore being justified *by faith.*" Faith is the saving grace, and not hope—save only as hope is under some aspects tantamount to faith. Faith is the saving grace, and the original should be rendered—and one wonders that it is not so in the Revised Version—"We were saved in hope." It would prevent misapprehension if the passage were so rendered; for, as that eminent critic, Bengel, well says, "the words do not describe the means, but the manner of salvation; we are so saved that there may even yet remain something for which we may hope, both of salvation and glory." Believers receive the salvation of their souls as the end of their faith, and it is of faith that it might be of grace. They are saved *by* faith and *in* hope.

At this present moment believers are saved, and in a certain sense completely saved. They are entirely saved from the guilt of sin. The Lord Jesus took their sin and bore it in His own body on the tree, and offered an acceptable atonement, by which the iniquity of all His people is once and for ever put away. By faith we are at once saved from the defilement of evil, and have free access to God our Father. By faith we are saved from the reigning power of sin in our members. Sin strives to get the mastery, but it cannot win the day, for he that is born of God doth not commit sin with delight, or as his daily habit, but he keepeth himself so that that evil one toucheth him not. As to the penalty of sin, that has been borne by our great Substitute, and by faith we have accepted His sacrifice, and "he that believeth in Him is not condemned." We rejoice, therefore, at this moment in salvation already obtained and enjoyed by faith which is in Christ Jesus.

Yet we are conscious that there is something more than this to be had. There is

SALVATION IN A LARGER SENSE,

which as yet we see not; for at the present moment we find ourselves in this tabernacle, groaning because we are burdened. All around us the creation is evidently in travail; there are signs of birth-pangs in a certain unrest, upheaval, and anguish of the creation. Things are not as God originally made them. Thorns are in earth's furrows, a blight has fallen on her flowers, a mildew on her grain. The heavens weep and saturate our harvests, earth's bowels move and shake our cities. *Frequent calamities and disasters* are portents of a great future which shall be born of this travailing present. Nowhere on earth can a perfect paradise be found. Our best things are expectant of something better. The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain with us.

Even we that have received the firstfruits of the Spirit, and so are blessed and saved, nevertheless groan within ourselves, waiting for *a further something*, a glory not seen as yet. We have not yet attained, but are pressing on. Our first soul-thirst as sinners has been quenched; but there are

within us still greater desires, by which we hunger and thirst after righteousness with longings insatiable. Before we ate of the bread of heaven we hungered for mere husks; but now our newborn nature has brought us *a new appetite*, which the whole world could not satisfy.

What is the cause of this hungering? We are under no difficulty whatever in answering the question. Our griefs and longings, and unsatisfied desires are principally gathered up in two things. First, we long to be totally free from sin in every form. The evil which is in the world is our burden; we are vexed with the evil conversation of the ungodly, and are grieved by their temptations and persecutions. The fact that the world lieth in the wicked one, and that men reject Christ and perish in unbelief, is a source of much affliction to our hearts. This is not our rest, for it is polluted, and so far we look for a great deliverance when we shall be taken out of this world to dwell in perfect company.

Yet even the presence of the ungodly were a small matter if we could be completely delivered from sin within ourselves. That is among the things not seen as yet. If a man were free from all tendency to sin he would no longer be liable to temptation, or under necessity to watch against it. That which cannot possibly be burned or blackened has no need to dread the fire. We feel that we must shun temptation, because we are conscious that there is material within us which may soon take fire.

Oh that we could get rid of *the memory of sin!* What a torment it is to us to remember snatches of loose songs, and words of ill savor. Oh, that we were rid of the imagination of sin! Do we mourn enough over sins of thought and fancy? A man may sin, and sin horribly, in thought, and yet may not have sinned in act. Many a man hath committed fornication, adultery, theft, and even murder in his imagination, by finding pleasure in the thought thereof, and yet he may never have fallen into any one of the overt acts. Oh that our imagination, and all our inward parts, were purged of the corrupt matter which is in them, and which fermenteth toward foulness! There is in us that which makes us cry out from day to day, "O wretched man that I am; who shall deliver me!" If any man here says, "I feel no such emotions," I pray God that he may soon do so. Those know very little of

TRUE SPIRITUAL PERFECTION

who are content with themselves. A perfect child grows, and so does a perfect child of God.

The nearer we come to perfect cleanness of heart the more shall we mourn over the tiniest spot of sin, and the more shall we see that to be sin which once we excused. *He who is most like Christ is most conscious of imperfection*, and most weary that the least iniquity should hang about him. When a man saith, "I have reached the goal," I fear he has not begun to run. As for me, I endure many growing pains, and feel far less pleased with myself than I used to be. I have a firm hope of something better, but were it not for hope I should account myself truly unhappy to be so conscious of need and so racked with desires. This is one great source of our groaning. We are saved, but we are not completely delivered from tendencies to sin, neither have we reached the fulness of holiness. "There is yet very much land to be possessed."

Another cause of this winter of our discontent is our body. Paul calls it a "vile body," and so indeed it is when compared with what it shall be when fashioned in the image of Christ Jesus. It is not vile in itself, viewed as the creature of God, for it is fearfully and wonderfully made; and there is something very noble about the body of a man, made to walk erect, and to look upward and gaze toward heaven. A body so marvellously prepared to be the tenement of the mind, and to obey the soul's behests, is not to be despised. A body which can be the temple of the Holy Ghost is no mean structure, therefore let us not despise it. It is a thing for which to be eternally grateful, that we have been made men if we have been also made new men in Christ Jesus.

How often doth a penury of health repress the noble flame of high resolve and holy aspiration! How often do pain and weakness freeze the genial current of the soul! When shall we be emancipated from the shackles of this natural body and put on the wedding dress of the spiritual body? What with the sin dwelling in our breast, and this vesture of mortal clay, we are glad that now is our salvation nearer than when we believed, and we long to enter into the full enjoyment of it.

Here my text gives us good cheer. From the sources of our present groaning there is a full deliverance, a salvation so wide that it covers the whole area of our wants, yea, of our desires. A salvation awaits us whose sweep is eternity and immensity. All our capacious powers can wish are compassed within it, and of this the text says, "We were saved in hope." That grandest, widest salvation, we have seized by hope. Glory be to God for this.

This, then, is the subject of our present meditation; the hope which embraces the grander salvation for which we long.

I. Let us begin by recapitulating under the first head

THE OBJECT OF THIS HOPE.

1. Our hope, first of all, embraces *our own absolute perfection.* We have set our faces toward holiness, and by God's grace we will never rest till we attain it. Every sin that is in us is doomed, not only to be conquered, but to be slain. The grace of God does not help us to conceal our infirmities, but to destroy them. We deal with sin as Joshua did with the five kings when they went into the cave at Makkedah. While he was busy in the battle, he said, "Roll great stones upon the mouth of the cave." Our sins for awhile are shut up by restraining grace, as in a cave, and great stones are rolled at the cave's mouth; for they would escape if they could, and once more snatch at the reins; but in the power of the Holy Spirit we mean to deal with them more effectually by-and-bye. "Bring out those five kings unto me," said Joshua, and "he smote them, and slew them, and hanged them."

By God's grace we will never be satisfied till all our natural inclinations to sin shall be utterly destroyed, execrated, and abhorred. We expect a day when there will not remain in us a taint of sin past, or an inclination for sin future. We shall still be possessed of will and freedom of choice, but we shall choose only good. Ignorance shall be gone, for we shall all be taught of the Lord, and we shall know, even as we are known. Perfect in service and clean delivered from all self-will and carnal desire, we shall be near our God and like Him. As Watts has it—

> "Sin, my worst enemy before,
> Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
> My inward foes shall all be slain,
> Nor Satan break my peace again."

2. The other object of our desire is *the redemption of the body.* Let us read the verses in which Paul teaches us that truth: "And if Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin; but the Spirit is life because of righteousness. But if the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you." When we die we shall leave our body behind us for awhile; we shall not, therefore, as to our entire manhood, be perfect in heaven till the resurrection; we shall be morally perfect, but as a complete man is made up of body as well as soul, we shall not be physically perfect, while one part of our person shall remain in the tomb. When the resurrection trumpet shall sound, this body will rise, but it will rise redeemed; and as our soul regenerated is very different from our soul under the bondage of sin, so the body when it is risen will be widely different from the body as it now is.

The infirmities caused by sickness and age will be unknown among the glorified, for they are as the angels of God. None shall enter into glory halt, or maimed, or decrepit, or malformed. You will have no blind eye there, my sister; no deaf ear there, my brother; there shall be no quivering of paralysis or wasting of consumption. There we shall possess everlasting youth; the body which is sown in weakness shall be raised in power, and shall at once fly upon the errands of its Lord. Paul says, "It is sown a natural (or soulish) body," fit for the soul; "it is raised a spiritual body," fit for the spirit, the highest nature of man. This is the second object of our hope, a glorified body to consort with our purified spirit.

3. Viewed in another light, the object of our hope is this—that we shall *enter upon our inheritance.* Paul saith, "If children, then heirs; heirs of God; joint heirs with Christ." Whether we have little or much in this life our estate is nothing when compared with that which we have in reversion, secured to us against the day when we shall come of age. The fulness of God is the heritage of the saints; all that can make a man blessed, and noble, and complete is laid up in store for us. Measure, if you can, the inheritance of the Christ, who is heir of all things! What must be the portion of the well-beloved Son of the Highest? Whatever that may be, it is ours; for we are joint heirs with Christ.

4. Paul speaks of "*the glory which shall be revealed in us,*" and tells us in another place that it is "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." What a word is that—Glory! Glory is to be ours. Even ours, poor sinners as we are. Grace is sweet, but what must glory be. And it is to be revealed in us, and about us, and over us, and through us to all eternity.

5. Paul also speaks of

"THE GLORIOUS LIBERTY

of the children of God." O charming word, liberty! We love it even as we hear it rung from the silver bugles of those who fight with tyrants; but what will it be when the trumpets of heaven shall proclaim eternal jubilee to every spiritual bondslave! Liberty? the liberty of the children of God! Liberty to enter into the holiest, to dwell in God's presence, and behold His face for ever and ever.

6. The apostle speaks also of "*the manifestation of the sons of God.*" Here we are hidden away in Christ as gems in a casket; by-and-bye we are to be revealed as jewels in a crown. As Christ had His time of manifestation to the Gentiles after He had for awhile been hidden, so we who are now unknown are to have a manifestation before men and angels. "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." What our manifestation shall be, O my brothers and sisters, I cannot tell you; eye hath not seen it, nor ear heard it, neither hath it entered into the heart of man; and though God hath revealed it unto us by His Spirit, yet how small a part of that revelation have our spirits been able to receive.

II. Let us now muse upon

THE NATURE OF THIS HOPE.

We are saved in hope. What kind of hope is it in which we are saved?

First, our hope consists of three things—belief, desire, expectancy.

Our hope of being clean delivered from sin as to our soul, and rescued from all infirmity as to our body, arises out of a solemn assurance that it shall be so. The revelation of Him who hath brought life and immortality to light bears witness to us that we also shall obtain glory and immortality. We shall be raised in the image of Christ, and shall partake in His glory. This is our belief because Christ is risen and glorified, and we are one with Him. This also we desire, O how ardently! We so desire it that we at times wish to die that we may enter into it.

This hope is grounded upon the word of God. God has promised us this; therefore do we believe it, desire it, and expect it. He has said, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," and the widest sense that we can give to that word "saved" must be God's sense of it, since His thoughts are always above our thoughts. We expect God to do as He has said to the fullest extent of His promise, for He will never run back from His word, nor fail in His engagement. We have committed our souls to the keeping of the Saviour, who has declared that He will save His people from their sins. We are trusting in our Redeemer, and our belief is that our Redeemer liveth, and that when He shall stand in the latter day upon

h, though after our skin worms destroy this
y, yet in our flesh we shall see God.

his hope is wrought in us by the Spirit of God. should never have known this hope if the Holy st had not kindled it in our bosoms. Ungodly have no such hope, and never will have. It nly when men are renewed that this hope en- into them, the Holy Ghost dwelling in them. herein do I exult with joy unspeakable, for if hope of perfection and immortality has been ught in me by God, then it must be fulfilled, the Lord never could inspire a hope which ld put His people to shame. The true God r gave men a false hope. That cannot be. God of hope who has taught thee, my brother, xpect salvation from sin and all its effects, will nto thee according to the expectation which He Himself excited ; therefore be thou very confi- t, and patiently wait the joyful day of the Lord's earing.

his hope operates in us in a holy manner, as y holy thing that comes from God must do. It fies us, as saith John, " He that hath this hope im purifieth himself, even as God is pure." We so certain of this inheritance that we prepare it by putting off all things contrary to it, and ing on all things which suit it. We endeavor ve as in the prospect of glory. How often has ccurred to me, and I doubt not to you, my thers, to say of such and such a thing, " How this look in the day of judgment?" And we e done this act of generosity or that act of con- ation, not because we care a whit what men ld think of it, but because we looked at it in light of the coming glory. To us the grandest ulus is that there is laid up for us a crown of that fadeth not away.

II. Having described the object and the nature his blessed hope, I come more closely still to text to observe

THE ANTICIPATORY POWER

his hope, for the apostle says in our text, " We e saved in hope ;" that is to say, we did get greater salvation, about which we are now aking, when we were taught to know this e. We obtained the first part of salvation, the giveness of sin, and justification of our persons, *faith*, and we have fellowship with God, and ess into countless blessings *by faith;* some of are as conscious of this as that we eat and k. But, beside all this, we have *in hope* the er range of salvation, total deliverance of the l from sin, and complete redemption of the ly from pain and death. We have this salva- *in hope;* and we rejoice in hope of the glory God. How is this?

Vhy, first, hope *saw it all secured by the prom- of grace.* As soon as ever we believed in ist our faith secured forgiveness, and we cried, am not yet free from tendencies to sin, but in- uch as I have believed in Christ unto salvation hall surely be perfected, for Christ could not e come to give me a partial and imperfect sal- ion ; He will perfect that which concerneth me." us hope saw within the promise of salvation ch that as yet was not actually experienced. owing that the whole of the promise is of equal tainty, hope expected the future mercy as sure- s faith enjoyed the present blessing.

Moreover, *hope saw the full harvest in the first- fits.* When sin was subdued by grace, hope ected to see it utterly exterminated. When Holy Spirit came to dwell in the body, hope cluded that the body would be delivered as ely as the soul. The moment that faith intro- ed hope into the heart she sang, " I have the nplete salvation—not in actual enjoyment, but sure reversion in Christ Jesus." Hope waved first sheaf, and so took possession of the har- t.

Moreover, hope is so sure about this coming favor t *she reckons it as obtained.* You get an advice m a merchant with whom you have traded be- d sea ; he says, " I have procured the goods have ordered, and will send them by the next sel ; which will probably arrive at such a time." nother trader calls in and asks you whether you sh to buy such goods ; and you reply, " No, I ve them." Have you spoken the truth? Cer- tainly ; for though you have them not in your warehouse, they are invoiced to you ; you know they are on the way, and you are so accustomed to trust your foreign correspondent, that you regard the goods as yours. The deed is done that makes them yours. So it is with heaven, with perfection, with immortality ; the deed is done which makes these the heritage of saints. I have advices from One whom I cannot doubt, even my Lord, that He has gone to heaven to prepare a place for me, and that He will come again and receive me to Himself. So sure is hope of this fact that she reckons it, and makes comparisons and draws practical conclu- sions.

Nay, he is not only so sure as to reckon upon it, but to *groan after it.* We that are in this body do groan for the full adoption. Our groanings do not arise from doubt, but from eagerness ; we are urged by our confident expectancy to vehemence of desire. It is idle to cry for that which you will never have. The child is foolish who cries for the moon. But to groan for what I am sure to have is proper and fit, and shows the strength of my faith.

The apostle is so sure of it that he even *tri- umphs* in it. He says that we are more than con- querors through Him that loved us—that is to say, although we are not perfect yet, and although our body is not delivered from pain, yet we are so sure of perfection and complete deliverance that we joyfully endure all things, triumphing over every difficulty. Friend, you will not be poor many weeks longer ; you shall dwell where the streets are paved with gold. Your head will not ache many months longer, for it shall be surrounded with a coronet of glory and of bliss. Never mind shame, they will not be able to laugh at you long ; you shall be at the right hand of God, even the Father, and the glory of Christ shall clothe you, world without end. Oh, it is an infinite blessing to have such a hope, and to be so sure of it as to an- ticipate its joys before they actually come to us.

IV. Let us for a moment observe

THE PROPER SPHERE OF HOPE.

The sphere of hope is " things not seen." Hope that is seen is not hope, for what a man seeth why doth he yet hope for? Therefore, brethren, a Christian's real possession is not what he sees. Suppose God prospers him in this world and he has riches ; let him be grateful, but let him con- fess that these are not his treasure. One hour with the Lord Jesus Christ will bring more satis- faction to the believer than the largest measure of wealth. Although he may have been prospered in this world, the saint will ridicule the idea of mak- ing the world his portion. A thousand worlds with all the joy which they could yield are as nothing compared with our appointed inheritance. Our hope does not deal with trifles , it leaves the mice of the barn to the owls, and soars on eagle's wings where nobler joys await her.

" Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll ;
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul."

But it is clear that we do not at present enjoy these glorious things for wnich we hope. The worldling cries, " Where is your hope?" and we confess that we do not see the objects of our hope. For instance, we could, not claim to be already perfect, neither do we expect to do so while we are in this body, but we believe that we shall be per- fected in the image of Christ at the time appointed of the Father. By no means is our body free from infirmity at this moment, aches and pains and weariness remind us that the body is under death because of sin ; yet our firm conviction is that we shall bear the image of the heavenly even as we now bear the image of the earthly. These are subjects of hope, and therefore outside of present experience.

Away, then, with judging by what you do, or see, or feel, or are. Rise into the sphere of the things which shall be. Can you not do that? When there is no joy in the present, there is an in- finite joy in the future. Do not say, " Oh, but it is a long way off." It is not so. Many among you are sixty, seventy, or even eighty years of age ; your time for the sight of Christ in your disem- bodied state cannot be far away, for the thread of life is snapping. Some of us are in middle age, but as we have already reached the average of life, we are bound to reckon that our lease is far ad- vanced ; and as so many are snatched away in their prime, we may at any moment be caught up to the land for which we hope.

V. Our time has fled, and we must close by merely glancing at

THE EFFECT OF THIS HOPE,

which is thus described : " Then do we with pa- tience wait for it." We wait, and must wait, but not as criminals for execution ; our tarrying is rather that of the bride for the wedding. We wait with patience, constancy, desire, and submission.

Dear Rowland Hill is said to have searched out an aged friend who was dying, that he might send a message up to heaven, to John Berridge and other beloved Johns who had gone before him, and he playfully added a word of hope that the Master had not forgotten old Rowland, and would let him come home in due time ; yet he never dreamed that he could be passed over. Among the last ex- pressions of the famous John Donne was this—" I were miserable if I might not die." This would be a horrible world, indeed, if we were doomed to live in it for ever.

I saw a gentleman some time ago who told me that *he would never die*, but should at certain in- tervals cast off the effects of age and start on a new term of life. He kindly came to tell me how I might enjoy the same favor ; but as I am not ambitious of earthly immortality, such an offer did not tempt me. He told me I could renew my youth and become young again, for the space of hundreds of years, but I refused his conditions, and declined the boon at any price. I have no desire for any- thing of the sort ;

MY MOST COMFORTABLE PROSPECT

about this life is that it will melt away into life eternal.

It seems to me that the most joyous thing about *the most joyous life* is that it leads upward to another and a better state. I am not unhappy or discontented, but since I have a good hope of per- fection for my soul and body, and a sure prospect of face-to-face fellowship with God, how can I speak well of anything which divides me from my joy? Yes, it will come, surely come ; therefore let us patiently wait for it. When Satan would buffet us, when temptation would overcome us, when affliction would wear us down, when doubts would torment us, let us bear the temporary trial with constancy, for we shall soon be *out of range of gunshot.* The consummation shall come, and must come, and when it cometh we shall remem- ber no more our travail for joy that our heaven is born to us and we to it.

Now, then, ye that do not believe in God, tell us what your hope is. Publish it in the world, and let all men estimate it. What is your hope? To live long? Yes, and what then? To bring up a family? Yes, and what then? To see them com- fortably settled in life? Yes, and what then? To be a grandfather to a numerous progeny? Yes, and what then? To reach extreme old age in peaceful retirement? Yes, and what then? The curtain falls. Let me lift it. The cemetery. The throne of God. Sentence on your soul. The trumpet of resurrection. Final doom. Body and soul in hell for ever. You have no better prospect. Pray look out of the window, and see what is to be seen. The Lord have mercy upon you, and give you a better hope. As for you, believers in Christ, I charge you, begin to sing to-day the son- nets of the hereafter. Charm your pilgrim life with the minstrelsy of hope.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Romans 8, 1–25.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it ; and for its weekly circulation of more than 230,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the con- version of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

Edith's Ministry.

A Perilous Drive.

EDITH HURST'S LOVING MINISTRIES.

"DEAR papa, is there anything I can do for you? Nothing would make me happier than to relieve or comfort you." So said a gentle girl, whose soft and musical voice fell on the ear of Mr. John Hurst, as he sat one evening in no enviable state of body or mind, in a roomy, old-fashioned easy chair, in which, however, he found there was no ease for him. Every position seemed painful. His medicine, he complained, did him no good; his nerves were frightfully sensitive, he could neither eat nor sleep. Having had an iron constitution, and been accustomed to active life, this enforced retirement was irksome to him. He looked the very picture of wretchedness, and well he might, for neither memory nor hope could solace him now.

For thirty years he had been *a hard and unscrupulous money-lender*, eagerly grasping at every advantage, and making it his one object to accumulate wealth. To attain that object he had risen early and sat up late, worried himself with countless cares, and undergone all sorts of privations. Health, ease, social enjoyment, conscience, reputation, had all been sacrificed to mammon. And now there began to dawn upon the mind of John Hurst the fact that wealth, to him who cannot enjoy it, is but an encumbrance, which adds to care and makes pain more painful. Querulous, irritable, and hard to please, his mind was out of harmony with itself and with all around him. Even Edith, with all her filial patience and forbearance, found her powers of endurance taxed to the uttermost in her attempts to give effect to the promptings of her love. Still she held on to the hope that a favorable change might reward her efforts, and prayed especially that the bodily illness of her father might lead to his spiritual welfare. Inspired by this hope and by the beautiful instincts which it deepened and intensified, Edith's devoted watchfulness might well remind the observer of Sir Walter Scott's lines:

> "When pain and anguish wring the brow.
> A ministering angel, thou;"

adding, as it did, another to the already innumerable proofs of woman's pre-eminence in scenes of affliction, where she is so often God's chosen instrument for good after all other instruments have failed.

The most valuable service that can be rendered to any man is to bring home to him the existence and the power of real love. Without this he may be orthodox as an apostle, and hard as granite; "deep read in books and shallow in himself," possessed of much, and worth nothing. That priceless service Edith Hurst rendered to her father. He could find no comfort in reflection, no refuge in anticipation. The angry faces of clients, whom his exhorbitance had enraged, rose before him. Many a long-forgotten act of heartlessness came forth from its grave and stared him in the face with all its native ghastliness and deformity. He was literally haunted by the ghosts of his ill-deeds, until he shuddered alternately at the terrible isolation in which his selfishness had placed him, and at the more terrible visitations that disturbed his solitude.

Then it was that, weak, helpless, and despairing, he was won by the love of Edith's heart. He said to himself, "I have cared for nobody, and yet this dear girl cares for *me*. I have given her rebuffs and petulance, and complaints and surliness, and still she attends me, at all hours, with as much love as if I had done nothing but good all my days." As these thoughts rose within him, the tears filled his eyes, and he was fairly *broken down*. Edith watched the change with an interest that no words could express, and it was her daily endeavor to make her father feel—what she felt so profoundly—that love, so far as it is pure and real, is *a divine thing*—a thing of which it is the very purpose and design to lead the soul up to Him who is its Fountain—to Him whose name is Love, whose nature is love, whose providence is love's foresight, whose beneficence is love's bounty, whose almightiness is love's energy, whose universe is love's realm, whose eternity is love's measure and perpetuity. That great thought had literally taken possession of Edith's heart, and she gave herself no rest until her father, with joy unspeakable, saw what she saw, and felt what she felt.

The simple apprehension of God's love in Christ, and the *trust* of the soul in the love so manifested, brought to his troubled spirit perfect peace and unclouded joy.

Health of soul soon did what the doctors had been unable to do—restored the invalid to health of body. In the new-found happiness which filled the heart of John Hurst, his uppermost thought was: "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?" He saw that gratitude to God could best be shown by justice and kindness to man. He recompensed many whom he had wronged; he gave largely in charity of that part of his income which he could honestly regard as his own; and when he died many years afterward he left to Edith all that remained, with the assurance that in her hands it would be turned to the best account, and held in trust for Him to whom the gold and the silver belong.

A PERILOUS DRIVE.

THE claims of Australia on the energies of Christians, and especially of Christian ministers, were pressed very earnestly some thirty years ago by returned emigrants. It was represented that large districts of the country were wholly without the means of grace, and in others the services were irregular and were often for months together omitted because no minister could be secured.

Mr. John Bunyan McCure was among those whose hearts were moved by this recital. He was the minister of a small church in which he labored with but slight success. He had a large family, and the remuneration his people were able to give him was so small that it barely sufficed for food and clothing, and he often grieved that his children could not have the advantages of even the poorest education. Gradually the thought of emigrating to Australia took possession of his mind, and having committed the matter in prayer to God, he decided on the momentous step. The way was opened for him to make the voyage with his family free of cost, and bidding adieu to his congregation and friends, he set out to begin life afresh under southern skies.

On his arrival, however, he was disappointed to find that for his proposed labors as a minister of the Gospel he had no opportunity, that those to whom he expected to have ministered had caught the gold-fever, which had recently broken out, and had gone to the far-distant "bush."

But Mr. McCure was not a man to be easily daunted. Nerved by the thought of his family, he accepted one of the humblest of occupations, from which, by dint of downright energy and perseverance, he rose to a position of great influence and usefulness. But in his early experience of Australian life his privations were many, and to a man of his education and culture they were very humiliating. He was glad to work for any one who would employ him, and often those were men of ignorant and brutal manners who imposed on him very

uous labors. These would not dare to use, lest he should discharged, and his e and family be left starve.

n one occasion, when y partially recovered n a severe illness, employer requested to take the mail the country, a dis- ce of ninety miles. e roads were in an ul state, and many he creeks so flooded t they could only be ssed by swimming.

I am not sufficient- ecovered," said Mr. Cure. "I am not ng enough. If I it, I should never ch my destination." hen go and get the er," he angrily re- d, "from the Bar- n." The Barwon er was one mile dis- . "I put the horse," Mr. McCure, "in- he water-cart, and ted off. But the e walked too fast for me; I was obliged to get he top of the cart; but, in consequence of the ful state of the roads, and the cart having no ngs, I was fearfully shaken. After a while I ght sight of the river, and also an immense y before me, which I had to go round before I d come to it; it was *a deep ravine* between the l and the river. It was a fearfully hot day; and ctly the horse saw the water he pricked up his and started off in a direct line for the river, ead of skirting the ravine. I tried all I could to him out into the road, with one hand pressed n my aching side and the other pulling at the s, but I had not sufficient strength.

With what seemed like superhuman energy I aged to keep the cart up to the side, with *one el crushing the edge* of the ravine for over one dred yards. I was mercifully delivered from g turned over with the horse and cart down mbankment. I drove to the water in a faint- condition; and, when somewhat recovered, menced pumping the water into the cask, at vals dashing it into my face, to prevent me fainting. At last I succeeded in filling the and, in great suffering and pain, managed to h home, and was put to bed, fully believing I ld never rise again. But God was merciful to for in the morning I felt much better, and was led to resume my duties."

E SCIENCE COLLEGE AT BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND,

Founded by Sir Josiah Mason.

our issue of June 9th we gave some account e institutions founded by this successful and nthropic English manfuacturer, with his por- and life, and a picture of his orphanages at ngton. This week we are enabled to give a ch of the Science College at Birmingham, which osiah founded for the benefit of the young peo- f that town.

r Josiah Mason commenced life in the most ble circumstances. He struggled hard to ob- an education, and when he became wealthy he lved to devote the riches which God had given to the benefit of the poor. His orphanages, on h he expended a million and a half of dollars, ave already described.

is next great gift was the Science College, built cost of $300,000, and before it was begun an wment for it was made secure on property ed at over $500,000. There is no restriction ass or creed imposed upon the admission of ents or the nomination of teachers—the only ation in either instance being that the trustees

Sir Josiah Mason's Science College.

themselves shall always be laymen and Protestants. The scope of the college is the widest conceivable, no subject of instruction being excluded, excepting theology. And, best of all, *the poorest of the poor* may avail themselves of its advantages.

DR. BONAR AT THE NORTHFIELD CONFERENCE.

The Coming of the Lord.

THE Lord's coming was the theme taken up at the Believers' Bible Conference, Northfield, Mass., on Friday, August 19th. At the morning meeting for prayer in the Seminary it was proposed that believers should briefly mention *texts and passages* which had been the means of specially fixing their attention on the premillennial coming. One rose and said that 1 Cor. 1 : 5–7 had guided him: "Ye come behind in no good gift, waiting for the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ." Another spoke of having been led to inquire by hearing the translation of Enoch preached upon as a type of the translation of the living saints.

Another referred to the 24th chapter of Matthew as a portion of Scripture that conclusively settled the question of the premillennial coming, and mentioned how he had been led by it to see that all was trouble and tribulation till the Lord comes in glory. Another said that he had drunk in this truth from his spiritual infancy, and had never thought of any other view as agreeing with the plain words of Scripture. Another spoke of having been led to study Acts 1 : 8, and Christ's words about *Noah's days* being the type of what is to precede the millennium.

At the usual meeting for conference in the afternoon

DR. ANDREW A. BONAR,

from Glasgow, entered into the subject at some length. He said: "Let us look at *the contrasts* found in the first and the second coming. The sign of the Son of man at His first coming (Luke 2 : 12) was, 'Ye shall find a babe in swaddling clothes, in an inn, in the manger of the inn,'—feebleness, helplessness, obscurity, neglect. Whereas the sign of His second coming is to be 'the clouds of heaven,' 'bright clouds,' 'great power,' 'great glory' (Mark 13 : 26, etc.).

"Another contrast is 'Behold the man,' in Pilate's hall, with 'Behold, He cometh,' on that day. Again, they 'bowed the knee' to Him in mockery; but 'every knee shall bow' to Him then. Then there are the crown of thorns and the reed for a sceptre, to be contrasted with the many crowns and the rod of iron (Rev. 19 : 12, 15).

"In the next place let us notice that that day will be to Christ Himself a day of *supreme delight* (Song. 4 : 6; Rev. 22 : 20). It is indeed 'the joy of the Lord' into which His saints shall enter.

"Now we may see how many *graces and duties* are enjoined on believers under the shadow of this great motive, the Lord's coming. There may be patience, there may be labor, there may be liberality, there may be diligence, there may be special holiness; this thought, 'the Lord is at hand,' enforces all. Then again, the Lord's appearing will be *sudden;* 'as a thief,' 'as a snare,' 'in an hour ye think not.'

"But let me more specially impress this fact, that there can be *no millennium till Christ returns.* For it is written that Israel has no rest till then (Matt. 24 : 21–29); the Gentiles have none till then (Luke 21 : 25–27); creation at large has none (Rom. 8 : 19–22); the Church of Christ can have full rest only then, 'the rest that remaineth' (2 Thess. 1 : 7; Heb. 4 : 9); for Antichrist is only then destroyed and only then is earth without a devil (Rev. 20 : 1).

"In conclusion I will say that I think *the fear* of some believers regarding that day is an entire mistake. For the full sight of Christ our Priest coming back to lift up His pierced hands in blessing will at once dispel all doubt, and the smile of ineffable love toward His own will render all fear impossible. It will be as true of dread and doubt as of sin—

"'One look of Jesus as He is
Will strike all fear for ever dead.'"

A THRILLING SIGHT AT A FIRE.

YEARS ago the superb Sailors' Home in Liverpool, that was the pride of that commercial city, took fire at midnight, and the flames kindling very high, attracted thousands to the spot. When the crowd reached it, the building was already enveloped in flames, and they said, "Oh! everybody is out—it must burn. Let it go; it can't be saved." But by-and-bye there appeared through the smoke on the fourth story four arms thrust out of the windows, and two pale faces behind them.

Half a dozen gallant blue-jackets from one of her Majesty's ships in the Mersey, said, "Give us a ladder; we will save these men." The foremost of them climbed the ladder amid the smoke, but only came within ten or twelve feet of the outstretched hands. Again the shriek of horror ran through the crowd, and they cried, "Pass up another ladder." They sent up a short ladder, but that didn't reach by a foot or two. What did the sailor do? He lifted the ladder upon his shoulders, and grasping the casement firmly, the two men left the window, climbed over the ladder, over the stout burly man, down to the street, and were received with the huzzas of the rejoicing multitude. What did the man do? Simply this—added his own length to the length of the ladder; that is all. Would you save that young man you know to be in danger? *Add the length of your own example* to the length of the ladder to save the poor and the degraded. When poor humanity was to be saved from perdition, the Divine Lord of glory descended to earth, and by His personal suffering provided a ladder of hope, rescue, and salvation. Blessed Saviour, if Thou wouldst give Thyself for the tempted and the dying, teach us how to be self-denying for others' sakes, that we may save them for Thy glory.

"NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

BY HESBA STRETTON.

(*Continued from page 591.*)

A New Home.

RUTH closed her eyelids, and lay still, breathing heavily and fitfully; while all around her her old neighbors looked on in mournful silence.

"He's long in coming," she murmured at last, "and it's growing dark, very dark. It's time to sing, 'Glory to Thee;' it 'll cheer him, maybe, wherever he is. Only I can't begin."

"She wishes us to sing 'Glory to Thee,'" said Mrs. Clift, looking round at the circle of grave and sorrowful faces surrounding them; "she says it will cheer Ishmael; and it will, if he can only catch a distant sound of it. Some of you belong to the choir; please start it, for I cannot."

Her voice was broken and low; and for the first two or three lines the hymn was sung very tremulously by the villagers. But Ruth's eyes brightened, and a smile broke over her gray and withered face, as the familiar strain and the old words reached her dull ear. Her lips moved, and now and then the feeble whispering of a word or two was heard by the schoolmistress. But when the "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow" had been sung in a loud, clear, hearty chorus of every voice, there came, in the silence that followed, a sound as of an echo repeating it in the winding galleries of the old quarry. Ruth lifted up her head, and with sudden strength raised herself to her feet, and leaned against the opening to listen.

"I can hear him," she said, joyously, "and I shall see him again! I bid him go, for I was afeard he hadn't forgiven Nutkin; but my heart went with him. He's the only one of 'em all as cares for their old mother; it's the way of young folks," she added, as if to excuse them herself; "but Ishmael was loth to leave me, for fear I should die afore he got back. But I'm here, Ishmael, my lad; I'm close beside thee. Thee and me 'ull see each other again."

She sank back slowly to the ground; and the neighbors gathered round her again. She was only a poor old, toiling woman, for years well known to them all, and little thought of; but there was not one of them who did not grieve for her, or say to themselves how they could have made her hard life a little easier for her. Nutkin knelt down beside her, and his red, sunburnt face looked more full of life and health than ever, beside her thin, pinched, pallid features.

"Ruth, forgive me!" he said. "I'd rather have had my right hand shot off, if I'd ha' known it before. It were my wicked hatred as did it. I'd h'a winked at any other lad robbing a pheasant 's nest; but I hated the very name o' Medway."

"I never thought myself as there were anything to forgive," she answered. "It's the law, I know; and the justices are wise men. But Ishmael couldn't forgive it, not till now."

But before any one could speak again, there came a shout through the narrow opening, and the sound of a child's voice calling "Father."

Ruth lifted up her head again, and turned her smiling face to the opening.

"He's coming," she said. "God is very good to us."

Yet a few minutes passed away, long, slow minutes, before they could hear Ishmael's footsteps, and his voice speaking gently to the child, who was chattering back again, as if he felt no fear of him, or of the strange place they were in. Very soon the child's tear-stained face was seen crawling back through the archway; yet no one stirred or spoke but Nutkin, who caught his boy in his arms, and hushed him into silence. Ishmael was coming back; and his old mother was leaning forward with her eager, dying face, waiting to see him once more. The lad crept out slowly and reluctantly, unwilling to face so many of his old neighbors, and anxious to get away out of sight. His dazzled eyes saw nothing but a cluster of faces about him; and he did not perceive his mother until her feeble voice broke the utter silence which astonished and affrighted him.

"Ishmael!" she called.

"Mother!" he cried, in a loud, shrill tone of surprise and gladness, as he flung himself upon the earth beside her, and put his arm about her, drawing her head down upon his breast.

"I couldn't keep away," she murmured, "and God helped me to come. Be good, Ishmael. God sees us every one, always. I shall watch for thee on the door-sill—to come into the Father's house—boldly—where He's gone to prepare a place—and then we'll be at home again—with Him."

The words dropped slowly, one by one, from the failing lips which were growing stiff with death; and the bright light in her sunken eyes flickered and died out. But there was still a faint, patient smile on the wrinkled face, and as Ishmael called to her for the last time, in a voice of bitter grief and loneliness, she tried to raise her head, and look again into her boy's face. "Ishmael," she whispered, "because the Lord has heard thy affliction."

It was a solemn and almost speechless procession that marched thourgh the midnight woods, waking up the sleeping birds in their nests, and frightening timid rabbits in their burrows. The moon shone down from the cloudless sky, filling the open spaces with a white light, but deepening the shadows where the hazel bushes grew thickest. Elsie walked beside Ishmael with her hand in his; remembering, oh! how keenly, that day five years ago, which had laid the foundation-stone of all his sorrow.

But beyond the present sadness there shone a bright hope in the future, though he could not at this moment catch its light. Only a few days, and she and her mother were going to sail for America; and now, when Ishmael had seen his mother's feeble worn-out body laid in the old churchyard, he would be free to go with them, and begin his new life in a new country.

They found *old Humphrey lying in a drunken sleep* on the damp floor of the hut, at the foot of the ladder, which he had not been able to climb up; and they had to drag him on one side to carry their burden to its resting-place in the loft overhead. He was an old man, with his brain softened and soddened with drink, and he could not be made to understand what had happened, or be persuaded to let Ishmael remain even for a few hours in his old home.

It was only now and then, when his father was away during the few days that intervened before the funeral, that he could steal in to look at his mother's calm and placid face, from which the wrinkles, graved sharply on it by many troubles, seemed almost smoothed away. But every house in the parish was open to him, the castaway who had been driven from his home, and thrown upon the world. He followed his mother to the grave, and stood for the last time amid his father and brothers. There was a whole crowd of villagers and neighbors gathered about the grave; and Nutkin was there, with the little boy whom Ishmael had sought and found in the windings of the old quarry.

"I'd like to shake hands with all the Medways," said Nutkin, as the crowd began to melt away, "and let bygones be bygones. And, Ishmael, the squire bid me say, is there nothing as he can do for you; nothing as 'ud make it worth your while to stay at home, 'stead o' going to America?"

"Nothin'," answered Ishmael; "*there's no home for me now mother's gone.* It was home, sweet home, and I shall never have another."

But ten years after, when Ishmael came back to England, not to stay, but only to visit the old place, he had made a home for himself, with Elsie in it for his wife. He owned a farm of his own, and was prospering in every way. He found the old hut fallen into ruins, for his father had died in the workhouse the year after he had left England; and no one had lived in the desolate hovel since. The old door-sill was there yet, though the thatched roof had long ago mouldered away; and he could almost fancy he saw his mother sitting there, and looking out for him. The trees behind the ruins tossed their green branches in the wind, and the blue sky, flecked with clouds, shone above them, as in the bygone days. There were the old pleasant sounds, the song of the birds, and the hum of insects, and the rustling of myriads of leaves; but still it was no more home. His mother, who had made this poor hut a home for him, was no longer there.

"I remember," said Elsie, softly, with her hand in his, "how she said, 'I shall watch for thee on the door-sill, to come into the Father's house, boldly, where He's gone to prepare a place; and you and me 'll be at home again, with Him.'"

THE END.

In the next Number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will appear the first chapter of a New Serial Story by Hesba Stretton entitled Cobwebs and Cables.

"STRANGE FOOTSTEPS."

IN a work under the above title, by Rev. Charles Kendall, the new President of the British Primitive Methodist Conference, whose portrait appeared in our last week's issue, the following remarkable incidents are related:

THE STING OF A FLY.

In the last century a clergyman of considerable note preached, on taking possession of his living at a certain place, with such earnestness and power, that a great deal of excitement was created, and his church was crowded. One man, however, an innkeeper, who was fearfully addicted to drunkenness and blasphemy, swore he would never go to hear him; but, some time afterward, on learning that the singing was remarkably good, he, being fond of vocal music, went to the service with a view of hearing the singing, declaring, at the same time that he would not hear a word of the sermon. When the hymn had been sung, he placed his fingers in his ears during the prayer before the sermon, to keep out the sound, and kept them in when the text was announced.

The minister, however, had not proceeded far in his sermon, before *a large fly* alighted on the innkeeper's face, and stung it sharply; this made him hastily withdraw one finger from one ear, to drive the assailant away, when by a curious coincidence, as it would generally be called, the clergyman was pronouncing these words, "He that hath ears to hear, *let him hear.*" The man's attention was arrested by the sentence, so singularly appropriate, and he determined to listen to a few sentences. By-and-by, the finger was withdrawn from the other ear; and he heard with deep attention all the rest of the sermon. From that day he became a new man, and at last died rejoicing in hope, and blessing God that he had employed one of the meanest of His creatures to open his ears to hear words whereby he might be saved.

THE WIDOW'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

While stationed at North Shields, a friend of Mr. Kendall enjoyed very much an occasional visit to an old member of the Primitive Church in that town called Mrs. T——, a poor widow, who supported herself by washing and kept out of debt. One time her daughter was at home with her, out of health, and at the same time she was herself afflicted with a bad knee. She was confined to bed through it, and her scanty stock of provisions ran short. One morning at breakfast-time, as she lay in bed, she asked her daughter to look into the cupboard and see what they had left. The daughter reported that there was just one potato and a spoonful of tea. There was *not a single coin* in the house to buy anything with, and Mrs. T—— had a conscientious objection against running into debt or purchasing anything on credit.

Having now nothing left, and no money where with to procure anything, she felt she had good grounds for an appeal to heaven. In her distress she offered this prayer, "*O Lord, dispose some kind Christian friend to help us this day.*" This prayer she kept on repeating at intervals from hour to hour. With great difficulty she rose from her bed, and resting her knee on a chair, contrived to finish some clothes which had been washed. No help came and no relief. There was no dinner for either mother or daughter, and the same petition had still to be urged.

About three o'clock in the afternoon there was a knock at the door, and Mrs. T—— called "Come in," and in walked a daughter of Alderman M——, a benevolent Christian lady, well known to her, who finding she had been ill for some time

inquired more particularly about her affliction, and then gave her five shillings. Mrs. T—— burst into tears on receiving the gift, and exclaimed, "And so my prayer has been answered."

This led to further inquiries and explanations, in the course of which the visitor said, "You do gladden my heart, Mrs. T——. I was going into the town to make some purchases, having no thought of coming to see you, when all at once, something seemed to say to me, '*Go see Mrs. T——.*' I did not see why I should come, and so I went to buy what I wanted; but when I was returning, the same impression that I must call to see you came on me again; and since you have been praying for some *Christian* friend to be sent, I may conclude that I'm the Lord's messenger sent in answer to your prayer. And now," added the lady, with tearful countenance, "let me beseech you, if ever you are in want in future, to let me know."

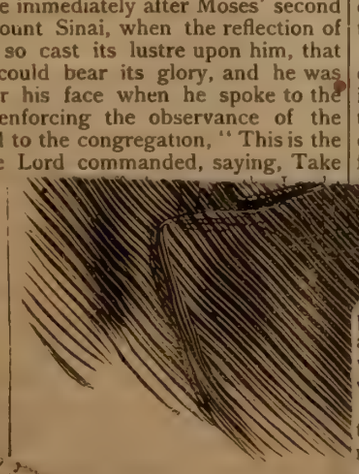
FREE GIVING.

S. S. Lesson for October 2. Exod. 35 : 20–35. Golden Text, 2 Cor. 9 : 7. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE subject of giving is one of the utmost practical importance, and we implore the special wisdom of God that we may treat of it in the spirit of Christ and to the glory of God. Our golden text says with regard to giving, "Let each man do *according as he hath purposed in his heart;* not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver" (Revised Version). The Old Testament rule of giving was an enforced tithe, under the New Covenant rule law is done away with, the law is written on the heart, and the giving will be in proportion to the purpose of that heart that Christ shall be Proprietor and King. In exactly that degree in which I recognize the Lord Jesus as my Owner and myself as His property, just so far shall I devote myself and all I am, and all which I possess, to Him and to His service. The question will not be, "How much can I spare from my own necessities, desires, habits of life, etc., for Him and for His cause," but, "How can all my necessities and habits of life be brought so to work together for His glory, that I may use no moment and no penny which I cannot say is spent for Him? With the privilege of living for, and giving to, such a Master, how can I afford to spend anything only for myself?"

We must be clear about one thing, that *the value of giving does not consist in the value of the thing given;* a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple shall in no wise lose its reward, the two mites of the poor widow were a richer offering than the munificent gifts of richer donors. "For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not" (2 Cor. 8 : 12). This is clearly in condemnation of such as give money to the work of God while they are owing money to their creditors; such are guilty of giving away other people's money, this must be in God's sight sheer dishonesty. The real root of such giving is not the "willing mind," but the fear of being thought mean, or perhaps of being thought poor; it is ministering to an untrue and unreal position, a semblance and not a reality.

The chapter from which our subject is taken, treats of the time immediately after Moses' second descent from Mount Sinai, when the reflection of the face of God so cast its lustre upon him, that no eye of man could bear its glory, and he was obliged to cover his face when he spoke to the people. After enforcing the observance of the Sabbath, he said to the congregation, "This is the thing which the Lord commanded, saying, Take



work of the Tabernacle of the congregation, and for all His service, and for the holy garments." "The Lord's offering" because He had expressed His willingness to accept it, not the people's offering, as though the thought had originated with them. The offering must be the product of a heart which stirred up the donor, and of a will which corresponded. In giving, the heart and not the head comes into play. How often have some of us felt stirred up to do some generous thing, and the heart has made a strong appeal to the will, but the will, instead of an instant surrender, has called in the counsel of the head, and then calculations began. "How much will this cost me? how far will it influence such and such things which I propose to do? Am I called upon to make so much sacrifice? Is not the half enough? I will sleep a night over it." In the morning the half has become a quarter, because the head which God did not call into counsel has been usurping a place which God gave to the heart, and perhaps a precious opportunity of giving has passed irrecoverably away.

Let us not forget the solemn words in Lev. 27. "If it be a beast, whereof men bring an offering unto the Lord, *all that any man giveth of such unto the Lord shall be holy.* He shall not alter it, nor change it, a good for a bad, or a bad for a good: and if he shall at all change beast for beast, then it and the exchange thereof shall be holy . . . . Every devoted thing is most holy unto the Lord. . . . And concerning the tithe . . . . [a man] shall not search whether it be good or bad (no calculations for his own interest), neither shall he change it; and if he change it at all, then both it and the change thereof, shall be holy: it shall not be redeemed." So holy does God hold all which we have given unto Him, even by a purpose of our hearts, it *must not* be changed, and *cannot* be redeemed. One more Scripture on this head. "When thou vowest a vow unto God, defer not to pay it; for He hath no pleasure in fools: pay that which thou hast vowed. Better is it that thou shouldest not vow, than that thou shouldest vow and not pay" (Eccl. 5 : 4, 5).

The offerings of the children of Israel for the work of the Tabernacle were diverse. "Bracelets, earrings, rings, tablets, and every man an offering of gold, then blue, purple, scarlet, fine linen, goats' hair, etc., etc. But there was another order of offering altogether: some of the women were poor and had nothing to bring; would the Lord accept their work? Yes, indeed, "All the women that were wise hearted did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun, both of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, and of fine linen. And all the women whose heart stirred them up in wisdom spun goats' hair." Imagine the activity in the camp of Israel, the spinning wheels which were brought into requisition, the children employed in picking and cleaning the goats' hair, the dyeing and weaving, the searching out jewelry and cleaning it, and the one solemn, joyous sound heard in every house, "It is for the Lord." Carpenters, silversmiths, forgers, oil pressers, all were employed, and the whole camp must have been thrown into one busy scene of industry. "It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts 20 : 35); the children of Israel were tasting of this blessedness.

There is contained in our subject a precious indication how thoroughly the work of our earthly calling, when it is done in the true spirit of consecration, may be both of God and for God. Moses called the attention of the children of Israel to the fact that God had called by name Bezaleel and had *filled him with the Spirit of God*, in wisdom, in [illegible]anding, and in knowledge, and in all manner workmanship. It is a common idea that Spirit of God may empower a man to under- and the Bible, to speak for God, to write on holy subjects, and all such things; but most people repudiate the idea that working in gold, in silver, and in brass, that cutting of stones and carving of wood, need the power and guidance of His Spirit when done in obedience to the call of God.

Our God is a Father, knowing and feeling all the needs of His children, our lives in His eyes are not divided into religious and secular, but into self and Christ. The stamp of Christ is perceptible when a man of business gladly renounces an advantage to which he is legally entitled, because for some reason the glory of God would suffer loss. When a Christian woman, whose income had been derived from the beer trade, although not herself engaged in it, was willing rather to suffer loss, to renounce all the comforts she had been used to for many years, and take a situation rather than touch the unclean thing, even when no one but God knew her connection with it, the mark of Christ was upon it. When a man is ready to face ruin rather than to pursue his business on the unchristian principles which obtain in the present day, regarding his connection with commerce as a trust which he holds under the guidance of the Spirit of God, the mark of Christ is on such a business. Let every Christian man of business work under the unction and direction of God's Holy Spirit, that a standard for Christ may be raised in commerce to the glory of God.

"And He hath put in his heart that he may teach." What a precious truth for teachers and for such as have apprentices. To many minds nothing is so difficult as to impart knowledge to others, but this also the Spirit of God is ready to put in our hearts, whether the instruction be of a spiritual, an intellectual, a mechanical, a scientific nature, or whether it be in embroidery or other work with the needle, nothing is beneath the notice of our loving God. And all this is connected with our subject of Free Giving; for all which is done unto the Lord is given unto Him. The early Christians lived such a life of self-renouncement that none of them said of aught of the things which he possessed that it was his own, but they had all things common. And even in the time of Hezekiah, when the hearts of the people of Judah had been warmed by a blessed revival of religion, so numerous were the offerings which were given out of hearts made warm by the grace of God, that they "laid them by heaps" (2 Chr. 31 : 6). If this was only the tithes, the tenth part of their possessions, how great a time might there be, if Christians used their great privilege of giving all and holding nothing more to be their own!

THE ITALIAN BRIGAND AND THE LEAFLET.

AN Italian evangelist recently related the following incident which occurred in Leghorn: In the summer a rather striking-looking stranger was observed to come frequently as a listener to the school which is taught by Signor S—, both on Sundays and in the week. On the 24th of September, while Signor S— was concluding with prayer, in which he asked that even "the greatest sinners might be saved and receive the full pardon of their sins," he was interrupted by *the sound of violent weeping*, so that he could not continue to pray. Upon this a conversation ensued, and the stranger said he wept because he could not believe that it was possible to be saved by simple faith in Christ.

After explaining to him the Gospel way of salvation a little further, the school was dismissed, and the same evening the stranger came to speak to Signor S— at his own house, when he related that he had in earlier life murdered his cousin, a priest; he had then betaken himself to the career of a brigand in the south of Italy, and had committed so much wickedness that he doubted the possibility of being saved. One day, as he was passing by the little old chapel, he picked up one of the R. K. leaflets, entitled—"*Come to Jesus.*"

This tiny leaflet proved to be the means used by God of leading this great sinner to seek a great Saviour. A pupil of the school lent him some evangelical books, and explained to him that these leaflets are distributed every Sunday to all the children who can read, to be learned by heart for repetition in the school.

This led to his going to hear the instruction given by Signor S—, who has good hope that this man, once a brigand, is now converted to the faith of Christ and His Gospel.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

Rev. THOMAS C

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The National Land League Convention Assembled in Dublin September 15th. Over twelve hundred delegates were present, among whom were twenty-one members of Parliament and many Roman Catholic priests. Considerable sensation was caused by the reading of several telegrams threatening stoppage of supplies from America unless a policy of "*No rent, no compromise with landlordism*" were adopted. The impression produced by these threatening communications was painful in its character, though very little reference was publicly made to this unpleasant incident. Many more intelligent delegates expressed privately their indignation at the attempt made by a section of the Irish-American organization to "*boss*" *the Irish people.*

After a prolonged discussion, which ran over two days, the delegates were induced to give the Land Bill a trial. The Executive Committee were empowered to select certain cases and bring them before the arbitration court as test cases, to ascertain the value of the Act to the tenants. It was, however, the prevalent feeling that the Land Bill, if accepted, would destroy the power of the League. On the other hand, if it were rejected, many tenants would desert the League in order to secure the advantages offered by the Bill.

The veil was dropped by the leaders when the following resolution was proposed and adopted: "That this Convention declares that no settlement of the land question can be satisfactory, no effect practicable, which does not *abolish landlordism, root and branch*, and make the tiller also the owner of the soil; that the Land Act cannot be accepted as just or wise, still less as a final, settlement of the question; that its radical insufficiency and many defects, prevent it from being regarded as even a temporary remedy of a satisfactory character; that this Convention binds itself to maintain the same solid combination against landlordism which has worked such magnificent results in the past two years."

The Czar of Russia is Believed to Have Attended the imperial conference mentioned last week, principally for the purpose of consulting the Emperor of Germany and Prince Bismarck on the subject of the Nihilist plots against his life. The difficulties of the Czar's position are almost insuperable. The Prince of Wales is said to have thus described one of them. The prince said: "When I stood in the Church of St. Petersburg on the memorable day when the funeral ceremonies of the late Czar took place, I never felt so uncomfortable in my life. I wondered whether the entire structure might not be blown up, and whether mines were not laid under our feet to blow us all into eternity. In St. Petersburg I first gained a clear idea of *the terrible situation* in which Alexander found himself. The Czar has no less than 600 aides-de-camp. To begin such reforms as the nihilists wish, the Czar must first dismiss most of these and thousands besides, and every person thus dismissed from the court would become an enemy quite as dangerous as the individual nihilists. Even the nihilists themselves do not know the difficulties of the Czar's position, desirous as he is of promoting the interests of the empire and of the people committed to his care."

The Arrangement Forced on the Khedive of Egypt last week by his army, is regarded by Europeans in Egypt as merely temporary. The Khedive was at the mercy of his troops, even his own body guard having joined the insurgents. At the dictation of the leader Araby Bey, the Khedive dismissed his chief minister and appointed in his place Cherif Pacha, a man of little ability, who has made himself popular by his hatred of foreigners. The Khedive's financial affairs have latterly been managed by the representatives of England and France resident at Cairo. These gentlemen have acted in the interest of the creditors of Egypt, and have by economy and honest collection of revenue succeeded in extricating the finances from their former hopeless condition. They proposed to reduce the army, which did not maintain order and could not repel foreign invasion if it were attempted. It is expensive, useless, and as it now appears, dangerous to public tranquillity. The soldiers, therefore, have risen in alarm, with the avowed object of liberating the Khedive from foreign control. It is plain that foreign intervention will be required to control the army, or the bondholders will lose their money, and the Suez Canal will be closed against foreign ships. It is uncertain what England may do, but it is of vital importance to her to protect the Suez Canal, and she may, therefore, undertake the duty of armed interference. It is thought probable that Lord Beaconsfield foresaw the difficulty when he arranged to occupy Cyprus, which is little more than 200 miles from the Egyptian coast.

The Cotton Corner in England is Being fought by the spinners, but the real sufferers in the struggle are the operatives who are thrown out of employment. Tens of thousands of hands have already been discharged, and every day adds to the number. The corner was originally formed by Mr. Morriss Ranger, a large speculator of Liverpool. Last year and this spring he bought up all the cotton he could lay his hands on at ten and twelve cents a pound, and has now advanced the price to fifteen cents. This represents a ruinous loss to the largest cotton spinners. They believe that by stopping their spindles the corner can be broken down, but it is thought by those who know the circumstances that the result of the struggle is doubtful, and that it will be fought with obstinacy. Meanwhile there will be great suffering. At Oldham alone, wages to the amount of $100,000 a week have been stopped. If this continues there must be great misery and probaby serious disturbances in the cotton districts.

An English Land Bill will, it Seems Probable, be demanded at an early date, of similar provisions to that of the Irish Land Bill. The correspondent of a New York journal thus describes the situation: "The immense amount of damages that the rain of last month has done to the English crops must be followed by some alteration in the condition of *the landlords, the tenants, and the laborers.* For some time past the wages of the last named have been reduced to almost the *starvation point.* Each year since 1871 has brought the tenant farmer nearer to bankruptcy, and the harvest of 1881 will complete his fall. It is clear, therefore, that these two classes can be brought no lower in the scale of poverty, and it follows that the landlord will have to give up a considerable part of his income. For centuries the land has been sufficiently prolific to support these three classes. It has recently ceased to do so, and the result is inevitable."

The average rate of pay now received by an English farm laborer does not exceed *two dollars a week.* Out of this he has to pay rent for his cottage and support his family, which often includes eight children.

A Distinguished Convert from Roman Catholicism.—A telegram from Venice, in Italy, says that Count Henrico Campello, the archpriest of the Basilica of St. Peter, in Rome, has publicly abjured Catholicism and entered the little Methodist church in the Piazza Poli. He read a discourse on the occasion, embodying his various reasons for leaving the Church of Rome, conspicuous among which were his objections to a church which prevented a man from expressing sentiments toward his country and government which a patriot should cherish. The high position, social and ecclesiastical, of Count Campello, causes his abjuration to produce an immense sensation in Catholic circles.

A Journey on Floating Ice is thus Described by Mr. A. Hlavatschek, the Moravian missionary at Hebron, Labrador: "At the beginning of March, 1880, a company of nineteen Esquimaux men and boys were walrus-hunting on the ice found the considerable distance from the shore, when had died in lent storm suddenly broke upon them, England; strong a ground swell that a large piece since. which they were, *was separated from the* [illegible] *mass, and carried out to sea!* No one observed would what had occurred until it was too late to retreat. and Tidings of the terrible accident soon reached us, ruins and caused terrible distress; but the huge cakes the of ice which were tossing wildly about rendered them, any attempt to rescue them hopeless. In our trouble we had recourse to God. In the huts of the natives as well as in our house, *many prayers were offered up that night.* By noon of the next day it was reported that some men had been seen on a rock about twenty miles off; but communication between us and them was impossible. Three days later, drift ice came from the north, by means of which the whole company was able to reach the firm shore-ice and return home. While imprisoned on the island, they had succeeded in catching a walrus, which had provided all with sufficient food.

Another Fatal Landslip in Switzerland.—A despatch from Berne says that a landslip occurred last week near the village of Elm, Canton Glarus. *Two hundred persons* were killed and thirty houses destroyed, The London *Standard's* Geneva despatch says that the government has sent troops to Elm to render assistance.

In India, Under the Governor Generalship of the Roman Catholic nobleman appointed by Mr. Gladstone, several missionaries were arrested for preaching in the streets of Calcutta. They have recently been tried before the local courts of Calcutta, and unanimously acquitted. The prosecutor was the commissioner of police, who is *an English Roman Catholic;* the court included two Christians, one Mohammedan, and one Hindoo, while among the lawyers that defended the missionaries were two educated Hindoos, one of them a Mohammedan.

An Alarming Outbreak of Typhoid Fever has taken place at Mr. Müller's Orphanage, Bristol, where there are upwards of two thousand children. They are distributed in five houses, and the outbreak is confined to No. 2 house, occupied by girls, sixty of whom are affected, some of the cases being of a very serious character. The water supply is obtained from two wells on the premises, and it is feared that the water has become contaminated. Mr. Müller himself is evangelizing on the continent of Europe, and the prayers of our readers are asked both for him and for the orphanage in this its hour of trouble.

Insanity Treated by Prayer.—**A Spanish** schoolmaster of Barcelona, has just been received in the Cottage Hospital, in that city, by Mr. G. Lawrence, who says of his patient: "I have received a poor schoolmaster, who has gone out of his mind on account of the misery he has suffered through the government not paying him his salary for the past three years. The priest of the village has also greatly helped to bring him to this condition through his intolerance." Mr. Lawrence says: "We believe prayer will be answered for him. Our children sang 'the old, old story' for him. As we sat out in the cool night in our lovely garden I saw the tears rolling down his face as he turned to his wife and friend who accompanied him, and to whom, for Christ's sake, we show hospitality. He said, '*I shall be all right here.* What a happy man you must be to have such a singing family. Not many families like yours in Spain, sir.' He has slept well, without restraint, and without medicine. I believe we shall see him sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind. I also believe that this case will be the means of introducing the Gospel in his mountain village."

"Coming Wars," by the Rev. M. Baxter: Two Pamphlets; price five cents each by mail. *First Pamphlet* contains "Ten Signs of the End, and Description of Approaching Events;" with two maps of the territory to be under Antichrist's rule, and four large diagrams. *Second Pamphlet* contains valuable quotations from twenty-six Expositors on the same subject. Address, with price inclosed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, P. O. Box 1550, New York.

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COBWEBS AND CABLES. A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton, Author of "No Place like Home."

The Tabernacle. S. S. Lesson. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

FOREIGN TOPICS: Europe's Sympathy with America—Americans Meeting in Paris—The Three Emperors—No Release for the Irish Prisoners—The Methodist Council, etc.

Rev. THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D., the Eloquent Minister of Edinburgh, Scotland.

THE LATE DR. GUTHRIE.

Birth in 1803—His Mother's Influence—How Sunday was Observed—Narrow Escape from Death—Enters Edinburgh University—Effect of his Father's Death upon his Mind—Becomes a Student in Paris—Takes Charge of a Bank Agency—Ordained to the Ministry in 1830—His Success at Arbirlot—Removal to Edinburgh in 1837—The Dark Side of the City—Builds St. John's Church in 1840—The Birth of the Free Church in 1843—Ragged Schools Opened in Edinburgh—The Sustentation Fund—Receives his Diploma from Edinburgh University in 1849—His Eloquence—Appointed Moderator in 1862—Failing Health—Literary Work—Removal to Hastings in 1872—His Last Days—Death and Interment at Edinburgh.

AMONG the distinguished ministers of the Gospel in Great Britain whose fame has travelled across the Atlantic, probably Dr. Guthrie, the talented preacher of Edinburgh, Scotland, whose portrait we publish this week, was one of the most prominent. American citizens visiting the splendid capital of North Britain during the period of his ministry generally contrived to spend a Sunday there for the sake of hearing Dr. Guthrie, and once heard, his sermons were not soon forgotten. To others, who never heard him, Dr. Guthrie is well and favorably known by his works.

Thomas Guthrie was *born* at Brechin, Scotland, in the year 1803. Bearing the name of the famous martyr of the Covenant, he would have considered it an honor if he could have traced a relationship with him; but though he was not able to do this with certainty, the probability that he was a branch of that heroic stock had a beneficial influence on his life, determining him to uphold, at all hazards, the truths for which the great Guthrie suffered.

His *father* was a merchant at Brechin, and was for some years Provost of the town. He was a worthy, godly man, but it was from his *mother* that Thomas inherited the finest features of his mind and character. He never forgot what he owed to her influence, and when eminent and honored as a leader in the Christian and philanthropic movements of his time, said, "It was *at my mother's knees* that I first learned to pray; that I learned to form a reverence for the Bible and that I learned to regard the sanctity of the Sabbath."

Sunday was strictly observed in the home at Brechin; no worldly amusements or occupations were suffered to intrude themselves on that day. The earnest Christians at the head of the household endeavored to lead those who looked to them as examples, to observe in spirit and in outward deportment the Lord's Day. Even *whistling* was regarded as an indication of unbecoming *levity of mind*, and was accordingly forbidden, and Thomas and his brothers were accustomed to show their feeling as to the difference between the Sabbath and the fast day in point of sanctity, by indulging in *one short whistle* on the latter. It was no small advantage to the future preacher that many hours of the Lord's Day were spent in reading the Bible, for he then became familiar with its stirring incidents, its glowing poetry, and sublime doctrines, and had large portions of it indelibly impressed on his memory.

Though not a *dunce*, the lad did not show any special aptitude for study in the different schools he attended in Brechin, but he was not behind any of his companions in swimming, climbing, and other athletic exercises. In boyhood he had some

NARROW ESCAPES FROM DEATH,

one of which may be mentioned. He and a brother were at their uncle's house at Maison-dieu, about a mile from their own home. They found their uncle's gun, and not supposing that it was loaded, amused themselves by pointing it at each other, and snapping its flint-lock. The gun went off; the charge struck deep into the wall, and their boyish fun was changed to horror as they saw how near one of them had been at that moment to a terrible death.

When *twelve* years of age, Thomas set out, under the care of a young man who acted as his tutor, for the Edinburgh University. They had one apartment for bedroom, parlor, and study; and cultivated science, as Edinburgh students of that day often did, on oatmeal, and fresh herrings and potatoes. During some of Thomas's later sessions his younger brother lodged with him, and the mistress of the house was frequently drawn to the door of their room by what she had seldom observed in the rooms of other students, *audible reading of the Scriptures, and prayer*. Memories of their godly home clung to them in the great city, and they continued the household worship to which they had been accustomed from infancy.

By the *death of his father* the awful realities of eternity were brought near him, and he was impressed by what he saw of the power of faith in Christ to sustain the soul in nature's extremity. As this event took place just at the close of his university career, it has been well said, "His heart was awed and made tender by affliction, just when his hand was on the pulpit door."

The high position his father had held in Brechin secured for him such influence that he had the offer of one of the best livings in Scotland, but for conscientious reasons declined it. No suitable opening for ministerial work presented itself, and being in easy circumstances, he went to Paris as a student at the Sorbonne. Returning thence to Brechin, but still without a call to a church, he took temporary charge of a bank agency which had been held by his father and a deceased brother. So efficiently did he perform its duties, that one of the bank authorities said to him, "If you only preach, sir, as well as you have banked, you will be sure to succeed."

At length, in 1830, he was

ORDAINED MINISTER

of Arbirlot, a parish near to Arbroath. The manse and the church were in a ruinous condition, but Mr. Guthrie soon effected considerable improvements; and with a bright, affectionate wife by his side, healthful sea-breezes to invigorate his body, beautiful scenery to charm his eye, and pastoral duties to call out his mental powers, his Arbirlot life was very happy.

The Sabbath was a great day in the parish while Mr. Guthrie was its minister. From cottages and farm-houses in the district, and from villages miles distant, glad groups of people gathered to hear the man who was able to stir their deepest emotions, and give them thoughts to make music in their souls through the week.

His *sermons* were representations of evangelical truth instinct with feeling, illustrated by telling anecdotes, and by figures drawn from earth and sky and sea. As he went on from topic to topic, the faces of his rapt hearers were now in a glow of exultation, and now wet with tears. When they left the church, they were all prepared to indorse *the verdict of the blacksmith*, who, though a plain working-man, was regarded in the village as an authority on the subject of pulpit efficiency, when he said, after hearing Mr. Guthrie for the first time, "That's the preacher, lads; that's the preacher!"

REMOVAL TO EDINBURGH.

After *seven* years of successful work in Arbirlot, Mr. Guthrie was translated to the Collegiate Church of the Old Greyfriars, in Edinburgh. It was not without a pang that he left his country charge, the wooded banks, the stream of the Elliott, the cottages overshadowed by ancient trees, the manse from which he could look on the sea in its varying aspects of storm and calm, and the white sails passing to and fro. But he had not hasted to go, and had there not been a clear intimation of Providence, he would thankfully have remained in his rural parish.

Henceforth Edinburgh was his home, and its romantic features and historic glories accorded well with his imaginative spirit. He delighted in it himself, and delighted in showing it to visitors. "Ere the heart of the day," he said, "has cast a misty veil upon the rocky scene, I take a stranger, and conducting him to yonder rampart, I bid him look. Gothic towers and Grecian temples, palaces, spires, domes, monuments, and verdant gardens, picturesquely mingled, are spread out beneath his eye. Wherever he turns he finds a point of view to claim his admiration. What rare variety of hill and hollow! What happy combinations of ancient and modern architecture! Two distant ages gaze at each other across the intervening valley." But

THE CITY HAD ITS DARKER SIDE,

and vice in its most repulsive forms, and misery to fill the heart of the spectator with dismay, mingled strangely with those grandeurs of beetling precipice and lofty pinnacle, storied rocks and stately streets. From the first Mr. Guthrie threw himself into earnest effort for the neglected and heathenish thousands which thronged the dark wynds and alleys of this "Northern Athens." He was appalled by the wickedness and destitution which he witnessed, but he had a bright and ever deepening confidence in the power of the Gospel of Christ to transform and elevate the vilest and lowest in those foul and crowded neighborhoods.

On one occasion, looking from the George IV. Bridge on the dingy houses, the filthy street, and squalid people below, he felt sad as he contrasted the scene with the one he had left, "its singing larks, daisied pastures, decent peasants, and the grand blue sea rolling its lines of snowy breakers along the shore." While thus musing, a hand was laid upon his shoulder. Turning round, he saw *Dr. Chalmers* at his elbow. The great man looked on the scene, and then with enthusiasm glowing on his rugged face, and his arm raised as if in exultation, exclaimed, "A beautiful field, sir; a very fine field of operation." Mr. Guthrie applied all his powers to the culture of that field, and had the satisfaction of seeing that his labors were not in vain in the Lord.

In 1840 he took charge of

A NEW CHURCH

in Edinburgh, called St. John's, which had been erected in consequence of his popularity, and which became the centre of a parish bearing the same name. The building was filled as soon as opened, and *people even sat on planks placed on rafters near the ventilating apertures in the roof*. He believed that what reached the hearts of the people in the village would reach the hearts of the people in the city, and therefore never thought of clipping the forest-like exuberance of stirring words, which from the first characterized his sermons.

He studied the art of preaching thoroughly, but he preached in his own way. Yet he was no mere *pulpit artist*, caring only to fill up an hour with a succession of word-pictures, or to stir the blood of his audience with thrilling anecdotes of Scottish heroism. Picture and anecdote were made subservient to the enforcement of Christian truth, and he sought and often rejoiced in the salvation of those who heard him.

It was at this period that

THE DISRUPTION CONTROVERSY

was waged with volcanic energy, and found one of its foremost participants in Mr. Guthrie. He could not brook the control which the government claimed they had a right to exercise in return for the money paid to ministers, but which Dr. Guthrie and his friends regarded as "an unwarrantable and ungodly interference with the *spiritual* independence of the Scottish Church." Much as he loved that Church, he would not remain in it when its movements were trammelled by secular authority; and when he left his home for the General Assembly on the memorable morning of May 18th, 1843, he said to his wife, "Well, Anne, this is the last time I go out of this door a minister of an Established Church."

Mr. Guthrie was requested to travel through the country, making appeals both in public and in private for the Sustentation Fund. He accepted the task, and such was his success that in twelve months he had secured the magnificent sum of $580,000. The money was disbursed in the erection of churches and school-houses, and in building suitable manses for the ministers.

THE RAGGED-SCHOOL MOVEMENT.

But Mr. Guthrie's benevolence did not exhaust itself in efforts to provide homes for his brethren in the ministry. The condition of the starving, neglected children of Edinburgh pressed on his heart, and he meditated plans by which both to feed and educate them. Strolling one day with a friend through "the romantic scenery of the crags and green valleys round Arthur's Seat," they came near to St. Anthony's Well, and, sitting on a black stone near to it, began to talk to two boys who were there with tin [illegible]s, in the hope of

getting a few coppers by drawing water for visitors. Mr. Guthrie ascertained their history, and, by way of experiment, said to them, "Would you go to school if, besides your learning, you were to get breakfast, dinner, and supper there?" One of them, with a sudden flash of the eye, leaped to his feet, and exclaimed, "Ay, will I, sir, and bring the haill land too!" but fearing that *three* meals were too much to expect, added, "I'll come for but my dinner, sir."

A large room under Mr. Guthrie's church was fitted with apparatus for making soup and porridge, and a number of ragged children were got together, and fed and taught there. The scheme widened, and in a year there were three ragged schools in Edinburgh, with an attendance of *two hundred and sixty-five children*. In furtherance of his object Mr. Guthrie published his "Plea for Ragged Schools," which touched many hearts, and was the cause of good even in distant regions. In 1848 a Barbadian merchant visited Scotland, and was taking back with him goods worth $10,000. He was wrecked on one of the West Indian Islands, and all his property was lost, with the exception of a copy of the "Plea" which was washed on the beach. It was handed about, and led to the formation of a ragged school for negro children.

Mr. Guthrie's work in Edinburgh assumed such proportions as to become a matter of national interest. His name was honored as that of a true philanthropist, and men illustrious in statesmanship and literature came forward with eloquent eulogies of the noble spirit evinced by him in his struggles with destitution and ignorance. Even lips accustomed to vilest blasphemies had a word of praise for him. In

AN UNLICENSED DRINKING DEN

in Glasgow, a number of low drunkards were making remarks not at all complimentary to ministers, when one of them interposed with, "I'll tell ye a *gude mon, a really gude mon.*" "Wha's that?" asked three voices at once. "Weel," was the reply, "that's just Tam Guthrie." "Ay! you've said it noo," was the remark of another. "I believe Dr. Guthrie to be as gude a mon as ever waggit his pow in a poopit. He's different frae the ithers a'thegither. *He practises mair than he breaches.*"

Mr. Guthrie was also distinguished as an advocate of *temperance principles;* and both by his genial and eloquent speeches, and his beautiful little book, "The City: Its Sins and Its Sorrows," rendered great and lasting service to the cause.

His efforts for the Sustentation Fund told seriously on his constitution, and for two years he was compelled to rest, but in 1849 he was able to resume his ministry to the extent of preaching one sermon on the Sabbath, the *Rev. Dr. Hanna*, the son-in-law and biographer of Dr. Chalmers, becoming his colleague. In the same year he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Edinburgh; a distinction gratifying to him as coming from his *Alma Mater*, and as indicating good feeling on the part of those from whom, on conscientious grounds, he was ecclesiastically separated.

Through all the stages of his ministry, Dr. Guthrie was highly popular. Few men have excelled him in the art of pictorial representation, and his hearers were often strangely charmed by the power, the vividness, and the pathos of his words. One Sunday a man, having the appearance of

A HIGHLAND CATTLE-DROVER,

was in St. John's Church. He was evidently enraptured by what he heard, and as the doctor concluded one of his grand and picturesque illustrations, he turned round to the crowd behind him, and loudly exclaimed, "Na, sirs! but I never heard the like o' that."

Another time Dr. Guthrie described *a wreck*, and so vividly did he present the scene that when he described the lowering of the life-boats

A YOUNG NAVAL OFFICER

in front of the gallery *started to his feet and began to take off his coat* in preparation for manning the boat, and was only called to consciousness of the place and the time by his mother laying hold of him and drawing him back to his seat. Strangers to Edinburgh thought it as necessary to hear Dr. Guthrie as to see the Castle and the Calton Hill; and noblemen and titled ladies, authors and artists, might have been seen crammed with peasants, mechanics, and poor women in pews and aisles, all listening with equal eagerness to the magnificent periods of the Christian orator.

In 1862 Dr. Guthrie was elected *Moderator* of the General Assembly of the Free Church. Two years later the state of his health compelled him to give up all but a nominal connection with St. John's; but though he could not preach Christ as he had done *from the pulpit*, he was still able to serve the cause of truth *by his pen*. Authorship, in which he had already been very successful, was henceforth his principal function, and in editing the *Sunday Magazine* and publishing several volumes of discourses he rendered abiding service to religious literature.

Hoping for benefit from a milder atmosphere, he went to Hastings, in the south of England, in December, 1872, and *there he died*. His last days were cheered with the brightest hopes of immortality and of happy communion with Christ, while the sympathy of friends was deep and true. On the evening of February 21st, 1873,

THE QUEEN SENT A TELEGRAM

from Windsor, inquiring as to his state. When he heard of it, he said, "It is most kind." He suffered much, but singing seemed to soothe him, and a psalm or hymn, softly sung to the piano in the adjoining room, was often requested. Once he asked that they should sing him "a bairn's hymn." Sunday, February 23d, was his last day on earth. Lying quietly, he was heard to say, "A brand plucked from the burning." Midnight approached, and as his friends were commending the passing spirit into the Redeemer's hands, he departed as in a quiet sleep.

His body was borne to Edinburgh, and interred in the Grange Cemetery. The funeral was imposing from the numbers who attended it, but nothing was more touching than the presence of *two hundred and thirty Ragged-School children*, who stood at the grave and sang, while the tears stood in their eyes,

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away."

These children, rescued from squalor and vice, were bright memorials of Dr. Guthrie's work, and he was honored more by their simple strain than he could have been by the tolling of muffled bells, or by organs sounding the notes of a labored requiem.

THE CITY OF EDINBURGH.

The Old and New Towns—Princes Street—Increase of the City—State Ceremonies—Its Philanthropy.

OF Edinburgh, the ancient capital of Scotland, where Dr. Guthrie so successfully labored, it may be said there are two cities, the Old Town and the New. We speak of "Old London" and of the "old town" of other cities, but "Old Edinburgh" has a peculiar meaning of its own. Nobody can tell where Old London begins and where it ends; nobody can mistake Old Edinburgh. Between the Old Town and the New of "the Gray Metropolis of the North" there is a great gulf fixed. On the one side the old High Street, "its ridgy back heaved to the sky," and its precipice of stone and lime. On the other side *the gay promenade of Princes Street*, with its garden terraces sloping to the sun, its palatial hotels and public buildings, its monuments and boulevard. It is a gulf that has been bridged geographically.

Edinburgh rivals Paris and the fashionable spas and watering-places for its abundance of people who have nothing to do but air themselves and amuse themselves. A common ambition of a pushing Scotsman is to make his fortune anywhere in the wide world, and come back to Edinburgh with the spoils of the Egyptians, set up as a gentleman, and never more soil his fingers with trade or tradesmen. To live in aristocratic style is not so costly in Edinburgh as in London, and not only natives but strangers have begun to find this out. The increase of Edinburgh at the West End and suburbs in recent years is owing very much to the influx of persons of moderate fortune from England and the colonies.

Once a year the Queen's "trusty cousin," the Lord High Commissioner, holds his *levées* in Holyrood Palace. It has still its convention of royal burghs, as a relic of old national independence, but in popular estimation the general assemblies, Established Church and Free, are the true representatives of the old Scottish Parliament. The Free Church Moderator, as well as the Established, dresses himself in court costume for the august occasion.

There are two "seasons" as well as two cities in Edinburgh. The Court of Session rises on the 20th of July; the numerous tribe of barristers, here called advocates, the writers to the Signet and solicitors, flit to summer quarters; and these constitute, in the main, *the aristocracy* of Edinburgh.

But the leading thoroughfares are as busy as ever. As the residents go, the strangers come, Americans and Londoners, the most welcome of all, *for they pay well.*

In Old Edinburgh some good Christians have established *a free breakfast* every Sunday morning for as many as can plead hunger, and are willing to listen to preaching and Mr. Sankey's hymns along with a substantial meal. As many as 1100 have been provided for. There is no place where so much is done for the poor as in Edinburgh. Free breakfasts, free dinners, free schools, free day homes and victuals for poor children at the schools, ragged schools, soup-kitchens, free medical dispensaries, associations for providing coals and clothing free or at nominal prices, associations for providing work for poor artisans, laborers, and women, a night asylum, a house of refuge for the destitute, besides all the other refuges for the morally and physically diseased and helpless to be found in other towns. With all these open doors one would expect the poverty of the city to be fairly met. And so perhaps it would, but for the *whiskey*, and the numbers of poor who flock in from the country believing that in the city money is plenty, and their chances it are better than in their native villages.

The Saturday Night of the World was the phrase used in a recent sermon by Canon Fleming, a dignitary of the Church of England, to describe the present period. The Canon was preaching on August 28th, in the nave of York Minster. At the opening of his sermon he said: "During the present week the most august scientific body in England will visit this city as the cradle of the British Association. Born here, fifty years ago, it will celebrate its jubilee among us in a few days. We live in an age of increasing light. The signs of the times on all sides justify us in saying that the clock is striking the eleventh hour of the world's misery and bondage. We live in *the Saturday evening of the world*, and the peerless Sabbath of its redemption is drawing nigh. We know enough to tell us that we are on the dawn of that day of which enraptured prophets sung, for which martyrs prayed, and for which myriads of eager eyes watch. The Bible and nature explaining each other proclaim the same Divine Author. Science and revelation are mutually clearing up long-vexed questions and evincing the truth of each other."

"Don't be Hard Upon Him!"—In a Most Interesting address delivered by the Rev. Canon Wilberforce recently, at Frome, England, he said: "Not long ago there was in my own parish one of the bravest, purest, and brightest of the wives of workingmen I have ever seen. All through her married life she had been praying for, bearing with, and forgiving the man who at the altar had sworn to love and cherish her. A short time ago he set his seal upon years of cruelty by raising his foot and kicking her savagely, and three hours after she had gone 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.' The last words she spoke were whispered into my own ear —'*Don't be hard upon him* when I am gone. He is so kind when he doesn't drink.' They laid the little form of her prematurely-born infant by her side, and four other little ones followed to the grave one more victim of the arch-fiend Rum."

MIGHTIER DEAD THAN ALIVE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning, September 25, 1881.*

"So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life."—JUDGES 16 : 30.

Samson Deified as the Greek Hercules—His last Achievement—Garfield and His Philistines—I. The Triumphs of His Death-Bed—1. Religion Eulogized—The Dying Chief's Demeanor—His Mother's Old Religion—2. North and South United—A New Party—3. The World Educated—The Bulletins and the Lexicons—Solomon's Medical Science—4. Mortality Emphasized—The Vain Help of Man—A Nation Impressed—II. The Pathos in the Picture—Poor Mrs. Garfield—Her Life's Struggle—Her Joyful Victory—Her Woeful Blow—Consolations of the Broken Circle—Practical Lessons—Two Dates—The Negro Servant's Anguish.

[At the opening of the service Dr. Talmage read the story of Naomi's return, after the death of her husband, to Bethlehem, her early home, in desolation, wonderfully descriptive of the return of our late President's wife to her country home after her great affliction.]

SAMSON in the text was deified and became the Hercules of Greece. He was a giant warrior born to be a leader, and Paul applauds him as a man who "through faith subdued kingdoms." He was a friend of God and an enemy of unrighteousness. But the most memorable scene in his life was the death scene. The Philistines, his enemies, gathered round him in a great building to mock him. With supernatural strength he laid hold of the pillars and flung everything into ruin, destroying the lives of the three thousand scoffers, among them the lords of Philistia.

He had slain many of the enemies of God during his life; but my text says his last achievement was the mightiest. "So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life." It is sometimes the case that after a most industrious, useful, and eminent life, the last hours are more potent than the long years that went before.

In the overshadowing event of this day we find illustration of my text. President Garfield, as many orators will say, was all his life the enemy of sin, the enemy of sectionalism, the enemy of everything small hearted, impure, and debasing, and he made many a crushing blow against those moral and political Philistines, but in his death he made mightier conquest. The eleven weeks of dying have made more illustrious record than the fifty years of living. "So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life."

I. THE TRIUMPHS OF HIS DEATH-BED.

As a matter of inspiration and comfort I propose to show you that President Garfield's expiration is a mightier good than a prolonged lifetime possibly could be. Mind you, there was no time at which his death-bed could have been *so emphatic*. If he had died a few years before, his departure would not have been so conspicuous. If he had died one month before, his administration would not have been fairly launched. If he had died six months later, his advanced policy of reform would have cut the friendship of a great multitude, and if he had died years after, he would have been out of office and in the decline of life.

But he died at the time when all parties had turned to him with unparalleled expectation. There has not been a time in all the fifty years of his past when his death-bed could have been so effective; and in the next fifty years there could not have been a time when his death-bed would have been so impressive.

1. RELIGION EULOGIZED.

First our President's death, more than his life, eulogizes the Christian religion. We all talk about the hope of the Christian and the courage of the Christian and the patience of the Christian. Put all the sermons on these subjects for the last twenty years together, and they would not make such an impression as the magnificent demeanor of this dying chief magistrate.

He was no more afraid to die than you are to go home this morning. Without one word of complaint he endures an anguish that his autopsy alone could reveal to the astonished world. For eighty days in inquisition of pain, yet often smiling, often facetious, always calm, giving military salute to a soldier who happened to look in at the window, talking with Cabinet officers, about the affairs of State, reading the public bulletins in regard to his condition, watching his own pulse; and so undisturbed of soul that I warrant you if it had not been for his dependent family and the nation, whom he wanted to serve, he would have been glad to depart any time.

O, sirs! all he ever did in confirmation of religion in days of health was nothing compared with what he did for it in this last crisis. James A. Garfield *learned his religion from his mother* in the days when she was trying in widowhood and poverty to bring up her boys aright; from that same old mother that sat with her Bible in her lap in her bedroom last Tuesday morning, when the dreadful news came that her son was dead. James A. Garfield had no new religion to experiment with in his last hours. It was the same Gospel into the faith of which he was baptized, when in early manhood he was immersed in the river in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. That religion had stood the test through all the buffetings and persecutions through the hard work of life, and did not forsake him in the tremendous close. There have been thousands of death-beds as calm and beautiful as this, but they were not so conspicuous.

This electrifies Christendom. This encourages all the pain-struck in hospitals and scattered all up and down the world to suffer patiently. The consumptive, the cancered, and the palsied, and the fevered, and the dying of all nations lift their heads from their hot pillows, and bless this heroic, this triumphant, this illustrious sufferer. The religion that upheld him under surgeon's knife, and amid the appalling days and nights at Long Branch and at Washington, is a good religion to have. Show us in all the ages among the enemies of Christianity a death-bed that will compare with this radiant sunset!

2. NORTH AND SOUTH UNITED.

Again, our president's death will do more for the consummation of right feeling between North and South than all his administration of four years could have accomplished. This is not "shaking hands across the bloody chasm" according to the rhetoric of campaign documents. This is shaking hands *across the palpitating heart* that was large enough to take in both sections.

This expiring man took the hand of the North and the hand of the South and joined them together, and practically said, with a dying pathos that can never be forgotten: "Be brothers!" Where now are the flags at half mast? At New Orleans and Boston, Chicago and Charleston. There is absolutely to-day no Republican party and no Democratic party. A new party has swallowed up all—a party of national sympathy. The bulletins on the south side of Mason and Dixon's line have been as carefully watched as on the north side.

We have been trying to arbitrate old difficulties and settle old grudges, yet the old quarrel has ever and anon broken out in a new place. But this requiem which shakes the land forever drowns out all sectional discords. After all that has been done and said during the last eleven weeks the people of the South will be welcome in all our homes as we shall be welcome in theirs. He who tries hereafter to kindle the old fires of hatred will find little fuel and no sulphurous match.

Alabama and Massachusetts; stand up and be married! South Carolina and New York; join hands in betrothal! Georgia and Ohio; I pronounce you one! Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder. The seal is set by the cold emaciated hand of our dead President. No living man could have accomplished it. More of the sectional prejudices and the misinterpretations and the bitternesses of old war times have perished in the last eleven weeks than in all the seventeen years since the war ended; and so the dead which Garfield slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his whole life.

3. THE WORLD EDUCATED.

Again, President Garfield's sickness and death have educated the world, as all his life and the life of a thousand men beside could not have educated it in the wonders of the human body. For the last two months all Christendom have been *studying anatomy and physiology*. Never since the world stood has there been so much known about respiration, about pulsation, about temperature, about gunshot wounds, about febrile rise, about digestion, about convalescence.

The vast majority of the race have hitherto wandered about stupidly ignorant of this master-piece of God, the human mechanism. The last eleven weeks have educated ten thousand nurses for the sick. The invalids of all lands for this experience will have better attendance, more kindness, more opportunity of restoration. Never has there been such examination of dictionaries to find the meaning of a medical phrase. One new word of the morning bulletins has set the leaves of all the lexicons in America a-flutter.

Since the time when David the psalmist, probably returned from an Oriental dissecting-room, wrote the autopsy "we are fearfully and wonderfully made" (Psa. 13 : 14), and Solomon, who was wise in physiology as well as in everything else, called the spinal marrow the silver cord (or "ever the silver cord be loosed") ; and called the head the "golden bowl," because the skull is round like a bowl, and the membrane which contains the brain is yellow like gold (or "the golden bowl be broken") ; and called the veins of the human body a pitcher because they carry the crimson liquid from the heart, the fountain, all through all the organs of the body (or "the pitcher be broken at the fountain") ; and called the lungs a wheel because they draw to themselves and let go away like a well bucket, and called the stomach the cistern (the "wheel broken at the cistern") (Eccles. 12 : 6) ; and showed that he knew what Harvey thought he was discovering thousands of years after concerning the circulation of the blood. I say since those obscure times down to these days when all physicians are busy instructing the people, and all medical colleges, and all high schools, are scattering physiology and anatomical information, there has never been so much wisdom on these subjects as to-day ; and the most potent of all the teachers has been the sick and dying bed of our President.

He had often spoken and lectured on these subjects in college and on lyceum platform, and was a scientist in all these fields. But in the last eleven weeks he has overthrown more ignorance on these important subjects than during all his half century of existence. "And so the dead which he slew in his death were more than they which he slew in his life."

4. MORTALITY EMPHASIZED.

Again these last scenes must impress the world, as no preachment ever did, that when our time comes to go, the most energetic and skilful physician cannot hinder the event. Was there ever so much done to save a man's life as the life of President Garfield? Is the season too hot? there is manufactured for his sick room in August an October day. Is he to be transported to the sea side? All the wheels and all the steam whistles and all the voices along the line of progress are hushed for two hundred miles, and a new section of railroad is built to let him pass over.

Added to the medical skill of the capital are the skill of Philadelphia and New York. All the medical ingenuity of the last three hundred years *flashes its electric light upon the wound*. Paris and London, and Edinburgh applaud the treatment. He had all the courage that comes from the hand of a wife who was sure he would get well. He had physicians who did not stand with cold, scientific calculation, studying the case; but splendid men whose hearts grew strong or faint as the patient's pulse was strong or faint, and they were as great nurses as they were great surgeons. But the doctors could not keep him. His wife could not keep him. All the arms of his five children hung around his neck could not keep him. His great spirit pushes them all back from the gates of life, and

* A verbatim report, revised and approved by Dr. Talmage.

soars away into the infinities. My Lord and my God! Solemnize us with this consideration.

My hearer, if you and I were sick I am sure we will have good medical attendance and good nursing, plenty of watchers and plenty of attendants. The world is naturally very kind to the sick. We who have good homes would have sympathetic though trembling hands to hold ours in the last exigency. We all have those who love us as we love them, and when the time fixed by the merciful God arrives we must be off. There is no need of our getting nervous about it or fretting about it. All we have to do is to keep our hearts right with God and do our best, and then be as unfluttered as was our dying President. After the mightiest surgery of America and the world had to surrender on Monday night at the stroke of the Death Angel, surely we cannot resist it!

In the emphasizing of all these great truths, James A. Garfield is mightier lying on his catafalque at Cleveland than in the White House receiving the honors of foreign embassage. Who knows but that this death will save millions of people for this world and the next. Fifty millions of people—nay, North and South America and Europe, and parts of Asia—called to thoughts of mortality and the great future! Who knows but it may awaken whole nations from the death of sin to the life of the Gospel.

When last week I saw *one line of mourning* from Detroit, Michigan, to Brooklyn, I wondered if God would not use this great grief for the purification of the nation. O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the nation! Enough of the Sabbath breakings, and the impurities, and the blasphemy, and the official corruption in this country! By the result of this terrific event let these dogs of hell be driven back to their fiery kennels. Against all these evils the Presidential giant is mightier dead than when alive.

II. THE PATHOS OF THE PICTURE.

But while the nation has this comfort there are *three words* that will leap to our lips, and they have been reiterated oftener than any other words for the past few days. Poor Mrs. Garfield! More pathetic words I never read than these in the Friday newspapers which said that with two of her children she had gone over to the White House to get the property of her family and have it sent to her home in Ohio. Can you imagine anything more full of torture than to walk through the rooms filled with associations of her husband's kindness, of her husband's anxieties, and of her husband's long-continued physical anguish?

She had with her womanly arms fought by his side all the way up the steep of life. She had helped him in their economies when they were very poor; with her own needle clothing their family, with her own hands making him bread. When the world frowned upon him in the days of scandalous assault she never forsook his side. They had together won the battle, and had seated themselves at the very top to enjoy the victory. Then the blow came. What a reversal of fortune! From what midnoon to what midnight! It is said that this will kill her. I do not believe it. The God who has helped her thus far will help her all the way through. When the broken circle gathers in the future days at the old home at Mentor, the mighty God who protected James A. Garfield at Chickamauga and in the fiery hell of many battles will protect his wife, his children, and his old mother.

CONSOLATION.

Upon all *the seven broken hearts* let the grace descend! What consolations they have! It was a great thing to have had such a son! It was a great thing to have been the wife of such a man! It was a great thing to have been the children of such a father! While theirs and ours is the grief, I am glad on his account that he has gone. He had suffered enough. Enough the cut of the lancets, and the thrusts of the catheter, and the pangs of head, and side, and feet, and back! Ascend, O disenthralled spirit, and take thy place with those who came out of great tribulation, and had their robes made white in the blood of the Lamb! (Rev. 7 : 14.)

This Samson of intellectual strength, this giant of moral power, had—like the one in the text—in other days slain the lion of wrathful opposition, and had carried off the gates of wrong from the rusted hinges. But the peroration of his life is stronger than any passage which went before. The dead which this giant slew in his death were more than those whom he slew in his life.

PRACTICAL LESSONS.

May we all learn the practical lessons with which our subject is filled! Oh, behold the contrast between Friday, the fourth of March, 1881, and Friday the twenty-third of September, 1881!

On the former day Washington was ablaze with banners. Each State of the Union had its triumphal arch. Great men of this country and vast populations filled the streets! Procession such as had never moved from the White House and the Capitol! Military display that would have confounded hostile nations. The city shaken with cannonading by day, and the night on fire with pyrotechnics! Thousands of all political parties who congratulated the President pronounced that fourth of March the brightest day that had ever shone on American institutions. That night, or soon after, in some room of the Presidential mansion, I warrant you, there assembled husband and wife and five children, and the aged mother, taking a long breath after the excitement of the inauguration.

But behold, Friday September 23d, the dead President in the Rotunda, his bereaved wife at a friend's house! a dangerously sick child four hundred miles away at Williamstown, Massachusetts; military on guard around the casket; hundreds of thousands of people gazing on the face so emaciated that none would know it; *the poor black woman* falling on her knees beside the coffin, expressing the anguish of speechless multitudes when she said: "Oh, dear! how he must have suffered!" Friday, 4th of March, 1881! Friday, September 23d, 1881!

Of all the words of comfort I have uttered today I have this lesson, which seems to sound out from the tramp of pall-bearers and from the rolling of the draped rail-train moving Westward, and from the open grave now waiting to receive our dead President: "Put not your trust in princes nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help. His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish" (Psa. 146 : 3, 4). Fare thee well, departed chieftain!

A Hack-Driver's Resistance to Temptation is thus described in an English journal: "There is a man on this stand," said a gentleman at the West End of London, "whom you can't get to touch a drop of drink!" "I won't believe that," said one of the company; "I'll lay a wager that *I'll make him drink a glass of grog!*" The man was called, apparently to take a fare. The glass of gin was offered him, but respectfully declined. Dropping a coin worth five dollars into it, the tempter said, "Drink it off and the sovereign is yours." The cabman was unmoved. A second, a third, and even a fourth sovereign was dropped in by the wretched tempter, but the driver was as firm as ever. "No," said he; "if you *fill it* with gold I'll not drink. I'm a happier, healthier, and wealthier man since I gave up the drink. By God's help I'll never, no, *never*, touch it again." He had sense enough to realize that his tempter was trying to purchase all that made life worth having to him, and he very wisely would not sell it for gold.

First-fruits to Christ in Livingstonia, in Central Africa, are now being reaped. The Rev. Dr. Laws writes: "Yesterday I had the privilege of baptizing the first native who has sought this ordinance here. Albert Namalambe has thus come forward fully to testify of his faith in Christ. It was a glad, solemn day. At half-past six this morning another inquirer came to me seeking instruction. This is now the third month during which he has been praying thrice daily for the true light; but he has not yet experienced the happiness which he notes as a characteristic of Albert's Christianity. A week ago eight couples were married. This means a great deal for the *new social life* of this land.

SYLPH SOMERS;

A New Serial Story by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(*Continued from page 599.*)

Escape of an Infuriated Bull—The Lady Injured—Dr. Gilbart the Man to Help—A Tedious Illness—The Lady's Sudden Death.

AT length, after an hour's savage joy on the one hand, and of dreadful deeds of offence and defence on the other, the enraged bull—all his energies roused to the highest frenzy—made a tremendous drag upon the cruel chain that held him, straining it with all his force of weight and muscle. The great stake from which it stretched, bent and trembled and creaked. One more powerful tug of the colossal creature, and the iron band was snapped in twain like a packthread, and the once captive giant was free. With glaring eyes and lowered head, and bellowing forth his threat of vengeance, he charged upon his human foes.

In an instant their yells of savage delight were changed into a wild cry of terror. Men, heedless of whom they almost pressed to death, in their efforts for personal safety, forced themselves back in irresistible mass on each side, to leave a clear passage before the terrible onset of the infuriated animal. Women, and the weak ones of the other sex in the crowd, squeezed as in a vice or trampled under foot, screamed out their dreadful fear and suffering; but the object of those who had injured them was gained.

The bull, still keeping his head close to the ground, blind with rage, turned neither to the left nor to the right, but rushed on straight through the opening in the crowd that had been made for him, and, as by a miracle, no one present fell a sacrifice to his fury.

Clear of the bull-ring and apparently abandoning his purpose of reprisal the huge beast, a vociferous rabble following him, hurried up the street which led to the Water Gate. Reaching this archway he rushed through it like an avalanche, and then hastened on to the old seven arched bridge which spanned the Dee, and which at the period before us was the only approach from the south to the city.

As fate—or rather Providence—would have it, just at this moment, the lady whom Owen Oliver had succored was with her little girl upon the narrow causeway. To avoid the scrutiny of the wagoner, whose curiosity about her she more than suspected, she had lingered on the road after he left her, and now, avoiding, as far as possible, all observation, was seeking to stealthily enter the city.

When nearly midway on the bridge she observed the runaway animal and the noisy crowd behind suddenly revealed to her. Instantly she turned back, and had retreated some distance, dragging with her the child, to seek a place of safety somewhere along the wider path upon which she had come, but the huge brute, his rage not diminished, but rather increased by the voices of his pursuers, was too swift for her. In passing he spared the child, perhaps deeming her too mean a victim, but, alas! he tossed and cruelly gored the unknown lady wayfarer.

Most of his pursuers, in savage temper from their interrupted sport, through the snapping of the iron chain, were in no mood to heed the mishap of a stranger. Scarcely deigning to look at her prostrate form, they hurried on, eager to recapture their self-emancipated prisoner, one fellow saying, with an oath, as he ran past, "that women were plentiful, but that bulls, for the royal sport of bull-baiting, were scarce."

A few, however, of better mind, gathered round the bleeding and unconscious one, and words, some of sympathy and others of horror, were expressed, as they observed her ghastly wounds. Her little girl, too, weeping as bitterly as she had done near Wrexham, early in the day, called forth, as it then had Owen's, their heartfelt pity. A glance or two told them likewise, as it had the wagoner, that the injured one was a lady, which fact increased, of course, their compassion and interest.

After a hasty inspection of the wounds a consultation was held as to what had best be done, and since the mangled form still breathed there was an

all-but unanimous decision to bear it for surgical aid to the house of Dr. Gilbart.

"If any wan can save her life," said one man, "he's the gaffer to do it."

"Aye, aye; right you are, neighbor," said another; "and not only that, but he's the very chap to do it with a heart and a hand, for he's one of the kindest coves going."

"Not a doubt of it," said a third, "as I have good reason to know, for I owe it to his wise head and lucky hand, that I'm out of the grave this minnit."

This measure resolved upon, two or three of the men hastened to a house near and obtained leave to take a stable door from off its hinges. This laid on the ground near the yet unconscious lady, she was deftly and gently placed upon it. Four men lifted the door and its burden upon their shoulders, and then followed by all, one elderly man taking, in a fatherly way, the weeping child by the hand, the whole group—their recent shouting reduced to a low murmur of earnest conversation—moved through the Water Gate within the walls of the city.

When they arrived at the doctor's house they found, to their great disappointment, that he was not at home; but his married sister, on a visit from Ireland, told the men to carefully bear the injured lady to the room in which the doctor was wont to receive his patients, promising to despatch Hugh, the doctor's man, to hasten his master home.

Carefully informing Hugh where he might likely be found—a necessary step, for Hugh was something of what is called a character—and who, remembering a former vain search within the city, as already related, would, unless cautioned, have no doubt now gone to the Hypocaustum, or Roman bath, without the walls, to discover him. Master and man soon met, and in a few minutes Dr. Gilbart was dressing the wounds and applying powerful restoratives to recall the severely wounded one to life and consciousness.

The evident tokens about her and her child of belonging to an upper social class excited Dr. Gilbart's keen interest and curiosity, as they had the inquiry of all who had noticed them. There was plainly some mystery about this stranger which it would be a pleasure to unravel. Her dress, her personal ornaments, her valuable rings, were closely scrutinized, but in vain. No name was upon any article of apparel, nor monogram on gold or jewels, to give the slightest clue as to the identity of the nearly lifeless lady stranger; and his question to the little girl—as had been proved to Owen Oliver—could elicit nothing, for such was the outcome of the words—"Silf, and mamma's own pet darling."

This ignorance, however, of the lady's name, antecedents, and connections, abated nothing from Dr. Gilbart's professional zeal and compassionate services. And after no little effort he succeeded to his great satisfaction in staunching the deep and jagged wounds and in restoring the stunned one to consciousness.

The lady was about the age of the beloved wife he had lost a few years before, and some of her features reminded him greatly of the grace and delicate beauty, which long ago had won his admiration and devotedness. The little girl, too, about the age of his Lillie, not long ago laid in the inexorable grave with many tears, awoke in his heart very tender associations.

That evening he said to his sister, "Dorah, dear, we must not, I think, send this lady, whoever she is, from the house before some advance, at least, to recovery. Indeed, after thinking the matter over, I do not know to where in Chester we could well transfer her. A strange fate has brought her under this roof, and one that excites my liveliest interest and curiosity. Believe me, there is some mystery about her that would be worth unfolding. Can you not, like the good soul that you are, make some arrangement for the housing and nursing of her?"

Mrs. Denzille, with a mixture of surprise and disapproval, looked keenly into her brother's face. She was generous and kind, but had also a woman's instinctive caution and scrupulousness, and felt it would be rather a compromising and hazardous step to receive into her brother's house and take under her charge a woman of whose antecedents she knew nothing. She, therefore, put in a decided demur, pressing upon her brother's attention the imprudence of harboring a stranger and what people were likely to say, if he admitted to his house an unknown female.

"Dear me," exclaimed the doctor, "but you Christian people, as you call yourselves, do sometimes surprise me. There is a passage of Scripture, I believe, which you declare *He* spoke, whom you name 'the Master,' which enjoins the sacred obligation, if I mistake not of 'ministering to the sick and of taking the stranger in.' Now, Dorah, I do not profess your creed, you know; am, I suppose, what they call an unbeliever; and yet I propose to obey this most excellent injunction, while you, Dorah dear, coolly propose to reject it; and what is worse, because, forsooth, some silly, selfish, and censorious tongues in Chester may wag their malignant and baseless scandal. I declare, Dorah," he added, with a smile, "I am, I fear, a better saint than you are, since for the recovery and comfort of this lady, I am willing to sacrifice a little—even as you put it—my reputation. And is not the very essence of your Christianity self-surrender for another? Has not Christ Himself set us all this noble example." The appeal was irresistible, so felt the really kind and Christian heart of the doctor's sister, and the unknown lady, very faint and weak, was borne to a chamber in Doctor Gilbart's dwelling.

The restoration of his patient to normal health was a more tedious process than Dr. Gilbart had reckoned upon. Not only had her bodily frame received a very severe shock, it also became plain to the doctor that her mind had lately passed through some very painful experiences. Her sojourn, therefore, in the antique abode in the Rows, extended from days, as originally meant, into many weeks.

A lengthened course of interviews only served to increase the doctor's interest in his patient. She displayed a cultivation of mind, and a refinement that called forth his pleasure and admiration, and she spoke and acted as one accustomed, without question, to move in the best society. But one thing exceedingly surprised him, she revealed nothing of her friends or kindred and kept her name a profound secret.

Many were the attempts of the doctor and his sister, in the politest way possible, of course, to extract some clue to the mystery of her life, but every attempt was skilfully and successfully, yet courteously, parried. All the stranger would communicate was, that she was on her way to Ireland, and would again pursue her journey thither, as soon as Dr. Gilbart judged she might do so with safety.

One day, after Dr. Gilbart's unknown lady patient had been some weeks in the house, and was fast approaching convalescence, she drew from her finger the most brilliant and unique of her rings, and with tears in her eyes pressed it upon the acceptance of the doctor, saying, "She was aware that she owed her life to his unspeakable kindness and skill; that from circumstances, which just then she could not explain, she could not duly remunerate him, but as an expression of her deep sense of obligation," asked, "would he favor her by receiving the ring which, she believed, was of some value."

Doctor Gilbart positively refused to do any such thing, and, in the usual and conventional way, declared the great pleasure which it gave him to be of any service to her; and then, overborne by the warmth of his feelings, had the boldness to say, "that the privilege of her society was far more than compensation for all he had been enabled to do for her." There was a guarded yet an evident rebuke of this gallant speech in her manner as she still held forth the ring, and in more decisive tones urged her offering upon him; the meaning of which Doctor Gilbart was not slow to interpret. It meant that he whom he had addressed was a wife, and therefore not in a position to be effusively complimented and wooed. Yet, still he shrunk from accepting the fee in kind, which was held out to him.

In a moment, however, the thought struck him—"This ring is rather peculiar in its style and setting, and may some time serve to trace and identify this mysterious woman. I should, therefore, perhaps gain possession of it." He consequently, with many expressions of reluctance, took the proffered piece of jewelry, and, in the presence of the giver placed it upon his own finger.

Not long afterward, in answer to an inquiry one morning from his sister, Dr. Gilbart said, "That in another week or so, he thought, his home patient would be quite well enough to proceed upon her journey," but the sequel proved the adage that doctors are not infallible. During that very day his patient, during his absence in the city, was taken with what seemed a heavy swoon. The doctor was summoned as soon as possible to her assistance, but before he arrived the stranger's spirit had winged its flight to another world.

The sudden death of the "*incognita*" was a most untoward event. How were her friends to be informed of her decease? What was to be done with her personal effects, her rings, etc., even? Under what name was she to be buried? Above all, what was to be done with the little child? All these in an age when police and newspaper advertisement facilities were little more than in an embryo state, were most perplexing questions, to which there seemed no possible method of getting a satisfactory answer.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SEVENTY WEEKS OF DANIEL.

By P. W. E.

Dan. 9 : 24—27.

Subject of the Prophecy—The Jews, Not the Church—The Time of 70 Weeks—490 Years—I. First Period—49 Years—Jerusalem Rebuilt by Nehemiah—II. Second Period—434 Years—Messiah Comes—His Rejection—III. An Interval—Centuries Passing—Time of the Gentiles—Messiah Cut off—The Church to Wait for His Return—Israel Rejected—IV. Third Period—Seven Years—A Roman Prince to Rule the Ancient Roman Empire—Three and a Half Years of Oppression—Election of 144,000 Saints—Fall of Babylon—Marriage of Christ and the Church—Satan Bound—Israel Restored—The Millennium.

WHEN Daniel had "understood by books" that the seventy years, which had been declared by Jeremiah, the prophet, to be the assigned limit of the Babylonish captivity, were now expiring, or had expired, he set himself by prayer and fasting to seek the Lord his God, on behalf of his beloved country and nation. At the close of his prayer, so simple, so touching, so earnest and importunate, he informs us, "And while I was speaking, and praying, and confessing my sin and the sin of my people Israel, and presenting my supplication before the Lord my God for the holy mountain of my God. . . . the man Gabriel. . . . being caused to fly swiftly, touched me about the time of the evening oblation." *

He brought to Daniel intelligence from God as to the subject of his deep solicitude, saying "Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people and upon thy holy city, to finish the transgression, and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness, and to seal up the vision and prophecy, and to anoint the most Holy." † As Daniel's prayers, so this prophetic answer, through the angel Gabriel, referred to Daniel's people and Daniel's holy city. "Seventy weeks are determined upon *thy* people and upon *thy* holy city."

It is important to bear this in mind, as Daniel's sympathies were not aroused in behalf of the Christian church, nor were his supplications poured forth in behalf of Christianity. There was no Church at that time, for it was not formed until the day of Pentecost. Then believers were baptized into one body by the Holy Spirit, and this one body is called the Church of which Christ is the Head. The Church is that "*mystery* which hath been hid from ages and from generations, but now is made manifest to his saints." This mystery was revealed through Paul, he having been made a min-

* Dan. 9 : 21. † Dan. 9 : 24.

ister for that purpose, that the purposes and the word of God might be fulfilled.*

The context, with other scriptures, proves that the "seventy weeks" are weeks of years;† that is four hundred and ninety years were determined upon Daniel's people and upon the holy city. Within this prophetic period all the events enumerated in the verse just quoted were to be accomplished.

Such is the *general, comprehensive statement* of the whole burden of the prophecy with which Gabriel's communication opens. It is the transgression of Israel and Jerusalem that is to be finished, the sins of Israel and Jerusalem that are to be ended, reconciliation for Israel and Jerusalem that is to be made; everlasting righteousness for Israel and Jerusalem that is to be brought in. Who will say that this has happened? Israel is still "Lo-ammi," "not my people," and her reconciliation and restoration are still future. Until these are accomplished the prophecy remains unfulfilled. Till then the people and the city shall be under the Gentile yoke. The reconciliation will take place when the Messiah comes to reign over the earth.

Evidently there is a purpose for dividing the whole space of seventy weeks into "seven weeks," "sixty and two weeks" and "a week." For the sake of perspicuity, order and brevity, we will take up each of the various parts in the order named.

FIRST PERIOD.

"Know, therefore, and understand, that from the going forth of the commandment to restore and to build Jerusalem. . . . shall be seven weeks. . . . the street shall be built again, and the wall, even in troublous times." There was to be a period of seven weeks, or forty-nine years, during which the wall and the street of Jerusalem should be rebuilt. Ezra and Nehemiah record the fulfilment of this part of the prophecy.

Nehemiah, by a decree of the King of Persia, in the *twentieth* year of his reign, was allowed to return home and to rebuild the city, even the holy city, Jerusalem. Notice, *not the temple*, as that was rebuilt by Ezra, a certain priest, in the *seventh* year of that reign, or thirteen years before.‡

SECOND PERIOD.

We next learn that from the time of the completion of the rebuilding of the street and the city Jerusalem, to the announcement of the promised Messiah, the Prince, through John, his forerunner and witness, "shall be three score and two weeks." From the close of the first period of seven weeks, nothing was to be recorded till the close of the second period of sixty and two weeks, making, with the first period, sixty-nine weeks, or four hundred and eighty-three years. Near or at the close of the sixty-nine weeks, Messiah came in fulfilment of all the promises to Israel, or Daniel's people, and to their holy city.

The Messiah, instead of being welcomed as such, and sitting on the throne of His father David, and reigning in peace over the house of Israel and over the whole earth, was rejected and crucified between two thieves. He had none of the earthly dignities and glories to which, as Israel's promised Messiah and as son of David, he was entitled.

PARENTHETIC TIME.

There is obviously a term of one week, or seven years, remaining over, necessary to complete the whole cycle after the Messiah's death. This fact, as well as the express language of the prophecy itself, shows that the finishing of the transgression and making an end of sins, is not Christ's death upon the cross, or the redemption there accomplished, but another work altogether, namely, the reconciliation and restoration of Israel, which, though of course resulting from Christ's death, is to take place *at a later period*. Thus, after the sixty-nine weeks, He was cut off, while the Jews, Daniel's people, invoked the guilt of His blood on their own heads. What marvel that God should take them at their word, visit them with terrible judgments and set them aside while He gathers out the Church from every kindred and tongue and people.

This interval, during which Christ is hidden in the heavens and the Holy Spirit is *dwelling* on earth, in contradistinction to His *working* in other ages, *has no computation in Scripture*. The present interval is not "time," properly speaking. "Times and seasons" belong to the Jews and the earth. The clock of prophetic time was, therefore, stopped with the cutting off of Messiah, and will not beat out its last week until the fulness of the Gentiles is come in. Then God will resume His dealings with Israel.

The Church period, our time, lies outside of prophetic history. Dates may be fixed before and after, but now as "the times and the seasons" are in God's hands, the Church is to look, not for the epoch of earthly blessing, but for *the return of the Lord* from heaven for His saints, which He will do just at the close of this parenthetic time, and which may occur *at any moment*.*

During this interval the prophecy informs us that "the people of the prince that shall come shall destroy the city and the sanctuary, and the end thereof shall be with a flood, and unto the end of the war desolations are determined." After the Messiah was cut off, terrible judgments fell on the Jews. The Roman army destroyed "the city and the sanctuary," with a fearful overthrow, compared to a flood, and from that time to the present wars and desolations have visited the city.

THIRD PERIOD.

Between the first and second periods there was no break, but between the second and third over eighteen hundred years have already passed, and how much longer before the seventieth or last week will come, we have no means of knowing.

The Romans who effected the destruction of Jerusalem are described as "the people of the prince that shall come." This shows that the prince here referred to is not Christ, but a prince or sovereign of the Roman Empire, who will be raised up at the right time; and he, that is the prince that shall come, "shall confirm *a* covenant with many for one week; and in the midst of the week he shall cause the sacrifice and the oblation to cease; and for the overspreading of abominations he shall make it desolate, even until the consummation, and that determined shall be poured upon the desolate (*marg.* desolator)."

Here we have the "covenant with death" and the "agreement with hell"† on the part of the Jewish rulers. The Jews having been established in their land, under the protection of "the prince that shall come," with him the mass of them will enter into an alliance for the week of seven years. Their worship being restored, their sacrifices and oblations will begin again to smoke on their altars. But in the midst of the week, "the prince" will break his covenant with this guilty race, and he will cause the sacrifice and the oblation to cease, and set up some abomination or idol causing desolation to the end of the epoch, when some predetermined fate overtakes the desolator.

This last half week, when *wickedness and misery culminate*, is three and a half years, or "a time and times and half a time," or "forty and two months," or "one thousand two hundred and sixty days," expressions which we frequently find in connection with the description of those fearful events preceding the restoration of Israel, and the establishment of the Messianic reign. This abomination is elsewhere spoken of by the prophet as "the abomination that maketh desolate," and by our Lord as "the abomination of desolation."‡

During this time the wickedness and idolatry of this *prince*, who, in the Revelation of Jesus Christ, is called the *beast*, manifest themselves. "Power was given him over all kindreds, and tongues, and nations."§ The Anti-Christ also appears, who is at the head of ecclesiasticism or Christendom. He is "that man of sin, the son of perdition, who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God."* It is the time that Jerusalem is trodden under foot after she again appears as the centre of God's purposes.†

During this time, *the two witnesses* appear in Jerusalem and prophesy, and are put to death.‡ And the persecuted saints flee to the wilderness and are cared for by God.§ The angel goes forth and preaches "the everlasting gospel. . . . to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people."‖ "Then were sealed an hundred and forty and four thousand of all the tribes of the children of Israel."¶ "And a great multitude which no man could number," of all nations, and tongues . . . . were clothed with white robes."** Then there "were one hundred and fortyfour thousand redeemed from among men, being the first fruits unto God and to the Lamb."††

Near the close of this last half week, "Babylon the Great, the Mother of Harlots and Abominations of the Earth," who represents Romanism, that sits on *the seven mountains*, out of whom have come all the systems, called Churches, is overthrown, because she is the false bride, an enemy of the Lord Jesus Christ.‡‡

Following this is the marriage of Christ and the Church in heaven,§§ who then come to the earth in judgment, and He "rules His enemies with a rod of iron, and treadeth the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God."‖‖

The beast is taken and with him the false prophet, or the Antichrist, and both are "cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone."¶¶ And the old serpent, which is the Devil and Satan, is bound in the bottomless pit.*** "And at that time shall Michael stand up, the great prince,"—who is the Lord Jesus—"who standeth for the children of thy people"—the Jews—"and there shall be a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation even to that same time; and at that time thy people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found written in the book."†††

Jerusalem is delivered and the full end of her woes comes at the very moment when the desolating force is flushed with apparent triumph, when "the city shall be taken, and the houses rifled, and the women ravished, and half of the city shall go forth into captivity. . . . *Then* shall the Lord go forth and fight against those nations, as when He fought in the day of battle. And His feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem."‡‡‡ A mode of escape is then provided for His people, and the result is that Jehovah "shall be King over all the earth."§§§

This is "the consummation," when the determined judgment having at length been "poured upon the desolator," Jerusalem is again restored to favor and blessing. "Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken; neither shall thy land any more be termed Desolate; but thou shalt be called Hephzi-bah—*my delight*—and thy land Beulah—*married*—for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married."¶¶¶

Happy conclusion of the dreary scenes we have been called to contemplate! *The millennium* of one thousand years now begins.

Respecting God's dealing with both the Church and the Jews, we may well adopt the words of Paul: "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments and His ways past finding out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been His counsellor? or who hath first given to Him, and it shall be recompensed unto Him again? For of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things; to whom be glory forever. Amen."¶¶¶

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* Col. 1 : 25, 26. and Rom. 16 : 25, 26.

† The Jews had *sabbatic years*, (Lev. 25 : 8.) by which their years were divided into weeks of years, as in this important prophecy, each week containing *seven* years. The *seventy weeks* here spoken of, therefore, amount to *four hundred and ninety* years.

‡ Ezra 7 ; 8. Neh. 2 : 1.

* 1 Thess. 4 : 15–18. † Isa. 28 : 15, 18.
‡ Matt. 24 : 15–31. § Rev. 13 ; 1–8.
‖ Rev. 13 : 11—18.

* 2 Thess. 2 : 3, 4. † Zech. 14 : 2.
‡ Rev. 11 : 3, 7. § Rev. 12 : 6.
‖ Rev. 14 : 6. ¶ Rev. 7 : 4.
** Rev. 7 : 9. †† Rev. 14 : 3, 4.
‡‡ Rev. chaps. 17 and 18. §§ Rev. 19 : 7.
‖‖ Rev. 19 : 15. ¶¶ Rev. 19 : 20.
*** Rev. 20 : 12. ††† Dan. 12 : 1.
‡‡‡ Zech. 14 : 2–4. §§§ Zech. 14 : 9.
‖‖‖ Isa. 62 : 4. ¶¶¶ Rom. 11 : 33–36.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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NOTICE.

To give our readers an opportunity of introducing the Christian Herald to their friends, we will send the paper post free to any address from 1st October, to 31st December, 1881, on receipt of 25 cents.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A Solemn Scene was Enacted at the Residence of General Arthur soon after midnight of September 19th. The Cabinet telegraphed to the Vice-President formally announcing the death of President Garfield and advising him to take the oath of office without delay. Acting on this advice, a messenger was sent out for a proper officer to administer the oath. About *two o'clock in the morning* Judge Brady of the Supreme Court waited on General Arthur, and the Vice-President took the oath, and thus became the legal President of the United States. Lest there should be any technical objection raised at any time as to the right of a State Judge to administer the Presidential oath, General Arthur was regularly sworn in at the Capitol on Thursday, September 22d, by Chief Justice Waite of the Supreme Court.

Chester Alan Arthur, who has thus, as he sorrowfully said, "*received the Presidency at the hands of an assassin*," is nearly fifty-one years of age. He is the son of a Baptist minister named William Arthur, and was born at Fairfield, Vt., October 5th, 1830. He studied at Union College, Schenectady, and graduated in 1849. He served two years as principal of the North Pownal Academy, Vermont, after which he studied law and practised in New York. At the outbreak of the war Governor Morgan made Mr. Arthur Quartermaster General; but at the end of Governor Morgan's term Mr. Arthur returned to his legal practice. He had always been an active politician, and in November, 1871, President Grant nominated him Collector of the New York Custom House, a position he occupied until removed by President Hayes on July 12, 1878. At the evening session of June 10th, 1880, of the National Republican Convention at Chicago, he was nominated *for the Vice-Presidency* on the same ticket with General Garfield, was elected in November, and on March 4th, 1881, was sworn in as presiding officer of the Senate. He is a widower, his wife, who was a daughter of Lieutenant Commander Herndon, of the United States Navy, died in January, 1880. He has two children, a son aged seventeen, and a daughter aged eleven.

A Short Inaugural Address was Read by General Arthur after taking the oath of office in the Capitol on Thursday. The ceremony was rendered impressive by the surroundings and the difference in the circumstances from those which usually characterize Presidential inaugurations. Instead of the gayly decorated buildings and the attending throngs, the Capitol was draped with the emblems of woe, the only persons present to witness the ceremony were the Cabinet, the two ex-Presidents, and a few personal friends, while under the rotunda adjacent, lay the mangled remains of the late President. It was a sad and deeply solemn occasion.

The new President commenced his address with a glowing eulogy of his predecessor's abilities and character. He did not explain minutely his intended policy, but said, referring to the late President: "All the noble aspirations which found expression in his life—the measures devised and suggested during his brief administration to correct abuses and enforce economy, to advance prosperity, and promote the general welfare, to insure domestic security and maintain friendly and honorable relations with the nations of the earth—will be garnered in the hearts of the people, and it will be my earnest endeavor to profit, and to see that the nation shall profit, by his example and experience."

The Appointment of a Day of Fasting, Humiliation and prayer was the object of the first proclamation issued by President Arthur. The proclamation says: "It is fitting that the deep grief which fills all hearts should manifest itself with one accord toward the throne of infinite grace, and that we should bow before the Almighty and seek from Him that consolation in our affliction and that sanctification of our loss which He is able and willing to vouchsafe." The President, therefore, appointed Monday, 26th, "on which day the remains of our honored and beloved dead will be consigned to their last resting-place on earth, to be observed throughout the United States as a day of humiliation and mourning; and I earnestly recommend all the people to assemble on that day in their respective places of divine worship, there to render alike their tribute of sorrowful submission to the will of Almighty God and of reverence and love for the memory and character of our late Chief Magistrate."

A Proclamation Calling for an Extraordinary session of the Senate has been issued by President Arthur, "to receive and act upon such communications as may be made to it on the part of the Executive." The day of meeting is Monday, October 10th, at noon. This call has probably been prompted in some measure by the failure of the Senate at its last session to elect a President *pro tem.* If President Arthur were to die before the election of such an officer, the succession to the Presidency would be in doubt, as the next in order is the Speaker of the House, which office is also vacant.

In Lake View Cemetery, Cleveland, O., the remains of the late President were interred on Monday, September 26th. On Wednesday, September 21st, after a short religious service, they were removed from Elberon to Washington over the same track used only two weeks before in conveying the wounded sufferer to a purer air, in the vain hope of saving his life. All along the line, and at the depots on the route, people were seen standing silent, with uncovered heads as the train draped in mourning passed by. As it passed Princeton Junction the students stood in single file and strewed the track with flowers. Arrived at Washington the body was carried to the Capitol and placed in the Rotunda on a catafalque prepared for it. There it lay in state, dressed in the suit of black the President wore on Inauguration day, and thousands assembled to gaze on the features altered by suffering beyond recognition. On Saturday the last journey was made, the corpse was taken to Cleveland, and there, in accordance with the late President's wishes, it was interred in the ground offered for the purpose in Lake View Cemetery. In all the chief cities of the country signs of mourning were seen. Public buildings, warehouses, stores, and private houses were draped in mourning; even the express wagons showed a festoon of black, and few shoeblacks were so poor as not to surround their chairs with a cord of black muslin. Never was seen so heartfelt and general an expression of national sorrow.

The Garfield Fund has, Since the Fatal Monday, received several large additions. On Wednesday, $54,796 was forwarded to Mr. Cyrus Field for the benefit of the widow and her children. Other sums were sent in on the following days until the limit of a quarter of a million dollars was far past. On Saturday the total amount acknowledged to date was $287,514.

The Result of the Post Mortem Examination of the late President's body caused general surprise to the doctors and to the public. The ball was found completely encysted, as the physicians engaged in the case expected, but it was not in the part of the body in which they thought, from observation and from electrical experiments, it would be found. It appears that the ball, after fracturing the right eleventh rib, had *passed through the spinal column* in front of the spinal canal, fracturing the body of it, driving a number of small fragments of bone into the adjacent soft parts, and lodging below the pancreas, about two inches and a half to the left of the spine. The long channel into which the physicians thrust the catheter every day when the wound was dressed, turns out not to have been, as was supposed, the track of the ball, but a burrowing of pus, the bullet having travelled in the opposite direction. A pus cavity six inches by four was discovered near the gall bladder. It is a relief to hear that the mistakes made in diagnosing the case were not responsible for its fatal termination, that the injuries inflicted were necessarily fatal, and that only the magnificent constitution of the sufferer delayed his death so long.

The Assassin Guiteau is Now in All Men's thoughts, and much well-deserved execration is heaped upon him. But people forget how much he sinned against God before he sinned against the nation. Lying, cheating, forgery, and religious hypocrisy were his common practices for years, and he was engaged in an unusually infamous passage through the divorce court at a time when he was imposing himself upon religious circles as a Christian teacher. If society had meted out his deserts to him for one of those offences, he might never have committed his last great crime. There is also a danger of our forgetting, in our overwhelming grief and indignation that the execution of the law by man does not prevent the exercise of mercy by God; and that even the wretch Guiteau is not shut out from the atoning sacrifice of Christ. By the grace of God *he may repent*, and after he has paid the just penalty of death he may be washed in the fountain opened for uncleanness. But we ought on no account to regard with approval or allowance the attempt made upon the assassin's life by Sergeant Mason of the jail guard on September 11th. That was an act so wicked, disloyal, and treacherous, that there can be no extenuation of it except the possible temporary derangement of the sergeant.

The Sufferers by the Michigan Forest Fires are in danger of being forgotten during the excitement caused by President Garfield's death. As yet New York has contributed only $64,489. That amount has been gratefully acknowledged, but, considering the wealth of the Empire State, her generosity does not in this case compare favorably with that of other States. In acknowledging the receipt of the money, Mr. Farrington writes: "Michigan thanks New York for her liberal donations, and hopes she will still help us in relieving the suffering. It will require at least $1,000,000 to take care of these people until another harvest. More help must be obtained outside the State, for Michigan is not able to bear the entire burden."

The Rev. Dr. Deems Preached a Remarkable sermon last Sunday morning on the subject of the national woe. Arrangements have been made to publish a report of it in next week's CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The Arrival in New York on Friday of Kal-ıkaua, King of the Sandwich Islands, whose por-rait and life appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of September 1st, is announced. The following is ın account furnished by Colonel Judd, the King's ecretary, of his tour :

"We sailed from Hawaii," said Colonel Judd, ' January 20th, and stopping in San Francisco for .short time, took the steamer for Yokohama, where ve arrived early in March. Leaving Japan, we ailed westward, visiting Singapore, Penang, Cal-utta, and other cities of Southern Asia. We went hrough India by rail, and after brief visits to Bom-ay and Aden, passed through the Suez Canal and vent to Cairo. Here we were magnificently enter-ained by the Khedive. We saw the Pyramids, hen came down and took ship for Sicily. The rst port where we landed upon the Continent was Naples. In Italy we visited Rome and Pompeii. We then went to Paris, but after a short stay astened to London. We returned to the Continent gain, visiting Brussels, Cologne, Berlin, Vienna, 'aris, Madrid, Lisbon, and many other cities. 'hen we returned to London once more." In pite of the wonderful sights the King has witnessed e expresses a preference for his own land, espe-ially on account of the climate.

Another Train Robbery is Reported. A pecial dispatch to the *Gazette*, of Little Rock, ark., from Arkadelphia, says : "The train on the ron Mountain and Southern Railway which depart-d from Texarkana at eight o'clock on September 2d, was boarded at Hope by three young men, who, after passing Prescott, and when near Ken-ett, suddenly drew revolvers and ordered the con-uctor to stop the train, which he did. They then roceeded to make the passengers throw up their ands, and robbed them, getting $700. They then isited the express car, opened the messenger's safe, nd took $30,000 in currency. Before leaving the ain *they threw away a package containing* $15,-00, under the impression that it was valueless."

When the Rev. A. Atwood, of Philadelphia, vas a small boy standing inside the door of his ather's house, with his hat under his arm, waiting to ee the minister, who had been making a call there. ıount his horse, the minister, after shaking hands ith all in the room, as he passed him, put both ands on his head, saying, "The Lord bless this ıd and make him a minister of the Gospel of hrist." It scared the boy terribly, but did him ıore good than any one thing in his life. When a rong, ill-tempered word would slip from his lips, ıe form of that old minister would appear to his nagination with his light hat and plain coat, with is hands on his head, blessing him in the name f the Lord, a sort of chill would run over his whole ystem, and through all his subsequent life it has ıore or less influenced his habits.

Mr. Moody's Mother.—The Rev. E. R. Davies, visitor at the recent Northfield Convention, says f Mr. Moody : "He has Dr. Andrew Bonar and thers as guests now, and all his friends are re-eived and welcomed with the greatest cordiality. ear his own is the home of his mother and a ounger brother. *'I'll introduce you to my mother,'* e said. She is over seventy-six years of age, er black eyes are not dim, nor her form bent. he has a sweet face, a pleasant motherly way, ıd wins your heart at once. It is not hard to see here the son got his good sense and tact in man-ging things."

An Exciting Race with a Runaway Car is ported in one of the Arizona journals. It ap-ears that a car laden with ties, in some way be-ıme loosened and began moving slowly on a slight own grade. Soon the steep grade toward Cie-ega was reached, and then the speed of the car creased rapidly. An engineer sitting on his en-ne at Puntano saw the car travelling alone, and new that the grade being downward for a long stance a serious accident would probably be ıused. Attached to his engine was a car full of hinamen, but without waiting to detach it, he arted in pursuit of the runaway car at the full eed of his engine. It was a race for life. Every rn of the wheels increased the speed of the car, ıead, but the engineer's practised eye told him ıat he was gaining upon it. Far ahead too he saw laborers at work on the roadway and the car *running noiselessly* was dangerously near them. The locomotive, however, was now going at a speed of sixty miles an hour, and was gaining every moment on the car. Finally, the engineer, placing the lever in charge of his fireman, crawled to the cowcatcher, and, taking the heavy coupling rod in his hand, balanced himself in that perilous position. Soon the few feet intervening disappeared, and with a dexterity that comes from practice and a cool brain, the coupling was made. The locomotive was reversed and the train came to a standstill within fifty feet of the spot where the laborers were at work. They had expected no train to pass, and were unconscious of their danger until they were saved. The brave engineer by his promptitude and the gallant risk of his own life saved many from a terrible death. The story of the rescue excites our enthusiastic admiration, while the Gospel message of a world rescued from a worse fate by the sacrifice of Jesus is too often heard with indifference.

An Unexpected Bonanza Has Been Discovered by accident, according to a statement in a Nevada journal. It appears that a man living at Ophir was unable to go to his employment, and thought he would spend his time in repairing and setting back a dilapidated bulkhead in front of his lot, when he struck into a three-foot vein of decomposed material completely *filled with pure gold*. This is said to be the same kind of rich vein ore that was encountered near the surface when the first discovery was made at the Ophir in early days. The vein is supposed to be a feeder from the old Ophir vein. It might never have been discovered but for the tumbling down of the old bulkhead. One old surface tunnel passes through the ground some distance to the northward of the deposit, and another to the southward. Thus the rich pocket was left concealed between. This treasure unexpectedly discovered will, since the secret is known, excite the envy of the finder's associates, who will doubtless endeavor to obtain a share of his wealth. Those to whom God has given a treasure whose value far surpasses that of the purest gold, are placed in a different position from that of this lucky miner. They do not keep their knowledge secret, and in imparting it to others their own happiness is increased.

The Exhibition of a Chinese Idol was a method chosen by a little girl in Dr. Talmage's congregation to collect money for the relief of the sufferers by the forest fires in Michigan. The destitution of the numerous families who had just escaped with their lives was described by the pastor on Sunday, the 18th September, and an appeal was made for relief. The appeal was nobly responded to in the following week, and one of the contributors was the little girl, who, happening to possess the curiosity, put it on exhibition and collected more than *four dollars* in admission fees. This use for a purpose of love by a Christian child of an idol that was once worshipped as a god in China is a remarkable exemplification of the saying of the Bible, "Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee" (Ps. 76 : 10).

The Condition of Affairs at the Panama Canal is described by a physician who returned from the Isthmus last week, as deplorable. He says there are about 250 people at work on the canal, 200 of whom are negroes. Half of them are sick, haggard, and starving, and the death-rate is alarming, although the facts are suppressed as much as possible. There are not more than 100 able-bodied men at work at any time, and the force is constantly being renewed, because *the laborers fall victims to disease*, then lose their places and starve, or die of fevers and a peculiar wasting away of the system. As to the progress of the work, the doctor reports that "it is advancing very slowly, and there is nothing to show for the money spent. It is generally believed in that country that the canal will never be finished. It is about as wide as Broadway from house to house. There are some stakes driven down and planks laid along and the earth stirred up a little, but that is all. It seems hardly possible to live in that country. It is marshy and malarial, and infested with alligators and serpents and poisonous insects."

LOVE'S LABORS,

A Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon,

"Charity beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."—1 COR. 13 : 7.

Love Essential to True Godliness—The Christian's Every-day Livery—I. Love's Difficulties They are Many—In Self—In Others—In the World—In Hell—Love Overcomes All—Conquers on Four Sides—In all Stages of Life—II Love's Triumph—1. In Bearing—Covering—As to Brethren—Refuses to See Faults—The Pearl Oyster and the Dripping Well—As to Unconverted—2. In Believing—As to Fellow-Christians—Believes the best of them—An Old Legend—3. In Hoping—4. In Enduring—III. The Sources of Love's Energy—The Nature of Love—Her Companions—The Man with a Twist.

THE grace of charity, or love, of which so much is most admirably spoken in this chapter, is absolutely essential to true godliness. So essential is it that, if we have everything beside, but have not charity, it profiteth us nothing. The absence of charity is absolutely fatal to vital godliness ; so saith the Holy Ghost in this chapter. When, then, you read the apostle's high encomiums of charity, do not say, "This is a fancy virtue to which certain special saints have attained, and we are bound to admire them for it, but we need not imitate them." Far from it. This charity is the common, *every-day livery* of the people of God. It is not the prerogative of a few ; it must be the possession of all. Do not, therefore, however lofty the model may be, look up to it as though you could not reach it : you must reach it. It is put before you not only as a thing greatly desirable, but as absolutely needful ; for if you excelled in every spiritual gift, yet if you had not this all the rest would profit you nothing whatever. One would think that such excellent gifts might benefit us a little ; but no, the apostle sums them all up, and saith, "it profiteth me nothing."

What does this teach us at the outset but that a salvation which leads to this must be of God, and must be wrought in us by His power? Such a comely grace can never grow out of our fallen nature. Shall such a clean thing as this be brought out of an unclean? This glorious salvation unto pure love must be grasped by faith, and wrought in us by the operation of the Spirit of God. If we consider salvation to be a little thing, we bring it, as it were, within the sphere of human possibility, but if we set it forth in its true proportions as involving the possession of a pure, loving, elevated state of heart, then we perceive that it is a divine wonder. When we estimate the renewed nature aright we cry, "This is the finger of God," and right gladly do we then subscribe to Jonah's creed, "Salvation is of the Lord."

Notice, then, first, *the multitude of love's difficulties ;* it has to bear all things, believe all things hope all things, and endure all things ; secondly, observe *the triumph of love's labor ;* it does all these four things, it "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things ;" and then, thirdly, this will bring us back to the point we have started from, *the sources of love's energy*, and how it is she is able thus to win her fourfold victory over countless difficulties.

I. Consider well the multitude of

LOVE'S DIFFICULTIES.

When the grace of God comes into a man he is born at once to love. He that loveth is born of God, and he that is born of God loveth. He loveth him that begat, even God, and he loveth him that is begotten of Him, even all the saved ones. He commences to obey the great command to love his neighbor as himself. His motto is no longer that of an earthly kingdom, *Dieu et mon droit*—God and my right ; but he bears another word on his escutcheon, *Dieu et mon frère*—God and my brother.

No sooner is love born than she finds herself at war. Everything is against her, for the world is full of envy, hate, and ill-will. I would warn the most loving-hearted that they have entered upon a war for peace, a strife for love : they are born to hate hatred, and to contend against contention. As the lily among thorns, so is love among the

sons of men. As the hind among the dogs, so is charity among the selfish multitude.

Evidently the difficulties of love are many, for the apostle speaks of them as "all things," and as if this were not enough he repeats the words, and sets forth the opposing armies as four times "all things." I do not know whether you can calculate this mighty host. "All things" would seem to comprehend as much as can be, but here in the text you have this amount multiplied by four. For, my brother, you will have to contend with all that is within *yourself*. Nothing in your original nature will help you. God has put within you a new life, but the old life seeks to smother it. You will find it

A SEVERE STRUGGLE

to master yourself, and if you succeed therein you will be a conqueror indeed.

Besides that you will have to contend with "all things" in *the persons* whom you are called upon to love. You must have fervent charity toward the saints, but you will find very much about the best of them which will try your patience; for, like yourself, they are imperfect, and they will not always turn their best side toward you, but sometimes sadly exhibit their infirmities. Be prepared, therefore, to contend with "all things" in them. As for the ungodly whom you are to love to Christ, you will find everything in them that will oppose the drawings of your love, for they, like yourself, by nature are born in sin.

When you have mastered that kind of "all things" you will have to contend with "all things" in *the world*, for the world lieth in the wicked one, and all its forces run toward self, and contention, and hate. Every man's hand is against his fellow, and few there be who honor the gentle laws of love; they know not that divine charity which "seeketh not her own." The seed of the serpent is at enmity with all that is kind, and tender, and self-sacrificing, for these are the marks of the woman's seed. Marvel not, my brethren, if the world hate you.

And then remember that "all things" *in hell* are against you. What a seething mass of rebellious life, all venomous with hate, is seen in the regions of darkness. The prince of the power of the air leads the van, and the host of fallen spirits eagerly follow him, like bloodhounds behind their leader. All these evil spirits will endeavor to create dissension, and enmity, and malice, and oppression among men, and the soldier of love must wrestle against all these. See, O my brother, what a battle is yours! Speak of crusades against the Paynim, what a crusade is this against hate and evil! Yet we shrink not from the fray.

Happily, though love has many difficulties, *it overcomes them all*, and overcomes them four times. There is such vitality in evil that it leaps up from the field whereon it seemed to be slain, and rages with all its former fury. First, we overcome evil by *patience*, which "beareth all things." Let the injury be inflicted, we will forgive it, and not be provoked: even seventy times seven will we bear in silence. If this suffice not, by God's grace we will overcome by *faith:* we trust in Jesus Christ, we rely upon our principles, we look for divine succor, and so we "believe all things." We overcome a third time by *hope:* we rest in expectation that gentleness will win, and that long-suffering will wear out malice, for we look for the ultimate victory of everything that is true and gracious, and so we "hope all things" We finish the battle by *perseverance:* we abide faithful to our resolve to love, we will not be irritated into unkindness, we will not be perverted from generous, all-forgiving affection, and so we win the battle by steadfast non-resistance. We have set our helm toward the port of love, and toward it we will steer, come what may. Baffled often, love "endureth all things."

Yes, brethren, and love *conquers on all four sides*. Love does, as it were, make a hollow square, and she sets the face of her warriors toward all quarters of the compass. Does God seem Himself to smite love with afflictions? She "beareth all things." Do her fellow-Christians misrepresent her, and treat her ill? She believes everything that is good about them, and nothing that is injurious. Do the wicked rise against her? When she tries to convert them, do they return evil for good? She turns her hopefulness to the front in that direction, and hopes that yet the Spirit of God will bring them to a better mind. And does it happen that all her spiritual foes attack her with temptations and desperate insinuations? She lifted up the banner of patience against them, and by the power of God's grace she putteth the infernal enemy to the rout, for she "endureth all things."

It seems to me that I might read my text as if it said that *love conquers in all stages of her life*. She begins in conversion, and straightway those that mark her birth are angry, and the powers of evil are at once aroused to seek her destruction Then she "beareth all things." She gathers strength and begins to tell out to others what she knows of her Lord and His salvation. She "believeth all things," and so she confesses her faith, and her fellow-Christians are confirmed by her witness. It is her time of energy, and so she tries to woo and win others, by teaching them the things which she believes.

She advances a little farther; and, though often disappointed by the unbelief of men and the coldness of her fellow-Christians, she nevertheless "hopes all things," and pushes on in the expectation of winning more of them. Her dove's eyes see in the dark, and she advances to victory through ever-growing conflict. Ay, and when infirmities thicken upon her, and old age comes, and she can do little else but sit still, and bear and believe and hope, she still perseveres, and accepts even the stroke of death itself without complaining, for love "endureth all things."

I do not think I need say more upon the difficulties of love. I am sure that every experienced person knows that these difficulties are supreme, and that we require superlative grace if we are to master them. Love does not ask to have an easy life of it: self-love makes that her aim. Love denies herself, sacrifices herself, that she may win victories for God, and bring blessings on her fellow-men. Hers is no easy pathway, and hers shall be no tinsel crown.

II. Secondly, let us survey

THE TRIUMPH

of love's labor. Her labors are fourfold.

First, in *bearing all things*. The word here rendered "bear" might as correctly have been translated "cover." You that have the Revised Version will find in the margin, "Love covereth all things." "Covereth" is the meaning of the word in ordinary Greek, but Paul generally uses the word in the sense of "bear." Our translators, therefore, had to choose between the usual meaning and the Pauline usage, and they selected Paul's meaning, and put it down in the first place as "beareth," giving us in the margin the other sense of "covereth." The two ideas may be blended, if we understand it to mean that love bears all things in silence, concealing injuries as much as possible even from herself.

Let us just think of this word "covers" *in reference to the brethren*. True love refuses to see faults, unless it be that she may kindly help in their removal. Love has no wish to see faults. She painfully fears that there may be something wrong, but she is loath to be convinced of it: she ignores it as long as she can, and wishes that she could deny it altogether. Love covers; that is, it never proclaims the errors of good men. There are busybodies abroad who never spy out a fault in a brother but they must needs hurry off to their next neighbor with the *savory news*, and then they run up and down the street as though they had been elected common criers. It is by no means honorable to men or women to set up to be common informers. Yet I know some who are not half so eager to publish the Gospel as to publish slander.

I would, brothers and sisters, that we could all imitate *the pearl oyster*. A hurtful particle intrudes itself into its shell, and this vexes and grieves it. It cannot eject the evil, and what does it do but *cover* it with a precious substance extracted out of its own life, by which it turns the intruder into a pearl. Oh that we could do so with the provocations we receive from our fellow-Christians, so that pearls of patience, gentleness, long-suffering, and forgiveness might be bred within us by that which else had harmed us. I would desire to keep ready for my fellow-Christians a bath of silver, in which I could electro-plate all their mistakes into occasions for love. As the dripping well covers with its own deposit all that is placed within its drip, so would love cover all within its range with love, thus turning even curses into blessings. O! that we had such love that it would cover all, and conceal all, so far as it is right and just that it should be covered and concealed.

As to *bearing* all, taking the words as they stand in our version, I wish to apply the text mainly to our trials in seeking the conversion of *the unconverted*. Those who love the souls of men must be prepared to cover much when they deal with them, and to bear much from them in silence. When I begin to seek the conversion of any one I must try as much as ever I can to ignore any repulsiveness that there may be in his character. I know that he is a sinner, else I should not seek his salvation; but if he happens to be one who has fallen very low in the esteem of others, I must not treat him as such, but cover his worst points. You cannot possibly bring the Samaritan woman who has had five husbands into a right state of mind by "wondering that he spake with the woman." Thus the disciples acted, but not so their Master, for He sat on the well and talked with her, and made Himself her willing companion that He might be her gracious Saviour He ignored her sin so far as to converse with her for her good.

You will not long have begun this holy work before you will discover in the heart you seek to win much ignorance of the Gospel. Bear with it, and bring forward the text which sheds light on that darkness, and teach the truth which will remove that error. Erelong you will have to contend with hardness of heart, for when a man knows the truth he is not always willing to receive it. Bear it, and be not vexed. Did you not expect the heart to be hard? Do not you know what business you are upon? You are sent to turn men from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God Be not astonished if these things should not prove to be child's play. In addition to this perhaps you will have ridicule poured upon you; your attempts to convert will be converted into jests. Bear it bear all things!

Now let us look at the second of love's great labors. You have heard of the labors of Hercules but the fabulous hero is far outdone by the veritable achievements of love. Love works miracles which only grace can enable her to perform. Her is the second of them—*love "believeth all things."* In reference, first, to our fellow-Christians, love always

BELIEVES THE BEST

of them. I wish we had more of this faith abroad in all the churches, for a horrid blight falls upon some communities through suspicion and mistrust Though everything may be pure and right, yet certain weak minds are suddenly fevered with anxiety through the notion that all is wrong and rotten. This unholy mistrust is in the air, a blight upon all peace: it is a sort of *fusty mildew of the soul*, by which all sweet perfume of confidence is killed. The best man is suspected of being a designing knave, though he is honest as the day, and the smallest fault or error is frightfully exaggerated, till we seem to dwell among criminals and to be all villains together.

True love believes good of others as long as ever it can, and when it is forced to fear that wrong has been done, love will not readily yield to evidence but she gives the accused brother the benefit of many a doubt. When the thing is too clear, love says, "Yes, but the friend must have been under very strong temptation, and if I had been there I dare say I should have done worse;" or else love hopes that the erring one may have offended from a good though mistaken motive; she believes that the good man must have been mistaken, or he would not have acted so. Love, as far as she can believes in her fellows.

Somewhere or other I met with an old legend—I do not suppose it to be literally true, but it

spirit is correct. It is said that, once upon a time, in the streets of Jerusalem, there lay *a dead dog*, and every one kicked at it and reviled it. One spoke of its currish breed, another of its lean and ugly form, and so forth; but one passed by who paused a moment over the dead dog, and said, "What white teeth it has." Men said, as he went on his way, "That is Jesus of Nazareth." Surely it is ever our Lord's way to see good points wherever He can. Brethren, think as well as you can even of a dead dog.

If you should ever be led into disappointments and sorrows by thinking too well of your fellow-men, you need not greatly blame yourself. I met, in Anthony Farrindon's Sermons, a line which struck me. He says the old proverb has it, "Humanum est errare"—to err is human; but, saith he, when we err by thinking too kindly of others we may say, "*Christanum est errare*"—it is Christian to err in such a fashion. I would not have you credulous, but I would have you trustful, for suspicion is a cruel evil. Few fall into the blessed error of valuing their fellow-Christians at too high a rate.

In reference to the unconverted this is a very important matter. Love "believeth all things" in their case. She does not believe that the unconverted are converted, for, if so, she would not seek their conversion. She believes that they are lost and ruined by the Fall, but she believes that God can save them. Love believes that the precious blood of Christ can redeem the bondslaves of sin and Satan, and break their iron chain; she believes that the power of the Holy Spirit can change a heart of granite into a heart of flesh. Love, therefore, believing this, believes also that God can save this sinner by herself, and she therefore begins to speak to Him, expecting that the word she speaks will be God's instrument of salvation. When she finds herself sitting next to a sinner, she believes that there was a necessity for her to be there, even as Christ must needs go through Samaria.

Brethren,

DO YOU WANT A MODEL

of this? Then I beseech you look to your divine Master once again. See Him in the morning when the sheep are counted, missing one of them, and so full of faith is He that He can find the lost one that He leaves the ninety and nine, and cheerfully enters the pathless wilderness. See how He bounds over the mountains! How He descends the ravines! He is seeking His sheep until He finds it, for He is fully assured that He shall find it. He shall not fail nor be discouraged, for His faith is great in the salvation of men, and He goes forth to it believing that sinners shall be saved. I delight in the deep, calm faith of our Lord Jesus Christ. He had no faith in man's goodness, for "He knew what was in man;" but He had great faith in what could be done in men and what could be wrought for them.

Here is the second grand victory of love: she "believeth all things." Herein let us exercise ourselves till we are skilled in it.

Love's third great labor is in "*hoping all things*." Love never despairs. She believes in good things yet to come in her fellow-men, even if she cannot believe in any present good in them. Hope all things about your brethren. Suppose a friend is a member of the Church, and you cannot see any clear signs of grace in him, hope all things about him. Many true believers are weak in faith, and the operations of grace are dim in them; and some are placed in positions where the grace they have is much hindered and hampered; let us take these things into consideration. It is hard to tell how little grace may yet suffice for salvation: it is not ours to judge. Hope all things.

As to the unconverted, you will never do anything with them unless you hope great things about them. When the good Samaritan found the poor man half dead, if he had not hoped about him he would never have poured in the oil and the wine, but would have left him there to die. Cultivate great hopefulness about sinners. Always hope of them that they will be saved yet, though no good signs are apparent in them. If you have done your best for them, and have been disappointed and defeated, still hope for them. Hope because you are moved to pray for them. Get other people to pray for them, for as long as they have some one to pray for them their case is not given over. If you get others to pray, there will be another string to your bow. If they are very ill, and you cannot get at them, or they are on their dying beds, still have hope about them, and try to send them a message in some form or other. Pray the Lord to visit and save them, and always keep up your hope about them. Till they are dead, let not your hope be dead.

Would you see a model of this? Ah, look at our blessed Lord, and all His hopefulness for us: how, despairing of none, he went after those whom others would have given up. If you ask a proof, remember how he went after *you*. Will you despair of anybody since Christ did not despair of you? Wonders of grace belong to God, and all those wonders have been displayed in many among us. If you and I had been there when they brought the adulterous woman taken in the very act, I am afraid that we should have said, "This is too bad; put her away, she cannot be borne with." But oh, the hopefulness of the blessed Master when even to her He said, "Woman, where are thine accusers? Neither do I condemn thee. Go, and sin no more."

The last victory of love is in *enduring all things*, by which I understand a patient

PERSEVERANCE IN LOVING.

This is perhaps the hardest work of all, for many people can be affectionate and patient for a time, but the task is to hold on year after year. I have known some men earnestly check their temper under provocation, and bear a great many slights, but at last they have said, "There is an end to everything: I am not going to put up with it any longer. I cannot stand it." Blessed be God, the love that Christ gives us endureth all things. As His love endured to the end, so does the love which the Spirit works in us endure to the end.

In reference first to our fellow-Christians, love holds out under all rebuffs. You mean that I shall not love you, my good man, but I shall love you. You give me the rough side of your tongue, and make me see that you are not a very lovable person, but I can love you notwithstanding all. What? Will you do me a further unkindness? I will oppose you by doing you a greater kindness than before. You said a vile thing about me; I will not hear it, but if it be possible I will say a kind thing of you. I will cover you up with hot coals till I melt you; I will war against you with flames of love till your anger is consumed. I will master you by being kinder to you than you have been unkind to me.

As to your dealing with the unconverted, you will have to endure all things, for it will come to pass that some whom you have been seeking for a long time will grow worse instead of better. Endure this among the all things. Those whom you seek to bless may seem to be altogether unteachable; they may shut their ears and refuse to hear you; never mind, endure all things. They may grow sour and sullen, and revile you in their anger, but be not put about by them; let them struggle till they are wearied, and meanwhile do you quietly wait, saying to yourself, "I *must* save them." A warder who has to take care of insane persons will frequently be attacked by them, and have to suffer hard blows; but what does he do? Strike the patient and make a fight for it? No, he holds him down and pins him fast; but not in anger, for he pities him too much to be angry with him.

I pray God give you this *blessed unmannerliness*, this sweet casting of all things to the wind, if by any means you may save some.

If you desire to see the mirror and the paragon of persevering endurance, look you there! I wish you could see it. I wish these eyes could see the sight as I have sometimes seen it. Behold the cross! See the patient Sufferer and that ribald multitude: they thrust out the tongue, they sneer, they jest, they blaspheme; and there he hangs, triumphant in his patience, conquering the world and death and hell by enduring "all things." O love, thou didst never sit on *a throne so imperial as the cross*, when there, in the person of the Son of God, thou didst all things endure. Oh that we might copy in some humble measure that perfect pattern which is here set before us. If you would be saviors, if you would bless your generation, let no unkindness daunt you; let no considerations of your own character, or honor, or peace of mind, keep you back, but of you may it be said, even as of your Lord, "He saved others, Himself He could not save."

Have not I shown you four grand battles, far excelling all the Waterloos, and Trafalgars, and Almas, and Inkermans on record? Heroes are they that fight and win them, and the Lord God of love shall crown them.

III. I close by noting

THE SOURCES OF LOVE'S ENERGY.

The time is gone, as I thought it would be, but it has brought us round in a circle to where we started from. The Holy Ghost alone can teach men how to love, and give them power to do so. Love's art is learned at no other school but at the feet of Jesus, where the Spirit of love doth rest on those who learn of Him. Beloved, the Spirit of God puts love into us, and helps us to maintain it, thus: first, love wins these victories, for *it is her nature*. The nature of love is self-sacrifice. Love is the reverse of seeking her own. Love is intense; love is burning; therefore she burneth her way to victory. Love! Look at it in the mother. Is it any hardship to her to lose rest and peace and comfort for her child? If it costs her pain, she makes it pleasure by the ardor of her affection. It is the nature of love to court difficulties, and to rejoice in suffering for the beloved object.

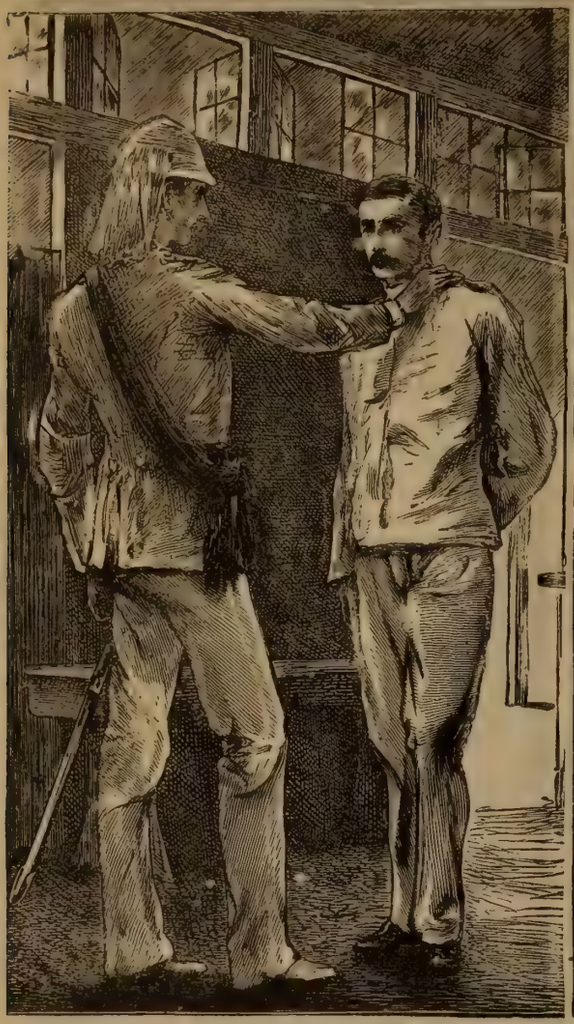
Next to this, *love has four sweet companions*. There are with her tenderness that "beareth all things," faith that "believeth all things," hope that "hopeth all things," and patience which "endureth all things," and he that hath tenderness, and faith, and hope, and patience hath a brave quaternion of graces to guard him, and he need not be afraid. Best of all, *love sucks her life from the wounds of Christ*. Love can bear, believe, hope, and endure because Christ has borne, believed, and hoped, and endured for her.

I have heard of one that had a twist: they say that he saw something that others never saw, and heard a voice that others never heard, and he became such a strange man that others wondered at him. Oh that I had more and more of that most solemn twist which comes through feeling a pierced hand laid on my shoulder, and hearing in my ear a sorrowful voice—that self-same voice which cried, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" I would see that vision and hear that voice, and then—what then? Why, I must love; I must love; I must love. That would be the soul's strange bias and sweet twist.

Love makes us love; love bought us, sought us, and brought us to the Saviour's feet, and it shall henceforth constrain us to deeds which else would be impossible. You have heard of men sometimes in a mad fit doing things that ordinary flesh and blood could never have performed. Oh to be distracted from selfishness by the love of Christ, and maddened into self-oblivion by a supreme passion for the Crucified. I know not how otherwise to put my thoughts into words so that they may hint at my burning meaning. May the Lord of love look into your very eyes with those eyes which once were red with weeping over human sin; may he touch your hands with those hands that were nailed to the cross, and impress the blessed nail-marks upon your feet, and then may he pierce your heart till it pour forth a life of love, and flow out in streams of kind desires, and generous deeds, and holy sacrifices for God and for His people. God grant it, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—1 Corinthians 13.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 230,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]



The Lieutenant's Appeal.

A Missionary Hero.

WHAT REACHED THE HEART OF GEORGE MOSS.

George Moss was a young soldier who went out with his regiment to India. His joining the army had been a source of great anxiety to his parents, who were both God-fearing people, and who regarded with feelings of painful apprehension his departure from England. The profession of a soldier and all that they had heard of the loose living and corrupting example of many Anglo-Indians, made them dread the thought of their only son being surrounded by such influences. Still, their loving prayers for him were animated by the assurance that, dear as he was to his old father and mother, he must be yet dearer to the God who made him, and whose providence could take care of him even amid all the dangers of a soldier's life in a distant land.

Upon his arrival in India George Moss found life there more congenial than he had expected, and, indeed, more so than he could have found it if he had been a young man of decided piety. But he was, in truth, far from that. He could not help respecting the beautiful affection which his father and mother had always displayed toward him, and their tender solicitude for his best interests.

It was evident from letters he sent home shortly after his arrival in India that George Moss was a keen and close observer of all that went on around him, and that he was quietly taking the gauge of officers and men with whom he was brought into contact. It was also evident that one of them, Lieutenant B——, had made a striking impression upon his mind.

Poor Moss had displayed even more than common aptitude for getting into scrapes, some of them of a character so serious as to bring him under the unfavorable notice of his military superiors. In the ordinary course of things the lieutenant would have been supposed to take no notice whatever of the young scapegrace beyond the requirements of professional duty. But Lieutenant B—— had other notions of duty than those which pass current with men who see in life only that which a worldly conventionalism recognizes. Though naturally one of the most retiring of men—so retiring that people wondered how he had found his way into the army—he lost no opportunity of speaking privately with Moss about those features of his character which had become only too conspicuous.

Moss was particularly struck by *the absence of cant* which he had learned with all his heart to despise. There was a transparent sincerity, a quiet earnestness, and an evident fellow-feeling on the part of the officer, which gave him a warm place in the affectionate esteem of young Moss. There was that in his gentleness, in his persistent kindness, in his winning tone and manner, which Moss felt to be more Christ-like than anything he had ever seen, except under his father's roof.

One day, when the two happened to be thrown together for a few minutes, and the lieutenant had spoken to him with more than usual tenderness, Moss looked up into his face, and said, not without emotion, "What is it, sir, that makes you speak and act so differently from everybody else. You speak as if you really cared for one." "You must know by this time," said the officer, "that it is not my way to talk much about the things I feel most deeply, but, Moss, *I wish to be kind to others because I owe my all to kindness.* Whoever truly knows the kindness and love of God our Saviour, and believes that He and all mankind are the objects of it, must needs be kind himself."

The conversation ended abruptly, for duty called the two in different directions, but the few words dropped that morning were never forgotten by Moss. As soon as he could get into a quiet spot he took out his long-neglected Bible, and in its pages met with Him of whom the lieutenant had spoken. On the arrival in England of the next mail from India there was great rejoicing in the humble home of the young soldier's parents, for they received tidings of their son's conversion. After the expiration of his term of military service he entered the active service of Christ, and was very successful. He was often heard to declare that whatever good he had been the means of doing was entirely due to the beautiful example of Lieutenant B——, who though he *said* little, *lived* in the very spirit of his Master.

A MISSIONARY HERO.

Some years ago Captain P——, an officer in the British Royal Navy, returned from the North Pacific, having had command of a vessel stationed there. He came up to the committee of the Church Missionary Society in London, and said, "I want you to send out a missionary to those poor red Indians in the north of Canada. I know what dreadful people they are—cannibals, savages; the crimes they commit are most horrible; but still, for all that, they are *fine fellows.* Do send a missionary to them."

The committee felt that the funds at their disposal would not allow them to comply with this request, nor was the right man for the work forthcoming. Nevertheless, they permitted the captain to publish a little appeal in *The Church Missionary Intelligencer.* That appeal so impressed a gentleman who read it that he sent in $2425 toward the object thus set forth.

A short time after this Captain P—— again visited London, and told the committee that in the providence of God he was again appointed to the very same station in the North Pacific. "Now," said he, "I want you to give me a missionary to go out with me in my ship." The committee then began to think that the proposal was of the Lord; but still they could not think of the right man. Captain P—— then said, "If you have not a missionary, let me have a schoolmaster. I must

The Mildmay Conference Hall, Mildmay Park, London, England.

An Open-Air Meeting at Mildmay, under the Mulberry Tree in the Garden.

take some one out with me to teach these poor people; and mind, it must not be an ordinary man. I shall want a man who is calm, collected, bold, courageous, and can turn his hand to anything."

After Captain P—— had made his appeal for a schoolmaster, it suddenly struck one of the gentlemen that a Yorkshire man, William D——, then in training for missionary work, would be exactly the man that was wanted. Accordingly he was sent for, and, after consideration and prayer, undertook to be ready to sail with the captain in ten days. The vessel arrived safely, and William D—— was left by the captain at Port Simpson, where for the present he was to make his home. It was a trading port, and many Indians came there with different things to exchange for European goods. William D—— therefore settled down among their camps, making a determined effort to learn their language, gain the hearts of their children, and make himself acquainted with their various customs, and their modes of thought and feeling. He appeared to be quietly gaining ground, when Legaet, *a "medicine man"* or priest, who was, however, more of a conjurer than either, held with some others a consultation about the white man who had come among them, and they determined to go and tell him the conclusion to which they had come.

Accordingly, to William D—— they went, and thus addressed him: "Now look here, white man, we don't want you here any longer. We don't want your Bible. We don't want you to teach our children." But this did not frighten the brave missionary, who answered, by God's grace he would still remain, and go on as before. A few days passed. William fancied that there was a storm brewing (Legaet had told him that if he did not close the school-house he would make him), when one morning a little boy came up to him, as they came in to their morning lessons, and said, "Oh, sir, please shut up our school to-day." The answer was, "No, my boy; all will go on as usual." In the afternoon Legaet's wife came to the room and entreated that it might be closed; but no, William D—— was steadfast. The children had just assembled in the afternoon. A boy was standing at the door striking two bars of steel together, as they had no bell. They had taken their seats, and there was some confusion outside the door. William looked out, and saw Legaet, with a band of Indians following, all in their war-dress, approaching the school-house. The door opened, and Legaet entered, ordering the boy at once to be silent, and telling the children to leave the room. They obeyed, and in came the band of Indians. There stood God's servant quite alone before him Satan's agents. Who should gain the day? Legaet advanced toward the servant of God with a weapon in his hand, and, telling him he was determined the school should be closed, drew the weapon, saying, "I have taken many a white man's life, and I want to take yours." There stood William, calm and collected, trusting in the Lord of hosts to deliver him. That was a moment of danger. But the faith of the Christian in his God did not fail. Appeals and explanations were made, and at the end of one hour the Indians one by one left the room. At last Legaet went away, and William was left unhurt, alone.

He remained in that place upward of two years, and was the honored instrument of leading many to righteousness.

That same Legaet was among the converts, and bore testimony not long ago at a public meeting, at which an old chief with white hair rose from his seat, and said, "Oh, white man, you should have come and told us the good news before! It is too late now. I have grown old in sin." In a moment Legaet rose and said, "No, chief, you are not too old. You all know what I have been. There was nothing bad but what I took a part in it; there is no murder but what I have committed; no sin you can possibly think of but what I have engaged in, and now I am a changed man. And what has done it? Why, in this precious Bible William D—— has brought us, I found these words: 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from *all* sin.' *All* sin—yes, even my sin. It is to that blood that I am trusting. I came to Jesus, and He has not cast me out; and what He has done for me He is willing to do for you; only come to Him."

THE MILDMAY CONFERENCE HALL.

FEW Christian people there are, especially those to whom the doctrine of Christ's second coming is precious, but are familiar with the name of the Mildmay Conference Hall in London. There those meetings of Christians have been held from which have gone out influences operating on Christian pulpits and churches throughout the world. Conferences at which the truths most dear to the Christian in the higher developments of his inner life have been reverently discussed, and prayers offered that have been abundantly answered by the outpouring of God's blessing. It is impossible to avoid feeling an interest in a building so hallowed by association, and though this Conference Hall is plain and unpretentious, and cannot, like St. Peter's in Rome and other famous ecclesiastical buildings, claim architectural merits, yet there the servants of God have met together, and there they have held converse with each other in Christian fellowship, and the place is hallowed.

In the Rev. R. Braithwaite's "Life and Letters of the Rev. W. Pennefather, B.A.," we are told the following story concerning the first steps toward the erection of the hall at Mildmay Park.

"Inquiries had been made in various directions with respect to ground, but for some time without success. The spot on which the hall was actually to stand had not even been thought of when a gentleman called at Mr. Pennefather's house very unexpectedly, to inform him that a plot of nursery ground held by a neighbor on a long lease might probably be obtained for his purpose.

"The situation was in many respects desirable, and if God was indeed pointing out the appointed site, who could doubt that every obstacle would be removed? But as yet all was very vague.

"It was at this juncture that, as he was going down the street one morning, some large placards caught his eye announcing the freehold of several adjoining properties for sale, and among them this very plot of ground. A member of the Mildmay family (who formerly owned a considerable part of the neighborhood) had died, and the sale had become necessary.

"Mr. Pennefather immediately requested a man of business to look at the piece of land, and give him his opinion as to the probable value of the freehold. He had at this time $2425 in the bank, given to him by a lady who was much distressed at the crowded state of the church, and placed it in his hands as a deposit toward any building he might be led to erect. As yet it had not been added to, but when the valuer returned and estimated the freehold of the nursery ground at $2425, the unseen hand seemed to point again in the same direction.

"'Go to the auction, then,' was Mr. Pennefather's answer, and bid for me $2425, not a penny more.' 'I might have added a little,' he said, in speaking of it afterward, 'but I did not choose to do it. I felt if that were the spot to be obtained for the Lord's work it would be bought for the $2425.'

"The man went to the auction mart. The bidding went gradually up from $485, and it was knocked down for the exact sum I had in the bank. I felt it was the Lord's doing, and it was marvellous in our eyes!"

The useful work of which the Conference Hall was the centre under Mr. Pennefather, was continued after his death in 1873, by Captain the Honorable Reynolds Moreton, R.N., who after quitting the navy devoted himself to Christian work. He lived at Norwood, near London, where he conducted some evangelistic services, and here he had the gratification of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Pennefather. A passing remark which Captain Moreton made about "being on the *wrong side* of London for work" was not lost upon the good vicar of St. Jude's. Mr. Pennefather wrote him the next day, saying, "If you will come to Mildmay, I will try to put you on the *right side* for work. I want some one to help me."

Captain Moreton, after some correspondence on the subject, consented, and a very touching and abiding interest now attaches to the letters which passed between him and Mr. Pennefather, and to the date of his deciding to begin work in the Lord's name at Mildmay.

The trustees afterward appointed Captain Moreton as superintendent, and under his judicious and unfailing care, in conjunction with Mrs. Pennefather, the good work in connection with the world-renowned Conference Hall has since steadily and surely progressed. He lately found the work too much for his health, and determined to emigrate to America with his wife and three sons and two daughters, hoping to find in the Western States a better opening for occupation for his sons than in the overcrowded cities of England, and where also Captain Moreton's great ability as a popular preacher and his missionary spirit will have plenty of scope for exercise.

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

Absconded.

LATE as it was, though the handsome office-clock on the chimney-piece had already struck eleven, Roland Sefton did not move. He had not stirred hand or foot for a long while now; no more than if he had been bound fast by many strong cords, which no effort could break or untie. His confidential clerk had left him two hours ago, and the undisturbed stillness of night had surrounded him ever since he had listened to his retreating footsteps. "Poor Acton!" he had said half aloud, and with a heavy sigh.

As he sat there, his clasped hands resting on his desk and his face hidden on them, all his life seemed to unfold itself before him; not in painful memories of the past only, but in terrified prevision of the black future.

How dear his native town was to him! He had always loved it from his very babyhood. The wide old streets, with ancient houses still standing here and there, rising or falling in gentle slopes, and called by quaint old names, such as he never heard elsewhere; the fine old churches crowning the hills, and lifting up delicate tall spires, visible a score of miles away; the grammar school where he had spent the happiest days of his boyhood; the rapid river, brown and swirling, which swept past the town, and came back again as if it could not leave it; the ancient bridges spanning it, and the sharp-cornered recesses on them where he had spent many an idle hour, watching the boats row in and out under the arches—he saw every familiar nook and corner of his native town vividly and suddenly, as if he caught glimpses of them by the capricious play of lightning.

And this pleasant home of his; these walls which inclosed his birthplace, and the birthplace of his children! He could not imagine himself finding true rest and a peaceful shelter elsewhere. The spacious old rooms, with brown wainscoted walls and carved ceilings; the tall and narrow windows, with deep window-sills, where as a child he had so often knelt, gazing out on the wide green landscape, and the far distant, almost level line of the horizon—his boy Felix had knelt in one of them a few hours ago, looking out with grave childish eyes on the sunset; the broad, shallow steps of the oaken staircase, trodden so many years by the feet of all who were dearest to him; the quiet chambers above, where his mother, his wife, and his children were at this moment sleeping peacefully—how unutterably and painfully sweet all his home was to him!

Very prosperous his life had been; hardly ever shadowed by a single cloud. His father, who had been the third partner in the oldest bank in Riversborough, had lived until he was old enough to step into his place. The bank had been established in the last century, and was looked upon as being as safe as the Bank of England. The second partner was dead; and the eldest, Mr. Clifford, had left everything in his hands for the last five years.

No man in Riversborough had led a more prosperous life than he had. His wife was from one of the county families; without fortune, indeed, but with all the advantages of high connections, which lifted him above the rank of mere business men, and admitted him into society hitherto closed even to the head partner in the old bank; in spite even of the fact that he still occupied the fine old house adjoining the bank premises. There was scarcely a townsman who was held to be his equal; not one who was considered his superior. Though he was little over thirty yet, he was at the head of all municipal affairs. He had already held the office of mayor for one year, and might have been re-elected, if his wife had not somewhat scorned the homely bourgeois dignity. There was no more popular man in the whole town than he was.

But he had been building on the sands; *and the storm was rising*. He could hear the moan of the winds growing louder, and the rush of the on-coming floods drawing nearer. He must make good his escape now, or never. If he put off flight till to-morrow, he would be crushed with the falling of his house.

He lifted himself up heavily, and looked round the room. It was his private office, at the back of the bank, handsomely furnished as a bank parlor should be. Over the fireplace hung the portrait of old Clifford, the senior partner, faithfully painted by a local artist, who had not attempted to soften the hard, stern face, and the fixed stare of the cold blue eyes, which seemed fastened pitilessly upon him. He had never seen the likeness before as he saw it now. Would such a man overlook a fault, or have any mercy for an offender? Never! He turned away from it, feeling cold and sick at heart; and with a heavy and very bitter sigh he locked the door upon the room where he had spent so large a portion of his life. The place which had known him would know him no more.

As noiselessly and warily as if he was a thief breaking into the quiet house he stole up the dimly-lighted staircase, and paused for a minute or two before a door, listening intently. Then he crept in. A low shaded lamp was burning, giving light enough to guide him to the cot where Felix was sleeping. It would be his birthday to-morrow, and the child must not lose his birthday gift; though the relentless floods were rushing on toward him also. Close by was the cot where his baby daughter, Hilda, was at rest. He stood between them, and could lay a hand on each. How soundly the children slept while his heart was breaking! Dear as they had been to him, he had never realized till now how priceless beyond all words such little tender creatures could be. He had called them into existence; and now the greatest good that could befall them was his death. It was unutterable agony to him.

His gift was a Bible, the boy's own choice; and he laid it on the pillow where Felix would find it as soon as his eyes opened. He bent over him, and kissed him with trembling lips. Hilda stirred a little when his lips touched her soft, rosy face, and she *half opened her eyes*, whispering, "Father;" and then fell asleep again, smiling. He dared not linger another moment, but passing stealthily away, he paused listening at another door, his face white with anguish. "I dare not see Felicita," he murmured to himself, "but I must look on my mother's face once again."

The door made no sound as he opened it, and his feet fell noiselessly on the thick carpet; but as he drew near his mother's bed, her eyes opened with a clear, steady gaze, as if she had been awaiting his coming. There was a light burning here as well as in the night-nursery adjoining, for it was his mother who had charge of the children, and who would be the first the nurse would call if anything was the matter. She awoke as one who expects to be called upon at any hour; but the light was too dim to betray the misery on her son's face.

"Roland!" she said, in a slightly foreign accent.

"Were you calling, mother?" he asked. "I was passing by, and I came in here to see if you wanted anything."

"I did not call, my son," she answered; "but what have you the matter? Is Felicita ill? or the babies? Your voice is sad, Roland."

"No, no," he said, forcing himself to speak in a cheerful voice; "Felicita is asleep, I hope; and the babies are all right. But I have been late at bank-work; and I turned in just to have a look at you, mother, before I go to bed."

"That's my good son," she said, smiling, and taking his hand between her own in a fond clasp.

"Am I a good son?" he asked.

His mother's face was a fair, sweet face still, the soft brown hair scarcely touched with white; and with clear, dark gray eyes gazing up frankly into his own. They were eyes like these, with their truthful light shining through them, inherited from her, which in himself had won the unquestioning trust and confidence of those who were brought into contact with him. There was no warning signal of disloyalty in his face to set others on their guard. His mother looked up at him tenderly.

"Always a good son, the best of sons, Roland," she replied, "and a good husband, and a good father. Only one little fault in my good son: too spendthrift, too lavish. You are not a fine, rich lord, with large lands, and much, very much money, my boy. I do my best in the house; but women can only save pennies, while men fling about pounds."

"But you love me with all my faults, mother?" he said.

"As my own soul," she answered.

There was a profound solemnity in her voice and look which penetrated to his very heart. She was not speaking lightly. It was in the same spirit with which Paul wrote, after saying, "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord"—"I could wish that myself were separate from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh." His mother had reached that sublime height of love for him.

He stood silent, looking down on her with dull, aching eyes, as he said to himself it was perhaps for the last time. It was the last time she would ever see him as her good son. With her, in her heart and memory, all his life dwelt; she knew the whole of it, with no break or interruption. *Only this one hidden thread*, which had been woven into the web in secret, and which was about to stand out with such clear and open disclosure; of this she had no faint suspicion. For a minute or two he felt as if he must tell her of it; that he must roll off this horrible weight from himself, and crush her faithful heart with it. But what could his mother do? Her love could not stay the storm; she had no power to bid the winds and waves be still. It would be best for all of them if he could make his escape secretly, and be altogether lost in impenetrable darkness.

At that moment a clock in the hall below struck one.

"Well," he said, wearily, "if I'm to get any sleep to-night, I must be off to bed. Good-bye, mother."

"Good-bye?" she repeated, with a smile.

"Good-night, of course," he replied, bending over her and kissing her tenderly.

"God bless you, my son," she said, putting both her hands upon his head, and pressing his face close to her own. He could not break away from her fond embrace; but in a few moments she let him go, bidding him get some rest before the night was passed.

Once more he stood in the dimly-lighted passage, listening at his wife's door, with his fingers involuntarily clasping the handle. But he dared not go in. If he looked upon Felicita again he could not leave her, even to escape from ruin and disgrace. An agony of love and of terror took possession of him. Never to see her again was horrible; but to see her shrink from him as a base and dishonest man, his name an infamy to her, would be worse than death. Did she love him enough to forgive a sin committed chiefly for her sake? In the depths of his own soul the answer was no.

He stole downstairs again, and passed out by a side door into the streets. It was raining heavily, and the wind was moaning through the deserted thoroughfares, where no sound of footsteps could be heard. Behind him lay his pleasant home, never so precious as at this moment. He looked up at the windows, the two faintly lit up, and that other darkened window of the chamber he had not dared to enter. In a few hours those women, so unutterably dear to him, would be overwhelmed by the great sorrow he had prepared for them; those children would become the inheritors of his sin. He looked back longingly and despairingly, as if there only was life for him; and then hurrying on swiftly, he lost sight of the old home, and felt as a drowning wretch at sea feels when the heaving billows hide from him the glimmering light of the beacon, which, however, can offer no harbor of refuge to him.

Though the night had been stormy the sun rose brightly on the rain-washed streets, and the roofs and walls stood out with a peculiar clearness, and with a more vivid color than usual, against the deep blue of the sky. It was May-day, and most

hearts were stirred with a pleasant feeling of a holiday; not altogether a common day, though the shops were all open, and business was going on as usual. The old bethought themselves of the days when they had gone a-Maying; and the young felt less disposed to work, and were inclined to wander out in search of May-flowers in the green meadows, or along the sunny banks of the river, which surrounded the town.

Early, very early considering the ten miles she had ridden on her rough hill-pony, came a young country girl across one of the ancient bridges, with a large market-basket on her arm, brimful of golden May-flowers, set off well by their own glossy leaves, and by the dark blue of her dress. She checked her pony and lingered for a few minutes, looking over the parapet at the swift rushing of the current through the narrow arches. A thin line of alders grew along the margin of the river, with their pale green leaves half unfolded, and in the midst of the swirling waters, parting them into two streams, lay a narrow islet on which tall willow wands were springing, with soft, white buds on every rod, and glistening in the sunshine. Not far away a lofty avenue of lime-trees stretched along the banks, casting wavering shadows on the brown river; while beyond it, on the summit of one of the hills on which the town was built, there rose the spires of two churches built close together, with the gilded crosses on their tapering points glittering more brightly than anything else in the joyous light. For a little while the girl gazed dreamily at the landscape, her color coming and going quickly, and then with a deep-drawn sigh of delight, she roused herself and her pony, and passed on into the town.

(To be continued.)

THE TABERNACLE.

S. S. Lesson for October 9. Exod. 40 : 1-19. Golden Text, ver. 34. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE *Tabernacle originated with God, not with man.* After He had brought the children of Israel out of Egypt, had taken upon Himself to guide them through the desert, had provided them with food and with water, and had make known His law to them, He called upon them to bring Him an offering, as we have seen in our last lesson, and He added, "Let them make me a sanctuary that I may dwell among them" (Ex. 25 : 8). It is an unfathomable mystery of God's love, that He, the mighty Maker and Ruler of the universe, should conceive the thought of dwelling among such as we are. And He wills it still, for He says, "Ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people; wherefore, come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing" (2 Cor. 6 : 16, 17). In order that by the grace of God we may be practical, let us remember that it is written, "Or know ye not that your body is a temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have from God? and ye are not your own, for ye were bought with a price; glorify God, therefore, in your body" (1 Cor. 6 : 19, 20. R. ver.). Just as the deeds of the body are the index of the heart and mind which dwell within, so God wills that the bodies of His people in all their words and actions should indicate an indwelling God.

The first thing we notice in the chapter chosen for our subject is that the tabernacle was to be set up "*on the first day of the first month.*" "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God" (Matt. 6 : 33). Let nothing take precedence of this fact in a sanctified child of God. "I am God's dwelling-place;" and let there be no occasion for the world to make any mistake. "The Lord is with them, His interests are more to them than their own." Then we find that the ark of the testimony was to be placed in the tabernacle and covered with the vail. Here there was the Holy of Holies where the high priest went "alone once every year, not without blood, which he offered for himself, and for the errors of the people; the Holy Ghost this signifying, that the way into the holiest of all was not yet made manifest" (Heb. 9 : 7, 8).

But blessed be God, the way into the holiest is now made by the blood of Jesus; the vail, which is His flesh, was rent like the vail of the temple, from the top to the bottom, from God's side to man's; and now, not in ourselves, but as crucified with Christ, as they who have willingly renounced themselves in favor of another, we, as members of the body of the one High Priest, can enter into the holiest. But this can only be if we "draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience and our bodies washed with pure water" (Heb. 10 : 22). Then the ark of the testimony, the sign and pledge of God's covenant with us, becomes manifest to the world. It was the presence and power of God with them which made the first disciples of Christ so powerful in the world, we hear nothing of their talents or learning, but we do hear that they had been with Jesus and that God was with them of a truth.

We next notice that the table was to be set, and the shew-bread (twelve cakes) to be placed upon it (Lev. 24 : 5-8) with frankincense, to testify that the bread was an offering of worship. Jesus is the bread of life, and as the corn has to be destroyed, ground down into powder, in order to be made bread, so He was broken and died for us. But as the loaves were twelve in number, they undoubtedly typified the twelve tribes of Israel, who by laying down their wills, their own lives, might become a satisfaction for God Himself, the bread of their God. The candlestick with its seven branches, all made of pure gold, was to be brought in, and the lamps lit. Light was the first thing which God created. Christ is the Light of the world, and just as He is first foreshadowed in the shew-bread placed upon the table which was overlaid with gold in token of His God-man nature, so first He and then His Church is foreshadowed in the candlestick. He the bread, we in Him the bread, He the light of the world, but we the light of the world in Him. We next read of the golden altar of incense, burning before the ark of the testimony outside the vail (Ex. 30 : 6) No bleeding victim was laid upon this altar; true the blood of the sacrifice on the day of atonement was brought in, for without shedding of blood is no remission of sin; but none could enter here but such as were already cleansed.

Before going on to speak of that which stood without the Tabernacle, let us consider its structure. The framework was made of pillars, boards, and bars, of wood and overlaid with gold, with rings of gold for the bars, and sockets of silver to fit into them. Over this the embroidered curtains were hung with fifty loops, which should exactly fit into one another. "The loops held one curtain to another. And he made fifty taches of gold, and coupled the curtains one unto another with the taches; so it became one tabernacle" (Ex. 36 : 12. 13). Although, as individuals, our bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost, yet, in a larger sense, the whole Church of Christ is God's habitation. "An holy temple in the Lord; in whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit" (Eph. 2 : 21, 22). But the boards must be sawed until they are of the right length and breadth, the bars must be turned until all the inequalities are gone, and they are round enough to go into the rings; the loops must take their little place, apparently so unimportant, but the weight of the curtains hangs upon these inferior parts of the whole; the taches or hooks are most essential, as well as the strong boards and beautiful curtains. Then the coarse rams' skins and badgers' skins which protect and shelter the embroidery and gold beneath, are perhaps more important than any other part, for without them all would be spoiled by wind and weather. Now, many believers would like to be beautiful curtains, which every one can see and admire and speak of, but they cannot endure to be only hooks or only rings, and yet these little things were made of a more precious metal than the conspicuous portions of the tabernacle. God has made it a rule, "Whosoever will be great among you shall be your minister, and whosoever of you will be the chiefest shall be servant of all" (Mark 10 : 43, 44) It may be, nay, it must be, that believers, however little known, filling a place however small, who serve by faith and love and prayer to cement "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace," are in God's eyes the most necessary members. Sawing, planing, turning, stitching, anything which can be done by the hand of man, does not serve to refine the metal from which these parts were made, it is the "gold tried in the fire" the "silver . . . purified seven times." It is comparatively an easy thing to stand out and witness for God with zeal and love, independently of others. But it is not so easy to pass through the fire of misconstruction, coldness, and contempt from brethren in Christ, while yielding only love in return, and hiding one's self in a corner if one may only unite them; yet such is our high calling.

God ordained that the court should be set up with hangings of "fine twined linen" (Ex. 27 : 18), and within the court the altar of burnt offering and the laver. Thus entering in at the door of the court, the first thing that met the eye was the smoking altar, with the victim laid there in token that death is the penalty of sin, and that God has "found a ransom" (Job 33 : 24), and then the laver, in token that he whose sins are atoned for must be also cleansed and remain clean, for no priest might enter the tabernacle to worship and serve God, except by the altar, and having washed in the laver. How, then, can such draw nigh, whose sins are yet unpardoned, and how can pardoned sinners approach who have still a heart which condemns them? After all was set in order the Lord commanded Moses to take the anointing oil and anoint the tabernacle, and all that was therein. No oil was to be made like this anointing oil, on pain of death, and it was expressly said, "Upon man's flesh it shall not be poured" (Ex. 30 : 32). The Holy Spirit, of whom it is the type, cannot mix His work with that of the flesh. But how clearly this teaches us that the very atonement of Christ, of which the altar is a type, the very purifying, the very act of worship, is all nothing without the unction of the Holy Ghost.

The last thing to be done was the anointing of the priests. Aaron and his sons must be brought to the door of the tabernacle of the congregation, and first they must be washed with water. "There shall enter in nothing that defileth" (Rev. 21 : 27); then they must put on holy garments, the type of that putting on the Lord Jesus Christ of which the Apostle Paul speaks (Rom. 13 : 14); in purification and in clothing they must be separate. On Aaron's head was placed the mitre, with its golden band engraved "Holiness to the Lord," and on his breast was bound the breastplate which contained the names of the children of Israel, as well as the onyx stones upon his shoulders, for Aaron was the property of the people, the representative, his heart was at their disposal to bear their burdens, and to do priestly work for them with God. In his anointing, and that of his sons, the ear, the hand, and the foot were anointed (Ex. 29 : 20), that he might be as a whole burnt offering unto God, and a holy medium of intercourse between Him and the people. And nothing could undo this dedication, "Their anointing shall surely be an everlasting priesthood throughout their generations." "I have given you your priests' office as a service of gift, and the stranger that cometh nigh shall be put to death" (Numb. 18 : 7).

At last the work was finished. God had expressed His willingness to receive a willing offering from His unworthy people, and they had offered with all their heart. How should they know whether the offering was accepted? God never leaves His people in doubt on this head. "A cloud covered the tent of the congregation, and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle. And Moses was not able to enter into the tent of the congregation because the cloud abode thereon, and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle. So is it always when we do the will of our God. He never leaves us without a witness that we please Him, His glory alone can fill hearts and tabernacles; He is "the fulness of Him who filleth all in all." Moses could not enter in, God was enough when He was there. O! to be so full of God that we ourselves cannot enter in. This presence of God was the glory, the safeguard, and the guide of the Israelites upon all their journeys.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Europe has been Thrilled by the Intelligence of President Garfield's death, and the expressions of sympathy which have been cabled across the Atlantic from every land have been most gratifying and consoling. It is not the least among good results which may follow our national calamity that there is revealed to us the close bond of sympathy existing between the United States and European countries. From France, Russia, Austria, Germany, Italy, and Spain have come messages of condolence and in these, rulers, courts, press, and people have united.

Great Britain, Especially, has Manifested a sorrow only second to our own. A prominent English daily says: "To the Queen upon the throne as to the poorest peasant, this morning's news from across the Atlantic comes as a message of woe, personal as well as national. Since the death of the Prince Consort and the dreadful illness of the Prince of Wales, the heart of the English nation has not been so moved as it is to-day." Queen Victoria cabled to Mrs. Garfield, immediately on hearing of the sad event, the following sympathetic words, in reading which we hear one widow comforting another, rather than a queen speaking to the President's lady: "*Words cannot express the deep sympathy I feel with you at this terrible moment. May God support and comfort you, as He alone can.*" The Queen also directed her representative at Washington to procure a wreath of flowers and lay upon the casket in her name. The same afternoon there was sent from the British Legation a massive wreath, one of the most beautiful ever seen in Washington. Attached was a card which bore the following touching and significant inscription:

"Queen Victoria to the memory of the late President Garfield. An expression of her sorrow and sympathy with Mrs. Garfield and the American nation.

The Queen has also ordered that every one about her court shall wear mourning for one week. This is a mark of respect rarely paid except in case of personal relationship to her Majesty.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon Writes as Follows: "All through the President's illness a sympathy has been felt among us akin to that which would have been created by the sickness of our own Queen. The bravery of the sufferer, the graciousness of his life, and the goodness of the cause which he represented, all unite in deepening the intense regret felt among the Christian people of England. This sympathy has greatly tended to draw the two nations into closer fraternity. Thus some measure of good has arisen out of gigantic evil."

The Poet Laureate of England, Mr. Alfred Tennyson, has written a graceful and characteristic letter to our minister in London referring to President Garfield's death. It is significant that the late President was an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Tennyson, often quoting from his poems in his speeches and conversation, and that of all the poems, he liked none so much as the exquisite one entitled "In Memoriam." The poet laureate's letter is as follows: "We learned yesterday that the President was gone. We have watched with much admiration his fortitude, and, not without hope, the fluctuations of his health, these many days. Now we seem almost to have lost a personal friend. He was a good man and a noble. Accept from me and my wife and family assurances of heartfelt sympathy for Mrs. Garfield, for yourself, and for your country."

A Large Meeting of American Citizens Resident in or visiting Europe assembled in Paris on September 22d, to give expression to their grief over the national calamity. Mr. Morton, United States minister, was chosen president, and General McClellan vice-president. Speeches were made by Rev. Dr. Tyng, William Allen Butler, ex-Senator Cattell, Hon. John Jay, General J. Meredith Read, Mr. Hitchcock, Mr. John Jacob Astor, Mr. Thomas Allen, Mr. John Hayes, and Mr. William Seligman. Ex-Governor Hoffman and several other gentlemen were appointed a Committee on Resolutions. On the right and left of the chairman sat General McClellan and Mr. Hayes. Resolutions were passed expressing horror at the crime and sympathy for the widow and mother of the martyr President; also declaring that "this assembly is profoundly sensible of the evidences of affection and regret that France has given to the United States on this occasion."

The Methodist Œcumenical Council Closed its sessions on September 20th, with the adoption of an address to all Methodists, which was read by Bishop Peck, of Syracuse, N. Y., and signed by a representative of every Wesleyan body, recommending the views favored at the various sittings, calling upon all to co-operate in the work of Christ to maintain the traditional Methodist means for the promotion of earnestness, and declaring that a call should go forth for a great spiritual awakening. The meeting of the next council in America, in 1887, was authorized.

The British Secretary for Irish Affairs has definitely refused to release the persons confined in prison under the Coercion Act. Mr. Gavan and Mr. Dickson, members of Parliament, recently waited upon him, asking the release of the political suspects, and of Mr. Davitt. Mr. Forster wrote in reply that the subject has received most careful consideration, and the release of all the prisoners would at once be ordered if this could be done without endangering the public peace. But as yet there are only partial signs of improvement, that in many parts of Ireland outrages are still frequent and the law still resisted, and it is impossible to ignore the fact that there is still an organized system of intimidation amounting frequently to terrorism. Under these circumstances the policy of the government must continue to be the individual consideration of the case of each prisoner, taking into account the condition of the district from which he comes.

The Probabilities of a Revival of the Famous triple alliance between Austria, Germany, and Russia are again discussed by European statesmen. The rumors spring from the announcement that the Emperor of Russia has instructed the Russian ambassador at Vienna to inquire of the Emperor of Austria whether it would be agreeable to him to meet him this month at Warsaw, leaving the choice of time and place, however, to him. In anticipation of an affirmative reply the Emperor of Russia has ordered the Imperial palace at Warsaw to be made ready for the interview.

The Rev. Vishnoo Bhasker, of the American Missionary Board, died at Bombay, India, on August 5th, aged forty-six years. He was a high caste Brahman, and was converted to Christianity twenty-seven years ago, since which time he has maintained a bright and consistent profession. He was a man greatly beloved and an efficient pastor. He had much to suffer and to sacrifice in becoming a Christian, but it was evident that he found in Christ that which abundantly compensated for all trials connected with the renunciation of Hindooism. He had not been many years a Christian when the seeds of a distressing and incurable disease manifested themselves, bringing upon him a life-long burden that would have crushed a man of inferior faith. The day he was medically informed of the character of his disease, he went to his room and *spent the night in prayer*, and by the grace of God, was enabled before morning to submit to the fiery trial appointed him; and he was ever afterwards kept from any thing like a disposition to complain of the providence that visited him in so grievous a way. He was wonderfully saved from the depressing influences that would naturally accompany such a trial, and was to the very last, cheerful, genial, self-forgetting, and ready to do anything for the comfort or well-being of others.

A Correspondent of the London "Daily *News*" sought to accompany the Russian General Skobeleff on his expedition against Geog Tepe, and having been frustrated in that, went to Persia in order to reach the scene of war from the south. When, on the fall of Geog Tepe, Merv became the centre of interest, he determined to make his way thither. There he is now, *but as a prisoner*, and the wonder is that he has not had to pay the forfeit of his life. But no country is so remote, so inaccessible, or so insignificant that it can be allowed to [illegible] the secret of its being in its own bos[om] The [illegible] of the telegraph to all lands u[nless] the sun is just one expression of this mighty t[hirst] for news. The idea that some great event m[ay] occur in some remote land, and nothing be kn[own] of it for weeks, is utterly intolerable. In ma[rked] lous contrast with this appetite for earthly n[ews] is the indifference displayed by men generally [with] regard to the glad tidings of salvation set fort[h] the Gospel that makes known an inheritance r[ich] valuable than gold and silver with *an earnest* [now] *mediately available.*

Seven Hundredweight of Testaments detached gospels have just been taken to Flore[nce] Italy, by Signor Barratti, who is doing good [ser]vice in the cause of Christ at Leghorn. On t[he] arrival the people in the street in which the Gos[pel] room is situated stared at the great boxes w[hich] they saw laid down at the door; and when [they] knew their contents several strong men offe[red] their help to get them upstairs. After prayer [and] a blessing, the boxes were opened, and the [mis]sionaries sallied forth to sell the New Testame[nts] give the gospels, and invite the people to a m[eet]ing in the evening. One hundred New Testame[nts] were sold on the spot, four thousand of the G[os]pel of John distributed, and the meeting afterw[ards] was crowded with persons listening to the W[ord] of Life.

The Typhoid Fever at the Bristol Orphages.—Last week we announced that a numbe[r of] orphan children under Mr. G. Muller's care, [at] Bristol, had been attacked by typhoid fever. [We] have great pleasure in publishing the following [let]ter from Mr. James Wright: "Through the me[rcy] of our prayer-hearing God, I am able to send [you] a very favorable report of the dear children. [The] majority of the cases were very light, and all [are] decidedly improving. We have had no fatal ca[se] and no fresh case for several days." We feel s[ure] that earnest prayer will be called forth that G[od] may continue His preserving care, and that all [the] dear little ones may soon be completely recover[ed]

"Come Out of Your Chest," Was the Invitation addressed by an Indian preacher at Hamilt[on] Ont., to one who he considered ought to be at w[ork] for Christ. "There is a gentleman," said the [In]dian humorist, "who, I suppose, is now in t[he] house. He is *a very fine gentleman*, but a v[ery] modest one. He does not like to show himself [at] these meetings. I do not know how long it [is] since I have seen him, he comes out so little. [I] am very much afraid that he sleeps a good deal [in] his time, when he ought to be out doing goo[d]. His name is Gold. Mr. Gold, are you here [to]night, or are you sleeping in your iron ches[t]? *Come out, Mr. Gold*, come out and help us to [do] this great work; to preach the Gospel to eve[ry] creature. Ah, Mr. Gold, you ought to be asham[ed] of yourself to sleep so much in your iron che[st]. Look at your white brother, Mr. Silver; he do[es] a great deal of good while you are sleeping. Cor[me] out, Mr. Gold. Look, too, at *your little brow[n] brother*, Mr. Copper; he is everywhere. Yo[ur] poor little brown brother is running about, doi[ng] all that he can to help us. Why don't you con[e] out, Mr. Gold?"

"Coming Wars," by the Rev. M. Baxter. Two Pamphlets; price five cents each by mai[l]. *First Pamphlet* contains "Ten Signs of the End, ar[d] Description of Approachi[ng] Events;" with tw[o] maps of the territory to b[e] [un]der Antichrist's rul[e] and four large diagra[ms]. *Second Pamphlet* contai[ns] valuable quotations [from] twenty-six Expositors o[n] the same subje[ct]. Address, with price inclose[d] THE CHRIST[IAN] HERALD, 63 Bible House, New Yor[k].

The Fo[llowing] Works by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon a[re] for sale at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Offic[e] at pri[ces] much below what they can be obtained fo[r] elsewhere. Remittances must accompany orders. *John Ploughman's Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; i[n] cloth, 60 cents. *The Treasury of David*, an expositio[n] of the Book of Psalms, vols. II., III., and IV., fro[m] Psa. 27 to 103, $3 a vol. *Spurgeon Birth-Day Book*. This popular gift-book contains a suitable passag[e] selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every da[y] in the year, with a blank space opposite for auto[-] graphs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeo[n] appear at their respective birthdays. The book i[s] gorgeously bound, and the price is 75 cents.

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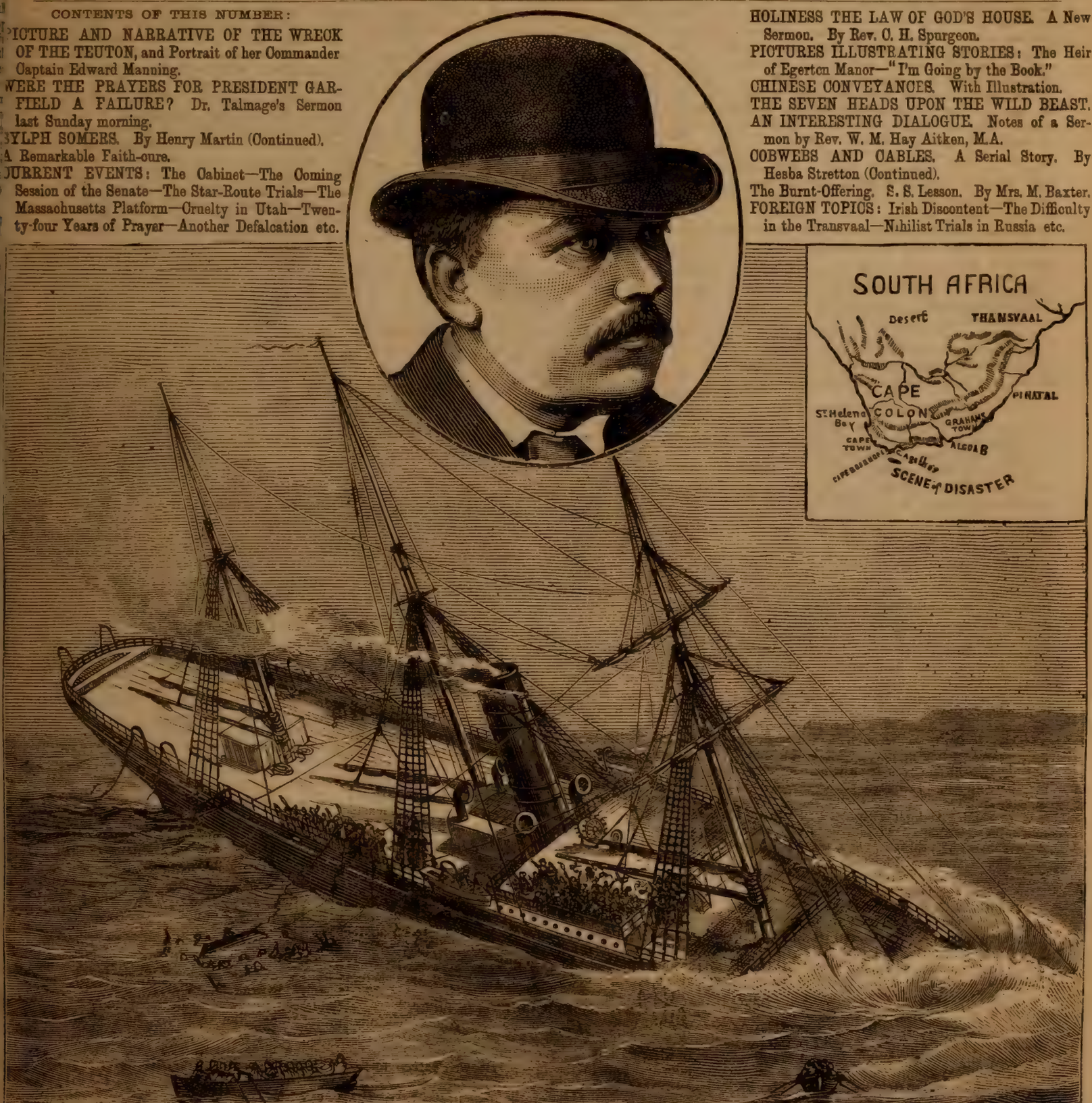

The BRITISH MAIL STEAMER TEUTON, Wrecked on Aug. 30.—Her Commander, Capt. MANNING.

THE WRECK OF THE TEUTON.

The Scene of the Disaster—The Ship Strikes on a Hidden Rock—The Roll-call of the Dead—Captain and Crew Die at Their Post—Previous Losses in the Same Waters—Captain E. Manning, the Commander of the Ship.

THE maritime catastrophe briefly described in our issue of September 8th loses none of its appalling features in the later accounts received. It adds another to the already long list of calamities marked with serious loss of life, of which so many have occurred during this eventful and mournful year. No less than *two hundred and thirty-six* human beings are believed to have gone down with the Teuton on August 30th, off that treacherous African coast. We give, this week, a picture of the noble vessel in the awful moment when she sank beneath the waves, and also a portrait of Captain Edward Manning, her commander.

The Teuton was one of the steamers engaged in the mail service of the British Colonies in South Africa. She left England on her voyage to Africa *on Friday*, August 5th, having on board one hundred and thirty-seven passengers, and a crew of eighty-five. She arrived at Cape Town no later than Monday, August 29th, so that the majority of the passengers lost must have belonged to Great Britain, though as the vessel called in at Cape Town, and when wrecked was on her way to Port Durban or Natal, some colonists were among those who have met so sad a death. It would appear that the steamer left Cape Town on Tuesday morning, *closely hugging the shore*, as is too frequently the custom of the coasting vessels in that part of the world. It is still winter in these southern latitudes, but there are no indications in the telegrams that the weather was stormy. The probabilities are that the voyage was distinguished by no untoward incident until seven in the evening.

THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER.

From Table Bay to Cape Agulhas the coast of the Cape Colony is bold and rocky, and from this point to Algoa Bay several of the lofty mountain ranges which intersect the interior, run, in places, close to the shore. From Cape Point the appearance of the country is less forbidding, but from a seaman's aspect it is among the less pleasing parts of the world. Sharp reefs of rock run out here and there, almost every one of which has a tale of wreck and disaster associated with its name. The currents are also strong. The Cape Stream, which is formed by the junction of the Mozambique current and those of the seas south of Madagascar, deflected by the Agulhas Bank, doubles the Cape of Good Hope, and there mixes with the waters of the South Atlantic. Its mean velocity is about two miles an hour; but sometimes it will carry a vessel at its mercy *one hundred miles* in the course of a single day.

Between Capes Hangklip and Agulhas—the most southern extremity of the African Continent—several of the bays are open and exposed, though they afford shelter in north-west gales, and have one or two little coves from which farm produce may be shipped. Hence a vessel disabled in this quarter could hardly find shelter until False Bay was reached. Danger Point, a well-known landmark, has a treacherous rock lying to the east of it, on which, on March 25th, 1852, her Majesty's ship Birkenhead struck. The Gunner's Quoin, which is destined to have in future almost as evil a notoriety, is another familiar landmark between Danger Point and Cape Agulhas. *So far the coast is unlighted.* On the southern tip of the continent, at an elevation of eight hundred feet above the sea, there is a lighthouse, and east of Agulhas is Ostrich Bay, where shelter for vessels may be obtained in north-west gales, though in the sailing directions for these shores seamen are warned to give it a wide berth in south-easters. *The entire coast is, however, a dangerous one.* During the winter, wild storms sweep it, but even in the finest weather any vessel caught off it runs a slender chance, unless commanded by the most experienced captain, intimately acquainted with the hidden rocks and shoals.

The Cape of Good Hope is a small peninsula, with a narrow and mountainous isthmus, having Table Bay, with Cape Town, on the west side, toward the Atlantic; and, to the south-east, False Bay, of which Simon's Bay, an important naval station, is the inner recess, affording a well-sheltered harbor.

The Teuton, under the command of Captain Manning, after rounding the Cape of Good Hope, proceeded on a south-east course, and passed Danger Point, five miles off, at half-past five o'clock. At twenty minutes past seven, the land being then apparently four miles distant, with fine evening moonlight, clear overhead, but hazy over the shore, the ship struck on *a hidden rock* off Quoin Point. The vessel, a strong iron one, was fitted with water-tight bulkheads, which the captain appears to have thought would confine the flood of water to one portion of the ship, leaving sufficient compartments vacant to keep her afloat for a time. The captain, as the ship was backed off immediately, decided to run back to the nearest point of land and get into Simon's Bay. The sea was calm, and the weather was fair.

Between eight and nine o'clock, as the water came in rapidly, in spite of pumping, the boats were got ready and provisioned. There was perfect order on board among passengers and crew. At ten o'clock the ship was stopped to lower the boats, the first of which was filled with women and children, accompanied by only two sailors. After the engines were stopped, and before the boats already laden had been got clear of the ship, the bulkhead between the compartments suddenly gave way, letting the water into the engine-room from the forward compartments, which were already full of water. *A wild wail of despair* rose into the silent night, and in a few seconds the waves closed over the vessel and her precious freight.

THE ROLL-CALL OF THE DEAD.

Three boats out of seven were able to float apart from the wreck, and some people in the sea, after the ship sank, got into the boats, two of which arrived safely at Simon's Bay, but one went down. The other people perished with the ship, and it now appears that the whole number drowned is greater than was originally expected, some *twenty-five coolies* having joined the steamer at Cape Town for East London. The passengers from England remaining on board after the vessel landed those for Cape Town numbered one hundred and sixty-two; the crew was eighty-five strong, and adding the twenty-five coolies, the total human freight for places east of Cape Town was two hundred and seventy-two. Of these, thirty-six persons, including only eleven passengers, were saved; therefore, the total loss of life is two hundred and thirty-six.

The Teuton was an iron steamer of 2309 tons, built at Southampton in 1869, and classed 100 A 1 at Lloyd's. She was brig-rigged, and had seven bulkheads. Her engines were recently overhauled and put in thorough repair.

CAPTAIN AND CREW DIE AT THEIR POST.

Though the fact that the list of rescued included a far greater number of members of the ship's company than of passengers gave rise at first to the suspicion that the crew had not behaved in a manner creditable to the heroic traditions of British seamanship, we are glad to find that at least the largest portion of the crew with the captain appear to have bravely done their duty in the hour of peril.

After the ship struck on the rock, Captain Manning, who was below at the time, immediately came on deck, mounted the bridge, and *remained at his post to the end.* Perfect discipline was maintained, and no panic occurred. The surgeon, Mr. Rose-Innes, and the supercargo, Mr. Cowen, seemed to have specially distinguished themselves in preserving order while the boats were being lowered.

"WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST,"

was the command given and calmly and cheerfully obeyed, only one male passenger having attempted to disregard it on being implored by his wife to take his seat in the boat. He was forced back, however, by the surgeon, and compelled to wait his turn with the rest of the male passengers, who remained quietly on deck. *For none of them the turn ever came.*

The circumstances and the locality recall the memory of the wreck of

THE BIRKENHEAD,

February 27th, 1852, which occurred near the same spot, and has been justly described as one of the grandest illustrations of the heroism of the nineteenth century. "The vessel was steaming along the African Coast," says an eminent historian, "having on board 472 men and 166 women and children. The men belonged to several British regiments then serving at the Cape of Good Hope. At two o'clock in the morning, while all were asleep below, the ship struck with violence upon a hidden rock, which penetrated her bottom, and it was at once felt that she must go down. *The roll of the drum* called the soldiers to arms on the upper deck, and the men mustered as if for parade. The word was passed to *save the women and children*, and the helpless creatures were brought from below, mostly undressed, and handed silently into the boats. When they had all left the ship's side the commander of the vessel thoughtlessly called out 'All those who can swim jump overboard.' But Captain Wright, of the 91st Highlanders, said 'No, if you do that the boats with the women will be swamped;' and the brave men stood motionless. There was no boat remaining, and no hope of safety; but not a heart quailed, no one flinched from his duty in that trying moment. 'There was *not a murmur* nor a cry among them,' said Captain Wright, who survived, 'until the vessel made her final plunge. Down went the ship, and down went the heroic band, saluting their officers as they sank beneath the waves.'"

WHAT LED TO THE LOSS?

The Union company lost a vessel named the Celt, in the same locality in 1875, but in her case all her passengers and crew happily were saved. The steamer in question was on the same voyage as the Teuton. There is, of course, no room to doubt that the Teuton was sailing too near the dangerous reefs, "unmarked by any light," but *what led to this fatal error* is unexplained. Of the two most likely causes, some excessive and unobserved deviation of the compasses, or the force of an unexpected current driving the steamer rapidly inland, the latter is deemed the more probable. Disturbance of the compasses is a danger against which the most skilful seamanship can hardly avail, and this disturbance may have occasioned the disaster. It is a peril, also, most likely to be undiscovered at night. The effect of currents is liable to be equally insidious. In few seas are greater dangers of this kind to be met with than off the southern shore of the Cape Colony.

False Bay and Danger Point express directly, as the Cape of Good Hope, according to one legend, expresses indirectly, how perilous are those forlorn seas. If it be true that the dangerous Quoin Point, over which heavy waves are constantly breaking, is still *unmarked by any light*, as is asserted, the omission cannot be too soon supplied. That, however, is only one out of many subjects into which the strictest investigation will be imperatively demanded.

CAPTAIN EDWARD MANNING,

who commanded the Teuton, and *whose portrait appears on our frontispiece*, was the youngest son of Mr. C. J. Manning, of Maitland Park, London, and about thirty-six years of age. He was educated at University College School. He afterward joined the merchant service, and after passing with great credit the examination required by the British Board of Trade, received an appointment in the Union Company as junior officer. Captain Manning bore the character of being a good seaman, the confidence of the company in his judgment being testified by the fact that he has for a very long time been intrusted with the command of one or other among the chief steamers on the Atlantic station. Much surprise, however, is expressed in shipping circles that, with the experience gained by some twenty years' service in the South African trade, he should have lost his vessel in such a place. He was unmarried, and the only relatives he leaves are three brothers and one sister.

The most heartrending circumstance connected

n the whole affair is that two precious hours e lost which might have placed the victims out he reach of danger, assuming that there were ugh boats provided by the company; but on head the intelligence is not very clear. It ly appears as if not a life need have been lost, that we might have been spared that unhappy ctacle of happy homes now dark with sorrow, Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing e comforted, which at this moment casts such adow on many households.

E SEVEN HEADS UPON THE WILD BEAST OF REV. 17.

Rev. Richard Chester, A.B., Treasurer of the Cathedral of Cloyne, Ireland.

Suggested Interpretation—1. The Beast Under the Eighth Head—2. The Heads not Individual Sovereigns—The Co-existence of Seven Heads and Ten Horns—The Resuscitated Headship—Not a Roman Emperor—Not the Papacy—The Papacy a Power, not a Head—The Eighth, Napoleonism—Democratic Monarchism—The Eight Sovereignties.

WISH to put before students of prophecy for ir consideration, a view of the angel's explana- n of the seven heads upon "the wild beast car- ng the woman" (Revelation 17:7-11), which ers, in at least one important particular, from se which have been usually adopted, and which, ile *I cannot say that I have as yet myself decid- y adopted it*, commends itself to me as more mple, and more likely to be correct, than the pre- ling views and opinions concerning this most portant prophecy.

This view, which I desire rather *to suggest* than advocate, is founded upon an interpretation of angel's words which was put forward exactly *hundred years ago*, by a then celebrated writer on prophecy, Doctor More, in a work entitled Apocalypsis Apocalypseos." It is as follows: ie Roman empire, as represented by the wild ast in the vision of Revelation 17 (the same as presented by the fourth wild beast of Daniel's ion, Daniel 7:7, 23), is to be governed from its mmencement to its close by *eight* different sover- gnties, or ruling powers. Of these eight, seven, d only seven, are to exercise the nature and nount of power sufficient to constitute them heads," and to have caused them to be so repre- nted in the vision. Of these seven heads five d arisen and "fallen" (that is, ceased to exist) fore the apostle saw, or the angel explained, the sion.

The sixth head was extant, and in the exercise its power, at the time of the vision and its ex- anation. Between this sixth and the seventh and st head another sovereignty is to intervene, which not to attain to the governmental importance and ominence of a "head," but is yet to be a gov- ning power or sovereignty, thus constituting the mber of the sovereignties eight in all. *Eight* vereignties, of which, however, only *seven* are heads." The last of these is accordingly to be eighth sovereignty, and one (the seventh) of e seven heads. According to this view, the an- el's explanation would read thus: "And there are ven kings (or heads, of which) five are fallen, nd one (the sixth head) is; and the other (the venth head) is not yet come, and when he com- h he must continue a short space. And the east that was, and is not, even he is the eighth overeignty), and is (one) of the seven (heads), nd goeth into perdition."

Before, however, we can think of accepting this iew, there are some

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS

o be asked and answered.

1. If the beast that carries the woman be the ntire fourth, or Roman empire with its seven eads and ten horns, how can he also be the ighth, and only the eighth, of the powers which re to rule over that empire? The answer here would seem evidently to be that it is under this ighth and last sovereign power, and not under ny of its predecessors, that the beast (identified or the time being with his ruler) carries the wom- n. This is a most important point. It restricts he predicted time of the carriage of the woman to a brief period in the history of the wild beast, and marks, moreover, that time as belonging to the closing scenes of that history.

2. Why should we adopt this view in preference to that which represents the seven heads, not as sovereignties or ruling powers, but rather as individual sovereigns—"kings," as they are styled by the angel? I reply first, because of the impossibility of finding in the history of the Roman (or fourth) empire throughout the past, five individual sovereigns—no more, and no less—of sufficient prominence among its many rulers to distinguish them as "five heads," and thus to meet the requirement of the angel's assertion, "Five are fallen." The utter failure of every attempt to do this that I have ever met with is, to my mind, perfectly conclusive. I reply again, that if these five kings, or heads, be individuals, then Domitian, who was the reigning emperor when the angel gave utterance to the statement, "one is," must needs have been the sixth head; whereas no conceivable reason for his having been distinguished thus above other governors or emperors—for his being a "*head*," when there are a multitude of other Roman rulers not so designated—can by any possibility be assigned.

That these "kings," or "heads," are not individuals, but

FORMS OF GOVERNMENT,

seems to be very apparent from the fact that the terms "kings" and "kingdoms," or forms of government, are interchangeably used in the prophecies of Daniel; also from the fact that six forms of government, corresponding so far with the angel's interpretation, are enumerated by Roman historians as having borne rule over the city and empire of Rome—kings, consuls, dictators, decemvirs, tribunes, emperors. That the first five of these had ceased to exist before the vision of Revelation 17, and its interpretation by the angel; and that the sixth, the imperial power, was then regnant, admits of no dispute.

It is, however, objected that these first five forms of government were not, properly speaking, successional—that of dictator having been occasional—having co-existed with others, having ceased to exist, and having been again revived when the exigencies of the state required it. The answer to such objection is, that neither the vision of the seven heads as seen by St. John, nor the explanation given by the angel, render it needful that the forms of government should be successional.

In the vision the seven heads were all seen co-existing together upon the wild beast, as also the ten horns; while all that the angel's interpretation requires is that five of these symbolized powers, whether they had been co-existent or successional, should have ceased to exist, and that the sixth alone should be extant, as was the imperial power, at the time at which he spoke. It may be here observed, in passing, that the fact to which I have alluded with regard to the dictatorship, namely, its occasional, or recurrent, character, with intervals between, would seem to furnish an argument not easily to be refuted against the prevalent opinion that the "eighth" king, or power, is so called because he is a revival of one of the preceding seven. If so, ought not the dictatorship to be regarded and spoken of in like manner, upon each occasion of its revival, as a numerically new power? and ought not the number of heads to have been thus extended beyond either seven or eight? I cannot see how this objection can be fairly met, so long as we class the dictatorship among the five fallen kings, unless by the view which I have suggested.

3. But it may be further asked, Why should this view be adopted in preference to the very general one which regards "the eighth" as one of the preceding seven heads—the seventh, as it is generally supposed—resuscitated and restored to the same, or still greater, power than that which as a former head he had possessed and exercised?

My reason for, at all events, suggesting a preference in this instance is, that if the seventh, or any other of the preceding heads were to be thus revived after he had ceased to exist, or to exercise power as a head, I cannot understand why he should be regarded and spoken of otherwise than simply as the seventh, or whatever other numerical head he might happen to be, *revived*—or why he should in any sense be spoken of as *an eighth*, when he is only one of the seven.

For instance, were the Emperor Napoleon III. to be revived from the dead, as some have expressed an expectation that he may be, and were he to be restored to his throne as Emperor of the French, he assuredly would not take his seat upon that throne as Napoleon IV. He would be Napoleon III. revived and restored.

In order to give some further reason for regarding the view which I have thus suggested as being possibly the correct one, it may be well to look about us for some seventh power connected with the Roman empire, which for some sufficient reason does not attain to the position of a head, and is therefore not symbolized by any of the seven heads seen upon the wild beast in the vision, and to look further for an eighth power which does attain to the position of a head, thus filling up the number of the seven symbolized heads—a power whose time compared with that of his predecessors is but brief—and in whose brief period of existence as a head, the vision of judgment upon the woman, as seen by the apostle, is to reach its climax and its close.

THIS SEVENTH KING,

or power, which, according to his view is not a head, Dr. More regards as having existed in the line of Christian emperors from Theodosius to the fall of the empire.

For separating such from the previous line of pagan emperors, and regarding it as the seventh power, while the pagan emperors are regarded as constituting a sixth, and for not giving to it a place among the seven symbolized heads, while such is given to the line of pagan emperors, two reasons have been assigned. First, that the seven heads are described (chapter 13:1) as having upon them, each and all, "the names of blasphemy;" whereas such, it is alleged, cannot be regarded as rightly belonging to a line of Christian emperors; second, that the line of emperors from Theodosius to Constantine were not Capitoline—did not reign at Rome, but at Constantinople. The Papacy rising into power upon the ruins of the imperial head is then regarded as the eighth and last power, and seventh and last head.

To neither of these last-mentioned views, however, can I bring myself to subscribe. I cannot, in the first place, see in either the change of the religion from pagan to Christian, or in the removal of the seat of power from Rome to Constantinople, sufficient reason for regarding the sixth head as having fallen, while the imperial power over the city and empire of Rome continued in an unbroken line of emperors still extant and unchanged. The fact that a few emperors were, toward the close of the empire, professedly Christians can scarcely be regarded, if we look upon them as belonging to the sixth imperial head, as sufficient to obliterate the name of blasphemy so deeply graven upon that head by the religion and the conduct of the long line of their pagan predecessors. Nor does it seem to me that the removal of the seat of government can properly be looked upon as having put an end to the sixth head, so long as the government itself continued to be imperial, and therefore unchanged in its character and constitution; and, still extending over the whole empire, to be, therefore, unaltered as to its sphere.

Again, to the Papacy as the seventh and last head, the objections seem to me to be still stronger. Yet such is the view of very many expositors. How can the Papacy be, as it undeniably is, identical with—part and parcel of—"the woman;" *her* head, *her* seat of thought and energy and action—and yet, at the same time, the very "beast that carries the woman"? Such, be it distinctly observed, is what the angel teaches (compare chapter 17:7, 8, with verse 11). How, again, can the Papacy be the beast, for the sake of giving power to which, the kings, symbolized by the ten horns, "hate the woman, and make her desolate and naked, and eat her flesh, and burn her with fire"? (verses 16, 17). Are the church and the city of Rome to be destroyed by these kings for the purpose of giving power to the Papacy?

(To be concluded.)

WERE THE PRAYERS FOR PRESIDENT GARFIELD A FAILURE?

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning, October 2, 1881.*

"I besought the Lord thrice that it might depart from me. And He said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee."—II. Cor. 12 : 8, 9.

Paul's Prayer for Health—How Answered?—Then and Now—The World's Prayers for Garfield—Prompted by two Desires—I. The President's Welfare—Answered better by Death than Life—Life would have meant Physical Suffering—Political Embarrassment—His Glorious Escape from Persecution—II. Desire for National Welfare—Answered in Sanctification—In Resolute Suppression of Mormonism—Guiteau's True Mormon Spirit—In Increased Sanctity of the Home Circle—The People Needed Toning up—Divorce Statistics—Where are we Going?—Prayers to be Answered—Our Future a Cause for Anxiety—A Happier Man than Columbus—The Nation's Guardian Angels.

THERE was something the matter with Paul in the text. He spoke of something that irritated him, or annoyed him, or hurt him, or mortified him, under the figure of a "thorn in the flesh." Some think it was a crooked back. Others think it was a stuttering tongue. More persons think, and among them the learned Kitto and Dr. John Brown, the Scotch essayist, that it was *diseased eyes*, amounting almost to total blindness.

They think this because he almost always wrote by the hand of an amanuensis, once mentioning it as a rare occurrence that he had written a large letter with his own hand; and they think this also because he was always accompanied wherever he went, although he was much of the time a poor man and could not have paid attendants; and also because he seems to refer to his trouble with his eyes when, in describing the enthusiastic love of the Galatians he says: "ye would have plucked out your own eyes and have given them to me." In other words, "you love me so much you would have been willing to trade off your good eyes for my poor eyes."

But whatever may have been the trouble, Paul prayed to have it cured. I suppose he prayed hundreds of times on this matter, but he made three agonizing prayers. Did God answer those prayers? He did, by giving something better than Paul asked for. Not by straightening the back, or by unloosing the tongue, or by curing the disordered eyesight, but by giving him grace to turn into glorious advantage that which had been an irritating detriment. Instead of curing the physical misfortune

HE SANCTIFIED THAT TROUBLE

until Paul became the greatest apostle of the Gentiles, the greatest and the grandest Christian of all the centuries.

"I besought the Lord thrice that it might depart from me. And He said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee." So it was then—so it is now. In the six thousand years of the world's existence there have not been one hundred right-hearted prayers unanswered. Nor fifty, nor ten, nor five, nor has there been one. If there had in the six thousand years been just one right-hearted prayer unanswered, it would have impeached the character of God. If there be any truth well set forth in the Bible it is that God answers prayer. God gives what you ask for always, or something better; and there is no exception.

During the

ELEVEN PAINFUL WEEKS

of our President's suffering, all good people prayed for his recovery. The Sabbaths were full of supplication. Days were set forth for special fasting and prayer. There never was so much prayer offered on any one subject in any eleven weeks since the world by the wings of the Almighty was brooded out of chaos. And yet the body of President Garfield lies in the Lakeview Cemetery at Cleveland. "Your prayers were a dead failure," says the sceptic. "Your prayers were a dead failure," think a thousand men who do not just like to say so. "You wasted your breath. The laws of nature had their way. Don't hereafter mix *theology and medicine*."

But I will undertake to show you this morning that all the right-hearted prayers made in behalf of the President may be divided into two classes—those which have been answered, and those which will be answered. Every right-hearted prayer in that direction had *two ideas:*

THE PRESIDENT'S WELFARE,

and the best interests of this nation. Has the first half of your prolonged prayer of eleven weeks in behalf of the president's welfare been answered?

I. The autopsy declares if he had been continued in life, he would have been a paralytic—that he never again could have walked—that he would have been incompetent for the work of his high office. But suppose a miracle had been performed and he had come forth in entire health? Could he have met the expectations aroused in regard to him? Not if he had been an angel from heaven, with the power of a hundred Garfields. Could he in a prolonged administration in which thousands of questions would arise, have pleased everybody? Oh, no.

Suppose that, during that prolonged administration, a question had arisen as between the *Democratic party and the Republican party*, both of which parties were equally sympathetic and equally eulogistic and equally helpful in all those eleven weeks of sickness—he certainly would have had to decide against one of the parties. Then that party, in remembrance of its sympathy during the weeks of sickness, would have pronounced him an ingrate, and there would have been a vehemence against him that has never been witnessed within our memory. They would say: "here, this is the pay we get for all our sympathy for you, and all our kindness for you, and all our prayers for you;" and he would have been in an awful plight as between the two great parties.

Suppose a question during the three coming years had arisen as between *monopoly and anti-monopoly*, as it will arise, how could he have met those questions? On the one side, the leading anti-monopolists of the country, during all those eleven weeks of sickness, especially kind, especially sympathetic, especially helpful, especially eulogistic; while on the other hand, among the monopolists, was *the Pennsylvania Railroad Company*, that had given him free rail-train to Long Branch, and extended the railroad when it was not long enough; and among those monopolists many in New York and throughout the country who had subscribed their $500 and their $1000 and their $5000 to Mrs. Garfield, and if you think that she did not tell him all about it in his better moments it is because *you have never been married:* suppose he had been restored to health, how could he have met the expectations of monopolists and anti-monopolists?

Suppose a question of international right had arisen, as between *England and the United States*. In the memory of the fact that from the first day of his wounding, the Queen and the court and the mighty men and women of England had been bending over his suffering couch in sympathy—how could he have adjusted questions as between England and the United States? How could he have been impartial? How could he have acted at all?

Besides that, during his illness, he was put under *obligation* to a great multitude of people—some in one way and some in another way, and the hotels in Washington, and a new line of hotels encircling the city of Washington, would not have held the people who would come to get reward for their favors. "I gave you an invalid chair; give me a consulship." "I manufactured the cooling apparatus; give me a post-office." I subscribed $5000 to Mrs. Garfield; recognize my services." "I wrote the mightiest editorials of sympathy during your sickness; *send me to Belgium*." "I got the Washington malaria waiting on your case as a newspaper correspondent; send me to some place within reach of the air that blows off the Alps."

The kindnesses and sympathies of those eleven weeks would have surrounded his administration with embarrassments mountain high; and in his inability to reward his benefactors, and in adoption of an independent policy, he would aroused feelings different from those which exist; and instead of being the centre of the tion's admiration and the object almost of its atry, he would, during the three coming years, been more denounced and more caricatured more hated than any man that ever occupied Presidential chair. He will have escaped d the next three years enough calumny to have ered up these continents with vituperative papers from Baffin's Bay to Terra del Fuego Washington, and Adams, and Monroe, and J son, and Lincoln, could not escape, much could Garfield have escaped; for there were and more unreasonable expectations excited gard to him than in regard to any of his pred sors.

If, therefore, the first half of your prolo prayers of eleven weeks meant the Presid welfare, *your prayers have been answered*, pletely answered, grandly answered, glori answered, triumphantly answered, forever swered, and could have been answered in no way. His body never rested so well as now i cemetery of Ohio. His soul never rested so as now in the bosom of his God. Your pr have been answered. *Quod erat demonstrand*

II. But has the last half of your prolo prayer of eleven weeks been answered?—the of the prayer that pertained to

THE WELFARE OF THE NATION.

I remark, in the first place: The nation has been so sanctified under trial and trouble a this very moment. When Booth shot Lincol nation had been for four years drunk on wa massacre and blood, and that assassination se only another paragraph in a book of horrors. fore that time I never could endure to look u scene of suffering, and since that time I have for a long while been able to continue looking a scene of suffering, and yet I went down to Sh burg during the conflict and preached to *fifty rals* shattered and dying, and *in a barn to a dred Confederates* shattered and dying, and s how I got through the discourse. You say it especial grace. Ah! yes, but I think the v nation constantly standing in the presence of and bruises and wounds and death, got harde

But this last assassination comes at a ti peace, and the nation falls prostrate and sick the calamity. The nation was never so chaste never so gentle, never so sympathetic, never so shipful as now. Blasphemers have gone dow their knees before God and men who had not p since they knelt at the trundle bed in childh have formulated appropriate petition. While nation's heart is far from what it ought to be, *a better nation to-day* than it has ever been. that section of your prayer has been answered.

Another consideration: After what you kn our late Chief Magistrate, you must know tha paragraph in his inaugural which spoke again

MORMONISM

was the most earnest paragraph in it. That in tion is an insult to every home in America. J A. Garfield felt ordained of God, not only as ident of the United States, but as a husband a father, to annihilate that abomination. Within year, the lightning would have struck it. B enactment of Congress the President would proclaimed that that institution of Mormonis at war with our best interests as a governm and while the polygamist, considering the pr complications, might have remained in the session of his numerous wives, it would have understood by law that after that any one wh tempted to select more marital companionship is allowed in other States would go to prison be denied his vote. Just back of Salt Lake is the United States military encampment, guns that could rake that Sodom into ashes, in forenoon; and that regiment, aided by other ments, could have enfored the law.

You say President Buchanan failed to do work. I know he did. Great and good m many respects, he was never distinguished

* A verbatim report, revised and approved by Dr. Talmage.

* Which was to be demonstrated.

it energy. Besides that, he was a bachelor, it needed a father and a husband like Garfield, erstanding the value of a Christian home, to ihilate that abomination of Mormonism. But naps the time had not quite come. Perhaps it necessary that the indignation of this nation uld be aroused to a greater pitch against Mor- nism before the work should be thoroughly at- pted, and the death of Garfield under these cir- nstances ought to arouse the nation.

Do you know that while all good people through- the world were praying for our President's re- ery, the Mormons were praying for his death? n Utah, in Wyoming, in Arizona, in New Mexi- *praying for his death!*—some of their papers erly ignoring the whole subject, or else slily con- tulatory at the prospect of our President's early ease. Why? Mormonism decreed long ago t its potent enemies should perish, if not in one y, then in another; and the whole work should done in the name of the Lord! Brigham ung declared in his church, in a sermon which ould show you, that he who destroys the life of anti-Mormon does God a service. *Mountain eadow massacre*, wherein hundreds of men, omen, children, and little babes had their throats t, and then were left unburied for the ravens d the wolves—that was all done in the name of e Lord! Dr. Robinson and Almand Babbitt d the Parishes all butchered by the Mormons, ey said, in the name of the Lord! The assas- is Hickman and Brigham Young, and that group men called "Destroying Angels," because their ily work is assassination—they did all their work the name of the Lord.

Now I will not say that Guiteau was a Mormon, or will I dare to say that he was not a paid emis- ry. He says he shot Garfield in the name of ord. Everything he has said and written on the bject implies that it was done by divine commis- on, and in the name of the Lord. I will not say at he was a Mormon, but he has all the Mormon eories. He was *a member of the Oneida Com- unity*, the chief doctrine of which is that it is ght to have a profusion of wives. He had the gliness of a Mormon, the licentiousness of a Mor- on, the cruelty of a Mormon, the murderous pirit of a Mormon, the infernalism of a Mormon. Why, he says he sat in the park opposite the Presi- ent's house, in the name of the Lord, and he went o the Baltimore dépôt on the second of July, and imed at the heart of our beloved chief magistrate, nd fired in the name of the Lord! I say there is n ugly sound in that cry when a man goes out to o the work of darkness in the name of the Lord.

I suppose that his crime originally started from is revenge at not getting a consulship; but I should not wonder if, in the great day when all se- ret things are revealed, it should be found that he was a paid agent of *that old hag of hell* which sits, making mouths at high heaven, between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada. If the death of Garfield shall arouse the nation to more hatred of that institution of Mormonism, which was Garfield's especial disgust, he will not have died in vain, and another section of your prayer is answered.

THE WHITE HOUSE AS A CHRISTIAN HOME.

Again I remark: Your prayers have been answered in the sanctification of the home circle. Husband, wife, son, daughter, brother, sister were beautiful names before; but they never meant so much in this country as they do now. What an example we have had in the White House of *a model Christian home*. There have been Christian homes in the White House before this, but this by circumstances was made more conspicuous as a Christian home. Well, you see as a nation *we need toning up* on that subject. For the last twenty-five years the country has been filled with trash about free-lovism and elective affinity, and divorce made easy. There has nothing happened in your day or mine that has done so much for the homes of America as that beauiful and overwhelming example we have recently had in the White House.

Where are things going? I suppose New England is as good a part of the country as any other—perhaps better. In 1878, in the State of Maine, there were 478 divorces; in the State of Connecticut 401 divorces; in New Hampshire 241 divorces; in Rhode Island 196 divorces; in Massachusetts 600 divorces, making an aggregate of 2113 divorces in 1878 in New England. In Cook County, Illinois, last year, 830 divorce cases began. We need toning up on the subject of the family relation. You know that in some circles it gives a little piquancy to a man's character if he is said to be a little loose in his morals. Right in this time, when the nation needs so much instruction in the right direction on this important theme, we have this revelation of a Christian home circle. God grant that that influence may be potent for all the years that are to come. The influence already felt in every home of this congregation, in every home of America, proves that your prayers have been answered.

Again: I want you to understand, my friends, that, in addition to the prayers which have already attained a blessing, from your prayers and from the prayers of the nation during the last few months, there will be born

BLESSINGS FOR A THOUSAND YEARS

to come, if American institutions stand so long. The astronomer tells us that worlds ages ago created have just reached us with their light, and so there are blessings which are a thousand years in flight.

God gathers up all these prayers. He gathers them from the north and from the south; He gathers them from this side of the sea and the other side of the sea, from this side of the Atlantic and from the other side of the Atlantic; He gathers them all up in a reservoir at the foot of the throne—a great suspended blessing, a flood made up of the tears of many generations, and then at His own good time, from that reservoir of divine remembrance the streams of blessing will pour down upon the nations, and their harvests will be richer, and their schools will be better, and their institutions will be more prospered, and the Christian religion will be more triumphant. I should not wonder if it took God many centuries fully to answer the three hundred million hearted prayers of two hemispheres. The sins of the nation cry to heaven for vengeance; but the prayers of the nation cry to heaven for mercy; and the latter are going to overbalance the former. Does not the Psalmist intimate that God takes the tears of one of His children and puts them in a bottle, and then am I far out of the way when I suppose that God gathers up the tears of nations in a reservoir?

I am very glad that God does not answer all the prayers in our time. I am not so anxious about our present condition as a nation as I am anxiously concerned about the future. You and I can get along very well during the few years of our allotted time on earth, even if we do not like American politics; but how about the generations following? There are forces of darkness struggling to get possession of this continent, and I want some great storehouse of prayer filled for that exigency. Only the first wheel, as it were, has begun to turn in our manufacturing capacity. We have gathered only the first sheaf of agricultural resources, we have picked up only the first lump of coal, or iron, or copper, or silver, or gold, of our American mining. What will be the condition of this country when the last arable acre is doing its very best, and when all our rivers are pulling their utmost at the factory bands, and when Nevada, and Colorado, and California, and Arizona shall have disgorged all their treasures, and from ocean to ocean the continent shall be fully peopled?

During the next twenty-five years there will be 100,000,000 people on this continent. During the next century, at the close of a century from now, there will be at least 300,000,000 people in the United States. What is to be the character of that population? You cannot shirk the responsibility, nor can I shirk it. Your prayers this morning and your prayers during those eleven weeks, and the prayers of all your past time, and your patriotic prayers for the future, and the prayers of the good of all ages, will help decide that question.

Columbus, two hours before midnight, said to Pedro Gutierrez, of the king's wardrobe, "Look, look! see the light on the shore; that must be a continent!" But gladder will be the man who two hours before the daybreak of national purification shall hail *the morning of regenerated America*. I tell you the signs are most encouraging. The prayers of God's people are going to hand over this continent. I am just as certain of it as that I stand here and you sit there. Have you noticed the rapidly increasing momentum? During the first fifty years of this century, in our country there were 3,000,000 converts added to the evangelical churches. There have been as many added to the evangelical churches in America during the last ten years. In other words, the last ten years have been equal to the first fifty years of this century. Clear the track for the Lord's chariot. The white horses that draw the chariot started on a slow walk. For the last few years they have been upon a gallop, they will soon be down to full run.

"Oh!" say you, "I can't see how my poor prayers are going to have any effect upon that grand result." Well, rivers might as well, when the mist rises and is drawn up and floats away into the heavens, say "that moisture will never be heard of again." God would say: 'Be patient;' and when the earth wanted rain then this despised mist would take the form of an angel of the shower and would float down through the air, and from the silver chalice of a cloud would dip the water and baptize all the valleys, while the mountains stood up as sponsor. So the Sun of righteousness exhales our prayers, and so they come back again in gracious distillation. Your prayers have been answered, your prayers will be answered. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

It is something like this: I say God answers prayer, if not giving just what you want, giving

SOMETHING GREATER.

It is as though a son should say: "Father, give me $5000," and the father should say: "I hear your request; I will do better than that; I will put that $5000 into an education, and then it will be worth to you ten times $5000." It is as though a wayward son had come home and found his mother dying, and he should kneel by the bedside and pray for her recovery, and God should say to that wayward young man, "I hear your prayer, but I will do better than what you ask for. I will, by your mother's death, give you reformation, and give you an eternal home with her in Heaven."

So I meet this question differently from the way it is usually met. I declare now, and it is beyond all controversion, God always gives what you ask for in a right spirit, or gives something better. In all theologies it is believed that every individual has *a guardian angel* sent forth to protect, to defend and to foster. The Jewish rabbins say that Adam's guardian angel was named *Razaiel*, and that Abraham's guardian angel was *Zakiel*, and that Isaac's guardian angel was *Raphael*, and that Jacob's guardian angel was *Peniel*.

If every individual has a guardian angel, shall not a Christian nation have

GUARDIAN ANGELS?

Who shall they be? Those who never knew us? Those who never fought in behalf of our institutions? Those who never suffered for our land? No, no. Descend, ye *spirits of the martyr Presidents*, and ye mighty men of the councils of the past, ye who defended our country on land and sea. Descend, ye who preached and prayed as well as ye who fought!

Mighty spirits of departed patriots, descend—come down out of the ineffable light into the shadows of earth, and lead the way. Washington and Everett, and Sumner and Garfield, and Lincoln and Burnside, and Lyon and Witherspoon, and Mason and Channing—descend, descend! Speak with lips once quieted. Strike with arms once palsied. *Ride down into this fight* in which earth and hell and Heaven are in battle array. Thou mighty God of our fathers and brothers who fell at Lexington and Yorktown, and South Mountain, and Gettysburgh, descend and strike back national evil, and bring national good, and prove thyself the same God who answered the prayers of Hezekiah, and of Elijah, and of Deborah, and of Joshua. Thine, O Lord, is the Kingdom!"

SYLPH SOMERS.

A New Serial Story, by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(*Continued from page* 614.)

A Clue to the Lady's Identity—Inquiries at Ennis—Sylph in the Doctor's House—No Trace at Ennis—Sylph Adopted by the Doctor—Her Influence in the House—The Doctor Philosophizes.

AIDED by his sister, the doctor made a most careful search into all that had belonged to the dead one, to discover, some response to these pressing inquiries as to his identity, but to little effect. Her apparel gave the Christian name, Frances, and that alone; and her satchel and purse only contained a small sum of money and a few trifling articles. The most valuable find was a portion of a letter without an envelope, a thing which was not used in those days. The name of the sender of the letter was wanting, but on the other side of the sheet of paper on which the direction had been written, there still remained half the address. Dr. Gilbart read there the word "Somer" which he concluded, when complete, had been Somers, and also the word Ennis, which he knew was the name of the chief town of Clare County, Ireland.

Under the name, therefore, of Frances Somers, the deceased was laid in her grave in the Cathedral burying ground, and this done, the doctor lost no time in writing to a magistrate in Ennis whose name by some inquiry in the city he had found out. He informed him of the few particulars concerning the dead one which we also have related, of all the tokens of her identity, few and feeble, which he could find, and begged him to trace out if possible, the kindred of the child which the deceased lady had left, all unknown and unclaimed behind her.

Communication between England and Ireland was absurdly slow in those days. Sometimes from contrary winds, the mail packet, a sailing vessel (for steamers were then unthought of), took upward of a week to cross the Channel. The post, too, at this now antique age, was an unpunctual and snail-paced affair in the sister island, and especially in the far-off western county Clare, the roads were bad, the "Mail Coach" a lumbering machine, the distance great, and the region wild and unsettled.

Aware of all this, the Doctor did not look for a speedy reply to his letter; he conceded in his thoughts a liberal grant of time, but this was far exceeded by the reality. The limit he had set down in his expectation was overpassed by more than a fortnight, and yet no answer to his urgent letter had been received.

Meanwhile, the little girl Silp Somers settled herself down contentedly and cheerfully to make the antique house in the Rows her home. And more than this, she began to make her presence a pleasure and a need to Dr. Gilbart. Her infantile beauty and innocent childlike ways, gradually wound themselves with magic power around his heart, and aroused his admiration and delight. To have her near him of an evening, and to hear her pleasant prattle, was felt his best solace after the day's anxiety and toil. In fact, she was fast becoming a satisfying substitute for his own lost one, his snatched away idol, his darling Lillie.

He came, therefore, to dread the arrival of a missive that would sever the orphan child from his home. It would occasion the departure of a fascinating companion and a healing light; it would be something very like another death in the household, and the anticipation of this greatly disturbed him, and yet the delayed summons of surrender buoyed him up with hope.

At last there came a letter from the far off Irish town, and with a trembling hand the Doctor opened it. The magistrate to whom he had written, informed him that no one of the name of Somers resided either in Ennis or its neighborhood. Nor could his most active inquiry discover that any one expected from England a lady named Frances Somers, or knew of a child whose name had any correspondence with Silp——. "Thank Heaven!" exclaimed the Doctor, as he handed the magistrate's letter to his sister for perusal, "Thank Heaven, then, my way is clear, Dorothy; I will adopt this child, and *you*, while you remain here, will be, its good mother."

Mrs. Denzille's words were not so gratulatory and whole-hearted as her brother's. She shrank a little from the charge he sought to impose upon her. The child's beauty, gentle disposition, and affectionate ways, had, however, also won her warm interest, so with no very great reluctance she accepted the responsible post assigned her.

It was not long, therefore, until Silp Somers became a fully recognized and established member of the Doctor's household. The patter of tiny feet upon hall and stairway became once more a well-accustomed and grateful sound, and childish glee, of shout and laughter and song, again gladdened the dark old oak-panelled rooms of the house in the Rows.

A child in the house is an influence and a discipline. An American clergyman has declared it as his belief, "That no man or woman can be truly developed without the presence of children." At all events, the presence of Silp Somers in Dr. Gilbart's home had a very softening, soothing, and wholesome effect upon his character. It gave a purpose to his life, a pure sense of communion to his bereaved spirit, and a new centre upon which to fix the affections of his heart, as well as the observation and study of his intellect.

In his professional pursuits Doctor Gilbart had to come into contact with many curious and unlovely specimens of our race, and striking proofs of its depravity, with selfish and vicious men, and vain, exacting, and worthless women; some of them worn out and sick at heart from self-indulgence, and some of them devoured with *ennui* "creatures used up," and prematurely old, "Enough," said the Doctor, "to make one a misanthrope and a cynic."

After a hard and trying day's work in the city, the doctor's bodily powers weary, and his mind all fretted and depressed—his return home was a refuge and relief. Silp Somers not only alleviated and diverted his thoughts, but her words and ways, fresh with the innocence and originality of childhood, gave him also a new pleasure in life; and a worthier estimate of human nature he was learning from a little child.

The doctor prided himself upon being something of a philosopher. "How comes it to pass," he asked himself one day, "that there exists between childhood and adult human nature such a marked and startling contrast as that which I daily witness? I declare I could imagine that my fascinating little Silp and the great majority of the grown-up people that I meet with, belong to an altogether different species of the 'genus *homo*,' and I wonder where lies the explanation of this remarkable fact?"

After long and laborious meditation, the only solution of the problem possible to him seemed to be "That the adult specimens of the human race, the fashionable rakes and addle-headed simpletons so repugnant to him, and for whom he had—full of moral disgust—to prescribe each day, must owe their mental and moral obliquity, not to a defective natural constitution of mind and heart, but, solely to a false, superstitious, and wholly unscientific training: "They become spoiled," he said, "from the vicious teaching and discipline they are placed under and are forced to endure from their very childhood.

"Heaven forbid," he cried, "that my little pet Silp should be spoiled in this way, her beautiful young nature all distorted, put away, and crippled by ignorant methods, and the inculcation of hoary-headed falsehoods. No, it shall not be," he added, "that is, if I can help it."

He therefore resolved to take altogether into his own hands the education and development of the young human soul that had so happily, as he believed, been cast in his way. A beautiful gem, thrown, as it were, at his very feet by the great sea of time for shaping and polishing, according, in his view, to the most enlightened ideal. He would hire a governess, indeed, to aid him in the elementary parts of his task, but the chief instructor should be himself; and it was his firm determination to keep from his beloved and most interesting pupil, as he deemed her, all doubtful themes, and especially, all ideas upon the subject of religion. "here," he thought, "must be, without dou the chief and fertile source of adult human proc ity and folly."

Silp was of an ardent mind and lively appreh sion, and learning was more a pastime than a t to her. When, therefore, she had reached l teens, as they are called, she had made "round" of a good English education; and besi this had achieved no small acquaintance w Latin and French. Not only so, Dr. Gilbart, hi self enamored of philosophy and science, comm nicated to his pupil much of his own special kno edge, and in his effort to do this he met wit willing disciple. With avidity did the young g drink in the new-born wonders of the time, in m tal science, chemistry, and astronomy.

But, alas! in training *the intellect* Dr. Gilba forgot *the heart*, and above all the *spiritual* natu of his *protégé*. He illumined and enlarged h perception of the grand and beautiful in the a stract, but never told her of a God. He explain to her the wonders of the vital processes ever g ing on in nature within and around her, but sa nothing about the immortal life of the soul. H dealt with Silp, in fact, as a creature only of t earth; possessed indeed of a marvellous and i scrutable organization, but such, he argued, ha also the lily and the rose, yet they were destine to perish. So was likewise, he suspected, the h man being, that a fortunate chance, as he reckone it, had brought under his influence and power; a at all events, he blindly argued, "a future state existence is such an improbable eventuality tha it is not worth taking into account in the mora and mental cultivation which I ought to give m adopted one."

(*To be continued.*)

AN INTERESTING DIALOGUE.

Notes of a Sermon by the Rev. W. M. Ha Aitken, M.A.

"Nicodemus answered and said unto Him, Ho can these things be? Jesus answered and said unt him, Art thou a master of Israel, and knowest no these things?"—JOHN 3: 9, 10.

Christ's Talk with a Theologian—A Member o the Most Religious Sect—A Peculiarity o Christ's Manner—I. People who Need Great Plainness of Speech—People who are Better than Their Neighbors—Objections to Sudden Conversions, or to Conversions at all—II. A Blow Struck at False Confidences—Effects o the New Birth—The Happy Freedom of the New-Born—A Test—III. The Learned Pharisee's Astonishment—A Hard Saying—By what Power can the New Birth be Wrought?—Christ the Source of Inspiration.

THESE words form part of a conversation held by our blessed Lord with one called "Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews." Nicodemus was evidently not only a religious man, but he was what we should call a theologian—that is to say, he was a man who had made a study of religion, and was no doubt thoroughly acquainted with the letter of Scripture.

I have no doubt he was familiar with every part of the Old Testament, and I dare say could have quoted its utterances upon any point of doctrine. He would probably, as was common among his class in these days, know a great part of the law and the prophets by heart, and could have given the authoritative glosses or explanations then most in vogue with reference to obscure or doubtful passages.

More than this, he belonged to *the most religious sect* of the times, he "was a man of the Pharisees," a sect of men who, whatever their faults may have been, conscientiously endeavored to conform to the precepts and practices of legal religion—at least, so far as they understood them.

Such was the man who addressed our Lord in the complimentary language with which *our dialogue* commences: "Rabbi, we know that Thou art a Teacher come from God; for no man can do these miracles that Thou doest, except God be with him."

We may sometimes, perhaps, have wondered why our adorable Lord, who on other occasions felt His way so delicately into the confidence of

those whom He sought to benefit, should have assumed this abrupt manner in dealing with such a religious and well-intentioned person; but a little experience in evangelizing removes this difficulty, and makes His conduct quite intelligible and easy of explanation.

I. We soon find that *the people who most require great plainness of speech* are precisely those who belong to what I may call

THE NICODEMUS CLASS.

When we are brought into contact with very gross sinners, we find that the very openness of their sin, as a rule, already condemns them. Such a man knows that he must undergo a great moral change if ever he is to be saved at all. As he is, he feels and knows that he is utterly unfit for the society of God or for Heaven. If there be such a thing as a new birth, he needs rather to be told of *its possibility* than of its necessity.

It is, however, otherwise with those *very religious persons* who have always been in the habit of going to church or chapel, who read their Bibles, attach themselves to religious parties, and do so many excellent things. Such religious persons are very apt to take comfort to themselves from the pleasing consideration that they are a good deal

BETTER THAN OTHER PEOPLE,

and that, therefore, they do not, at any rate, require such a radical, inward, and moral revolution, as is suggested to our minds by the figure of a new birth. Hence it is just upon such religious persons that this message requires to be pressed with all the severity and plainness of speech which characterize these utterances of our Lord on this occasion.

If such are to become recipients of the true spiritual life, they must first be convinced of *their need of it*, and for this purpose the utmost sternness and precision of language must, if needs be, be employed. They, too, need to be brought face to face with a necessity which they are slow to recognize and eager to escape from, *because it humbles their religious pride.* "Except a man be born again, he cannot *see* (much less *enter*) the kingdom of God."

And I must add that a certain almost flippant and resentful spirit is too often exhibited still by the class of persons whom Nicodemus represents. They will tell you that they have a lively horror of

THE DOCTRINE OF SUDDEN CONVERSION;

they are doubtful of its possibility even in some cases; they emphatically deny the necessity of conversion, whether sudden or otherwise, at all.

As a matter of fact we must sorrowfully admit it—a very large proportion of the so-called religious people of our day know nothing of any inward and conscious change or moral revolution in their own experience which could with the slightest degree of truth be described as a new birth, if the figurative expression means what it seems to mean—and who yet are neither distressed nor uneasy because their religious experience would seem to be thus defective.

It would be well for such if they would lay aside the spirit of the caviller, and rather inquire, *if* such a benefit is to be had, *how* can it be obtained? Nicodemus, as I have said, carps at the words of Jesus, and this leads our blessed Lord to make a more complete and explicit statement of *the great doctrine of regeneration.* "Except," He says, "a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

II. But what immediately follows in our Lord's discourse is quite sufficient to strike to its foundation all

FALSE CONFIDENCES.

In replying to Nicodemus He points out that as the natural offspring partakes of the material nature of its parents, so the product of this new and spiritual birth is distinctly spiritual in its character—nay, is spirit, and proceeds to show that it will exhibit its character by corresponding phenomena, and by no other.

In other words, *the effects* of this great change will be actual and practical, and manifest themselves in a new and contrasted form of life and experience. "The wind," Christ goes on to say, "bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." You will usually hear people who refer to this passage deal with it as though the words ran, "The wind bloweth as it listeth,"—such is the nature of the operation of the Holy Ghost upon the human heart; and this, no doubt, is true. But it is not what our Lord says, nor is it what the argument of his conversation requires.

Our Lord's words are not such, but "so is every one that is born of the Spirit." Not the Spirit Himself, but *every one that is born* of the Spirit is likened to the wind. In the ordinary and forced interpretation, these words of our Lord seem to be wholly disconnected from the context around them, and to introduce a subject (the Divine sovereignty, as it is frequently called) which, however true, is altogether irrelevant to the matter in hand. But only permit the words to mean what they say, and how thoroughly do they accord with what has gone before, and how necessary they are to it!

We have just heard that what is born of the Spirit is spirit; we are naturally disposed to ask, *What are the characteristics of this new life* and *how is its presence to be discerned?* This verse gives the true and needed reply, and in that reply lies the contrast between legal and evangelical religion. "The wind bloweth *where it listeth*; there is about it a certain apparent spontaneity and superiority to all control—it is, or seems to be, the freest and most independent of all natural objects.

Doubtless it has laws of its own; but even yet, with all the advancement of scientific knowledge, they are far beyond our ken, and may be said to remain among the secrets of nature. "And so is every one that is born of the Spirit." He, too, becomes possessed of a certain Godlike spontaneity, a new and wondrous freedom from external control. He is no longer under law, because he is above law; he is no longer curbed and bridled by a law without, because he is possessed of a new and perfect law of liberty within. He now does right, because he *wishes* to do right, and not because he is compelled; he abstains from the wrong, because he *hates* what once he loved, not because he is afraid of the consequences. The new heart has been given, the home of new wishes, and in complying with these wishes he fulfils this new free life—"the wind bloweth as it listeth."

Now, if you believe that you were spiritually regenerated, here is *a test* by which to gauge yourself: "So is *every one* that is born of the Spirit." Christ makes no exceptions, and it will not do for us to make any. Are you, in your religious life and character, like the wind? Are you *free indeed?* Not such was the religion of Nicodemus, and not such is the religion, I fear, of too many nominal Christians, who, like Nicodemus, repudiate the necessity for any such mighty inward change.

III. Poor Nicodemus! This statement would seem fairly to have taken his breath away with

ASTONISHMENT.

Like the wind! Was *this* to be the character of the new religion and of those that professed it? He found it almost impossible to present to his mind the bare idea of such a religious phenomenon. To such a statement all his religious training was opposed, and all his theological instincts and prejudices rose up in resentment against it. Well might he exclaim, "How *can* these things be?"

Yes, it was a hard saying to Nicodemus, and

IT IS A HARD SAYING

to men of his class still. Still the objection rises in the heart, if not to the lip, "How can a man be born again when he is old?" And, scarcely less than he do they find it difficult to understand how the effect of any religious experience that deserves the name can be said to make a man free as the wind; it seems to them so utterly inconsistent with all their preconceived notions.

Yet, had Nicodemus considered the matter more carefully for a few moments, he might well have come to the conclusion that, if such a change as the words of Jesus suggested could by any miraculous intervention have been effected, it must indeed be, after all, "a consummation devoutly to be wished." That a man should be born again, that such a revolution should take place in his moral nature as should put him in a position to begin as it were *a new life*, were a thing much to be desired, if only it could by any means be accomplished. The only question is, by what power can a change so stupendous be wrought?

Do we not, all of us, feel that it is the consciousness of bygone failure that "makes cowards of us all?" "The native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought"—the dismal, depressing thought that, as we have repeatedly failed in the past, so we shall certainly fail again in the future. What is the use of our struggling and toiling to be better when we have found our toil so utterly in vain? Each fresh failure diminishes the strength of our wills, and increases the tyranny of habit; why should I succeed better now than in former days, when will was stronger and habit weaker? Thus *the past paralyses the present*—we cannot escape from the emasculating influence of its sad memories, or from the fatal inheritance of depraved characters and associations which it hands down to us.

If such a change could take place as would cut off this dread entail, and open a new epoch of moral and spiritual progress, who would not welcome the announcement of such a possibility as being indeed "glad tidings of great joy?" Whatever exceedingly self-complacent people might feel, who had never felt the plague of their own heart, what a joyous Gospel of hope this would appear to us who despise our own follies, and yet continue to perpetrate them—who hate our sins, and yet submit to their yoke!

If I only could be born again, *the drunkard* might well exclaim, if I could break away from the chains that I have forged, and breathe again the free air of liberty! If I could only be born again, *the sensual libertine* might well say, as he broods upon the overthrow of his manhood, and the degradation of his life, if I could be as I once was, a little, innocent child! If I only could be born again, the flippant and frivolous *pleasure-seeker* might say! But I have trained myself to trifle, and now it seems impossible *to live;* if indeed that only deserves the name of life which is real and earnest, I have cultivated levity till now it seems almost impossible to be serious, and life is slipping away unprized and unimproved. Or, once again, if I only could be born again, *the idolater of Mammon* might well cry, bound as he is by golden chains, and in danger of having all the humanity crushed out of him by the hideous Juggernaut that he worships. But what power in earth or Heaven can rid me of my beautiful though fatal fetters, and lift me out of my prison-house of gilded bondage?

So we might go on contemplating case after case in which such a message as Jesus gave to Nicodemus is evidently the message most needed, and we may say the only one that can suggest a hope. But enough—the question of Nicodemus has become the agonized cry of a world's desire. Tell us, O Thou mysterious Prophet of Galilee, Thou Teacher sent from God, great Interpreter of the secrets of Omnipotence, "How can these things be?"

The answer to the inquiry of Nicodemus is the only answer which Divine Wisdom gives in reply to man's eager quest to-day. The belief in the love of God who sent His Son to die for men—for the best and most moral, as well as for those who are counted the very pariahs and outcasts of society, "That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life. "He is able to save unto the uttermost."

YES; IT IS IN CHRIST,

and in Christ alone, where the hopeless may be filled with a new inspiration; where the enslaved may find a glorious enfranchisement; where the depraved may be enriched with the pulsations of a new and purer life; and where the hungry, weary heart may find an abiding rest. Come, then, to-day, I implore you, to Him who first came to you, and receive from His wounded hands the pardon, hope, and peace which His blood has purchased for you. Amen.

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NOTICE.

To give our readers an opportunity of introducing the Christian Herald to their friends, we will send the paper post free to any address from 1st October, to 31st December, 1881, on receipt of 25 cents.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A Full Attendance of the Senate is Expected next Monday, when it is supposed that the new Cabinet appointments will be sent in for confirmation. The election of a president *pro tem.*, it is to be hoped, will be effected without a party struggle. Reports from Washington intimate that conferences between the party leaders have already been held, and that Senator David Davis's name has been suggested as one on which both parties might agree. It is, however, notorious that Senator Bayard of Delaware would be preferred by the Democrats. The sergeant-at-arms is to be re-nominated, and a selection made out of many candidates for the vacant clerkship. It is expected that all three offices will be filled before the newly elected senators from New York and Rhode Island are admitted.

Speculations as to the Cabinet Appointments President Arthur may make, have formed a prominent topic in political circles during the past week. Nothing, however, is as yet definitely known as to any appointment. It is known that all the Cabinet officers tendered their resignations in writing after the inauguration, on September 22d. This was done in order that President Arthur might be under no embarrassment in selecting a Cabinet. The President received the papers and said that he was unable at that moment to give proper consideration to the questions to which they gave rise, and therefore requested the Cabinet to remain, for the present, in charge of their various departments. It is stated on reliable authority, that Mr. Secretary Windom and Attorney-General MacVeagh both intimated to the President their wish that he will regard their resignations as a fact and not as a mere form, and that they will be glad to be relieved of their duties as soon as their successors can be appointed.

Mr. MacVeagh added that on public grounds he felt no difficulty in pursuing the course his feelings dictated. The only political work to which he attached any importance at this time was the work of administrative reform, including, of course, the exposure and the relentless pursuit of all plunderers of the public treasury. If President Arthur engages heartily and thoroughly in that good work, as he hoped and believed he would, then he was entitled to the credit of doing it with an attorney-general of his own selection, and not with one inherited from President Garfield.

The Attorney-general spoke very kindly of President Arthur, and said he was sure the country would judge him not only fairly but generously, and not by the selection of one person or another for his Cabinet, but by the general policy of his administration.

Proceedings have been Commenced in the courts against the officials implicated in the Star Route revelations. The case was opened on September 30th by the filing of an information by United States Attorney Corkhill, and special Assistant Attorney-General William A. Cook, who will prosecute. This is a somewhat unusual way of initiating a trial; but the grand jury had adjourned until October 3d, and the Statute of Limitations rendered prompt measures necessary. The information charges Thomas J. Brady, Second Assistant Postmaster-General; John L. French, chief clerk; William H. Turner, clerk in Contract Office, together with George L. McDonough, Samuel P. Brown, and certain other persons, with unlawfully, fraudulently, and corruptly conspiring to defraud the United States out of large sums of money, in causing and procuring unnecessary and improper and extravagant additional compensation to be paid by the United States for additional service in carrying the mails. The case relied upon for conviction is the route between Prescott, Arizona, and Santa Fe, New Mexico, a distance of 460 miles. It was originally contracted for in 1878 by McDonough, who undertook to carry the mails once a week over the route for $13,313 per annum. After the increase and expedition device had been applied, the contractor received $136,000 per annum, and the information alleges that on this route alone, since July, 1878, the conspirators have cheated the government out of $350,000.

The Massachusetts Republican Convention has defined its position on the subject of civil service reform. This part of the platform advocates "The maintenance of the constitutional prerogative of the President to make nominations on his sole responsibility, and of the constitutional prerogative of the Senate to confirm, or refuse to confirm, such nominations, free from executive dictation; the relief and exclusion of the members of the legislative branch from the business of selecting office-holders in the department of the administration; the prohibition of assessments upon the salary of office-holders for party purposes; appointments to clerkship to depend, in the first instance, upon successfully passing a proper examination open to all applicants without distinction of party; and, secondly, upon satisfactory service during a period of probation; tenure of office during good behavior or for a reasonable fixed term, with promotion for meritorious performance of duty, and no removals except for cause."

The Lessons of President Garfield's Illness and death have been enunciated by many eminent men; but none have done this more forcibly or more eloquently than the poet, Mr. J. G. Whittier, who thus writes of the sad event: "I share the great sorrow which overshadows the land, I fully appreciate the irretrievable loss. But it seems to me that the occasion is one for thankfulness as well as grief. Through all the stages of the solemn tragedy which has just closed with the death of our noblest and best, I have felt that the Divine Providence was overruling the mighty affliction—that the patient sufferer at Washington was drawing with cords of sympathy all sections and parties nearer to each other. And, now, when South and North, Democrat and Republican, Radical and Conservative, lift their voices in one unbroken accord of lamentation; when I see how, in spite of *the greed of gain, the lust of office*, the strifes and meanness of party politics, the great heart of the nation proves sound and loyal, I feel a new hope for the republic, I have a firmer faith in its stability. It is said that *no man liveth and no man dieth to himself;* and the pure and noble life of Garfield and his slow, long martyrdom, so bravely borne in the view of all, are, I believe, bearing for us, as a people, 'the peaceable fruits of righteousness.' We are stronger, wiser, better for them."

Still Another Defalcation has Startled Commercial circles in New York. Mr. George W. Hunt, who has been for *twenty-five years* paying teller in the Importers' and Traders' National Bank, is accused of misappropriating seventeen thousand dollars, the property of the bank. The accused teller was highly respected and could, had he desired it, have retired on a pension equal to his salary. He did not live extravagantly, did not speculate, and was generally regarded as a most trustworthy man. It is believed that family troubles led him to the violation of trust. Considerable uneasiness has been caused by the large number of defalcations recently discovered. It has been noticed that the panics which in past years have caused so much misery were in every case preceded by a period similarly characterized by extensive defalcation on the part of trusted officials.

The Fund Subscribed for the Benefit of Mrs. Garfield and her family amounted, on Saturday, October 1st, to $334,428. This magnificent provision is a substantial expression of national sympathy with the bereaved family. Besides this sum, General Garfield had effected some considerable life insurance, the proceeds of which have in one case already been paid; so that there is no fear of the bereaved family undergoing the poverty or hardship which in so many other cases falls on a widow and her children when the head of the family is stricken down.

The Committee Appointed to Collect Contributions for the benefit of the sufferers by the Michigan forest fires acknowledged on Saturday, October 1st, the sum of $2977.28. This makes the total received to date for the poor creatures whose sufferings from lack of clothing and proper nourishment are extreme, $85,096. Many of them are not only stripped of everything in the world they possessed, but having lost their husbands and sons have no one to support them. Some, too, are in delicate health, which has developed through the exposure they have undergone into acute diseases. Sore need of funds exists for their support, and it is satisfactory to notice that the principal business firms of the city are arranging to sell the mourning drapery, with which their stores and offices are now covered, for the benefit of the Michigan fund.

A Significant Coincidence was Observed in the ceremony of administering the oath of office to President Arthur at Washington, on September 22d. The open Bible was presented to the new President, that he might kiss it. As he did so, it was noticed that his lips touched Psalm 32: 1, 2: "In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust; let me never be ashamed; deliver me in Thy righteousness. Bow down Thine ear to me; deliver me speedily; be Thou my strong rock for an house of defence to save me." When we remember how difficult and delicate is the position to which the President is called in the providence of God, the passage is singularly appropriate.

Twenty-Four Years of Daily Prayer. On Friday, September 23d, anniversary services in connection with the Fulton Street prayer meeting were held. Many ministers and friends were present and delivered suitable addresses. One of the most interesting was that of the Rev. John J. Browner, who related his own experience of the benefits of the world-renowned meeting. He said that in the year 1857, when under deep conviction of sin, he attended the service one noon and then went home to spend the night in prayer. Next morning it pleased God to reveal Jesus to him as a Saviour and then he attended the noon meeting again and there for the first time spoke of his new-found joy, and confessed the Lord Jesus.

The Late President's Portrait was Sent to Queen Victoria on Thursday last, in compliance with Her Majesty's request. It is of large size, is silver-tinted and elegantly framed. It is considered by Mrs. Garfield the best photograph ever taken of her husband.

Dr. Deems' Sermon, Which was Announced to appear in this number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is unavoidably held over until next week.

Remarkable Natural Phenomenon was ssed at Elmira, N. Y., on Sunday, September At half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, ut a moment's warning, a terrible hurricane k the city. Two minutes later it had passed, ig as evidence of its visit overthrown buildings, ted trees and immense piles of bricks and de- f buildings scattered on the streets. Entire with heavy timbers were carried away hun- of feet. The Rathbun House was unroofed, pire of the Hedding Methodist Church was across the street into a yard, about two tons *ck were deposited in the organ* of the First yterian Church, and holes were blown gh the walls of several brick buildings, and ick was scattered in all directions. Immense elm, and maple trees were snapped at the like pipe-stems. The spire of a negro church lown upon a house adjoining and crushed it, njured no one. The roof of the palace car was blown over the freight office, a distance veral hundred feet. It is believed that no were lost. Many of the citizens declare that the tornado came they distinctly felt *a shock thquake*. After the storm there was a per- alm, and rain fell heavily. Those who wit- d the strange scene say that the suddenness visitation and the extent of havoc worked short a time render it wholly unprecedented ir experience.

Characteristic Anecdote of the Late Presi- is related by the correspondent of a New journal. It is one of many similar ones have been published since his death, and s that his kindly heart and his recollection of wn early hardships exercised a happy influ- over his life. A young ensign of the navy, in had been ordered to join at once the flag- f the South Atlantic Squadron, then in Japan- aters—an assignment very much sought after ung officers, as very pleasant, though very sive. The young ensign had just com- d and desired to complete, *a home for his rents*, of whom he was the mainstay, and nxious, therefore, to be assigned to a less ex- e station. He therefore applied for an ex- e, but his application was refused. In this ess juncture a friend suggested General Gar- who did not represent the ensign's district, ad he the remotest claim on him. He went, ver, to his residence that night. The General d attentively, and said: "Yes, if I can pos- find time to-morrow I will go personally and hat I can do." When General Garfield ap- d before the Commodore next morning, and d to "*my young friend's* reasonable plea," at once granted.

Interesting Ceremony was Performed at e, N. J., on September 29th, when Rev. el Hutchings and his wife celebrated their s wedding. Among the guests present was Leonard W. Bacon, who married the couple century ago. The Bible used at the golden ng was a rare antique relic. It was print- 1605, and was brought to this country in 1634 ev. John Lathrop, who before he emigrated mprisoned in the Tower of London for con- e' sake. Mrs. Hutchings is a descendant of rand old Puritan. He was also an ancestor athrop Motley, the eminent historian, who o named after him.

Brave Little Girl Named Nellie Cross Sac- her life at Bloomfield, N. J., on September in saving that of her young brother. The hildren were crossing a long trestle railroad e on their way home. When they had walked distance over the ties they saw a train ap- hing them. There is but one track over the e, and there was no room for the little ones to ut of the way. With a quick instinct Nellie hat their only safety lay in throwing them- into the waters of the creek. She gently l her brother to the edge of the bridge, then *ed him carefully* as far as her hands would , and allowed him to drop into the shallow n. Her next movement would have been to down herself, but before she had time to the leap the train struck her and hurled her on the track. The wheels crushed an arm and a leg. She bore her sufferings patiently, but it was found impossible to save her life. Her mind wandered at intervals, and she was found to be going over the incidents of that dreadful moment when she saw the train approaching, and she was again persuading her brother to drop into the water. Her concern was all for him, not for herself. It is one of those characteristic incidents which show the self-sacrificing devotion that often fills a woman's heart. Innumerable instances are on record of women having given their hearts to the Saviour, thus following His example and in different ways giving up their lives for the benefit of those they love.

Over Two Thousand Mormon Converts have been brought to this country during a very brief period this season. Yet reports from Utah show how bitterly cruel is the system in operation. A recent observer describing a spectacle he witnessed during his last visit, speaks of *a beautiful girl*, lately arrived, being lifted by main force into the wagon of an old Mormon, to whom she had been "sealed." He had already one wife and a large family, and the girl struggled against her lot and appealed to the bystanders for help. None was given her, and she was carried off by the polygamist to his home, resisting all the way. The deceit practised on the ignorant foreign converts is outrageous, and once here, the United States Government does not protect them even from murder. A contemporary, quoting Judge Spear, an old resident of Utah, says that rebellion is slumbering in Utah, awaiting its opportunity; that every year the church is growing richer and more powerful, and that every foot of agricultural land in adjoining territories is secured by Mormons. "In ten years," he says, "the United States will have *several Utahs* to deal with."

An Indignant Judge Administered a Crush- ing rebuke to a prisoner at Little Rock, Ark., on Tuesday, September 20th, who was convicted of uttering disrespectful and profane remarks about the late President. The judge said: "You are the most depraved man that I have ever seen. I don't know how to express the contempt which the community feels for you. Such a nature does not deserve compassion. No one can sympathize with you. In full possession of your senses, strictly sober, you have uttered sentiments that shock the sensibility of this city. I fine you $25, the full extent of the law; I wish that I could fine you $1000. You cannot pay your fine, you say. Then go to the rock-pile and stay there: you are too grovelling to live with free men." The prisoner's conduct was revolting enough; but we cannot wonder that there are men so lost to right feeling as to thus shock the sensibility of the community, when we know by painful experience that it is impossible to ride in a car, or be in any public place, without hearing the holiest name used in tones of levity and profane ejaculation.

A Lover's Letter, Delivered Five Years After it was mailed, has unravelled a mystery which perplexed two anxious hearts. The young lady, who lived near Macon, Ga., in 1876, had reason to complain of some misconduct on the part of her lover, and wrote him in explicit terms on the subject. She received no answer and concluded that her letter had offended him. But the young man had written an explanation, but as he received no acknowledgment of it he supposed the young lady was too deeply hurt to accept it. Five years of silence between the parties have passed since, but a few days ago the lady received her lover's exculpatory letter, accompanied by a note from the postmaster, saying that a new letter box had been put up, and in destroying the old one the letter had been found behind a board where it had lain hidden for five years. Thus both parties have all these years been thinking bitter things of each other without just cause. People are far too ready to judge each other harshly; many estrangements in the world and in the church have resulted from a misunderstanding and a lack of knowledge of those we judge. In considering the conduct of others, and especially in pondering on God's providential dealings it is always wise to bear in mind that in the future we may understand what is now to us inexplicable (1 Cor. 13: 12).

HOLINESS THE LAW OF GOD'S HOUSE.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"This is the law of the house; Upon the top of the mountain the whole limit thereof round about shall be most holy. Behold, this is the law of the house."—EZEKIEL 43: 12.

The Church the House of God—Essential that Those in the House should Know its Law—God's House not Lawless—I. The Law of the House—Everything to be Holy—Sweeping and Encompassing—Conspicuous Holiness—What is Holiness?—An Irishman's Definition—Includes Separation from the World—Not as to Space—Consecration—Conformity—Communion—II. Self-Examination by the Law—III. The Bearings of the Law—Brings God's Smile and Favor—Jerusalem in Ruins a Warning—IV. Measures to Secure Obedience—Penitence—Study the Law—Real Endeavor to Observe it—Cry for Faith—For Intense Zeal.

I SHALL not enter into the immediate meaning of Ezekiel's vision. I believe that the house of which Ezekiel speaks is typical of the church of the living God. In it I see not so much the visible church as that spiritual, mystical church of Jesus Christ which is the one place of His abode. It is found in a state of grace on earth, and in full glory in heaven. Below, it is the holy church militant, above, it is the holy church triumphant.

The church is the only thing upon earth which can properly be called the house of God, for He dwelleth not in temples made with hands, that is to say of this building. The finest architecture could never constitute a proper shrine for Deity. Look to yon blue heavens, gaze upon the spangled vault of night, and view the ever-flashing, wide, and open sea, and tell me if any handiwork of man can rival the temple of nature. Peer into boundless space and see what a temple is already builded; within what walls would you hope to house the infinite Jehovah?

He has deigned, however, to choose Zion, and to desire it for his habitation. The saints are builded together as a spiritual house, a habitation of God through the Spirit. He resides among His people, according to His promise, "I will dwell in them and walk in them." Hence the church is the home of the Great Father, where he dwells in the midst of His family, and takes His rest.

Now, brothers and sisters, if you and I have had the privilege to be admitted into God's house, and to be made a part of His family, it is exceedingly necessary that we should know *the law of the house*. This is desirable at our entrance, and equally necessary as long as we remain in the house of the Lord. Paul wrote to Timothy with this design "that thou mayest know how thou oughtest to behave thyself in the house of God, which is the church of the living God." To this end Ezekiel was sent of God to those who desired the favor of God. He was to show them the form of the house and the goings out thereof and the comings in thereof, and all the ordinances thereof, and write it in their sight, that they might keep all the ordinances thereof, and do them.

God's house is not lawless. It is the abode of liberty, but not of license. They that dwell in God's house are in His immediate presence, and our God is a consuming fire. He had need be holy who dwells with the thrice holy God." The Lord will be sanctified in them that come near to Him, and if any enter the house to misbehave themselves, they will find that judgment begins at the house of God. How terrible are those words: "If any man defile the temple of God, him will God destroy."

Come we, then, with great attention to look at our text, which will inform us as to the law of the house. Let us first try to *expound the law of the house*; secondly, let us *examine ourselves as to whether we have observed this law of the house*; thirdly, let us *see the bearings of this law*; and fourthly, *let us take orders for having this law of the house obeyed.*

I. First, let us expound

THE LAW OF THE HOUSE.

Note the text carefully. It begins and ends with the same words: "*This is the law of the house*; upon the top of the mountain the whole limit there-

of round about shall be most holy. Behold, *this is the law of the house.*" These words make a frame for the statute; or a sort of hand on each side pointing to it. "This is the law of the house": why are the words mentioned twice? Is it because we are such wayward scholars that we need to be told everything twice at the least? Is it because we are so blind and dull that unless we have a thing repeated we are not likely to notice it, or noticing it are sure to forget it?

Or is it because this is the law of the house at *the beginning of life*, and this is the law of the house at the end of it? This is the law of the house for the young convert, and this is the law of the house for the most venerable saint? At any rate, the Alpha and Omega of Christian conduct is contained in the law of the house. You can go no higher than obedience to that law: indeed, you may say of it, "It is high, I cannot attain unto it." Go as far as you may, this still remains to the most advanced among us the law of the house, for the Lord's commandment is exceedingly broad.

And what is this law of the house? Why, that everything about it is *holy*. All things in the church must be pure, clean, right, gracious, commendable, Godlike. Everything that has to do with the church of God must be holy: here are the words: "Upon the top of the mountain the whole limit round about shall be most holy." Observe that all must be *holy*; nay, observe again, it must be *most holy*. In the old temple there was only one little chamber in the centre that was most holy; this was called the holy of holies, or the holiness of holiness; but now in the church of God every chamber, hall, and court is to be most holy.

Observe that this law of the house is not only intense, but it is

MOST SWEEPING AND ENCOMPASSING;

for we read, "Upon the top of the mountain the whole limit thereof round about shall be most holy." The outer courts, the courts of the Gentiles, the walls, the promenades outside the walls, the slopes of the hill, every part that had to do with the mountain upon which the temple stood, was to be most holy. From which I gather that in the church of God it is not merely her ministers that are to be most holy, but her common members; not her sacraments only, but her ordinary meals; not her Sabbaths only, but her work-days; not her worship only, but her daily labor. All that which surrounds our consecrated life is to be consecrated too.

We notice, once again, that *this holiness was to be conspicuous*. The church is not as a house sequestered in a valley, or hidden away in a wood, but it is as the temple, which was set upon the top of a mountain, where it could be seen from afar. The whole of that mountain was holy. Conspicuous holiness ought to be the mark of the church of God. We should be a peculiar people, distinguished by this as a race dwelling alone, that cannot be numbered among the nations. We ought to be noted, not for talent, not for wealth, not for loud professions, but for holiness. Somehow or other true holiness is *sure to be spied out* and remarked upon. *Like the violet*, it tries to hide itself, but it is betrayed by its perfume. *Like the star*, it twinkles with modesty, but it is discovered by its light. Grace cannot be put under a bushel. It would fain be sheltered from its enemies by its obscurity, but the holy city evermore stands on a hill, and it cannot be hid. Would God that whenever people speak of the church to which we belong they may acknowledge its holiness! Would God that whenever they speak of you or me they may have no evil thing to say of us unless they lie.

WHAT IS HOLINESS?

I know what it is, and yet I cannot in a few words define it. I will bring out its meaning by degrees, but I shall not do better than the *poor Irish lad* who had been converted to the faith. When he was asked by the missionary, "Patrick, what is holiness?" "Sir," said he, "it is having *a clane inside*." Just so. Morality is a clean outside, but holiness is being clean within. Morality is a dead body washed and laid in clean white linen: holiness is the living form in perfect purity. To be just to man is morality, to be hallowed unto God is holiness.

The church of God must not be reputedly good, but really pure; she must not have a name for virtue, but her heart must be right before God—she must have a clean inside. Our lives must be such that observers *may peep within doors* and may see nothing for which to blame us. Our moral cleanliness must not be like that of a bad housewife, who sweeps the dirt under the mats, and puts away rags and rottenness in the corner cupboards. God desireth truth in the inward parts, and in the hidden part He would make us to know wisdom.

We might instructively divide holiness into four things, and the first would be its negative side, *separation* from the world. There may be morality, but there can be no holiness in a worldling. The man who is as other men are, having experienced no change of nature, and knowing no change of life, is not yet acquainted with scriptural holiness. The word to every true saint is, "Come ye out from among them. Be ye separate: touch not the unclean thing." If we are conformed to the world we cannot be holy. Jesus said of all His saints, "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." We are redeemed from among men that we may be like our Redeemer, "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners."

We are *not to be separate as to place*, avoiding men with monkish fanaticism, for nobody mixed more with sinners than did our Lord. "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them" is the old reproach, but yet our Lord was not one of them, as everybody could see: nothing could be more clear than the difference between the lost sheep and the Shepherd who came among them seeking out His own. Every action, every word, every movement beokened that He was another man from the sinners whom He sought to bless. So must it be with us. As the lily among thorns, so must we be among the mass of men. There is no holiness without separateness from the world.

Holiness next consists very largely in *consecration*. The holy things of the sanctuary were holy because they were dedicated to God. No one drank out of the sacred vessels except God's servants the priests; no victims were killed by the sacrificial knife, or laid upon the altar except such as were consecrated to Jehovah, for the altar was holy, and the fire thereof was holy. So must it be with us if we are to be holy: we must belong to Jehovah, we must be consecrated to Him, and be used for His own purposes. Not nominally only, but really, and as a matter of fact, we must live for God, and labor for God. That is our reason for existence, and if we answer not this end, we have no excuse for living, we are blots upon the face of nature, waste places, and barren trees which cumber the ground. Only so far as we are bringing glory to God are we answering the end and design of our creation. Oh to make a dedication of ourselves to God without reserve, and then to stand to it forever: this is

THE WAY OF HOLINESS.

But this does not complete the idea of holiness unless you add to it *conformity* to the will and character of God. If we are God's servants we must follow God's commands: we must be ready to do as our Master bids us because He is the Lord, and must be obeyed. We must make the Lord Jesus our example, and as Ezekiel says, "we must measure the pattern." It must be our meat and drink to do the will of Him that sent us. Our rule is not our judgment, much less our fancy, but the word of God is our statute-book. We are to obey God that we may grow like God. The question to be asked is, What would the Lord have me do? or, What would Christ Himself have done under the circumstances? Not, what is my wish, but what is God's law about this; not what will please me, but what will please Him. Do understand, then, that with regard to the whole range of the church, however wide her action, conformity to the character of God is the law of the house. Likeness to Christ must be seen in every single member, in every act of every member, and in the whole body, and in all its corporate acts. This is the law of the house.

I must add, however, to make up the idea of holiness, that there must be a close *communion* between the soul and God; for if a man could be, which is not possible, conformed to the likeness God, and consecrated to God, yet if he never h any communication with God the idea of holin would not be complete. The temple becomes h because God dwells in it. He came into the m holy place in a most especial manner, and this counted for its being the holy of holies; even special communion with the Lord creates spe holiness. God's presence demands and crea holiness. And so, brothers and sisters, if would be holy we must dwell in God, and must dwell in us. We cannot be holy at a tance from God. This is the law of the house.

II. Now, secondly, I want your help while I s let us

EXAMINE OURSELVES BY THIS LAW.

Let each man question himself as to whethe has carefully observed the law of the house.

Brethren, the Church of God is holy. I founded by a holy God upon holy principles for holy purposes. She has been redeemed holy Saviour, with a holy sacrifice, and dedic to holy service. Her great glory is the Holy Sp whose influences and operations are all holy. law-book is the holy Bible, her armory is the covenant, her comfort is holy prayer. Her co cations are holy assemblies; her citizens are men and holy women; she exists for holy e and follows after holy examples. Dear hearer you then as part of her "holiness to the Lor Ask yourself questions, founded on what I already said. Do I so live as to be *separated?* there in my business a difference between me those with whom I trade? Are my thou different? Does the current of my desire run different direction? Am I at home with the godly, or does their sin vex me? Am I or them, or am I as a speckled bird among th Search, brethren, search, and see whether ye holy in that sense or no.

Next, let each one ask, Am I *consecra* Am I living to God with my body, with my with my spirit? Am I using my substance talents, my time, my voice, my thoughts for G glory. What am I living for? Am I maki pretence to live to God, and am I after all r living to self? Am I like Ananias and Sapp pretending to give all, and yet keeping back a of the price? The preacher would search own heart, and he begs you all to search yours

Next ask the question, Am I living in *confor* to the mind of the holy God? Am I livin Christ would have lived in my place? Do I master, as a servant, as a husband, as a wif as a child, act as God Himself would have m so that He could say to me, "Well done, good and faithful servant." He is a jealous G am I obeying Him with care? If I am not v ing in obedience to God I am behaving disord I am breaking the law of the house, and that h the house of the living God. Ought we n take heed lest we insult the King in His palace, and perish from the way when His wra kindled but a little?

Then, again, do I live in *communion* with G I cannot be holy and yet have a wall of divisio tween me and God. Is there a great gulf of ration between me and the Lord? then I stranger to holiness. I must have fellowship Him, or else I am living in a manner which is ful, dangerous, grievous, injurious. Brother ter, let me put this pressing question, Do you with God? Do you abide in fellowship with Je I know there are some who would rather not an answer to that question. I have met wit lievers who have said, "If you asked me wh I was drunken or dishonest, I should say 'N once. If you asked me whether I have bee right and moral, I could say 'Yes,' most ce ly. But when you say, 'Are you walking in munion with the Lord? are you enjoying ha fellowship with God?' I am not prepared to you an answer, for I am weak upon this point

Are there not some professors among you do not see the face of God by the month toge and seldom enjoy the presence of God at Their nearness to God is a thing of rare occas and not of every-day consciousness. At a mee when religious excitement stirs them, they

little warmed up, but their general temperature suits the North Pole rather than the Equator. But oh, dear friends, this will not do. We want you to dwell near to God always; to wake up in the morning with His light saluting the eyes of your soul; and to be with him while you are engaged in domestic concerns or out in the busy world. We want you often to have a secret word with the Well-beloved during the day, and to go to bed at night feeling how sweet it is to fall asleep upon the Saviour's bosom.

III. Now, thirdly, what are

THE BEARINGS OF THIS LAW

of the house? Those bearings of the law to which I now refer are these: If the Church of God shall be most holy, it will have as the result of it the greatest possible degree of the smile and favor of God. A holy church has God in the midst of her. The consequence of God's presence is a holy liveliness in all her members, for where God comes near to man lethargy and death soon fly away. Where the sacred presence abides sickness of soul disappears.

Where there is holiness God comes, and there is sure to be love, for love is of the very essence of holiness. The fruit of the Spirit is love both to God and man. That love begets union of heart, brotherly kindness, sympathy, and affection, and these bring peace and happiness. Among the truly holy there are no divisions, no heresies, no separation into parties, but all one in Christ. Whence come wars and fightings? Not from holiness, but from unconquered lusts. When we shall be perfect as our heavenly Father is perfect, we shall love as He loves.

This, of course, leads to success in all the church's efforts, and a consequent increase. Her prayers are intense, and they bring down a blessing, for they are holy and acceptable unto God by Jesus Christ: her labors are abundant, and they secure an abundant harvest, for God will not forget her labor of love.

A holy church, my brethren, may we see it! A church most holy in all her solemn services shall be "fair as the sun, clear as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners." The nations among whom she dwells shall hear the fame thereof; they shall come from afar, and ask to see her prince, and they shall be astonished at His glory. The sons of the aliens shall come bending to her feet. Her converts shall be like flocks of doves, she shall herself wonder whence they came. There shall be no languor, no defeat, no disappointment, no doubt of eternal verities, and no suspicions of infinite love. In the power of the Holy Spirit she shall be bravely confident, gloriously self-sacrificing, and so shall she go from victory to victory.

On the other hand, imagine

A CHURCH WITHOUT HOLINESS.

What will come of it? Without holiness no man shall see the Lord; and if the church cannot even see her Lord, what is her condition? Go to Zion, and see what happens to God's house when once defiled. Mark how the holy and beautiful house was desolate and burnt with fire. Remember how God loathed Zion and bade her enemies cast her down stone from stone, and sow with salt the very site on which she stood. Was there ever destruction like to that which fell upon Jerusalem? Let us receive among our brotherhood unholy men and women, and let us tolerate and indulge them, and we shall soon see the anger of the Lord wax hot. Let us ourselves give way to laxity of principle and practice, let us lose our consecration and our communion, and what will soon be the effect?

Probably first will come heart-burning, envy, and strife; next, divisions, schisms, false doctrines, rivalries, contentions; or possibly the evil may take the form of lethargy, inactivity, worldliness, want of love to Christ and souls; by and by there will be diminished gatherings at the meetings for prayer, a cessation of all earnest pleading and consecrated living; then a falling-off of congregations; then a want of power in the ministry—a defect in the doctrine, perhaps, or else in the earnestness of the speaker; and all the while no conversions and no visits from the Lord.

Shall it be, in years to come, that men will pass by the Tabernacle and ask, "*What is that huge house?*" and the reply will be, It was built by an earnest, godly company in former years; but they are dead, and things are changed. What is it now? There is a fine organ and a polished preacher, but the multitudes have departed, and the few who still keep together are of the cold, respectable order, who have no life or zeal. Then will this house be a proverb, a byword and a hissing throughout the whole earth. How often am I jealous about this with a burning jealousy; my heart breaks when I hear of some of you that you live unholy lives. There are some, I fear, among you who so walk as to dishonor the cross of Christ; I mean not such as we can lay our finger on and say, "This man is a drunkard, or unchaste, or dishonest," else, as you well know, *you would not long be spared*—no, not a moment longer than was needful for the proof of your wrong and of your impenitence in it; but I mean such as cannot be thus dealt with, because their sins are not open—the tares that grow up in the wheat, the actions not yet discovered—because we cannot cast the lot so as to light upon this man or that, and say, "It is he."

I tremble lest there should be among us some, utterly unknown to us, and undiscoverable by the most vigilant eye, whose sin, nevertheless, like a leprosy, should eat into the house, and make it unfit for the habitation of God. Oh that we may never be so fallen that God Himself shall say, "Let them alone." It was an awful moment when, in the holy place at Jerusalem, there was heard the moving of wings and a voice which said, "Let us go hence." Then the glory will have departed. Woe, woe, woe! Let the curtain drop with a shower of tears upon it. God grant it never may be so!

IV. So now, lastly, dear brethren, let us take order to

SECURE OBEDIENCE TO THE LAW

of the house. I believe that Jesus is always working in His own way for the purity of every true church. "His fan is in his hand"—see it moving continually—"and He will throughly purge His floor." God's melting fire is not in the world, where the dross contains no gold, but "His fire is in Zion, and His furnace in Jerusalem." "The Lord will judge His people." *The Lord tries professors* and their professions. I believe that there is a judgment going on over church members that some are little aware of. Paul speaks of a church in his day in this manner; he notes their inconsistencies, and adds, "For this cause some are sickly among you, and many sleep."

We may expect our Master to come among us every now and then with a scourge of small cords, and to smite right and left to purify the temple of God lest it should become a den of thieves. He is a jealous God, and He will not suffer defilement among His own people. Have you never seen great Christian communities at a certain phase of their existence come into troubled waters and break up like wrecks? There must have been a secret reason; probably the one assigned at the time was by no means the true one. Want of holiness led to want of love, and unloving spirits soon found a pretext for dispute. Those who should have met this with love, and quenched it by gentle wisdom, acted in a harsh spirit, being themselves deficient in grace, and so flint met steel, and sparks abounded; then came fire; then came general conflagration. The open mischief was an effect rather than a cause, and it may be hoped was even part of the cure.

Now, cannot we give earnest heed that this law is regarded among us? "Yes," say you, "take care that you who are pastors, elders, and deacons are watchful and faithful. Guard well the door of the church, and see to it that you do not admit the ungodly: be vigilant also in discipline, so that when any are manifestly unholy they are put away." Brethren, this is our desire and labor; but, after all, what can we do? With all our diligence what can a small band of officers accomplish in a great church which is numbered by thousands? Brothers and sisters, this must be taken up by you all. Let every man bear his own burden. I would have every man *sweep in the front of his own door*. I pray that each person who belongs to this church may be jealous for its purity, and watch both over himself and his brethren, lest any form of sin should be a root of bitterness to trouble us, and thereby many should be defiled.

Let us set to this work at once. Here is

THE FIRST EXERCISE

for us: let us *repent of past failures* in holiness. We shall never overcome sin till we are conscious of it and ashamed of it. Hence the Lord said to the prophet, "Thou son of man, show the house to the house of Israel, that they may be ashamed of their iniquities; and let them measure the pattern. And if they be ashamed of all that they have done, shew them the form of the house, and the fashion thereof." The first step toward purity is penitence. Let us bow our heads and lament before the Lord the sins of our holy things, our personal trespasses, our transgressions against love, our offences against the law of the house.

Having owned our error, let us next *make the law of God's house our earnest study* that we may avoid offences in the future. You will hardly keep the law if you do not know it. Search the sacred word day and night. Let the inspired page be your standard. Never mind what your minister tells you, observe what the Spirit of God tells you. Get to your Bibles, search them, and there see how you ought to behave in the house of God. Be much upon your knees asking the Lord to teach you His mind and will, and specially beseech Him to write His law upon your hearts, for you will never keep it in your life till it is written there.

When you have studied the law of the house, then next *be intensely real in your endeavor to observe it*. How much of the religion of the present day is a sham.

MEN TALK OF BEING HOLY:

do they know what they mean? We speak of consecration, and yet live as if we were mere worldings hunting for wealth, or fame, or pleasure. Some sing of giving all to God, and yet their contributions are miserably small. Some say they are living wholly for God, but if they had lived wholly for themselves it would not have made any particular difference in what they have done. Oh, let us be real. Do not let us preach what we do not believe, nor profess to be believers in a creed which is not true to our own souls.

Then *let us cry for a sincere and growing faith* in God concerning this matter of holiness. Let us believe in Jesus, that by His Holy Spirit He can make us holy. Do not let us believe that any sin is inevitable; rather let us feel bound to overcome it. Let us not trust in our own strugglings and strivings, but let us as much trust Christ to work in us sanctification as to work for us justification. Let faith deal with the water as well as with the blood, for they both flowed from the same fountain in the Saviour's riven side.

And then, lastly, let us *pray to be set on fire with an intense zeal for God*. I do not believe that there is such a thing as cold holiness in the world. You and I are never the Lord's while we are cold-hearted. We must be on fire if we are to be sacrifices acceptable to God by Jesus Christ. Get rid of zeal from the church, and you have removed one of the most purifying elements, for God intends to purge Jerusalem by the spirit of judgment and by the spirit of burning. Oh, to be baptized into the Holy Ghost and into fire. Refining fire go through and through our souls till all that defileth shall be utterly consumed, and we shall be as ingots of pure gold, wholly the Lord's.

Thus have we rehearsed in your ears the law of the house. May the Holy Spirit enable you to keep it unto the end.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Galatians 5: 13-26; 6: 1-10.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 230,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

Squire Gifford's Visit to Egerton Manor.

A Talk on a Ship's Deck.

THE HEIR OF EGERTON MANOR.

MANY a party of young men spending an English summer day in sculling on the Avon, have rested on their oars for a few minutes to enjoy the beauty of a scene that bursts upon the visitor at a bend in the river. A minute or two before, and nothing is visible but a row of tall poplars with a background of beeches and ancient oaks; but a few strokes of the oars and there appears a fine old manor-house, one side of which is almost covered with ivy. A beautiful velvety lawn slopes down to the river's edge, and the horns of deer are seen here and there glancing under the trees. This is Egerton Manor.

The Egertons were a proud race. They boasted of a longer lineage than any duke who sits in the hereditary chamber. The old manor-house with the park around it had been handed down through the centuries from father to son, and on the walls of the famous picture gallery the same cast of features could be detected in each face of the representatives of generation after generation.

Visitors call the mansion a romantic looking place, and say it looks as if it had an interesting history. They are right. Many stories are connected with that venerable pile, but the most pathetic of all, is not told by the old retainer who shows the place. "The family is not here," he is accustomed to say; "no, sir, they are in furrin parts." "Which rooms do they live in when they are at home?" "They lived in the south wing, but that is not shown to visitors." He might add if he would, that one of the rooms in that south wing is kept locked, the blinds closely drawn, and no foot has entered it for five years. That is the room the heir of the property used to occupy. But the old man is reticent, and prefers to talk about the pictures and ancient tapestry, and *the story of the locked room* is not told to the visitor.

The fact is, the heir of Egerton Manor is a convict, and his aged father a broken-hearted man. One night—it was New Year's eve—a family party was gathered in the great hall. There were many bright and merry faces there, but a look of expectancy was more or less on all. Two arrivals were still awaited—one that of Squire Gifford, an old and intimate friend of the family, and the other that of the heir, Reginald Egerton, then an undergraduate at Oxford. The clock on the stables had just struck the hour, five o'clock, when a carriage driven by a coachman in livery rolled up to the gates of the manor-house, and Squire Gifford's voice was heard calling for the head of the house. The two aged men were soon closeted together, and from that interview Mr. Egerton came out with a bowed head which he has never raised since.

The news Squire Gifford brought was soon told. As he entered the carriage drive, a man hurriedly called to him, told him that Reginald Egerton had been that day arrested for forgery, and begged him to break the news gently to the aged father. Card parties in the rooms of his fellow-graduates had given him a taste for play. He had at every opportunity "run up to London," where at a noted club, of which he was a member, he played all night for high stakes. On one of his excursions, excited by wine and maddened by what he termed ill-luck, he doubled the stakes, lost, and gave his note for the debt. As he left the club and wandered along the broad thoroughfare of Pall Mall he considered his position. His debt was "a debt of honor." He had no means to pay, and he would be a disgraced man if he did not pay it. Then the thought occurred to him that he might raise money on a bill; he could indorse it with the name of a wealthy acquaintance, and before it became due he might have the means to liquidate it. It was done, but the forgery was discovered; he was arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced, and his aged father with his daughters went to a remote village in the Tyrol, there to hide from all who knew the sad story. Only at long intervals did the venerable man return to his home, and then only for a brief stay on urgent business, but the young man's room was never opened.

After three years, news came that the prodigal was a changed man. He wrote his father asking forgiveness. Through the blessing of God on the efforts of the prison chaplain he had been led to Jesus, and at the cross had found peace and pardon. Tears filled the old man's eyes as he read the letter, for he too had been driven by his sorrow to the same Source of comfort, and he humbly thanked God for his son's penitence. Never will the family return to their beloved home, but in their exile they have the consolation that although men are unforgiving, the Saviour whom they love and serve is the Friend of sinners, and His blood cleanses from all sin.

"I'M GOING BY THE BOOK."

TWO men were on the deck of a steamship then on the stocks in one of the ship-building yards on the Clyde. One of them was a stalwart, active man in middle life, known in the yard as "honest Sandy." As he rested for a moment, the saw still in his hands, and drew himself up to his full height, he looked a fine specimen of his race. The other man had a short, sturdy frame, and was noted for his sceptical disposition. He was a good workman, but was not much liked, owing to his habit of raising an argument whenever he had opportunity. *He was called "left-handed* Tom," in allusion to his peculiarity of always using his left hand for purposes for which other people use their right.

"Well, Sandy," said Tom, in an interval of the sawing, "I have been anxious to have a conversation with you. I am told you are one of those people who say they know they are saved. Is that true?"

"Yes," said Sandy, "quite true; thank God, I know I'm saved. In fact, there is nothing I'm more sure of than that I'm saved."

"Well, now," said Tom, "that is something I cannot see through, how any man can say that he is saved as long as he is in this world. I think it is rather presumptuous for any one to say so."

"Well, *there is a reality in being saved*, in being a child of God, and in knowing it. What is the breadth of this waterway?" Tom, astonished at the apparently sudden change in the conversation,

said, "Why, fourteen inches all round, to be sure; what makes you ask that when you know?" "But are you quite sure that it is to be fourteen inches?" said Sandy. "Certainly." "But what makes you so sure?" asked Sandy. "*Why, I'm going by the book,*" said Tom, and as he said so he pulled a small memorandum-book out of his pocket, in which were marked the sizes and position of the various things on the deck. "I'm sure it is fourteen inches, for it is here in the book, and I got the book *from headquarters.* I got it in the drawing office."

"Oh, I see," said Sandy. "Now, look here; that is just exactly how I know I'm saved. *I'm just going by the Book.* It came from headquarters—it came from God, it is God's Word. I found in here that I was a lost, condemned sinner, worthy of nothing but the lake of fire; but I also found that 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life' (John 3:16). *I took God at His word,* and I'm saved; and you too may be saved if you will, simply as you are, a lost, condemned sinner, believe in Jesus—that is, trust Him as your Saviour, and you are saved; and then you can say without presumption, 'I *know* I'm saved, for *I'm going by the Book.*'" Here the conversation ended, and for once *left-handed* Tom did not have the last word in an argument. He silently resumed his work, conscious that honest Sandy had a logical ground for his statement as to his position as a saved man.

Travelling by Wheelbarrow in China.

CHINESE CONVEYANCES.

AMONG the hardships encountered by the devoted men and women who leave their native country to proclaim the Gospel of the Cross in heathen lands, must be reckoned the difficulties of locomotion. Even in China it is not easy to travel from one place to another. In a work entitled "Journeys in North China," the author, Rev. Dr. Williamson, describes some of the means of transport employed in that country. It appears from his narrative that the modes of conveyance used by the Chinese in different parts of the country vary very much. In the south of Kiang-su and the north of Cheh-kiang boats are everywhere available for long journeys, as rivers and canals are numerous.

In the south of Cheh-kiang, among the hills, goods are carried by porters, passengers travel by sedan-chairs, and asses or mules are rarely, if ever, seen. Horses are only used by officials and soldiers. In Shanghai *wheelbarrows* are much used both for the conveyance of goods and passengers; and north of the Yang tsi-kiang asses, mules, wheelbarrows, and carts of various descriptions abound.

The larger wheelbarrows have often one or two men pulling them, or an ass, mule, pony, or ox harnessed on in front, while the coolie behind does a full share of the heavy work, making often a journey of thirty miles a day in fine weather. Our accompanying picture shows one of these wheelbarrows, on which a sail is used to assist the humble toilers when the wind is fair.

Dr. Williamson says: "We met many of their extraordinary wheelbarrows, moving along on *dry ground with a sail set,* each barrow having *a great wheel in the centre,* finely balanced. Those we saw were laden heavily, and had a large sheet of cloth set on a frame-work in front; many of these were so rigged as to be raised or reefed at pleasure, the ropes or braces being attached to a hook close to the driver. We have never seen these wheelbarrows without pity. The strain to the men who manage them is very great; indeed, we have never before witnessed human beings under such heavy labor."

On one occasion he hired three of them, of which he says: "We found them very tiresome, for though one man dragged in front, and another pushed behind, we only went at the rate of *a mile and a half an hour.* As we got to the level country we were fortunate enough to have a breeze at our backs, which accelerated our pace to about two miles and a half an hour."

The carts are little better, for the roads are often very bad, and even in fine weather you do not ride far before you begin to wish the people would "mend their ways." The ruts are exceedingly deep, so that sometimes the axles scrape along the ground. Deep holes are numerous, which remind one of "the very miry slough" which is spoken of in "The Pilgrim's Progress," and in these the carts often get stuck as fast as Bunyan's Pilgrim in the Slough of Despond. Help comes, it is true, but it is very often in the shape of the long whips and thick sticks of fellow-travellers; and after a sufficient amount of shouting and beating the unfortunate animals manage to drag the cart out of the hole.

We are all ready to honor brave generals who fight the battles of their country, but we are apt to underrate the labors of these soldiers of the Prince of Peace, who voluntarily undergo privation, hardship, and danger, that they may spread the knowledge of Jesus in the dark places of the earth.

REMARKABLE FAITH-CURE.

AT the annual summer meeting at Old Orchard Beach, under Dr. Cullis, of Boston, which began on July 29th, 1881, Caroline Talbot, the Quaker preacher, said: "If I should sit here any longer and not tell what the Lord has done for me to-day, I feel that the stones would cry out against me. For the last twenty-five years I have never known a day without pain of some kind, but this has not interfered with my public work for the Master.

"About six years ago I went to Europe on evangelistic work, but was seized with inflammatory rheumatism just as I landed at Cork, and for ten days my life was despaired of. When I recovered, my physicians detected the most unmistakable signs of heart disease, and I found myself unable to endure any physical exertion whatever. All the doctors agreed that *the mitral valve* was seriously affected, and candidly told me that I could never be any better. Although very weak in body, yet my faith was strong, and I continued to work in public, but in all these six years I have never walked one hundred yards. Twice only I ventured to walk across a street and churchyard, but fainted away and was resuscitated with great difficulty. My many friends in Baltimore will remember how I was obliged to ride at all times, and many know also that I required help and frequent rests in going up the church aisle.

"A severe attack of *pneumonia* two or three years ago complicated my trouble still more, but still I worked hard for the Lord, and spoke upward of one thousand times in various parts of the country. Latterly, however, I have been confined at home in Ohio, and struggled on to New York in July, much against the wishes of my friends. While in New York the wonderful answers to the prayers of Dr. Cullis were related to me, and I was urged to make the trip to Old Orchard, and although it seemed almost idiotic to attempt the journey in my weak condition, yet I finally consented, feeling that if I could see him and claim the promise of God, perhaps I might be sealed for God's glory. I reached Old Orchard on Wednesday evening very unwell, and tossed about all night in a high fever, and when morning came I was so weak that four attempts to rise proved futile. During the whole of the six years I had been *unable to comb my hair* without frequent stops, as the act of lifting the arms affected my heart, and for most of that time I have been compelled to lie in one position in bed, and could turn over only by raising myself and moving with slowness and care.

"On Thursday Dr. Cullis called to see me, and asked what I thought of this healing in answer to prayer. I replied that I believed it was entirely possible, and expressed my willingness to trust God for my recovery. The doctor then prayed with me according to the promise in James 5:14, 15, and soon after left to attend the opening meeting. Shortly after his departure I arose without difficulty, dressed myself, combing my hair without a single rest, and in the afternoon actually *walked to the meeting*, a distance many times greater than any which my utmost strength had sufficed to cover for six years before."

The second day this lady appeared at the early morning meeting before breakfast, and praised God for a sound sleep and for wonderfully increased strength, and at noon that day the change in her complexion was so striking as to call forth many comments from her friends. She continued to attend the meeting for a week, preached one morning with great simplicity and power, spoke frequently of her healing, testified to her ability to lie as she pleased at night and to turn whenever she desired, and through it all gave the glory to Jesus, and expressed her strong determination to devote every particle of her renewed strength to her Master. No one will soon forget the tones of triumphant faith in which she exclaimed, "I bless the Lord I am *well,*" nor the great feeling with which she thanked God for the new anointing of the Holy Ghost in her soul.

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.*

(*Continued from page* 623.)

Phebe Marlowe.

THE church clock struck nine as Phebe turned into Whitefriars Road, the street where *the old bank* of Riversborough stood. The houses on each side of the broad and quiet street were handsome, old-fashioned dwelling-places, not one of which had as yet been turned into a shop. The most eminent lawyers and doctors lived in it; and there were more than one frontage which displayed a hatchment, left to grow faded and discolored long after the year of mourning was ended. Here, too, was the judge's residence, set apart for his occupation during the assizes. But *the old bank* was the most handsome and most ancient of all those urban mansions. It had originally stood alone on the brow of the hill overlooking the river and the Whitefriars Abbey. Toward the street, when Roland Sefton's forefathers had realized a fortune by banking, now a hundred years ago, there had been a new frontage built to it, with the massive red-brick workmanship and tall narrow windows of the eighteenth century. But on the river side it was still an old Elizabethan mansion, with gabled roofs standing boldly up against the sky; and low broad casements, latticed and filled with lozenge-shaped panes; and half-timber walls, with black beams fashioned into many forms; and with one story jutting out beyond that below, until the attic window under the gable seemed to hang in mid-air, without visible support, over the garden sloping down a steep bank to the river side.

Phebe Marlowe, in her coarse dark blue merino dress, and with her market-basket of golden blossoms on her arm, walked with a quick step along the quiet street, having left her pony at a stable near the entrance to the town. There were few persons about; but those whom she met she looked at with a pleasant, shy, slight smile on her face, as if she almost claimed acquaintance with them, and was ready, even wishful, to bid them good morning on a day so fine and bright. Two or three responded to this inarticulate greeting, and then her lips parted gladly, and her voice, clear though low, answered them with a sweet good-humor that had something at once peculiar and pathetic in it. She passed under a broad archway at one side of the bank offices, leading to the house entrance, and to the sloping garden beyond. A private door into the bank was ajar, and a dark, sombre face was peering out of it into the semi-darkness. Phebe's feet paused for an instant.

"Good morning, Mr. Acton," she said, with a little rustic curtsey. But he drew back quickly; and she heard him draw the bolt inside the door, as if he had neither seen nor heard her. Yet the face, with its eager and scared expression, had been too quickly seen by her, and too vividly impressed upon her keen perception; and she went on, chilled a little, as if some cloud had come over the clear brightness of the morning.

Phebe was so much at home in the house, that when she found the housemaid on her knees cleaning the hall floor, she passed on unceremoniously to the dining-room, where she felt sure of finding some of the family. It was a spacious room, with a low ceiling where black beams crossed and re-crossed each other; with wainscoted walls, and a carved chimney-piece of almost black oak. A sombre place in gloomy weather, yet so decorated with old china vases, and great brass salvers, and silver cups and tankards catching every ray of light, that the whole room glistened in this bright May-day. In the broad-cushioned seat formed by the sill of the oriel window, which was almost as large as a room itself, there sat the elder Mrs. Sefton, Roland Sefton's *foreign mother*, with his two children standing before her. They had their hands clasped behind them, and their faces were turned toward her's with the grave earnestness children's faces often wear. She was giving them their daily Bible lesson, and she held up her small brown hand as a signal to Phebe to keep silence, and to wait a moment until the lesson was ended.

"And so," she said, "those who know the will of God, and do not keep it, will be beaten with many stripes. Remember that, my little Felix."

"I shall always try to do it," answered the boy solemnly. "I'm nine years old to-day; and when I'm a man I'm going to be a pastor, like your father, grandmamma: my great-grandfather, you know, in the Jura. Tell us how he used to go about the snow mountains seeing his poor people, and how he met with wolves sometimes, and was never frightened."

"Ah! my little children," she answered, "you have had a good father, and a good grandfather, and a good great-grandfather. How very good you ought to be."

"We will," cried both the children, clinging round her as she rose from her chair; until they caught sight of Phebe standing in the doorway. Then with cries of delight they flew to her, and threw themselves upon her with almost rough caresses, as if they knew she could well bear it. She received them with merry laughter, and knelt down that their arms might be thrown more easily round her neck.

"See," she said, "I was up so early, while you were all in bed, finding May-roses for you, with the May-dew on them. And if your father and mother will let us go, I'll take you up the river to the osier island; or you shall ride my Ruby, and we'll go off a long, long way into the country, us three, and have dinner in a new place, where you have never been. Because it's Felix's birthday."

She was still kneeling on the floor, with the children about her, when the door opened, and the same troubled and haggard face which had peered out upon her under the archway, looked into the room with restless and bloodshot eyes. Phebe felt a sudden chill again, and rising to her feet, put the children behind her, as if she feared some danger for them.

"Where is Mr. Sefton?" he asked, in a deep, hoarse voice, "Is he at home, Madame?"

Ever since the elder Mr. Sefton had brought his young foreign wife home, now more than thirty years ago, the people of Riversborough had called her Madame, giving to her no other title or surname. It had always seemed to set her apart, and at a distance, as a foreigner; and so quiet had she been, so homely and domesticated, that she had remained a stranger, keeping her old habits of life and thought, and often yearning for the old pastor's home among the Jura Mountains.

"But yes," she answered, "my son is late this morning; but all the world is early, I think. It is not much beyond nine o'clock, Mr. Acton. The bank is not open yet."

"No, no," he answered, hurriedly, while his eyes wandered restlessly about the room; "he is not ill, Madame?"

"I hope so not," she replied, with some vague uneasiness stirring in her heart.

"Nor dead?" he muttered.

"Dead!" exclaimed both Madame and Phebe in one breath, "dead!"

"All men die," he went on, "and it is a pleasant thing to lie down quietly in one's own grave, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. He could rest soundly in the grave."

"I will go and see," cried Madame, catching Phebe by the arm.

"Pray God you may find him dead," he answered with a low, miserable laugh, ending in a sob.

He was mad; neither Madame nor Phebe had a doubt of it. They put the children before them, and bade them run away to the nursery, while they followed up the broad old staircase. Madame went into her son's bed-room; but in a few seconds she returned to Phebe with an anxious face.

"He is not there," she said, "nor Felicita. She is in her own sitting-room, where she likes not to be followed. It is her sacred place, and I go there never, Phebe."

"But she knows where Mr. Sefton is," answered Phebe, "and we must ask her. We cannot leave poor Mr. Acton alone. If nobody else dares disturb her, I will."

"She will not be vexed with you," said Madame Sefton. "Knock at this door, Phebe; knock till she answers. I am miserable about my son."

Several times Phebe knocked, more loudly each time, until at last a low voice, sounding far away, bade them go in. Very quietly, as if indeed they were stepping into some holy place barefooted, they crossed the threshold.

The room was a small one, with a dim, many-colored light pervading it; for the upper part of the mullioned casement was filled with painted glass, and even the panes of the lower part were of faintly tinted green. Like all the rest of the old house the walls were wainscoted, but here there was no piece of china or silver to sparkle; the only glitter was that of the gilding on the handsomely bound books arranged in two bookcases. In this green gloom sat Felicita Sefton, leaning back in her chair, with her head resting languidly on the cushions, and her dark eyes turned dimly and dreamily toward the quietly opening door.

"Phebe Marlowe!" she said, her eyes brightening a little, as the fresh, sweet face of the young country girl met her gaze. Phebe stepped softly forward into the dim room, and laid the finest of the golden flowers she had gathered that morning upon Felicita's lap. It brought a gleam of spring sunshine into the gloom which caught Felicita's eye, and she uttered a low cry of delight as she took it up in her small, delicate hand. Phebe stooped down shyly and kissed the small hand, her face all aglow with smiles and blushes.

"Felicita," said Madame, her voice faltering a little, "where is my son this morning?"

"Roland!" she repeated absently; "Roland? Didn't he say last night he was going to London?"

"To London!" exclaimed his mother.

"Yes," she answered, "he bade me good-bye last night; I remember now. He said he would not disturb me again; he was going by the mail train. He was sorry to be away on poor little Felix's birthday. I recollect quite distinctly now."

"He said not one word to me," said Madame. "It is strange."

"Very strange," asserted Felicita, languidly, as if she were wandering away again into the reverie they had broken in upon.

"Did he say when he would be back?" asked his mother.

"In a few days, of course," she answered.

"But he has not told Acton," resumed Madame.

"Who did you say?" inquired Felicita.

"The head clerk, the manager when Roland is away," she said. "He has not said anything to him."

"Very strange," said Felicita again. It was plainly irksome to her to be disturbed by questions like these, and she was withdrawing herself into the remote and unapproachable distance where no one could follow her. Her finely-chiselled features and colorless skin gave her a singular resemblance to marble; and they might almost as well have addressed themselves to a marble image.

"Come," said Madame, "we must see Acton again."

They found him in the bank parlor, where Roland was usually to be met with at this hour. There was an unspoken hope in their hearts that he would be there, and so deliver them from the undefined trouble and terror they were suffering. But only Acton was there, seated at Roland's desk, and turning over the papers in it with a rapid and reckless hand. His face was hidden behind the great flap of the desk, and though he glanced over it for an instant as the door opened, he concealed himself again, as if feigning unconsciousness of any one's presence.

"My son is gone to London," said Madame, keeping at a safe distance from him, with the door open behind her and Phebe to secure a speedy retreat. The flap of the desk fell with a loud crash, and Acton flung his arms above his head with a gesture of despair.

"I knew it," he exclaimed. "Oh, my dear young master! God grant he may get away safe. All is lost!"

"What do you mean?" cried Madame, forgetting one terror in another, and catching him by the arm; "what is lost?"

"He is gone!" he answered, "and it was *more*

* The first chapter of this story appeared in last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD, Sept. 29.

fault than his—mine and Mrs. Sefton's. natever wrong he has done it was for her. Remember that, Madame, and you, Phebe Marlowe. anything happens remember it's my fault more n his, and Mrs. Sefton's fault more than mine."

'Tell me what you mean?" urged Madame athlessly.

'You'll know when Mr. Sefton returns, Made," he answered with a sudden return to his ally calm tone and manner, which was as start- as his former vehemence had been; "he'll exin all when he comes home. We must open bank now; it is striking ten."

He locked the desk and passed out of the comably-furnished parlor into the office beyond, ving them nothing to do but to return into the ise with their curiosity unsatisfied, and the ther's vague trouble unsoothed.

'Phebe, Phebe!" cried Felix, as they slowly ntered the pleasant home, "my mother says may go up the river to the osier island; and Phebe, she will go with us her own self!"

He had run down the broad staircase to meet m, almost breathless with delight, and with eyes ing with almost serious rapture. He clasped be's arm, and leaning toward her, whispered her ear:

She took me in her arms, and said, 'I love , Felix,' and then she kissed me as if she meant Phebe. It was better than all my birthday sents put together. My father said to me one he adored her; and I adore her. She is my her, you know—the mother of me, Felix; and down on the floor and kiss her feet every day, she does not know it. When she looks at me eyes seem to go through me; but, oh, she s not look at me often."

She is so different; not like most people," wered Phebe with her arms round the boy.

(To be continued.)

THE BURNT OFFERING.

. Lesson for Oct. 16, Lev. 1 : 17. Golden Text, Heb. 9 : 28. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

.S soon as the Tabernacle was completed and icated, God began to reveal His will about the rifices which He would be pleased to accept from people. From the time of Abel, sacrifices had n offered, but there seems to have been no distion in them, nothing to mark whether they e offered and accepted as an atonement for sin, whether as a free-will service to a god already nciled. But now that God had vouchsafed to ll visibly among His people, their responsibility increased, and He would teach them to offer rational worship. In the burnt offering we clearly that *God can accept nothing which is perfect;* it might be of the herd, of the ks or of fowls, but it must be without blemand the offerer must bring it "of his own ntary will," as a privilege, and not a thing cted. He must also lay his hand upon head of it, to signify that he identified self with it, "and it shall be accepted for him, make atonement for him." He who laid his d upon the head of the sin offering *identified self with it*, as though to say, "I am a cursed g, my only desert is to be thus slain and thus ied without the camp, where the ashes are red out as one cut off. I belong to death, and uration, and ashes, because of sin." But by blood of the sin offering "the priest shall make tonement for his sin that he hath committed, it shall be forgiven him" (Lev. 4 : 35); then an bring his burnt offering, and by identifying self with Christ as the burnt offering, those nbers, condemned because of sin to be burned out the camp, may be consumed upon the altar, ed to God for service, and may become "an ing and a sacrifice to God for a sweet smelling r" (Eph. 5 : 2); his whole being, the inward the outward man, may be all His, for *the le* of the burnt offering was consumed upon altar.

ut let us consider a moment what this involves. only perfect antitype of the burnt offering was Lord Jesus Himself. His whole life was one tion—*He was always upon the altar.* He entered into the world saying, "Sacrifice and offering Thou wouldest not, but a body hast Thou prepared me. . . . Lo, I come to do Thy will" (Heb. 10 : 5-9). In His childhood, and when about to enter upon His life as a mechanic, He said, "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business" (Luke 2 : 49). Later on, in the time of His ministry, He said to His disciples, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work" (John 4 : 34). His every breath was sacrifice, His every word and deed, His eating and drinking and sleeping, all were in the true spirit of sacrifice—all for God and for sinners, nothing, not even a thought, for Himself.

As identified with Him, as dwelling in God and God in us, it can be true that "as He is, so are we in this world;" all we are, all we have in body, soul, and possessions, laid upon the altar. *In the burnt offering nothing was kept in reserve.* The inwards and the legs must be washed in water, to signify that the heart of the offerer must be clean toward God, and his walk pure before men. "The king's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold" (Ps. 45 : 13). God must possess that which is within, and be glorified in that which is without. The whole of the victim could be burned before the Lord, nothing was cast out, all sanctified. But the burning signifies being used, spent for God; the world seeing only destruction, expecting only ashes, but the Lord smelling a sweet savor and being satisfied. And such is the life of a true living sacrifice; in the eyes of the world, wasted, useless, equal to ashes, but doing true service to God and bringing joy to Him. Oh, how the world despises a man of mental power who becomes as a little child in faith and simplicity when he becomes a follower of Christ, and who uses his gifts and talents in subservience to God and to His interests! The world sees only self-interest renounced, ambition disregarded, and cannot understand it because it ignores the claims of God.

Again, we learn that the fire which kindled the burnt offering *must never be allowed to go out.* It is expressly said, "This is the law of the burnt offering: it is the burnt offering, because of the burning upon the altar all night unto the morning, and the fire of the altar shall be burning in it. . . . The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar: it shall never go out" (Lev. 6 : 9, 13). This is without doubt the type of the Holy Spirit; He it is who consumes the living sacrifice, converting it into fire and heat which rise heavenward, and ashes which fall downward to the earth. For it is the Holy Spirit in His purification by fire, who separates the precious from the vile, the gold from the dross in us.

"The fire of the altar shall be burning in it." He goes through our whole being when we are really upon the altar, and a work of purification goes on deeper, holier, more intense than can be conceived of, before our whole being was delivered over to God, and the question not only of sin but of self also was unalterably settled. Oh, it is then that the human and divine begin their deadly warfare in a will already renounced, in a body already subject to the altar fire. Many know nothing of this experience, because the ground of conflict with them is still either that of sin or of self, and while it is so they are not yet upon the altar at all. In another and perhaps the more general sense, the continual burning of the fire is in token of the unchanging acceptance with God which we have through the righteousness of Christ.

God speaks of the burnt offering as *His* offering. He said to Moses, "*My offering, and My bread for My sacrifices* made by fire, for a sweet savor unto Me, shall ye observe to offer unto Me in their due season" (Num. 28 : 2). Every day the burnt offering must be offered morning and evening, at the exact hours when afterward Jesus was placed upon the cross and expired (Mark 15 : 25-34).

"It is a continual burnt offering, which was ordained in Mount Sinai for a sweet savor, a sacrifice made by fire unto the Lord" (Num. 28 : 6.) Jesus is the continual burnt offering once offered when He offered Himself, but our faith claims Him morning and evening and all day long, and in Him we may be unto our God a daily continual burnt offering.

The burnt offering was the most usual means of approaching God, whereas the sin offering was specified as being for "the priest that is anointed," "for the whole congregation of Israel," for "a ruler," or for "one of the common people" (Lev. 4 : 3, 13, 22, 27), "to make atonement for their sin that it may be forgiven;" and the same is the case with the trespass offering (Lev. 5). We find that in the burnt offering sin is not even mentioned, for *it is the offering of the clean, and not of the unclean.* It has three grades—it may be of the herd, the highest grade; of the flock, which is inferior, or of fowls, but it must be the offering of a life, and the blood must be poured out; nothing less than an entire life is a becoming gift to Him who created and redeemed us; and the life—our condemned, forfeited life, the life which is in the blood—must be poured out that it may be superseded by a better, a divine life.

When Gideon offered his burnt offering in the dead of night, on the ruins of the Baal worship which he had destroyed, he placed his life in unquestioning devotion at the disposal of his God. When Manoah offered his burnt offering, it was in token that he and his wife were ready to obey the angel, that they gave themselves up to do the will of God (Jud. 6 : 25, 26; 13 : 16-19); identified with their offering, they offered themselves. How much more as identified with Christ, as "members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones," are we privileged to present ourselves a living sacrifice to God"! Under the old law the offering was in the place of the offerer; under grace Jesus, who first offered Himself, now offers us. "Through the eternal Spirit [He] offered Himself without spot to God," and "you . . . hath He reconciled in the body of His flesh through death, *to present you* holy and unblamable and unreprovable in His sight (Heb. 9 : 14; Col. 1 : 21, 22). Under the law God graciously accepted the portion of their possessions which His people gave Him of their own voluntary will, and it was a great privilege to be permitted to give Him anything. But under grace neither tithes nor first-fruits nor voluntary gifts become us; nothing less than the whole man is worthy of Him to whom we yield the gift; nothing short of our whole being is a "reasonable service," since Jesus gave Himself wholly for us.

Lest we should be deceived on this matter, the apostle Paul writes very literally, "*Be not conformed to this world;* but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God." Naturally we are all like sheep, running one after the other. If an absurd fashion arises, and people make themselves like walking tents, yet most people do the same, for no other reason than that everybody does it; if another fashion arises, and people tie their limbs round so that every step sways the unhappy lower flounce first against one ankle, then the other, and a firm or graceful step is impossible in this trussed condition, yet most people do the same; and God says, "Be *not* conformed to this world." People are more ready to become living sacrifices to fashion than to God—living sacrifices to business, avarice, pleasure, ambition, anything but God. But there stand the words of God, His solemn, unrepealed commands to His people, "Be not conformed to this world." That is, if everybody follows the fashion, don't you; if everybody talks lightly, don't you; if everybody reads novels, don't you; if everybody seeks his own, don't you; if everybody goes to theatres, don't you go. God calls us to be transformed; as the victim is reduced to ashes on the altar, strength, vitality, proportion, beauty, all disappears except a little heap of unsightly ashes; but God has smelled a sweet savor; the holy fire has burned therein, so give yourself over to be transformed, that in the ashes of your own will, your own plans, desires, purposes, "ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God."

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FOREIGN TOPICS.

Expressions of Sympathy and Condolence with America in connection with the death of President Garfield continue to appear in English journals, many of which appeared in mourning on the day of the funeral. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, an influential evening journal, says: "For a hundred years England has had to pay the penalty of the folly of *her obstinate monarch*, but at last it appears that the expiation is complete, and in sentiment the old country and the new are united by ties as deep, as tender, and as strong as if the tea had never been thrown into Boston harbor, and the echoes of the Concord fight had never reverberated round the world."

A Lesson for Crowned Monarchs, is Drawn by the *Echo*, an English journal, from the universal sympathy evoked by the late President's death. That paper says "The sovereigns of Europe would do well to reflect upon this cosmopolitan sorrow. Were every one of them swept away to-morrow the peoples would not be half so deeply touched. European sovereigns and statesmen still maintain their control over the bodies and possessions of those whose lives and treasure are lavished in dynastic aggrandizement, but they have lost the hearts of the people. In the hour of her sorrow the great cosmopolitan Republic commands far more sympathy beyond its border than the proudest historic monarch of Continenal Eutrope could command over his subjects."

The Difficulty Between the Boers of the Transvaal and the British Government is not finally solved. The arrangement made by the military authorities required the ratification of the Boer Legislature. The members of that body are, however, indisposed to accept the terms offered and are endeavoring to obtain further concessions. The triumvirate now in power has made an effort to overcome the opposition, as it is well understood that Great Britain will not agree to more favorable terms. The British press, even that portion which uniformly supports the government, manifests great indignation at the conduct of the Boers, and urges the government to stand firm. If the Boers finally refuse to ratify the treaty there is danger of the war being renewed.

The State of Affairs in Ireland Forms the subject of an article in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, by the Earl of Derby, who was formerly Foreign Secretary of Great Britain. He is a sagacious statesman, and as his article proves, rightly estimates the state of feeling in Ireland. He believes that "the land question, as it regards Irish opinion, is unsettled, nor is it likely to be settled, and if it were settled its disappearance from the list of controverted topics would only bring on in a direct instead of an indirect form the claim which really underlies it—namely, *the demand for an Irish Parliament*." Lord Derby says: "To speak of the Land League as the work of a few demagogues anxious only to draw subscriptions from American sympathizers is childish. The government has satisfied every reasonable man in England and Scotland that the utmost limits of just concession to the Irish demands have been reached, but we must not overrate the effect of what we have done. We must not indulge in the pleasant dream of a contented, loyal people. We are at the beginning of the struggle, not at the end."

The Process Proposed by the Irish Land League for testing the value of the Land Act has been described by Mr. Parnell, who explained the nature of the test cases which it is proposed to bring before the Land Court. These, he said, are of three kinds, viz., Holdings which cannot be described as rack-rented, holdings wherein the tenant made improvements long ago, and holdings where recent improvements have been made. He advised the farmers to abide by the guidance of the League until these cases are tested. He proposed presenting the test-cases to the court in the order named.

The Land League has decided to appoint two tenants in each neighborhood to assess "fair rents," having regard to the necessity of leaving the tenants means for an improved mode of living. The amount thus fixed is to be registered by the local branch of the League, and *no greater rent is to be paid*. If this plan is universally adopted, it must pave the way for general dissatisfaction with the decisions of the commission. Forty landed proprietors and land agents of County Carlow have passed resolutions declaring their intention to give effect to the Land bill in a spirit friendly to tenants, and asking their co-operation in re-establishing confidence and good feeling. Meanwhile outrages continue. The London correspondent of a New York journal writes that there is no evidence of the Land Bill being likely to diminish the outrages. He gives many instances of lawless acts recently committed. Among others he mentions that of a farmer, an old man in the County of Kildare, who has just died from fright. In the middle of the night the door of his farm house was broken into with a sledge-hammer, borrowed for the occasion from a neighboring forge. Some men dragged him out of bed, *threw lime into his eyes* and blinded him, while others robbed the house. The doctor who made the post-mortem examination said that the old man's eyes had been entirely eaten away by the lime.

The Effort to Break the Cotton Corner in Liverpool signally failed. The burden fell upon the operatives, who were deprived of their weekly wages, and considerable distress was caused by the stoppage of the mills. The manufacturers are again at work, and the speculators are reaping a golden harvest; but combinations are being made to prevent a repetition of the operation.

Apprehensions of a General Mahommedan rising increase. A newspaper correspondent telegraphs from Cairo as follows: "All who have had long experience in the East are firmly convinced that the recent disturbances in Egypt were but a prelude to *much graver events*. No one can mix with the people here without noticing their *intense hatred of Europeans*, especially those in the employ of the Egyptian Government. The gravity of the situation is not properly understood in Europe, and probably will not be till some *terrible outbreak* has occurred. The order with which the Egyptian insurrection was conducted is proof of the absolute power Araby Bey has over his followers. A Panislamist journal lately described Araby Bey as the second prophet, destined to deliver Islam from her troubles.

The Trials of Nihilists in Russia are to be resumed this week. An indictment against four members of the order belonging to the so called Black Division, or the section seeking to effect its aims by fomenting a popular revolution, who have been in prison eighteen months, has been completed at St. Petersburg. The trial will be held with closed doors, only governmental journalists being admitted. The accused are Marie Krilova, a gentlewoman and a native of Smolensk, who, according to the indictment, was implicated in Karakasoff's attempt to assassinate the late Czar in 1866, and who was a friend of Vera Sassulitch and Piankoff, a merchant's son. The other two prisoners are Prikhodko, described as a gentleman, and Prepletchkoff, the son of an officer, of whom little is known. The immediate charge against all the prisoners is the secret printing of a revolutionary paper.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley, the Distinguished Explorer of the Dark Continent, and the discoverer of Livingstone, has been seriously ill, but is now reported as completely recovered. Mr. Marston, a member of a well-known publishing firm, writes to the London *Times* that he received on Sept. 16 a letter from Mr. Stanley, dated Tongo River, July 4th, in which the writer says he was seriously sick all through the month of May, so seriously that, on the fifteenth day of his illness, he gave, as he thought, his last orders to his European companions; but the crisis passed and he is now strong and hearty.

Signor Campobello, the Distinguished Convert from Roman Catholicism to Protestantism, whose abjuration was mentioned in a previous number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is described by Rev. L. M. Vernon, a Protestant minister in Italy. He says: "Signor Campobello is a man of about forty-seven years of age, of vigorous health, of high culture, of an excellent social pos tion, and, I believe, soundly converted to God, ar is full of zeal to go forth in the work of preachin the Gospel to his fellow-countrymen of Rome. Fo three years I have had a direct personal acquain ance and relation with this Canon of St. Peter's he having been accustomed to come to my hou usually every two or three weeks at nine o'cloc in citizen's evening dress, to spend two or thr hours in conversation touching the matters of o holy religion. Some months ago a full decisio was taken to make this step, and the Count s about the measures necessary to complete it rapidly as possible, but in order to shut every do against difficulties and prepare his exit in such manner as that he would not be open to injurio attack, the matter has been delayed until the pre ent. The church of St. Peter's is administered, to its revenues and its services, by a chapter co posed of thirty canons, presided over by a car nal. Count Campobello is one of these thir men. I have great faith that, by the blessing God, he will prove an instrument of much usefu ness to the cause of God in Italy.'

The New Dispensation is the Name Whic has been assumed by a section of the educated d ists of Bengal, India, who have cast off idolat without embracing Christianity. This party a cepts more of the Bible than the Bramo Som which was founded by the well known Bab Keshub Chunder Sen; but it has also taken with *Spiritualism*, as will appear from the follo ing account of a grotesque performance in imi tion of Christian baptism:

"There was no sprinkling of water in a chur or chapel. Not even the old prescribed formu 'I baptize thee,' etc., was uttered. Yet the ce mony was most scriptural and authoritative. T devotees were baptized in the name of the Fath and the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The rite w administered by *John the Baptist himself*, w was present in spirit, and than whom there can no greater authority in or outside the Chur And the immersion took place, not in ordin water, but in the sacred Jordan, exactly wh Jesus Christ was baptized eighteen centuries a for verily faith and prayer converted Calcutta the time into the Holy Land and the water of tank (*i.e.*, pond) was converted into the wate the Jordan. As regards the Mysterious Thr the priest of the New Dispensation thus chan the New *Mantra* (*i.e.*, incantation) of baptis glorifying the Three Manifestations."

This account is taken from an English pa published in the interests of the New Disper tion. English is rapidly becoming the comm language of the educated Hindoos in most part India.

Rev. James A. Spurgeon, the Brother of R C. H. Spurgeon, has suffered a domestic bere ment. His wife died September 7th. She was daughter of Field-Marshal Sir John F. Burgoy of the British army, and was sister to Cap Burgoyne, who was in command of and was with the steamship Captain, when she sank in Bay of Biscay, and it is a remarkable coincide that her death took place exactly eleven year the very day of the week and month after tha her brother. She had been married to Mr. Ja Spurgeon for upward of twenty years, but ha family. The funeral took place in the family v at Brompton Cemetery on September 13th. whole of the students from the Pastor's Coll of which institution Mr. A. Spurgeon is vice-p dent, attended to show their sympathy with hi his loss. His brother, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, livered a brief address, in the course of whic dwelt on the marked Christianity of the deceas mother, and the early baptism of Mrs. Spur by himself.

"Coming Wars," by the Rev. M. Bax Two Pamphlets; price five cents each by r *First Pamphlet* contains "Ten Signs of the End, Description of Approaching Events;" with maps of the territory to be under Antichrist's and four large diagrams. *Second Pamphlet* con valuable quotations from twenty-six Expositor the same subject. Address, with price incl THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New Y

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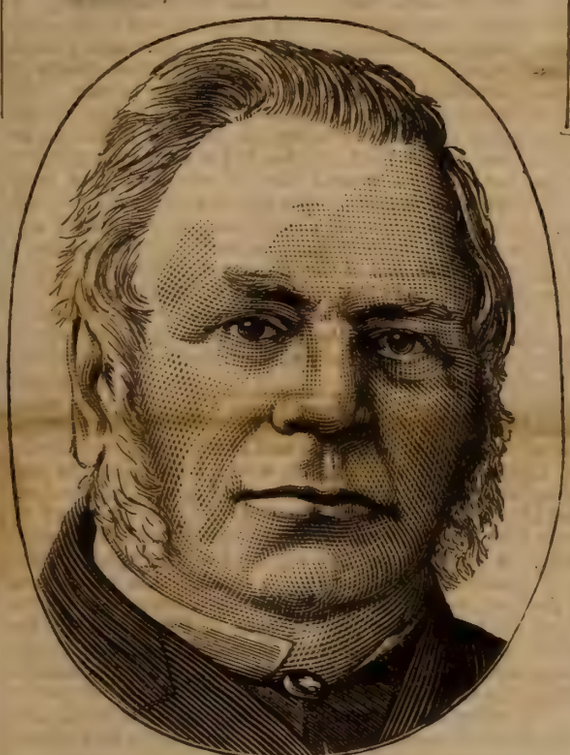

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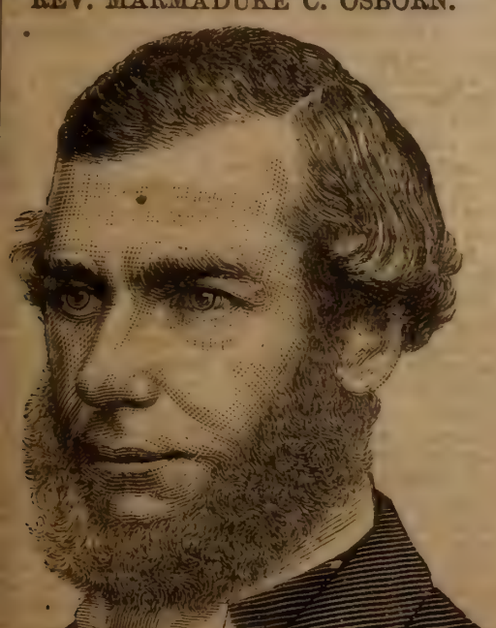

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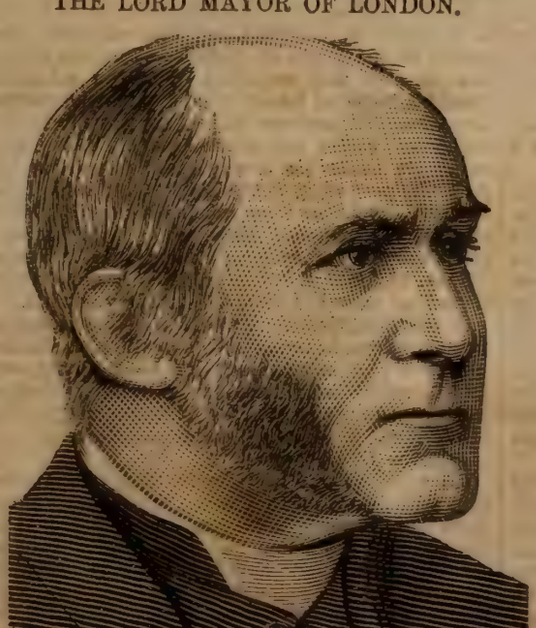

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THE REV. SAMUEL ANTLIFF, D.D.

EMINENT METHODISTS who Attended the Recent ŒCUMENICAL CONFERENCE.

SIX EMINENT WESLEYANS.

Delegates to the Methodist Œcumenical Conference of 1881.

I. The Rev. Marmaduke C. Osborn, Secretary of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society—II. Mr. William McArthur, M. P., Lord Mayor of London—III. The Rev. Gervase Smith, Ex-President of the Wesleyan Conference—IV. The Rev. James Stacey, D.D., President of the Methodist New Connection—V. The Rev. W. B. Pope, D.D., Principal of Didsbury College—VI. The Rev. Samuel Antliff, D.D., Ex-Secretary of the Primitive Methodist Missionary Society.

THE Methodist Œcumenical Conference, which sat in London fourteen days, from the 7th to the 20th of September, did not attract as much general attention as it would have done in this country. Nevertheless, it received more notice in the daily papers, and excited more public interest than any religious conference ever did in England which had not important political issues before it. The extraordinary spirit of business which John Wesley's genius infused into the Methodist organization appears to have attracted the attention of the people of London as a novel feature in ministerial assemblies, and the *Times* observed in a leading article that the absence of unnecessary disputation (squabbling was the word that great paper did not disdain to use), distinguished the Œcumenical Conference from other church councils of the same character. One undoubted advantage of the Conference was that it brought the leading men and the work of the vast Methodist communities in all parts of the world prominently and impressively before the other Christian denominations in the great metropolis.

We publish in this number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD portraits and biographical notices of six English members of the conference. Our readers will at once miss the name of the distinguished *Rev. William Arthur*, author of "The Tongue of Fire," who has twice visited these shores, among the six. But in view of the fact that Mr. Arthur is perhaps the best known and best beloved in America of the whole Wesleyan body, we have determined to reserve him for a full frontispiece portrait and a lengthened biographical narrative. It may be proper to remind our readers that Bishop Simpson, one of our own divines, who preached a masterly sermon at the opening of the Conference, appeared in these pages on the 13th of May, 1880.

THE REV. MARMADUKE C. OSBORN.

Mr. Osborn is one of the foremost men of the Wesleyan Methodist denomination in England. He has been exceedingly popular for many years both as a preacher and a lecturer, and possessing, moreover, a large measure of administrative ability, he has been of signal service to his church.

He was born in 1827, and is now in the fifty-fourth year of his age. It was his privilege to have godly parents, and to be brought up in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord." At a very early age he recognized Christ calling him to seek His face, and boyhood's days had scarcely passed before he determined to respond to the call. He says: "When I was little more than a child, I had a notion that I should preach the Gospel, and I could never shake off the impression."

His *theological education* was obtained at Richmond College, under the Rev. Thomas Jackson and the Rev. John Farrar, between whom and the young student a loving attachment grew up, which time only serves to deepen. His first appointment after his ordination, in 1850, was to the University city of Cambridge, where he made full proof of his ministry; and from Cambridge he was successively appointed to Bradford, York, Liverpool, Bristol, and City Road (London), in each of which circuits he remained the full term of three years—a striking testimony to uniform good feeling between pastor and people.

On the platform and in the pulpit he speedily made his mark, and his ministrations were largely in request throughout the whole Wesleyan connection, till he came to be elected to the important and responsible position of Missionary Secretary. There Mr. Osborn has found a congenial scope for his best sympathies, and, according to the general verdict, has exhibited singular aptitude for the various details of the vast enterprise.

A few years ago, the high estimate entertained of him in the Wesleyan denomination was displayed in his appointment to visit, superintend, and report on the Wesleyan missions in the West Indies. In an address on "Missions and Missionaries," which he gave before the Young Men's Christian Association, in Exeter Hall, were these fitly spoken and powerful words, inspired by what he had seen and felt on that tour of duty: "Oh, that the Master would lay His hand upon some of you young men, and prompt you to consecrate yourselves upon His altar!

"The flower of England's aristocracy join the army and navy, and go on hard and perilous service to all parts of the world; but how often, when the King of kings requires men for the highest, holiest, and most honorable employment, in which an angel might covet to engage, He finds His servants tardy and reluctant. These things ought not to be. In the spirit of cheerful sacrifice and obedient love, say to-night, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?'"

Mr. Osborn is the right man in the right place for his present important department of Wesleyan connectional service. This is to assert a great deal; but his gifts, both oratorical and administrative, are indeed of a high order. Missionary effort requires not only quenchless zeal, but much of tact, skill, and knowledge of human nature. Mr. Osborn possesses this knowledge in a marked degree, and in prosecuting his work in the office he now fills and adorns, he has ever sought to carry out Christ's primal idea of missions, in a truly apostolic manner. His address on September 8th at the Œcumenical Conference, on the history and results of Methodism, was worthy of the speaker's reputation and of the important occasion.

WILLIAM M'ARTHUR, ESQ., M.P.

The Lord Mayor of London has shown conspicuous cordiality to the delegates to the Conference, and that is especially noteworthy because of the exalted social position which a man of his official rank holds in England, and also because some other Lord Mayors have used their influence to promote the spirit of the world and to encourage sentiments inimical to religion. It is well known by this time that the delegates were invited to a magnificent reception at the Mansion House, and received by the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, the former in his insignia and robes of office, which means nothing less than that a considerable number of people of rank and fashion were brought into contact with the representatives of the Methodist denomination, and were constrained to acknowledge their mental and moral worth. On that occasion the Lord Mayor conducted worship with his guests, lining out a hymn in the English fashion, and made an address which is said to have had all the ring of a camp-meeting in it.

Mr. McArthur is a descendant of an old family in Argyleshire, Scotland, but his early life was passed in the north of Ireland, where his father was an able and respected Wesleyan minister. From his boyhood he exhibited a marked aptitude for commercial business, possessing great industry, methodical habits, and unusual tact in dealing with men. He made his first successful start in life about the year 1835, in the important town of Londonderry, and after some years his interests were substantially advanced through the establishment, by his brother Alexander, of mercantile houses in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Auckland about the critical period of the gold discovery in 1851.

In 1857 Mr. McArthur's business had become so prosperous that he removed to London, where he has remained ever since, increasing in influence and popularity, and receiving one token after another of the esteem of his fellow-citizens, till last year he was elected to the highest municipal and civic position in the city.

His *political career* began in 1865 with an unsuccessful attempt to enter Parliament. Three years later, at the general election of 1868, he was elected by a large majority as the Liberal member for Lambeth, and having been again elected in 1874 and 1880, he still continues its representative. He takes an especial interest in the welfare of the working classes, and enjoys the confidence of a large proportion of his constituents. He has been for years a supporter of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's *Permissive Bill*; but he is perhaps mainly known as a member of Parliament in connection with the passing of a bill for the emancipation of the metropolitan bridges from toll in perpetuity.

His name is also specially and honorably remembered in connection with the annexation of the Feejee Islands to the British Crown in 1874, by which the pernicious practice of *kidnapping*, which prevailed all over the South Seas, and had its centre in Feejee, was effectually suppressed. He worked for that end in conjunction with his brother Alexander, M.P. for Leicester, and through the committee of the Aborigines Protection Society, of which he and his brother are active and valued members.

Mr. McArthur served the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex in 1867, having been unanimously elected; and his election to the body of aldermen, from which the Lord Mayor is annually chosen, took place in 1872. In 1878 he paid a lengthened visit to the Australian colonies, with which he was connected not less by commercial relations than by political sympathy, and everywhere met a reception of the most flattering character.

THE REV. GERVASE SMITH.

This distinguished minister of the Gospel, who has for years past enjoyed the reputation of being the most eloquent preacher in the Wesleyan denomination next to the lately deceased Dr. Punshon, was born at Langley, Derbyshire, in 1821, and is now sixty years of age. His early education was received at well-known schools at Heanor and Mackworth, and after his conversion to Christ he became a student of Wesley College, Sheffield, and passed through its curriculum in a highly creditable manner.

From first to last the enterprising town of Sheffield appears to have been linked with Mr. Smith's public career as a minister of the Wesleyan denomination, for it was in the West Circuit of that town that he originally undertook the work of a lay-preacher, and proceeded to qualify himself for the regular work of the itinerancy by becoming enrolled as a student of the college at Didsbury.

Having terminated his academical course with distinction, and displaying, even at that early period, some remarkable evidences of his power and effectiveness as a preacher, he was appointed to the circuit at Blackburn, and afterward to the important churches at Glossop, Wakefield, York, Huddersfield, Bristol, Manchester, and Highbury. Wherever he was stationed his loving, genial nature, and the conscientiousness with which he discharged his functions as a pastor, won for him hosts of warm-hearted friends. But, best of all, his preaching of "Christ and Him crucified" was accompanied by the conversion of many who were "without God and without hope in the world," and by the strengthening of professing Christians for active work.

In 1870 Mr. Smith was appointed Secretary of the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund, and in the same year he visited the *United States and Canada*, where his abilities were fully utilized by various churches; for Methodism is almost indigenous here, and ministers of different views mingle with less exclusiveness than they show in the conservative mother country.

In the year 1875 the Rev. Gervase Smith was elevated to the dignity of President of the English Wesleyan "Conference," which does not mean the local meeting which the term signifies among the Episcopal Methodists, but is the supreme Wesleyan assembly. Preparatorily to the duties of that high office, he had fulfilled the functions of Conference Secretary for two years, the second year having as his senior associate the late *Dr. Morley Punshon*, who had formerly been his schoolfellow.

Besides being a preacher much sought after, owing to the combination of profound thought with astonishing simplicity of language which characterizes his pulpit efforts, Mr. Smith is the author of several excellent volumes, among which we will name "Chequered Scenes," "Memorials of Samuel Oliver," "Melchisedek," "Early Sunset," "Christianity, a System of Power," "Sleeping in Jesus," and "The Life of Mr. William Bourne."

In his presidential address at Sheffield, in 1875, Mr. Smith said: "I feel I am not made of the material of which presidents are made. I have had no training for a post like this. I was born in an obscure hamlet in Derbyshire, and my early childhood was spent amid village scenes and associations in that hilly country. A sturdy and rude independence took possession of me in early life, and it has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength.

"I have never used the language of courtiers, and never sought the favor of man, whether minister or layman. I take these badges of office from the hands of my predecessor, the Rev. Dr. Punshon, my lifelong and undying friend, to whom my soul is linked in bonds which neither time nor eternity can sever. I do not envy his distinguished abilities; but the grace which sustained him will sustain any man who occupies this office, and I do desire the Holy Spirit may be given me in large measure.

"Thirty years ago I came to Sheffield as a student; twenty-five years ago I gained a victory over temptation *in yonder pew there*, the influence of which is felt by me at this hour. I preached my trial sermon in the pulpit behind me, and in a room hard by I stood as a candidate for the ministry. Fathers and brethren, whatever we may do during my year of office, let us look for a more copious outpouring of divine influence.

"'Lo, the promise of a shower
Drops already from above,
And the Lord will shortly pour
All the fulness of his love.'"

THE REV. JAMES STACEY, D.D.

Dr. Stacey, who introduces to us another body of Wesleyans which detached itself from the older society in 1797, was born in 1819, and is now sixty-two years of age. His career is, in many points, instructive and suggestive. His parents lived in Sheffield, and were poor in worldly wealth, but highly respected for their sterling integrity.

At the age of *nine*, the little fellow was set to work in a cutler's warehouse. There his uniform good conduct excited the attention of his employers, who offered to take him from work and educate him for a responsible position in their own establishment. This offer his father declined, judging that to be a skilled workman and master of a trade was preferable to being an ordinary clerk, who would have to keep up appearance in a dependent capacity, and with limited resources, and who might never earn more than three or four pounds a week.

When *twelve* years old, the youth went to the knife works of the celebrated Messrs. Rogers, with whom his father was engaged. An eager desire for mental improvement then took possession of him, but, better still, about that time he was *converted* to Christ and united with the Methodist New Connection.

His was a case, if one such ever was, of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties; but with health and energy and zeal much may be accomplished; and in addition to zeal after ordinary knowledge, young Stacey was possessed of an intense thirst for knowledge of divine things. He received a few pence weekly for himself, and the first book he ever had was purchased with his own money.

The only regular instruction he received was at a Sunday-school, and in one day-school, which he attended for a short time. Notwithstanding, by degrees he not only attained a fair proficiency in English, but aspired to a knowledge of the classical languages. He would study his book while walking the streets to and from his work.

Soon the youthful student became a *local preacher;* afterward taste and conviction led him to contemplate the regular ministry. With a view to further preparation for that important office, he entered into arrangements for permanent study with a minister of the New Connection, the Rev. T. Allin, a man of superior education and ability, who had been quick to discern the talents and earnestness of his young friend, and to render him considerate encouragement.

In 1839 he was appointed minister at Halifax, and he soon rose to eminence as an instructive and popular preacher. In 1856 his health failed for a time, but upon his recovery he was appointed Missionary Secretary, a post which he creditably filled for many years. In 1860 his brethren signalized their sense of his excellence by calling him to be the President of their "Conference," a position to which he has been re-elected this year. In 1863 he was appointed Principal and Tutor of the Theological Institution, Ranmoor, Sheffield, a post for which his own early struggles after knowledge and his well known lofty sympathies, not less than his various attainments, eminently marked him out and qualified him. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the Wesleyan University, Ohio, about ten years ago.

Besides sermons and memoirs, including the interesting biography of Mr. Ridgway, of the Staffordshire Potteries, Dr. Stacey has given to the world an important treatise on "The Christian Sacraments."

THE REV. W. B. POPE, D.D.

Dr. Pope is one of the most notable men of the Wesleyan denomination, and occupies the honorable distinction of being its "systematic" theological writer. He is the first who has, with professional method, expressed its theology in scientific form and reduced it to a system. And it is evident that his bulky "Compendium of Christian Theology" is rapidly exerting a great and beneficial influence on the Wesleyan Church. The available particulars of his career, however, are exceedingly few. He is said to have been born in Nova Scotia in 1822.

He was early associated by family connection with the Wesleyans, and went to England; and subsequently, on his acceptance for the work of the ministry, was admitted to the Wesleyan Theological Institution at Didsbury, South Lancashire, where for some sessions he had the tuition of the late Rev. Dr. Hannah. In editing some lectures by Dr. Hannah, Dr. Pope has taken occasion to pay an interesting and affectionate tribute to the memory of that venerable and excellent man.

His course at the institution was marked by diligent study and careful reading, and he was soon regarded, both by tutors and fellow-students, as a superior man likely to do good work in the world. Later on in life he resided for a time in London, in the same house with Dr. Hannah, between whom and himself a warm friendship always subsisted.

In 1841 he was appointed to Kingsbridge, Devon, as his first circuit, and subsequently continued his ministry in Liskeard and Jersey, and at last, in 1852, in the City Road circuit, London. In 1855 he was stationed at Hull, and in 1858 removed to Manchester. In 1861 he was stationed at Leeds, and in 1864 at Southport. He soon attracted notice as a preacher, particularly among the more intellectual class of hearers and in prosperous congregations. That, no doubt, was due not only to his acquired attainments, but largely to the natural bent or habit of his mind. Not that Dr. Pope is merely a rhetorician, simply aiming to afford intellectual gratification; on the contrary, he uses no ostentation or parade of words. He can aim at the heart, simply, directly, tenderly, in language nervous and chaste; and one of his best printed sermons was addressed, during his residence at Leeds, to little *Sunday-school children.*

On the retirement of Dr. Hannah in 1867, Dr. Pope was unanimously elected to succeed him as Theological Tutor of the Northern Branch of the Theological Institution. This high appointment indicates the great esteem in which he was held. About seventy students are now placed under his care, preparing for the ministry.

Besides the ordinary routine of teaching his classes, Dr. Pope has contributed to Wesleyan literature several important works. He is a good German scholar, and has translated various volumes from the German language, among which may be specially mentioned those of Stier on "The Words of the Lord Jesus," and Ebrard on "The Gospels," in T. & T. Clark's Foreign Theological Library. He is also editor of *The London Quarterly.*

In 1876 he accompanied Dr. Rigg on a deputation to the *United States*, where both ministers were cordially welcomed. In recognition of his scholarly attainments, the University of Edinburgh has conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, an honor most appropriately bestowed. In 1877 his brethren made him the recipient of the highest proof of their appreciation which they could show, by appointing him to the presidential chair of the Annual Conference.

THE REV. SAMUEL ANTLIFF, D.D.

The Rev. Samuel Antliff, a Primitive Methodist, was born at the village of Caunton, Nottinghamshire, in July, 1823, and is therefore fifty-eight years of age. The family to which he belonged was a large one, and there are nine members of it besides himself yet living; the eldest being the able and beloved principal of the Primitive Methodist Theological Institute at Sunderland, and the youngest a local preacher.

He was *converted* as a youth by listening to a conversation between his father and another man as they were walking along a country road. He gave himself to Christ, and availed himself of every opportunity to maintain and deepen his spiritual life. Though he had to work at that period from six in the morning till six at night, he commonly rose much earlier than six for prayer and study, adopting various expedients to *drive away the drowsiness* naturally induced by long, fatiguing labor. He also employed the time after his day's work was done in trying to get boys of his own age converted.

While he was thus engaged, and the conviction was daily growing in his mind that God intended him to become a preacher of the Gospel, he made the acquaintance of William Cutts, whom he induced to become a Primitive Methodist, and whose name as a faithful minister will ever abide most fragrant in the denomination. He became the leader of a praying band, and with his associates fasted and prayed, once continuing in prayer all night, and witnessing a glorious revival as the result.

Samuel Antliff's *first attempt at preaching* was made behind a chair-back at a village called Ossington in 1840. Twelve months afterward he was appointed a home missionary in the Chesterfield circuit, though not yet eighteen years of age. After fourteen months of successful work there, he removed to Winster, in the Peak of Derbyshire, a laborious station, being thirty miles wide and very hilly throughout. Nottingham, East Bridgford, Newark, Leicester, Lutterworth, Hinckley, and Rotherham in turn became his field of work, and many sinners were led to Christ.

Excessive labor then impaired his health, but God raised him up again, and four years were spent at Mansfield, where his work was crowned with great prosperity. Five years of usefulness were spent at Nottingham, and six years at Derby, after which he returned again to Nottingham. At that period the death of the Rev. T. Jobling, General Secretary of the Primitive Methodist Missionary Society, took place, and Mr. Antliff was called to assume his office. That circumstance brought him to the metropolis.

In May, 1871, Mr. Antliff paid an official visit to the Primitive Methodist Churches in Canada, and at the Canadian Conference of the same year he was unanimously elected President. In the course of his tour of inspection he visited the Muskoka mission, where *an Indian and his wife* waited to shake hands with him at the close of the service. They were both members of the Primitive Methodist Church; the wife, as her husband related, was the granddaughter of a great war chief of the Mohawk tribe, who once visited Great Britain.

In 1874 and 1875 Mr. Antliff was the Conferential Deputation to Canada and Australasia, and in his tour round the world he rendered valuable services to the churches of the denomination. In 1876 his distinguished ability and eminent services met fitting recognition by his receiving the degree of D.D. From the Conference of 1877 to 1881 he was Deputy Treasurer and Financial Secretary to the General Missionary Society. That position he resigned at the last Conference, and was appointed, at his own choice, to the superintendency of the Derby Second Circuit, where amid many of his old and strongly attached friends it is hoped he will be cheered with great success in his ministry.

THE PLAGUE OF FLIES.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"There came a grievous swarm of flies into the house of Pharaoh, and into his servants' houses, and into all the land of Egypt: and the land was corrupted by reason of the swarm of flies."—EXODUS 8 · 24.

The Trouble in Eygpt—The Lesson To-day—I. The Plague of Flies—Little Insectile Annoyances—1. A Sensitive Nervous Organization—2. Disagreeable Remarks—Naomi's Friends—3. Physical Disorders—4. Domestic Irritation—5. Annoyances of Business Life—II. The Use of the Plague—To Teach this World's Value—To Culture Our Patience—Homœopathic Doses of Trouble—The Village Invaded by Rats—How Pictures are Painted—An Earthly Paradise—Its Blinding Effect—The Sheltering Flames of Polycarp's Martyrdom—The Salutary Trials of the Christian's Life.

PHARAOH would not let the people go. For a long time he had his hard heel on their necks. He could not bear to listen. The hardest arm to break is the arm of oppression. For when it holds arbitrary power for a long while it is almost impossible to surrender it.

It is only by the stroke of an insurrection, or the stroke of the arm of God, that such power is destroyed. Misfortunes of all kinds came upon the land; disaster after disaster, plague after plague; all the water turned into blood, the cattle slain on the pasture-field, hailstorms pelting the mountains and the valleys; darkness whelming the earth at noonday, and the destroying angel going through by night striking dead the first-born in every household of the Egyptians. With the story of these great plagues we are all familiar, and we are accustomed to discourse upon them.

I. But I propose to speak to-night more especially about

THE PLAGUE OF FLIES.

Each one of these creatures, so insignificant, hardly worth attention, but coming in swarm after swarm they were an overwhelming national affliction. In all ages of the world plagues are brought. Sometimes the destroying angel through a pestilence smites not only the first-born, but the last-born, and there are mourning and desolation all through the land. But oftener it is the plague of flies; *little insectile annoyances*, buzzing around one's life. This one does not amount to much, nor that one amount to anything; but coming together in swarms round about our souls, pestilence, pestilence, bothering and bothering, and making our life on earth a plague.

When some great behemoth of trouble assails us we become chivalric and we assault it; we mount the high-mettled steed of our courage, and we ride after it in a cavalry charge; and if God is with us we come out of the conflict better than when we went in. But, oh, these insectile annoyances of life; these foes too small to shoot, these things that have no avoirdupois weight, the locusts, the gnats, the midgets, the flies! Ah! it is the small exasperations and the small depletions, and the small annoyances and irritations of life that rob us of our strength, and destroy our souls.

1. It is often the case that these annoyances come to people through *a sensitive nervous organization.* When one is stricken down by typhoid fever, or his bones are broken, he gets plenty of sympathy; anybody can understand that. But who pities anybody for being nervous? The falling of a foot or arm, the clearing of the throat, a discord in music, an inharmony between the color of a shawl and the color of a glove, the wind blowing from the east, may open the door to let in a whole swarm of vexations, a whole swarm of flies. Sometimes a strain, like that of Leighton, the philosopher, who, when he was told by his doctor that unless he stopped work while physically diseased he would die, responded, "Doctor, whether I live or die the wheel must keep going round."

Such persons suffer from bleeding sensitiveness. Flies like to light on anything raw. It is

NOT GREAT MISFORTUNES

that destroy such persons. They could brace themselves against such ills; they could by the strength of Christ conquer them. But these annoyances of a sensitive nervous organization are almost unbearable.

2. Again, the small annoyances of life come to us through *friends who are accustomed to say and do disagreeable things.* With some persons you cannot be half an hour but you are lifted, purified, strengthened, comforted and better fitted for the duties and strggles of life. With some Christian people I cannot be in communion a half hour without feeling stronger for the work of Christ, stronger for the discharge of my duty, and have stronger hope for the world which is to come. And while with other people you cannot be five minutes without being irritated; they have a faculty of gathering up disagreeable things they know about you, they gather up all the yarn that gossips spin, and peddle it; they gather up all the criticisms about your person, about your family, about your business, and *make your ears a funnel* into which they pour it.

They tell you something exasperating, and they laugh heartily as they tell you, as a good joke, and they laugh, and you laugh too—outside. I think that class of persons was well sketched in the Book of Ruth. You remember that Naomi went off from her native land. She went off in great physical health, great financial prosperity, great domestic felicity, but down in the strange land she lost her husband, she lost her sons, she lost her prosperity, she lost all; now she is coming back to her native land. The people, the Bible says, went out to greet her, and instead of giving her any intelligent, common-sense sympathy, what did they do? They said, Is this Naomi?

But that is not the right emphasis to give it, that is the way it is ordinarily read in the Book of Ruth. Is this Naomi? That was not the way at all. They threw up their hands as they exclaimed, "Why, is this Naomi? How you have changed. You look so sick, so miserable, so wretched. Can this be Naomi?" Ah, a faithful portrait given in the Bible of these people who always love to say disagreeable things. Such people glean and bind in the great harvest-fields of disagreeableness.

When *Stanley* came back from that wonderful expedition, the finding of Dr. Livingstone, in Africa, and he came before the Geographical Society in London, the mighty men of state heard his story of discovery, and were thrilled with it. But there were critics in the crowd, who asked him most insulting and irritating questions about mountains, about Livingstone, about Africa, and about everything, until Stanley folded his arms and refused to answer. A giant buzzed and buzzed by a swarm of flies.

But, my friends, these people who go about with disagreeable things to say, and disagreeable things to do, they are the gnats, they are the midgets, they are the flies.

LOOK OUT FOR THEM.

Have nothing to do with them. Do not let them prey upon your association, they will spoil your faith in God. They will destroy your physical health. They will destroy your hope of heaven.

3. Again, I have to remark that the little annoyances of life sometimes come through *physical disorders* which do not entirely prostrate the system, but give out great botheration amid the duties, and the trials, and the occupations of life. Perhaps it is some sick headache. You appointed a day for sociality and mirth, the clock strikes the hour, and you cannot make your appearance. Or it is between the ear and the forehead, a neuralgic thrust, just at the moment when you want your mind clearest, and your judgment coolest. Some little physical disorder which does not amount to a great deal, in the estimation of others; something they do not get in sympathy with at all, something they don't understand. But these little physical irritations, and physical distractions, they are the plague of flies.

4. Sometimes the small annoyances of life come through *domestic irritation.* The parlor and the kitchen are not always in harmony. The great question of to-day is about domestic service. It may be the arrogance and the unreasonableness of the employer, but sometimes there perhaps fly out winged annoyances from the culinary department. That housekeeper who has no faith in God will have her equilibrium overthrown. I think it was for that that Martha had a nervous system, a physical disorder, an unstrung mind, when she rushed into the parlor where Christ was, and asked Him to scold Mary. And while there are women who have not met with great misfortunes in life, there are thousands of them going down under these domestic irritations, the plague of flies.

5. So I remark again, there are a great many business men being destroyed by the little *annoyances of business life.* For the panic of 1857, for that of September 24th, 1869, they were ready and defiant; other men went down; they stood. Other men were discouraged; they rose above the storm. Yet those very men are now being depleted by business annoyances, a clerk's ill-manners, a blot of ink on the bill of lading, a secret of the store whispered in the street, a dishonorable rivalry, a sale of goods to one unworthy to buy the goods, making a bad debt contrary to your own judgment, to please somebody else. It is not panics that destroy merchants. Panics come only once in ten or twenty years. But it is the little annoyances of business life that are pushing so many of our best merchants into nervous dyspepsia, and paralysis, and the grave.

II. Now, my friends,

WHAT'S THE USE

of all these annoyances? Can it be possible that they have any practical use for our souls? I suppose they have. Naturalists tell us that one wasp will have a family of 20,000 wasps, and it is a fact that one annoyance will breed a million. Can it be that the annoyances of this life are to have any practical effect upon our souls? I suppose, among other reasons, they are given to us to show us that this is *not the best world* to stay in. We all know very well that the summer that has no flies is a sickly summer. If there be a great many flies during the summer it is a healthy summer. I do not suppose it is any sign of spiritual diseases or spiritual sicknesses if we have a great many annoyances of life buzzing around us.

Besides that, I suppose these little annoyances of life were given to culture our patience. In a gymnasium you have noticed the parallel bars, upright bars, and the holes in which pegs are to be placed. A gymnast will take one of these pegs in one hand, and with the other hand he will thrust another peg into one of the holes of the opposite bar, and inch by inch he will rise to the ceiling. And I suppose this is a sort of

MORAL GYMNASIUM

in which our souls are placed, and every worry is a peg, and really by these little worries we climb higher and higher until we reach heaven.

We all admire patience, but patience is not the child of fair weather; it is the child of the storm. If you had everything you wanted, no annoyances, what would you want of patience? Oh, says some one, if my circumstances were as comfortable as my neighbor's, oh, then I should have patience too. As though a man should say, I cannot swim because of this water. I can't shoot off this gun because of these caps. When you stand up to your chin that is the time to swim toward the great headlights of Christian attainment; and when you are charged to the muzzle with repulsive annoyances that is the time to pull the trigger.

I have *a theory about trouble.* It takes just so much trouble to prepare a man for heaven. Now the question is, whether you will take trouble in the bulk, or whether you will take it granulated and pulverized; whether you will take it in small annoyances, or whether you will take it in some stroke of calamity. Here is one who has his trouble in bulk; it is in a broken back, extinguished eyesight, or some awful calamity. Another man takes his trouble and trials piecemeal. Which way would you rather have your troubles, in some great overwhelming calamity, or in little annoyances? Oh, you say, I prefer to take mine piecemeal; better five aching teeth than one broken jaw; better ten fly-blisters than one amputation; better twenty squalls than one cyclone; better a thousand annoyances than one crushing avalanche of calamity.

There is some difference as between allopathy

nd homœopathy; but in this matter of trouble etter take it in

HOMŒOPATHIC DOSES,

ttle pellets of annoyances, rather than in some nock-down dose of disaster. Suppose you own bank; would you rather have your customers ome in with small checks for five, ten, or twenty ollars each, or have two each with a check for ten housand dollars? The ten thousand dollar checks ome in, and you will cough, and look at the floor, nd at the ceiling before you look at the face. Now, ould you not rather have the drafts on your soul little drafts or annoyances rather than in some verwhelming demand on your courage and your race? Give me ten thousand little annoyances ather than one great struggle.

There is a tradition that there was *a certain village* invaded, a fine village invaded with rats, and ney destroyed the property, and they were about destroy the lives of the people, when an old pier struck up a beautiful tune, and the rats gathred around him, and he led them down to the rink of a river, and then blew a long, loud blast, nd they were all drowned in the river. That, of ourse, was a tradition, a fable; but I wish I could lay some sweet tune of the Gospel, on the flute of od's grace that would draw forth all the nibbling nd burrowing annoyances of your life, and that I ould play them down to the river and play them nto the depths forever.

There must be some reason why you have these nnoyances in life. I suppose in that way God is reparing us for the next world. How many ouches do you suppose *Mr. Church* gave before e had completed those wonderful pictures of Copaxi, or the Heart of the Andes? Well, I guess fty thousand. I hear the canvas say, "Why do ou keep me trembling with little touches day after ay, week after week, and month after month? Vhy don't you put the picture on with one dash?"

Oh," says Mr. Church, "I know how to paint a icture; it will take fifty thousand of these strokes make what I want." And I suppose God is ainting the picture of your life with these ten housand annoyances; and after a while the picure will be hung in the galleries of heaven, a picure for angels to look at. God knows how to aint a picture. Don't criticise Him.

If I had my way with you, I would give you all arthly prosperity. You should each have a garden nd a river flowing through it. Geraniums and hrubs on either bank, the grass and flowers as eautiful as though the rainbow had fallen. You ould each have a splendid mansion, the bed covred by a canopy dipped in the setting sun. hrough the halls of that great mansion there ould be a long line of statues and statuettes. ou should each have your pick of horses, and the ery best equipage you could find. Then I would ave you live a hundred and fifty years, not an che or pain during all the time.

You say, Would you give that to each of us? es, to each. Give that to enemies as well as iends? Yes. The only difference I would make, would put a little more gilt on the wall of the nemy, and give a little better embroidery to the lipper. Well, you say, why don't God give us ll these things? Ah, now I bethink myself.

IT WOULD NOT BE WISE.

t would make sluggards and fools of us all if we ad our own way. A householder does not put is best pictures in the vestibule. God intends his world merely to be the vestibule of heaven. f we had everything just as we want it in this orld, and all kindly and blissful surroundings, we ould never aspire for heaven.

Why is it the aged man so easily leaves the orld when it is time for him to go? It is not nerely because he expects a better world, but it is ecause he thinks that seventy-five years of annoyances are enough. He wants to get rid of the lague of flies. But, my friends, God intends a reat spiritual advantage from all these annoyances. hey are not going to destroy you. I think, lookg back upon life, you will really find that great lessing and great advantage have come from ese annoyances; that God sanctified them to our soul.

Polycarp was condemned to be burnt to death. The stake was planted. He was fastened to it. The faggots were placed around him, the fires kindled, but history tells us that the flames bent outward like the canvas of a ship in a stout breeze, so that the flames, instead of destroying Polycarp, were only a wall between him and his enemies. They had actually to destroy him with the poniard; the flames would not touch him. Well, my hearer, I want you to understand that by God's grace the flames of trial, instead of consuming your soul, are only going to be a wall of defense, and a canopy of blessing. God is going to fulfil to you the blessing and the promise as He did to Polycarp. "When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned" (Isa. 43:2). Now you do not understand; you shall know hereafter. In heaven you will bless God even for the plague of flies.

"NOT A DROP MORE, DANIEL."

A Temperance Story.

DANIEL AKIN had become a confirmed drunkard. So fully had he come under the dominion of the bottle, that he was perfectly miserable when he could not obtain the means of gratifying his thirst. He had neglected his family till his wife's father had taken her and the children under the paternal roof. He had spent all his substance in drink, and was kept from the poorhouse only by performing menial services for his food, and by the kindness of Thomas Edgerton, a member of the Society of Friends, who had known him from his youth, and who had a strong hope that, in time, he would see his folly, and turn again into the right path.

Hoskins, the leading liquor-seller of the place, had let him have drink so long as his money lasted, but would trust him no longer. He was lounging about the public-house one bright moonlight evening, pleading with the keeper to trust him for a drink. His reply was sharp and unfeeling: "*Not a drop more, Daniel!*"

He remained a while longer, and then left. As the cool air of the evening fell upon him, he, all at once, gave utterance to his feelings in the following strain: "'Not a drop more, Daniel.' Am I drunk, or am I sober? I am sober. 'Not a drop more, Daniel.' Did Hoskins think a drop would hurt me? No; but my money was gone. He has got all—got everything I had—even the Bible my mother gave me! He has got the boots which my wife, with her own earnings, bought for Jennie. 'Not a drop more, Daniel.' Daniel, what say you to that? *I say so, too.* I once had good clothes, but now I have nothing but rags. 'Not a drop more, Daniel,' till I have clothes again as good as when Mary and I were married. I once had a good watch, but that, too, is gone. 'Not a drop more, Daniel,' till I have another as good as the one I pawned to Hoskins for drink.

By this time he had reached the place where he formerly resided, and leaning up against the fence, he mused a long time in silence. He viewed the desolate place by the light of the moon, and his eyes ranged over the house and farm, once his own. He then said to himself, "Once I owned this house and farm. Here I was born. Here my father and mother died. I was the pride of their hearts; but I brought down their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave! Here I began my married life; and all that heart could wish was mine. Here Mary and I took comfort together, till Hoskins opened his shop; and now he calls it *his*. 'Not a drop more, Daniel,' till this house is mine again. 'Not a drop more, Daniel,' till these broad acres are again in my possession, and the wife and children that are living are in yonder rooms, and we are a happy family once more. 'Not a drop more, Daniel.' Help me, my God, till all these things are accomplished; I thank you, Hoskins, for these words. I shall not forget."

He had become so much occupied with his thoughts, and spoken in a tone so loud, that he had not noticed the wagon, which by this time had reached the road, in which was seated the kind-hearted quaker before mentioned. He stopped his horse, and heard distinctly the language Daniel used. As he closed his soliloquy he turned and saw Thomas Edgerton, who said, "Daniel, does thee mean to keep thy vow?" "Yes, friend Edgerton, I do." "Thee has promised a great many times thee'd drink no more. What makes thee think thee will keep thy vow this time?" "I know, friend Edgerton, I have often vowed I would drink no more; but now I feel different from what I have felt before; my heart is almost broken, and I feel my weakness, and *I believe* GOD *will help me this time.*" "God grant that it may be so! Daniel, get in and take a seat. Thee must be hungry; go home with me."

On the way the Quaker drew out of him all that has been written, and he advised him to go to California. He told him to go to New York, and work his way round the Cape. He decided to do so. The Quaker kindly promised to furnish him with a sum of money and suitable clothing.

Daniel had been gone some three years, during which time he kept up a correspondence with the Quaker, and sent him several handsome remittances of money, which enabled him to repurchase the farm from the publican, to stock it with young cattle, and sheep. The fences were put in repair, and everything but the house wore a tidy appearance. A remittance came which paid for all the stock, and left an overplus with which to repair the house. Carpenters were busy, and villagers who happened to pass that way found that extensive repairs were going on; still no one presumed to question the Quaker with respect to his plans. These repairs completed, furniture found its way into the house. A yoke of oxen was seen on the farm. The villagers were astonished to see the Quaker driving an elegant horse and riding in a new gig. He received this short note one day:

"I have arrived all safe and sound. Please go and get Mary and the children."

Friend Edgerton rode over to the next town and called on Mary's father, and invited her and the children to go home with him and make a visit. The invitation was accepted, and they returned with the Quaker to his house.

One morning he went down to the station and fetched Daniel, and left him at his own house, where he had previously conveyed some provisions, and where he was to pass the night.

Next morning friend Edgerton said to Mary: "Mary, I suppose thee has heard I have bought thy old place? I have got it fitted up, and thee and the children shall ride over after breakfast and see it. I think thee will like it."

They rode over, and Mary was surprised to see the changes that had taken place. They looked over the lower rooms first; and over the mantelpiece in the sitting room was a frame, and under the glass, in large gold letters, were these words:

"NOT A DROP MORE, DANIEL!"

Mary, on reading these words, said, "O, friend Edgerton, if Daniel could have said these words, and stuck to them, this beautiful place might still have been his." "Then thee don't know where Daniel is?" asked the Quaker. "No; I have not heard anything from him for more than three years." "Thee would like to see him, would thee not?" "Oh, yes! indeed I should." "Let us walk upstairs."

As they went up the front stairs, Daniel slipped down the back ones, and took his stand in the front room. When they returned, Mrs. Akin noticed a stalwart man standing in the room with his back to the door, and started back for an instant. The Quaker said, "It is a friend, Mary."

Daniel turned round; but in the man with the heavy beard and mustache Mary did not recognize her husband. Daniel advanced to the spot where Mary was standing, and, in a voice tremulous with emotion, exclaimed, "Don't you know me, Mary?"

We leave the reader to imagine what the meeting was. Friend Edgerton said he must go and see Amy, and, addressing himself to Mary, said, "Mary, this house and farm are *thine*. Daniel has got the papers, and will give them to thee."

Daniel and his wife fell on their knees before the Lord. Their prayers were mingled with many tears, but in after years were abundantly answered.

Several years have passed away since the above events occurred, and Daniel Akin, now an earnest Christian man, sticks to his motto:

"NOT A DROP MORE, DANIEL!"

SYLPH SOMERS.

A New Serial Story, by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(*Continued from page 630.*)

Sylph's Unhappiness — Yearning for Higher Knowledge—Dr. Gilbart's Deficient Training—Alarmed as to Sylph's Health—Suspects a Clandestine Attachment—His Watch Over Her—Sylph Hears John Wesley Preach.

As Sylph Somers advanced in years she increased in personal attractiveness. Her hair fell in wavy golden and glossy masses upon a neck fair as a lily, and graceful as the swan's, while her eyes "of loveliest blue" (to use Coleridge's description of the Alpine gentian flower) seemed to have at once the mysterious depth of the sea and the luminous tenderness of the azure heaven. Her form, too, developed into a classic grace and mould, so that Dr. Gilbart, from a sense of æsthetic fitness, *changed her name* from Silp to Sylph; and truly with the airy elegance and ideal beauty of a sylph did she move in fairy gesture hither and thither in the doctor's dwelling, flinging the halo of a bright enchantment around her.

She became, as time went on, the pride of her adopted father's heart and the gladness of his sight, the embodiment to his imagination of ideal perfection and loveliness, such as won his cordial admiration.

But the young girl, though an ever-radiating source of wonder and delight to those around her, was not herself happy; an undefined and immeasurable longing sprang up within her heart which at times painfully oppressed her—nothing seemed to fill up the compass of her being. The universe itself, as she was taught to know it, cold, material, unconscious, and unloving, notwithstanding its infinite extent, and boundless magnificence, was too mean, she felt, for the adoration which her spirit was qualified to give, and in its sternness and pitilessness, was all unworthy of the love and homage of her heart.

Stealing out upon some clear star-lit night, Sylph would stand upon a favorite height of the old city wall, and from that vantage ground would, perhaps, first look upon the wide-reaching Cheshire plain, in its gauzy robe of silvery light, spread out in magic beauty before her, and then peering onward she would gaze into the far-off distance behind it, and catch a hazy and mysterious vision of the Welsh hills, towering, from their very indistinctness, into awful grandeur.

But her eye, in its field of survey, could not rest there. Upward it would rise to the throbbing stars "whitening the night," "a throng of splendors;" even beyond this her vision would soar—not of the bodily eye, but the vision of the mind, from *her astronomical knowledge*—and her imagination would wing its way to innumerable suns of distant systems, lying in perspective close together as star dust, or, as "diamond points of light," uncountable, forming, as Dante sings, "an intoxicating dazzlement of glory."

Her spirit would soar higher and farther away still, as though in search of an object indefinitely apprehended, but greater, better, far more glorious even than all this, which must surely somewhere exist behind all the visible creation, a living ideal, an infinite moral perfection that could unchallengeably claim that worship and rapt devotion of which she felt herself capable. It was the cry of her soul for God!

But alas, she had never heard, even in formulated phrase, of such an existence; and, unaided from without her spirit could not embody such a being, in distinct and definite conception. Her yearning soul and instinctive aspiration went out blindly after the Creator of all these wondrous glories which she beheld, God, if haply she might find Him. But the finite, left to its own unbefriended struggles, could not lay hold upon the infinite, and her laboring thought would fall back upon itself baffled, exhausted, and darkened with despair.

This often seemed to Sylph *an unsolvable riddle.* In the lower creation she saw that every desire was met and instinct satisfied; that fish and sea, bird and air, beast and field, were adapted and fully complemental to each other. But she was conscious of a yearning to which all nature, visible and invisible, could give no satisfying answer; a hungering of heart and a longing of the spirit, which the material universe could not meet—rather, which the unliving magnificence she gazed upon, served to crush and agonize, and not to content. This want of correspondence, which she was conscious of, between the inner needs of man and his outer circumstances, this voice within which met with no response without, seemed such a horrible discord and almost criminal defect in the system of nature, that she felt roused at times to burning indignation, and again to tears of bitter and inconsolable grief.

Nor did she, while returning home through the ancient city, find much relief. The quaint streets and antique buildings spoke of generations past and gone, and of cunning hands and busy brains long since mouldered into dust. Was then the human being, as the doctor seemed to think, a passing phenomenon? Was conscious life but a momentary dream, and man but as the falling leaf and shooting meteor?

Life, and love, and thought that wandered into eternity, were an untold treasure, she felt; but after a mere hour's exercise were they to be quenched in utter night? The world's history, too, in its strange and manifold developments, was full of an absorbing interest to her observing mind; but while *the wondrous dream* was ever to go on, was she to be the witness of it only for a fleeting moment?—the power by which she gazed upon it being doomed to extinction in the catastrophe of death.

Her young heart shuddered at these reflections; a funereal pall seemed to hang over all things. Earth was but a mocking phantasm, and this life, ever haunted by death, a grotesque carnival of horrors. She strove to cast off these thoughts, which as a dreadful nightmare, weighed upon her spirit, but every attempt was ineffectual, and she was fast sinking down to a settled melancholy. She was feeling the terrible blackness of the unillumined night, of which the Christian poet sings:

> "'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
> Bright morning star, bid darkness flee."

Doctor Gilbart was not slow to observe sure signs of sadness gathering over his adopted daughter, as manifested by her countenance; and more than once he caught her absorbed in gloomy reverie, or bathed in tears; and it awoke within him great uneasiness. "Was Sylph sinking into feeble health?" he asked himself; "her delicate organization unable to bear the strain of life? And was he about to lose another of those loved objects, which had made his mortal existence endurable?" In his anxiety he closely questioned her one day in his study, when, in giving her instruction, they were together. "Sylph, dear," he said, "I don't think you have had your usual brightness of late. Is there anything the matter with you? Come over here, my pet, until I have a doctor's look at you." And, at his request, with a sad smile, Sylph approached him.

His examination, skilful and close, could detect, however, no bodily ailment, and he felt perplexed and still more troubled. Could the fair young girl, unknown to him, have formed some powerful and *unrequited attachment;* or, as was more likely from her great beauty, had she surrendered herself to a consuming passion for some one, whose suit Sylph had kept hidden from him, because she knew it was one he would not approve?

Something of this kind he greatly feared must have happened; and while he jealously guarded his suspicion from Sylph, he resolved to keep a strict watch upon her movements. Not that the doctor would blame Sylph for falling into love; no, for he knew that to do so was almost a settled law of a girl's nature; but he would guard her from the evil designs of an unworthy lover.

A close surveillance, however, resulted in no such discovery as the doctor fully expected to make. Sylph often left the house and sauntered round the city walls; and at times even crossed the old bridge which spanned the Dee; and wandered out into the rich country beyond, moving at her own sweet will; but it was to fulfil no assignation. She was ever found alone, either examining some natural object, or in solemn mood, slowly pacing along, unobservant of all around her. Her deep melancholy, however, continued; and that pale cast of thought, which though it served, as the doctor saw, to enhance and heighten her beauty, yet increased his uneasiness.

Ah! Sylph was suffering from a malady known at some time to all noble souls, and springing from their nobleness—from the yearning of a deep spiritual nature for communion with its adapted object. She fainted and failed under

> "The tremor of an inexpressive thought,
> Too self-amazed to shape itself aloud."

and that inexpressive thought (unexpressed in her case because never put before her in definite language) was God; who, even to those who know Him not, never ceases to be the great want of the soul.

One day, as Sylph was returning from her stroll along the city wall, she observed a crowd at the end of a street not far from the doctor's dwelling; and *a hoary-headed man* raised above the crowd, she could notice, was energetically speaking. As she drew nearer, his venerable look, his scrupulous neatness of apparel, his refinement of feature, his intense earnestness, forcibly arrested her. Who was he? What was his aim in addressing the people? And what was he saying? These were questions which arose in her mind, and to which she greatly wished for an answer. She did not, however, relish the idea of stopping in the crowd to satisfy her curiosity; and yet she felt a powerful impulse to do so.

When she came quite close to the throng, which was a large one, she could see that every one present—men and women, young and old—were as interested in the silver-tongued and silver-haired stranger as she was herself. Every eye was fixed upon him, and every ear, it was evident, was intently awake to hear his words. This was an unusual aspect for a Chester crowd, generally loud, rude, and rough, as Sylph well knew; and it led her to cast aside all hesitation, and to determine to pause, at least for a little, as near the hoary-headed speaker as she could get, and listen for a while to gather the import of his fervid address.

Scarcely had she made this resolve when, to her great satisfaction, her eye fell upon her old nurse, standing in the crowd, absorbed and breathless as any one around her. Sylph pressed toward her, the people respectfully making way, for she was well known in the city; and it was not long until she caught hold of Phœbe's cloak; who, turning as she felt the gentle pull, was both gratified and amazed to see her "young lady" beside her.

Sylph soon learned from Phœbe that the venerable man who was addressing the rapt multitude was no other than *John Wesley;* at this period, he had reached the patriarchal age of eighty-four; and in his wonderful graphic journal thus briefly records his visit on this day to Chester. "Wednesday, 3d, I went to Chester, and preached on Heb. 3: 12." This was, however, his text in the Wesleyan chapel in the evening. On the occasion before us, when preaching earlier in the day to the congregation in the open air, his subject was taken from one of the Gospels.

A man eighty-four years of age, preaching with power to a large crowd in the open air. What a marvellous feat! we of this degenerate age are moved to exclaim. It truly was an extraordinary feat; and the man who performed it thus speaks of the unabated vigor by means of which he accomplished it. "How is it that I find just the same strength as I did thirty years ago? That my sight is considerably better now, and my nerves firmer than they were then? That I have none of the *infirmities of old age,* and have lost several I had in youth?"

"The grand cause is the good pleasure of God," he adds, "'who doeth whatsoever pleaseth Him;' and the means have been early rising, frequent preaching and travelling, mostly on horseback, never less than four thousand miles in a year."

Sylph marked his countenance, kindled up with a strange intelligence and sacred joy, and heard his clear and thrilling voice pouring forth words of momentous meaning; and in a tone of sincerity and earnestness, which left no room to doubt that

What was spoken outwardly was the utterance of an assured faith and an immovable conviction.

In that hour the soul of Sylph was taken captive. She came to the knowledge of that truth of truths for which her deepest nature long had craved, and after which her heart had gasped and strained, drawn, as it were, by cords which came from out eternity.

Who could describe her wonder and exceeding joy as she heard for the first time the name of God, and the announcement of His character; of the Infinite Light and Infinite Love; who, as Wesley told her, has given to men the highest possible demonstration of the inner essence of love, which is self-sacrifice, in the gift of His Son to die as the Redeemer of the world.

Not only did Wesley speak to the spell-bound multitude before him of the infinite love and perfection of God, but also of his own personal experience and history. "He has accepted me, pardoned and renewed me," cried the Christian patriarch, "and has made me an heir of His eternal glory. O ye, my fellow men, beloved for the Lord's sake, I am as assured of this as that yonder sun," and he pointed to it, "is now shining in the heavens. Yea, I have a higher demonstration of the truth of what I have declared to you, than I have for that fact in the external universe; I have for it the witness of my own soul, in the peace and joy which I know. And, brethren, the outward eye may be deceived, but the inner consciousness never!"

And then his eyes suffused with tears and his voice quivering from emotion, he closed his address with the following words, taken from one of his own hymns:

"Oh! that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace;
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace."

As soon as these words were spoken, Sylph withdrew herself, hastening away to avoid the presence of the dispersing multitude; but her heart was full, having tasted of that love which knows no depth, nor height, nor limit; and of that holy joy which "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived."

(To be continued.)

THE SEVEN HEADS UPON THE WILD BEAST OF REV. 17.

By Rev. Richard Chester, A.B., Treasurer of the Cathedral of Cloyne, Ireland.

(Concluded from page 627.)

THE relationship between the wild beast, the woman, and the ten kings, and their actings toward each other throughout this vision of judgment, seem altogether to preclude the possibility of the seventh head symbolizing the Papacy. If Dean Alford's reading of verse 16, which he gives as that of *all the ancient* MSS., be correct, it decides the question. "And the ten horns which thou sawest, *and* the beast, these shall hate the whore," etc. The Papacy assuredly cannot hate the Church of Rome.

The view which—assuming the exposition of the angel's words, as I have given it, to be correct—I wish to suggest, is this: that the sixth head being manifestly the imperial power, the seventh power, which is

NOT A HEAD,

but which intervenes as a ruling power between the sixth and seventh heads, is the Papacy. It has undeniably followed after the sixth head, and has exercised unquestionable sway over both the city and the empire of Rome. My reasons for, nevertheless, not regarding it as the seventh head I have already given; in addition to which it should be observed that the power of the Papacy differs essentially from that of the preceding heads. They were all primarily and essentially secular powers. Any ecclesiastical or spiritual power which they possessed grew out of, and was altogether dependent upon, their sovereign secular authority. Whereas the Papacy is primarily and essentially an ecclesiastical or spiritual power; its secular authority altogether springs from and grows out of its ecclesiastical.

It is ecclesiastically as head of a church of which the sovereigns and peoples are the members, that the Papacy has exercised power over the Roman empire. Its actual sovereign secular power, as distinguished from its ecclesiastical, has been all along confined to the very inconsiderable territory—a fractional portion of the entire empire—which has, until recently, acknowledged the Pope as its king. Further, it is expressly predicted of the seventh head (verse 10), that it is only to continue "a short space," whereas the Papacy has continued for twelve hundred and sixty years.

May not these very reasons, however, be assigned for giving to the Papacy an intervening place as a ruling power between the sixth and seventh heads, thus constituting the last head, whoever he may be, an "eighth who is of the seven"? If so, are we to regard this "eighth" as having as yet arisen, or as altogether in the future? Here I feel that it behoves us to tread softly, and, without any attempt at assertion, only to endeavor to suggest.

The Papacy as a sovereign ruling power over the kingdoms of the Roman empire exists no longer. When it virtually ceased to exist as such it is not easy to determine. It would as such seem virtually to have received its death-blow in the events of the French Revolution, and in the spirit of democracy and insubmission to anything like absolute authority which then became diffused among the nations. The first Napoleon, the child of the revolution, dethroned the Pope; was crowned as king of Italy; assumed the sovereignty of the entire Roman empire under the title of "Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine;" annexed the Papal States to the French empire; constituting Rome the *second* city of the empire; and caused his infant son to be styled King of Rome!

Thus was the secular power set altogether above the long dominant ecclesiastical power of the Papacy; and although the Pope was subsequently restored to Rome, and to his temporal sovereignty over the Papal States, his power as supreme ruler over the kingdoms of the Roman empire has never been fully acknowledged or submitted to since then. That power, as well as his temporal sovereignty, is now altogether extinct. Most jealously do the nations and sovereigns of Europe watch for and counteract any attempt upon the part of the Papacy to exercise any power that is not strictly and solely ecclesiastical; or to exercise ecclesiastical power in any way that may infringe upon, or interfere with, secular prerogative.

We are, therefore, assuredly warranted in asking the question, Has "the eighth, who is of the seven," as yet arisen? or are we to regard his rise as an altogether future event? My own opinion—one in which I am much strengthened by the knowledge that it is held by many earnest students and expositors of the sure word of prophecy—is that he *has* arisen, and is to be found in

NAPOLEONISM

—in that peculiar and portentous phase of democratico-monarchical power which originated in the first Napoleon, and which has formed the characteristic feature of his dynasty. My reasons for this opinion, among others into which it is not needful that I should enter at present, are as follows:

The eighth king, or power, has this peculiar feature ascribed to him, that he "was, is not, and yet is" (or "shall come again"). (Thus Alford, who affirms, "so all the ancient MSS.") *Appearance, disappearance, reappearance*, are emphatically characteristic of this last head. How this predicted feature seems to have a marked fulfilment in the Napoleon dynasty I surely need not stop to prove. Again, this "eighth, who is of the seven," is represented as carrying or supporting "the woman," or city and ecclesiastical system of Rome, at a time when, after having been in power as "the beast that was," and having lost that power, he, as "the beast that is not," has not yet regained, or has only partially regained it. This seems very evident when we compare verse 8—"The beast that thou sawest" in the act of carrying the woman (verse 3), "was, and is not, and *shall ascend*," etc., his ascent being yet future, and subsequent to his carriage of the woman—with verses 10–17, in which the ten kings who exercise their power contemporaneously with the beast, are also described as "not having received any kingdom as yet."

Neither they, nor the beast who reigns contemporaneously with them, are in the full possession or exercise of their power at the time at which, previous to her judgment, he carries the woman. Now this part of the prediction seems also to have received a striking fulfilment in the support given to the Papal system at Rome for more than twenty years by the third Napoleon, and this while he was Emperor of the French, but possessed or exercised no power as a head or ruler over the entire Roman empire. If the beast "*was*" under the first Napoleon when he dethroned the Pope, and exercised his despotic sway over the greater portion of Europe, it evidently "*was not*" under the third Napoleon, who, nevertheless, so completely carried the woman that immediately upon his downfall, and as its necessary consequence, the temporal power of the Papacy has fallen, and the Pope has ceased to rule at Rome.

Once more, the last or seventh head of the beast is specially represented in Revelation 13 as "having a deadly wound which is healed"—a wound "by a sword," and yet "living." As to how far this prediction may or may not be yet literally fulfilled in the person of the last individual who shall exercise the full power of this last head, it would seem to be altogether premature and needless to speculate. But, should the Napoleon dynasty again become ascendant, it will, beyond question, bear upon it the mark of one, or more than one "deadly," and yet "healed wound."

For such reasons I am, at all events, strongly disposed to regard the following as the completed list of the *eight* sovereignties, and *seven* heads of the fourth or Roman empire:

First head, kings; second head, consuls; third head, tribunes; fourth head, decemvirs; fifth head, dictators; sixth head, emperors; *seventh sovereignty, popes; eighth sovereignty*, and seventh head, Napoleons.

Should this be so, it is assuredly a solemn, startling thought, how near is the programme of Second Advent prophecy to its conclusion—how little, comparatively, remains to be accomplished ere it reaches its final close. Only that "the eighth who is of the seven," and who "was and is not," should reappear, and should work out the brief, though pregnant remainder of his appalling destiny, and fulfil the small portion that yet awaits him of the "short space" for which he is "to continue."

May not some further confirmation of the views which I have thus endeavored to put forward be derived from the fact that the woman being no longer carried by the beast, the divided kingdoms of the empire are already beginning to fulfil Revelation 17:16: "These shall hate the whore, and shall make her desolate and naked, and shall eat her flesh, and burn her with fire"?

A Young Buddhist Priest, in China, having embraced Christianity, gave up his temple, his land, and his visible means of support, because he saw he could not conscientiously keep on in the old way. He did this spontaneously and joyfully, and has never felt or imagined himself as at all a martyr. This was a year ago. Since then he has supported himself by weaving cloth in the winter, and by hoeing corn in summer, at five cents per day. His old heathen teacher tried to persuade him to change his mind, but signally failed. This old teacher is rich, has a great many temples under his care, with rich "livings" to give. In July he came a long distance to renew his offers, volunteered to give the young man a large temple to keep, with land attached, and a large sum in ready money as a bonus, as much as a man would earn in a year of ordinary work, the only condition being a renunciation of *this foreign folly*. The young priest resolutely declined the offer. "No," he said, "not if you would give me fifty times as much. Yellow gold is not precious. Peace and happiness have no price." This was final. The young man resumed his hoe, and the old one went about among his temples.

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NOTICE.

To give our readers an opportunity of introducing the Christian Herald to their friends, we will send the paper post free to any address from 1st October, to 31st December, 1881, on receipt of 25 cents.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Extra Session of the Senate was Opened on Monday, October 10th. Senator Harris, the Democratic senator from Tennessee at the request of members on both sides, called the Senate to order. After the President's proclamation had been read, Senator Pendleton, of Ohio, moved that Senator Bayard, of Delaware, be chosen president *pro tem.* Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, presented the credentials of the senators-elect from New York, and Rhode Island, and moved that the oath of office be administered to them by Senator Anthony, the senior senator. This motion was defeated by 36 to 34. Senator David Davis, of Illinois, voted with the Republicans, Senator Mahone did not vote, and there was one pair. Mr. Edmunds then moved an amendment, providing that Mr. Bayard should be elected for one day only, which was also defeated. Another amendment providing for the substitution of Senator Anthony's name for that of Mr. Bayard shared the same fate. The original resolution was then put and carried by a vote of 34 to 32, thus constituting Senator Bayard president *pro tem.* After this the Senate adjourned.

The New York State Republican Convention assembled on Wednesday, October 5th. An unusual interest was attached to this year's proceedings of that body, owing to the recent protracted contest for the senatorships. Although the petitions sent to the Albany Legislature, and the individual expressions of opinion sent to State Senators and Assemblymen during the progress of the contest, afforded some indication of the state of public opinion, the nomination of delegates to the convention was anticipated as *the first direct expression of the will of the people* on the subject. It is probable that the leaders of both sections of the party did their utmost to secure a victory, so that the constitution of the convention is regarded as an unmistakable evidence of popular feeling. The verdict so given, was decisively *in favor of the Administration* wing of the party. *The first test vote* was on the question of the appointment of a temporary chairman. For this position the Stalwarts nominated Congressman Hiscock, of Onondaga, and the Administration delegates, Warren Miller, the newly elected United States Senator. A vote was taken, when it was found that of the 488 delegates, 298 voted for Miller, and 190 for Hiscock. That result was accepted by the Stalwarts as decisive, and no further attempt was made to obtain control of the convention. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew was elected permanent chairman. The representation of the first district of Oneida was contested, the two delegations being headed respectively by ex-Senator Conkling and his old opponent, Mr. S. S. Lowery. The committee ruled by a vote of 12 to 4 that the Lowery delegation was entitled to seats. The convention pledged its support to President Arthur, eulogized Governor Cornell, and deplored the death of the late President.

The Massachusetts State Democratic Convention has nominated the Hon. Charles P. Thompson, of Gloucester, for Governor, and the Hon. James H. Carleton, of Haverhill, for Lieutenant Governor. Among other planks of the platform adopted, was one referring in the following terms to the tariff: "We do strongly assert the importance of an intelligently bold revision of the tariff laws. We urge that the burden by taxation on the producing classes by the present tariff is a grievance that ought to give place to lighter duties more justly distributed." On the subject of prohibition the convention said: "We favor the regulation of the conduct of the liquor traffic by efficient laws enforced with vigor."

The Reduction in the Public Debt During the month of September is announced to have been over $13,000,000. The Government receipts during the month reached $33,000,000. The receipts for the quarter of the fiscal year just closed are $9,000,000 more than those of the corresponding quarter last year. Considerable pressure has been applied to Secretary Windom to induce him to apply still further the Government accumulations to relieve the present stringency in the money markets. It is understood that he would be willing to comply if he were satisfied that by doing so he would not aid speculators rather than respectable business men. The operations of the speculating rings who are getting up corners in grain and produce have seriously disturbed the markets during the past two weeks, and they show that the mania for speculation is becoming dangerous and reckless in the extreme.

The Preparations for Celebrating the Centenary of the decisive struggle of the Revolutionary War are now completed, and Yorktown, Va., will, during the next few days, present a brilliant appearance. On the spot where the noble patriots and their gallant French allies won their final triumph a hundred years ago, and the British General Cornwallis surrendered with his army, a monument will be erected, the corner-stone of which will be laid on Tuesday, the 18th, by the Masonic order. On the 19th Mr. Winthrop will deliver an oration, Mr. Hayne's ode and Mr. Hope's psalm will be given, preceded by President Arthur's address; on the 20th a grand review of the troops will take place on Temple Farm, in the rear of the line of the first parallel of 1781, under Major-General Hancock's command, and on the 21st there will be a naval review at Hampton Roads. There will also be fireworks, salutes, receptions, etc.

The International Cotton Exposition at Atlanta, Ga., was formally opened on Wednesday, October 5th. The interest and enthusiasm manifested may be accepted as harbingers of success. An immense concourse of citizens assembled to witness the inaugural ceremonies. The vast assemblage was called to order by Governor Colquitt. Prayer was then offered by the Rt. Rev. Robert W. B. Elliott, Bishop of Texas, who prayed that the death of President Garfield might have a good effect in drawing the people of the whole country closer together. The buildings and grounds were then presented by the Director-General, A. J. Kimball, to the Exposition Association. The acceptance of the buildings and grounds by Governor Colquitt followed. Governor Colquitt said he doubted whether the energy bestowed on the work had ever been exceeded. *It looked more like enchantment* than the application of hard work. The work had been quickly done, and well done; but the chief pride of those who had the work in charge would have been lost if they had been unsuccessful in enlisting the interest of *the people of the whole country.* They were prompted by a higher motive than a mere material demonstration; a nobler and more beneficent impulse prompted them, "the desire to draw all the people of all the sections of this vast country nearer and more firmly together in their heart relations." That desire is heartily echoed by all sections of the country.

An Attempt to Stamp Out the Shameful Custom of hazing is being made at the Annapolis Naval Academy by Rear Admiral C. R. P. Rodgers. For some time past, the levity of the third-class students and the distressed, harassed looks of the new class men have given rise to the suspicion that hazing was going on. One evening last week it was discovered that some cruel and indecent trick of this kind was in progress, but the authorities were unable to detect the perpetrators. The members of the class in which the delinquents are known to be, refused to disclose the names of the offenders, and the Admiral in consequence of their contumacy punished the whole class. Under General Grant's administration a few severe examples sufficed to put a stop to the disgraceful practice, but under Mr. Hayes a more lax system was inaugurated, and hazing has been worse than ever. It will give general satisfaction if the mean cowards at Annapolis are severely punished.

The Assassin Guiteau has Published his autobiography through the medium of a metropolitan newspaper. It is full of repetitions and minute details, and its reading is a severe tax on the patience. It establishes two facts. The first, that the murderer is *perfectly sane.* The second, that in spite of his assertions to the contrary, his motive was not political, but was due to his inordinate vanity. In one place Guiteau says that during the week preceding the assassination, "*I read the papers carefully I thought it all over in detail. I thought just what people would talk, and thought what a tremendous excitement it would create, and I kept thinking about it all the week.* I then prepared myself. I sent to Boston for a copy of my book, 'The Truth,' and I spent a week in preparing that, and I greatly improved it. I knew that it would probably have a large sale on account of the notoriety that the act of removing the President would give me, and I wished the book to go out to the public in proper shape."

A curious passage, illustrating the power Satan has had to blind the eyes of men ever since the day that he talked with Eve in the garden, is the following: "My motive was purely political and patriotic, and I acted *under Divine pressure.* It was the same kind of pressure that led Abraham to sacrifice his son Isaac. The President's nomination was an act of God; his election was an act of God; his removal is an act of God." A moment's reflection would have shown him that he, a common thief, an adulterer, and a forger, was not likely to be selected by God as an instrument for any purpose whatsoever.

Seventy Years' Imprisonment was the Sentence pronounced on the three Iron Mountain train robbers on October 7th, by the judge of the Hemstead Circuit Court, Ark. The prisoners pleaded guilty, and they were sentenced in cumulative penalties of fourteen years for each act of robbery, making in all seventy years for each prisoner. It is possible that the men may have some hope of being released by the clemency of the Executive after serving a part of their sentence. If they have no such hope, how dark and miserable must be their lot! To live out all their days in the penitentiary is a prospect to strike despair into any heart. It is a condition which, gloomy as it is, only faintly typefies the condition of the lost soul, for which, having rejected Jesus in this life, there remains no hope of deliverance through the countless ages of eternity.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Published in this number, is one of his evening sermons, which we give because Dr. Talmage did not preach at the Brooklyn Tabernacle last Sunday.

A Marriage on the Top of a Mountain Three usand feet above the sea level has been solnized in western Maryland. Two young peo- of Hagerstown, Md., conceived the romantic a of being married on the top of Pen Mar. ey climbed the mountain, from the summit of ich a grand view is obtained of the beautiful nberland valley, and there the ceremony was formed by a well-known Methodist clergyman Westminster. The bride and bridegroom were ccompanied at the time, and went to their ents' homes after the marriage without saying thing about what they had done. As the ng people did not apply for the consent of their ents before taking this momentous step, we e reasonable grounds for concluding that there s a large admixture of folly in their romance. eir descent from their elevation to perform the ies of everyday life, might suggest to them a son they seem to have been in need of learning.

Peter, when he desired to erect three tabercles on the Mount of Transfiguration, was ght, so men have learned in all ages that from elevations of life there is an inevitable descent scenes of toil and suffering.

Rust on the Safety Valve of a Boiler was the se of the death of two men, and the serious in- y of many others, on September 13th. After explosion of the boiler a mechanical expert was ployed to discover the cause of the disaster. e result of his investigation, made known last ek, shows that the safety valve was so coated h rust that it was securely fastened to its seat. required a steam pressure of 650 pounds to raise though had it been in proper order it would have en raised by a pressure of less than 100 pounds. us the means of safety provided by the makers the boiler were made of no effect through the gligence of the men most vitally interested in ir efficient operation. The same negligence is nifested in spiritual matters. Though God has ovided for men a way of escape from eternal sery they neglect to take advantage of it, and ly realize their folly when death comes and *shuts em out from all hope* (Eccles. 9 : 10).

Worse than the Michigan Fires, was the Es- mate formed of the deplorable results of the uor traffic, by a speaker at a public meeting last ek in New York. He had just come from the vastated State, and described in thrilling words e havoc and ruin wrought by the forest fires. t sad as were the effects of the fire, he stated it his deliberate opinion that the curse of strong ink was doing a worse work, because its devasions were perpetual. The man knew whereof spoke, for he had been a victim. Through the essing of God on the efforts of a noble Christian man, he had been not only emancipated from very to his evil habit, but led to the Saviour. rty other degraded men have also been rescued the same devoted Christian lady.

The Quaint English of a Chinaman's Tribute the memory of President Garfield shows that he d formed a right estimate of the dead statesman well as of the sentiments of the American peoe. Yee Lee, having heard of the national beavement, procured a portrait of the late President d hung it up outside his laundry in Ludlow reet, having previously constructed a crape border r it. Underneath the portrait is the following scription, composed and written by Yee Lee himlf: "The enemy shoot him and dead he were nice man. The American people very sorry and in on him. Now every house hang up the black ing funeral for him. Good man the people obey m the name very fame forever. Bad man will burn of fire."

The Curious Perpetuation of an Error in anscription by the United States Land Office has ly recently been detected. According to that thority, the area of Louisiana is 41,346 square iles. An examination of the State by parishes ows a considerable excess in land over that reorted by the Land Office. There are 1242 comete townships in the State, amounting to 44,712 uare miles, besides fractions of others, showing excess of 3500 square miles on the lowest calulation. Professor Hilgard, of the Census Bureau, says that he has gone over the figures carefully with the geographer of the bureau, Mr. Gannert, and both are convinced that the Land Office report is wrong. They imagine that the first United States survey found 44,346 square miles; that the second "4" was transcribed as a "1," and that the error has been carried down from year to year, and from book to book, until the erroneous figures have found their way into all the standard authorities. Although there has probably been no disastrous consequences from this error, it is an illustration of how large a number of mistakes may be made when the original standard authority is misleading. In appealing to the Word of God as revealed in the Bible, the Christian knows that he runs no such risk, for "the law of the Lord is *perfect*" (Psa. 19 : 7).

Dr. Plumer's Servant Puzzled.—The Fol- lowing incident is related in a little book entitled "God glorified in the Fire," recently published by the American Tract Society. During the last painful illness of the late Dr. Plumer, a friend called to inquire after him, and the patient sufferer said, "This has been *a day of wonderful mercies.*" A servant standing by said, "After all that pain, I don't see how he can talk about mercies; I should talk of pain, but he talks of mercies." The Christian's cheerfulness was a mystery to the attendant; but it was explained a day or two afterward, when another friend put the question, "Do you suffer much, doctor?" "Not nearly as much as my Saviour did," was the characteristic reply. "I am sorry to see you suffer so, doctor," said another. "One who loves me better than you do put me here," said the dying man. There was the solution. The sufferer in his pain remembered the love and the suffering of his Lord.

A Cree Indian's Testimony.—In a Wild Dis- trict of the North-West there is a missionary station called Asisippi. In May last, when the Bishop visited the locality to confirm a number of Indians, one of them, named Jacob Susukurunos, addressed him thus: "I am thankful for what I see to-day. I have been not only a heathen, but a conjuror or *medicine-man*. God has seen fit to change my mind, and I am now a Christian. The change must have come from God—it could not have come from myself. God showed me that I was in the power of the evil one, and that I could only escape by coming to Jesus. I heard in church yesterday that heathen superstitions are crumbling away, and that Christianity is growing and spreading. I believe that this is true. I remember that in my heathen days I once *camped with my wife and child* on the very spot where the church is now built. It was evening, and I was sitting just where the church door now is. I felt very lonely—just like a beast, I little thought then that, in the very place where I sat, the church would be built, and that my wife would be the first buried there. She was then, like myself, a poor heathen, but before she died she was brought to Jesus.

An Aged Pauper's Needlebook has been found to contain means of supplying her wants in her declining years. *The Youth's Companion* states that a few weeks ago a lady visited an Aged Women's Home at Philadelphia. She talked with one of the inmates who was repairing a needle book which had belonged to her mother. The lady picked up the cover and noticed that it was made of several thicknesses of paper, apparently an old letter many times folded. Looking closely at it the lady saw it was not a letter, but a memorandum referring to the purchase of some land. When the cover was unstitched and the memorandum opened, it was found to be the record, drawn up seventy-five years ago, of the purchase of a quarter of an acre of ground by the pauper's father. Inquiries were made and the land identified. Coal has been discovered on the ground since the pauper's father purchased it, and the old woman had the gratification of receiving for her quarter acre, the title of which was so strangely found, a cheque for six hundred dollars, a sum that in her circumstances and at her time of life is very welcome. Such discoveries are rare enough, but instances are by no means rare of people finding in the Bible they have neglected all their lives, the title to an everlasting mansion in the skies (John 14 : 2).

IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Delivered on Sunday, Sept. 11, 1881.

[When the Tabernacle was thrown open to all comers, the regular hearers vacating their seats for the occasion.]

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger."—LAMENTATIONS I : 12.

Sympathy Seeks Companions—The Fate of Jerusalem an Unparalleled Horror—The Servant of Christ Appealing for Sympathy—I. Christ's Sufferings on the Cross Unequalled—Because of the Dignity of His Person—Of His Perfect Innocence—Of the Conjunction of His Griefs—Of His Voluntary Endurance—Of His Dying for His Enemies—Of His Expiation—II. They Have had for Many a Deep Interest—What has been Found in Them—A Cure for Despair—Transformation of Life—Incident of a Dissipated Officer—Incentive to Heroism—Patience in Suffering—III. What Have You to do with Him?—The Power of the Cross—An Invitation to Unbelievers—The Elixir of Scientific Doubt—A Poor Sick Girl's Conviction.

SYMPATHY with suffering ones is never content to act her part alone. The man who is sorrowful for another is sure to invite others to join him in his sympathy. It seems to him so sad a thing that he would have all men weep over it with himself. It is so great a grief that he would hang the heavens with blackness and drape the world in sackcloth. Hence Jeremiah, when he saw the sorrows of Jerusalem, complained of all who dared to pass her by without a lamentation. He beheld that ancient and glorious city besieged by her adversaries, invaded by their fierce armies, and given over to plunder, to murder, to fire and desolation. Do you wonder that he wept, and called upon others to weep with him? He pictured Jerusalem as sitting by the wayside like a maiden who has been sore wounded and is in bitter grief, and crying out in her loveliness and anguish, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow."

In all the annals of history there never was sorrow equal to the fate of Jerusalem. Many cities have been destroyed, but none have fallen amid such a tempest of terrors. They have been devoured with famine, wasted with pestilence, or broken down by war; but as for thee, O Jerusalem, all these evils met upon thee, as when the vultures hastened from afar, and meet upon the slain! Beautiful for situation, yet terrible for desolation! Joy of the whole earth, and yet the queen of sorrow! How terrible was thy lot, and how grievous was thy fault! Well did the prophet in the foresight of thy tremendous doom cry to all the nations, "Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me."

We apply to Jesus and His sufferings to-night the words which the prophet wrote in reference to Judea and her national sorrow. We hear the Son of God saying in His death pangs to all this vast assembly, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow."

And this is my first head to-night—*the sufferings of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, are unparalleled.* When we have dwelt enough upon this, we will proceed to note, secondly, that *they have a deep interest to many;* and we will conclude, thirdly, by inquiring *whether they have not some interest for you?* Oh that God the Holy Spirit, whose office it is to bear witness to the Lord Jesus, would now bear His testimony in all your hearts, for His mercy's sake.

I. First, then,

THE SUFFERINGS OF THE SON OF GOD

upon the cross were altogether unparalleled.

I tell no idle tale to-night. I draw no picture of romance, but the sorrows which we now relate are *matters of fact.* Jesus, the eternal Son of God, came down in boundless pity among the sons of men, and took upon Himself our human nature. Quitting the infinite honors of the skies He came to the lowliness of the manger, and the labor of the carpenter's shop; and here He abode, suffering as veritable man all the sorrows and infirmi-

ties of our mortality. In our nature He lived some thirty years or more, enduring much of poverty and labor, and at the end thereof He died, not amid the applause of all mankind, as He deserved, but nailed to a cross, like a felon or a slave, a spectacle of scorn and infamy, the despised and rejected of men.

The sufferings of this divine One were unparalleled, first, because of *the dignity of His person*, which gave such point to the insult which He endured. Kings have died; philosophers have died; philanthropists have died; but never such a one as this, for He that bled on Calvary was king, and priest, and prophet, a right royal man—and more—the Son of the Highest. God that made the heavens and earth was in personal union with that man who died upon the cross of Calvary.

A dethroned monarch is always the object of compassion, and a once famous general sitting at the city gate and begging for a penny of every traveller that passes by, has been in all ages spoken of as a person to be deeply pitied. But what shall I say of Him who stood as the centre of angelic hosts, the Prince of the kings of the earth? They nailed Him to the cross, and then stood there and said, "If He be the Christ, let Him come down."

There was also this strange point about our Redeemer's suffering, namely, *the perfect innocence of His character*. Many a man has died innocent of that which was laid to his charge, but no man has been perfectly innocent of every kind of fault. In this man there was never taint of evil. He was born without tendency to sin, for the natural corruption of our nature was not in Him; and He lived never doing wrong to man, or woman, or child, and never by omission or by commission violating the divine will of the Most High. He was absolutely perfect, so that He could say, when Satan came to assail Him, "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me." Now, herein is a sorrow never to be forgotten—that He must bleed and die, and, moreover, that He must so suffer as to be connected with sin.

There was *one tried for murder* years ago, and some thought it an argument for his innocence that he stood in the dock calm and composed. But others said, "Not so: innocent men are the very persons who shudder most at having such a crime laid to their charge, and he who could bear the charge without emotion is most probably the man who has committed the crime." Truth lies in that observation. For the innocent Christ to be made sin for us, and for the wrath of God to roll over Him instead of us, must have caused within His spirit a depth of anguish which the tenderest heart cannot fathom. Behold, and see if there was ever sorrow like unto His sorrow. Was there ever dignity that suffered such indignity, or innocence that came into contact with such a mass of sin, and suffered for it all?

But this is not all, nor half. There was another wonder about the sufferings of Christ, namely, that in his case there was such

A CONJUNCTION OF GRIEFS.

Have you never noticed that, when you have one trouble, as a rule some other one is absent? As to the Saviour, it seemed as if every form of grief was let loose against Him on that dark, that dreadful night. All the winds of woe escaped from their cave at that dread hour. He was heavy within Himself, deserted by His friends who ought to have defended Him, betrayed by His bosom companion, slandered by false witnesses, hunted down by false-hearted men. He had no one to speak for Him, and He was unable for a certain reason to speak for Himself.

Hell from beneath was stirred against Him: Satan bade his legions aim all their arrows against His heart. Heaven veiled its sun and left the sufferer in a chill darkness. God did hide His face and make Him cry, "Why hast thou forsaken me!" Earth's inhabitants seemed leagued to cast Him out. There is not, to my knowledge, a mitigating circumstance in the woes of Christ. It is bitter, bitter, bitter; and if there be a mixture, it is wormwood mingled with gall. But bitter all, tempestuous all, terrific all.

Oh that these lips had language, and could speak aright upon such a theme as this! But I ask you to notice next that there is in our Saviour's sorrow this singular point which is not found anywhere else, namely, that all His sorrow was *voluntarily undertaken*, and voluntarily continued in. When a man feels that it must be, he girds himself to bear the will of destiny; but concerning Christ, He was under no compulsion from any force which He could not Himself control. This perfect freedom involved Him in *a double labor;* He had not only to suffer, but to will to suffer even to the end.

He had therefore to put a divine restraint upon Himself, and to bear on, when His human nature might have suggested that He should bear no more. It did suggest it, so far as it could do so, without a faulty shrinking. "If it be possible," said he, "let this cup pass from me;" but His holy soul came to the rescue of His resolution, for He added, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." It is not in our power thus to yield ourselves to sorrow. If we gave up ourselves once to the hands of pain or death it would be but one act, and we should then be out of our own power; but our Lord always had Himself in His own hand, and hence He made *a continuous offering* of Himself by a distinct act of His will until He expired. Let us give Him our deepest love in return for so special a sacrifice.

And this makes it more singular still—that *those for whom He died thus voluntarily were His enemies*. Oh, tell it, tell it all the world over, that Jesus laid down His life for those who hated Him, for those who loved the wages of unrighteousness. Tell it in hell, tell it in earth, tell it in heaven! and let the three worlds overflow with wonder at this miracle of love. Let the whole universe hear it—Jesus died for His enemies. His last breath said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." He died for those who did not love Him, but thirsted for His blood. He died for those who could not see His beauties—who never will see His beauties unless He work a miracle upon them. He died for you and for me. But oh, how shamefully have the best rewarded Him with chill, penurious love! How shamefully are some here present rewarding Him at this moment, by living in entire neglect of Him—living as if they had nothing to do with the death of Christ at all. For such did He die, and therefore His death is altogether unparalleled.

Once more to crown

THIS EDIFICE OF WONDER.

There was this about Christ's sorrow, which was never in any other sorrow under heaven, namely, that *it was expiatory*. Christ was dying and suffering in the stead of others, and by that dying and suffering He was putting away the sin of others. This is the substance of the revelation of God, that Jesus Christ has appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, and there is virtue in His blood to cleanse from all sin. I hear certain philosophical divines denying this atonement, but I beseech you give no heed to them; they would rob you of your only hope of heaven. Mark you this—there is nothing left of Christianity when atonement is gone. "The blood is the life thereof," and if you remove its life the Gospel will die.

What see you where this atoning sacrifice is left out of the preaching? Why, very soon empty places of worship, for the people soon find that there is nothing there for them, and they will not go where they are mocked with husks. To deny the great doctrine of atonement by the blood of Jesus Christ is *to hamstring the Gospel*, and to *cut the throat of Christianity*. Look at this house tonight, this spectacle, this gathered throng! Into what corner could another hearer be thrust? One would think from the vehement eagerness to enter that we gave some gorgeous entertainment. Come here any night in all the year, or any morning if you like, and still it is the same. Well, why come the people? To see a man in fine raiment? *We wear no millinery*. To listen to sweet strains of music and the swell of organs? We have none of it. What come they for? To hear an orator? Far from it. I have never aimed at oratory, or desired to exhibit it. I have preached Christ out of my very soul, and lifted Him up as the Saviour of men, and therefore the people throng the house, and they always will while Christ is fully preached in language which they can understand.

II. The sufferings of Jesus have had

A DEEP INTEREST IN THEM

for many. Oh that I could set Him forth before you. There He is! Look ye upon Him! Did I hear one ask, What good has this sorrow ever brought to any one? Has anybody derived benefit from it? Let me tell you. Multitudes have found in the sufferings of Christ *the cure for their despair*. Read the biographies of converted men, and you shall find cases upon cases where they had been ready to commit suicide, but the sight of a crucified Saviour encouraged them to hope, and gave them rest. Nay, you need not read books: speak to any godly man of your acquaintance, and he will tell you that the wounds of Jesus were and are the fountains of his hope. Many of you could speak for yourselves, and say that nothing could have brought you back from despair on account of sin but a sight of Christ.

In others the sorrows of the cross have wrought *a complete transformation of their lives*. The apostle Paul on the way to Damascus was going to hunt Christians to death, but the voice of one who said, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest" changed his mind so completely that he became the greatest of all preachers of Christ. You have, most of you, I dare say, heard of the life of Colonel Gardiner, *a dissipated officer*, who indulged, as too many soldiers do, in wantonness. One night he had made an appointment of the most vicious kind, and reached the place an hour too soon. Waiting there alone he thought that he saw upon the wall the Saviour on the cross, and he thought that he heard Him say to him, "I did all this for thee! What hast thou ever done for me?" He fled the house; and you know what an earnest soldier of Christ from that moment he became. Such miracles have been wrought in every age, and will be wrought to the end of time. Nor are they so rare that you need search far for them. One and another will tell you if you will listen—some here can tell you for themselves—that the sight of Christ has changed them altogether.

The transformation of the lives of men by the sight of the cross of Christ is matchless, superb—there is nothing like it; and they that have once felt its transforming power laugh at infidelity. "What," say they, "no truth in the cross? Let the man that has been a leper, the man that has been lame or blind, suddenly receive a cure, and then tell him that there is nothing in it. 'Pshaw!' says he, 'there is *nothing in you*, or you would not make the remark,'" and he goes his way, and that is all the answer that he deigns. Matters of actual experience may be contradicted, but they cannot be disproved. Men may say what they will, but we are of the same opinion still, when once the cross has wrought its marvels upon our souls.

THE HEROES OF THE CROSS.

Ah, brethren, and think again what power the cross has had on other men's minds *to gird them to heroic deeds*. I shall never forget when I *shook the hand of Livingstone*. I count it one of the great honors of my life to have known him, and even men of the world will join in doing homage to his name. But it was the love of Christ that made him tread pathless Africa and die among the heathen. He was not the first by many a thousand who counted it all joy to succumb to climate and to perish among strangers for the cross of Christ. Moffat still lives, and what a life! There was a John Williams, of whom you older men can tell, who laid down his life at Erromanga for Christ's sake. These are but the later ranks of a mighty host that counted not life dear to them for Jesus' sake.

Our own land has seen the heroes of the cross enduring unto the end. Over there at your Smithfield, why, there were men and women there who early in the morning, while yet the sun was scarcely up, were summoned forth to stand at fiery stakes and burn; and they were seen to clap their hands, when every finger was a candle, and cry, "None but Christ! None but Christ!" And the crowd that stood around them, who were they? There were cruel men, and brutal priests, but there were also men, and women, and children, of whom it is

itten, in the humble church records of the day, it they went there to see their pastor burned *to rn the way*. Oh, that is grand!—to learn the y to die when their turn came; for the idea of er yielding up to the papacy, or of giving up rist because they must die for Him or else deny m, never entered into their heads. Even boys d girls learned at their mother's knee so much Jesus' sufferings that they became invincible. , and we should be so again if it ever came to e same pass; for the old name and the old love ll linger in the hearts of Christians to-day, with their faults and infirmities. This is what the oss of Christ can do: it can make men suffer for is name's sake.

Ah, but you may not be called to that, you say, What is the use of the cross of Christ to us in ery-day life?" Why, it is of this use—that men ho love the suffering Saviour become *patient in eir every-day sufferings*. They say to themlves,

'His way was much rougher and darker than mine.
Did Christ my Lord suffer, and shall I repine?"

hey learn to hate sin by seeing the agonies by hich redemption was obtained; they learn to be oright by seeing with what a price they are ought; they learn to be self-denying at the feet of ne Crucified; and this is the good of the cross to iem, and this is the way they learn both to live nd to die. This black cloth which casts its somre hue around my platform is the memorial of *ne dear soul, my sister*, who learned to love the aviour while she was yet young, and in her early ays joined with this church; and in her death, hen it was a pang to draw each breath, she found er joy, her victory, in resting in the divine Saviour. he was a soldier's daughter, and was not ashamed o join with the despised people of God, and in her ong pains and agonizing death she found sustainng power in the doctrine of the cross, and found ictory in death.

This is what multitudes of men and women have ad to do with Christ. They have not passed Him y, but bowed at His feet, and found life, light, oy, perfection, heaven.

III. And I close with this last appeal: what, lear hearers,

WHAT HAVE YOU TO DO WITH HIM?

'Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, nd see if there be any sorrow like unto my sor-ow."

Now, I do not suppose that Jesus Christ is much o some that are here present, I mean people that are getting on in the world. Everything is going very easily with you. *You are rising like a balloon*, you are filled and inflated with prosperity. You are getting as much money as you can count. You are going on very well without a Saviour. You have your portion in this life. I should not wonder if you turn on your heel and despise him, and say that you do not want a Saviour. We will meet another day, young sir, when all that wine is sour and that gold is corroded, and those pleasures, like the rime of the morning, shall have disappeared beneath the burning sun of care. But for a while, I doubt not, Jesus Christ will be nothing to you. It is dreary talk, and a weariness to hear about Him.

But is there one here heavy of heart? Are there not many here conscious of fault? Are you wrong? Would you be right? Are you guilty? Would you be forgiven? Ah, then, the cross for you! Jesus for you! Turn aside and look at Him. Look till your eyes are full of tears. Look till you brush those tears away and say, "I see it all. Jesus has suffered in my stead. I am forgiven. My Father has adopted me. I am His child. I am glad." Oh, guilty ones, there is something in Christ for you, for He died, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God.

Peradventure there is another here who is not so much laboring under a sense of fault as under a sense of aimlessness in life. Do you feel, "Well, somehow, I have no purpose in life. I keep on like a blind horse round a mill, but I do not get any forwarder, and what is more, I do not know what I am toiling for." To bring up my children? Well, perhaps that is done. They are all settled in life, and you say, "I do not know what more is to be done. I do not seem to have any object worth striving after." My Master's sorrows may enlist you. *The Red Cross Knight*, when he bore the cross upon his arm, as he fought with the Saracen, though he was under a grave delusion, for Christ would not have us fight with deadly weapons, yet felt strong because he thought that the name of Christ was named upon him; but if you become a true knight of the red cross by living for the glory of Christ you will rise to a noble enthusiasm, and find an aim in life of which you will never tire.

Perhaps you are anxious to benefit others. Oh, if you are, you want to be doing something real and effective. *The world is going to the bad.* There is a great deal of mischief abroad. You say, "I want to do good." Friend, turn aside and look at Christ's sufferings, and see whether you have not there the fulcrum for your lever. To move rocks and mountains here is an unrivalled force; not steam power or dynamite, but something stronger, for an ounce of the doctrine of the cross would blast all the walls of error, and burst the dungeons of misery, if rightly applied. Come you to Christ and see if you have not there by the power of the Holy Ghost an irresistible agent of good to all mankind.

"Oh," says one, "I do not believe in Him." What do you believe in?—for whatever you believe in, try to use it for the good of your fellow-men. I would like to see you sending city missionaries from street to street to preach what you do believe in. Come, be reasonable and do something more than find fault. Some are so fond of pulling down. Would they try a little building up? Come, then. You say that we Christians are doing no good. Just try your own hand at it. Go to the dying; go to the sick; take them bottles of your philosophy, and comfort them with

THE ELIXIR OF SCIENTIFIC DOUBT.

Go ahead!

If somebody says that the current system of medicine is faulty, we reply, Very well, sir; have you found the right medicine? "Yes." Then distribute it, train physicians, and build hospitals. Get to work at it. Why not? Now, you that do not believe in God or Christ, send your own missionaries abroad. Enlighten the heathen by telling them that there is no God, no sin, no hell, no heaven, no soul, no anything. Go into the centre of Africa, and win them from their bloody superstitions by the doctrines of science. Go ahead. If you have a Gospel, do not hide it. What? You have no zeal in that direction. But why not? There is no particular use in it, is there? Not worth spending your money on. Miserable comforters! Wretched physicians that cannot heal!

But now, if you want to know whether there is power in the cross, ask a city missionary to let you go with him for a day. Pitch on the right man, and go and see for yourself. He will show you what the doctrine of the cross can do in comforting, in sobering, in cheering, in elevating. "I do not believe it," says one. No one said you did. Here is *a ship filling with water*, and you do not believe in pumps. Very well. I am going on pumping. You are anxious to discuss. Discuss away, but meanwhile I pump. Let every Christian man here make practical use of the cross of Christ, and keep on at it; and if men will not even take the trouble to inquire what are its results, their disbelief is irrational and inexcusable, and they must take the consequences. Our skirts are clear of their blood.

Dear friend, what if it should turn out that you have such a connection with the cross that Christ redeemed you there—that Christ put your sins away there? What if He so bought you there that He means to have you? What if you are so His that He means to save you? What if, when He died there, He bought for you eternal life, and insured for you a place in heaven at the right hand of God, to reign there with Himself?

"Oh, if I thought that," says one, I would come to Him." Come to Him, then, and it is true, for "whosoever believeth in Him hath everlasting life." Let me say that word over again. "He that believeth in Him hath everlasting life." If he only believed a minute ago—if he only believed a second ago, he has not only life but everlasting life. That life, therefore, is a thing that can never die. You have heaven, as well as all the blessings of earth, if you believe in Jesus.

But if you say, "I will have nothing to do with Jesus,' I would like you to say so to yourself in a deliberate manner. If Christ be not worth having, say that you will not have Him, and say it most distinctly. I feel hopeful when a man will come to a decision one way or the other. The sort of people for whom I tremble are those who say, "I hope it will be all right somehow." Oh, sirs, do not hesitate another hour, but answer me as in God's name I question you, Will you have Christ to-night or will you not? Say "Yes" or "No." I would ask you to write down your decision when you get home. Is Christ's yours or not? Sit down deliberately and say, "Yes, my Lord, in the merits of thy death I put my trust;" or else write it if you mean it, "He is not mine at all." We have known some to get comfort out of this act of decision.

There was *a poor girl* who had long been a Christian, but she was very sad at heart through sickness; and when her minister came to see her he said to her, "Well, Susan, how is your hope?" She said, "Sir, I am afraid I am not a Christian. I do not love the Lord Jesus Christ." He said, "Why, I always thought you did. You acted as if you did." "No," said she, "I am afraid I have deceived myself, and that I do not love Him." The minister wisely walked to the window and wrote on a piece of paper, "I do not love the Lord Jesus Christ," and he said, "Susan, here is a pencil. Just put your name to that." "No, sir," she said, "I could not sign *that*." "Why not?" "I would be torn to pieces before I would sign it, sir." "But why not sign it, if it is true?" "Ah, sir," said she, "I hope it is not true. I think I do love Him."

Get to know where you are, friend. If Baal be God, serve him; if God be God, serve Him; if Christ be a Saviour, serve Him; if He be not a Saviour, do not pretend to serve Him. Decide one way or the other. God help you to decide to-night, as you will decide when the heavens are on a blaze, when sun and moon have vanished from their spheres, when the solid earth shall rock and reel, and over all shall be heard the trumpet-note, "Come to judgment! Come to judgment! Come to judgment!" There sits the Judge, the Crucified, whose sorrows surpassed all sorrows, but whose glory then shall surpass all glory as He shall divide the saints on the right from the graceless on the left, and from His mouth shall come the final sentence which shall settle the doom of believers and unbelievers.

God bless you, dear friends, every one of you. Henceforth and forever may you be the Lord's. Amen and amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Psalm 22.]

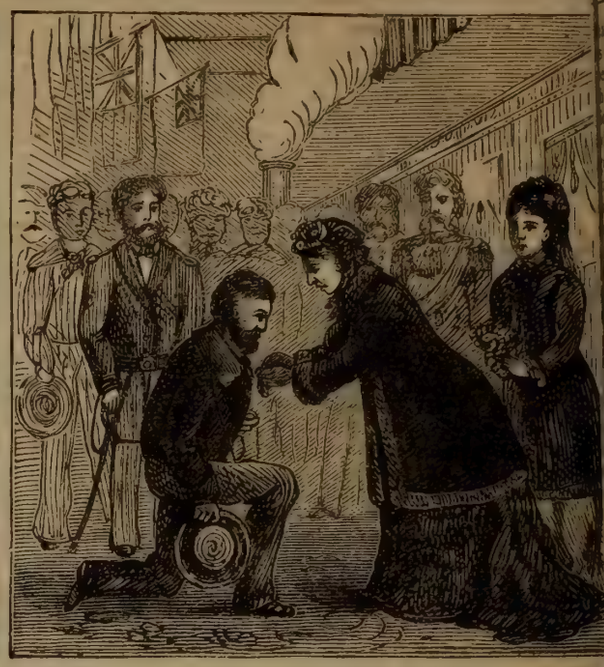
Among the hymns sung at the service was the following by the late Frances Havergal, which Mr. Spurgeon adapted for music—

"I could not do without Him!
Jesus is more to me
Than all the richest treasures
Of earth could ever be.
The more I find Him precious—
The more I find Him true—
The more I long to witness
The self-same bliss in you.

"You need not do without Him,
For He is passing by;
He's waiting to be gracious,
Waiting to hear your cry;
He's waiting to receive you—
To make you all His own!
Why will you do without Him,
And wander on alone?

"Why should you do without Him?
It is not yet too late;
He has not ceased His pleading,
He has not shut the gate.
He calls you!—hush! He calls you:
He would not have you go
Another step without Him,
Because He loves you so."

George Oatley's Heroic Rescue of a Shipwrecked Crew.



The Queen Decorating Oatley.

THE DECORATION OF A HEROIC COAST-GUARDSMAN.

Our young people, in reading history, are apt to acquire a false notion of heroism. The names which stand out most prominently in the records of our own and other nations are the names of generals and valiant soldiers, who have risked their lives in their country's service. But there are other heroes who never saw a battle-field, and it is well that boys should know that they may distinguish themselves by saving life as well as by destroying it. One such instance is the subject of our illustration. The following account of this deed of daring is taken from an English journal :

On Monday, February 16th, during a heavy gale, the Swedish schooner Auguste struck on some rocks on the British coast near Peterhead. Two rockets with ropes attached were fired by the coast-guard ; the first failed to cover the distance, but the second carried a line over the stern of the imperilled vessel. The crew, however, were ignorant of the working of the apparatus, and were unaware that they should make the end of the rope fast, to form a connecting link with the shore.

Among the crowd on the shore was George Oatley, a coast-guardsman, who, seeing the peril of the sailors on the wrecked vessel, resolved that they should not die without an effort being made to rescue them. Speedily divesting himself of his heavy outer clothing, he dashed into the raging ocean, and, swimming with a strong, steady stroke through the seething breakers and broken water, continued to breast the waves until he gained the comparatively smooth water between the ship and the rock, and was pulled on board by a rope which the Swedish mariners threw to him. He then proceeded to haul in the life-line and fix it firmly to the rigging, and this done, the crew were one by one drawn safely ashore. Oatley, who was the last to leave the ship, was landed completely insensible with cold and fatigue.

The account of this daring exploit was published in the newspapers, and so came under the notice of the authorities in London. It was decided to recommend the queen to distinguish the brave man by conferring upon him the Albert medal. This order was instituted fourteen years ago as a means of recognizing heroism in civil life. It is only conferred for special instances of bravery displayed in an effort to save life. It is regarded with especial pride, as it differs in this from the other decorations worn by the queen's German favorites, which simply show that the queen is partial to them. It is an oval medal, having the V and A artistically interlaced with an anchor, and bears the inscription of "For Gallantry in Saving Life at Sea," and it is suspended by a blue-and-white striped ribbon.

As a further distinction, Queen Victoria was induced to present the medal in person to the brave man, and accordingly she consented to have her train stopped at a junction while she was on one of her journeys to Balmoral, her Scottish home, where she spends most of her time undisturbed by the cares of state. At Ferryhill Junction a large concourse of people had assembled, including the sheriffs of the county and the magistrates of the city of Aberdeen. Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice left the saloon carriage, and were conducted to a small platform erected for the occasion. George Oatley was then introduced to the queen, who attached the medal to his left breast.

The Christian sees in such a scene a faint type of a future event, when those who have distinguished themselves in zeal for their Master's cause, and who have been the means of saving souls, will be honored by the King of kings. Then the honor will be eternal, not conferred by a human being, whom the accident of birth has raised to an exalted station, but by Him who gave His life that we might enjoy life everlasting (Daniel 12 : 3).

THE SOLEMNITY OF DEATH.

A Sermon by the Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D.*

"No man dieth to himself."—Romans 14 : 7.

Old Jewish Disputations—A False Standard of Piety—Selfishness in Religion—The Cure for the Evil—How it Works—Breaking up Selfishness—Taking away Solicitude—The Solitariness of Death—Friendless, Companionless, and Helpless—Three Aspects of the Apostle's Truism—I. No Choice as to the Time of Death—"Whom the Gods Love Die Young"—II. No Choice as to the Place of Death—"Home, Sweet Home"—Wanderers' Graves—III. No Choice as to the Manner of Death—Sudden Death—A Good or an Evil?—God's Wise Appointments.

The drift of the apostle in this chapter was toward the correction of harsh judgments against those whose opinions and practices do not agree with ours. Judaism had fallen into great hardness of spirit and adherence to formality before the coming of Jesus ; and that old Judaism, like certain vegetable growths, seems most difficult to eradicate from the field of the world. It is the *spiritual nut-grass*. It prevails in Christendom. It is the occasion of the heart-burnings and quarrels and persecutions of Christian sects.

The fact is, it is the cause of sectarianism. The breaking away of sects is on some question "of doubtful disputation," such as the Jewish sabbaths, baptisms, meats, temple service, and things of that sort, not one of which is worth an hour's thought, being old Jewish forms which were admirable in their first intent, but afterward became hard and empty, and were abolished by Jesus.

Nevertheless, there were those in the Christian society in the city of Rome who were still afflicted with the

RIGIDITY OF JUDAISM,

and desired to keep the ritualism of the old form of religion with the doctrines of the new, to pour the new wine of Christianity into the old bottles of churchism. They would be hard on the brethren who were using the liberty of the gospel.

It was in human nature to retort by charging the Jewish converts with "formalism" and "resting in the letter." No feuds seem so bitter as those which are fought over no material issue.

We shall never be rid of this temper until we come to see the relation of each man to God as settling the question of his relation to his fellowmen. Our mistake is in reversing this process. We determine a man's relation to God by his relation to us. If he be in conformity to our views, if he follow us, if head here to our clique, if he espouse and vigorously maintain our dogmas, he is right with God because he is right with us. Partisanship makes purity. If he served us, of course he served God ! If he was against us, of course he was an enemy of God.

And so, when a man dies after having been blasphemous and obscene and a neglecter of God and a promoter of evil, if he have served a party faithfully, that party will preach him into heaven and paint pictures of his reception among the blessed and immortalize him in statues, while the party against which his talents were directed believe that the man went straightway to hell, if there be a hell, and if there be not, that the existence of such characters as the deceased would justify the existence of a place of torment in the world beyond the grave.

It is to correct this violence of judgment and this wrong method of judging that the apostle Paul writes this argument. Each man is the servant of God. If a man realize that fact so thoroughly that it controls his life, so that he becomes convinced that he does not live to himself and does not die to himself, the whole selfishness of religion disappears.

There is such a thing as

SELFISHNESS IN RELIGION.

A man may be so intent on saving himself as to

* Published instead of Dr. Deems's sermon of Sept. 25, on Ps. 76 : 10.

ave no regard for God beyond the use that God to him, no sympathy with the suffering of Jesus eyond the atoning influence of His sacrifice on is special Christian's personal salvation, no par- cular admiration of heaven beyond the comfort hich the thought of it gives him now and the ood he hopes to get out of it hereafter. The sal- ation of others may be a happy incident in the ture history of this selfish Christian, and he is illing to see heaven crowded because it must be a etter sight than an empty heaven ; and he is will- g to have countless millions singing in heaven ecause that thundering chorus will be so much ore glorious than if his solitary harp and voice ade the only music in eternity. But that is all s selfishness sees in the salvation of others.

Such a Christian would naturally be impatient ith any opposition to his judgment and any devia- on from his religious practices. He judges all is fellow-men, and specially all his fellow-Chris- ans, as they "stand" or "fall" to him. But Paul ehemently asks, "Who art thou that judgest nother man's servant? To his own master he andeth or falleth." And you are not his mas- r ; nor are you his slave ; he belongs to God ; ou belong to God ; he does not live to himself ; ou do not live to yourself ; he does not die to him- lf ; you do not die to yourself.

This great truth does *two things* for us. 1. It reaks up our selfishness. We neither live nor die ourselves. We are not, therefore, to turn every ream into the reservoir of our personal interests nd wishes. We are not to lead every man to our ay of thinking. We are not to hold every man to ur standard. Every man is to be turned to God.

It takes away our solicitudes. If we do not ac- omplish everything for ourselves, we are doing omething always for another ; and that other is he Lord. We are His. He will not forsake His wn. Our life is thus safe. Our death is thus ecure. There is a dignity in living and there is a randeur in dying. All of our operations are rought into His great work of carrying the world orward to consummations the most sublime.

It is perhaps *more easy* to perceive and feel that ur life is not altogether our own than it is to per- eive and feel that our death is not altogether our wn. To human observation it would seem that othing so specially belongs to the self of a man, nd so little to any one else, as his death. It is

THE MOST SOLITARY FACT

n each man's history. In the most primary pro- uction of his existence a man's parents have a hare. In his birth the mother and the child are artners in the agony and the joy. Along all the ays of life he may have a companion, in all the orrows and joys of life one who sympathizes. In ll the walks of life he keeps step to the music of umanity. But when he comes to die he is sepa- ated. He is alone. He is bearing a burden which one can share. He is fighting a battle, single anded, in the dark, in a vacuum in which clashing teel can give no sound.

Or, to change the figure, he has sailed out. The ables have been loosened. The anchors have een lifted. He is slowly moving from the port. he spectators look on in solemnity. He glides nto the stream. He steams down into "The Narrows." A haze gathers about him. But long efore he is lost to sight he is lost to hearing. If e speak, we hear him no longer. If he fire *the arewell gun*, we see the flash down the bay, but here are too many intervening sounds, and we are oo far off to hear the report. He goes on and on, ke a vessel going to sea, until his masts are like a peck on the horizon, and then he has gone. No ring of cannon, no waving of signals, no tele- raphic communication can reach the ship. It is ut on the ocean, and shall behold token of land o more until it see the birds that come flying and he flowers that come floating from the shore on he other side.

Such seems a man's death to us who see it from his side. You cannot touch his sensibilities at any oint. Bankruptcy, poverty, calumny do no longer larm him. You may flash the keen edge of a leadly blade before his eyes, and he does not vink. You may pluck the flesh from his limbs vith white-hot pincers, and he does not move. Pestilence may be sweeping the city, and he cares not. The house may be on fire, and he heeds not. He may be lying on the battle-field, the field on which has been raging a conflict on which he had staked all that a man values. But the fatal blow falls. He sinks, to die. He is not dead ; but crown and wife and child and country and fame have all vanished from the brain that was full of them. The artillery thunders past him, and he hears not. The cavalry gallop over him, and he heeds not. He is alone in the dense centre of massed troops, alone, all alone. In the heart of intense life, in the core of intense activity, death sweeps a place for the man to lay down and die in.

THE HUSBAND AND WIFE

on the burning deck may lash themselves together, striving to make themselves one, and clasp each the other in the last embrace of fondest love, and leap together into the sea ; but down there, in the waves, heart to heart, and cheek to cheek, each dies as lonely as if the other were a thousand leagues away. They cannot die together. A mo- ment comes when the bodily embrace is forgotten in a solitary wrestle down in the dark waters, with the personal fate. A mine may cave in on a hun- dred workmen and mash them together so closely that they become one compact mass of flesh and bone, and yet each of the hundred dies as solitary and alone as if he were the only one buried alive.

To human imagination nothing seems so inde- scribably and solemnly and awfully lonely as the act and *the fact of dying*.

To save us from the breathless terror of this iso- lation our most holy faith comes in with Paul's assurance, "No man dieth unto himself." That breaks the solitude. And then it adds, "If we die, we die unto the Lord." That binds the human hope to the things beyond the grave. "Whether we live or die, we are the Lord's." That sancti- fies all activity and all aspiration. Looked at from this side the death-fact is the loneliest ; looked at from the other side it is the most cheering.

We can now contemplate the assertion which Paul makes of every Christian man, "No man dieth to himself," in several aspects which may make the study profitable.

I. First of all, we have

NO CHOICE AS TO THE TIME.

We cannot say, "I will stay in the field and labor in the vineyard so long, and then I will go to my rest in my home." We cannot engage to serve *so long* and then cease. We need not be anxious to live to a good old age or desirous to depart early. It was a fond and foolish adage of the ancients, "Whom the gods love die young." Whom the Lord loves live out all their days. These days may be few ; then they are early with the Lord. They may be many ; then they are crowded with opportunities for usefulness, and are occupied with laying up treasures in heaven. A Christian need not be at all concerned about the time of his death. Indeed, he knows that he could not of himself make an appointment with death. He could not say, "Thirty years from this day, at noon, will I go with thee, death, to the land beyond the grave." He does not know but that at that very hour there may be more reason for his living than there has ever been before.

Indeed, I cannot conceive how any man can ever be ready to die, in the sense of having nothing more to do. An active man is always enlarging his field and widening his work, and when called away there seem to be more things for him to do than ever before. He that is most fit to live is in this sense least ready to die ; and he that is most fit to die is the readiest man for all that is whole- somely active in good living. Let us thank God that the responsibility of the two surpassingly grave questions of the time of our birth and the time of our death is not devolved on us. We have been born, and that is accomplished. We shall die some time, and that will be accomplished with just as little influence and responsibility on our parts.

II. We have

NO CHOICE AS TO THE PLACE.

In the human heart and in human history there are two opposing forces. One is conservative, and makes us love to stay at home ; the other is pro- gressive, and leads us out in the hope that we shall be led up. How we desire to cling to our homes and yet cannot ! There is not a man in Christen- dom whose heart does not respond tenderly to the sentiment of the air and words of the song "Home, Sweet Home," a song that was written by a man who never had a home, and who died a wanderer. It has occurred to me that the pathos of that song lies in the fact that almost no one has a home. To most men it is an ideal. It is what they should love to have. A very few do have it ! just enough to give to the idea of home some form and pressure.

In this large congregation I venture the asser- tion that it is probable you could not find a hun- dred people who live in houses owned by them- selves, and not two hundred more who even live in hired houses. The rest of us are "camping" in *hotels and boarding-houses*. And I venture to say that there are not three people in this assembly who are living in the houses in which their fathers lived, and there is probably not one of us who will die in the house in which he was born.

As what is called "civilization" advances, more and more we wander. We cannot tell where we shall be next year. Civilization makes less room at home. It presses men out. It makes demands which can be satisfied only from without. As Christians come to have larger views of their duties to the race the more are they drawn from cozy re- treats and soft nests out to work among their fel- low-men in all parts of the world. And it is a trait of men and birds that they do not like to go back to the old cold nests. We cannot prepare a soft bed for our hour of dying, and say, "I will come back and lay me here, and close my life amid the scenes that have been dear to me." While we are gone they may destroy the place, as while the Em- peror of France was absent from Paris they burned the Tuileries, the magnificent palace in which he was born.

But how immaterial are such considerations to a Christian ! He is to be nowhere that duty does not call. He must be where duty does call. He is not to consider how near that brings him to the death hour. The Lord regulates that. Standing in his place at all times, he will be in his place when the stroke of death shall come. It may be on the mount with Moses, gazing from Pisgah over the Promised Land. It may be at the rich man's door with Lazarus, gazing at dogs and vermin. It will be just where it ought to be. *Where* "we die, we die unto the Lord."

III. We have

NO CHOICE AS TO THE MANNER.

According to a man's temperament will be his preferences in all things, even in the matter of dying, as to its place and method. Generally there seems to be a desire that death might not be in- stant. Thousands have repeated the petition of the *Episcopal Prayer-Book*, "From sudden death, good Lord deliver us." Is it a good prayer? To a Christian is sudden death a thing so undesirable that it should be classed with pestilence, famine, battle, and murder, as it is in the Litany? Is it more desirable to feel one's powers wasting through long years, the old ties loosening, office by office vacated, one association after another dis- solved, until our life becomes a weariness to our- selves and a burden to others?

For my own part I have long thought and often said that I should prefer to live fully in perfect play of all my powers, and busier than ever ; ready to go, but quite as ready to stay, and then, in a moment leap the narrow dividing stream from the banks of this island of mortal life to the banks of the conti- nent of the life everlasting. To a Christian in full power it must be glorious to have *the lightning flash* fling the doors of immortality open. And yet it is not becoming that you and I should be fondly dwelling on such pictures.

It may be that God intends us to long racking pain that we may be made perfect through suffer- ing, that we may be monumental of that divine grace which is sufficient for us. He may assem- ble about our beds crowds of great and small, be- cause there is some lesson which our death shall have special power to teach. Perhaps He will cut us off so that none of our most intimate friends shall know anything about our latter end, as when men fall in the *mêlée* of battle and are hurriedly

buried in trenches crowded with unrecognized corpses, or drop overboard at sea, or are lost in African explorations; in which cases the lives of the departed stand out sharply cut and without the shadow of death. Of friends who have so gone we have recollections simply of their lives when those lives were full of life. The last time seen those friends were in the usual business of their position, jocund and gay, or strong and full. There is no memory of weakness connected with such a life.

But the choice, thank God, *is not with us.* "Whether we live, we live unto the Lord; or whether we die, we die unto the Lord." We have this assurance, that the very moment in which any Christian's life shall close will be that which shall give his whole earthly existence its greatest capability of benefiting the race and promoting among men the knowledge of the Lord our Saviour. No Christian can desire more. Every Christian is sure that he shall not have less. "No man dieth unto himself." Not by himself, not for himself, not to himself. The Christian dies "unto the Lord." His death consecrates his whole life with all its influence to the Lord whom he has served. He leaves that life and that influence to work for his Lord when he has gone, and then he goes to be "forever with the Lord," enjoying the double immortality of perpetual influence on earth and everlasting work and happiness in heaven.

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(*Continued from page* 639.)

Upfold Farm.

ROLAND'S mother went on sadly enough upstairs to see if she could find out anything about her son; and Phebe and Felix had turned into the terraced garden, where the boat-house was built close under the bank of the river.

"I should be sorry for my mother to be like other people," said Felix, proudly. "She is like the evening star, my father says, and I always look out at night to see if it is shining. You know, Phebe, when we row her up the river, my father and me, we keep quite quiet, only nodding at one another which way to pull, and she sits silent with eyes that shine like stars. We would not speak for anything, not one little word, lest we should disturb her. My father says she is a great genius; not at all like other people, and worth thousands and thousands of common women. But I don't think you are a common woman, Phebe," he added, lifting up his eager face to hers, as if afraid of hurting her feelings, "and my father does not think so, I know."

"Your father has known me all my life, and has always been my best friend," said Phebe with a pleasant smile. "But I am a working woman, Felix, and your mother is a lady and a great genius. It is God who has ordered it so."

She would have laughed if she had been less simple-hearted than she was, at the anxious care with which the boy arranged the boat for his mother. No cushions were soft enough and no shawls warm enough for *the precious guest.* When at length all was ready, and he fetched her himself from the house, it was not until she was comfortably seated in the low seat, with a well-padded sloping back, against which she could recline at ease, and with a soft, warm shawl wrapped round her—not till then did the slight cloud of care pass away from his face, and the little pucker of anxiety which knitted his brows grow smooth. The little girl of five, Hilda, nestled down by her mother, and Felix took his post at the helm. In unbroken silence they pushed off into the middle of the stream, the boat rowed easily by Phebe's strong young arms. So silent were they all that they could hear the rustling of the young leaves on the trees, under whose shadows they passed, and the joyous singing of the larks in the meadows on each side of the sunny reaches of water, down which they floated. It was not until they landed the children on the osier island, and bade them run about to play, and not then until they were some distance away, that their merry young voices were heard.

"Phebe," said Felicita, in her low-toned, softly-modulated voice, always languid and deliberate, "talk to me. Tell me *how you spend your life.*"

Phebe was sitting face to face with her, balancing the boat with the oars against the swift flowing of the river, with smiles coming and going on her face as rapidly as the shadows and the sunshine chasing each other over the fields this May morning.

"You know," she answered simply, "we live a mile away from the nearest house, and that is only a cottage where an old farm laborer lives with his old wife. It's very lonesome up there on the hills. Days and days go by, and I never hear a voice speaking, and I feel as if I could not bear the sound of my own voice when I call the cattle home, or the fowls to come for their corn. If it wasn't for the living things around me, that know me as well as they know one another, and love me more, I should feel sometimes as if I was dead. And I long so to hear somebody speak—to be near more of my fellow-creatures. Why, when I touch the hand of any one I love, yours, or Mr. Sefton's, or Madame s, it's *almost a pain* to me; it seems to bring me so close to you. I always feel as if I became a part of father when I touch him. Oh, you do not know what it is to be alone!"

"No," said Felicita, sighing, "never have I been alone, and I would give worlds to be as free as you are. You cannot imagine what it is," she went on speaking rapidly and with intense eagerness, "never to belong to yourself, or to be alone; for it is not being alone to have only four thin walls separating you from a husband, and children, and a large busy household. 'What are you thinking, my darling?' Roland is always asking me; and the children break in upon me. Body, soul, and spirit, I am held down a captive; I have been in bondage all my life. I have never even thought as I should think if I could be free."

"But I cannot understand that," cried Phebe. "I could never be too near those I love. I should like to live in a large house, with many people all smiling and talking around me. And everybody worships you."

She uttered the last words shyly, partly afraid of bringing a frown on the lovely face opposite to her, which was quickly losing its vivid expression, and sinking back into statuesque coldness.

"It is simply weariness to me and vexation of spirit," she answered. "If I could be quite alone, as you are, with only a father like yours, I think I could get free; but I have never been left alone from my babyhood; just as Felix and Hilda are never left alone. Oh, Phebe, you do not know how happy you are."

"No," she said cheerfully, "sometimes when I stand at our garden gate, and look round me for miles and miles away, and the sweet air blows past me, and the bees are humming, and the birds calling to one another, and everything is so peaceful, with father happy over his work not far off, I think I don't know how happy I am. I try to catch hold of the feeling and keep it, but it slips away somehow. Only I thank God *I am happy.*"

"I was never happy enough to thank God," Felicita murmured, lying back in her seat and shutting her eyes. Presently the children returned, and, after another silent row, slower and more toilsome, as it was up the river, they drew near home again, and saw Madame's anxious face watching for them over the low garden wall. Her heart had been too heavy for her to join them in their pleasure-taking, and it was no lighter now.

Phebe rode slowy homewards in the dusk of the evening, her brain too busy with the varied events of the day for her to be in any haste to reach the end. For the last four miles her road lay in long by-lanes, shady with high hedge-rows and trees, which grew less frequent and more stunted as she rose gradually higher up the long spurs of the hills, whose rounded outlines showed dark against the clear orange tint of the western sky. She could hear the brown cattle chewing the cud, and the bleating of some solitary sheep on the open moor, calling to the flock from which it had strayed during the daytime, with the angry yelping of a dog in answer to its cry from some distant farmyard. The air was fresh and chilly with dew, and the low wind, which only lifted the branches of the trees a little in the lower land she had left, was growing keener, and would blow sharply enough across t unsheltered table-land she was reaching. But s she loitered, letting her rough pony snatch tufts fresh grass from the banks, and shamble leisur along as he strayed from one side of the road the other.

Phebe was not so much thinking as ponderi in a confused and unconnected manner over all t circumstances of the day, when suddenly the t figure of a man rose from under the black hedg row, and laid his arm across the pony's neck, w his face turned up to her. Her heart throbb quickly, but not altogether with terror.

"Mr. Sefton!" she cried.

"You know me in the dark, then?" he answ ed. "I have been watching for you all day, Phe You come from home?"

She knew he meant his home, not hers.

"Yes, it was Felix's birthday, and we have be down the river," she said.

"Is anything known yet?" he asked.

Though it was so solitary a spot that Phebe h passed no one for the last three miles, and he h been haunting the hills all day without seeing soul, yet he spoke in a whisper, as if fearful of b traying himself.

"Only that you are away," she replied, "a they think you are in London."

"Is not Mr. Clifford come?" he asked.

"No, sir; he comes to-morrow," she answere

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, in a louder ton When he spoke again, he did so without looki into her face, which indeed was scarcely visible the deepening dusk.

"Phebe," he said, "we have known each oth for many years."

"All my life, sir," she responded, eagerl "father and me, we are proud of knowing you."

Before speaking again he led her pony up t steep lane to a gate which opened on the moo land. It was not so dark here, from under t hedgerows and trees, and a little pool beside t gate caught the last lingering light in the wes and reflected it like a dim and dusty mirror. Th could see one another's faces; his was workin with strong excitement, and hers, earnest a friendly, looked frankly down upon him. H clasped her hand with the strong, desperate gr of *a sinking man*, and her fingers responded with warm clasp.

"Can I trust you, Phebe?" he cried. "I ha no other chance."

"I will help you even to dying for you and your she answered. The girlish fervor of her mann struck him mournfully. Why should he burde her with his crime? What right had he to d mand any sacrifice from her? Yet he felt sl spoke the truth. Phebe Marlowe would rejoice helping, even unto death, not only him, but an other fellow-creature who was sinking under so row or sin.

"Come on home," she said; "it is bitterly co here; and *you can tell me what to do.*"

He placed himself at the pony's head again, an trudged on speechlessly along the rough roa which was now nothing more than the tracks ma by cart-wheels across the moor, with deep ruts, ov which he stumbled like a man who is worn out wi fatigue. In a quarter of an hour the low cotta was reached, surrounded by a little belt of field and a few storm-beaten fir-trees. There was dull glow of red to be seen through the lattice wi dow, telling Phebe of a smouldering fire, made u for her by her father, before going back to h workshop at the end of the field behind the hous She stirred up the wood-ashes and threw upo them some dry, light faggots of gorse, and in a fe seconds a dazzling light filled the little room fro end to end. It was *a familiar place* to Roland Se ton, and he took no notice of it.

But is was a curious interior. Every niche the walls was covered with carved oak; no wain scoted hall in the country could be more richly o more fancifully decorated. The chimney-piec over the open hearth-stone, a wide chimney-piece was deeply carved with curious devices. Th doors and window-frames, the cupboards and th shelves for the crockery, were all of dark oak, fash ioned into leaves and ferns, with birds on thei

ests, and timid rabbits, and still more timid wood-
nice peeping out of their coverts, cocks crowing
ith uplifted crest, and chickens nestling under
he hen-mother's wings, sheaves of corn, and tall,
lub-headed bullrushes—all the objects familiar to
country life. The dancing light played upon
hem, and shone also upon Roland Sefton's sad
nd weary face. Phebe drew her father's carved
rm-chair close to the fire.

"Sit down," she said, "and let me get you
omething to eat."

"Yes," he answered, sinking down wearily in
he chair; "I am nearly dying of hunger. Good
eavens! is it possible I can be hungry?"

He spoke with an indescribable expression of
ingled astonishment and dread. Suddenly there
roke upon him the possibility of suffering want in
any forms in the future, and yet he felt ashamed
f foreseeing them in this, the first day of his great
alamity. Until this moment he had been too ab-
orbed in dwelling upon the moral and social con-
equences of his crime, to realize how utterly worn
ut he was; but all his physical strength appeared
o collapse in an instant.

And now for the first time Phebe beheld the
hange in him, and stood gazing at him in mute
urprise and sorrow. He had always been careful
f his personal appearance, with a refinement and
laintiness which had grown especially fastidious
ince his marriage. But now his coat, wet through
luring the night, and dried only by the keen air of
he hills, was creased and soiled, and his boots
were thickly covered with mud and clay. His
ace and hands were unwashed, and his hair hung
nbrushed over his forehead. Phebe's whole
eart was stirred at this pitiful change, and she
aid her hand on his shoulder with a timid but
ffectionate touch.

"Mr. Roland," she said, "go up-stairs and put
ourself to rights a little; and give me your clothes
nd your boots to brush. You'll feel better when
ou are more like yourself."

He smiled faintly as he looked up at her quiver-
ng lips, and *eyes full of unshed tears*. But her
omely advice was good, and he was glad to fol-
ow it. Her little room above was lined with richly
arved oak panels like the kitchen below, and a
ookcase contained her books, many of which he
ad himself given to her. There was an easel
tanding under the highest part of the shelving
oof where a skylight was let into the thatch, and
a half-finished painting rested on it. But he did
ot give a glance toward it. There was very little
nterest to him just now in Phebe's pursuits;
hough she owed most of them to him.

By the time he was ready to go down, supper
was waiting for him on the warm and bright hearth,
and he fell upon it almost ravenously. It was
twenty-four hours since he had last eaten. Phebe
sat almost out of sight in the shadow of a large
settle, with her knitting in her hand, and her eyes
only seeking his face when any movement seemed
to indicate that she could serve him in some way.
But in these brief glances she noticed the color
coming back to his face, and new vigor and reso-
lution changing his whole aspect.

"And now," he said, when his hunger was
satisfied, "I can talk to you, Phebe."

(*To be continued.*)

THE PEACE OFFERING.

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 23. Lev. vii. 11-18. Golden Text, Ps. 50 : 14. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

"*Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the Most High.*" Such is our Golden Text, and it is a most precious keynote to our subject. Last week, in considering the Burnt Offering, we saw the completeness of sacrifice in our Lord's blessed life on earth, and we saw our vocation to present our bodies "a living sacrifice" to Him. But this is wholesale sacrifice, and many might believe that they had honestly and really offered themselves to Him, if there were not details in which they find it difficult to sacrifice their wills; these are typified by the Peace Offering. Man has his part in that which he offers to God in detail, for the priests and the offerer had each their portion to eat from the peace offerings, whereas in the burnt offering, the one full, complete, unreserved surrender of ourselves to God, as being one with Christ, no man can have a part. As Christ, the God-Man, was God's undivided property, so we, who in Him offer and present ourselves to God, are the property of none but Him; and if we are subject to rulers, parents, pastors, or teachers, our subjection is for Him and in Him.

The Peace offering was the offering of a life, just as the burnt offering and the sin offering; but it was neither wholly burnt upon the altar like the burnt offering, nor yet burnt without the camp like the sin offering. The inwards and the fat, with some part of the flesh, were to be offered upon the altar, after the blood had been sprinkled round about it. A certain portion was the perquisite of the priests, which might be eaten by Aaron and his family.

The peace offering might be for a *thanksgiving, or for a vow or voluntary offering*. If for thanksgiving, the Israelite must offer with it "unleavened cakes mingled with oil, and unleavened wafers anointed with oil, and cakes mingled with oil of fine flour, fried." "Bread corn is bruised" (Is. 28 : 28), and thanksgiving offered with the oil (the unction of the Holy Ghost) comes most readily from a broken and contrite heart which has been ground small in God's mill, and which mingles readily with the precious oil. Besides the cakes, he must offer leavened bread. But out of the whole oblation only one cake might be offered unto the Lord, "and it shall be the priest's that sprinkleth the blood of the peace offerings."

"Whoso offereth praise glorifieth Me" (Ps. 50 : 23). God is graciously willing to accept very imperfect thanksgiving when it is brought with the blood of the Lord Jesus, and mingled with the oil of the Holy Ghost. While, in the burnt offering, the inwards and the legs must be washed with water; this is not commanded in reference to the peace offerings and sin offering. The burnt offering is the type of God's ideal, the "King's daughter" who "all glorious within" (Ps. 45 : 13). Much which the holy eye of God may detect as impure may yet exist, while the heart is full of real and unfettered thanksgiving to God; but there must be no "blemish," *no known sin recognizable, by us or by others*, no condemnation of heart, or the offering cannot be accepted. And the flesh of the sacrifice of his peace offerings for thanksgiving shall be eaten the same day that it is offered; he shall not leave any of it until the morning. Thanksgiving must always be fresh, always flowing, a thank offering cannot be kept over; when it ceases to be spontaneous, it is valueless.

Thanksgiving and praise to God is a sacrifice which gives joy to His heart, spreads joy among His people, and rejoices and strengthens him who offers it. What a sunbeam it is in a prayer-meeting to meet with any one whose heart is full of praise! What a lightening of the burden of those who are oppressed, when one person in the house has the true spirit of thanksgiving, and sees the bright side, because God's side, of everything. The natural result of being filled with the Spirit is "giving thanks always for all things to God the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ" (Eph. 5 : 18-20); the antidote to all anxiety is "in everything by prayer and supplication, *with thanksgiving* let your requests be made known unto God" (Phil. 4 : 6). But "the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth" (1 Cor. 5 : 8), must be offered with it; and this is not the offering of a natural unrenewed heart, it is only acceptable when oil has been poured upon it, which indicates that only the Spirit's unction can make the most sincere praise acceptable unto God.

If the peace offering were a vow, it might be eaten the day it was offered, and also on the morrow, but not on the third day, the sign of resurrection; for a vow, although it may endure and may not need to be continually new like the thanksgiving, yet cannot die and rise again. *A promise made to the Lord is binding*, yet is it not true that many of us have more lightly broken our promises made in secret to the Lord than those which we have made openly to man? Yet each of these is made on the ground of the poured-out life of Jesus, each is anointed with the Holy Ghost, for all which is not so offered is unacceptable to God. Let us be careful how we make promises to God. "When thou shalt vow a vow unto the Lord thy God, thou shalt not slack to pay it: for the Lord thy God will surely require it of thee; and it would be sin in thee. But if thou shalt forbear to vow, it shall be no sin in thee. That which is gone out of thy lips thou shalt keep and perform."

Are there not some children of God who, convicted by the Holy Ghost of want of prayer, have promised the Lord to rise earlier, and having done so for some few mornings consecutively, have afterward allowed little excuses to hinder them from continuing? Are there not those who have been urged by the Spirit to give such and such a portion of their means to such and such a work of God? In a moment of zeal the promise has been made to the Lord to do this. But after thoughts have revealed how much inconvenience this would cause, an excuse has been found for doubting whether the call came really from God; an easy belief that the impulse arose from hasty, untempered zeal, and the vow was not paid. Every time we allow a doubt about the leading of the Spirit in this manner, we are sowing uncertainty for the future. *Prompt obedience ensures clear guidance.* It is an awful thing to take advantage of our ignorance of the Spirit's voice to allow ourselves in those things about which He deals with us.

The Lord prohibited anyone from eating the flesh of the peace offering, having uncleanness upon him, or having touched any unclean thing. Any contact with the dead or with the flesh, any contact with sin, sufficed to make a man unclean, and as such neither thanksgiving nor vow could be accepted at his hand. "I am crucified with Christ," said Paul the Apostle, "nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Now *any contact with the crucified and buried Paul*, any touching him, considering him, handling him, would make the apostle unclean; it was for him to consider the new Occupant of his redeemed body, to bring all things in relation to Christ, who lived in him, and not to himself.

O, how often a child of God who is under some trial, considers his own inconvenience or suffering, pities or sympathizes with himself, and thinks it hard if others do not sympathize with him, totally forgetting that all this is touching the dead, coming in contact with that condemned being whom God has crucified with Christ. If he turns to God's side of the trial, that his God has permitted him to suffer for His sake, that, in Christ, he has full power to endure, that God is both making him more like Jesus and glorifying Himself in the grace which is being manifested in Him; then his heart warms with glad and joyous thanksgiving, and vows are made and paid unto God. Then he brings one peace offering after another to the altar, God's pleasure is manifested to him, the royal priesthood of God's children is nourished and strengthened thereby, and his own inner life receives renewal.

One thing more we must notice in the peace offering. "All the fat is the Lord's. It shall be a perpetual statute for your generations throughout all your dwellings, that ye eat neither fat nor blood" (Lev. 3 : 16, 17). "Ye shall eat no manner of fat of ox, or of sheep, or of goats . . . For whosoever eateth the fat of the beast, of which men offer an offering made by fire unto the Lord, even the soul that eateth it shall be cut off from his people" (Lev. 7 : 23-25). *God's portion would never become man's*, it was consecrated, holy unto the Lord, and it was desecration to appropriate it: this was in part the sin of Eli's sons (1 Sam. 2 : 15, 16). The prohibition to eat blood is renewed in the New Testament (Acts 15 : 29), but the prohibition against eating fat belongs to the Old Covenant. The Lord in loving mercy teach us the blessed practical lessons which we may learn from these Old Testament shadows, that our life may be an offering unto God as a whole, and in all its parts; that all we are and do may point upward, and that our whole being may speak the glory of God. Then, in our eating and drinking, our labor, speaking, and writing, in our very silence, we shall be "partakers with the altar" of our God.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Chief Foreign Event of the Week has been the orations of the British Premier, delivered at Leeds. Mr. Gladstone mainly concerned himself with the two prominent internal questions of the day, with only slight reference to foreign topics. Dealing with the Irish question he made a vigorous attack on Mr. Parnell, whom he described as *a preacher "of the doctrine of public plunder."* He said that the British nation was coming to a state of things when it would be a question of law on the one hand, and of lawlessness on the other. After this scathing exposure of the aims and modes of procedure of the Land League he launched a threat against that organization which they will do well to heed, for a man so patient and forbearing as Mr. Gladstone has proved himself, is always a more dangerous enemy when the limits of his patience are passed, than is a more impulsive man. Mr. Gladstone said that if the law, "purged from defect and the stain of injustice, is still refused, and *the first condition of political society is unfulfilled, then, I say, gentlemen, the resources of civilization are not exhausted.*" That is the most ominous expression to which the Premier has given utterance. He appears for the first time to have realized that the Land Bill he has succeeded in passing, has worked for himself and his party unmitigated disaster. It has alienated a multitude of his friends, and it has not gained him the friendship of those of his enemies whom he has benefited.

The Second Topic to which Mr. Gladstone devoted his attention was that of Fair Trade. On this subject the British Premier is at home. Even his most inveterate opponents acknowledge that in the capacity to deal with financial questions Mr. Gladstone is unequalled. He admitted, that there is a serious depression of trade, but expressed his conviction that it proceeded from *decreased purchasing power*. He calculated that between 1878 and 1880 Great Britain had lost on her export trade an amount equivalent to $120,000,000, but as much as $500,000,000 from bad harvests. Referring to the Fair Trade League, he said some persons complained about *the American tariffs*. America sent to England $15,000,000 worth of manufactures, while England sent to America more than ten times that amount. Fair traders wanted America to cease to be the customers of England. More *unfair* leaguers he never knew. He declared that he himself "would be no party to a retrograde movement." Mr. Gladstone made an eloquent defence of free trade. As an illustration of its benefits, he pointed out that the export of manufactured goods from England to Asia, Africa, and Australia amounted to *sixteen times* the sum that America sold to those continents. *The trade of France and America together did not equal the English.* Although both enjoyed protection, England beat them in all neutral markets. Mr. Gladstone said: "So long as America adheres to protection our commercial supremacy will be secure. We need not disturb ourselves the slightest on that score."

The Tenant Farmers of England, Encouraged by the concessions granted to the Irish farmers, have commenced an agitation for their own relief. They have prepared an act of Parliament which they hope to induce the Government to introduce next session. The bill aims at the establishment of *complete security for the capital* of the farmers, and entire *immunity from capricious eviction*; the right of the tenant to sell his improvements in open market, with provisions that the landlord must accept as a tenant for seven years and at the same rent as that of the outgoing tenant the person who purchases them; and *the creation of a land court* in every district for the settlement of questions concerning rents and all other disputes.

The Boers of the Transvaal in South Africa have formulated their objections to the treaty under which the British granted them independence. Their protest covers several points in the treaty. The first relates to the indemnity, which the Boers consider excessive. Secondly, they object to the power the British have reserved to control the external relations of the state, including the conclusion of treaties and the conduct of diplomatic intercourse with foreign Powers, and the article defining the duties of the British resident. They also object to the article providing for *complete freedom of religion* and protection for all denominations; the article declaring that *no slavery* or apprenticeship partaking of slavery shall be tolerated by the Boers; to the article providing for the rights of all persons, other than natives, who conform to the laws of the Transvaal, and to the article declaring that all inhabitants of the Transvaal shall have free access to courts of justice for the protection and defence of their rights. But their chief objection is to the right the British claim to regulate the relations of the Boers with the native tribes. The Queen's government insist on this point, because they have reason to believe the last two wars with South African savages were the result of Boer attacks on the natives.

Affairs in Egypt Appear to be Rapidly Tending to a serious crisis. The Sultan of Turkey, who claims the suzerainty of the Viceroy of Egypt, has interfered, and England and France show signs of sinking their own rivalries in united opposition to Turkey. The Sultan has dispatched commissioners of his own to Egypt with definite instructions. These are to discover the causes leading to the recent military outbreak at Cairo, to participate in the ultimate diplomatic negotiations between the Khedive and the representatives of the Powers, and to report to the Sultan the reasons why the Khedive has hitherto neglected making a voyage to Constantinople to tender his allegiance. The English and French representatives met the commissioners on their arrival and formally requested them to leave Egypt. The delegates replied: "As to the matters which were referred to the Sultan by the Khedive, we shall institute a rigid investigation, and insist upon a full maintenance of the Sultan's authority." Meanwhile Araby Bey, the leader of the insurgents, has taken up a position near the Suez Canal, and declares that if foreign troops are landed *he will blow up the canal.*

Another Royal Interview is Reported from Europe. The Kings of Spain and Portugal met on October 8th at Valencia de Alcantara, a Spanish city near the Portuguese frontier. The ostensible object of the meeting was the opening of a new line of railway connecting Madrid and Lisbon, the capitals of the two countries. A very cordial feeling is said to exist between the two monarchs.

Arrests of Russian Nihilists Continue. Twenty pupils of the Constantine Military School were arrested last week. Many Nihilist proclamations were found on them. The Russian authorities, in view of this fact, are adopting the severest measures. *Markets and fairs are prohibited* wherever there is the least suspicion that the Nihilists intend to use such gatherings for their own purposes. The Russian Government has not abandoned the hope of inducing other governments to co-operate in the endeavor to suppress the allies of nihilism. The Russian official journal says: "The Russian Government has no intention of exercising a pressure in any quarter. It regards the action of such criminals against society as *threatening all states alike*, and therefore thinks that defensive measures against the scourge should be collective. From a moral point of view, however, the maintenance of social order is a matter that concerns all civilized states."

A Curious and Suggestive Calculation is made by an ingenious dean in Switzerland, who thinks he has discovered a close relationship between *divorce courts and drinking saloons*, and claims to be able to ascertain, on an average, the number of divorces per thousand marriages by *doubling the number of saloons* per thousand men. In Appenzell, for instance, there are 37 public houses and 78 divorces; in Zurich, 25 and 57; and in Berne, 16 and 36. Another coincidence has been noted by a Russian statistician, who has been testing the influence of the liquor saloons on the prosperity of the people. He finds that there is a connection between the number of vodky shops in a village and the number of live stock possessed by the villagers. In the government of Orel the village of Jarnovo has three public houses, whereas the village of Petroffskoe has none. In the former, although the farms are double the size of the latter, 38 per cent of the peasants have neither horse nor cow, while in the latter the number destitute of live stock is only 7 per cent. A temperance worker named Katkoff, with a band of active colleagues, is now engaged in promoting temperance principles in Russia.

The Pope is Again Reported to be Meditating a departure from Rome. The Paris *Figaro* of October 5th announced that the previous day, when receiving a deputation of Roman sympathizers, the Pope informed them that the time might not be far distant when to protect the dignity and independence of the Pontificate and to save himself from the party of revolution he should have to quit the "Eternal City."

A Revival in Japan is Described by a Writer in a contemporary as follows: "The largest theatres are too small to hold the thousands that gather to hear preaching that is carried on entirely by native Christians The newspapers have entered the lists, and while some are for choking down, by fair means or foul, this 'cursed way,' others are boldly siding with the new religion as the only hope for the country. Buddhism and Shintoism, too, are at last aroused to their danger, and have not only begun their mass meetings, but have also put forth several polemic tracts, which, of course, serve to awaken public interest." Japan, he thinks, is on the eve of a great religious movement that will attract the attention of the world.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey Commenced their transatlantic labors on Sunday last, at Newcastle-on-Tyne. It is expected that their stay in that busy town will be brief, after which they will proceed to Scotland, where they expect to hold services in most of the principal cities.

A Relic of the Mayflower Pilgrims.—Mr. Benjamin Scott, the Chamberlain of London, writing to the London *Times*, suggests as a means of giving an enduring proof of England's sympathy toward America, that the manuscript of the library of the See of London, *in the handwriting of Governor Bradford*, one of the Pilgrim Fathers who landed in Massachusetts in 1620, be given to America in the name of the Queen and the nation. This manuscript contains the compact or constitution out of which arose eventually the federation now termed the United States. The document was captured by a British soldier during the War of Independence. "It is," says the writer, "considered by many Americans as the Book of Genesis of their nation, and regarded with much the same veneration as that with which Englishmen contemplate the original of Magna Charta."

Methodism in England.—A Prominent Daily journal, reviewing the results of the recent Œcumenical Conference of Methodists in London, expresses the opinion that the reports proved that, though there has been a considerable extension of Methodism in towns, there has been a decided falling off in the rural districts of England. Thus in 1869 Bedford and Northampton district had 11,463 members, and has only 10,801 to-day; Cornwall has in the same period reduced its number from 20,725 to 18,523, while a detailed examination of the numbers in other parts of the country shows a marked diminution.

"Coming Wars," by the Rev. M. Baxter: Two Pamphlets; price five cents each by mail. *First Pamphlet* contains "Ten Signs of the End, and Description of Approaching Events;" with two maps of the territory to be under Antichrist's rule, and four large diagrams. *Second Pamphlet* contains valuable quotations from twenty-six Expositors on the same subject. Address, with price inclosed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

The Following Works by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon are for sale at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Office at prices much below what they can be obtained for elsewhere. Remittances must accompany orders: *John Ploughman's Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 cents. *The Treasury of David*, an exposition of the Book of Psalms, vols. II., III., and IV., from Psa. 27 to 103, $3 a vol. *Spurgeon Birth-Day Book.* This popular gift-book contains a suitable passage selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every day in the year, with a blank space opposite for autographs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon appear at their respective birthdays. The book is gorgeously bound, and the price is 75 cents.

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AGNES ELIZABETH JONES;
The Lady Hospital Nurse.

Devotion of Christian Women—Her Birth—Spends Six Years in Mauritius—Memorable Bible Readings—A Terrible Storm at Sea—Struggle with a Fugitive Kangaroo—Her Conversion—Visits France, Germany, and Switzerland—Pastor Fliedner and the Kaiserswerth Institution—Useful Service at Fahan—Return to Kaiserswerth—Bible Mission and Hospital Work in London—The Great London Bridge Fire—Visit to Italy—Superintendence of the Great Northern Hospital—Work at Liverpool Hospital—Death from Typhus Fever.

WHAT were *the missing incidents of our Lord's life* is a question on which many Christians have meditated. We should like to have known them all, even if it had caused as great a multiplication of books as the Apostle John supposed it would have done. However, God in His wisdom allowed four independent selections to be made; and it is an interesting study to compare the Gospels, and to notice how each writer has narrated those events which apparently made the most marked impression on his mind. In doing so we are impressed with the fact that while some incidents are described by one Evangelist and omitted by the others, there is one that is recorded by them all. It is not an event which in a life so sublime, an ordinary biographer would have deemed important; but the inspired writers who had sat at the feet of Jesus thought otherwise, and they have told the story in simple touching words. It is *the story of a woman's devotion.* Thus our Lord's prophecy has been fulfilled, and wherever in the whole world any single gospel has been translated into the language of the people, there they have read of this woman who broke her box of spikenard over her Saviour's feet, regarding no treasure as too precious to sacrifice for Him. As Jesus said of her, so may He say of us, "She hath done what she could."

Who can ever write the history of the labors and achievements which Christian women have since then wrought in the cause of Christ? How many Godly men have entered into rest, how many successful men are now laboring in Christ's vineyard who owe their salvation to God's blessing on the prayers and counsels of a Christian mother, or sister, or wife? And, besides these indirect results, the history of the Church teems with instances of womanly self-sacrifice; with the stories of women who have laid down pleasure, wealth, station, even life itself, at their Master's feet, satisfied if they could follow in His footsteps and go about doing good. The narrative of one such life has recently been published, and we this week present, with a portrait of the heroine, a brief summary from its pages, of its events. It is the story of a young lady of aristocratic birth and connections who gave up a life of ease and pleasure that she might devote herself to the work of succoring and consoling the sick poor in the hospitals.

Agnes Elizabeth Jones was *born* at Cambridge, England, on November 10th, 1832, her father was Lieutenant-Colonel of a regiment in the British army. She was such a tiny, fragile creature that no one expected her to live. She continued very delicate until nearly two years of age, when she was taken on a visit to Ireland, the native country of both her parents, and at her maternal grand-father's spent several months, growing healthy and strong in the pure country air.

On August 12th, 1837, Lieutenant-Colonel Jones and his family sailed from Cork for the Mauritius, in the Indian Ocean, not far from Madagascar. Here six years were spent by the bright-eyed little child, and it was her delight in after years to recall the birthday excursions to the Pampelmousse Gardens at Port Louis, the capital of the Island, where many beautiful palm-trees and *rare tropical plants* grow in native luxuriance; also the pleasant months spent by the seaside at Matrebourg, where wonderful shells with rosy tints and pearly lining were now and then the prize of the eager searcher.

MEMORABLE BIBLE READINGS.

Meanwhile, circumstances were moulding her character for the steadfastness of self-consecration which in after-life distinguished her. Her sister says, "No recollection of those early days comes back to me so often as her pleasure in accompanying our parents to the Bible-readings held at the house of the French pastor, Monsieur Le Brun." And Agnes herself some years afterwards wrote, "I think *my first real concern* for my soul was awakened by the closing sentence of young M. Le Brun's sermon, one week-day evening, 'And now, brethren, if you cannot answer me, how will you, at the last day, answer the Great Searcher of hearts?' This sentence haunted me night and day for some time."

Here, too, she became interested in the Madagascar Christians, then suffering cruel persecutions for conscience' sake. So deeply impressed was she with the state of these converted heathens that, child as she was, she resolved to devote herself to missionary work. The wish, as she then formed it, was never granted, but truly her whole life was a noble missionary work, conceived and executed in the spirit of the Divine Master whom she so loyally served.

A TERRIBLE STORM AT SEA.

In the year 1843, her father's health obliged him to return to England, and not long after he left the army. During the voyage a severe storm was encountered which made a deep impression on her mind. For a whole day the lives of all on board were in imminent danger, the furniture and boxes slipping from side to side as the vessel rolled heavily. At last the storm moderated, and holding their father's hand, Agnes and her sister were allowed to venture on deck. At that moment an upturned boat was drifted past on a huge green wave, which curled over as if it would engulf the vessel. For the first time they seemed to realize what danger they had been in, and returned, silent and awed, to their mother's side.

A few days later the pilot, who went on board off Land's End, took some English papers, one of which contained a graphic account of a shipwreck that had taken place in that very storm. The invalid father read this to his children, and then asked them very solemnly where they would have been had not God in His mercy spared their vessel when others were lost. The question struck home to their young hearts, and that evening both, with tears and earnest prayers, expressed a desire to choose Christ as their portion. The impressions then made appeared transient, but the feelings excited never wholly died away. It was *the first call*, which in loving mercy was repeated again and again, until their hearts turned to their only true rest in the love of the Redeemer.

The voyage over, they went to their grandfather's country home at Ardmore, in the North of Ireland.

HER STRUGGLE WITH A KANGAROO.

Instances were not wanting in Agnes' early childhood to show her strength of resolve, and her determination in carrying out a purpose once formed. One example may be given. At Mauritius, when she was about eight years old, a friend sent her a present of *a young kangaroo* from Australia. An inclosure was made for it in the garden; and Agnes delighted to feed and visit it daily. One day as she opened the gate it escaped and bounded off into a neighbor's plantation. Agnes followed, fearing it might do mischief, climbed over the low wall which separated the two gardens, and, after a long chase, succeeded in capturing the fugitive.

Some minutes afterwards her mother went into the garden, and was horror-stricken to see her child returning from the pursuit, the kangaroo, which she held bravely by the ears, struggling wildly for freedom, and tearing at her with its hind feet, while her dress was streaming with blood from the wounds inflicted by its nails. Many children so assailed would have loosed the animal, but she would not do so until she got it safely into its house, but it was a considerable time before she lost the marks of her battle and victory.

In January, 1848, Agnes and her sister were sent to Avonbank, Stratford-on-Avon. After spending two years and a quarter there, they were summoned home by the *death of their father*, whose health had suddenly broken down in the autumn, and who was called away from earth on March 19th, 1850. From entries which Agnes made in her journal at various times, it would appear that her love for her father was deep and passionate and his removal occasioned her the most poignant grief, but when its fiercest paroxysms had passed away, her character developed with most marked rapidity, especially in its simple, unselfish devotion to others, principally to her bereaved mother and sister.

CONVERSION.

A few months after the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Jones, the bereaved family removed to Dublin. They attended the ministry of the *Rev. John Gregg, afterwards Bishop of Cork;* and Agnes immediately joined his confirmation classes. His clear gospel teaching and earnest personal appeals to the hearts of the young awoke in her new desires after God. One who watched over her spiritual life with the deepest solicitude says, "Her confirmation seemed to me the time of Agnes's real conversion. From that time I truly believe the earnest desire of her heart was to live to God."

Early in 1853, in company with her mother and sister, Agnes started for the Continent, and spent six months in France, Germany, and Switzerland. On April 25th she paid a visit to *the Foreign Deaconess' Institution* in Paris, of which she now heard for the first time, but which was to influence so decidedly her whole after-life.

Residing at Bonn, on the Rhine, in the month of June, she became acquainted with the *Rev. W. Graham*, a missionary to the Jews in that ancient town, and on the 21st accompanied him to Kaiserswerth, and spent a long day in visiting the various schools, hospitals, and other departments of that most valuable institution, which will ever be remembered as *the training-school of Miss Florence Nightingale.* It was founded about thirty-four years ago, by the celebrated Pastor Fliedner. At the age of twenty he had been appointed pastor of the little weaving village of Kaiserswerth. A subsequent failure of the proprietor of the place involved the whole population in ruin.

Penniless themselves, they could no longer support their young pastor, with whom they would willingly have shared their last morsel. He was reluctant to leave his post, but his only means of support having failed, he had no choice. Followed by many prayers and blessings, he left his people, in order to seek, in Christian liberality, help for the little flock. Germany was traversed, and also England. There was to be sown the seed of that work of faith, the Deaconess Institution, which now bears fruit in many lands.

The visit of Agnes Jones to the institution produced a deep and abiding effect on her.

In June, 1856, Agnes re-entered the home of her childhood at Fahan, near Londonderry. On ner arrival she knelt in a small apartment which her father had used as a dressing-room, and asked for the Divine guidance and blessing. And now, at Fahan, the long-cherished dream of a life devoted to the sick and sorrowful began to be realized. In the school, or by the sick-bed of the dying, or in the lowly cottage where some sudden accident had brought sorrow and despair, and where her gentle self-possession and prompt wise action seemed often to bring healing and hope—everywhere she was to be found about her Father's business.

Every morning, unless detained by home duties, she set off on her rounds after breakfast, returning to early dinner, only to start again immediately afterwards, and prolonging her absence often until the darkness had closed in. No weather deterred her; no distance was too great; no road too lonely. During the five years she remained at Fahan, there was scarcely any cessation in those busy labors.

Her skill and her gentle but firm touch in dressing wounds, and especially in cases of burns and scalds, soon became famous in the neighborhood. The turf fires on the cottage hearths, round which little Irish peasant children often gather without much watching or care, were the fruitful source of many severe burns; and, on such occasions, Agnes was always sent for. Sometimes it was a very fearful sight that met her, but she never shrank from anything because it was painful, if she

ld but relieve suffering; and day after day she uld go to dress the burns until her care was no ger needed.

WORK AT KAISERSWERTH.

t was in 1853 Agnes Jones first saw Kaisers-th; but though she longed to be numbered ong the workers and learners there, it was not il 1860 that her earnest but unexpressed wish s granted. In September of that year, Agnes, ugh looking pale and thin, could not be induced take rest or in any way relax her exertions. an opportunity of again visiting Kaiserswerth urred and she was willing to avail herself of t, feeling that she might learn much there that uld be useful in her own parish.

The next few months were months of difficult profitable service. She lived as in the very sence of God, and sought continually to know l do His will. At one time she thought the ce of her Divine Master called her to help *the aconesses in Syria*. While she was patiently and yerfully waiting for light and guidance in the tter, Pastor Fliedner told her that having heard her wish to go to Syria as a nurse, he thought could put before her a more urgent call nearer ne. He proposed that she should be trained o the habits of obedience and duties of a nurse the hospital, and then, if by God's will and aid alified, commence work under Miss Nightingale. n the month of April, 1861, Miss Jones received etter from Mrs. Ranyard, (whose portrait and appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of uary 8th, 1880), to whom she had been intro-ced in 1859. In the letter Mrs. Ranyard said, friend is building a house for me in St. Giles's, ormitory for fifty girls, besides our rescue home. ur mother would sooner see you settle in Lon-n to help me in the great work of Bible women, n that you should go to Syria." After prayer direction she determined on visiting Mrs. Ran-d, and went to London for the purpose.

HOSPITAL WORK IN LONDON.

Upon her arrival in London, she immediately mmenced work in connection with Mrs. Ran-d's Bible Mission, and, for a time, the thought hospital occupation was laid aside. This was iefly from her mother's strong objection to her dertaking any course of training which would volve residence in a hospital. About this time o she had *an interview with Florence Nightin-le*, who proposed to her that in order to qualify rself for hospital work at Liverpool—which had en suggested to her—she should enter St. omas's Hospital for a year, as one of the Night-gale probationers, putting before her kindly and inly the trials of such a vocation. In writing to friend at this juncture, she says, "Trustfully d prayerfully have I left it in the hands of my eavenly Father, and if He incline not my other's heart to allow of my going to St. omas's, I shall thank Him that He has provided e with another field of labor."

For the next few months Miss Jones's time was iefly occupied in preparing a dormitory, in Drury ane, London, which was opened by Lord Shaftes-ry on June 5th, 1861, and in superintending the rnishing and arranging of the Refuge in Dudley reet, Seven Dials, a poor district in London, as ell as in holding mothers' meetings, and in mak-g herself useful to Mrs. Ranyard.

THE GREAT LONDON BRIDGE FIRE,

hich broke out on June 22nd, 1861, and which used the death of Superintendent Braidwood, as a scene never to be forgotten by those who tnessed it, and among the number of awe-struck ectators was Miss Jones. We will let her tell r story in her own words. "*Eleven acres of eat storehouses on fire*, many vessels and barges, e smoke of every shade of color reaching up to aven; tongues of fire of varied hue from palest llow to deepest orange, sometimes completely rapping the walls of the buildings, hiding even eir form, sometimes roaring up through skeleton alls—the roofs, one after another, falling in, nding up sparks, while beams and rafters came hirling through the air, often falling on some omed vessel to add it to the general conflagra-on.

"Sometimes the smoke rolled back, and through the windows we saw the flames defining every angle of the ill-fated houses; then the oil and other combustible substances were burning on the river, and one felt the mighty power of fire licking up even the water which should have extinguished it. Oh, it taught such a lesson of man's impotency! The play of the engines were but as threads of water on those mighty flames, which seemed to revel in all the desolation they were creating." *Our frontispiece picture on the right hand side of the portrait represents the scene.*

HER VISIT TO ITALY.

Miss Jones was summoned in January, 1867, to Rome, for the purpose of nursing her sister, who had fallen seriously ill. For her it was a providential circumstance, compelling her to avail herself of a much-needed change of air and scene. She determined that she would remain at Rome until the invalid should recover, and wrote to Mrs. Ranyard that she must give up all hope of resuming her London work. She seized the opportunity of visiting Florence, where she met Rosa and Francesca Madiai, two Kaiserswerth deaconesses, who had just established themselves in the town, and whose imprisonment in Spain has since brought their names before the public. A little later she visited some of the deaconess institutions in Switzerland. Towards the end of June, she spent some days with that remarkable woman *Dorothea Trudel*, of whose faith and prayer she ever spoke with the deepest admiration.

ENGLISH HOSPITALS.

A month later, Agnes Jones joined her family in Paris, and almost her first words to her mother were a request that she might devote herself entirely to nursing work; all that she had witnessed at these institutions having more deeply impressed upon her the conviction she had long felt, that her special talent was for laboring in hospitals. Her mother could no longer resist her wish, and when they arrived in London, Agnes entered at once into correspondence with Miss Nightingale, and it was arranged that in October she should enter St. Thomas's Hospital as a Nightingale probationer.

For the next twelve months, therefore, Miss Jones was immured in a London hospital, and absorbed in its multifarious duties. As the year drew to a close she was invited to superintend the Great Northern Hospital in London, and later an urgent request was received to take charge of

LIVERPOOL POORHOUSE HOSPITAL.

She began her work at Liverpool in April, 1865, but unfortunately no materials exist, either in letters or memoranda, which furnish more than a very disjointed history of the work which Agnes Jones attempted and accomplished in the Liverpool Poorhouse during the years she managed it; the work, however, exists and speaks for itself.

Early in the summer she began Sunday evening readings in one of the wards. This class she continued to the end. Her sister once visited her, and says of this meeting: "I shall never forget it. We came into the ward, where about twenty patients were in bed, a few minutes before the appointed hour. Agnes passed at once to her seat at the top of the room, and sat quietly until the clock struck. In the meantime the room had filled: on each bed men were seated closely packed together, others standing by the wall, or grouped around, and there they stood in almost painful silence. She began with a short prayer; then read part of a chapter, on which she commented in very simple but striking words, closing with a practical application and earnest appeal to the hearts of all present. After reading a hymn, she again prayed, and so ended the class."

As an instance of the strength of her personal influence over the patients, we may relate that of a man suffering from aneurism; and who greatly dreaded death from it. He could not speak loud, and seldom tried to speak to Miss Jones, but as she read and talked to him, she used to see the quiet tears streaming down his cheeks, and both his look and the pressure of his hand at parting told of his loving gratitude. He never would allow her to be sent for, even when he was longing to see her, but he told the nurse, "the lady could never know what she has done for me." Once he said, "Oh, nurse, I wish no one but you ever came near me, no doctor, no one!" "Not even the lady?" she asked. "Oh, the lady, oh yes! I think I am in heaven when she comes."

Constantly caring for others, she forgot herself; the strength, which though above the average, was yet not superhuman, and long-continued strain on mind and body told at last. Her nerves, spirit, and strength were all over-taxed and increased duties added to her danger. A new female ward, with its unruly inmates, and new revelations of sin and unnatural conduct, was placed under her care; it proved too much for one already weighed down with care and overwork. Then came a period of unusual sickness, the hospitals crowded beyond their allotted numbers, and fever attacked several in the house.

DEATH FROM TYPHUS FEVER.

A young nurse who had been suffering from bronchitis showed symptoms of typhus when too ill to be moved into the Fever Hospital, and Agnes, with her usual thought for others and forgetfulness of herself, gave up her own bedroom to the sufferer, and slept on the floor of her sitting-room. A few days afterwards she became unwell, and at last her disease was declared to be typhus. She lingered on for about twelve days and then it became clear that her life-work was done. On the evening of the twelfth day one of the nurses whispered to her, "You'll soon be with Jesus." "Yes," she cheerfully replied, "yes, I'll be better then." After some time she opened her eyes; the dulness had all gone out of them; they looked bright and beautiful. She looked round as if she knew the faces of those about her; her breathing gradually became slower, then longer intervals between; at last it ceased, and she was with Jesus whom she so faithfully served.

Thus, at the early age of *thirty-five* she heard her Divine Master say, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." And in the words of Miss Florence Nightingale, we would say: "Let us bring *living flowers* to her grave, 'lilies with full hands' not fleeting primroses, not dying flowers. Let us bring the work of our hands and our heads and our hearts to finish her work which God has so blessed. Let her not merely rest in peace, but let hers be the life which stirs up to fight the good fight against vice and sin and misery and wretchedness as she did—the call to arms which she was ever obeying.

"'The Son of God goes forth to war,
Who follows in His train?'

Oh, daughters of God, are there so few to answer?"

The Retort of a Colporteur.—A Number of German farmers one market day were sitting at a long table, in an inn, when a colporteur entered. One of the farmers was offered a Bible, and the colporteur began to talk to him. He looked very uneasy, and bought a copy simply to get rid of his tormentor. "But," says the colporteur, "matters grew warm, some jeered and scoffed. One man said, 'We men are no better than beasts; monkeys were our common ancestors, and when we die we shall fare no better and no worse than they.' I said, 'Monkeys were not my ancestors.' 'Who then?' 'I was made in God's image and after His likeness. Had monkeys been my ancestors, possibly I might have thought as you do about God and the future of my soul.' At this retort some laughed, others looked serious, and several took my part and bought Bibles."

The Padlock on the Lips.—Dr. Clemance Re-lates: "When Messrs. Moody and Sankey were in England, I was trying to do a little work in the inquiry room at one of their meetings, and my attention was specially drawn to a lady whose face was full of trouble. She came to me and told me she was a teacher in a boarding-school, and wanted to speak for Christ there, but felt as if she had *a padlock on her lips*, and could not utter a word. I said, 'Tell no one else what you have told me, but go and tell the Lord Jesus all about it.' We parted, but I saw her a few weeks after, looking bright, serene, and happy. She told me that she had taken her burden to Christ and left it with Him, and now she could speak to anybody and everybody as opportunity offered."

THE SHEPHERD.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning, October 16, 1881.*

"The Lord is my Shepherd."—PSALMS 23 : 1.

The Old Time Shepherd—The Poetry of his Life—David's Shepherd Life—Its Associations Recalled in the Psalms—The Goodness of God Symbolized by the Shepherd—I. The Shepherd's Plaid—Not an Exquisite Robe—Christ's Tattered Garment—The Pictured Halo non-existent—The Seamless Robe a Rough Sack—II. The Shepherd's Crook—A Crook from the Earl of Kintore—The Lord's Crook—When it is Used—An Atlantic Engineer and the Cinder in the Eye—The Black Regiment of Trial—The Bruised Reed—III. The Shepherd's Dogs—Those who do the Barking—Different Breeds of Dogs—Ecclesiastical, Political, Social—The Refuge from the Dogs—The Mark on the Sheep—IV. The Shepherd's Pasture-Ground—V. The Shepherd's Fold—Where the Lost Lambs are gone—Joyous Reunion—A Dancing Party in Moscow—Come into the Sheepfold.

WHAT with post and rail fence, and our pride in Southdown and Astrakhan and Flemish varieties of sheep, there is not much use for the old time shepherd. He could catch all the poetry there was abroad, standing twelve hours, perhaps, watching the sheep by day, and then waking at night, looking up at the stars. If the stars, or the flowers, or the torrents had anything to say, the shepherd was very apt to hear it. The Ettrick Shepherd, who afterward took his position in the brilliant circle of Christopher North and Lockhardt, says he got his inspiration while watching the sheep of Mr. Laidlaw.

There was a quaint poetry in the heart of

THE OLD TIME SHEPHERD.

One of them having lost his only son, was overheard making this prayer: "O! Lord, it hath seemed fit to Thee to take the staff out of my right hand at the time when to us sand-blind mortals I most needed it, and how I am to climb up the hill of sorrow and auld age without it, Thou mayst ken, but I dinna."

David, the shepherd boy, was watching his father's sheep, watching them on the very hills where a Lamb was born afterward, of which you have heard much—"the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." He was beautiful, he was musical, he was poetic. I think he often forgot the sheep while in his reveries. He struck a harpstring which has vibrated through all the ages. David, the shepherd boy, getting ready to become David the poet, David the king, David the warrior. Like other boys, I suppose he sometimes cut the sapling with his knife, and in after days he came to say, "the cedars of the Lord are full of sap." He remembered how the juice exuded from the tree branch. Like other boys, I suppose he sometimes looked for birds' nests, and once on a time probably drove the stork off the nest to see how many eggs were under her, and in after life he comes to say, "as for the stork, the fir trees are her house."

One night, lying on his back looking up at the stars, it seemed to him as if the sky was *a piece of divine embroidery*, the threads of light and beads of stars worked into it, and in after time he said, "when I consider Thy Heavens, the work of Thy fingers; the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained." When he became an old man, talking about the goodness of God, the bleating of his father's sheep seemed to come across the years, and he remembered the time when he watched those sheep on the hills of Bethlehem, and he cried out: "The Lord is my Shepherd."

I propose this morning to speak to you of the shepherd's plaid, the shepherd's crook, the shepherd's dogs, the shepherd's pasture grounds, and the shepherd's flock.

I. First, I speak to you of

THE SHEPHERD'S PLAID.

It would be an absurd thing for a man to go forth for rough work in very exquisite apparel. The potter does not toil at the wheel in velvet, nor does the waiting maid come to her duty in satin, nor does the shepherd clothe himself in soft and exquisite apparel when he goes forth among the storms, and among the rocks, and among the wildernesses to look after the lost sheep.

Christ, *our Heavenly Shepherd*, put aside the girdle of light and the robes of power, and the sandals of beauty, and wrapped Himself in the torn, and tattered, and be-soiled garments of our humanity, coming forth on the mountains to look after the lost sheep, wrapped in the shepherd's plaid. I know that nearly all the old painters represent a halo around the babe Christ, and whether you see the babe Christ's picture in the galleries at Edinburgh, or at Venice, or in the Louvre and Luxembourg, you always find *a halo of light* around the head of that babe; but I do not suppose there was any more halo around that child's head than there was around the head of any child born that night, that Christmas eve in the land of Judea.

We often hear of the robe that Christ wore in after time, of *the seamless robe*, and people speak of it as something very costly and very beautiful because it was a seamless robe. Why, my friends, there was no beauty about it at all. The scissors, and the needle had done nothing to make it graceful. It was just a rough sack with three holes in it, one for the neck and two for the arms. You tell me that the soldiers gambled for that seamless robe at Christ's crucifixion. That is no proof that it was a valuable garment. I have seen two beggars quarrel over the refuse of an ash barrel! It was not a costly garment, it was not a remarkable garment. It was an old garment, a homely garment, perhaps a repulsive garment that Christ wore. Even that he sometimes did not have on.

What is that towel that I see gathered at the side of Christ, and gathered at the waist? What is that? Is it a coat of arms? Is it a sign of royalty? O no. It is *a coarse towel*, for the disciples have been wandering on the road and their feet are bedusted, and they are to sit down at the evening meal and their feet are not fit to be put on the sofa or lounge on which the people in those times reclined at meals, so Christ washes their feet and then gathers them up in the towel and dries them.

O! it was humiliating work on which Christ came; it was *rough work*, it was rugged work on which Christ came. The storms were to beat Him, the mobs were to pursue Him, the crowds were to jostle Him, the dust was to besprinkle Him. O! Heavenly Shepherd, well didst Thou leave behind Thee Thy imperial robe. Come forth, O! Heavenly Shepherd, wrapped in the plaid of our humanity, our poor humanity, our sinful humanity, our lost humanity.

"Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of His prayer."

II. I come in the next place to speak of

THE SHEPHERD'S CROOK.

That is a rod with a curve at the end which has to be dropped on the neck of a sheep when it goes astray, and with that crook it is pulled back. When not employed in that way, the shepherd would often use it as *a crutch to lean upon*. I have a shepherd's crook in my house full of suggestiveness to me. When I parted in 1879 from *the Earl of Kintore* in London, he said to me: "Mr. Talmage, when you get to America, send me a stick"—by which the Englishman or the Scotchman means a cane—"and then I will send you a stick." I started the cane from New York for Aberdeen, Scotland, but before it got there the good Scotch earl had entered upon higher honors than Great Britain could ever give him—even the honors that are before the throne of God. After a while came, in very careful package, a shepherd's crook beautifully engraved and prepared, but still a shepherd's crook—the first one I ever saw, meaning more to me as it stands in my house than any other shepherd's crook possibly could mean. It was sent to me, I suppose, as suggestive of my work as an under shepherd, the office that every minister of Jesus Christ holds.

Well, now, the shepherd's crook was an absolute necessity in olden times—bringing back the lost sheep, finding one wandering out in this direction, pulling him back—finding a sheep wandering out in another direction, pulling him back. All we, like sheep, have gone astray, and if the Lord had not dropped His crook upon us and pull back long ago, we would have fallen ove precipices. There is a man who is makin much money. He has got proud, he has got his heart is puffed up, he says: "I am inde ent of everything. My soul, eat, drink, an merry, you are provided for." Disaster co commercial misfortune. His estates fly. He down on his knees and says: "O! Lord Thou against me, that all my estate is s away." O! no, my brother, the Lord has any grudge against you; He has only droppe you the shepherd's crook, not in wrath, b mercy, pulling you back out of your worldline

There is a man who has no patience with lids. He calls them a wheezing, coughing c and it makes him nervous to have them abou house, or in a rail train, or at a summer wate place. After a while, his health will go, and man will wake up and he will say: "O! L art Thou against me?" O! no, the Lord is against you, He has just put the shepherd's c on you to pull you back out of your worldli and to pull you back into gracious sympathies.

There is a parent who has a beautiful fa but he is not training his children for God Heaven. He never gets down on his knees thanks the Lord for his domestic blessings. S ness comes after a while, and death swoops u the household and a child is gone, and the says: "O! Lord, Thou are against me, T hast taken my loved one away. Why hast Th grudge against me, O! Lord?" O! no; Lord has nothing against you. He has dropped the shepherd's crook upon you to pull back out of your ingratitude and back out of y sin into the divine sympathies. O! the shephe crook, the shepherd's crook.

O! THE MERCIES OF OUR TROUBLES.

When I was crossing the ocean, I got *a cin in my eye* that was very painful, and I wen many friends to have them remove it. They irritated it and made it worse. I was told that engineer down among the furnaces had partiu skill in removing a cinder from the eye, so I w down to him. He was a swarthy man. seemed too stout for so delicate a work. He his sooty hand upon me, and then he took out knife and he turned the lid of the eye over knife, and I was affrighted, I can assure you, without any hurt, and in an instant, the trou was all gone. He was as gentle as he was st And so giant trouble comes along. We h something that is going to destroy our spirit eyesight. Giant trouble comes along, and bla handed, he lays hold of us, and he removes t which would have ruined our spiritual eyesi forever.

You find apples and plums in the shade of tree, and the richest Christian fruits are to found in the deep shadow of trouble. During last war the question was often asked, "Will colored soldiers fight well if they are put in army?" The question was asked at the No and at the South, and the colored troops w tried on both sides, and they were heroic. An tell you, my friends, it is not the white regimen joy, it is not the white regiment of gladness, t wins the greatest victory for your soul, but *black regiment of trial*, the black regiment temptation and want and woe that is going to for you the greatest victory. I take all the gl nesses of your life and put them in one regim of ten companies under *Colonel Joy*, and the gather all the sorrows of your life and I put th in one regiment of ten companies under *Colo Breakheart*. Which gets the greater triump The regiment under Colonel Breakheart.

There is no animal that struggles more violen than a sheep when it is cornered and you are t ing to catch it. I see one of those lost she down in the glen. The people come around a try to catch it. They only frighten it. Here com a ploughman across the field. He tries to catch He frightens it. The miller comes along, a drops his grist and tries to catch the sheep, b only frightens it. After a while a man brea through the thicket. The sheep comes right to him. He puts his arm around it and it is pa

* A verbatim report, revised and approved by Dr. Talmage.

Who is he that came from the thicket? The rd. And the Lord knoweth them that are Do not be afraid, my dear friend, of the rd's crook. It is not in wrath, but in that crook is dropped upon you.

re is one passage I am afraid you misinter- "*The bruised reed* He will not break." I eard that explained hundreds of times, but ed to me it is explained in the wrong way. bruised reed He will not break." The shep- ised to play on these reeds, and the least would spoil them, and when one of these of the shepherd got bruised the shepherd mended it. He snapped it in twain and it away, and then made another instrument sic, prepared another reed. It was very prepared. Now, says Isaiah, that is not the od does with His children. When all music e out of their souls, He does not snap them in and throw them away; He mends them. nks they are worth restoring. "The bruised Ie will not break."

hen, in the o'erhanging heavens of fate,
The threatening clouds of darkness dwell,
nen let us humbly watch and wait:
It shall be well, it shall be well.

nd when the storm has passed away,
And sunshine smiles on flood and fell,
ow sweet to think, how sweet to say,
It has been well, it has been well."

I come in the next place to speak of

THE SHEPHERD'S DOGS.

now they go after those which are astray and them back into the fold. Every shepherd ogs—every shepherd, from the nomads of times down to the Scotch herdsman watch- is flocks on the Grampian Hills. And our nly Shepherd has His dogs. They are the per- ons and the trials of this life which hound us to the fold, for you know there are those who their whole life in barking at Christians. Christian go astray, or let him show any im- tion of character, how many of these dogs are that will hound him, and bark at him, ite at him; and they howl, and they howl, he Lord just allows them to drive the lost back to the fold. Your persecutions and trials are not to make you mad, they are to you. They are the shepherd's dogs gone o drive you in.

nost everybody has the hounds after him times. Sometimes it is *an ecclesiastical* sometimes it is *a political dog*, sometimes it *ocial dog;* but do not blame him. They are ogs of the Good Shepherd, not to devour you, o tear you to pieces, but to drive you in nearer eart of the Great Shepherd and there they can ou no harm. The sharp knife of persecution ly to trim the vines so that there shall be r grapes. The more you pound marjoram rosemary, the better they smell. The more there are after you, the quicker you will get ie gate. Do you not know that the bloody les of persecution in the days gone by have ded millions of souls into glory? They are shepherd's dogs; shepherds' dogs that perse- l God's people. They have their work, they their mission. Do not get mad, do not be .ted, do not strike back. Only come up nearer ieart of the Great Shepherd.

ery shepherd has *a mark for his sheep.* I in Canada last summer, in a region where were innumerable sheep, and I said to the ers: "It seems to me your flocks would get tricably mixed." "Oh," said one of the far- , "don't you see the mark on each one?" one you would find a red mark, on another a mark, on another a yellow mark, on another ack mark, on another a crooked mark, on her a straight mark, so that every shepherd ing forth, every farmer coming forth may pick his sheep. So the Lord knoweth them that are How? By a mark He has put upon them, a mark—*the mark of the cross.* "Blessed are that are persecuted for righteousness' sake, heirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

. I come next to speak of

THE SHEPHERD'S PASTURE GROUND.

shepherd drives his sheep to the mountains in summer, down into the valleys in winter. He has wells prepared, and they are covered up with large stones so the elements will not destroy the wells, and then he whistles up the dogs, and calls to the sheep, and he leads them this way and that way, and yonder, and up over in this direction, and in that direction, finding for them the very best pasture. So the Lord leads His flock; in the summer, to the mountains; in the winter, to the valleys. By which I mean that in warm days of prosperity He leads us up on sun-gilt Sabbath tops and on hills of transfiguration, and we are so high up we can almost see the gates of the great city. Then there come wintry blasts and storms of trouble, and He drives us down into the valley, and we say, "is any sorrow like unto my sorrow?"

But blessed be God, His sheep can find pasture anywhere, between two sharp rocks the succulent promises, green pastures by still waters, long, sweet grass between bitter graves. O! yes. I suppose you have noticed the structure of the sheep's mouth. It is so made that it can pick up the blade of grass, or the head of clover from the very narrowest place; and God's children can get instruction anywhere if they seek for it. Where others can find none, they can find plenty. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him."

"The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the Heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets."

V. I remark once more, in regard to

THE SHEPHERD'S FOLD.

At sheep-shearing time there was great rejoicing in olden times and in lands where they had shepherds. Wine was poured and there were dancing and great glee. There was a wall inclosing the sheep, so that the shepherds could go out and count the sheep easily, and see if any had been carried off by the jackals, or any had been wounded. That was called the sheepfold. And the Lord has His sheepfold. I speak now of the place He has provided for His loved ones in the better country.

How the old sheep will be glad when they see *the lost lambs.* The walls of that sheepfold so high that no sorrow can climb in—so high that no joy can break out. Millions of children in Heaven! O! how they will catch up the song. Not many long-metre songs there, but quick music, jubilant music. If they danced and clapped their hands on earth, what will they do when to the gladness of childhood on earth is added the gladness of childhood in Heaven? O! my brothers and sisters, this thought ought to take all the morbidity out of our religion, and all the morbidity out of our thoughts about dying. Religion too often seems to be planing a coffin or driving a hearse, or to smell of the varnish of the funeral casket. We want more of it in our religion. Come out into the sunlight of Gospel provision and Gospel instruction, and understand that he who goes out of this world pardoned by the grace of God goes into the glorious sheepfold.

"O!" says some trembling Christian, "there is a river between that and this, and that's what I'm afraid of; it's the river between here and the Heavenly sheepfold." Ah! my friend, that Jordan is *only for the sheep washing*, and you will go up on the other bank snowy white, and there shall be one flock and one shepherd. Alas! that any should perish on the mountains when all the bars are down of that sheepfold and all the gates open. Twelve gates!

When Moscow was burning, there was *a party dancing* in the palace right over a gunpowder magazine. They did not know the flame was approaching, so the leader of the festivity shouted: "One dance more!" and the voice was taken up through the palace and the cry was "One dance more!" and the music played, and the feet bounded and the laughter rang out; but suddenly through the fire and the smoke and the thunder of the explosion eternity broke. Alas! that some will dance on in their sins and their frivolities, and their worldliness, until in an hour that they know not eternity breaks in and they are destroyed, and that without remedy. Suddenly! suddenly!

COME INTO THE SHEEPFOLD.

The gate is wide open. I invite one, I invite all. Do not let any one sitting or standing in all the house think that he is not invited. I swing open the door this morning so wide all the world may come in fourteen hundred million abreast. O! the generosity of this Gospel that takes lost sheep back, and the worst man and lifts him to a throne in Heaven. Do you not hear the bars falling, the bars of the sheepfold so that you can all come in? Now is the time for your salvation.

Sometimes a shepherd will play so sweetly upon the reed or upon the pipe that the sheep will gather round and listen. Although they are dumb and unintelligent animals, still they seem charmed by the shepherd's music. Would God that the voice of my Heavenly Shepherd this day might sweetly call you as by divine and celestial music to come away from your sin and to come into the glorious sheepfold of the Gospel. Would that all this flock might this morning hear the piping of the Good Shepherd.

A French Girl's Request.—Miss Leigh, Well known and loved as the worker in Paris among English girls there, says that one day a girl was with her, and suddenly asked, "Have you seen Jesus?" She was a Romanist, and such a question was a surprise to Miss Leigh. "What do you mean?" she asked the girl. "Oh, because the sisters and I were talking of you, and they said that you would never have undertaken the work you have done for us unless you had had a vision of our Lord and heard Him command you to do it." Miss Leigh answered, "You know we do not believe in visions. We have something better. *We believe in always seeing Jesus by faith.*" Suddenly the girl's head sank, and she buried her face in Miss Leigh's lap. "Oh," she sobbed, "that must be *glorious!*" Later on, Miss Leigh found a paper on her table. Inside it were the words, "Pray for me that I may see Jesus by faith."

"Seventy-Five Pretty Barmaids" is the Attraction openly advertized in the less scrupulous of the daily papers to induce gentlemen to visit the Cremorne, a nocturnal resort in Thirty-second Street, New York. The place is so contrived as to be a moral pitfall. In 1879 scores of young men, more fools than knaves, met their ruin and sealed their damnation in that place. In 1880 scores of others did the same thing. Scores more are doing so this year. The story of the "barmaids," if told, would be more pitiful still. Nearly every one represents a blighted home, and every one lives a hopeless life. The lessee, a man without pity and without remorse, regardless of God and eternity, is piling up wealth and using every known device to keep up the supply of "barmaids," who fade away and die off at an awful rate, and to entice the best manhood of the rising generation into his gay halls. The place is also much frequented by middle-aged and elderly gentlemen, whose whole lives are unsuspected frauds. They go to their business in the morning guilty; they return to their families in the evening guilty; they move in genteel society guilty. Such is a place which the civilized and nominally Christian city of New York allows to flourish in its midst with complacency.

We proceed with pleasure to say that a counter-influence is very soon to be established in the Cremorne building by Jerry McAuley, of the well known Water Street Mission. He has purchased for $3000 a portion of the premises 100x25 feet in extent, abstracting so much from the large room where the "barmaids" entertain their customers till the small hours of the morning. A cloth curtain is all which separates at present Mr. McAuley's part from the space where the jingling of glasses and the noise of laughter tell of Satan's work in full operation. That curtain is to be replaced by a solid wall, and the premises are to be altered so as to form a suitable room for Gospel meetings on the ground-floor, with dwelling-rooms upstairs. These alteratons will cost $5000, making a total cost of $8000, of which $6000 have been secured. Subscriptions to the amount of the remaining $2000 will be gratefully received and promptly acknowledged by Mr. McAuley, if sent to him *at the following address:* 316 Water Street, New York, N. Y.

SYLPH SOMERS.

A New Serial Story, by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(*Continued from page 647.*)

Sylph's Eyes Opened—The Evening Sermon—A Change Observed—Dr. Gilbart's Questions—He Disparages John Welsey.

SYLPH on reaching home retired to her room; and there, for the first time, entered into conscious fellowship with the Father of her spirit. What a changed condition of thought and feeling was hers! The universe was no longer an overpowering and unliving magnificence; but the many-mansioned house of a personal and ever-present God; a home where she could not lose herself, nor drift away into sunless gulfs or stark nothingness.

She had discovered a great secret—one that served to explain the meaning and mystery of her being. One, too, that she felt every human creature should know; and yet, strange to tell, she dreaded to reveal it. It seemed a thing too intimate with her own personality, and *too sacred to put into words*. She especially shrank from making known her new-born experience to Doctor Gilbart; she instinctively felt that he could not understand her; and yet the holy joy and wonder within, must have some utterance, and the abundance of her heart an outflow. There was thus a mysterious inconsistency, and a strange antagonism in her impulses—known to every one in the same crisis of their being. She turned her thoughts to Phœbe, thinking that perhaps *she* would know something of this divine life into which she herself had entered. Her nurse she knew had listened to the same words she had heard, and seemed as absorbed as she was in Wesley's message.

To her great joy she found that Phœbe also had felt the breath of a great religious spring-time, and that, some time before her young mistress. On various occasions the old nurse had attended the preachings of the great Methodist revival; and had proposed to herself to be present that very evening at the service to be conducted by John Wesley. "I will go with you," said Sylph. "Will you take me, nurse?" "Certainly," was the reply. "But will the doctor be satisfied, miss?" "I think so," answered Sylph; "especially nurse, when I tell him you will take good care of me." And accordingly she went.

"Take heed that there be not in you an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God" (the text in Hebrews, which—as has been stated—John Wesley took that evening), was singularly appropriate for one who felt she had just found that living God. So thought Sylph, as she heard the words enforced by Wesley, as with a tongue of fire. She resolved that she would, at all events, ever thrust back all dark, invading doubts—those tempters of the mind—that would murder her hopes, so full of immortality; and rob her of her newly-secured inheritance.

From this period Dr. Gilbart observed that his adopted daughter passed a more than usually retired life, keeping to her own room very much; and even, that when she joined the family circle, she was uncommunicative and silent. He also observed, to his surprise, a pleasing change in her general appearance notwithstanding this. Her melancholy had evidently departed; their wonted light and fire had come back to her eyes, while fresh color glowed upon her cheeks. An indescribable happiness, that he could not account for, seemed to beam from her countenance—a something strange and subtle, that gave him the impression, however, of a satisfying peace and joy within.

Had he seen Sylph in her little room at times he would have wondered at her still more. Delivered from "a darkness of eclipse and anguish dread," the thought of God "*in the light of its own demonstration*" was ever present to her. The firmament—as now she looked up to it of a clear night—was to her His glorious dwelling-place. No longer an appalling dread—as alien to her soul, and vacant of life and love—but a calm delight and unutterable satisfaction.

Doctor Gilbart, unable to explain to himself this seeming inconsistency between Sylph's conduct and appearance—her living much alone, and her quietness and silence on the one hand, and her restoration to health and happiness on the other—resolved to obtain by questioning her a solution of the mystery.

Sylph, herself, as we know, shrank from introducing the subject now uppermost in her thoughts, but she felt glad that the doctor had started it. For some time she had felt under a great and solemn responsibility toward him in the matter of religion; but she had been too cowardly to discharge it. Now, looking up for help, she would courageously unburden her heart of the great tidings she had for him, and beginning with an account of John Wesley's visit to Chester, she gave the doctor the particulars of the open-air meeting she was present at, and revealed its blessed and far-reaching consequences to herself.

The doctor did not get angry at Sylph's news; he was too fond of her; and, as a philosopher, too tolerant for that; but he gave her a look of pity, mingled with contempt that disappointed her. She had tried hard to persuade herself that he would have gladly welcomed from her lips the message which had brought to herself light and joy.

"Ah, Sylph," said he, "so you have been caught, dear, in *the Methodist trap*, have you? I thought more of your common-sense and intelligence, Sylph, than ever to suppose you could become the victim of John Wesley's superstitious nonsense and fanatical cant." Such definitions were common at that time.

"Oh, do not speak in that way, father," cried Sylph; "I assure you, you are mistaken in your estimate of John Wesley. His words, believe me, are not dreams and superstitions, but eternal realities."

"Stay a little, Sylph," said the doctor, "do not interrupt me, dear. I was going to prove the justness of my language. Would you believe it, Sylph, this man you so admire actually has faith in ghosts and witches, and bogeys and demons! and moreover that they can at their own will, manufacture thunder and tempests; besides this, he thinks that his God, at his prayer, however the crops may fare, will turn rain into sunshine; and all to give him fair weather for ventilating to gaping crowds his crude ideas and absurd doctrines."

Observing, from Sylph's face, her surprise and incredulity, he went on to say, "Yes, Sylph, dear, I do not wonder at your amazement, but it is a fact. I have one or two still more astonishing statements to make. My friend, Doctor Priestley, wrote me the other day that this same Wesley went, a short time ago, to visit Bolton's great engineering works, near Birmingham, when were shown to him various steam-engines in action. And what think you was the remark of this sage John Wesley as he looked upon those giant machines at work, as though instinct with a mighty life? Why this, the idiot, '*Wonderfully ingenious, but as wonderfully useless.*'* Sylph, did you ever hear of such gross ignorance and stupid simplicity?

"And more than this, the same self-confident Wesley has not refrained from meddling with matters connected with the medical art; and has proved himself, if anything, more absurd and ridiculous there. Upon the authority of a certain Dr. Wilson, a poor simpleton of a man in his profession, he has declared himself an unbeliever in Dr. Harvey's great discovery of the circulation of the blood; and is silly enough to say that in his conviction the heart is not the moving power at all, but that it only receives the blood, which then moves on through its channels, on the mere *principle of suction, assisted by the ethereal fire.*† Yes, I protest, 'suction and the ethereal fire!' Sylph, whatever in the heavens above or the earth beneath that may mean;" and Doctor Gilbart laughed outright at the nonsense of John Wesley's physiology.

Sylph felt abashed at the doctor's banter and sarcastic criticism. She was grieved, likewise, that the spiritually wise and holy man whom she had learned to venerate, had laid himself open to damaging assault by meddling with matters which in her judgment seemed outside his proper sph[ere] and by dabbling in scientific questions.

Sylph saw that Wesley's philosophic crudi[ties] would severely damage, in Dr. Gilbart's mind, [the] authority upon matters about which, from pati[ent] thought and long study, and deep and trustwor[thy] experience, Wesley had an unchallengeable righ[t to] speak.

"If Mr. Wesley," she replied, "has said th[ese] things, father, I am extremely sorry for it. It o[nly] shows the weakness of human nature, even at [its] best. But he has said in my hearing far strang[er] things than any of these you mention, and yet [I] know them to be true. Father, my soul once f[elt] a hunger and thirst which nothing could assua[ge], and my very spirit fainted and failed within m[e]. All the world and all the knowledge which y[ou] gave me could not fill it. Life was a vanity an[d a] cheat, and the universe itself a desolation.

"But Mr. Wesley directed me to the sar[e] source of satisfaction and happiness. I have go[ne] to the great Author of my being as His weak a[nd] erring child; have cast myself upon His love, [and] have brought my spirit into a living touch, as [it] were, with His infinite spirit. I know it, for I ha[ve] tasted an unearthly bliss in the act that is all u[n]speakable and divine. And ever since, I fe[el] within me, what only Christ's own words will e[x]press: 'A well of water springing up unto eve[r]lasting life.'"

Sylph's whole form seemed to dilate and gro[w] as she spoke; her cheeks glowed, and her eye[s] were as though enkinded with a celestial fire, an[d] she seemed to the wondering and somewhat awe-struck Doctor Gilbart as a sybil of ancient Rom[e], or a Hebrew prophetess under the spell of inspira[-]tion; and yet his admiration was mingled with [a] pitiful scorn at what he deemed her foolish mys[-]ticism and fanatic zeal.

"Ah! Sylph," he cried, "you are a proof ho[w] hard it will be to drive priests and their delusion[s] from the world. Wesley, I fear, has deeply drugged your soul with his sacerdotal *nostrums*, or with practised skill has been playing upon you[r] feminine sensibilities—has, in short, cunningly caught you in his Methodistic trap to make a foo[l] and a tool of you."

"Hush, father!" exclaimed Sylph indignantly, "and do not wrong an aged man to whom I have never spoken; and what he has played upon (to use your own word) is not merely sensibility, but is, as I surely know, the deepest and most sacred instinct of my being; and what has answered *that* cannot be a delusion. No! by the very response which it has given me—full and satisfying—it proves itself real and divine."

Doctor Gilbart was both fascinated and touched by the fervor and logic of this fair champion of the truth. Sylph could not but observe this, and it emboldened her to make a direct assault upon his scepticism.

"Oh, my father," she cried, with an intense and loving earnestness, "come and make an actual test, as I have done, of the truth of Christ's religion. Before I did so, and while I was under the spell of your lofty though cold philosophy, my life was not only a mystery to me but a pain, but at length I have found the light I longed for, and the peace which I sought. For myself I have put this matter to the test and have proved it true, and I tell you this because I greatly love you;" and her look showed how true was the statement. "Oh, father, do come and taste the blessedness I know."

Doctor Gilbart was deeply touched by the words and manner of his daughter, and he felt something of their force and pathos; yet neither her reasoning nor her loving enthusiasm served to conquer his long established doubts, and yet he had felt, as Sylph had, the hollowness and nothingness of the world.

A nobleman in modern times* thus mourned over the wreck of his early belief: "I am not ashamed to confess, that with this virtual negation of God, the universe to me has lost its soul of loveliness; and when at times I think, as think at times I must, of the appalling contrast between the

* Wesley's Journal, March, 1774.
† Journal, June 24, 1774.

* Viscount Amberly, eldest son of the late Earl Russell.

lowed glory of the creed which once was mine, l the lonely mystery of existence, as now I find at such times I shall ever feel it impossible to id the sharpest pang of which my nature is ceptible."

Something of this had likewise been, in hours of ely thought, the feeling and soliloquy of Dr. bart, since that dark and sorrowful day when at grave of his little daughter, resenting his be- vement, he abandoned faith in a living God. late he had suppressed such meditations, they re too distressing to indulge. But now Sylph's nestness caused him to painfully sigh after the h in a God which once was his.

(*To be continued.*)

PROPHECY AND POLITICS.

By Rev. William Maude.

tter-Day Democracy—Its Rise in Europe—The 'Nineteenth Century" and Government—A Commingling, but not Coalescence—"The Gospel of Dynamite"—Russia and Germany—France and Bulgaria—A Worldly Scribe's Conviction of the State of Things.

It was the saying of good old John Newton that read the newspaper "to see what his Father was ing in the world." And if this could with truth said in his day by one who had received but lit- light on God's revelations of the future, how uch more may it be said in ours, especially by ose who have been led to give heed to the sure ord of prophecy, when the events transpiring ound us from day to day, both in their main cur- nt and in their side issues, are so plainly ac- mplishing the explicit predictions of inspired ophecy. Indeed, if prophecy can be defined as story in solution, it may, without exaggeration, : said that scarcely a month now passes without ir witnessing—if only we preserve a watchful at- ude of mind—some prophetic intimation crystal- ing into accomplished fact, while the awful goal contemporary history is seen with ever-increas- g clearness to coincide with that of Divine pre- ction as it respects the character of the closing ays of the present dispensation.

LATTER-DAY DEMOCRACY.

As a striking example of what is meant, we may oint to one of the most marked features in the resent aspect of European politics, which, inas- uch as it refers to the general state of things, and ot to any one particular occurrence, is the less pen to special objections. "Coincidence," the ver-ready expedient of those who wish to evade he evidence of supernatural working, whether in iracle, prophecy, or sign, is hardly available to ccount for an undeniable identity between the rediction and the actual character of a clearly de- ned period of time—the prediction anticipating he fulfilment by *more than fourteen centuries.*

In Daniel's description of the great metallic im- ge seen by Nebuchadnezzar in his prophetic ream, whereby the course of the four great Gen- ile world-powers was so accurately and unmistaka- ly indicated, we are told that the fourth or Ro- nan empire was represented by the legs and feet f the image, the legs being "of iron, and his feet art of iron and part of clay" (Daniel 2 : 33). In egard to the symbolic meaning of this strange ad- nixture of iron with clay, we are informed, more- over, in the prophet's subsequently given interpre- ation of the dream, that whereas the king "saw he feet and toes, part of potters' clay and part of ron, the kingdom (or government) shall be divid- ed ; but there shall be in it of the strength of the ron, forasmuch as he saw the iron mixed with miry clay. And as the toes of the feet were part of iron and part of clay, so the kingdom shall be partly strong and partly broken. And whereas he saw iron mixed with miry clay, they shall min- gle themselves with the seed of men ; but they shall not cleave one to another, even as iron is not mixed with clay" (Daniel 2 : 41–44).

ITS RISE IN EUROPE.

By the general consent of commentators we have here a symbolic prophecy of the rise of democracy during the last days of the Roman empire ; the democratic element being aptly represented by the "miry clay" which weakens and disintegrates the "iron" of sovereign power and authority. Now the rise of this democratic power, which asserts an ever-increasing influence over the politics of mod- ern Europe, is unquestionably to be traced to the first French Revolution at the close of the last cen- tury. It was then that the "iron" of the govern- ment of Rome, which in some form had endured so many centuries, was effectually and forever bro- ken, and became from henceforth mixed with the "clay" of popular suffrage. Hence it is no longer true to say that "sovereigns and statesmen alone rule the world ;" the voice of the people—too often *the voice of the devil* rather than the voice of God —is now a third factor in the solution of every po- litical question ; and is apt, when provoked, to make itself heard in such tones of thunder as drown at once the commands of sovereigns and cajolery of statesmen.

"The French Revolution," observes an able writer in the *Nineteenth Century* (Frederic W. H. Myers), "was but the manifestation, in a specially concentrated form, of a phase through which the awakening coincidences of the masses must needs conduct every civilized nation in turn. Its charac- teristic assertions of the independence the essen- tial equality of men, are apt to lead, not to any improved social structure, but to sheer individual- ism, to the jealous spirit of democracy, which re- sents the existence of lives fuller and richer than its own. This spread of an enlightened selfishness is in the moral world a fact of the same nature as the exhaustion of coal-fields in the physical world. In each case the existing generation is living upon, and not replacing, the economies of the past.

"The self-abnegation which in a rude society was plainly needed to prevent the tribe's extinction now seems to serve only to maintain a pampered and useless court or aristocracy. The proletariat gradually discover that they are the stronger party, and their instinctive reverence for their hereditary leaders dies away. If circumstances are favorable they devote themselves to pleasure and money- making ; if not, they rise, perhaps, as in 1789, and 'decapitate the nation,' leaving themselves in- capable of self-government, and certain to be made the prey of military force, the only power left standing among them.

"Meanwhile it is not only the proletariat whose coherence in the body politic is loosened by the dictates of an *enlightened selfishness.* The feudal leader, quite as much as his retainer, subsisted by virtue of his possession of certain social instincts— courage in defending his clan, and a rude identifi- cation of his interests and pleasures with theirs. . . . But as civilization becomes more as- sured, there is no longer anything which the noble- man feels plainly called on to do for the common people, who are protected by law without his aid. And moreover, as numbers get vaster, and differ- ence of wealth more extreme, the rich man finds his pleasure more and more aloof from the poor. His instincts, both of leadership and of companion- ship, tend to decay ; he lives in some luxurious city, and converts his territorial primacy into a matter of rents.

"Individualism, in short, as opposed to active patriotism, becomes increasingly the temptation of rich and poor alike. The reserve forces of in- herited and instinctive virtue (to return to the simile of the coal-fields) are becoming exhausted, and while we live in a society which has been ren- dered possible by the half-conscious self-devotion of the past, we have not as yet discovered a source of energy which shall maintain our modern states at the moral temperature requisite for organic life."

A COMMINGLING, BUT NOT COALESCENCE.

These remarks are well worthy of our attentive consideration. They present the present political condition of Europe with force and truthfulness, and that political condition corresponds with the forecast of inspired prophecy as accurately as the wax impression does to the seal that makes it. The iron and the clay are mingled together, "but they do not cleave one to another, even as iron is not mixed with clay." The balance of power oscillates between the rulers and the people—to- day revolution, to-morrow despotism triumphs— and so the political pendulum will continue to oscillate with ever-increasing momentum, till the last and greatest manifestation of democracy in the scarlet-colored beast with *the uncrowned horns* (Revelation 17 : 3) is succeeded by the final tyranny of the last personal Antichrist ; the beast having his ten horns each crowned with a diadem (Reve- lation 13 : 1).

Just now the reaction of the two great forces is specially apparent all over Europe. In almost every European country at the present time we see the same kind of struggle going on between the force which calls itself *authority* and the force which is described as *revolution.* Not since the sudden season of terrible political reaction that set in after the wild revolutionary outbursts of 1848 has Europe seen a similar state of things prevail- ing. Nor, indeed, can it be said to be confined to the Continent of Europe, and to that alone. Among ourselves (in Britain) we see the same contest of forces. We have in Ireland coercion in full operation ; the suspension of constitutional rights, the arrest of men simply on suspicion of their complicity in unlawful designs. And on the other hand we have the open and daring proclama- tion of what is called

"THE GOSPEL OF DYNAMITE."

Thus the (American) *Sunday Democrat,* the Fenian organ, says : "The war for Irish inde- pendence is begun. The work is easy and the vic- tory sure. It needs no great armies or big navies. It requires only a little dynamite, heroically ap- plied where it will do most good in England."

Again, the St. Louis *Post* has printed an ac- count of a recent interview with O'Hara, the Irish revolutionist, in which that unscrupulous man ex- pressed himself "with perfect frankness" on the subject of the infernal machines seized at Liver- pool. The plan, he stated, was to place them on board English ironclads at Plymouth. Since the 20th of June eighty-six had been shipped, and he thought fifty had escaped capture. The intention was to attack the English navy as the best means of dismembering the British Empire. A thousand men are united with him in waging this war against the crown. "We are rebels," he said, "making stand against authority. Science now enables one man to kill a thousand ; this is not assassination— it is private war." *

"It certainly is a remarkable fact," says the London *Spectator,* "that this vast increase in the power of destructive agencies should have occurred at a time when there is also such a vast decrease in the power of constructive agencies, when a cold and defiant unbelief is taking the place of all ennob- bling creeds in the minds of multitudes of men all over the earth. It looks almost as if there were a real correspondence between the course of human passions and the course of human knowledge ; since, just at a time when tens of thousands in very many different parts of the earth are in the exact sense 'Nihilists,' so far as human order is concerned, agencies like dynamite and other explo- sives calculated to annihilate and disorganize hu- man efforts, both by their physical effects and by the fear which is entertained of them, should have been supplied by science in abundance—and, of course, supplied in combination with the resources for either a cowardly or a bold use of them."

THE CONDITION OF RUSSIA.

Taking a wider view, it is hardly needful to refer to the political phenomena visible in Russia. Hardly even in the Middle Ages was so grim and mournful a spectacle beheld in Europe as that which is presented by the terrible death-struggle of des- potism in that unhappy country against its re- morseless and irrepressible enemies. It is true Russia lies beyond the area of the prophetic "world," but we have as a companion to the pic- ture of *Russian political intrigues* and revolution, the trials recently brought to a close in Turkey. There we have still the immemorial palace in- trigues and assassinations of the Mohammeds or the Suleimans, to set off against the horrors of the Court of the Romanoffs, as if in order that the ancient rivalry between Russia and Turkey should be maintained even on this arena of tragedy.

(*To be concluded.*)

* This definition of murder as "private war" ap- pears to us as not wholly an untrue one, but of course only on the assumption that war is wholesale murder.

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NOTICE.

To give our readers an opportunity of introducing the Christian Herald to their friends, we will send the paper post free to any address from 1st October, to 31st December, 1881, on receipt of 25 cents.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Election of Senator David Davis as President *pro tem.* of the Senate was accomplished on Thursday, October 13th, in accordance with the decision of a Republican caucus held the day before. After the senators-elect from New York and Rhode Island were admitted, the only element of doubt as to the power of the Republicans to elect a temporary president consisted in the vote of Mr. Davis himself. When that Senator votes with the Democrats there is a tie in the Senate, and as it was generally understood that if nominated he would abstain from voting, there was a probability of the Republicans being in a majority of one. When Senator Logan, of Illinois, moved the resolution for the election of Mr. Davis, Senator Bayard announced his intention of not voting. He said: "I have never obtained office by my vote, and I never shall retain it by my vote." Mr. Davis was accordingly elected by a vote of 36 to 34. In taking his seat Mr. Davis expressed his gratitude for the mark of confidence, and intimated, for the benefit of those it might concern, that he did not propose to reciprocate the favor, but to act with "entire fairness."

The New York State Democratic Convention assembled at Albany on Tuesday, October 11th. The Hon. D. B. Hill, of Chemung, was chosen temporary chairman. On the roll of delegates being called, the credentials of the three contesting delegations from New York City were referred to the Committee on Contested Seats, which decided to give seats to the County Democracy "on the ground of their regularity as an organization," thus *excluding both Tammany and Irving Halls.* The Hon. Erastus Brooks was then elected permanent chairman. *The platform* adopted declares the fidelity of the party to the principles of the conventions of 1874, 1875, and 1876; insists on the necessity of reform, as demonstrated by the Star Route exposure; deplores the assassination of the late President; advocates civil service reform by legislative enactment and administrative action, and recommends an early submission to the people of an amendment to the Constitution in favor of free canals. The nominations were made in accordance with the platform; and domestic affairs of the State, rather than national questions, appear to have determined the choice of the delegates. The convention is chiefly remarkable for the repulse of Mr. John Kelly, which was decisive. A vigorous protest has been issued by Tammany against its exclusion, but at present no one seems able to predict what course the Tammany men will take in November. With the halls excluded from the Democratic Convention, and the Stalwarts overpowered in the Republican Convention, there seems to be a prospect of rather a mixed result.

The Ohio Election has Resulted in a Republican victory. The returns are not all in, but it is estimated that Gov. Foster's plurality will be 20,000. The vote is light, and the scratching unparalleled. In many instances Foster's name was sustituted for Bookwalter's, and vice versa. The temperance vote, so far as is ascertained, appears to have been smaller than was expected, although it shows a substantial gain on former years. The Republicans claim that they have a majority in both Houses of the Legislature. In Iowa the Republican majority is estimated at 55,000.

Some Misconception Prevails as to What would be the Constitutional course if President Arthur should die before the completion of the term of office. It is now authoritatively stated that the temporary President of the Senate would become *acting President of the United States*, but not for the remainder of the quadrennial term. It would be his duty to communicate immediately with the Governors of all the States, notifying them of the vacancies, instructing them to arrange for the election of presidential electors, and specifying the day when such election must take place. A president and vice-president thus elected would serve the usual term, and thus the sequence of the presidential election years, as they now stand, would be altered. These contingencies were provided for in 1792 by an Act of Congress.

Guiteau, the Assassin of President Garfield, was indicted for murder on Friday, October 14th. He manifested the utmost fear when informed that he would be taken to court, and begged that the proceedings might be delayed. There was, however, no demonstration against the prisoner, and the carriage in which he was driven to and from the court was not molested. Guiteau listened attentively to the reading of the indictment, and when called upon to plead, desired to make a statement, but when informed that it would be inappropriate at that time, he entered the plea of "Not guilty." Mr. Scoville, Guiteau's brother-in-law, appeared as his counsel and stated that his defence will consist of two points: First, that Guiteau is insane, and second, that the wound was not necessarily mortal, and was not the cause of President Garfield's death. *The trial was fixed for November 7th.* Prior to that date the question of jurisdiction will be argued, as the prisoner's lawyer contends that, as the President died outside the District of Columbia, the court has no jurisdiction. The statement Guiteau wanted to read, reaffirms his conviction that he was divinely commissioned to kill the President, but he is obviously insincere in that statement, or he would not be afraid of his own assassination.

An Anti-Mormon Resolution has been passed by the Cincinnati Methodist Conference on Mormonism. It is thus worded: "That it is the urgent duty of the general Government to apply at once adequate remedies for the extirpation of Mormon polygamy. If the ordinary processes of the civil and criminal courts are not enough, then the laws should be executed by arms. That we call upon the people everywhere, by discussion, appeal, and petition, to cease not to agitate on the subject until the crime shall be abolished." There ought to be no delay in responding to this resolution. The apathy of governments is soon quickened when the people are determined. The blood of men, women, and children murdered by those miscreants at the head of the Mormon community cries to Heaven for vengeance. Virtuous women inveigled to Utah are forced to become plural wives to men they abhor, or face the alternative of death by starvation or worse means. Men who, deluded by the wiles of Mormon missionaries, have come from Europe, see their homes robbed of their daughters and dare not protest. Yet all the time Christian governments like those of England and Sweden suffer their ignorant subjects to be so beguiled, and make no effort to warn them, and the Washington government gives no protection to the sufferers. Compared with that vicious city, Sodom was virtuous. God will not hold us guiltless if we do not agitate in this matter, and use what power we have for its extirpation.

One of the Most Destructive Fires New York has seen for many years broke out on Monday, October 10th, at the Fourth Avenue car stables. Its origin is unknown, but as the stables contained the winter store of fodder for the horses, its spread was very rapid. The telegraph soon summoned to the spot every fire engine in the city, but against such a conflagration all human resources were unavailing. The building was burned to the ground, and for four days the débris continued smouldering, in spite of the streams of water poured on it day and night. It is feared that many horses were burned. All that were in the stables were set at liberty when the fire broke out, and most of them have been recovered, but it is believed that at least three hundred failed to make their escape. The flames from the building rose to a great height, and the wind carried them across the street to a furniture store, which was also destroyed. This is one of the saddest, features of the catastrophe, for many citizens, believing the building fireproof, had deposited pictures and other priceless art treasures there for safety. Some of these were stored in the vaults and may have escaped, but at present the entrance to the vaults is blocked by ruins and cannot be opened. The loss of property will exceed *two million dollars*, but happily no lives were lost.

The News of the Sudden Death of Dr. J. G. Holland will not be read in any of our cities without deep emotion. On Tuesday evening, October 11th, he was in good health and was at the office of *Scribner's Monthly*, of which periodical he has been editor for eleven years. He retired to rest at his usual hour, but on attempting to rise in the morning, he suddenly fell back on his pillow and died. A sincere Christian, a true gentleman, an accomplished scholar, and an able editor, the world is poorer now that he has left it. There was a sweetness and purity in his work that we look for in vain in that of too many of his contemporaries. Those who knew him only through his writings, respected and admired him; those who knew him personally loved him. The influence of a man so humble, yet so good and wise, both in the press and in personal association, cannot be over estimated. May it continue to live now that he has gone from our midst!

Mayor Grace Continued his Tour of Inspection through the tenement houses of New York City last week. He was accompanied by the Sanitary Engineer of the Board of Health and other officials. The state of matters in all the homes visited was disgraceful in the extreme. Families were found living in one room day and night. In others they had two rooms only, the room used as a bedroom being without window or ventilation of any kind. Yet ten dollars per month, and in some cases higher rates, up to eighteen and twenty dollars, are exacted from the wretched tenants as rent. Leaky drains and general sanitary defects abound. One of the Mayor's party said: "The most expressive words descriptive of squalor and filth would give but a faintly glimmering idea of the condition of affairs in these most wretched and compactly crowded abodes." In one of the houses a woman insisted on shaking hands with the Mayor, with which moderate request he good-naturedly complied. "I thought from the carriages," said the woman, "that there was a funeral." "And there would be if we should stay here long," he answered. The Mayor hopes that the publication of the information he has acquired during these visits may induce some philanthropic capitalists to do for the poor of New York what George Peabody and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts have done for the poor of London.

A Temperance Breakfast was Given in New York, October 11th, in honor of the arrival of Mr. R. Graham, late Secretary of the Church of England Temperance Society, who has come here on the invitation of the Protestant Episcopal Church Temperance Society for the purpose of organizing the temperance work in the United States upon a basis similar to that which has obtained such remarkable success in Great Britain. Mr. Graham said that although he had undertaken the work for one year only, he intended to become an American citizen, and remain here permanently. Dr. Thorold, the Lord Bishop of Rochester, and a warm friend to the temperance cause, was present at the breakfast, and warmly commended Mr. Graham to the American temperance workers, speaking very highly of his success in England. Alluding to the Yorktown Celebration, the bishop said that he could meet it without a blush. His grandfather was from Lincoln, and one of the *seven members who voted against the war with America.* He did not pretend to be a sensible man; but he was glad to say that his grandfather was sensible.

A Diphtheria Plant.—In a Lecture Delivered before the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, on October 11th, Prof. Horatio C. Wood gave the result of his researches into the origin of this terrible epidemic made at the instance of the National Board of Health. He said that he and the scientific men associated with him had made many experiments, resulting in the important discovery that this fatal and insidious disease is propagated by "*a microscopic plant or fungi, existing in all human beings*, especially in the mouth and throat, but lacking the power of reproduction until given increased vitality by those disordered conditions of the mucous membrane which attend sore throat when caused by cold." Thus increased, they poison the blood and choke the vessels, producing the fatal membrane which is a sign of the disease. The professor held out the hope that further experiments might lead to the discovery of a system of inoculation by which the fatal results of the disease might be prevented. Thus we see that in our physical nature, as in our spiritual nature, we carry about with us the seeds of death, which only need an impure atmosphere or contact with infection to develop and propagate.

A United States Senator's Start in Life.—The newly elected Senator from Rhode Island, Nelson W. Aldrich, is stated, on the authority of the New York *Tribune*, to have entered the city of Providence in the same modest manner that the illustrious Whittington entered London—on foot, and with *his clothes slung over his back.* Being a bright, active youth, he soon procured employment in a wholesale grocery house. But with a genius superior to his station, he rose in life, till he is now the head of one of the largest firms in the State, and holds the high position of United States Senator. Mr. Aldrich is not quite forty years old. He is married, and has four children.

Convicts' Commiseration.—The Convicts in the Ohio Penitentiary have sent $100 to the Michigan sufferers. They raised this sum by denying themselves the luxury of tobacco and by the sale of trinkets which they had made. It is very seldom that an example of self-denial for the benefit of others comes from the penitentiary, but this is one to be commended to the notice of many self-indulgent people who do not happen to be in jail.

A Search for a Lover on a Battlefield was recently described by the lady who undertook the ghastly task, to a fellow-passenger in the train that carried them over the scene of the struggle. She lived in Memphis in 1861, and her lover was an officer in the Confederate army, but she removed to Kentucky when his regiment was engaged there. A battle occurred, and one of the wounded soldiers who managed to crawl back to hospital, told her he had seen her lover fall, as he supposed, mortally wounded. He described, as well as he could, the spot where he lay, and the lady instantly started out for the field. As she went, the deep roar of the guns told her the battle was still in progress. But she thought little of her own risk of being hit by a stray ball, or being trampled upon in a cavalry charge. She thought only of her lover who might be needing the restoratives she carried. She walked through lines of dead and dying men, scrutinizing each face, until at length she came upon the form she sought. To her intense relief he was alive, but appeared to be *slowly bleeding to death.* Quickly she stanched the blood, and bound up the wound. Then she gave him her restorative and waited till he was strong enough to rise. With all her strength she helped him, and leaning on her he dragged his way off the field to the surgeon's quarters. There his wound was properly dressed and he recovered. At the close of the war he became the husband of the heroic woman who had saved his life. People would not call that man a fanatic, however ardently he loved his wife; yet that is the epithet applied to Christians who give their lives to the service of Him who has rescued them from eternal death (1 Cor. 6 : 20).

Dr. Stuart Robinson, for Many Years Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church at Louisville, Ky., died October 5th. During the last eighteen months he has suffered from cancer of the stomach. Dr. Robinson was born at Strabane, near Londonderry, Ireland, November 26th, 1816. He graduated in Amherst College in 1836, and afterward studied theology at Union Theological Seminary, Prince Edward, Va. He then became Presbyterian pastor at Frankfort, Ky. From 1852 to 1856 he resided at Baltimore. He was professor of ecclesiology at Danville, Ky., from 1856 to 1858. In 1858 he became pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church at Louisville, where he took a leading position among the clergymen of the South. During his long career Dr. Robinson was an active writer. Among his works are "The Church of God an Essential Element of the Gospel" and "Discourses of Redemption," the latter having been *reprinted in Edinburgh.* Dr. Robinson's sympathies were with the South during the war, and many of his pamphlets treated of the various questions at issue between the Northern and Southern Presbyterians.

An Appeal to President Arthur has been made by the managers of the National Temperance Society on behalf of many thousands of temperance workers throughout the country. The managers have forwarded a petition to the President, in which they say, "We most earnestly pray that, as chief executive, in dispensing official hospitality at the White House, in your appointments to the public service—civil, military, and naval—and in your official recommendations to Congress concerning revenue and other legislation involving the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages, you will so use your great opportunity as to discourage all injurious social-drinking usages, to lessen the great and threatening evil of intemperance and to promote the ultimate suppression of the wasteful and destructive alcoholic liquor traffic." The President has had abundant opportunities of witnessing the evils of intemperance, and it would be a happy thing for the country if he should be moved to discourage the use of liquor by his influence and example.

A Twenty-Five Cent Subscription to "The CHRISTIAN HERALD" was secured by one of our readers, who thus narrates the circumstances: "A few days ago I met a man who, I suppose, *never read a religious paper*, and who seems to care little or nothing for religion, and seldom or never attends a place of religious worship. When I met him I had in my hands a copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and he asked me to read him the news. I read him a few notes on Current Events, which seemed to interest him. I then told him that the number I had been reading contained a very interesting sermon from Dr. Talmage on the death of the President, and he asked me to read that too. I did so, and he seemed to be deeply interested; and when I had finished it I asked him what he thought of it, and he replied that he thought it was one of the best sermons he ever listened to, and that the man who delivered it must certainly be a great and good man. Then he pulled out twenty-five cents from his pocket, and told me to have the HERALD sent to him as soon as I could."

Men who have never read a religious paper and who do not attend church are just the sort of subscribers we are anxious to secure.

THE ARK OF THE COVENANT.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"And it shall come to pass, when ye be multiplied and increased in the land, in those days, saith the Lord, they shall say no more, The ark of the covenant of the Lord: neither shall it come to mind: neither shall they remember it; neither shall they visit it; neither shall that be done any more."—JEREMIAH 3 : 16.

The Proper Place for the Ordinances—The Symbol Forgotten in the Substance—I. The Symbol Reverenced—It Symbolized God's Presence—It was the Leader of the People—The Fixed Centre of Nationality—What the People did to the Ark—II. That Reverence Obliterated—A Boon, not a Threat—Its Meaning Fulfilled—In the Sense of Preservation—Propitiation—Covenant—Testimony—Enthronement—The Door of Man's Approach—The Place of Gracious Power—III. The Reverence Transferred—Speak of Jesus as Our Covenant—Christ in the Heart—Remember the Lord—Visit Him—Magnify the Real Mercy-Seat.

THIS text speaks concerning the material ark. I should like to append to that another, which speaks of the ark spiritually, and tells us where its antitype is to be found.

"And the temple of God was opened in heaven, and there was seen in his temple the ark of his testament (or covenant)."—REV. 11 : 19.

When inward piety is low the externals of religion are frequently cried up. Those who know nothing of God are the very people to exclaim concerning themselves and their brethren, "The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord are these." The Pharisees, who were furthest from God, were the most bitter advocates of ritualism and formalism; they would not even have a man healed on the Sabbath day, or allow the hungry to rub a few ears of corn out of the husks. It is not always so; but yet too often, "The nearer the church the further from God." *The more gown, the less grace.* The more phylactery, the less sanctity. The more of ecclesiasticism, the less of true godliness. On the other hand, whenever the Spirit of God is largely poured out, although the ordinances of God are carefully attended to, yet as external things they are sure to be put into their proper place, and that proper place is a secondary one.

The spiritual is put foremost and the ritualistic is placed hindmost when grace is largely given. It was so with David in the fifty-first Psalm: when he had made a hearty confession of his sin, and cried to God for mercy, he uttered those memorable words, "Thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offerings." He puts aside the symbol because he has a clearer view of the substance. That is exactly the case with the people mentioned in my text: they had been sadly sinful; but God in His mercy promised to turn to them, and to bless them, and bring them back into their own land again, and he says—"And I will give you pastors according to mine heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding. And it shall come to pass, when ye be multiplied and increased in the land, in those days, saith the Lord, they shall say no more, The ark of the covenant of the Lord; neither shall it come to mind: neither shall they remember it; neither shall they visit it; neither shall that be done any more." The visible golden ark which was so much their glory, should be quite forgotten, because of the gracious visitation of God. That shall be our subject this morning.

First, I shall invite your attention to *the symbol reverenced;* secondly we shall see *that reverence obliterated;* and, thirdly, we shall dwell upon *that reverence transferred;* for though we no longer revere the ancient ark of shittim wood overlaid with pure gold, we do honor to that forever-enduring ark of which we read in our second text—"the temple of God was opened in heaven, and there was seen in His temple the ark of his covenant."

I. First, then, let us think upon

THE SYMBOL REVERENCED.

The ark of the covenant was a small coffer not exceeding four feet and a half in length by about two feet eight inches in breadth. It was made of

an enduring kind of wood, and was covered with pure gold both within and without. Upon the upper part of it was a golden crown, into which fitted a solid slab of gold, which formed the lid of the ark. That golden lid was called the propitiatory or mercy-seat; in the Hebrew, *Kapporeth*, or a place of covering. Upon the two ends of this mercy-seat, and part and parcel of the same solid metal, were two cherubs, with outstretched wings. The Lord said of them, "And the cherubims shall stretch forth their wings on high, covering the mercy-seat with their wings, and their faces shall look one to another; toward the mercy seat shall the faces of the cherubims be." Between those wings, when God was favorable to His people, the bright light, called the Shekinah, was wont to shine forth: and when, once in the year, the high priest went into the innermost place, bearing with him a cloud of incense and sprinkling the blood, he saw the glory of that light.

This ark was the object of great reverence, and very fitly so, because *it symbolized God's presence*, the presence of Jehovah, the living God, in the midst of His people. To no other people had God given such a token of His presence. He walked in the midst of no other camp; but of Israel He had said, "My Spirit shall go with thee." It was the first article of the tabernacle concerning which Moses received instructions, for, indeed, it was the first in honor. Read the twenty-fifth chapter of Exodus, and see how speedily the Lord who gave the law provided a chest for its honorable preservation. Although Solomon made most of the furniture of the holy place anew he retained the same ark, which was too much esteemed to be changed. When it was carried abroad in the marchings of the Israelites it always went in front, and it was distinguished from all the other furniture by being covered externally with blue, as if to signify its heavenly character. Lifted high on men's shoulders, upon golden staves, the blue colored wrapping of the ark was seen in the van of the Lord's host occupying the place of honor. We do not wonder, therefore, that it was much spoken of and esteemed by the tribes of Israel.

The ark was held in reverence by the Israelites because

IT WAS THEIR LEADER.

When the time came to march the ark went in the forefront. How often did Moses cry, "Rise up, Lord, and let thine enemies be scattered," and on they went across the pathless desert rightly led by this ark of the covenant. When they came to the brink of Jordan, as soon as the feet of the priests that bare the ark touched the waters, the river was parted, and they went through dry shod. It was so trusted in that they bore the ark on one occasion into the battlefield, when God was not with them, and the golden coffer was carried into captivity to vindicate its own honor among the Philistines, by smiting its captors with sore diseases, and breaking in pieces Dagon, their god.

A wonderful ark it was when God was with it. It was such a symbol of power that we wonder not that when David brought it up to Mount Zion all the people shouted, and with sound of trumpet celebrated its triumphal march. It was also so much a symbol of holiness that Solomon removed Pharaoh's daughter out of the city of David, for he said, "My wife shall not dwell in the house of David, King of Israel, because the places are holy, whereunto the ark of the Lord hath come."

In Solomon's day the ark was finally installed in the temple, and the king placed over it two greater cherubim, ten cubits high, with outspread wings. These were made of olive wood overlaid with gold, and probably covered the entire structure of the coffer and the smaller cherubim, which were component parts of it. Then they drew out the staves of the ark, signifying that there *the ark was to stay;* but they left the ends of the staves visible, to show that God might yet depart from them if they sinned against Him. In the temple the ark rested until the time of the captivity, and from that time it was no more heard of, and possibly never appeared again in the temple that was built by Zerubbabel or in that which was enlarged and beautified by Herod.

The ark was to Israelites, after their wanderings were over, *the fixed centre of their nationality*, even as while they were in the wilderness it had always been placed in the centre of the camp. In the desert it had been the central kernel of the whole army. Outside the ark was the tabernacle or holy place, and outside of that, in various rows and orders, were the tents of the tribes; but the core of it all was this honored ark. To-day we have a centre to which we rally, a fixed centre which faith perceives in heaven, whither the true ark of the covenant has gone up.

Marvel not that the men of Judah paid great reverence to this ark when in so many ways it was a token for good to them. What they did to this ark is mentioned in the text. First, *they recognized it as the ark of the covenant of the Lord.* They were wont to say, "The ark of the covenant of the Lord." They spoke much of it, and prided themselves upon the possession of it. Nay, they not only spoke of it, but

THEY LOVED IT;

for we read, "Neither shall it come to mind," or as the margin has it, "Neither shall it come upon the heart." The ark of the covenant was upon the hearts of God's people; they had a deep affection for it. When it was carried away captive we read that the aged Eli fell backward with horror at the tidings. It was very dear to the people of God, and if it was taken away they reckoned that the glory was departed from them.

Hence, in the next place, *they remembered it*, as the text plainly informs us. If they were captives they prayed in the direction in which the ark was situated; wherever they wandered they thought of God and of the coffer which represented His presence.

Next, *they visited it.* On certain holy days they came from Dan and from Beersheba, even from the utmost ends of their land, in joyful companies, singing from stage to stage, and making joyful holiday as they went up to the place where God did dwell between the cherubim. When they came back they rejoiced because they had worshipped before the ark of the covenant, even before the presence of the Most High God.

Visiting it, they were accustomed also to *speak highly of it;* for in the margin of your Bibles you will find, "Neither shall they magnify it any more." They used to tell one another what the ark had done; the glory that shone forth from it, the acceptance of the offering whose blood was sprinkled upon it on the Day of Atonement, and the testimony which was heard from between the cherubic wings.

II. Secondly, I would have you observe that

REVERENCE OBLITERATED.

They were to say no more, "The ark of the covenant of the Lord." Yet that fact was to be a blessing. Observe that the words are not spoken as a threatening, but as a gracious promise. Now, this cannot merely mean that they would be without the ark; for they would certainly understand that to be a sign of divine anger. Neither would the mere absence of the ark fulfil the prophet's words; for if the ark were gone they would remember it still, and their hearts would hanker after it. If they could not visit it, yet it would come to their minds, and they would speak of it.

It was somehow to be a boon to them that they should speak no more of the ark of the covenant, for the text was delivered in the form of a promise. The fact is they were to have done with the symbol because the substance would come. They were no more to speak of the ark itself, because they would have that which the ark was intended to foreshadow. Bear with me with great patience this morning while I try to interest you in the points in which our blessed Lord Jesus Christ is the ark of the covenant now in the temple of God for us.

Our Lord Jesus by His coming has put out of His people's thoughts the material ark of the covenant, because its meaning is fulfilled in Him; and this, first, in the sense of *preservation.* The ark was intended to be a sacred treasury in which God laid up the two tables of stone upon which the law was written, that they might be kept there as priceless things, not to be commonly handled or even seen, but shut up there as the most precious gifts of heaven. We know not where the tablets are now, and we know not *what has become of the golden chest;* but where is the law now? Once it lay broken at your feet and mine, even as the tables were shattered at the feet of Moses.

The law apart from Christ is a terror to our guilty souls, because it is a law broken, and therefore condemning; but the law in Christ Jesus, honored and fulfilled by Him, is a delightful sight to true worshippers. In Him the law is more honored than by any merely human obedience, and it smiles upon us as if we had perfectly obeyed it. It was not within His heart alone, but within all His life; His whole thoughts, words, and acts went to make up a golden chest in which the precious treasure of the perfect law of God should be contained. O come, let us magnify His blessed name!

Next, the ark signified *propitiation;* for over the top of the sacred box which held the two tables of the law was the slab of gold called

THE MERCY-SEAT,

which covered all. We will not talk of that golden covering now, but we will speak of Jesus, our blessed Lord, who covers all. When God looks down upon His law, He does not see it nakedly, but He beholds it in the person of His Son. He sees it there perfectly preserved without taint or flaw of any kind, and He rejoices therein. "Ah," said the Jew, "we have a mercy-seat that covers all." "Ah," say we, "but we have one who does not do that typically, and in outward pattern alone, but He is the real covering upon which we lay our prayers and thanksgivings, and find ourselves accepted." We come not to God on the footing of the law, but the interposing propitiation covers all, and comes between, and upon that mercy-seat we offer our petitions and praises.

The next word is a very blessed one, and that is *covenant.* The ark was called "the ark of the covenant." It represented a covenant of works, as it was a part of a visible sanctuary; and, ah, how soon was that covenant broken! There is no wonder that in the breaking of that covenant the golden pot of manna was lost, and that Aaron's rod that budded was no more seen; for we are told in the Chronicles that when they opened the ark, in the days of Solomon, there was nothing found in it "save the two tables which Moses put therein at Horeb, when the Lord made a covenant with the children of Israel, when they came out of Egypt." Paul tells us that they were there originally, and so it is probable that they were *taken away by the Philistines.*

Ah, how soon we should lose the sweet things of God if we were under the covenant of works, and how soon we should miss the gentle sovereignty of His shepherd rod! I thank and bless God that in Christ Jesus we have a covenant of grace which can never fail, and never can be broken, and in Him we have all that our souls desire: pot of manna and rod of Aaron, covenant provision and covenant rule we find in Him. Oh, how I wish some of the people of God understood it, and realized that there is established between God and us in the person of Christ Jesus a covenant ordered in all things and sure. May the Holy Ghost teach you this. God has pledged His honor for the salvation of His people, and He has sealed the covenant with the precious blood of Jesus, and therefore He will not turn away from it, but will keep it for His son's sake. Oh, blessed Jesus, we want no ark of the covenant; for Thou art the covenant itself to us, and in Thee we rejoice.

Further, because this ark was the ark of the covenant of God it was from it that He was accustomed to reveal Himself, and so it is called the "ark of *testimony.*" Jehovah often spoke from off the mercy-seat to His waiting people. His priests and prophets heard a voice coming forth from the thick darkness of the secret chamber wherein God dwelt, a voice from off the mercy-seat giving them promises of succor in their times of need. It was a great thing to possess what they called "the oracle." No other people had a true oracle except these chosen ones of God; but now that its voice is silent we need not regret it, for we have another oracle. "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past

unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son."

Some will say that they know God by study, others declare that they have found out God by reflection, and certain dream that they perceive Him by imagination; but all their knowledge put together cannot equal the blessed testimony of God which He hath given us concerning Himself in the manifestation of His incarnate, holy, obedient, suffering, dying, risen Son. We say no more, "the ark of the testimony," but we rejoice that God was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, and saw the Father in the Son.

We have only reached the middle of the subject now: this ark also signified *enthronement;* for the top of the ark was, so to speak, the throne of God. It was "the throne of the heavenly grace." There God reigned and dwelt; that is, typically. It was a throne to which petitioners came with their pleas to obtain favors at the hand of the great King. Where now is the visible throne of God? Ah, sirs, His holy place has been broken down, and He dwelleth not in temples made with hands, that is to say of this building. There is no visible throne of God upon the face of the earth now.

If you would see the throne of God, behold the person of the Christ; for in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. The Lord reigneth from the tree, from the cross: here is the kingdom of God set up in the person of Christ Jesus among the sons of men. Oh what a blessing to have such a throne to come to—to Jesus Himself, who is the throne of the invisible God! We talk no longer of the ark, and of its gold, and of its crown, and of its golden lid, and of the winged cherubs; for the Lord Jesus is infinitely better than these. Oh, our beloved Lord and Master, Thou dost chase away these shadows from our minds, for the very throne of God art Thou!

Out of this grows the next idea, that as it was the place of God's enthronement, so it was

THE DOOR OF MAN'S APPROACH.

Men never came nearer to God on earth typically than when they stood in the holy place close by the ark. Israel was nearest to God symbolically on that day when the atonement had been made and accepted, and her priest stood before the ark awe-stricken in the presence of God. You and I need not speak of the ark of the covenant; for we have a blessed way of approach. We do not come to Christ once in the year only, but every day in the year, and every hour of the day. He who came but once in the year came tremblingly. The Jews have a tradition that they put *a cord about the foot of the High Priest*, so that if he should die before the ark they might draw out his corpse; such was their servile fear of God. The tradition shows what was the trembling nature of that entrance within the veil: how different from the apostle's words, "Let us come boldly unto the throne of the heavenly grace." We are not afraid of being stricken with death there: we are full of reverence, but we have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear.

There is no approaching God except in Christ; but in Christ our approach to God may be as near as possible. Come nearer, nearer still; it is your fault that you do not come near enough. There is nothing to tremble at here—come right up to God and speak with Him as a man speaketh with his friend. We come boldly because we come through Jesus. Who is afraid of Jesus? Who shudders when drawing near to Him? And if *He* be the mercy-seat to which we come, and the place where the Father meets us, we feel that He permits the holy familiarity, the humble freedom which is suggested to our hearts by the spirit of adoption.

I must go a step further—the ark was the place of *gracious power*. On the top of the mercy-seat stood cherubic figures, and, notwithstanding all that learned men may have said, I do not think that any idea is nearer the mark than that these cherubim were types of angelic power, and of all the powers of providence which God is pleased to use in the behalf of His people. Notice how frequently the Word associates angels with our Lord; for instance, when Jacob saw the ladder which reached to heaven, and God at the top of it, there were angels ascending and descending upon it. Cherubim were on all the curtains of the most holy place which enclosed the ark, and the ministry of angels is interwoven into the great covenant plan of salvation. "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" Consider, then, that the angels on the mercy-seat typify the power of God by which He will defend His people.

Every angel is the servant of our covenant Head, and so the guardian of every member of Christ. As He might have summoned twelve legions of angels by one uplifted glance to heaven, so will He fill the mountain with horses of fire and chariots of fire whenever His people need such succor. The stars in their courses fight for the Saviour and for the saved ones: nothing shall by any means harm them. In heaven, and earth, and hell the warrant of the great King stands in full force, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm;" and this protection comes to us because we are preserved in Christ Jesus.

III. Thirdly, let us see this

REVERENCE TRANSFERRED.

Let us render to Jesus the honor which aforetime was offered to the ark. First: let us *say* that Jesus is our covenant. We are told, "They shall say no more, The ark of the covenant of the Lord." People must talk, it is natural to them, they must say something—*what else are their tongues for?* Let us, then, say concerning Christ that He is the ark of the covenant of the Lord. Come, let us each one say it for himself—"Lord Jesus, I am in covenant with God through Thee. Jesus, thou art my propitiation, by Thee I approach unto the Father." Recognize this truth for yourself, my brother, and it will be a grand day for you. When you have said it to yourself, say it to those about you. Say it to strangers, but especially say it to your own brethren. When you have said all you know, say it over again, and when you have said it again, say it a third time. This is a kind of note of which the human ear, when once it is cleansed, never grows weary.

The text takes you a step further; for it says of the original ark,. "neither shall it come to mind," or (I give the margin), "neither shall it come upon your heart." Brethren, let Christ *come upon your heart*, and dwell there. Beloved, let us not have Christ in the head, but Christ in the heart. Know all you can about Him; but love Him on account of everything you know; for everything we learn about Christ ought to be another argument for affection to Him. How I loved Him when I only knew myself a sinner and Christ a Saviour; but oh, I love Him more as I begin to see my greater need and His greater fulness; as I see my greater sinfulness and His greater graciousness!

And, next, if we should ever grow dull or cold at any time, let us take the third step in the text, let us *remember* the Lord.

> "What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
> How sweet their memory still."

If I have not this enjoyment now, I will remember it, and struggle till I find my Lord again. O my Lord, I will remember thee. If I forget thee, let my heart forget to beat.

> "Gethsemane, can I forget?
> Or there Thy conflict see,
> Thine agony and bloody sweat,
> And not remember Thee!
>
> "When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
> And rest on Calvary,
> O Lamb of God! my sacrifice!
> I must remember Thee.
>
> "Remember thee, and all thy pains,
> And all thy love to me;
> Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
> Will I remember Thee."

O memory, leave no other name than that of Jesus recorded upon thy tablets. Let us sometimes set apart a little space for the exercise of our memory. It is good for children at school to have their memories trained. Should not we sometimes, especially we who speak so much, get quite alone and sanctify our memory by going over all the blessings of the covenant which come to us by Christ, all the glory of His person, and all the wonders of His word. Oh, yes, we must remember it!

The next thing is, let us *visit* Him. We cannot set out on journeys now to go to Jerusalem on foot—little bands of us together; yet let us visit Jesus. Let us continually come to the mercy-seat alone. Who that knows the worth of prayer but wishes to be often there? Next, let us come up by twos and threes. Perhaps we have not been agreeing as we should together, let us go and hear what God the Lord will speak, for He may speak peace to us, in more senses than one. Perhaps we have had a trouble to-day, and we do not see our way—let us go up to the ark of the covenant and hear what the oracle will tell us. Peradventure the Lord will say, "This is the way, walk ye in it," and we shall know what to do.

If you live where they are giving up prayer-meetings, carry home a live coal and drop it into your minister's bosom. "Ah," say you, "he might not like it." That is very likely, but he certainly needs setting on fire if he lets the prayer-meeting go out. Churches without prayer-meetings! Pull them down, their day is over! Stop the preacher's mouth if he does not pray, and let his church be scattered to the winds; for the church that forgets to assemble for prayer has "Ichabod" written on its walls. *No prayer, no power.* The ark of the covenant is gone when the people no longer come together to cry unto the Lord in their companies.

The last thing is, "Neither shall that be done any more;" but the margin has it, "Neither shall that be *magnified* any more." Transfer your reverence, then, and as you cannot magnify the literal mercy-seat, come and magnify Christ, who is

THE REAL MERCY-SEAT.

Oh, that I knew how to speak words worthy to lie under the soles of my Master's feet! Oh, that I could speak a sentence that was fit to be laid in the road like the palm branches, with which the disciples strewed His way, not worthy to be touched by His feet, but by the feet of the beast that He rode upon! I am not worthy to unloose His shoe latchet. He is so glorious that archangels fall on their faces to adore Him. Heaven is splendid, but the splendor of heaven is the presence of my Lord and Master. His throne is a glorious high throne, but it owes its glory and its height to Him that sits upon it. Hallelujah unto thee, O Christ. Hallelujah for ever and ever! for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us unto God by Thy blood!

If the Jew was ever permitted to look upon the golden chest of the ark, he saw but little compared with what I see in Thee, thou man, thou God! The wood that could not rot, covered over with precious gold, was a poor representation of His perfect manhood and glorious Godhead. The ark was crowned, but we see Jesus made a little lower than the angels, and crowned King of kings and Lord of lords. Again my heart cries hallelujah!

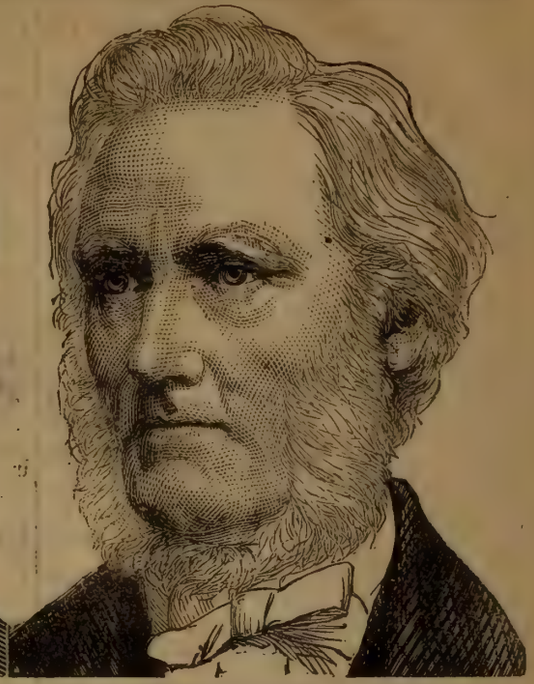
The Jew could but see a slab of gold that was called the throne of God, but we see the spotless, perfect life, and infinitely precious atonement of Christ, which are better than the much fine gold. I see God, not as a light for the eyes, but as shining upon the soul in Jesus my Lord. Oh, the glory, the glory of that light! I am reconciled! I am a child of God! I am brought near! Jehovah speaks to me! I speak to Him! Hallelujah! All praise to Him through whom such fellowship is rendered possible, so that a man can see God and live! Glory, glory be unto Him who is now in the temple above. The veil is rent, and faith can see Jesus, to whom we come this day. God bless you, beloved. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Hebrews 8, 9: 1-5].

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 230,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

The Late Rev. S. Manning, LL.D.

Rev. John Wilkinson.



The Late Rev. Alexander Raleigh, D.D.

THE LATE DR. S. MANNING,

Of the Religious Tract Society.

THE death, on September 13th, last, of this esteemed Secretary of the Tract Society of Great Britain, has made a vacancy in the official staff that will not easily be filled.

Samuel Manning was *born* on November 26th, 1821, and has been called from the midst of manifold and far-reaching earthly usefulness to higher honors and nobler service, at the early age of fifty-nine. He was a native of the busy town of Leicester, where he spent his early years. He was favored both in regard to his parentage and in the associations of his youth. In the second quarter of the present century, his father, Mr. Manning, was for some years churchwarden of St. Martin's parish, a poor living, then held by the Rev. E. T. Vaughan, the father of Dr. Vaughan, now Master of the Temple Church, London.

When about eighteen years of age Samuel Manning left Leicester for Liverpool, where he actively engaged in commercial pursuits. A very prosperous future appeared to be opening before him, when in obedience to the advice of judicious friends he relinquished commerce for a ministerial life. He now entered the Baptist College at Bristol, but soon left Bristol to continue his studies at the University of Glasgow.

On completing his college course, Dr. Manning had a choice of several settlements in the Nonconformist ministry, and at length he became Baptist minister at Frome, in Somersetshire. It was in this picturesque town that John Foster preached and wrote in the early years of the present century; and Dr. Manning not only had the happiness of succeeding to the pulpit of the essayist, but of having as a friend and helper the venerable John Sheppard, one of Foster's chosen companions, and his correspondent to the last. As a minister of the Gospel, Dr. Manning was eminently successful from the first. At the end of a year his church was obliged to be rebuilt, and during the fifteen years of his stay in the town it was several times enlarged.

From the outset of his career Dr. Manning has also been a very considerable author, for he has not only largely contributed to periodical literature, but has produced several works of acknowledged merit, which have been very extensively circulated. Among these may be mentioned "Selections from the Prose Works of John Milton, with Memoir, Notes, and Analyses," published in 1862. Many anonymous works from Dr. Manning's pen still command a large circulation, and some of the most successful of the publications issued by the Religious Tract Society are his productions. Several of these, the result of his travels in Switzerland, Spain, Italy, Egypt, Palestine, and America, are very widely known.

Dr. Manning on several occasions refused the degree of Doctor of Divinity; but some years ago he accepted the diploma of LL.D. from *the University of Chicago*.

It is in connection with the Religious Tract Society, with which he was associated for fifteen years, that the career of Dr. Manning is chiefly interesting to the general public. Nothing in his character was more remarkable than his combination of business aptitude and literary skill with unfailing geniality, and true, almost child-like, devotion. His ability and sagacity in the management of affairs were the astonishment of those who had dedicated their lives exclusively to commerce; while in the social circle his good spirits and flow of happy anecdote were an unfailing charm. His literary skill was at the same time considerable. As editor of the Tract Society's volumes for fifteen years, he evinced a rare discernment and taste, while his own literary activity was great.

REV. JOHN WILKINSON,

Director of the Mildmay Mission to the Jews.

MENTION has frequently been made in these columns of the mission to the Jews which has for its headquarters the Conference Hall at Mildmay Park, London. We give above a portrait of Mr. Wilkinson, whose exertions in connection with that mission have been blessed of God to the conversion of many of "His chosen people."

Some thirty-seven years ago Mr. Wilkinson was learning his first lessons in the school of Christ in a quiet village in Lincolnshire, England. He was a decided Christian at the early age of fourteen, but although his friends even then recognized his future vocation, and spoke of him as "*cut out for a missionary*," he manifested an invincible repugnance to speak or act in public.

Ultimately the claims of Jewish Missions were so urgently put before him that he felt the call was of the Lord and must not be evaded. Accordingly he wrote to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews, inclosing his testimonials and stating his conviction of a call to the work. He was accepted, and entered upon a course of preparatory study, in which he achieved no little success.

In April, 1854, his true missionary career began among the Dutch cattle-drovers of the London Market; and from that date onward for twenty-two years his connection with the Parent Society remained unbroken, his sphere widening as time went on.

In 1875 a deepening conviction that *the close of the "times of the Gentiles"* and the restoration of Israel were events near at hand, led Mr. Wilkinson to feel the importance of devoting himself exclusively to missionary labors. Not being able, however, to obtain the consent of the directors of the British Society to his taking that course, he decided, in February, 1876, to tender his resignation, and to start on an independent course of labor, casting himself and his family on the providence of God.

Unsought, various personal friends of Mr. Wilkinson came forward and undertook the charge of providing for his personal and family needs during the next three years, and thus he found himself free from all care for the morrow, and able to devote himself wholly to aggressive work among the Jews of London.

His home had for some years past been in the neighborhood of Mildmay Park. He had lived on terms of Christian intimacy with the late beloved William Pennefather, and had watched the gradual development of the Mildmay institutions with warm interest and sympathy. More than once Mr. Wilkinson had said to him: "Your work at Mildmay will never be complete until you have linked to it a mission to the Jews," but neither he nor Mr. Pennefather had then any light as to how or by whom such a mission would be carried out.

When in April, 1873, Captain Moreton, on the death of Mr. Pennefather, succeeded to the work he had left unfinished, Mr. Wilkinson wrote and offered his services gratuitously as Missionary to the Jews in connection with the Conference Hall, and received from Captain Moreton a warm response, which resulted in the establishment of the Mildmay Mission to the Jews. Since then the work has been carried on amid many unmistakable tokens of blessing, and many Jews have been led to recognize in Jesus of Nazareth "He of whom Moses and the prophets did write."

THE LATE REV. ALEXANDER RALEIGH, D.D.

AMONG the eminent Congregational ministers of London few ever exercised so strong a personal influence over their people as did the late Dr. Raleigh. To know him was to love him. His eloquence thrilled the hearer, his profound thought won his respect, and his high personal religious character, combined with his genial and sympathetic disposition won the love of those with whom he came in contact. People used to say of him that his influence was magnetic, but it would have been more correct to say that it was Christlike.

He was born on the farm of Flock, Kirkcud-

brightshire, Scotland; but in early years he left his native land for Liverpool, where his school days were spent, and although Scotland claimed a brief portion of his subsequent career, his associations were chiefly of an English character, and in England his best work was done. It was after he had left school, and when he became alive to spiritual realities, that what he at least would term education began. One who knew him in his younger days does not hesitate to call him "a veritable hero in his pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," alluding to the fact that the early surroundings of his life necessitated attention to business as well as to books. His *ministerial studies* were commenced at Blackburn Theological Academy, of which the Rev. Gilbert Wardlaw was principal, and continued at Lancashire Independent College.

From those days until his death a certain ardor of nature was one of his chief characteristics, and this helped him to turn obstacles which would have seemed insuperable to others, into incentives to zeal and unwearied perseverance.

On leaving college, in 1844, his *first pastoral charge* was at Greenock, where he continued for six years. In 1850 he became minister at Masborough, Rotherham, and remained there until 1855, when he succeeded Dr. Wardlaw as pastor of Elgin Place Chapel, Glasgow. Four years afterward he accepted an invitation to Hare Court Chapel, London, which important sphere of labor he occupied until 1875. It was in London that he became most widely known, both as an *author* and a *preacher*.

He sought constantly, like the preacher of old, for "acceptable words," and thus he built up for himself that reputation for competency of theological acquirement and conscientiousness in pulpit preparation which induced the Glasgow University, in 1864, to bestow upon him the degree of D.D.

His reputation as an author almost equalled his reputation as a preacher. One of the books, perhaps, which will give the best idea of his power is his "Quiet Resting Places," published in 1863. The next effort in this direction was his volume on "The Story of Jonah." Some critics accorded higher praise to this than to "Quiet Resting Places," and it certainly uttered a very solemn voice to the times. The charm of the book was the perfect adaptation to our modern life of the great spiritual lessons taught by the history of the prophet so many centuries ago. It enabled the preacher himself to become a messenger of the Lord against the vices and impurities of the great city in which his lot was cast. He subsequently issued "The Little Sanctuary," and a volume of sermons on the Book of Esther was the last volume published by him.

In 1875 he resigned his pastorate to become the successor of his beloved friend, Rev. Dr. Stoughton, at Kensington. In this sphere of duty he found scope for the full exercise of his best gifts, and he was enabled to continue as perhaps no one else so well could, the work Dr. Stoughton inaugurated.

On the 19th of April, 1880, at the age of sixty-three, with Sir James Paget, Dr. Allon, and beloved friends around him, this devoted man of God "fell asleep." A brief period of suffering terminated a life of great beauty and of extended usefulness, in which there seemed to be promise of that high service which the ripe and mellowed experience of a pure and noble spirit alone can render. His death caused deep sorrow in a large circle of friends, and those who only knew him as a preacher mourned for him as for a friend. The accompanying portrait is considered to be a life-like one.

Mrs. Conyers' Return Home.

MAUD CONYERS' REFUGE IN TROUBLE.

"Is that my wife?" said a feeble voice, as the sound of carriage wheels was heard on the stones of a street lined on both sides with elegant mansions. The voice came from a bed on which was stretched the form of a man in the prime of life who but a few hours before had been full of health and vigor. He had been away from home on a visit, and in returning, the high-spirited horses he was driving, were frightened by a passing train, and starting on a wild gallop, had overturned the carriage and left him on the roadway a mangled, almost unrecognizable form. He was carried to his chamber, and a surgeon summoned. It was evident that his injuries were mortal; but he recovered consciousness, and his first inquiry was for his wife. He was told that she was not at home; had gone to call on some friends, but was expected soon. His anxiety was pitiable, and at the sound of every vehicle that passed the inquiry was repeated, "*Is that my wife?*"

An attendant stood by the window eagerly watching for the expected lady, and after an interval of less than an hour, but which seemed to all in the death chamber endless, an elegant carriage stopped before the door. The light from the windows of the house fell upon it as the door was opened, and a lady stepped out. *She was very beautiful.* Her face, a delicate oval, surrounded by a gauzy veil, looked the perfection of human loveliness. Luxuriant dark brown hair set off an exquisite complexion, and her dark eyes sparkled with intelligence and sensibility. She was the bride of only a few weeks, and as she stepped lightly from her carriage she seemed the impersonation of grace and beauty.

A few words from the servant who admitted her sufficed to acquaint her with the heart-breaking news, and with a suppressed shriek Maud Conyers ran breathlessly to her husband's room.

It was a sad scene, that meeting between husband and wife. The sands of life were running out fast, and the last loving parting was at hand. To both it was very bitter, for it was for the stricken man a *going out into the dark.* No ray of hope illumined the unseen world, and he could form no idea of the bourne to which he was drifting. Neither husband nor wife had given a thought to the momentous question of their souls. They had both lived only for pleasure, and now, as one lay face to face with death, the other could impart no comfort nor hope.

A skilful surgeon had been summoned to consult with the one who was first on the scene, and under his treatment the sufferer somewhat revived. "He might live a day or two," the new comer said, "but he could never recover." While the two men of science were consulting, Maud was alone in her room, thinking. A friend of her girlhood had called upon her a few days before to ask her for subscription to a charity. He was a clergyman now, though he had once been a prominent man in the world of fashion. She remembered the sensation made when he suddenly bade farewell to his worldly friends and gave his life to the service of religion. Maud had pitied him then as an enthusiast; she thought him almost demented, and wondered how one so brilliant could abandon society to visit "horrid people who lived in tenement houses, and stand at the bedsides of fever-stricken hospital patients."

Could her old and whilom despised friend help them now, Maud asked herself, and did not stay to consider how strange it was that she should desire his presence rather than that of her fashionable worldly acquaintances. She penned a hasty but importunate note to the clergyman, begging him to come immediately, and entrusting it to her coachman, instructed him to drive quickly, to wait for the clergyman and bring him without fail.

Before another hour had passed the servant of Christ was at the Conyers' mansion, and, standing by the aristocratic sufferer, surrounded by all the elegant appointments that wealth could purchase, he delivered the same message that he had proclaimed so often before in the poverty-stricken homes of the destitute. God is no respecter of persons, and the message of the Gospel was blessed to the dying aristocrat as it had been blessed to countless multitudes of the poor. *It needed no special adaptation.* The blessed word "Whosoever" covered this case as it covered all others. When at midnight of the following day the wounded man breathed his last, it was in the confident hope of salvation through the blood of Jesus; and he wondered most of all at the assurance that one who had neglected God all his life would not be cast out now that he humbly sought for mercy.

Maud Conyers, too, learned a lesson during those hours of woe she has not forgotten. She saw in the eyes of her beloved husband the light of joy and hope, and she sought for herself the same peace and consolation. Many attempts were made to draw her back into the scenes of pleasure of which she had once been the most brilliant ornament. But they were made in vain. Her life is one of consecration. Her wealth and her time are given to works of Christian service, and many a home on which sickness and poverty are pressing heavily is brightened by her visits and its anxieties relieved by her bounty. A happiness the world never gave her fills her heart, and the thought of death has no terrors for her.

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(*Continued from page 655.*)

A Confession.

ROLAND SEFTON sat silent, with his shapely hands resting on his knees, and his handsome face turned toward the hearth, where the logs had burned down and emitted only a low and fitful flame. The little room was scarcely lighted by it, and looked all the darker for the blackness of the small uncurtained window, through which the ebony face of night was peering in. This bare, uncovered casement troubled him, and from time to time he turned his eyes uneasily toward it. But what need could there be of a curtain, when they were a mile away from any habitation, and where no road crossed the moor, except the rugged green pathway, worn into deep ruts by old Marlowe's own wagon? Yet, as if touched by some vague sympathy with him, Phebe rose, and pinned one of her large, rough working aprons across it.

"Phebe," he said, as she stepped softly back to her seat, "you and I have been friends a long time; and your father and I have been friends all my life. Do you recollect me staying here a whole week when I was a schoolboy?"

"Yes," she answered, her eyes glistening in the dusky light; "but for you I should have known nothing, only what work had to be done for father. You taught me my alphabet that week, and the hymns I have said every night since then before I go to sleep. You helped me to teach myself painting; and if I ever paint a picture worth looking at, it will be your doing."

"No, no; you are a born artist, Phebe Marlowe," he said, "though perhaps the world may never know it. But being such friends as you say, I will trust you. Do you think me worthy of trust, true and honest as a man should be, Phebe?"

"As true and honest as the day," she cried, with eager emphasis.

"And a Christian?" he added, in a lower voice.

"Yes," she answered, "I do not know a Christian if you are not one."

"That is the sting of it," he groaned; "true, and honest, and a Christian. And yet, Phebe, if I were taken by the police to-night, or if I be taken by them to-morrow, I shall be lodged in Riversborough jail, and tried before a jury of my townspeople at the assizes next month."

"No, it is impossible!" she cried, stretching out her brown, hard-working hand, and laying it on his white and shapely one, which had never known toil.

"You would not send me to jail," he said; "I know that well enough. But I deserve it, my poor girl. They would find me guilty and sentence me to a convict prison. I saw Dartmoor prison on my wedding journey with Felicita, Heaven help me! She liked the wild, solitary moor, with its great tors and its desolate stillness, and one day we went near to the prison. Those grim walls seemed to take possession of me; I felt oppressed and crushed by them. I could not forget them for days after, even with Felicita by my side."

His voice trembled as he spoke, and a quiver ran through his whole frame, which seemed to thrill through Phebe's; but she only pressed her pitiful hand more closely on his.

"I might have escaped last night," he went on, "but I stumbled over *a poor girl in the street, dying*. A young girl, no older than you, without a penny or a friend; a sinner too like myself; and I could not leave her there alone. Only in finding help for her I lost my chance. The train to London was gone, and there was no other till ten this morning. I expected Mr. Clifford to be at the bank to-day; if I had only known he would not be there I could have got away then. But I came here, why I hardly know. You could not hide me for long if you would; but there was no one else to help me."

"But what have you done, sir?" she asked with a tremulous long-drawn sigh.

"Done?" he repeated; "ay, there's the question. I wonder if I can be honest and true now with only Phebe Marlowe listening. I could have told my mother, perhaps, if it had been of any use; but I would die rather than tell Felicita. Done, Phebe! I've appropriated securities trusted to my keeping, pledging some and selling others for my own use. I've stolen £10,000."

"And you could be sent to prison for it?" she said in a low voice, glancing uneasily round as if she fancied she would be overheard.

"For I don't know how many years," he answered.

"It would kill Mrs. Sefton," she said. "Oh, how could you do it?"

"It was for Felicita I did it," he replied absently; "for my Felicita only."

For a few minutes Phebe's brain was busy, but not yet with the most sorrowful thoughts. There could be no shadow of doubt in her mind that this dearest friend of hers, sitting beside her in the twilight, was guilty of the crime he had confessed, but she could not as yet dwell upon the crime. He was in imminent peril; and his peril threatened the welfare of nearly all whom she loved. Ruin and infamy for him meant ruin and infamy for them all. She must save him if possible.

"Phebe," he said, breaking the dreary silence, "I ought to tell you one thing more. The money your father left with me—*the savings of his life*—six hundred pounds—it is all gone. He intrusted it to me, and made his will, appointing me your guardian; such confidence he had in me. I have made both him and you penniless."

"I think nothing of that," she answered. "What should I ever have been but for you? A dull, ignorant country girl, living a life little higher than my sheep and cattle. We are rich enough, my father and me. This cottage, and the fields about it, are our own. But I must go and tell father."

"Must he be told?" asked Roland Sefton anxiously.

"We've no secrets," she replied; "and there's no fear of him, you know. He would see if I was in trouble; and I shall be in trouble," she added, in a sorrowful voice.

She opened the cottage door, and going out, left him alone. It was a familiar place to him; but hitherto it had been only the haunt of happy holidays, from the time when he had been a schoolboy until his last autumn's shooting of grouse and woodcock on the wide moors. Old Marlowe had been one of his earliest friends; and Phebe had been something like a humble younger sister to him. If any one in the world could be depended upon to help him, outside his own family, it must be old Marlowe and his daughter.

And yet, when she left him his first impulse was to rise and flee while yet there was time—before old Marlowe knew his secret. Phebe was a girl, living as girls do, in a region of sentiment and feeling, hardly understanding a crime against property. A girl like her had no idea of what his responsibility and his guilt were, money ranking so low in her estimate of life. But old Marlowe would look at it quite differently. His own careful earnings, scraped together by untiring industry and ceaseless self-denial, were lost—stolen by the man he had trusted implicitly. For Roland Sefton did not spare himself any self-reproaches; he did not attempt to hide or palliate his sin. There were other securities for small sums, like old Marlowe's, gone like his, and ruin would overtake half a dozen poor families; though the bulk of the loss would fall upon his senior partner, who was a hard man, of unbending sternness and integrity. If old Marlowe proved a man of the same inflexible stamp he was lost.

But he sat still, waiting and listening. Round that lonely cottage, as he well knew, the wind swept from whatever quarter it was blowing; sighing softly, or wailing, moaning, or roaring past it, as ceaselessly as the sound of waves against a fisherman's hut on the sea-coast. It was crying and sobbing now, rising at intervals into a shriek, as if to warn him of coming peril. He went to the window, and met the black face of the night, hiding everything from his eye. Neither moon nor star gleamed in the sky. But even if old Marlowe was merciful he could not stay there, but must go out, as he had done last night from his own home, lashed like a dog from every familiar hearth by an unseen hand and a heavy scourge.

Phebe had not lingered, though she seemed long away. As she drew near the little workshop, she saw the wagon half laden with some church furniture her father had been carving, and with which he and she were to start at daybreak for a village about twenty miles off. She heard the light tap of his carving tools as she opened the door, and found him finishing the wings of a spread-eagle. He had pushed back the paper cap he wore from his forehead, which was deeply furrowed, and shaded by a few straggling tufts of gray hair. He took no notice of her entrance until she touched his arm with her hand; and then he looked at her with eyes blue like her own, but growing dim with age, and full of the pitiful, uncomplaining gaze of one who is *deaf and dumb*. But his face brightened and his smile was cheerful, as he began to talk eagerly with his fingers, throwing in many gestures to aid his slow speech. Phebe, too, smiled and gesticulated in silent answer, before she told him her errand.

"The carving is finished, father," she said. "Could we not start at once, and be at Upchurch before five to-morrow morning?"

"Twenty miles; eight hours; easily," he answered; "but why?"

"To help Mr. Sefton," she said. "He wants to get down to Southampton, and Upchurch is on the way. Father, it must be done; you would never see a smile upon my face again if we did not do it."

The keen, wistful eyes of her father were fastened alternately upon her troubled face and her moving hands as slowly and silently she spelled out on her fingers the sad story she had just listened to. His own face changed rapidly from astonishment to dismay, and from dismay to a passionate rage. If Roland Sefton could have seen it he would have made good his escape. But still Phebe's fingers went on pleading for him; and the smile, which she said her father would never see again—a pale, wan smile—met his eyes as he watched her.

"He has been so good to you and me," she went on, with a sob in her throat; and unconsciously she spoke out the words aloud and slowly as she told them off on her fingers; "he learned to talk with you as I do, and he is the only person almost in the world who can talk to you without your slate and pencil, father. It was good of him to take that trouble. And his father was your best friend, wasn't he? How good Madame used to be when I was a little girl, and you were carving all that woodwork at the old bank, and she let me stay there with you! All our happiest days have come through them. And now we can deliver them from great misery."

"But my money?" he interposed.

"Money is nothing between friends," she said eagerly. "Will you make my life miserable, father? I shall be thinking of them always, night and day; and they will never see me again if he is sent to jail through our fault. There never was a kinder man than he is; and I always thought him a good man till now."

"A thief; worse than a common thief," said her father. "What will become of my little daughter, when I am dead?"

Phebe made no answer except by tears. For a few minutes old Marlowe watched her bowed head and face hidden in her hands, till a gray hue came upon his withered face, and the angry gleam died away from his eyes. Hitherto, her slightest wish had been a law to him; and to see her weeping was anguish to him. To have a child who could hear and speak had been a joy that had redeemed his life from wretchedness, and crowned it with an inexhaustible delight. If he never saw her smile again, what would become of him? She was hiding her face from him even now, and there was no medium of communication between them save by touch. He must call her attention to what he had to say by making her look at him. Amost timidly he stretched out his withered and cramped hand to lay it upon her head.

"I must do whatever you please," he said, when she lifted up her face and looked at him with tearful eyes; "if it killed me I must do it. But it is a hard thing you bid me do, Phebe."

He turned away to brush the last speck of dust m the eagle's wings, and lifting it up carefully ried it away to pack in his wagon, Phebe hold- the lantern for him till all was done. Then, d in hand they walked down the foot-worn path oss the field to the house, as they had done ever ce she had been a tottering little child, hardly e to clasp his one finger with her baby hand.

Roland Sefton was crouching over the dying em- s on the hearth, more in the utter misery of il than in bodily chilliness, though he felt cold d shivering, as if stripped of all that made life sirable to him. There is no icy chill like that. did not look round when the door opened, ough Phebe spoke to him ; for he could not face Marlowe, or force himself to read the silent eloquent fingers, which only could utter words reproach. The dumb old man stood on the reshold, gazing at his averted face and downcast ad, and an inarticulate cry of mingled rage and ef broke from his silent lips, such as Phebe her- f had never heard before, and which, years after- rd, sounded at times in Roland Sefton's ears.

(*To be continued.*)

NADAB AND ABIHU.

S. Lesson for Oct. 30. Lev. 10 : 1–11. Golden Text, Ps. 19 : 13. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

IN the two chapters preceding that from which r subject for to-day is taken, we read of the anoint- of Aaron and his sons; Nadab and Abihu, ose history we consider to-day, were of the mber. They had been washed with water, othed with the holy, priestly garments, the blood the ram of consecration had been put "upon e tip of their right ear, and upon the thumbs of ir right hands, and upon the great toes of their ht feet," and the holy anointing oil had been ured upon them. For seven days they had ten nothing but consecrated food, they had ver gone out at the door of the tabernacle night day for seven days, for this they were com- anded to do, and to "keep the charge of the rd, that ye die not." They had been present hen Aaron, their father, "lifted up his hand ward the people and blessed them," they were esent there, they saw the glory of the Lord hich "appeared unto all the people;" and they w that "there came a fire out from before the rd, and consumed upon the altar the burnt fering and the fat : which when all the people w, they shouted and fell on their faces" (Lev. : 9, 22–24).

How came it, then, that these sons of Aaron, ese anointed and consecrated men, "took either them his censer and put fire therein, and it incense therein, and offered strange fire be- re the Lord, which He commanded them ot?" The fire which came down from heaven as God's fire, which they were commanded keep ever burning (Lev. 6 : 13) no earth-kin- ed fire could be tolerated upon God's altar. here is something terribly solemn in the fact that ey who committed this daring sin of presumption ere the only ones mentioned by name of the venty elders of Israel who came up unto the ord in Mount Sinai, and "saw the God of Is- el" (Ex. 24 : 9, 10). Their position as Aaron's dest sons, their unusual privileges, their solemn onsecration, would have led us to expect other nings of them.

"Cursed is the man that trusteth in man, and aketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth om the Lord" (Jer. 17 : 5). Never let us make ither gifts or graces an excuse for trusting in an. And let us learn that no spiritual attain- ents, however great; no intercourse with God, owever near; neither the anointing of the Holy host nor yet the full consecration of ourselves to od, is in itself sufficient to keep us. Our only afety is in the blood of our beloved Lord. "Nothing but the blood of Jesus." When we ee a Christian highly gifted, let us bless our God, ut not exalt men, when he appears to be full to verflowing with the unction of the blessed Spirit ; till let us know that in himself he is nothing, and et us pray that God may keep him low, that so He nay continue to bless and to use him. Keep back hy servant also from presumptuous sins ; let them not have dominion over me ; then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Awful judgment followed the sin of these two priests. "And there went out fire from the Lord and devoured them, and they died before the Lord. Then Moses said unto Aaron, This is it that the Lord spake, saying, I will be sanctificed in them that come nigh Me, and before all the people I will be glorified. And Aaron [the bereaved father] held his peace." It must have been a fearful moment for him. "Like father like son;" surely the sin of the golden calf and his own grievous part in it must have risen up before Aaron's eyes ; but nothing was be done, and he must hold his peace. God is a holy God, His service is a holy service. "Be ye clean, that bear the vessels of the Lord" (Isa. 52 : 11). For this reason "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver ; and He shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness" (Mal. 3 : 3).

The cousins of the dead priests were called to carry away the slain bodies, but neither father nor brothers were allowed to take one last look at the dead, for God's priests were His property. Israel was under the law, the time of grace was not yet. "And Moses said unto Aaron, and unto Eleazar, and unto Haman, his sons, uncover not your heads, neither rend your clothes ; lest ye die, and lest wrath come upon all the people ; but let your brethren, the whole house of Israel, bewail the burning which the Lord hath kindled. And ye shall not go out of the door of the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die : for the anointing oil of the Lord is upon you." "Now all these things happened unto them for ensamples : and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come" (1 Cor. 10 : 11). God has made us kings and priests unto Him, we are called before all else to be separate from the dead. "The law of the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death" (Rom. 8 : 2).

The verses which follow give us some clue to the origin of Nadab and Abihu's sin. "And the Lord spake unto Aaron, saying, Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die : it shall be a statute forever throughout your generations : and that ye may put difference between holy and unholy, and between unclean and clean ; and that ye may teach the children of Israel all the statutes which the Lord hath spoken unto them by the hand of Moses." Alas, it seems likely that Nadab and Abihu, after the solemn days of consecration, had been drinking wine, perhaps the strong wine which ought to be poured out unto the Lord (Num. 28 : 7), had become excited, that the enemy had taken care that the excitement should take a religious turn, and thus it happened that they had desecrated the altar of their God by bringing an unhallowed offering and "strange fire."

Can such a sin be consummated in our days of spiritual worship? Alas, yes! When the work of God is done in the spirit of emulation, and when the desire to have larger meetings than others, more successful meetings than others, prompts a Christian worker to renewed energy, this is fire, but such as never burned upon the altar, for it is strange fire. When a man in the excitement of a great natural energy rushes forward in the work of God, takes every opening, strains his powers to the utmost, without first learning to hear the voice of God, to know whether all this effort is really of Him, there is strange fire, it is not the fire of God's altar. Still worse, if a man who is nervous, seeks to brace himself for preaching by taking wine or sal volatile, he is seeking for strange fire. A young clergyman was going to preach in the church of that saintly man of God, the late Rev. Robert Aitken, of Pendeen, and feeling nervous at the thought of preaching before such a man, he said, "Will you give me a glass of wine before I preach?" "*I would see you die first,*" was the reply ; "you need a different power than that to preach Christ's Gospel."

Much strange fire has been offered in our outward worship for many years past, the place of the Holy Ghost has been usurped, men of God, instead of seeking to be possessed and energized by the Holy Ghost, instead of yielding themselves up to Him as willing, humble instruments, have worked in another spirit altogether, and been independent of the altar fire, thinking that their learning or their earnestness, or their natural power over their fellow men sufficed. Others have sought to control the Holy Ghost and make use of His power to quicken into life their plans and methods, to guide Him instead of being guided by Him. Now all this savors of "strange" fire. To preach "with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven" (1 Pet. 1), we must be at the disposal of the Holy Ghost, and must learn to give place to Him and to work under Him ; we cannot give Him the second place. The Holy Ghost comes only when He is welcomed, and where He comes He must fill the whole place, the whole heart, the whole body ; then He can act. In these days of infidelity and superstition we need a power which will convince. When Stephen was full of the Holy Ghost, of faith, and of power, men could not resist the wisdom and the spirit with which he spoke. God send among us this power.

Now are we ready to put away all strange fire? Look at the work of Müller of Bristol, how steady, how enduring it is! nothing done by fits and starts, and yet these great houses full of orphans tell throughout the world that God answers prayer. The fire from heaven burns in this work ; it is not carried on with strange fire. Look at the work of Mr. Hudson Taylor in China, with his staff of missionaries, all of whom trust the Lord for food and clothing, no salary being assured to any of them. When we think how they have been enabled to penetrate into the very interior of China, and that sometimes young women alone have been the agents used, and many natives have been brought by their means to the feet of Jesus, we see that the altar fire is there burning. Neither Müller nor Hudson Taylor make desperate appeals for help ; the Spirit of God, who guides into all truth, has led them to the truth of the trustworthiness of their God, and they count on Him.

Strange fire brings death in its wake, it cannot endure ; if we are ready to put it away, we must let God judge us for it, *i.e.*, bring us to death and nothingness. When He purely purges away the dross and takes away all the tin (Isa. 1 : 25) very much is taken away which we have thought to be silver. Much grows cold which we had thought to be heaven's fire. Let Him have His way, He makes no mistakes, and though we may be humbled into nothingness, and lose all esteem for ourselves, we shall be fitter for the Master's use, though others may not understand us, and may think that the position of nothingness which we take is a mistake, let us follow the meek and lowly Master and be led alone by His Word and His Spirit. Then in the place of our power His will be manifest, instead of our own fire, the fire of the Holy Ghost.

Deuteronomy a Hated Book.—More Virulent attacks have been made on the book of Deuteronomy by rationalists than on any other portion of God's word, and Dr. Mackay of Hull, in a recent address, suggested a reason for this spite. He said that when he was in Germany he could not tell how it was that the wonderful critics over there seemed to have a special spite against the Book of Deuteronomy. They did not care so much for Genesis, Numbers, Leviticus, and the rest, but for Deuteronomy they had a peculiar dislike. At last he found out how it was. When Satan tempted Jesus he received *three thrusts* from the Sword of the Spirit, in the form of three texts, and they were all taken from the Book of Deuteronomy. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and Him only shalt thou serve." No wonder that the German Rationalistic servants of Satan should hate a book from which he received thrusts like these!

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Intense Excitement in Ireland has been Produced by the arrest of Mr. Parnell, Mr. Dillon, Mr. O'Kelly and other prominent leaders of the Land League. Mr. Parnell was arrested on Thursday, Oct. 13th, at his hotel in Dublin, as he was preparing to proceed to Naas, where he was announced to preside at the Kildare County Convention of the Land League. He was quietly conveyed to Kilmainham jail before any of his followers were aware of his arrest. The warrant against him was for "inciting the people to intimidate others from paying their rents and from taking the benefits accruing under the new Land act." Since his incarceration he has been served with a second warrant *charging him with treason.*

Mr. Dillon succeeded Mr. Parnell as the leader of the organization and he was arrested on Saturday afternoon. His last public appearance was at an Indignation Meeting held on Friday in the Dublin Rotunda. The meeting was crowded to excess and thousands of persons were unable to gain admission. Mr. Dillon, like Mr. Parnell, is charged with treason. The other leaders arrested on Saturday were O'Brien the editor of *United Ireland*, the journal of the League; James O'Kelly, member of Parliament, formerly a reporter on the New York *Herald;* Mr. Quinn, Secretary of the League, and Mr. Sexton, a prominent speaker. Warrants have been issued for the arrest of many others, some of whom have made good their escape to France. The cable reports that Sackville, Grafton and the principal Dublin Streets were on Saturday and Sunday crowded with people, cheering, hooting, yelling, and whistling. The military were under arms at all the barracks. Mounted police were patrolling everywhere. The ordinary force of foot and police has been doubled, and twenty rounds of ball cartridge served out to each soldier and policeman.

The Policy of the British Government in thus attempting to suppress the Land League by force, has given rise to marked difference of opinion both in England and Ireland. Some of the leading journals, both Liberal and Conservative, regard the determined action as wise, and express the opinion that it ought to have to have been taken long ago. The general opinion, however, is that it was necessary, owing to the sympathy the Liberals showed toward the Irish tenantry before they came into office, that concessions should be made to them before using force; and that a liberal land law having been passed, this is the proper time for summary measures.

On the other hand, there are not wanting people who view the proceedings of the Government with regret. They contend that the Land Act had weakened the Land League, and that if the leaders had been let alone, the allegiance of the people to that organization would have been weaned by the substantial benefits of the new law; but by imprisoning the agitators, the Government have excited the sympathy of the people for men they were beginning to despise, but whom they now regard as martyrs. It is also charged that Mr. Gladstone's action is the result of personal vindictiveness. He assailed Mr. Parnell by name, and Mr. Parnell retorted with asperity, and then the Premier, who had borne with equanimity the outrages on the landlords and the lawless doings of the League, was stirred to action by the personal attack on himself. It is likewise regretted by many liberal politicians because "the stamping out process" places England on the same footing as Russia, and is unlikely to achieve the object all desire, the pacification of Ireland.

The Egyptian Difficulty Remains Unsettled. Great Britain has proposed to France that a joint demonstration should be made by the two countries, and suggested that an identical note be addressed to Turkey, explaining the perfect understanding existing between France and England, and declaring that while both nations fully recognized the Porte's right of Suzerainty they would not tolerate any manifestation likely to endanger the influence and rights proposed by the two Powers in the financial administration. The English and French diplomatic agents at Cairo were also informed that, if required, two iron-clads would be sent to Alexandria. Hobart Pasha, an Englishman in the service of the Sultan of Turkey, has written to an English journal that "Nobody can deny the Sultan's right of sovereignty in Egypt, and, although the Sultan has wisely and liberally allowed foreign interference in the finances of Egypt, it is too much to tell him that when a serious *émeute* occurs among the troops, who are nothing more nor less than Turkish soldiers, he is expected to fold his arms and say nothing." As to the relative situation of England and France on the question, the London *Times* says: "Although the government is naturally anxious to maintain an understanding with France in Egyptian affairs, it will probably recognize the necessity of making it perfectly clear that the interests of France in Egypt, however important, cannot for a moment be compared to ours." Thus Egypt appears likely to embroil Turkey, England, and France in mutual jealousy.

The Trial of the Four Russian Nihilists of the Black Division was commenced in St. Petersburg on October 11th. It lasted the whole day, and the verdict was not announced until half past two the following morning. The prisoners were allowed the assistance of counsel, and besides were permitted to make speeches in their own defence. Kriloff, the female nihilist, was found guilty, and sentenced to five years transportation; Piankoff was banished to Siberia; Kislenko was sentenced to one month's imprisonmnt, and Pereletchikoff was acquitted.

The Concessions Demanded by the Boers of the right to hold slaves and to manage their own relations with the natives are apparently to be refused by the British Government. The ominous announcement is made that the government has selected a general officer to proceed to South Africa and take command of the troops there, should hostilities break out. This indicates that the Ministry has resolved to hold the Boers to the terms of the convention. A misapprehension exists in the Transvaal as to the power of Great Britain. Some of the Boers insist that the British should be treated as defeated foes, and they believe that if the struggle is renewed, the whole power England could put in the field would be vanquished. The leaders, however, have a better knowledge of the situation and it is thought that they may yet succeed in obtaining a ratification of the treaty.

A Disastrous Hurricane Passed Over Great Britain on Friday, October 14th, doing considerable damage. Reports show the loss of property all over the country to have been enormous. Many lives were lost by the blowing down of houses and chimneys. At least *twenty persons were killed in London*, and a large number were wounded. Reports from the provinces mention innumerable disasters, especially on the coasts. Telegraphic communication was everywhere interrupted. "Up to this morning," states a telegram, "about fifty or sixty boats have not returned. There was considerable damage done to the shipping in the Mersey. The gale inflicted severe damage to property in all parts of the country. Many persons were killed and many injured. Houses were unroofed and unfinished buildings collapsed."

An Act of Barbarous Cruelty is Reported from Ireland. A man was recently arrested at Kanturk for putting needles into the potatoes which he was giving to the cattle of a Boycotted farmer, and at Tipperary a discovery was made of several large cases filled with packets of needles which were being distributed to men who undertook to put them in the hay of cattle and horses belonging to obnoxious persons. There is something diabolical in this device. The men engaged in this Land League struggle appear to be lost to ordinary human feeling, or they would recoil from inflicting suffering so horrible on innocent animals.

The Revised New Testament has been Approved by the Congregationalists of Great Britain. A cable dispatch dated October 5th says: The Congregational Union of England and Wales, now in session at Manchester, yesterday carried a resolution tendering *the hearty thanks of the Union* to the English and American revisers of the New Testament, and congratulating them upon the favorable reception of their labors by the general body of Christians. The Union passed a resolution of sympathy with America in the death of President Garfield. A letter was read from the Rev. Dr. Hopkins, chairman of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, who is now in Paris, in which he expressed his strong fraternal feeling for the Union and alluded to the English sympathy in the case of President Garfield. The Rev. Mr. Trowbridge, for twenty-five years a missionary in Armenia, described the work being carried on by American missionaries there. Drs. Strong, Storrs, and Strieby, American delegates, also spoke.

A Grotesque Proposal is Made in an Advertisement in a British newspaper. It suggests that a duplicate of a statue of Mr. Gladstone, which is now ready for casting, be made and presented to the United States, to be erected in Washington "*to commemorate the kindly sympathy* expressed from the highest to the lowest with the United States in the national sorrow." The cost of the duplicate would be $15,000. The motive of the advertiser is not wholly disinterested, as it appears he is the bronze founder. The kindly sympathy of England with us in our hour of darkness and sorrow will never be forgotten, and the idea of commemorating it is not in itself objectionable, but there is something *singularly incongruous* in commemorating British sympathy with America by sending us a statue of *Mr. Gladstone.*

The Cedars of Lebanon.—The Once Famous and extensive cedar forest of Lebanon, according to a writer in the Vienna *Politische Correspondenz*, has dwindled down to the dimensions of a mere thicket, numbering about 400 trees. To save it from complete destruction and preserve it at least in its present extent, Rustem Pacha, the Governor-General of the Lebanon, has issued a special ordinance, containing a series of stringent regulations calculated to check, if not quite to put a stop to, the vandalism and carelessness of most travellers. It is expressly forbidden to put up tents or other kinds of shelter within the district of the trees, or to light fires or cook any provisions in their vicinity. No one is allowed to break off a bough or even a twig from the trees. It is forbidden to bring any beasts of burden, be they horses, mules, asses, or any other kind of animal, within the district. Should oxen, sheep, goats, or other pasturage cattle be found within the prescribed limits, they will be irredeemably confiscated.

A Fortune Lost Through Distrust of the Jews.—One of the best known citizens of Hanover has lost his entire fortune through the Anti-Jewish agitation. Having confided his capital with an eminent Jewish banker, one of his friends, a determined Jew hater, remonstrated with him and persuaded him that, as a Christian, the principle of Christian charity compelled him to patronize the members of his own faith. In consequence he notified his banker of his intention to withdraw his money. The latter, without enforcing the ordinary month's notice, immediately returned the capital entire to the depositor. The same day the owner deposited the sum thus withdrawn with a Christian banker. A fortnight afterward the latter failed for a large sum, and the depositor thereby paid the penalty of his Anti-Semitism.

"Coming Wars," by the Rev. M. Baxter. Two Pamphlets; price five cents each by mail. *First Pamphlet* contains "Ten Signs of the End, and a Description of Approaching Events;" with two maps of the territory to be under Antichrist's rule, and four large diagrams. *Second Pamphlet* contains valuable quotations from twenty-six Expositors on the same subject. Address, with price inclosed, The Christian Herald, 63 Bible House, New York.

The Following Works by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon are for sale at The Christian Herald Office at prices much below what they can be obtained for elsewhere. Remittances must accompany orders. *John Ploughman's Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 cents. *The Treasury of David*, an exposition of the Book of Psalms, vols. II., III., and IV., from Psa. 27 to 103, $3 a vol. *Spurgeon Birth-Day Book.* This popular gift-book contains a suitable passage selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every day in the year, with a blank space opposite for autographs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon appear at their respective birthdays. The book is gorgeously bound, and the price is 75 cents.

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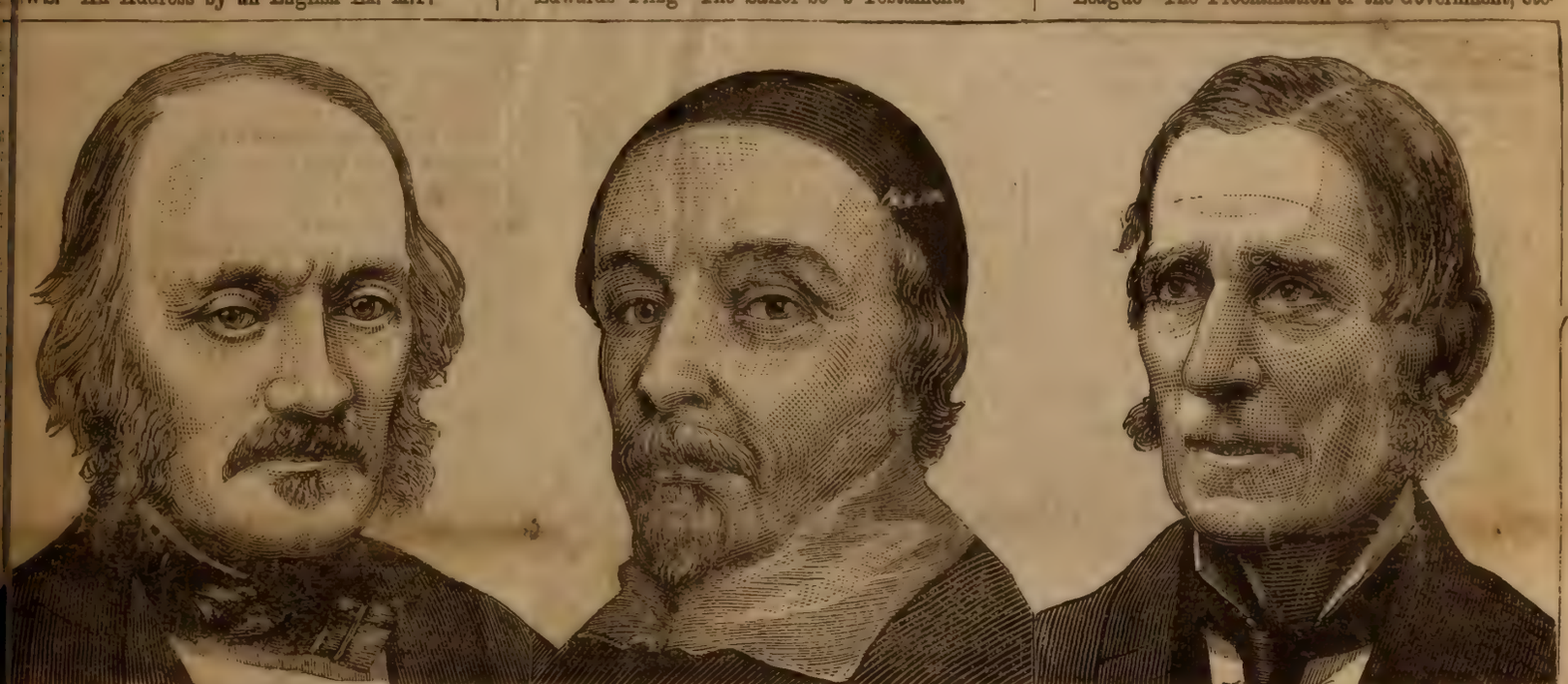

PROF. OWEN. F.R.S. DR. WILLIAM HARVEY. SIR JAMES PAGET.

Three Distinguished Physicians—Dr. Harvey's Interview with the King—Unveiling Dr. Harvey's Statue.

THREE EMINENT PHYSICIANS.

DURING the eighty days that President Garfield lay suffering, medical science became an almost popular study. Amid their sympathy and sorrow, fifty millions of people directed their attention to the wondrous construction of the human body. Before then thousands of people did not know the number of beats the pulse of a healthy man gives in a minute, or what was normal temperature, or respiration. Then, too, we realized how important issues depended on medical skill, and how important a part the physician is called on to perform in the affairs of life. Thus the warrior, the statesman, the millionaire banker, generally very prominent in society, were in effect bidden to stand aside to make way for the physician. So it often is in the crisis of our lives. We surround ourselves with friends whom we love; we would have them often with us; but let sickness or a sudden injury befall us, and the man who receives the warmest welcome is the skilful physician, though he may be a stranger.

This week we give on our first page the portraits of three men whose names are well known in the records of medical science, believing that the interest recently quickened in the subject of medicine will render information in this department of the world's benefactors welcome to our readers.

DR. WILLIAM HARVEY.

Born at Folkestone—His Parents—Sent to Canterbury Grammar School—And Cambridge—Studies in Italy—Obtains his Diploma—Joins the College of Physicians—Becomes Lecturer on Anatomy—Publishes His Treatise on "The Motion of the Heart and Blood"—Appointed Physician to Charles I.—His Demeanor at the Battle of Edgehill—Death in 1657—Unveiling his Statue on August 6, 1881—Pulpit Notices in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey.

ONLY a few weeks ago a group of distinguished men assembled at Folkestone, England, to do honor to Dr. William Harvey, who as the discoverer of the circulation of the blood is looked upon as the father of modern medical science. A statue had been erected in his native town, and, amid impressive ceremonies, it was formally unveiled.

William Harvey was *born* in Folkestone on April 1st, 1578, a little more than three hundred and three years ago. Of the *parents* of Harvey little is known. They had a numerous family, consisting of seven sons and two daughters.

William, the first-born, *whose portrait appears on our frontispiece*, adopted the profession of medicine, and five of his brothers were merchants of weight and substance, trading especially with Turkey and the Levant, at that time the main channel through which the wealth of the East flowed into Europe.

HARVEY'S MOTHER.

There is, however, evidence that, like so many men who have become celebrated in the world, Dr. Harvey had a good mother. That evidence is contained in the inscription on her monumental tablet in the chancel of the old church at Folkestone. *Her epitaph* implies that she was a woman of such mark and reputation, that it was considered due to her memory to leave her moral portrait to posterity, as is done in the beautiful and affectionate words, penned, as is supposed, by her illustrious eldest son himself: "A.D. 1605, Nov. 8. Dyed in ye 50th yeere of her age, Joan, wife of Tho. Harvey, Mother of seven sones and two davghters; a Godly harmless woman, a chast loveing wife, a charitable qviet neighbovr, a cofortable frendly matron, a prvident diligent hvswyfe, a carefvll teder-harted mother, deere to her hvsband, reverensed of her children, beloved of her neighbovrs, elected of God; whose sovle rests in Heaven, her body in this grave: To her a happy advantage; to hers an vnhappy loss."

At ten years of age, in 1588, Harvey was sent to the Grammar School of Canterbury, where he was initiated into a knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages; and there he seems to have remained until he was about fifteen years of age. In May, 1593, he entered as a scholar at Caius College, Cambridge, where he spent from three to four years in the study of classics, dialectics, and physics. From there he went to Italy; and after passing four years at Padua, he being then in his twenty-fourth year, obtained his diploma as Doctor of Physic, with license "to practice and to teach Arts and Medicine in every land and seat of learning."

ENTERS ON HIS PROFESSION.

Having returned to England in the course of the same year, and submitted to the requisite forms, he received his Doctor's degree from the University of Cambridge; and then, going to London, he entered on the practice of his profession and married the daughter of a physician of the day, Dr. Lancelot Brown.

In 1604 Harvey joined the College of Physicians, and in 1607, the term of his probation having passed, he was admitted to a fellowship. From this period onward he was one of the most conspicuous men of his time and profession.

At the first vacancy he was appointed Physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in 1609, and in 1615, in his thirty-seventh year, was chosen lecturer on anatomy at the College of Physicians. Early in the course of these lectures he presented a detailed exposition of his views concerning *the circulation of the blood*, which he repeated yearly, but which he did not issue in book form until 1628, when he was fifty-one years of age. Then his celebrated treatise on *the motion of the heart and blood* first saw the light, and laid the foundation of modern medical science.

BECOMES PHYSICIAN TO KING JAMES I.

Harvey by this time had been chosen Physician-Extraordinary to King James I., and seems now to have been at the zenith of his fame as a practitioner. He was subsequently appointed Physician to Charles I., by whom he appears to have been greatly loved. This unhappy king was afflicted with a malady which Harvey himself could not cure, and which, in greater or less degree, afflicted all the Stuarts. He had, we are told, an incurable propensity to dark and crooked ways, a tyrannical spirit which was dangerous to the liberties of his people. He was a bad, wicked man, as were both his sons. Had he applied to the Great Physician, he might have received a new heart, and have lived to a good old age instead of dying on the scaffold, a warning to all kingly wrong-doers. But Charles I. made no such application, and for men so afflicted the pharmacopœia has no remedy.

Harvey's professional prosperity was marred by his great discovery. He himself confesses that "after my book on the 'Circulation of the Blood' came out I fell mightily in my practice; and it is believed by the vulgar that *I am crack-brained*, and all of the physicians are against me." So has it mostly been with those who have added to the sum of human knowledge. Nearly all great discoverers have been ridiculed and opposed when they gave forth their inventions in advance of the age in which they lived.

In 1632 he was formally chosen physician to King Charles, and thenceforth appears to have devoted much of his time to attendance upon the king and retainers of the court. In 1639 he accompanied his sovereign on his first hostile expedition into Scotland, during which matters were amicably settled between the king and his Scottish subjects, whom he had driven to take up arms in defence of their religious liberties. As physician to the king, Harvey was with Charles also on his march toward the Border in the following year, when the king's authority received the first check at the battle of Newbury.

AT THE BATTLE OF EDGEHILL.

In the autumn of 1642 Charles brought matters to a crisis between himself and his English subjects in the persons of their elected representatives, and as he remained obstinate there was for them no resource but civil war or slavery. At the battle of Edgehill, October 23d, 1642, Harvey was present in the field, though he took no part in the sanguinary fray, and seems, indeed, to have felt little solicitude either about its progress or its issue. A historian of the period thus narrates the episode:

"When King Charles, by reason of the tumults, left London, Harvey attended him, and was at t[he] fight of Edge Hill with him; and during the fig[ht] the Prince (afterward Charles II.) and Duke o[f] York were committed to his care. He told m[e] that he withdrew with them under a hedge, an[d] tooke out of his pockett a booke and read. But he had not read very long before *a bullet of a grea[t] gun* grazed on the ground very neare him, whic[h] made him remove his station." The act of read[ing] a book pending a battle, the result of whic[h] was greatly to influence his master's fortunes, certainly shows a singular degree of coolness, and absence of interest in military matters.

Harvey afterward retired to Oxford with the king when the latter had been driven with deserved ignominy from his metropolis. Here the studious physician became again absorbed in his medical studies. Charles who was a great friend to Harvey allowed him the means and material necessary for his experiments, and took delight in being present thereat.

Our picture in the left-hand corner of the lower portion of the frontispiece represents Harvey explaining one of his experiments to Charles I. At Oxford the honorary degree of Doctor of Physic was conferred upon him, and he was made Warden of Merton College by the Royalist party in 1645, a position which he held for a year only, as the army of the Parliament captured Oxford in 1646. Soon after his house was plundered and burned by the same party, and, unfortunately, several unpublished works, of which only notices are given in other writings, were destroyed.

At the age of sixty-eight he retired to study, and soon afterward the second of his great works appeared, in 1651. In the following year, when he was regarded by common consent as the most distinguished anatomist and physician of his age, the College of Physicians placed his statue in their hall at Amen Corner, where it perished in the fire of London, in 1666.

His confidence in the beneficence of God, and the perfections of His handiwork as seen in nature, were unbounded. He appears also to have been possessed of an active religious sentiment. He evinces unmistakable and elevated piety through the whole of his later and more important treatises, and seizes every opportunity of giving utterance to his sense of the direct and immediate agency of God in nature.

In his will he "most humbly renders his soul to Him that gave it, and to his blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

Accumulating years, and repeated attacks of gout, at length asserted their mastery over a declining body, and on June 3d, 1657, William Harvey, then in the eightieth year of his age, bade farewell to the agitations and vicissitudes of earth. The funeral took place a few days afterward at Hempstead, in Essex.

On Saturday, August 6th, 1881, more than two hundred members of the International Medical Congress, whose sessions had been held in London during the week, varied the round of their learned labors by a journey to Folkestone to assist at the

UNVEILING OF HARVEY'S STATUE,

which his townsmen have erected in his honor, a *picture of which appears in the right-hand section of the lower portion of our frontispiece*. The proceedings on the occasion were prefaced by an address from Professor Owen, though the lapse of ages, and the eulogy of the physiologists of every country, left the orator little that was new to say on the subject. It is more than two centuries since the discoverer of the circulation of the blood was laid in his brother's vault at Hempstead, but even yet his reputation is as fresh as in the memorable year of 1626, when he published his classical "Exercitatio Anatomica de Motu Cordis et Sanguinis." The statue which the Royal College of Physicians reared in his life-time, the bust still in their hall, that placed on his tomb, the statues in the University of London and in the House of Assembly in Sydney, and among other portraits that by Cornelius Jansen, which escaped the great fire, have made his features known to nearly ten generations.

We close our sketch with extracts from two ser-

s by well-known ministers which show the es-
ite the Christian preacher forms of the func-
s of the medical profession.

IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL,

Sunday afternoon, August 7th, the Rev. Canon
lon, in the course of a sermon on "Christ heal-
the sick," remarked that "Teaching and heal-
' might well be the motto of that great medical
gress which they welcomed among them, and
se work, like that of the Saviour Himself, con-
s the welfare of the whole human race. The
ght carries us back eighteen hundred years to
feet of Jesus of Nazareth, whose labors were
uently more those of *a doctor of a city hos-
l* seeing his out-patients, than those of an ordi-
clergyman of the present day. We have the
rd of many cures effected by Christ. There
hree cases of raising to life, six cures of demo-
s, or persons suffering from various forms of
tal disease, and seventeen cures of cases which
it have presented themselves for treatment at
ndon hospital—blindness deafness, dumbness,
psy, dropsy, an issue of blood of twelve years'
ding, a maimed limb, etc.; and these doubtless
nly typical cases out of many. Christ's labors,
ct, shed a radiance upon the whole medical
ession."

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY,

he morning of the same day, the Rev. Canon
y preached a sermon, bearing upon the work
ne Medical Congress, many of whose foreign
provincial members were present. Canon
y took his text from 1 Thess. 5 : 23 : "I pray
your whole spirit and soul and body be pre-
d blameless unto the coming of our Lord
s Christ." He said : "The conviction that
work is in the true use of the word, *a mission*,
been brought out to us in new vividness and
r in the Gospel of Christ. Christianity, in
nction from most beliefs of other days, grasps
nity of nature in all its parts. It looks upon
body not as an incumbrance, not as a prison-
e, but as an integral part of our human na-
capable of reaction upon our higher faculties,
inking the individual with the physical world.
the text, the Gospel distinguishes the spirit
the soul, and gives due importance to the
performed by the body. The true perfection
an's nature requires the perfection of the
as well as of the spirit."

PROFESSOR OWEN, F.R.S.

**n in 1804—Education—His First Appoint-
nt as Public Lecturer in 1843—Subsequent
ppointments—His Statements on Two Sword-
nes—Publications and Lectures.**

CHARD OWEN, *whose portrait appears in our
tispiece this week*, and who performed the
mony of unveiling Dr. Harvey's monument at
estone, was *born* at Lancaster, July 20, 1804,
is now seventy-seven years of age. He re-
d his early education at the grammar-school
s native town. He afterward studied at the
ersity of Edinburgh, and soon acquired a
g bias for pursuing the subject of Compara-
Anatomy. In 1825 he went to London, and
ed St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where he be-
anatomical assistant to *the celebrated Dr.
nethy*. It had been Mr. Owen's intention to
the navy, but when he finished his education
ccepted an appointment as assistant to Mr.
the Curator of the Museum of the Royal Col-
of Surgeons.

e first appointment of Mr. Owen as *a public
er* was to the chair of Comparative Anatomy,
34. In 1836 he succeeded Sir Charles Bell
rofessor of Anatomy and Physiology in the
ge of Surgeons, and was, in the same year,
nted by the College as first "Hunterian Pro-
." Mr. Owen's position as Curator of the
erian Museum, to which he succeeded on the
of Mr. Clift (whose only daughter he *mar-*
n 1835), awakened in him a special interest in
mous founder In 1837 he published a new
n of Hunter's "Animal Economy," adding
ll the known published papers of its author,
iving in the preface for the first time a narra-
f Hunter's real discoveries.

In 1856 he was appointed the Superintendent of the Department of Natural History in the British Museum. On the revival of the lectureship on Philosophy, on the foundation of Sir Robert Read, at the University of Cambridge, he was appointed Professor, and received the honorary degree of D.C.L. at the termination of the course.

He was subsequently chosen Fullerian Professor of Phyisology to the Royal Institution—an office which denotes its possessor to hold *the highest rank in the branch of science to which it is attached*. His reputation as an original investigator in natural science, with his contributions to the literature of science generally, led to his election as President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at their meeting held in Leeds in 1858—an office in which he was succeeded by his late Royal Highness the Prince Consort in 1859. On the decease of Dr. Robert Brown, the great botanist—whom Humboldt expressively called "*Botanicorum facile princeps*"—Professor Owen was elected, in 1859, one of the eight Foreign Associates of the Academy of Sciences in the Institute of France. He is also a member of most of the learned societies in Europe and America.

At a trial which recently took place respecting a ship which was alleged to have been pierced by a sword-fish, Professor Owen made some interesting statements, which were thus reported. He said that he was acquainted with the nature of sword-fish. The sword was composed of the hardest bony substance known, and was covered with a substance still harder, like the enamel of a tooth. He was acquainted with two instances of these animals having penetrated ships. In both cases *the swords were broken off* and left in the vessels' sides. He knew of no instance of the sword having been withdrawn from a ship's side. One specimen of penetration was at Surgeons' Hall. In that case the vessel was an old gun brig, and the sword was found in breaking up the vessel. In this case the sword had "*penetrated the copper sheathing, felt, deal, and hard oak* timbers to the depth of fourteen inches, and nearly that extent of sword had been broken off by the effect of the blow, and had been retained in the wood. The fibres of the oak timber have been bent and crushed as by the passage of a swivel ball."

A second specimen was in the British Museum. The vessel was an East Indiaman, and the sword had gone in at least fourteen inches. He said that Mr. Hugh Cummings, a distinguished naturalist and accurate observer, was on a ship in the Bay of Panama when he felt a shock as though the ship had struck a rock. He rushed upon deck, and found that all the crew had rushed there too. Attention was attracted to a great dashing in the sea over the bow of the vessel, and then they saw a sword-fish, twelve feet long. It had run its sword through the timbers of the ship and into the berth beyond. The struggles of the fish to extricate itself ended in its snapping off the sword close to the head, and it was left in the timbers, just as in the instance mentioned above. Mr. Cummings told him (Professor Owen) that he saw the fish, that had killed itself by the rupture of vessels, consequent on the efforts that broke off the sword, rolling over and slowly descending.

Professor Owen has, by his indefatigable industry and sagacity, effected for natural history a larger amount of scientific research and instruction than any other person. He has brought to its study astonishing powers of observation, combined with accurate and severe reasoning, and the additions he has made to the general stock of information, in every department of the science, have been so varied and extensive as to make it a matter of surprise that one man could ever have produced such results.

He has published original papers of great lucidity on every branch of the animal kingdom, living and fossil, and it has been justly said of him that, from the sponge to man, he has thrown light on every subject he has touched. Some idea of the magnitude of his labors may be formed from the fact that his published productions amount to more than three hundred different papers and works, many of them being of the most voluminous and laborious character. In reference to the principles inductively established in Professor Owen's work on "The Archetype of the Animal Framework," it has been concisely remarked that "he is the Newton of Natural History."

He has lectured on his favorite topic in Exeter Hall for *the Young Men's Christian Association*, and is a reverential exponent of the works of God in Nature, from the smallest insect to the most exalted creature in the scale of creation.

SIR JAMES PAGET.

SIR JAMES PAGET, *whose portrait appears in our frontispiece*, together with those of Dr. Harvey and Professor Owen, is one of the most eminent surgeons of the day. He is the son of a well-known merchant in the Eastern counties of England, and was *born* at Great Yarmouth in 1814, being, therefore, now sixty-eight years of age.

Having qualified himself by a rigid course of study, Dr. Paget became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1836, and a Fellow in 1843. He is Sergeant-Surgeon Extraordinary to the Queen, Surgeon to the Prince of Wales, and Consulting Surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. He has been President of the College of Surgeons since July, 1875.

He was created a baronet in August, 1871, and in the same month the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by the University of Edinburgh. He is a voluminous author on surgical subjects, and his productions are highly valued by the medical profession.

He presided over the sessions of the recent International Congress in London. The Congress embraced the first naturalists of the age, and physicians who represented almost every civilized nation on the face of the globe. *Over* 2500 *medical men, English and foreign*, attended the deliberations of the different sections. This is the greatest assembly, we believe, in its representative nature, that has ever met to consider the science of healing, and, it may be concluded, has arrived at results which will bring permanent blessings upon mankind.

The Late President's Idea of the Highest blessing it was possible to invoke on the head of a beloved friend is expressed in the following lines, which, when he was a young professor, he inscribed in the album of a young lady of his acquaintance :

If the treasures of ocean were laid at my feet,
And its depths were all robbed of its coral and pearl,
And the diamonds were brought from the mountain's retreat,
And with them were placed all the wealth of the world—
Not silver, nor gold, nor the spoils of the sea,
Nor the garlands of fame that the world can bestow,
But a purified heart that from sin has made free,
I would ask for thee, friend, on thy journey below.

HIRAM, Jan. 8, 1857. J. A. GARFIELD.

A Night in a Spanish Dungeon.—The Rev. Fritz Hiedner, of Madrid, was lately arrested and ill-treated in a Spanish prison for no offence save the not having a passport. He writes : "I will not describe the night I passed among the prisoners in the dirty and unhealthy dungeon, which they forced me to occupy. When the jailer threw me in for the second time, the prisoners asked me who I was, and on hearing that I was a Protestant, one said, 'Oh, I know the Protestants still believe in God. We do not. How can you know that there is a God?' I answered that I knew because He heard me when I prayed to Him ; and when he asked me for a proof, I said, 'You all saw how the jailer abused me just now, and you see that I am man enough and strong enough to give him as good as he gave me ; and you may be sure he would have got it, had I not prayed to my God for patience. In that moment I got it and will keep it to the end.' This telling argument made a visible impression on them, and when I asked them to unite with me in prayer for our brutal jailer, they all maintained a respectful silence at least. They received my tracts eagerly, and continued till late at night reading them."

CHURCH ATTENDANCE—IS IT FALLING OFF?

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning, October 23, 1881.*

"Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together"—Heb. 10 : 25.

No Decadence—Proof from Hard Facts—New Church Buildings—Some Churches Depleted—Causes of Decline—Forcing the Old upon the New—The Old Apparatus—Where the Trouble Begins—Theological Seminaries Turned into Asylums—An Incongruity at General Assembly—How Christ Crucified is Preached—In the Home Circle—Ministerial Laziness—Need of Freshening Up—The Worst of All Humdrums—Where Christ got His Illustrations—A Little Girl's Death on the Rail Track—A Michigan Mail Carrier in the Fire—A Lightning Bolt on the Adirondacks—Mr. Cookman's Death—Miss Havergal's Joyful Entrance—Time to Stop Skirmishing—How Moses Marched.

Startling statements have been made in many of the pulpits and in some of the religious newspapers. It is heard over and over again that church attendance in America is in decadence. I deny the statement by presenting *some hard facts.* No one will dispute the fact that there are more churches in America than ever before, one denomination averaging a new church built ever day of the year. The law of demand and supply is as inexorable in the kingdom of God as it is in the world. More churches supplied argues more church privileges demanded. More banks, more bankers. More factories, more manufacturers. More ships, more importers. More churches, more attendants.

I have known these two cities for thirty years, and never so many people attended the churches as now. It is so in Boston, it is so in Chicago, it is so in all the great centres where I have inquired in regard to the facts. How is it in our own city? Within a few years the Baptist and Methodist churches on Hanson Place enlarged to almost double their original size. Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church built; Classon Avenue Presbyterian Church built; Central Congregational Church built; St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church built—any one of those immense structures large enough to swallow up two or three of the old time churches. I say nothing of our own church. I cannot understand with what kind of *arithmetic and slate-pencil* a man calculates when he comes to the conclusion that church attendance in America is in decadence. Take the aggregate of the number of people who enter the house of God now, and compare it with the aggregate of the people who entered the house of God twenty-five years ago, and the present attendance is four to one. The facts are most exhilarating instead of being depressing. That man who presents the opposite statistics must have been most unfortunate in his church acquaintance.

You are not to argue adversely because here and there a church is depleted. Churches have their day. Sometimes merchandise will entirely occupy a neighborhood and crowd out the churches and the families ordinarily attendant upon them. Sometimes a church perishes through internecine strife. But these are no facts to overthrow the statement that I have made in regard to the increasing attendance upon the house of God. Now I am ready to admit, as every intelligent man will admit, that there are churches which have been depleted, and it is high time that a sermon be preached for the benefit of young men who are just entering the gospel ministry, and for the warning of this and all other prosperous churches as to what are

THE CAUSES OF DECLINE

in any case. If merchandise crowd out a church, that cannot be helped, but under all other circumstances decadence in church attendance is the fault either of the church or of the pastor.

Churches are often cleared of their audiences by the attempt to *transplant the modes of the past into the present.* The modes and methods of fifty years ago are no more appropriate for to-day than the modes and methods of to-day will be appropriate for fifty years hence. Dr. Kirk, Dr. McElroy, Dr. Mason, Dr. De Witt, Dr. Vermilyea, and hundreds of other men just as good as they were, never lacked audiences, because they were abreast of the time in which they lived.

People will not be interested in what we say unless we understand the spirit of the day in which we live. All the woe-begonish statistics are given by those who are trying in our time to work the worn-out machinery of the past times. Such men might just as well throw the furnaces out of our church basement and substitute the foot-stoves which our grandmothers used to carry with them to meeting, and throw out our organs and our cornets and take the old-fashioned tuning-fork, striking it on the knee and then lifting it to the ear to catch the pitch of the hymn, and might as well throw out our modern platforms and modern pulpits and substitute the wine-glass pulpit up which the minister used to climb to the dizzy height of Mont Blanc solitariness, and then go in out of sight and shut the door after him. When you can get the great masses of the people to take passage from Albany to Buffalo in stage-coach or canal-boat, in preference to the lightning express train which goes it in eight hours, then you can get the great masses of the people to go to a church half a century behind the time.

WHERE THE TROUBLE BEGINS.

The trouble begins away back in the theological seminaries. It is a shame that larger provision is not made for ministers of religion, for the sick and the aged and the infirm who have worn themselves out in the service of God. We have naval asylums and soldiers' asylums for men who fought on land and sea for our country, when these men have become aged or crippled, and it is a shame that larger provision is not made for the good soldiers of Jesus Christ who have worn themselves out in battling for the Lord. But lack of provision in that respect makes a tendency to turn our theological seminaries into a hospital for sick and aged and infirm ministers. When a man begins to go down they give him the title of D.D. by way of resuscitation. If that fail, then the tendency is to elect him to a professorate in some theological seminary.

There are grand exceptions to the rule; but it is often the case that the professorate in a theological seminary is occupied by some minister of the Gospel who, not being able to preach himself, is set to teach others how to preach. In more cases than one the poorest speaker in the faculty is the professor of elocution. We want more wide-awake, more able-bodied, able-minded men, more enthusiastic men in our theological seminaries and in the professorates—men like Addison Alexander, who can during the week teach young men the theory of preaching, and then on Sabbath go into the pulpit, and with the thunder and lightning of Christian eloquence show them how. What would you think of a faculty of unsuccessful merchants, to train young merchants, or a faculty of unsuccessful lawyers to train young lawyers? It is often the case that theological seminaries cut a man, and clip him, and square him, and mould him, and bore him, and twist him, until all the individuality is gone out of him and he is only a poor copy of a man who was elected to a professorate because he could not preach. We want *less dead wood* in the theological seminaries, and more flaming evangels. I declare that a man who cannot preach himself cannot teach others how to preach.

At a meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, a clergyman accustomed on the Sabbath to preach to an audience of two or three hundred people, in an audience room that would hold fifteen hundred, was appointed to preach a sermon on how to reach the masses! I am told the incongruity was too much for the risibilities of many of the clergy in the audience. Now a young man coming out from such bedwarfing influences, how can he enter into the wants and the woes and the sympathies of people who want on the Sabbath a practical Gospel that will help them all the week and help them forever?

Young ministers are told they must preach Christ and Him crucified. Yes, but not as an abst tion. Many a minister has preached Christ Him crucified in such a way that he preached audience of five hundred down to two hundred, from two hundred to one hundred, and from hundred to fifty, and from fifty to twenty, and down until there was but little left save the sex who was paid to stay until the service was c and lock up! There is a great deal of cant ab Christ and Him crucified. It is not Christ Him crucified as an abstraction, but as *an omn otent sympathy* applied to all the wants and w of our immortal nature—a Christ who will hel in every domestic, social, financial, political, nati al struggle—a Christ for the parlor, a Christ the nursery, a Christ for the kitchen, a Christ the barn, a Christ for the street, a Christ for store, a Christ for the banking-house, a Christ the factory, a Christ for the Congressional ass bly, a Christ for the court-room, a Christ for ev trial and every emergency and every perturbatic

It is often the case that the difficulty beg clear back in

THE HOME CIRCLE,

with misapprehension as to which child ought be consecrated to the ministry. John is a ke bright boy. He is good at a bargain. When trades at school he always gets the best of Make him *a merchant.* He will soon gather a tune and go right up to take his place among Grinnells and the Lawrences. George has gi cerebral development. Phrenologically, langu is large. Make him *a lawyer.* He will argue way to the front, and he will take his place am the Mansfields and the Storys. Henry has la girth at the chest, and is military in his step bearing. Send him *to West Point.* We shall him yet a brigadier-general. William is fonc sketching, especially of sketching ships, and knows as much about a vessel as an old sai Make him *a shipbuilder.* The vessel that builds will successfully wrestle with the Caribb whirlwind. Aleck is not very well. He has ne had very good digestion. Since that last mala attack his spleen is enlarged. He has a mor way of looking at things. He will sit for ho looking at one figure in the carpet. His manr are so mild, so soft, so gentle, so affectionate heavenly, and he cries easily. Make him *a m ister!* Now, my friends, that is *a great mista* If you want to consecrate one of your sons to Gospel ministry, take the one widest awake, brawniest, the most brilliant, the most irresisti the most potent. A tremendous work opens fore a profession whose one object is to lift nations toward God, and prepare them for heav

Ah! my friends, churches will be largely tended just in proportion as we ministers can n their wants, meet their sufferings, meet their reavements, and meet their sympathies. If th be a church with small help, small audien medium help, medium audience; large help, la audience. If there be a famine in a city, and th depots of bread, and one depot have a hund loaves, and another depot five hundred loaves, another depot ten thousand loaves, the depot t has a hundred loaves will have applicants, depot that has five hundred loaves will have more applicants, the depot that has ten thous loaves, throngs, throngs, throngs.

Oh, my brethren in the Christian ministry—I see many before me to-day—my brethren in Christian ministry, we must somehow *get a shoulder under the burden of the people* on Sabbath, and give them one good stout lift, we can do it. We have it all our own way. I a great pity if, with the floor clear and no interr tion, we cannot during the course of an hour our hymn, or our prayer, or our sermon un such momentum we can lift the people, bo mind, and soul, clear out of their sins, temp tions, and troubles.

I think that

MINISTERIAL LAZINESS

often empties the churches of auditors. Hear who are intelligent through reading newspap and by active association in business circles not on the Sabbath sit and listen to platitud Hearers will not come to sermons which have

* A verbatim report, revised and approved by Dr. Talmage.

em no facts, no information, no stirring power, adaptation, no fire. The pew will not listen to e pulpit unless, at least on the subject that day nder discussion, the pulpit knows more than the ew. Ministerial laziness has cleared out many hurches. Such ministers saunter around from arlor to parlor under the name of pastoral visi- tion, and go gadding about through the village the city on errands of complete nothingness, nd wrap their brains around a cigar and smoke em up, and then on Saturday afternoon put a w crude thoughts together, and on Sunday morn- g wonder that the theme of Christ and Him rucified does not bring a large audience, and on Monday sit down and write jeremiads for the re- gious newspapers about the decadence of church ttendance!

People will not go to church merely as a matter f duty. There will not next Sabbath be a thou- and people in Brooklyn who will get up in the norning and say, "The Bible says I must go to hurch; it is my duty to go to church, therefore I vill go to church." The vast multitude of people who go to church go to church because they like t, and the multitude of people who stay away from church stay away because they do not like it. I am not speaking about the way the world ought to be; I am speaking about the way the world is. Taking things as they are, we must make the cen- tripetal force of the church mightier than the cen- trifugal. We must *make our churches magnets* to draw the people thereunto, so that a man will feel uneasy if he does not go to church, saying, "I wish I had gone this morning. I wonder if I can't dress yet and get there in time. It is eleven o'clock; now they are singing. It is half past eleven; now they are preaching. I wonder when the folks will be home to tell us what was said, what has been going on." When the impression is confirmed that our churches, by architecture, by music, by sociality, and by sermon shall be made the most attractive places on earth, then we will want twice as many churches as we have now, twice as large, and then they will not half accom- modate the people.

I say to the young men who are entering the ministry, we must put on more force, more ener- gy, and into our religious services more vivacity, if we want the people to come. You look into a church court of any denomination of Christians. First, you will find the men of large common-sense and earnest look. The education of their minds, the piety of their hearts, the holiness of their lives qualify them for their work. Then you will find in every church court of every denomination a group of men who utterly amaze you with the fact that such semi-imbecility can get any pulpits to preach in! Those are the men who give forlorn statistics about church decadence. *Frogs never croak in running water;* always in stagnant. But I say to all Christian workers, to all Sunday- school teachers, to all evangelists, to all ministers of the Gospel, if we want our Sunday-schools and our prayer-meetings and our churches to gather the people, *we must freshen up*. The simple fact is, the people are tired of

THE HUMDRUM OF RELIGIONISTS.

Religious humdrum is the worst of all humdrum. You say over and over again, "Come to Jesus," until the phrase means absolutely nothing. Why do you not tell them a story which will make them come to Jesus in five minutes? You say that all Sunday-school teachers and all evangelists and all ministers must bring their *illustrations from the Bible*. Christ did not when He preached. The most of the Bible was written before Christ's time, but where did He get His illustrations? He drew them from the lilies, from the ravens, from salt, from a candle, from a bushel, from long-faced hypocrites, from gnats, from moths, from large gates and small gates, from a camel, from the needle's eye, from yeast in the dough of bread, from a mustard seed, from a fishing-net, from debtors and creditors. That is the reason multi- tudes followed Christ. His illustrations were so easy and so understandable. Therefore, my brother Christian worker, if you and I find two il- lustrations for a religious subject, and the one is a Bible illustration and the other is outside the Bi- ble, I will take the latter because I want to be *like my Master*.

Looking across to a hill, Christ saw the city of Jerusalem. Talking to the people about the con- spicuity of Christian example He said, "The world is looking at you; be careful. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid." While he was speak- ing of the divine care of God's children a bird flew past. He said, "Behold the ravens." Then looking down into the valley, all covered at that season with flowers, He said, "Consider the lilies." O, my brother Christian workers, what is the use of our going away off in some obscure part of history, or on the other side the earth, to get an illustration, when the earth and the heavens are full of

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Why should we go away off to get an illustra- tion of the vicarious suffering of Jesus Christ, when only last week at Bloomfield, New Jersey, only ten or fifteen miles from here, *two little children were walking on the rail-track*, and a train was coming; but they were on a bridge of trestle-work, and the little girl took her brother and let him down through the trestle-work as gently as she could toward the water, very carefully and lovingly and cautiously, so that he might not be hurt in the fall, and might be picked up by those who were stand- ing near by. While doing that the train struck her, and hardly enough of her body was left to gather into a funeral casket. What was that? Vicarious suffering. Like Christ. Pang for others. Woe for others. Suffering for others. Death for others.

What is the use of our going away off to find an illustration in past ages, when four or five weeks ago, in Michigan, *a mail-carrier on horseback*, riding on, pursued by those flames which had swept over a hundred miles, saw an old man by the roadside, dismounted, helped the old man on the horse, saying, "Now whip up and get away." The old man got away, but the mail-carrier per- ished. Just like Christ dismounting from the glo- ries of Heaven to put us on the way of deliverance, then falling back into the flames of sacrifice for others. Pang for others. Woe for others. Death for others. Vicarious suffering.

What is the use of our going away off in ancient history to find an illustration of the fact that it is dangerous to defy God, when last summer in the Adirondacks I saw a flash of lightning and bolt so vivid, I said, "That struck something very near." A few hours after- ward we found that *two farmers* that Monday morning had been seated under a tree, the one boasting how that the day before, on the Sabbath, he had got his hay in, and so cheated the Lord out of that part of the time anyhow, and both of them laughing over the achievement by which they had wronged the Lord of His holy day, when the light- ning struck one dead instantly, and the other had been two weeks in bed when we left the Adiron- dacks, and has become an invalid, I suppose, for life. *He did not make as much out of the Lord as he thought he did*. Was it any less an illustration for my soul because I met the clergyman on his way home from the funeral, and he told me of the facts, and said the body of the man who had been destroyed was black with the electricity?

O Christian workers, we have got to freshen up. What is the use of our going back in the Christian classics to find an illustration of the victorious Christian death-bed, when my personal friend, Al- fred Cookman, a few years ago went away in as imperial grandeur as did Edward Payson. Is it any less an illustration to me and to you because I met him a few weeks before, in front of Trinity Church, Broadway, and I said, "Cookman, you look as if you were working too hard." Where in all the classics is there such a story as that of Cookman, when in his last moment he cried, "I am sweeping through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb"?

What is the use of going away off to get an il- lustration, when on Thursday night, in a house on Third Avenue, Brooklyn, I saw a woman dying, and she said, "Mr. Talmage, Heaven used to be to me a great way off, but it now is just at the foot of the bed"? What is the use of your going away off to get illustrations of a victorious death-bed, when all Wales, when I was there two years ago, was filled with the story of the dying experience of

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL?

She got her feet wet standing on the ground preaching temperance and the Gospel to a group of boys and men, went home with a chill, and con- gestion set in, and they told her she was very dangerously sick. "I thought so," she said, "but it is *really too good to be true* that I am going. Doctor, do you really think I am going?" "Yes." "To-day?" "Probably." She said, "Beautiful, splendid, to be so near the gate of heaven." Then after a spasm of pain she nestled down in the pillows and said, "There, now, it is all over—blessed rest." Then she tried to sing, and she struck one glad note, high note of praise to Christ, but could sing only one word, "He," and then all was still. She finished it in heaven.

O fellow Christian workers, what is the use of our being stale and obsolete and ancient when all around us are these evidences of God's grace, God's deliverance, God's mercy, and God's wis- dom? We have got to freshen up—freshen up in our sermons, freshen up in our songs, freshen up in our zeal, freshen up in our consecration; and if we do it, my brethren and sisters, we will no more have to coax people to come to church than if you throw corn on the ground you have to coax pigeons to come and eat it; no more than you would have to coax a tired horse to eat the oats you throw in his manger. Yes, we must freshen up in our Sunday-schools, and in our prayer-meetings, and in our pulpits.

Let the Church of God stop its apologetic air. It is high time that the Church of God stopped writing apologies for the Church. Let the men who are on the outside, who despise religion, write the apologies. If any people do not want the Church they need not have it. It is a free country. If any man does not want the Gospel he need not have it. It is a free country. But you go out, O people of God, and give the Gospel to the five hundred thousand people of Brooklyn who do want it, and to the forty millions of America who do want it. It is high time we stop skirmishing and bring on a general engagement. I want to live to see the Armageddon, all the armies of heaven and hell in battle array, for I know our Conqueror on the white horse will gain the day. Let the Church of God be devoted to nothing else, but go right on to this conquest.

When Moses with his army was trying to con- quer the Ethiopians, profane history says, it was expected that he would go in a roundabout way and come by the banks of the river as other armies had done, because the straight route was infested with snakes, and no army and no man had dared to go across this serpent-infested region. But Moses surprised them. He sent his men out to gather up ibises. The ibis is a bird celebrated for serpent-slaying, and these ibises were gathered into crates and into baskets, and they were carried at the head of the army of Moses, and coming up to the serpent-infested region the crates were opened and the ibises flew forth, and

THE WAY WAS CLEARED,

and the army of Moses marched right on and came so unexpectedly on the Ethiopians that they flew in wild dismay.

O Church of God, you are not to march in a roundabout way, but to go straight forward, de- pending upon winged influences to clear the way. Hosts of the living God, march on, march on! Church attendance, large now, is going to be larger yet. The sky is brightening in every direc- tion. I am glad for the boy and girl five years old: I think they may see the millennium. The wheel of Christian progress has never made one revolu- tion backward.

Last week, at Yorktown, France and England and Germany and the United States celebrated one event. France forgot all about Waterloo, and the United States saluted the English flag. Think of George Washington saluting the English flag! He would rather have been shot. The world moves, the kingdom advances. All nations will yet salute the flag of Prince Immanuel. To Him be glory in the Church, throughout all ages. Amen!

SYLPH SOMERS.

A New Serial Story, by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(*Continued from page* 663.)

The Discussion Interrupted—An Awful Explosion—Dr. Gilbart Summoned—Sylph Receiving the Wounded Man—The Antecedents of Miles Rossiter—Dr. Gilbart's Care of Him—His Admiration of Sylph.

THERE is no knowing how long this discussion between Dr. Gilbart and Sylph would have continued, had it not been interrupted by a sudden and alarming phenomenon. A peal, louder than thunder, rolled through the air; and every pane of glass in Doctor Gilbart's house, above and below, was shattered into fragments. What had occurred? An entry accurately taken from the *Chester Register* of the time will give the answer.

"On ———, a dreadful accident occurred in the old building, founded by Sir Thomas Egerton many years ago, near the Water Gate. The first floor was engaged by a travelling artist for a superior kind of puppet show; and, in the midst of the exhibition, by some unknown mishap, eight hundred pounds of gunpowder, lodged in a warehouse beneath, took fire, and with tremendous force blew up three stories. Twenty-three persons were killed; and eighty-four were severely burned and maimed. The windows of numerous houses in the neighborhood were completely shattered, and the concussion of the air was felt several miles around the city."

It was not long before Dr. Gilbart was summoned to the scene of the disaster to render assistance to the wounded. Sylph, too, hastily threw on her cloak to see for herself what had happened, and to lend the doctor her help if he should require it. She hesitated at first to do this; but the excitement in the street and the cries of distress which reached her ears put to flight her scruples and timidity; besides, upon looking out at the window she recognized, by the lanterns which they carried, several persons whom she knew, and felt she could safely go with them.

When she passed into the open air, however, and had descended one or two steps leading from the door to the causeway, she was stayed in her progress by seeing some persons convey a wounded man toward the doctor's dwelling. When they came to where she stood, one of the men, recognizing her, informed her "that Dr. Gilbart had directed them to say that Miss Somers was to place the wounded man on the couch in the surgery until the doctor himself should return home, which would be as soon as possible." The wounded man, who was groaning as if in great pain, they intimated had had one of his limbs severely crushed by a falling beam of timber; and the compound fracture he had received, they heard the doctor say, would need the most careful attention.

As Sylph held a light to guide the steps of the bearers of the agonized man, she saw that he was young in years, and though ghastly pale, of a noble countenance; she marked, too, that after he had cast a glance upon her he suppressed his heavy groaning, as though disdaining to utter a cry of pain in the presence of a woman.

It would seem as though his handsome and youthful features and manly fortitude excited Sylph's special sympathy; for she exceeded the doctor's directions in her ministry of mercy. She had the stranger removed to a bed, and lighted the way herself to his appointed chamber.

While he there awaits Doctor Gilbart's coming, we must give the reader a sketch of his history.

The barony of Forth is, without exception, the most interesting district in the east of Ireland. It is situated in the south-east portion of Wexford County, and for several centuries, strange to say, has been inhabited by men, not of the Celtic, but of the Saxon and Norman race. They are the descendants of those soldiers, who, in Strongbow's time, were employed by Dermid, King of Leinster (guilty of David's crime of old), to maintain his unholy cause against his liege lord, the Ard-riagh, or supreme Monarch of Ireland. Several hundred of these soldiers came over to fight the battle of the justly exiled Dermid, under Fitzstephen, a Norman knight, induced by the promise of a grant of land for their services.

As too often has occurred in this world, the evil cause triumphed; and Dermid, called upon to fulfil his engagement, parcelled out the barony of Forth among his hired English soldiery

Mingling little with their neighbors, the native Irish, the Forth people perpetuated their ancient customs, and for many generations spoke a language of their own. Three hundred years ago the quaint old chronicler, Holinshed, thus rather wittily described their dialect: "It is a medley and checker-work, a mingle-mangle, crabbedly jumbled together, neither goode English, nor goode Irish."

Even to the close of the last century there was among this people but little mixture of Celtic blood, as was manifest from their Roman noses, dark eyes, and oval visage; and also, perhaps, from their quiet manners, frugal habits, and plodding industry. They were also intensely Roman Catholic, not one in a hundred professing the Reformed Faith.

It was from this unique barony of Forth—a sort of island within an island—that Miles Rossiter came—the wounded man, whose silently-borne pain touched Sylph with a kind of romantic pity. His father was a respectable yeoman farmer in the barony, and his ambition was to see Miles in holy orders in the Roman Catholic Church.

Miles, on his way to a college seminary in Paris, had that morning landed at Parkgate, the port, at this time, of Chester. On reaching the city in the afternoon, he found he could not proceed until the following day to London, no coach until then being available; and to pass away the time—to his misfortune, as it proved—was induced to become a spectator at the well-advertised puppet-show.

"The little manikin figures," said Miles, when afterward describing the exhibition to the doctor, "were of the most lifelike appearance; and having never before seen such wonderful pieces of mechanism, I could hardly keep from thinking that they were alive. Kings held themselves proudly, and strutted about; warriors fought and bled; queens and their ladies fair, in bright array, moved gracefully, and beckoned to and smiled upon gay gallants, and fairies and fiends strangely flitted to and fro, and performed their antics or awful deeds in the most natural and lively manner. I was breathless and lost in wonder.

"In this state of entrancement I was suddenly aroused by a vivid flame and an awful crash; the earth seemed to open in a gulf of fire, and the whole room to heave and rock, as though by an earthquake. I remember nothing more until, having been drawn from a mass of broken materials, and borne into the free air, I awoke to consciousness, but with a feeling of extreme pain. Not knowing the extent of my injuries, I was making an effort to rise, when you, Dr. Gilbart, as my good angel, came to my assistance, and gently held me down, and kept me quiet."

"And it was well that I did so, my young friend," said the doctor, "and at that moment; for had you determinedly sought to put the broken limb beneath you, the splintered bone from the compound fracture you had received would, in all probability have pierced through the flesh, and, it is almost certain, would have made amputation necessary. As it is, your case, I fear, will prove a tedious one; but I have no doubt we shall safely bring you through it."

"Yes, with the help of God and the Blessed Virgin," exclaimed Miles Rossiter, with a racy and not unpleasant brogue. And this was the first token to Doctor Gilbart that his patient was not only Irish but a Roman Catholic.

This discovery, however, made no change in Doctor Gilbart's treatment. All religious beliefs were, in his estimation, a good deal similar; or, as he phrased it, one was neither much better nor worse than another. Miles Rossiter, whether Catholic or Protestant, was a fine young man; and above all, to the doctor's delight, his injury presented a most interesting case for the display of skilful surgery.

For several weeks young Rossiter was confined to his bed, and deemed it a great advance toward recovery when he could be moved to a chair and be placed at his bedroom window.

The window looked out upon a small but pretty flower garden at the rear of the doctor's dwelling, and it was from this elevation that Miles Rossiter looked down upon that vision which carried him away to a sort of wonderland. Miles, during his lonely hours upon his invalid couch, had frequently heard a soft and dulcet voice, accompained by a harpsichord, discourse sweetest music in the doctor's house; and he often longed to look upon the chorister that filled the air with sounds, he thought, harmonious enough to have come from heaven. It is true he had caught a glimpse of Sylph, when she lighted the way for his bearers to his chamber of suffering; but it was only a glimpse; and at the time he was in too much pain to make much use of his opportunity.

As a candidate for the Roman Catholic priesthood, Miles should not have allowed his thoughts to wander at all after one not of his own sex. Miles felt this, and at times his conscience a little smote him. But how could he help it? He was very lonely in his little chamber; had nothing to occupy his mind; the ravishing music filled the whole house; he must listen to it; it would have been most ungracious, uncomfortable, and a dreadful sef-denial—for he delighted in music—of set purpose to close his ears. And listening to the music, what else must result but thoughts concerning the singer? "An archbishop himself," said Miles, "ay! were he St. Hilary himself, couldn't but transgress as I have done."

The day that Miles had his wistful curiosity first satisfied was one of bright sunshine, and when roses and lilies were in their summer bloom. Sylph had tripped into the garden to trim and train her floral favorites, and busy and quite absorbed in her pleasant task, was all oblivious of any looker-on; and so much so as to accompany her labor of love with snatches of melody.

Miles, as he timidly and cautiously looked down from his window upon the fair young girl, her golden hair falling in rich and careless tresses upon her neck, and humming to herself notes of magic sweetness, her rosy fingers all the whole moving to and fro amid a blaze of blossoms, thought, in succession, of Eve, "fairest of her daughters," amid the flowers of Eden; and of Rachel, when first seen and surprised into blushes by the fond salute of Jacob; and of Jephthah's loveliest daughter; and of the daughter of Jairus, when raised anew to the flush of maiden life; and of St. Cecilia and St. Agatha, and of many other virgin saints as fair, in the calendar of Holy Church. And he felt rapt away into an enchanting reverie.

When Sylph left the garden, Miles felt a strange change come over the scene beneath him; the sunshine became less bright, the flowers seemed to fade, the air to grow less warm. Much of the beauty and charm had departed from the little flower garden; nor were they brought back again until each day the enchantress, Sylph, all unconscious of her power, restored them by the magic of her presence.

"Growth is one of nature's mysteries," so we are told; but as mysterious, we think, are the restorative, or, as the doctors call them, the *recuperative* powers of the human system; those hidden forces within us, by which injured bone, or tissue, or muscle takes to itself, as though learned in science, the very substance it needs, and which is alone fitted to renew it to its normal condition. "We are fearfully and wonderfully made;" and, from serious ailments, not less "fearfully" and "wonderfully" are we restored.

Miles Rossiter was an illustration of this. The limb that seemed at one time bruised and broken beyond possible recovery, Nature, under Gilbart's good surgery, built up slowly but surely into its former condition of strength and usefulness; and he was able to leave his room and join the social circle.

Doctor Gilbart freely admitted him to the privilege, because he got to like the young man, finding him manly, intelligent, and honest-minded, and though country bred, of much native refinement; and besides this, Miles had no friend or acquaintance in Chester; and, on his way to a foreign land, his sojourn would only be brief.

A nearer approach to Sylph did not serve to less-

his admiration, nor to free him from the spell her enchantment. Rather he came to recognize her new forces of attraction. He had thought those outside his church as being heretics, ther through their early teaching or wilful unbe-f; were, more or less, *ipso facto*, reprobates. et, with a thrill of wonder, he marked in Sylph a nctity of soul, and a rapt fervor of spirit that as not surpassed by that of the canonized virgins, ints, and martyrs of his church, the story of hose lives had been for years his study.

(To be continued.)

PROPHECY AND POLITICS.

By Rev. William Maude.

(Concluded from page 663.)

atter-Day Democracy—Its Rise in Europe—The "Nineteenth Century" and Government — A Commingling, but not Coalescence—"The Gospel of Dynamite" — Russia and Germany — France and Bulgaria—A Worldly Scribe's Conviction of the State of Things.

GERMANY, above all other Continental states the and of culture and education, is at present just as nuch under the sway of militarism and despotic au-hority as the most rude and ignorant state could be. All her learning, her science and her philosophy, have not saved Germany from being taken possession of by the most inveterate unmanageable form of Socialism. And to cope with this Socialism there is put forth an exercise of *despotic authority* which hardly seems to be in keeping with the most elementary conditions of modern civilization. A state of siege is proclaimed in places like Dresden, a city which most English people associate with picture galleries, museums of art, and cultivated society. And perhaps the most significant indication of the political condition of that great empire is to be found in the fact that at the present moment *twelve millions* of Germans are living beyond its boundaries.

FRANCE AND BULGARIA.

France, again, is once more asserting herself on the field of European politics, and in Northern Africa she has lately entered upon *an enterprise of annexation* quite in the old imperial style, whereby she has involved herself in serious political difficulties abroad, while at home the elections, which are proceeding almost as we write, will in all probability pave the way to a dictatorship, though whether the dictator is to be a Napoleon or a Gambetta remains to be seen.

A remarkable illustration of the prevailing condition of *political lawlessness* in Europe is presented by the course of procedure lately adopted by the Prince of Bulgaria and by those who champion his cause. The Prince of Bulgaria has broken his coronation oath, and trampled on the constitution to which he himself gave his solemn adhesion. That the Prince of Bulgaria should have done this is not perhaps very surprising. It is no new thing for Continental princes, when opportunity offered, to act in a similar way. But what we wish to draw attention to is the kind of defence which has been set up for the Prince of Bulgaria by one of his foreign and volunteer champions. This defence in itself, and in the way in which it has been again and again repeated, is a striking illustration of the depth of political degradation into which Europe is at present sunk.

The Bulgarians, we are told by defenders of the prince, are not fit for popular liberty. They are not able to work a genuine political constitution. They are so ignorant, they do not know what a constitution means. The prince put up with them as long as he could, but found at last he must take things into his own hands. Now all this is, morally, beside the question. The question is, not what the Bulgarians may be, or what they understand, but whether the Prince of Bulgaria knew what he was doing when he swore to be true to the constitution, and whether he understands what he has done now when *he has violated his oath?*

A WORLDLY SCRIBE'S CONVICTION.

Writing of the present condition of Europe, an influential London newspaper lately remarked: "If one did not know by experience that such flood-tides of despotism and of conspiracy rise and fall according to their season, an imaginative person might almost believe that the principle of despotism and the principle of popular revolution were coming to a final and a death struggle in European politics." That is how it strikes the mere worldly scribe. But he who holds in his hand the divinely-lit lamp of prophecy knows that there is no "imagination" in the matter. *The "final and death struggle" is indeed at hand.* The "iron" and the "clay" cannot cleave one to another. Just now the "iron" seems to be asserting its ascendency. Repression, the refusal of political rights, military law, seem the order of the day. But the "clay" is *there*, and will presently overpower the iron.

The great army of democracy is already in motion; "*the gospel of dynamite*" is its terrible evangel; the Nihilist, the Socialist and the Fenian are its forlorn hope; and soon it will roll its wild and weltering flood over crowns and thrones, to form the restless heaving sea out of which St. John saw, in prophetic vision, that awful beast arise concerning whom it is written: "Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: for it is the number of a man; and his number is *six hundred threescore and six*" (Revelation 13: 18).

WORK AMONG THE HOP-PICKERS.

(See Illustration on page 685.)

MR. JOHN BURNHAM, one of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's evangelists, gives the following interesting account of recent evangelistic efforts among the hop-pickers:

"Kent, especially at this season of the year, has a charm peculiarly its own. A very small proportion of Englishmen have the remotest idea of the beauty of the hop-gardens in August and September, and the interesting operation of hop-picking. The hop must not be gathered before it is ripe, and when ripe it needs gathering quickly, or soon it will blow to pieces and occasion much waste. We have not nearly enough 'home-dwellers' to gather them in, and we are obliged to import help. This help comes in the shape of thousands of poor people from the courts and alleys of our cities and large towns, many of whom are strangers to the 'good news' of the Gospel.

"This immigration affords us a grand opportunity of telling them the 'old, old story.' Recognizing this, some of God's servants have for years sought in a variety of ways to improve this opportunity. With a plentiful supply of tracts and illustrated fly-leaves, three or four of us start off in the morning to the hop-gardens, and there, distributing ourselves, go from bin to bin, handing tracts to the pickers, and seeking opportunity of conversation with them. Very varied are the characters we meet with in the gardens; many carry unmistakably the marks of the fallen, and others the badge of the beerhouse, yet not unfrequently do we meet with some earnest, humble believers among them to whom the names of *Ned Wright*, Lewis, Orsman, Holland, or *Varley* are familiar.

"On Sunday morning, taking a band of singers with us, we visit the 'camps' (or, 'hopper-houses,' as they are more generally called), and sing and speak the Gospel to the poor 'strangers.' What a medley we have here! Some men sitting on logs smoking and chatting, or listening to one of the number as he reads *Lloyd's* paper or the *Police News;* others hunting the hedgerows for blackberries and nuts (if gypsies, more likely to be beating the hedges and bushes for hedgehogs); half a dozen women round the wash-tub; around another tub or pail a group, vigorously *applying soap and water*, as a luxury that only falls to their lot with each returning Sunday morning; here are some young women attending to their toilet, while there are others just turning out from their straw beds, with little regard for decency; and here a group of women and children gathered around some burning fagots, in true gypsy style—there are three cross-sticks, and suspended therefrom *a large pot*, in which may be seen a piece of meat, floating among carrots, turnips, cabbages, potatoes, dumplings—all thrown in together in glorious confusion. As soon as we open our organ and commence singing, we have this motley group about us, with eyes and mouth agape, listening to the message of mercy proclaimed in song and speech.

"On the Sunday afternoon, weather permitting, we gather the 'strangers' in a large field to a 'free tea,' and when they have done ample justice to the meal, they are willing to sit or lie on the grass, and listen as we sing or speak to them. Our hearts are greatly cheered as we observe many among them with eager, upturned faces and tearful eyes, drinking in the message of the Saviour's love. From this open-air gathering many will follow to the evening service in the chapel to hear more of the 'Word of Life.' During the week evenings we visit the surrounding villages, in turn, whither the 'strangers' resort to the shop or the alehouse, and in the centre of the village, *opening our organ*, with the help of a band of singers from Mr. Kendon's school we soon find ourselves surrounded by an attentive audience.

"It is now many years since Mr. Kendon commenced this work among the hop-pickers. In a quiet, unostentatious way it was begun in a single garden by Mr. Kendon alone; a year or two later, feeling the growing need of help, he secured the assistance of a city missionary, and more help as the years rolled round. Now for the past four or five years there have been five of us in this centre (besides brethren in other parts) fully employed each returning September."

Our picture represents a group of hop-pickers engaged in stripping the clustering flowers from the hop-vine, while they listen to the evangelist, who is seizing the opportunity to sow the good seed of the Word of God in their hearts. A correspondent of the London *Times* states that a society founded by the Rev. J. Y. Stratton, Rector of Ditton, has this year no fewer than twenty-one missionaries (with whom the clergy have co-operated) laboring under its auspices among the hop-pickers. We are glad to hear from a Wesleyan contemporary that the Methodists also are in the field.

The Results of a Life Consecrated to God are described by Rev. J. O. Peck, D.D., in a communication to a contemporary. It appears that a deed of trust just executed, is *the fulfilment of a vow* made thirty-two years ago by Dr. Henry Foster, a young Christian physician of New York. At that time Dr. Foster was moved by the Holy Spirit to ardently desire a sanctified heart and life, and the enjoyment of God's abiding presence. "He thereupon entered into solemn covenant with God that he would devote his whole life and attainments to Him; that, if God would go with him and give him but the daily consciousness of His favor, he would devote the entire prosperity of his profession to the cause of Christ." Dr. Foster says that from that hour he has in all his trials and perplexities never for a moment been without the conscious presence of God with him.

He on his part has been true to his promise according to his conscience. With the early proceeds of his professional labors, he built the Clifton Springs Sanitarium, and has gradually enlarged it. Since it was established, Christ's needy people to the number of sixty thousand have received gratuitous treatment there. Dr. Foster, being now sixty years of age, has executed a trust deed conveying to representatives of all the evangelical denominations of Christians in trust, the Sanitarium, a fine block of buildings, the rents of which shall be used as endowment for the Sanitarium, and his own cottage residence as a perpetual home for the chief physician. The beneficiaries are to be missionaries and their families, Christian ministers and their families, and private Christians in needy circumstances. Preference to be give in the order named. Dr. Foster also provides for the salary of a regular chaplain, who shall give all his time to the institution, and stipulates that "no physician shall ever be employed who is not a consistent working Christian as well as a regular graduate of some reputable medical college." The donor has also made provisions for extra accommodation above the income of the Sanitarium, so that if any Christian person or church desires to permanently endow one or more beds nominating beneficiaries, such beds may be set up there and the patients receive gratuitous treatment.

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NOTICE.

To give our readers an opportunity of introducing the Christian Herald to their friends, we will send the paper post free to any address from 1st October, to 31st December, 1881, on receipt of 25 cents.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Imposing Ceremonies at Yorktown, commemorative of the surrender of the British General Cornwallis with his army, to George Washington and his allies a hundred years ago, attracted an immense number of distinguished visitors from other States and from Europe. The corner stone of a monument to commemorate the surrender was laid October 18th. The ceremony was performed by Peyton S. Coles, Grand Master of the Virginia Free Masons, who used the identical jewels which George Washington had when he held the same office. The President and his Cabinet, twenty State Governors, General Hancock, and the French and German representatives witnessed the ceremony, Gov. Holliday of Virginia delivering the address of welcome. The following day the celebration included speeches by the President, Minister Outrey, and the Marquis de Rochambeau of the French Republic, Baron von Steuben of Germany, and Hon. Robert C. Winthrop of Massachusetts. On Thursday the celebration terminated with a grand review of troops by the President and our foreign guests, in which the regiments of the various States and the regulars took part, over nine thousand men being in line. Some little difficulty was occasioned by an incident indicative of national jealousy. The vessels in the river showed the French flag at the foremast, the Stars and Stripes at the main, and the German flag at the mizzen-mast. But the President's boat had only two masts, and the two foreign flags were run up side by side at the fore. The French guests were offended by the proximity of their flag to that of the Germans, and it was only by the exercise of considerable tact that their wounded susceptibilities were appeased. This little incident suggests ominous reflections as to the future relations of Germany and France.

President Arthur's Address at the Yorktown centennial on Wednesday, October 19th, was in every respect worthy of the occasion. He accurately defined the principle which the celebration was designed to indorse by saying: "Upon this soil one hundred years ago our forefathers brought to a successful issue their heroic struggle for independence. Here and then was established, and as we trust made secure upon this continent for ages yet to come, that principle of government which is *the very fibre* of our political system, the sovereignty of the people." He then protested against the celebration being regarded as an act of exultation over a defeated foe, and pointed out the true value of the ceremonies. He said: "It is altogether fitting that we should gather here to refresh our souls with the contemplation of the unfaltering patriotism, the sturdy zeal, and the sublime faith which achieved the results we now commemorate. For so, if we learn aright *the lesson of the hour*, shall we be incited to transmit to the generation which shall follow the precious legacy which our fathers left to us—the love of *liberty, protected by law.*" Then followed words of welcome to our foreign guests, representatives of the governments of France and Germany and descendants of our brave allies in the Revolutionary war. The President concluded his address with the following appropriate words: "None of the memories awakened by this anniversary are more grateful to us all than the reflection that the national friendships here so closely cemented have outlasted the mutations of a changeful century. God grant, my countrymen, that they may ever remain unshaken, and that ever henceforth, with ourselves and with all the nations of the earth, we may be at peace."

The British Flag was Saluted by Order of President Arthur at the conclusion of the commemorative services at Yorktown. The President, in giving the order, said that he did so "in recognition of the friendly relations so long and so happily subsisting between Great Britain and the United States, in the trust and confidence of peace and good-will between the two countries for all centuries to come, and especially as a mark of the profound respect entertained by the American people" for Queen Victoria. Both the order and the reference to "Old Mother England" in the speech of the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, the venerable orator from Massachusetts, evoked loud applause. At five o'clock on Thursday evening, just as the sun was sinking behind the Yorktown bluffs, the British flag was shown on the fore of the U. S. ship Trenton, and a gun was fired. Instantly the other ships ran up the same colors, and gun answered gun along the line.

It is very gratifying that as the sovereign and people of Great Britain have expressed their sympathy with us in our trouble, the Yorktown victory should have been commemorated without any ungenerous reflections.

The Nominations Sent by the President to the Senate last week were of minor importance. They are understood to have been those President Garfield selected, but which, owing to the protracted struggle over the New York nominations, he did not send in. Speculation has been busy as to the Cabinet offices, but up to Saturday last no definite information was given. On Friday, October 21st, General Grant, Senator Logan, and Senator Cameron had a lengthy conference with the President, which is supposed to have been mainly concerned with Cabinet nominations, and according to one unauthoritative report ex-Governor Morgan of New York was selected for the secretaryship of the Treasury, and ex-Senator Howe of Wisconsin for Attorney-General, the present holders of those offices having peremptorily resigned. It is believed that the President would have preferred all the Cabinet retaining their offices until the regular session in December, as he will have to depend very greatly upon the reports of the heads of Departments for the information and recommendations which are necessary for his guidance in the preparation of his message to Congress. The name of Gen. Longstreet is mentioned as the representative of the South in the Cabinet, and that of ex-Senator Frelinghuysen of New Jersey as Secretary of State.

Exact Details of the Losses Caused by the Michigan forest fires are furnished by a correspondent of the New York *Tribune* who lives at Port Huron, Mich., on the verge of the burned district. He has ridden over the scene of the fire, carefully collecting facts. He states that 1800 square miles were burned over, causing a loss which is put at $2,346,413, reduced by insurance, amounting to $628,632, to $1,722,781. Eleven hundred and forty-seven dwellings, 28 school-houses, 8 churches, 130 stores, 12 hotels, 34 grist and saw mills and 20 docks were burned. The fire in most instances did its work so effectually as to leave *nothing but the bare ground.* Where were flourishing farms nothing remains but a blackened waste. Houses, barns, orchards, fences, and even the uncleared forest have been swept away. No one who has not witnessed the scene can form any adequate idea of the utter destruction which has been caused by this fire. The well-to-do, those who considered themselves independent of any possible calamity, are in most instances as badly off as the new-comers who had nothing but log-cabins and small clearings. Both are on the same level now. In most of this region the forest was composed of pine and underbrush, the latter more especially in the swampy parts. Over this pine region the flames raged with the utmost fury. Hundreds of thousands of acres have been swept almost as clean as though a forest had never grown there. *The entire region is a wilderness.* Not a green tree, bush or leaf is to be found anywhere. There is pressing need still of funds to enable the sufferers to live through the winter. The Governor of Michigan has appointed a committee of responsible citizens to receive contributions and supplies, which are distributed to the sufferers free of expense, as the railroad companies make no charge for freight of charitable parcels.

The Urgent Question of Civil Service Reform should be kept prominently before the public during the coming campaign. It is the one political questions of the time on which action is imperatively needed. The National Civil Service Reform League has now its Central Committee, with its officers and sub-committees in working order, and it will endeavor to exercise an influence upon public opinion, and through it upon the government of the country, by means of publications, public addresses, and petitions. But it will do little good unless the people show at the polls their determination that the abuse which has worked so much ill shall cease at once. At present the two bills respectively prepared by Mr. Pendleton and Mr. Willis are the only two definite proposals before the country, and about the merits of these two, voters need to decide.

The Reforms in the Postal Service Have Already borne fruit. The department returns show that during the first three months of Postmaster-General James's administration the expenditure was only $79,879 in excess of the receipts. The deficiency in the corresponding quarter of the previous year was $586,698. So great a difference in the accounts occurring even before the Postmaster-General had fully completed his reforms, encourages the hope that still further reductions may be effected now that those reforms are in full operation. A report was in circulation last week that President Arthur had asked Assistant Postmaster-General Tyner to resign, because he must have been cognizant of the Star Route knaveries. The report is now contradicted, and Mr. Tyner's friends aver that he was clear of responsibility, having reported the matter to Mr. Key and to Mr. Hayes himself, who decided to take no action in the matter lest the interests of the party should suffer.

The Floods in the North-west are Working fearful destruction. The rainfall has been heavy, and the Mississippi on Friday last had risen *eighteen feet above low-water mark*, eight inches higher than in the floods of last spring. Nearly west of Rockport, Ill., and thirty-six miles below Quincy, there is a break in the Sny Levee, three hundred feet wide, and the river is steadily cutting out the earthwork at either end of the crevasse. An immense volume of water is pouring through the opening, spreading out over the country and gradually inundating the fields and farms, and threatening Rockport, which is four miles distant. There is also a break, not quite so serious, in the Indian Grove Levee. A telegram received at Chicago, from Quincy, says: "The railroad tracks on the Sny Levee are submerged, and the basements of houses in South Hannibal are filled with water. The Keokuk and St. Louis Railroad is under water for several miles, and a number of washouts have taken place."

Twenty-four Mormon Missionaries Sailed for urope on the Guion steamer Abyssinia, October 8th, to recruit the ranks of the Mormons in Utah. these men were going to Africa to steal negroes nd bring them here to be slaves, they would be revented by law, but they are allowed by our own overnment and the governments of Europe to ntice with impunity white men and women into a ondition of life far worse than slavery ever deeloped.

An Extraordinary Dream with an Amusing xplanation is reported in a Bath, Me., journal. A dy in Bath was recently much alarmed by dreamg that some one was holding her wrist. Vainly ndeavoring to scream for assistance, she succeeded length in whispering just loud enough to awaken erself. After a few minutes' relief at being no nger under the influence of the dream, she beame conscious that *some one was really holding er left wrist*, and all her strength was inadequate release it. Whether to call her hostess or not as easily decided, for her terror rendered her as peechless as she had been before awakening. It ould not be that any of her friends had seized her rist in sport; it was too rigid a clasp, and had een continued some time, for her left hand was old and numb. But just as she should be able to peak, in a moment she found the relentless grasp as that of her own right hand, and not easy to ithdraw from its twin companion, so desperate ad become its hold. How like this is to the exerience of many an anxious soul desiring reconliation with God, yet held a prisoner by its own oubts and difficulties, prompted by Satan.

A Family was Gathered Together for the rst time in seventy-two years at Lewiston, Me., n October 12th. All of the living members of he family were present. There are seven brothrs, ranging in age from 47 to 72 years. Perhaps he most interesting feature of this occasion was he meeting for the first time of all the brothers. The oldest brother left home before the youngest as born. An attempt has several times been nade to get all of the family together, but on each uch occasion one or more of the brothers would e necessarily absent. A married sister presided t the table at which all the brothers for the first ime sat down together. The occasion must have een one of great interest to the united family. It uggests the thought of that wonderful scene when vith our brethren who have passed the flood, the rophets and apostles, and martyrs whom we have never seen, we sit down to the marriage supper of he Lamb (Rev. 19:7).

The Danger of Putting off the Acceptance f Christ as a Saviour was illustrated recently by erry McAuley of the Water Street Mission at his sual evening meeting. He told of a man who ame to the meeting one evening about two years go, under deep conviction of sin, and when the nvitation to inquirers to come to the front was given, put out his foot to rise and go forward. But n a moment he hesitated and said, "No, I'll come orward to-morrow." "To-morrow is not yours," eplied Mr. McAuley; but the man persisted in his urpose to make a confession of Christ the next evening. By the next evening, however, he had joined two evil companions, who took him away to Jersey Flats, and there the three went out in a boat and boarded a schooner with the intention of plundering it. But being encountered by the captain, they made a murderous assault upon him, nearly cleaving his head with an axe, for which they were tried, convicted, and sentenced to twenty years in the State prison.

A Wedding in a Cave is Described in a Kentucky journal. The parties seem to have displayed a taste as eccentric in selecting the scene for the ceremony as those we mentioned in a recent number, who were married on the top of a mountain. This couple took an opposite course by going *under ground* for the ceremony. "The bridegroom," says the Lexington *Gazette*, "accompanied by a small party, arrived at Cave City. Country wagons were procured, and the gay company, which included a Louisville clergyman, drove over the hills to the Mammoth Cave. The great hole in the ground was bravely entered; 'Fat Man's Misery' was passed, the bride crawling on hands and knees along the tunnel; Green River, with its *blind fish*, was safely ferried over, and, after an underground tramp of nine miles, the spot selected for the wedding was reached. There, under nature's glittering gems, with darkness filling the depth beyond, and torches weirdly lighting the immediate space, the clergyman did his duty." This craving for the romantic and sensational in these momentous affairs of life appears to be increasing; it would be well for society if respect for the marriage tie and a faithful performance of its obligations were also increasing, but in too many cases both husband and wife think but lightly of vows solemnly made before God, and lead lives so little in accord with those vows, that they might have been appropriately commenced under ground amid the glare of torches and across rivers full of blind fish.

A Protest Against Calling an Englishman a foreigner was entered by Mr. Edward A. Freeman, the English historian now on a visit to this country, in the course of a recent lecture at Boston, Mass. He said: "While we do not belong to the same nation, we are one folk in all things save that local and political separation which nature and events have wrought. Surely I am more to you than a man of Mexico; surely you are more to me than a man of France or Spain. The words foreign and foreigner should not be used between our countries. I am not a foreigner, and will not bear to be a foreigner when I come to this country. You are not foreigners and strangers when you come to my country. Our ancestors may have come together from the old Teutonic mainland, have fought together under the same banner, suffered defeat or gained the victory together. The great difference between us is that you have taken two great voyages and we have taken only one, but we took that first voyage together."

Rev. Abijah Green, a Presbyterian Clergyman, was suffocated in his bedroom on Thursday, October 20th, in New York. He had been attending the Synod in Dr. Ramsey's church, and at the end of that day's session returned to his hotel. He retired to rest at his usual hour, but in the morning he was found dead in his bed, his room being full of gas. The burner was found turned on, but not lighted. It is supposed that he must have inadvertently turned the tap on extinguishing the light. Mr. Green had been a member of the N. Y. Synod for over forty years, but latterly, owing to ill health, had not occupied any pulpit.

Miss Kate Shelley, of Ogden, Iowa, Whose heroic act in crawling across a bridge in a hurricane to save a train from wreck in a washout, was described in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of August 4th, has been presented with a watch by the railroad conductors of that State. On the case is engraved a picture of the bridge over which the brave girl crawled at the risk of her life to stop the train. Miss Shelley has been ill since the day of her heroic effort, the shock and the exposure having overcome her but she has now happily recovered.

The Remarkable History of a Treasured coin was recently related. Mr. William McClintock, proprietor of the Downington Marble Works, Penn., is in possession of a five-dollar gold-piece, dated 1807, that has connected with it quite an interesting history. He received it this week from Mrs. Mary Ann Taylor, in whose possession it has been since 1847, when it was bequeathed to her by her father, Mr. Casper Peterman, who died in that year. Mr. Peterman had owned it since 1812. It came into his possession as *his first earnings* after he arrived in this country. He said while he lived "it should never be spent unless it had to go for bread." For sixty-nine years it has never been in circulation. Mrs. Taylor had intended to present it to her nephew, Samuel Casper Jones, who died last year, on his becoming of age, but this being denied her she invested it as part pay for a cradle *inclosure for his grave*. It is singular that a coin treasured so many years should, after all, have been used to pay for a tomb and not for bread. It is a coincidence that the first time we read in the Bible of money being used it was for the same purpose—to purchase a grave (Gen. 23:16).

MONGREL RELIGION.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"So these nations feared the Lord, and served their graven images, both their children, and their children's children: as did their fathers, so do they unto this day."—2 KINGS 17:41.

The Spiritual Descendants of the Samaritans—A Live Subject—The Mongrel Religion—I. Its Nature—The Devotees were not Infidels—Were Willing to be Taught—But Stuck to Their Old Gods—The Gods of To-Day—Bacchus, Venus, Mammon—II. The Manner of its Growth—They were on Jehovah's Land—In Fear of the Lions—Had a Trimming Teacher—A Large-hearted Man—III. Its Value—Feeble on Both Sides—At First an Apparent Improvement—Afterward an Enmity—Satan's Livery—Provoking to God—IV. Its Continuance—It Yields a Sort of Comfort—It is Perpetuated in Families—V. Its Cure.

"So do they unto this day," said the writer of the Book of Kings, who has long since passed away unto his fathers. Were he alive now he might say concerning the spiritual descendants of these Samaritans, "So do they unto this day." This base union of fearing God and serving other gods is by no means obsolete. Alas, it is too common everywhere, and to be met with where you might least expect it. From generation to generation there have been *mongrel religionists*, who have tried to please both God and the devil, and have been on both sides, or on either side, as their interest led them.

Some of these *wretched blenders* are always hovering around every congregation, and my hope is that I may convince the consciences of some here present that they themselves are guilty, and that of them it might be said, as of these Assyrian immigrants, "They feared the Lord, and served their own gods." My sermon will by no means be an essay upon an extinct race, but it may be placed among "*the present-day papers*," for "so do they unto this day." He that hath ears to hear, let him hear, and to whomsoever the word shall apply let its rebuke be taken home, and through the teaching of the Holy Spirit may it produce decisive results.

ITS NATURE.

I. I shall first call your attention to the nature of this mongrel religion. It had its good and bad points, for it wore a double face. *These people were not infidels.* Far from it: "they feared the Lord." They did not deny the existence, or the power, or the rights of the great God of Israel, whose name is Jehovah. They had not the pride of Pharaoh who said, "Who is Jehovah that I should obey His voice?" They were not like those whom David calls "fools," who said in their hearts, "There is no God." They had faith, though only enough to produce fear. They knew that there was a God; they feared His wrath, and they tried to appease it.

So far they were hopeful persons, and under the influence of a feeling which has often led up to better things. It was better to dread God than to despise Him; better slavishly to fear than stupidly to forget. We would not have men so foolish as to doubt the existence of God, nor so profane as to defy Him. There was something commendable about men of whom it could be said that they feared Jehovah, even though that fear was a selfish and servile one, and was by no means so efficacious upon them as it ought to have been, for it did not cause them to put away their idols.

Another good point about these mixed religionists was that they were *willing to be taught.* As soon as they found that they were not acting rightly toward the God of the land, they sent a petition to their supreme ruler, the king of Assyria, setting forth their spiritual destitution. Church and State were fused in those days, and therefore they applied to their king that he would help them in their religious distress, and he acted to the best of his light; for he sent them one of the priests of the old religion of the land. This man was a Bethelite, one who worshipped God under the symbol of an ox, which the Scripture calls a calf. He was *a very slight improvement* upon a heathen; but we must be glad even of small progress.

Though these strangers feared Jehovah, and were willing to learn the way of his worship, yet *they stuck to their old gods.* "Ah," said the Babylonian, "I listen respectfully to what you have to say of this God of the land; but Succoth-benoth for me; when I go home I shall offer sacrifice to him." The men of Cuthah said, "Verily this is good doctrine concerning the God of Israel; but the god of our fathers was Nergal, and to him will we cleave;" and the Sepharvites, though they wished to hear of the pure and holy Jehovah, and therefore learned from His law the command, "Thou shalt not kill," yet still they passed their children through the fire to Moloch, and did not cease from that most cruel of all religious rites. Thus you see that this *mingle-mangle religion* left the people practically where they were: whatever their fear might be, their customs and practices remained the same.

Have you never met with persons of the same mongrel kind? If you have never done so, your class of acquaintances must be superior to mine. At this moment I shall not speak at random, but aim at individual cases; for I know of persons who come to this place of worship with great regularity, and yet they serve their sins, and obey their own vicious passions. They take delight in the services of this house, and yet they are much at home with the god of this world.

Some worship a deity quite as horrible as Moloch, whose name in the olden time was

BACCHUS

—the god of the wine-cup and the beer-barrel. They pay their eager devotions at his shrine, and yet they would be numbered with the people of God. They were drunk last night, and yet they are here this morning: possibly they will keep sober to-day; but they will not let many days pass before they will once more stagger before their abominable idol. In all places of worship there are people of this kind. Do not look round to see if there is a person present dressed like a workingman, for I have not the poor in my eye at this time. Alas, this vice is to be met with in one rank as well as another, and the person I mean looks quite respectable, and wears broadcloth. Many worshippers of Bacchus do not drink so as to be found drunk and incapable in the street. Oh no; they go up-stairs to their beds in their own houses, so that their condition is not observed; but still they must know that they are verging upon intoxication, if not actually gone. Woe unto such, who, while they pretend to be worshippers of Jehovah, are also worshippers of the beastly god of drunkenness. Is that too harsh a word? *I beg the beasts' pardon* for thus slandering them.

Alas, there are others who adore *the goddess Venus*, the queen of lust and uncleanness. I say no more. It is a shame even to speak of things which are done of them in secret. Too often *the God is Mammon*, who is as degraded a deity as any of them. Such turn religion into a means of gain, and would sell Jesus Himself for silver. The sin of Judas is one of which we may say, "So do they unto this day." Judas professes to serve Jesus, but all the while he is really serving himself, for secretly he abstracts from the treasury somewhat for his own pocket. "He had the bag, and kept that which was put therein." There are such still in the churches of God: they do not actually steal, but they follow Jesus for what they can make or get out of Him and His disciples. The symbols of their worship are the loaf and the fish. Now, this is as degrading a form of worship as the adoration of graven images. Gain is the god of many in all congregations: they seek Jesus, not because they care for His words, but because they eat of the loaves. They fear the Lord, but they serve other gods.

Persons are to be found, without a lantern and candle, who earn their money by ministering at the altars of Belial, and then offer a part of it to the Lord of hosts. Can they come from the place of revelling to the chamber of communion? Will they bring the wages of sin to the altar of God? He who makes money over the devil's back is a hypocrite if he lays his cankered coin at the apostles' feet. "Thy money perish with thee." How some men can rest in their impious pretensions it is not for me to guess; but methinks if their consciences were quickened, it would strike them as being *a horrible thing in the land* that they should be fearing the Lord and serving other gods.

I knew one who was always at the place of worship, prayer-meetings and all, and yet he had forsaken the wife of his youth, and was the companion of gamblers, and drunkards, and the unclean. I know another of a much milder type: he is a regular hearer, but he has no sense of true religion. He is a steady, hard-working man; but he lives to hoard money, and neither the poor nor the church of God ever get a penny from him: bowels of compassion he has none. He is a stranger to private prayer, and his Bible is never read; but he never misses a sermon. Oh, unhappy men, to come so near salvation in appearance, and to be so far off in reality! How can I explain their conduct? Truly, I must leave them among the mysteries of the moral world; for "they fear the Lord and serve their graven images unto this day."

II. Let us now consider

THE MANNER OF ITS GROWTH.

However came such a monstrous compound into this world?

Here is the history of it. *These people came to live where the people of God had lived.* The Israelites were most unworthy worshippers of Jehovah; but still they were known to others as His people, and their land was Jehovah's land. If the Sepharvites had stopped at Sepharvaim they would never have thought of fearing Jehovah; if the men of Babylon had continued to live in Babylon they would have been perfectly satisfied with Bel, or Succoth-benoth, or whatever the name of their precious god might be; but when they were fetched out from their old haunts, and brought into Canaan, they came under a different influence and a new order of things. God would not allow them to go the whole length of idolatry in His land; though He had cast out His people, yet still it was His land, and He would make these heathens know it, and show some little decency in their new abode.

Now, it sometimes happens to utter worldlings that they are dropped into the midst of Christian people, and they naturally feel that they must not be different from everybody about them. A kind of fashion is set by the professors among whom they dwell, and they fall into it. Everybody in the village attends a place of worship, and the newcomers do the same, though they have no heart to it. They have not the courage of their want of conviction, so they just drift with the current, and as it happens to run in a religious direction they are as religious as the rest. Or it may be they have a godly mother, and their father is a believer, and so they adopt the traditions of the family. They would like to be free to forsake the ways of piety, but they cannot be quite so unkind to those whom they love, and so they yield to the influences which surround them, and become in a measure fearers of God, out of respect to their neighbors or their families. This is a poor reason for being religious.

Something else happened to these Assyrian immigrants which had a stronger influence still. At first they did not fear God, but *the Lord sent lions among them.* When these lions had torn one and another, then the people trembled at the name of the God of the land, and desired to know the manner in which He would be worshipped. Affliction is a wild beast by which God teaches men who act like beasts. This is the growth of mongrelists. First, they are among godly people, and they must, therefore, go a little that way; and next they are afflicted, and they must now go further still. The man has been ill, he has seen the brink of the grave; he has promised and vowed to attend to good things, in the hope that God would relent and permit him to live. Besides that, the man's extravagance has brought him into difficulties and straits; he cannot go as far or so fast as he formerly did, and hence he inclines to more staid and sober ways. He dares not follow his bent, for he finds vice too expensive, too disreputable, too dangerous.

Many a man is driven by fear where he could not be drawn by love. He does not love the Lamb, but he does fear the lions. The rough voices of pain, poverty, shame, and death work a kind of law-work upon certain consciences which are insensible to spiritual arguments. They are forced, like the devils, to believe and tremble. Apprehension does not in their case lead to conversion, but it compels an outward respect for divine things. They argue that if the ills they feel do not reform them they may expect worse. If God begins with lions, what will come next? Therefore, they outwardly humble themselves, and yield homage to the God they dread.

One reason why they dropped into this self-contradictory religion was that *they had*

A TRIMMING TEACHER.

The king of Assyria sent them a priest: he could not have sent them a prophet, but that was what they really wanted. He sent them a Bethelite, not a genuine servant of Jehovah, but one who worshipped God by means of symbols; and this the Lord had expressly forbidden. If this priest did not break the first commandment by setting up other gods, yet he broke the second by making an image to represent the true God. This priest taught them the calf worship, but he winked at their false deities. When he saw them each one bowing before his own idol, he called it a natural mistake and by no means spake indignantly to them. If one of them worshipped Succoth-benoth, so long as he also brought an offering to Jehovah, he was not so uncharitable as to condemn him. He cried "Peace, peace," for he was *a large-hearted man*, and belonged to the Broad Church who believe in the good intentions of all men, and manufacture excuses for all the religions of the age.

I know of no surer way of a people's perishing than by being led by one who does not speak out straight, and honestly denounce evil. If the minister halts between two opinions, do you wonder that the congregation is undecided? If the preacher trims and twists to please all parties, can you expect his people to be honest? If I wink at your inconsistencies will you not soon be hardened in them? Like priest, like people. A cowardly preacher suits hardened sinners. Those who are afraid to rebuke sin, or to probe the conscience, will have much to answer for. May God save you from being led into the ditch by a blind guide.

And yet is not a mingle-mangle of Christ and Belial the common religion of the day? Is not worldly piety, or pious worldliness, the current religion of England? They live among godly people, and God chastens them, and they therefore fear Him, but not enough to give their hearts to Him. They seek out a trimming teacher who is not too precise and plain-spoken, and they settle down comfortably to a mongrel faith, half truth, half error, and a mongrel worship half dead form, and half orthodoxy. God have mercy upon men, and bring them out from the world; for He will not have a compound of world and grace.

Thus have I described the nature and the growth of this cross-bred religion.

III. Thirdly, let us estimate

THE VALUE OF THIS RELIGION.

What is it worth? First, it must evidently be *feeble* on both sides, because the man who serves Succoth-benoth cannot do it thoroughly if all the while he fears Jehovah; and he who fears Jehovah cannot be sincere if he is worshipping Moloch. The one sucks out the life of the other. Either one or the other alone might breed an intense worshipper; but when there are two deities, it is written, "Their heart is divided, now shall they be found wanting." A man of the world who is out and out in his conduct can make the best of his worldliness: what joy there is in it he gets, what profit there is to be made out of it he obtains; but if he tries to mix godliness with it he is pouring water on the fire, and hindering himself.

On the other hand, if a man goes in for godliness, he will assuredly make something of it, by the blessing of God; if there be any joy, if there be any holiness, if there be any power, the man who is thorough-going wins it; but suppose he is pulled back by his love of sin, then he may possess enough religion to make him miserable, and enough of sin to prevent his salvation; but the two are

pposed, and between them he finds no rest. The an is lame on both feet, impotent in both direc- ons. He is like the salt which has lost its savor, either fit for the land, nor yet for the dunghill, ut to be trodden under foot of men.

At first I should think that the mixture of the ue with the false at Samaria *looked like an im- rovement.* I should not wonder but what the riests of Judah were rather glad to hear that the ons had come among the strangers, and that the eople wanted to know something about Jehovah. t had a look in the right direction, and conse- uently the Scripture says that they feared God ; ut yet this fear of God was so hollow that, if you urn to the thirty-fourth verse, you will read, 'They fear not the Lord." Sometimes a verbal ontradiction most accurately states the truth. hey feared the Lord only in a certain sense ; ut, inasmuch as they also served other gods, it ame to this when summed up, that they did not ear God at all. The man who is religious and lso immoral, to put it in short, is irreligious. He ho makes a great fuss about godliness and yet cts in an ungodly way, when all comes to all, is n ungodly man. The value of this mixture is ss than nothing. It is

SIN WITH A LITTLE VARNISH

pon it.

These Samaritans in after years *became the bit- erest foes of God's people.* Read the Book of Ne- emiah, and you will see that the most bitter op- onents of that godly man were those mongrels. heir fear of God was such that they wanted to oin with the Jews in building the Temple, and hen they found that the Jews would not have hem, they became their fiercest foes. No people o so much hurt as those who are like Jack-o'- oth-sides. The mixed multitude that came out f Egypt with the Israelites, fell a-lusting. The ischief does not begin with the people of God, ut with those who are with them, but not of them. he tares which you cannot root out grow with the heat, and draw away from it that which should ave nourished it. As the clinging ivy will eat out he life of a tree around which it climbs, so will hese impostors devour the church if they be left o their own devices.

This *patchwork religion* is of more value to the evil than to any one else ; it is his favorite livery, nd I pray you hate it, for it is a garment spotted y the flesh. I believe, dear friends, that those eople who have a dread of God, which makes them ppear religious, and who yet all the while live in heir sins, are most in danger of any people in the vorld ; for there is no getting at them to save hem. You preach to sinners, and they say, "He loes not mean us, for we are saints." You bring he thunders of the law to bear on the congrega- ion, and they, being inside the church, are not fraid of the tempest. They hide behind their alse profession. There is more likelihood of the alvation of a downright outsider than of these retenders. They hold with the hare and run with he hounds, they fear the Lord and serve other ods, and they will perish in their folly. Their uin will be all the more terrible because they sin n the light.

How provoking this adulterated religion must e to God! It is even provoking to God's minister o be pestered with men whose hypocrisies weaken he force of his testimony. Here is a man who is nown to be one of my hearers, and yet at the ame time he drinks, and speaks lewdly, and acts vickedly. What have I to do with him? His ongue is never still, and he tells everybody that e is a friend of mine, and my great admirer, and hen men lay his conduct at my door, and wonder vhat my doctrine must be. I could almost say, 'Sir, be my enemy, for this will harm me less han your friendship."

If this grieves His ministers, how provoking nust it be to God Himself ; these people are seen o worship Him, and when strangers come into the ssembly they spy out these hypocrites, and straightway charge the holy Jesus with all their aults. "See," say they, "there is old So-and-so. He is a great man among them, and yet I saw im come out of the gin-palace more than three heets in the wind." Thus the holy God is dis- honored by these unholy hypocrites. True religion suffers for their falsehood. One may fancy the Lord Jesus saying, "Come now, if you must needs serve the devil, do it ; but do not loiter around my gates and boast of being my servants."

IV. I pass briefly to another important point, which is this,

THE CONTINUANCE OF THIS EVIL ;

for the text says, "As did their fathers, so do they unto this day." I believe in the final perseverance of the saints ; I am almost obliged to believe in the final perseverance of hypocrites ; for, really, when a man once screws himself up to play the double, and both to fear God and serve other gods, he is very apt to stick there. It takes a great deal of effort to bring yourself to that degree of wicked- ness ; you must use a great deal of damping of conscience and quenching of the Spirit before you can reach that shameless point, and having once gained that position you are apt to keep it all your life long. "So do they unto this day."

One reason why it can be said of most men, "so do they unto this day," is because it yields them a sort of comfort ; at any rate it keeps off the lions. "Why," say they, "it must be the right thing to do, for now we are quiet." While they lived in sin without a pretence of religion, when the minis- ter preached the word powerfully, they went home trembling ; now they do not care what he preaches about : the lions roar no longer, not so much as a cub shows itself. Though they do drink a little, though they do use strong language now and then, though they are really unconverted, yet since they have taken a pew at the church, or the chapel, they feel wonderfully easy in their minds. It is so soothing and pacifying to the conscience to feel that you mix up with the best of the saints, and are highly esteemed by them. So they wrap it up, and go down to hell with a lie in their right hand.

The worst of it is that not only men themselves do this, but their children and their children's chil- dren do the same : "As their fathers did, so do they unto this day." In an out-and-out godly family it is a great joy to see the children springing up to fear God ; but these double people, these borderers, see no such desirable succession. Fre- quently there is an open decline from apparent re- ligion : the sons do not care to go where the old man went at all ; nor need we wonder, since it did him so little good. He made all unhappy at home, and none are eager to imitate him.

In other cases, where there was kindness at home, the children are apt to try the same plan as their fathers, and mingle a little religion with a great deal of worldliness. They are just as keen and sharp as their worldly sire, and they see on which side their bread is buttered, and therefore they keep up the reputation of religion. A little gilt and paint go a long way, and so they lay it on. They fly the flag of Christ, at any rate, even though the vessel does not belong to His dominion, and is not bound for the port of glory. As vessels some- times run a blockade under a false flag, so do they reap many advantages from sailing under Christian colors. This detestable iniquity will not die out ; it multiplies itself, scattering its own seed on all sides, and so from generation to generation it lives on ; whole nations fear the Lord and serve other gods.

THE CURE.

V. I shall now close by saying a few words by way of cure of this dreadful evil of mongrelism ; this fearing the Lord, and serving other gods. Suppose men were thus full of duplicity in politics, what would be thought of them? If a war should rage between two nations, what would be thought of the man who professed to serve the Queen, and all the while was playing his cards to win favor with the Queen's enemies. What would he be? A liberal-minded person? A gentleman of broad sympathies? Perhaps so. But also *he would be a traitor,* and when he was found out he would be shot. He who in any way tries to serve God and His enemies, is a traitor to God : that is what it comes to.

In ordinary politics, if there be two parties, and a man comes forward and says, "I am on your side," and all the while he is doing his best to help the opposition, everybody says that he is a mean fellow. And what meanness it is to say, "I am for Christ," and yet practically to be for His ene- mies ; to cry up holiness, and yet to live in sin ; to preach up faith in Christ, and yet to trust in your own merits. This wretched shuffling indi- cates a meanness of soul from which may God in infinite mercy deliver us. Suppose a man in busi- ness said, "Oh, yes, I will be an honest man, but I will at the same time practise a trick or two ; I will be as straight as a line, but yet I will be crook- ed too." Why, he would very soon be known by only one name, and that name a dishonorable one. A merchant cannot be honest and dishonest, a woman cannot be both chaste and unchaste, pure and impure, at the same time ; and a man cannot be truly with God and yet with the world ; the amalgamation is impossible. Everybody sees through such

SHAM GODLINESS.

Ah, my dear friends, suppose that God were to treat us after the like double fashion ; suppose He smiled to-day and cursed to-morrow ; suppose He said, "You fear me, and so I will give you com- fort to-day ; but inasmuch as you worship other gods, when it comes to the last I will send you to your own gods ; you shall go down to hell." You want one course of conduct from God—mercy, tenderness, gentleness, forgiveness ; but if you play fast and loose with Him, what is this but mocking Him? Shall a man mock God? O thou great Father of our spirits, if we poor prodigals return to thee, shall we come driving all the swine in front of us, and bringing all the harlots and citi- zens of the far country at our heels, and introduce ourselves to thee by saying, "Father, we have sinned, and have come home to be forgiven and to go on sinning"? It were infernal—I can say no less. Yet some attempt it.

Lastly, what shall I say of the Holy Spirit? If He does not dwell in our hearts we are lost ; there is no hope for us unless He rules within us. And shall we dare to say,

"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,"

meanwhile I will live in filthiness and selfishness. Come, Holy Spirit, come and dwell with me, and I will hate my brother, I will boil with angry temper, and will be black with malice, so as to make my home miserable. Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove, come dwell within my soul, and I will carry thee to the theatre, and the ball-room, and the house of evil name.

I hate to utter such language, even for the sake of exposing it ; but what must God think of men who do not *say* so but who act so ; who, like Ba- laam, live in sin and yet cry, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." I dare not preach from that very popular text, for it is the mean, selfish wish of a man who even at the last would save his own skin. The old sneak! He wanted to live and serve the devil, and then cry off at the last. Surely he might have said, "I have been a prophet of Satan, and have sold my soul to him ; let me die as I have lived." I would wish to live in such a way as I would wish to die. If I would not like to die as I am, then I ought not to live as I am. If I am in a condition in which I dare not meet my God, may God in mercy fetch me out of the condition at once. Let me be right, and let there be no mistake about it ; but do not let me try to be both right and wrong, washed and filthy, white and black, a child of God and a child of Satan.

God has separated Heaven and hell by a gulf that never can be passed, and He has divided the two characters which shall people those two places by an equally wide gulf. This division can be passed by His grace, but none can inhabit the in- termediate space. None can hang between spirit- ual death and spiritual life, so as to be partly in one and partly in the other. Decide, then, decide. Be one thing or the other. "How long halt ye between two opinions?" Again I say with Elias, upon Carmel, "If the Lord be God, follow Him ; but if Baal, then follow him." But do not mix the worship of the two, for thus you will provoke God, and cause His anger to burn like fire against you. May God bless this word, for His name's sake,

Charles Edwards Makes a Confession.

The Mother's Gift to her Sailor Boy.

CHARLES EDWARDS' FLING.

FRANK EDWARDS and his wife were spending a winter evening at home. They were young people, and Frank after his return from the city was wont to spend the evening reading and chatting with his wife. Their little cottage had another inmate, Frank's brother, but he usually did not return till midnight, and sometimes even later. He was a bachelor, and used to say he should marry and settle down when he "had had his fling." Having his fling, with Charles meant like that other ominous phrase, "sowing his wild oats," a life of dissipation. He was a clerk in a large city house, and boarded with his brother since the latter had set up housekeeping.

On this night the husband and wife were surprised to hear Charles come home before ten and go straight to his own room. The door was sharply closed, and they heard no more. This was so unusual that Frank told his wife he would speak to his brother, for he feared he must be ill. Opening the door, he was surprised to find that the lamp was still unlighted, and he called to his wife to bring their own lamp. She did so, and bending over the lounge they saw the form of Charles stretched in agony. He was in a paroxysm, but it passed, and then he spoke. "Frank, old boy," he said in broken accents, "you were right. This life could have only one end. I am ruined, disgraced, dying. *I have had my fling.*"

Again the paroxysm came upon him, and the wife in her distress clutched her husband's hand while he held the lamp with the other so that the rays fell on the face of the dying man. She said, "Can we do nothing? Let us send for the doctor." "No," said the prostrate man, "too late—gambling—embezzlement—poison." His broken words interrupted by gasps for breath told the tale. He had lost heavily at the gaming table, had robbed his employers, and then finding detection inevitable had taken poison. There lay the empty bottle beside him. It was soon over. His last words were, "I have had my fling." What followed in the awful moments when his spirit took its flight to appear before God it is awful to imagine. He had had his fling; who can tell the sum of *all he had flung away!*

THE SAILOR BOY AND HIS TESTAMENT.

SOME time ago there was a pious widow living in the north, on whom devolved the sole care of a numerous family, consisting of seven daughters and one son. It was her chief anxiety to train up her children in the path of virtue, and as far as the female branches of her family were concerned, her efforts were crowned with success.

But alas! her boy proved ungrateful for her care; and *her only son*, her darling, became her scourge and her cross. He formed evil acquaintances, and fell into all kinds of sin, and at last his bad companions induced him to leave home and go to sea. When his mother took her leave of him, she gave him *a New Testament*, inscribed with his name and her own, solemnly and tenderly entreating that he would keep the book, and read it for her sake. He was borne far away upon the bosom of the trackless deep, and year after year elapsed without tidings of her boy.

Wherever the disheartened mother went she made it a point to inquire for the ship in which her son sailed, if perchance she might hear any tidings of the beloved one who was always uppermost in her thoughts. On one occasion she accidentally met with a captain of a vessel, who informed her that he knew the ship, and that she had been wrecked; that he also knew a youth of the name of Charles ——, and added, perhaps with too little reserve and caution, that he was so depraved and profligate a lad, that it were a good thing if he, and all like him, were at the bottom of the sea.

Pierced to her inmost soul, this unhappy mother withdrew from the house as soon as she could compose her agitated feelings, that she might at once indulge her hopeless grief. "I shall go down to the grave," she said, "mourning for my son."

After the lapse of some years, *a half-naked sailor* knocked at her door to ask relief. The sight of a sailor was always interesting to her, and never failed to awaken recollections and emotions better imagined than described. She heard his tale. He had seen great perils in the deep, had been several times wrecked, but said he had never been so dreadfully destitute as he was some years back, when himself and "a fine young gentleman" were the only individuals of a whole ship's crew that were saved. We were cast upon a desert island, where, after seven days and nights, I closed his eyes. Poor fellow, I never shall forget it.' And here the tears stole down his weather-beaten cheeks.

"He read day and night in a little book which he said his mother gave him, and which was the only thing he saved. It was his companion every moment; he wept for his sins, he prayed, he kissed the book, he talked of nothing but this book and his mother; and at the last he gave it to me, with many thanks for my poor services. 'There, Jack, said he, 'take this book, and keep it, and read it and may God bless you—it's all I've got.' And then he clasped my hand, and died in peace."

"Is all this true?" asked the trembling, astonished mother. "Yes, madam, every word of it.' And then dragging from his ragged jacket a little book, much battered and time-worn, he held it up exclaiming, "and here's the very book, too."

She seized the Testament, saw her own hand writing, and beheld the name of her son, coupled with her own, on the cover. She gazed, she read, she wept, she rejoiced. She seemed to hear a voice which said, "Behold, thy son liveth."

"Will you part with that book, my honest fellow?" said the mother, anxious now to possess the precious relic. "No, madam," was the answer "not for any money—not for all the world. He gave it me with his dying hand. I have more than

nce lost my all
ince I got it with-
ut losing this treas-
re, the value of
vhich I have learned
or myself; and I
vill never part with
t till I part with the
›reath out of my
›ody."

Reverently kissing
he book, now twice
›lessed, the widow
›anded it back to
›er dead son's
riend, and for the
irst time in many
years her boy's
name was coupled
in her mind with
words of thankful-
ness to God. The
promised answer to
her many prayers
had come, and she
told the sailor of
God's faithfulness,
and how His words
are surely fulfilled
even though the
blessing seem to tar-
ry. Aged and poor,
she had little to give,
but the half naked
man needed little.
His pressing neces-
sities relieved, shel-
ter and warmth for a
day or two afforded,
he was again ready
for sea, and through-
out the remainder of
the widow's life he
was to her a son and
she to him a mother.
The New Testament given in faith and a blessing upon its reading continually sought by prayer had issued in a double blessing.

Work Among the Hop-Pickers.—(*See page 679.*)

THE APPROACHING RESTORATION OF THE JEWS.

[NOTES of an address delivered in the City Hall, Glasgow, by T. Blake, Esq., ex-Member of Parliament for Leominster, at the conclusion of a Lecture on Prophecy by Rev. M. Baxter.]

Let me give you, from God's Word, as briefly and concisely as I can, *seven* distinct reasons for believing that the Jews will yet be gathered again to their own land. The *first* reason is because it is written in Isaiah 11 : 11, God will restore them *a second time*. This cannot be the former restoration from *Babylon* which is spoken of; it is a restoration from *all* the countries. There has been no second restoration. The first restoration was very partial indeed! Cyrus permitted as many to return as were willing : we have their number in Ezekiel and Nehemiah. It was a very small portion, only 240,360.

Just before, we find that the armed men of Judah, according to the census of David, consisted of eight hundred thousand men of Israel, and Benjamin five hundred thousand; in all, one million three hundred thousand. Only two hundred and forty thousand returned. There has been no semblance of a second return; and yet the fact that a second return is promised is emphasized and reiterated, and I might give you, instead of this one passage of Scripture on this point, at least a dozen where the word "second" is mentioned. There has been, then, no second restoration.

My *second* reason is that the restoration from Babylon was only partial. We find the exact numbering of the people given to us in Ezekiel and also in Nehemiah. These are the numbers of those returned—the whole congregation was forty and two thousand three hundred and threescore, and in Nehemiah the words are precisely the same as to the number.

Third: It is to be a restoration of the two tribes of *Judah* and of the *ten tribes of Israel*. Now, the ten tribes went first down into Babylon, and they never returned, and some people will tell us we are part of those ten tribes. That is a question I have not gone into.

Well, these ten tribes never returned, but a portion of the two tribes returned. The time is coming, it says in this same chapter, "and He shall set up an ensign for the nations, and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel, and gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth. The envy also of Ephraim shall depart, and the adversaries of Judah shall be cut off: Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim." *This is a literal prophecy*, because these Israelites became divided, and intense hatred existed between the two divisions, that the tribes are literally to become reconciled.

This is not the only scripture we have as a proof of this. If we turn to Ezekiel 37 : 16, we find it is written, "Moreover, thou son of man, take thee one stick, and write upon it, *For Judah*, and for the children of Israel his companions: then take another stick, and write upon it, *For Joseph*, the stick of Ephraim, and for all the house of Israel his companions: and join them one to another in one stick; and *they shall become one* in thine hand, etc. And say unto them, Thus saith the Lord; Behold I will take the children of Israel from among the heathen, whither they be gone, and will gather them on every side, and bring them into their own land: and I will make them one nation in the land upon the mountains of Israel; and one king shall be king to them all: and there shall be no more two nations, neither shall they be divided into two kingdoms any more at all."

If I did not believe in the literality of this prophecy I should not believe in God's Word. Am I to take the pen and strike out all these things, or am I to make nonsense of them by applying them to something else? Israel meant Israel, and when they were scattered it meant Israel were scattered.

A *fourth* reason is from Jeremiah 16 : 14, and also in the 23d chapter of the same book : "I will gather the remnant of My flock out of all countries"—France, Egypt, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Russia. Read also Jeremiah 32 : 37.

Fifth: The restoration of Israel is to be connected with the blessings under the new Covenant (Isaiah 60 : 19): "The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness give light unto thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." So also in Jeremiah 31 : 31. They will come not under a covenant of works, but under the same covenant under which we as Christians come. Then a nation shall be born in a day, and so they shall look upon Him, whom they have pierced. Read also Isaiah 30 : 25, and 65 : 19.

A sixth reason is, these blessings are to be *permanent*. The Lord says, "It shall be an everlasting covenant, and they shall dwell in the land forever." We have only to ask whether these things are fulfilled to-day? No, none have happened, but they are to happen.

Mr. Baxter has also hinted at the fact, that even of the territory promised to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the Jews have never had the whole part in possession. They had the greatest part under Solomon, but the land promised to them they have not yet had in its fulness. But God's promise in this respect will be fulfilled to the letter.

Another and the last reason is the Israelites in the millennium are to be missionaries to the Gentiles. Now, we have missionaries to the Jews, but they do not accomplish much. The Jews grope in darkness, and do not see the light in which we, as Christians, dwell. But by and by, *when converted*, the Jews are to be missionaries to the Gentiles, for thus it is written in the last chapter of Isaiah, "I will set a sign among them, and I will send those that escape unto the nations, . . . and they shall declare My glory among the Gentiles." To attempt to spiritualize all these prophecies, and say they relate to the present condition of believers, is to misinterpret the Scriptures.

For these and many other reasons we believe that these Jews are to be *restored previous to the second coming* of the Lord Jesus Christ. When the Lord comes upon the scene He makes short work of His enemies, whatever be their number.

We must understand that the resurrection body of Jesus was fashioned like the body that went down to the grave, but was a body which was immortal. It was a body that could be made invisible, and could pass through closed doors.

So by and by when our bodies are raised like unto His glorious body, we will never die, never hunger, and there will be no marrying or giving in marriage. We shall, like our Lord, be able to traverse through space with the speed of lightning, for our body shall be like unto His glorious body.

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(*Continued from page 671.*)

The Old Bank.

It was nearly ten o'clock before the fugitive banker and his friends were on the road, old Marlowe marching at the head of his horse, and Phebe mounted on her wiry little pony, while Roland Sefton rode in front of the wagon at times.

Their progress was slow, for the oak furniture was heavy and the roads were rough, leading across the moor, and down steep hills into valleys, with equally steep hills on the other side. The sky was covered with a thin mist drifting slowly before the wind, and when the moon shone through it, about two o'clock in the morning, it was the waning moon looking sad and forlorn amid the floating vapor. The houses they passed were few and far between, showing no light or sign of life. All the land lay around them dark and desolate under the midnight sky; and the slow creaking of the wheels, and sluggish hoof-beats of the horse dragging the wagon, were the only sounds that broke the stillness.

In this gloom old Marlowe could hold no conversation either with Phebe or Roland Sefton, but from time to time they could hear him sob aloud, as he trudged on in his speechless isolation. It was a sad sound, which pierced them to the heart. From time to time Roland Sefton walked up the long hills beside Phebe's pony, pouring out his whole heart to her. They could hardly see each other's faces in the dimness, and words came the more readily to him. All the burden of his confession was that he had fallen through seeking Felicita's happiness. For her sake he had longed for more wealth, and speculated in the hope of gaining it, and tampered with the securities intrusted to him in the hope of retrieving losses. It was for her, and her only, he maintained; and now he had brought infamy and wretchedness and poverty upon her and his innocent children.

"Would to God I could die to-night!" he exclaimed; "my death would save them from some portion of their trouble."

Phebe listened to him almost as heart-broken as himself. In her singularly solitary life, so far apart from ordinary human society, she had never been brought into contact with sin, and its profound, fathomless misery; and now it was the one friend, whom she had loved the longest and the best, who was walking beside her a guilty man, fleeing through the night from all he himself cared for, to seek a refuge from the consequences of his crime in an uncertain exile. In years afterward it seemed to her as if that night had been rather a terrible dream than a reality.

At length the pale dawn broke; and the utter separation caused by the darkness between them and old Marlowe passed away with it. He stopped his horse and came to them, turning a gray, despairing face upon Roland Sefton.

"It is time to leave you," he said; "over these fields lies the nearest station, where you can escape from a just punishment. You have made us beggars to keep up your own grandeur. God will see that you do not go unpunished."

"Hush, hush!" cried Phebe aloud, stretching out her hand to Roland Sefton; "he will forgive you by and by. Tell me, have you no message to send by me, sir? When shall we hear from you?"

"If I get away safe," he answered, in a broken voice, "and if nothing is heard of me before, tell Felicita I will be in the place *where I saw her first*, this day six months. Do not tell her till the time is near. It will be best for her to know nothing of me at present."

They were standing at the stile over which his road lay. The sun was not yet risen, but the gray clouds overhead were taking rosy and golden tints. Here and there in the quiet farmsteads around them the cocks were beginning to crow lazily; and there were low, drowsy twitterings in the hedges, where the nests were still new little homes. It was a more peaceful hour than sunset can ever be, with its memories of the day's toils and troubles. All the world seemed bathed in rest and quietness except themselves. Their dark journey through the silent night had been almost a crime.

"Your father turns his back upon me, as all honest men will do," said Roland Sefton.

Old Marlowe had gone back to his horse, and stood there without looking round. The tears ran down Phebe's face; but she did not touch her father, and ask him to bid his old friend's son good-by.

"Some day no man will turn his back upon you, sir," she answered; "I would die now rather than do it. You will regain your good name some day."

"Never!" he exclaimed; "it is past recall. There is no place of repentance for me, Phebe. I have staked all, and lost all."

About the same hour that Roland Sefton set off under shelter of old Marlowe's wagon to attempt his escape, Mr. Clifford, the senior partner in the firm, reached Riversborough by the last train from London. It was too late for him to intrude on the household of his young partner, and he spent the night at an hotel.

The old bank at Riversborough had been flourishing for the last hundred years. It had the power of issuing its own notes; and until lately these notes, bearing the familiar names of Clifford and Sefton, had been preferred by the country people round to those of the Bank of England itself. For nobody knew who were the managers of the Bank of England; while one of the Seftons, either father or son, could be seen at any time for the last fifty years. On ordinary days there were but few customers to be seen in its handsome office, and a single clerk might easily have transacted all the business. But on market-days and fair-days the place was crowded by loud-voiced, red-faced country gentlemen, and by awkward and burly farmers, from the moment its doors were opened until they were closed at the last stroke of four sounding from the church clock near at hand. The strong-room of the Old Bank was filled full with chests containing *valuable securities and heir-looms*, belonging to most of the county families in the neighborhood.

For the last twenty years Mr. Clifford had left the management of the bank entirely to the elder Sefton, and upon his death to his son, who was already a partner. He had lived abroad, and had not visited England for more than ten years. There was a report, somewhat more circumstantial than a rumor, but the truth of which none but the elder Sefton had ever known, that Mr. Clifford, offended by his only son, had let him *die of absolute starvation* in Paris. Added to this rumor was a vague story of some crime committed by the younger Clifford, which his father would not overlook or forgive. That he was a hard man, austere to utter pitilessness, everybody averred. No transgressor need look to him for pardon.

When Roland Sefton had laid his hands upon the private personal securities belonging to his senior partner, it was with no idea that he would escape the most rigorous prosecution, should his proceedings ever come to the light. But it was with the fixed conviction that Mr. Clifford would never return to England, or certainly not to Riversborough, where this hard report had been circulated and partly accepted concerning him. The very bonds he had dealt with, first borrowing money upon them, and at last selling them, had been bequeathed to him in Mr. Clifford's will, of which he was himself the executor. He had, as he persuaded himself, only forestalled the possession of them. But *a letter* he had received from Mr. Clifford, informing him that he was on his way home, with the purpose of thoroughly investigating the affairs of the bank, had fallen like a thunderbolt upon him, and upon Acton, through whose agency he had managed to dispose of the securities without arousing any suspicion.

Early the next morning Mr. Clifford arrived at the bank, and heard to his great surprise that his partner had started for London and had been away the day before; possibly, Madame Sefton suggested with some anxiety, in the hope of meeting him there. No doubt he would be back early, for it was the day of the May-fair, when there was always an unusual stir of business. Mr. Clifford took his place in the vacant bank parlor, and waited somewhat grimly for the arrival of the head clerk, Acton.

There was a not unpleasant excitement among the clerks, as they whispered to each other on arrival that old Clifford was come, and Roland Sefton was still absent. But this excitement deepened into agitation and misgiving as the hour for opening the bank drew near and Acton did not arrive. Such a circumstance had never occurred before, for Acton had made himself unpopular with those beneath him by expecting devotion equal to his own to the interests of the firm. When ten o'clock was close at hand, a clerk ran round to Acton's lodgings; but before he could return a breathless messenger rushed into the bank as the doors were thrown open, with the tidings that the head clerk had been found by his landlady *lying dead in his bed*.

More quickly than if the town-crier had been sent round the streets with his bell to announce the news, it was known that Roland Sefton was missing, and the managing clerk had committed suicide. The populace from all the country round was flocking into the town for the fair, three fourths of whom did business with the Old Bank. No wonder that *a panic* took possession of them. In an hour's time the tranquil street was thronged with a dense mass of town's-people and country-people, numbers of whom were fighting their way to the bank as if for dear life. There was not room within for the crowds who struggled to get to the counters and present their checks and bank-notes, and demand instant settlement of their accounts. In vain Mr. Clifford assured them there was no fear of the firm being unable to meet its liabilities. In cases like these the panic cannot be allayed by words.

As long as the funds held out the checks and notes were paid over the counter; but this could not go on. Mr. Clifford himself was in the dark as to the state of affairs, and did not know how his credit stood. Soon after mid-day the funds were exhausted, and with the utmost difficulty the bank was cleared and the doors closed. But the crowd did not disperse; rather it grew denser as the news spread like wildfire that *the Old Bank had stopped!*

It was at the moment that the bank doors were closed that Phebe turned into Whitefriars Road. She had taken a train from Upchurch, leaving her father to return home alone with the empty wagon. It was a strange sight which met her. The usually quiet street was thronged from end to end, and the babble of many voices made all sounds indistinct. Even on the outskirts of the crowd there were men, some pale and some red with anxiety, struggling with elbows and shoulders to make their way through to the bank, in the vain hope that it would not be too late.

A strongly-built, robust farmer fainted quietly away beside her, like a delicate woman, when he heard that the doors were shut; and his wife and son, who were following him, bore him out of the crush as well as they could. Phebe, pressing gently forward, and gliding in wherever a chance movement gave her an opportunity, at last reached the archway at the side of the house, and rapped urgently for admittance. A scared-looking man-servant, who opened the door with the chain upon it, let her in as soon as he recognized who she was.

"It's a fearsome day," he said; "master's away, gone nobody knows where; and old Acton's poisoned himself. Nobody dare tell Mrs. Sefton; but Madame knows. She is in the dining-room, Miss Marlowe."

Phebe found her, as she had done the day before, sitting in the oriel window; but the usually placid-looking little woman was in a state of nervous agitation. As soon as she caught sight of Phebe's pitiful face she ran to her, and clasping her in her arms, burst into a passion of tears and sobs.

"My son!" she cried, "what can have become of him, Phebe? Where can he be gone? If he would only come home all these people would be satisfied and go away. They don't know Mr. Clifford, but they know Roland; he is so popular. The servants say the bank is broken; what does that mean, Phebe? And poor Acton! They say

he is dead—he did kill himself by poison. Is it true, Phebe? Tell me it is not true!"

But Phebe could say nothing to comfort her; she knew better than any one else the whole truth of the calamity. But she held the weeping little woman in her strong young arms, and there was something consoling in her loving clasp.

"And where are the children?" she asked, after a while.

"I sent them to play in the garden," answered Madame; "their own little plots are far away, out of sight of the dreadful street. What good is it that they should know all this trouble?"

"No good at all," replied Phebe. "And where is Mrs. Sefton?"

"Alas, my Phebe!" she exclaimed, "who dare tell her? Not me; no, no! She is shut up in her little chamber, and she forgets all the world—her children even, and Roland himself. It is as if she went away into another life, far away from ours; and when she comes home again she is like one in a dream. Will you dare to tell her?"

"Yes, I will go," she said.

Yet with very slow and reluctant steps Phebe climbed the staircase, pausing long at the window midway, which overlooked the wide and sunny landscape in the distance, and the garden just below. She watched the children busy at their little plots of ground, utterly unconscious of the utter ruin that had befallen them. How lovely and how happy they looked! She could have cried out aloud, a bitter and lamentable cry. But as yet she must not yield to the flood of her own grief; she must keep it back until she was at home again, in her solitary home, where nobody could hear her sobs and cries. Just now she must think for, and comfort, if comfort were possible, these others, who stood even nearer than she did to the sin and the sinner. Gathering up all her courage, she quickened her footsteps and ran hurriedly up the remaining steps.

But at the drawing-room door, which was partly open, her feet were arrested. Within, standing behind the rose-colored curtains, stood the tall, slender figure of Felicita, with her clear and colorless face catching a delicate flush from the tint of the hangings that concealed her from the street. She was looking down on the crowd below, with the perplexity of a foreigner gazing on some unfamiliar scene in a strange land.

(To be continued.)

THE DAY OF ATONEMENT.

S.S. Lesson for November 6, Lev. 16–30. Golden Text, Rom. 5–11. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

AFTER the death of Nadab and Abihu, the two sons of Aaron, the Lord directed Moses to tell Aaron that *he should not come at all times* into the holy place within the veil, for "the way into the holiest of all was not yet made manifest" (Heb. 9 : 8). In the first place, Aaron must bring with him "a young bullock for a sin offering, and a ram for a burnt offering." This was for himself, to "make an atonement for himself, and for his house" (ver. 6-11). In order to do his priest's office, there must be no sin or uncleanness on him or on his house; every member must be pure before God, else Aaron could not be in a position to make an atonement for the people. But Jesus, our great High Priest, needed no offering; He was already "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners" (Heb. 7 : 26). Aaron must put on the holy garments, for he stood clothed in another's righteousness; himself was hidden. Christ, when He made atonement, was unclothed; His flesh was holy; it had passed through all temptations which are common to man, had "suffered being tempted," and remained "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate." As Adam needed no covering when there was no sin to hide, so Jesus, the holy One, needed no covering on the cross.

Aaron, having taken the bullock and the ram for himself and his house, must then "take of the congregation of the children of Israel, two kids of the goats for a sin offering, and one ram for a burnt offering." After having presented them before the Lord at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation, Aaron must "*cast lots upon the two goats*, one lot for the Lord, and the other lot for the scapegoat." The first must be offered for a sin offering. "But the goat on which the lot fell to be the scapegoat shall be presented alive before the Lord to make an atonement with him, and to let him go for a scapegoat into the wilderness" (ver. 10). Let us never forget that with regard to the great antitype of the scapegoat, no lot was cast. He was under no obligation, for He said, "Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I might take it again. *No man taketh it from me*, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again" (John 10 : 17, 18).

Before the atonement could be made for the people, *everything must be cleansed*—Aaron, his household, and the tabernacle itself; the altar, also, must be sprinkled with the blood of the high priest's offering and the people's offering, for the very holy place itself could not be clean so long as the priest and the people were not cleansed. "And he shall make an atonement for the holy place, because of the uncleanness of the children of Israel, and because of their transgressions in all their sins: and so shall he do for the tabernacle of the congregation that remaineth among them in the midst of their uncleanness." And then Aaron must be alone in that solemn moment; "no man in the tabernacle of the congregation," but only God and Aaron, and the blood, the poured-out life; Aaron undertaking, under cover of that blood, to represent and atone for himself, his household, and the whole congregation of Israel. Again, before Aaron could be accepted he must bring incense kindled with God's fire, from off the altar, which should cover the mercy-seat with its cloud of smoke, "that he die not." Even the altar of burnt offering must be cleansed, the remembrance of the priest's sin and the people's, and the life-blood poured out for it must be put upon the horns of the altar: "and he shall sprinkle of the blood upon it with his finger seven times, and cleanse it, and hallow it from the uncleanness of the children of Israel."

The altar and the tabernacle both were types of Christ, and yet both imperfect, *both defiled by the uncleanness of the children of Israel.* Christ alone could identify Himself with our sin as the sin offering; could come in contact with sin, and yet know no sin and remain "without sin" (2 Cor. 5 : 21; Heb. 4 : 15); He alone could be made sin for us, even be "made a curse for us," and yet be "undefiled" (Gal. 3 : 13; Heb. 7 : 26). But the horrible anguish of those hours in Gethsemane and on the cross can only be imagined by considering the exact opposite. If the freedom, liberty, and sense of relief which I experience in the conscious pardon of my sins be so great, what, then, must have been the oppression, the inconceivable weight of anguish, which lay upon Him, when His pure being came in contact with all defilement?

"And when he hath made an end of reconciling the holy place, and the tabernacle of the congregation, and the altar, he shall bring the live goat: and *Aaron shall lay both his hands upon the head of the live goat*, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat; and shall send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness. And the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities unto a land not inhabited; and he shall let go the goat in the wilderness." "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," for "the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all," and "His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree" (or, Rev. Ver., "carried up our sins. . . . to the tree,") "that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness" (John 1 : 29; Isa. 53 : 6; 1 Pet. 2 : 24).

Imagine the shame of a thief in Israel, when, before all the congregation, *Aaron told out the details of his sin*, and laid it upon the head of the goat; think of the backbiter and slanderer, think of the liar and impure, think of the hypocrite and the covetous, when things which had not got abroad were dragged out from their hiding-places and exposed before all the congregation of Israel. It must have been a little judgment-day, dreaded and yet looked forward to, for when the poor goat who was under the curse was led away and disappeared out of sight, we can imagine the relief, the power to breathe again freely, among that awed and fasting multitude. The sin was gone, carried away, out of sight, "cast . . . into the depths of the sea" (Micah 7 : 19).

Reader, *is all this merely a matter of historical interest* to you? Does it only satisfy your curiosity about the customs of an ancient people? or do you see yourself therein condemned, reckoned unclean, defiled, and defiling all with which you have to do? and then do you hear your sins confessed over the head of God's Scapegoat, and do you see Jesus led out into the land which is "not inhabited," into the land of silence and death, bearing those sins which you have committed; and do you see therein God's provision for a separation between you and your sins? When Aaron came out from the holy place, he must leave his consecrated garments behind him, he must wash his flesh in water, and then he was in a position to offer unto God the burnt offering "of a sweet savor;" then, too, the fat of the sin offering might be burned upon the altar, because God can accept the sacrifice of a clean heart. But the man who led the scapegoat away, and he who had burned the skin and the flesh of the sin offerings, must wash themselves and their clothes in water before they came into the camp. So complete must be the separation from all contact with sin.

"For on that day shall the priest make an atonement for you, to cleanse you, *that you may be clean from all your sins before the Lord.* It shall be a Sabbath of rest unto you, and ye shall afflict your souls by a statute forever." No rest without cleansing. But, "if the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh, how much more shall the blood of Christ, who, through the eternal Spirit, offered Himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God?" (Heb. 9 : 13, 14.) God would have us clean from all our sins, free from them as a garment is free from dirt when it is washed, and one could not have known that there had been stains upon it. He would have our conscience purged from dead works, not only from condemnation, but from all which is not alive with the life of God. It is our privilege to live "by the faith of the Son of God," and *all "which is not of faith is sin,"* and has to do with death.

It was no dead work when Paul sung praises to God in the prison where they were cruelly and unjustly incarcerated, forgetting or ignoring all their wrongs in the blessed privilege of suffering with Christ; this was the faith of the Son of God. It was no dead work when Paul failed to take advantage of the open prison doors, the unlocked chains, after God had sent an earthquake; it was no dead work when he hindered the suicide of the jailer, and manifested more care for his safety than he did for his own freedom. This was the faith of the Son of God, Jesus Christ's faith lived out in their lives; they were pure from self-consideration, and acted as men crucified with Christ.

Purity and rest go together. Oh the relief of having nothing at issue between our souls and God, and nothing at issue between ourselves and other men—"a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men"! Then work is rest, and suffering is rest; struggles cease when our wills and God's will are one undivided will. "It shall be a Sabbath of rest to you, and ye shall afflict your souls." Yes, let the flesh fast, let it know its nothingness; the day of self's affliction is the day of God's deliverance, it is the rest promised to the weary and heavy-laden. God rests in us when we are cleansed by the blood, and living out of ourselves in Jesus, and we rest in God, and "he that is entered into His rest, he also hath ceased from his own works as God did from His" (Heb. 4 : 10). There is always some reason for the unrest of unrestful souls; there is something wrong, some foreign matter in the spiritual system, when the health of the soul is disturbed; some mote must be in the spiritual eye, if it is inflamed and cannot rest on God. O Lord, lead us into Thy perfect, Thine unbroken rest!

FOREIGN TOPICS

The Land Court Constituted Under the Irish Land Act held its first sitting on Thursday, October 20th, when the president explained the mode of procedure. The fee for entering the court, it was expected, would be so high as to deter small tenants from applying for its assistance, but from Lord Justice O'Hagan's statement it appears that a tenant can submit his case on the payment of a sum equivalent to *twenty-five cents*, so that no one can have any excuse for not taking advantage of the act. The test cases selected by the League have been temporarily withdrawn. They were cunningly selected from such property as was let below Griffith's valuation, with the view of entrapping the court into an increase of rent, and so justify an outcry against it. It will be remembered that at the commencement of the agitation Mr. Parnell being asked to define fair rent, specified Griffith's valuation as the standard, yet with singular inconsistency the test cases ask for a reduction of fifty per cent on rent already below that valuation.

Disturbances in Ireland have Followed the arrest of the leaders of the Land League. They are not worthy the name of riots. The offenders were chiefly idle boys and loafers, who took possession of the streets of Limerick and Dublin, and threw stones at the windows, but who fled when attacked by the police. The Lord Mayor of Dublin applied to Mr. Forster to restrain the police from retaliating on the mob and to protest against the ostentatious display of military force. Mr. Forster replied that the police had acted under orders, and would do the same thing again if necessary, finally waving the Lord Mayor and others out of the room with actual discourtesy. It would appear from this and from the large number of soldiers being sent into Ireland that the British Government has determined to act decisively in the preservation of order. There was comparative quiet toward the end of last week, but it is believed to be the result of terror rather than of contentment. A newspaper correspondent, cabling to a journal in New York, says: "Speaking to a Fenian yesterday, I asked if his party contemplated any mischief. He replied: 'Do you think we are fools enough to make trouble with 36,000 troops in the country? *Wait till they go.*'"

The Irish Land League, Exasperated by the arrest of the leaders, has taken a new departure, which has the appearance of being a reckless and stupid blunder. They issued an order, signed by Parnell and the other imprisoned men, directing the members of the League *to pay no rent* until they were released from prison. The manifesto says: "It is as lawful to refuse to pay rents as it is to receive them. Against the passive resistance of the entire population, military power has no weapon. Funds will be poured out unstintedly for the support of all who may endure eviction in the course of the struggle. Our exiled brothers in America may be relied upon to contribute if necessary as many millions of money as they have contributed thousands to starve out landlordism and bring English tyranny to its knees." This order removes the principal difficulty the British Government had in dealing with the Land League. So long as its operations were confined to political agitation it was not an illegal organization, but by inciting to the non-payment of rent it became treasonable. The government responded to the manifesto by proclaiming the Land League, cautioning the people "that the association having now avowed its purpose to be to prevent the payment of all rent, and to effect the subversion of law as administered in the Queen's name in Ireland, all persons are warned that the association is an unlawful and criminal association, and that all meetings and assemblies to carry out or promote its designs or purposes are alike unlawful and criminal, and will be prevented, and, if necessary, dispersed by force."

The Prompt Flight of the Men who Succeeded the imprisoned Leaguers in the charge of the funds and books of the League occurred immediately on the issue of the proclamation. When the news reached the Land League's Dublin office a hurried council was held. The books and documents were secured, and letters from the country were destroyed. Many books and papers were carted to a place of safety. The lights were extinguished and the doors were locked. The executive officials decamped, fearing arrest, leaving only a stock of note-paper and envelopes. The prisoners in Kilmainham are not harshly treated. They have comfortable, clean rooms, with easy chairs, books, and the Dublin newspapers. They can smoke, and have each day six hours of mutual intercourse. They can have food sent in. Some ridicule has been cast on the government detectives for permitting Mr. Arthur O'Connor to escape, but it is now understood that there was a motive for allowing him to escape. He has already on one occasion supplied valuable information to the enemies of his employers, and it is believed that the knowledge on which the government has based its charge of treason against Parnell and his colleagues was supplied by O'Connor.

The Situation in Russia is Growing More and more perilous. The Czar, instead of relaxing the tyranny which gave rise to the conspiracies that brought ruin upon his father, is proceeding to yet severer measures. He is evidently smitten with a panic of fear, and has reasoned himself into the belief that his only safety is in tightening the grip of the iron hand upon the people. His last ukase may well excite astonishment in the minds of onlookers. He has established in many parts of the country, including the old and new capitals, what is known as the minor state of siege, and threatens a still more searching tyranny known as the major state of siege. Under the one now established the Government may search the house of any citizen, may imprison any suspected person for two weeks, may keep anybody within the proscribed districts, bringing suspects to them or expel them from them. He has decided to fight Nihilism with force alone, but finds the ground honeycombed beneath his feet, and his throne as unstable as if it rocked on the jaws of an earthquake.

Another Female Nihilist Arrested.—A Telegram from St. Petersburg says M. Soldekine, head of the secret police, was walking down the Rue Moscowska, a street of St. Petersburg, when he noticed a woman carrying a pot of cream. Her face seemed to be familiar. When, a short time after, the woman entered a house he had police agents stationed at the doors, and went away to examine his collection of *socialist photographs*. He immediately identified her with a female Nihilist called Lebedeff, known to have been implicated in two abortive attempts on the life of the late Czar. Lebedeff, seeing that she was being followed, the same evening repaired to the Moscow station, intending to take the Moscow express. There she was arrested. She will be tried with seventeen other Nihilists in a few weeks.

The Pope of Rome Repeated his Complaints against the Italian Government on Sunday, October 16th, to a band of pilgrims who asked his blessing. The Pope in his address stated that the deplorable state of affairs placed before him the alternative of enduring continual captivity, made harder daily, or of going into exile. He therefore asked Catholics to watch and pray for the liberty and independence of the Pope. He concluded by saying that he was no longer secure in his palace; that he was outraged in his person and dignity in a thousand ways. The gravity and earnestness of the Pope made a profound impression. He closed his address with his arms raised to Heaven as though imploring help. A very hostile feeling exists against the Pope among the people of Rome. They stoned the pilgrims as they left the Vatican, and shouted, "Down with the Vatican!"

The Growth of Infidelity in Paris.—On September 24th, M. Rochefort went to St. Denis to administer to three children the rite of initiation, which is to supersede baptism among French Freethinkers. The proceedings commenced with a dinner in a small restaurant packed with fifty guests, who listened open-mouthed to the conversation with which the infidel seasoned the repast. Referring to his travels as having strengthened his patriotism he said: "I have seen that we are unquestionably the most independent nation on the earth. Look at England, that so-called classic land of liberty. Working men cannot throw off the shackles of religion. In America too, you are not allowed to be without religion." On the arrival of the dessert, the badges of the St. Denis Society of Freethinkers were handed to M. Rochefort, who said: "We are about to proceed, not to the baptism, but to the initiation of three little children to whom free thought opens its ranks. We must free ourselves from superstitions before thinking of destroying tyrants. Our fathers would not have demolished the Bastille if they had not previously overturned Christ." A young woman, with a baby in her arms, and a boy and girl of four or five, then timidly advanced and seated herself before M. Rochefort, who tied a broad red riband round the neck of each child. All present next signed a record of the ceremony, the usual toasts were drunk, and the ceremony was over.

Still Another Royal Interview is Projected. The King of Italy has arranged to visit the Emperor of Austria. The meeting will take place in Vienna. The newspapers state that Queen Margarita will accompany King Humbert of Italy on his visit to the Emperor Francis Joseph. This means another disappointment to French hopes. With Russia in alliance with Germany, and Italy reconciled to Austria, France can have but little prospect of securing an ally should she enter on a struggle with Germany.

The Ameer of Afghanistan is Reported to have re-established his authority throughout the country. The Viceroy of India, telegraphing to the British Government on October 22d, said "News has been received at Quetta that Abdul Kudus Khan, the Ameer's general, has written to the Ameer announcing that he captured Herat after a battle outside the city, during which the Herati infantry deserted Ayoub Khan. Abdul Kudus Khan is said to have occupied the city without resistance.

The Turkish Messengers from the Sultan have been withdrawn from Egypt. They embarked for Constantinople on October 19th. The Khedive informed them before their departure for Turkey that he would go to Constantinople as soon as the state of public affairs permitted, probably next summer. It is understood that the exact date of his visit and other details will be finally settled by the Khedive in concert with England and France. The French iron-clad was ordered to quit Alexandria immediately after the departure of the delegates. Similar orders were sent to the British iron-clad Invincible, which was stationed at Alexandria.

"He Loved Little Girls."—An English Lady, writing from Syria, says that the Mohammedan girls there are continually singing our beautiful hymns in Arabic. "Safe in the arms of Jesus" is a great favorite. A little Moslem girl accounted for her preference for the Christian religion by saying, "I like your Jesus because He loved little girls. Our Mohammed did not love little girls." She had been led to seize upon at least one of the great differences between Mohammedanism and Christianity. The reason for her preference is well understood, for "We love Him because He first loved us."

"Coming Wars," by the Rev. M. Baxter: Two Pamphlets; price five cents each by mail. *First Pamphlet* contains "Ten Signs of the End, and Description of Approaching Events;" with two maps of the territory to be under Antichrist's rule, and four large diagrams. *Second Pamphlet* contains valuable quotations from twenty-six Expositors on the same subject. Address, with price inclosed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

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JAMES BUNDY,

The Philanthropist of the Prisons.

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THE names of kings, great generals, discoverers, inventors, and the magnates of the commercial world are carefully preserved in the pages of history, but there have been many men who deserve to be remembered with honor, of whom history takes no note. They are men of unselfish, retiring disposition, chiefly concerned with the good of others, intent on doing their Master's work in the world, earnestly desiring to spread abroad the knowledge of salvation and to bring souls into the glorious liberty of the children of God. Such men, possessed of abilities that would give them a high place in the world, consecrate them to a service which seldom brings wealth or worldly fame, but which, we may be sure, God will reward at the last day when at the final assize there are last who will be first, and first who will be last.

These men in some cases become missionaries, and at the risk of their lives go into heathen lands to declare unto the savages the truth as it is in Jesus; others, with eloquence that would have won them high prizes at the bar or in the Legislature, become pastors of churches at low salaries; and others, while engaged in secular pursuits, consecrate the proceeds of their labors to Christian philanthropy and devote their time and energy to Christian work. To this last class belongs the Christian gentleman whose portrait appears on our frontispiece this week. Almost unknown to fame, he lived a life of usefulness and devotion which will well repay study and encourage us to emulation.

James Bundy was *born* in Dymock, Gloucestershire, England, in the year 1750, of parents who, though outwardly correct in life, could not be described as converted people. They, nevertheless, made it their endeavor to train James and their other children in habits which they hoped would fit them to discharge the duties of life honorably and well.

As their means were but slender, it was necessary that James should leave home at an early age, when he had not so much as learned the alphabet, to get his living, and he accordingly engaged himself to a neighboring farmer. Small as were his earnings at this time, he showed something of the unselfishness which afterward distinguished him, by giving every farthing of the first payment he received from the farmer to *a medical man*, in order that his mother, who lay ill at home, might have all necessary attention.

The early life of James Bundy is an example of *the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties*. One day, after entering upon his first situation, while looking after his sheep, he saw some young men sitting on a bank engaged in reading. On his drawing near to them that he might listen, they observed signs of interest in his face, and asked whether he could read. He replied that he could not, but would be glad to learn. To his great joy one of them offered to teach him, and he immediately set to work to learn his letters. Before long he had got over that elementary drudgery and was able to read easy words with some degree of pleasure. Close application and indomitable perseverance carried him through the difficulties of the later stages, and he became proficient in the ordinary branches of an English education. But greater and more important than this mental change, was that

CHANGE OF HEART

which he soon afterward experienced. By what means his conversion was brought about is not known, but it appears to have been preceded and followed by strongly-marked spiritual manifestations. Like John Bunyan, his conviction of sin was terrible in its depth and reality. Early in the morning, or when the labors of the day were over, he would retire to a secluded spot and there pour out his soul before God in an agony of earnest confession and entreaty. The peace which he afterward enjoyed, and the calm, clear sense of acceptance with God which was granted to him, were no less remarkable. As soon as he was thus brought into the light and liberty of the Gospel, the language of his heart was, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?" Acting in the spirit of that question he set about establishing a religious meeting in his native parish, a step which brought upon him a good deal of abuse.

DEATH OF A GODLESS LADY.

One of those who most bitterly abused him was a lady, whom he had enraged by preaching the Gospel in the vicinity of her mansion. She resolved to prevent any repetition of the, to her, obnoxious practice, and in the hope that her influence would encourage a mob intent upon disturbing one of the young preacher's meetings, she on one occasion went with them and openly countenanced their insolent behavior. When her boisterous malice had in part been spent, she returned to her house, exulting at the supposed results of her efforts. But that was the last of her opportunities for opposing Christian evangelization. On the same evening she was stricken with death. As she crossed the threshold of her home she staggered and fell, and the bystanders going to her assistance, found life extinct. She died an unbeliever and a scoffer, and there was no hope in her death. The people who witnessed the awful event, and knew of her opposition to James Bundy's services, connected the two events and a profound impression was produced on many minds.

REMOVES TO BRISTOL.

Soon after his conversion, Mr. Bundy was called to visit the city of Bristol, where he found a revival going on among the Wesleyan Methodists. Into this revival he entered with great zeal and fervor, and finding his labors blessed, he resolved to take up his abode there. This step proved to be most providential.

Shortly afterward he found in marriage an alliance which proved in all respects happy and helpful to him. "The example he set before his children," says a descendant of one of them, "was such that it elevated him in their estimation beyond the common relationship of a father. He seemed to them as a consecrated priest, daily offering up to God spiritual sacrifices on their behalf, and pronouncing blessings in His name on all around him.

HE PROSPERS IN BUSINESS.

Mr. Bundy displayed business qualities of no common order; and a merchant who made his acquaintance during his visit to Bristol, gave him a situation in his store. There he not only enjoyed the good opinion of his employer, but was blessed to the conversion of that gentleman, who left him a large legacy in token of his confidence and gratitude. Mr. Bundy, however, saw the executors, and to their utter astonishment, declined to accept the bequest, insisting on their retaining it for the benefit of those whom he regarded as the lawful heirs, and observing that it never should be said that he had obtained riches by praying for the welfare of others. When he subsequently entered into business on his own account, the same stainless honor, unwearied assiduity, and noble generosity still characterized his conduct.

During one of his periodical visits to Bristol, John Wesley formed into a society those persons who had been converted to God, or were under religious convictions as the result of the prayer meeting which Mr. Bundy had established in his own house, and appointed him the "leader" of it. This office Mr. Bundy held as long as he lived, and in the discharge of its duties was greatly beloved and blessed.

MR. BUNDY AND THE BRASS BAND.

During the summer months a military band was accustomed to play on Sunday evenings on Clifton Down, and Mr. Bundy seized the opportunities afforded by the crowds thus brought together, to preach to the people. But the commandant of the forces stationed in the neighborhood was greatly enraged with the preacher on this account, and the band was directed to overpower the voices of people engaged. So earnestly, however, had Bundy exhorted, that one of the officers pres was convinced of his sin, and was led to impl pardon.

A PERSECUTOR DISARMED.

Once, when preaching in the open air, a mar a state of partial intoxication, cursing dreadfu reeled within the sound of the preacher's voi when he suddenly stopped and listened apparen with attention. He then approached Mr. Bun and frankly acknowledged that he had come th with the deliberate intention of stoning him. T man then emptied his pockets of the stones w which he had filled them (as shown in *the fron piece*), falling down on his knees, asked forgi ness, and entreated an interest in his prayers.

LABORS AS A PRISON PHILANTHROPIST.

While the church *prayed* for "*all prisoners a captives*," Mr. Bundy felt called upon to visit dreary dungeons where vice and guilt had th haunt and home, and himself alleviate their mi ries. His labors were first of all blessed to prisoners in the city jail of Bristol, where he sc became so well known and highly esteemed th with the exception of the chaplain, he was the o person who had access at all times to that pla of confinement. At that time there were ma heart-rending scenes witnessed, for burgla horse-stealing, forgery, and many other crim were punished by death.

After attending to his business engagemen during the day, Mr. Bundy would cheerfully f sake all the comforts of the domestic circle, a spend the whole or part of the night in *the cell the felon*, beseeching him to repent and be r onciled to God. The following is an account of

A DESPERATE CULPRIT

with whom he labored. Richard Haynes, kno as "Dick Boy," was a man of extraordinary ph ical strength, and his disposition, when offend was most ferocious. At such times he was mo like a wild beast than a human being. He h been transported to Botany Bay for various fences, and, when there, had been guilty of su crimes that he was sentenced to receive one hu dred lashes, which were inflicted with unusual s verity, for he was a terror to the entire neighbo hood.

After his return to England, he committed ma robberies in different parts of the country, ma festing cunning and skill as well as resolute da ing, and often, when apprehended, contriving free himself from those who had him in charge.

At length Haynes was apprehended and confin in the prison of Newgate, Bristol. His condu here was most violent, and although his hands a ankles were heavily ironed, he was a terror to a Once, in some unaccountable manner, he got loo from his manacles, and seizing *a large knif* which, by a strange oversight, had been left with his reach, he bade defiance to all who sought approach him. A file of soldiers with fixed bay nets endeavored to intimidate him, but he resolut ly refused to surrender, vowing that he would su fer himself to be hewn in pieces rather than yiel

It was at this precise juncture that the inte course between Mr. Bundy and this ferocio character commenced.

Mr. Bundy, confiding in a higher power, unde took to appease the rage of the culprit. For th purpose the door of the prison was opened, and h calmly and heroically entered it. Haynes at on rushed toward him, and disdainfully said, "I su pose you are come to try to find out secrets. "No, sir," replied Mr. Bundy, "I am come you *in the name of the Lord*." This sentenc delivered in the impressive manner for which th speaker was so remarkable, and accompanied, i it doubtless was, with a Divine influence, seeme at once to exert a softening effect upon the ma and he was conquered. To use Mr. Bundy's h conic words, "Haynes fell down *like a great ca* on the ground before that mighty word whic breaks the rocks in pieces."

At length, under Mr. Bundy's instructio Haynes seemed to be looking up to God for pa don, and in consequence of this apparently favor ble change, he was allowed more liberty.

A NIGHT OF HORRORS.

After much prayer and consideration, Mr. Bundy resolved to spend one whole night with Haynes in the cell. Though strongly warned by the authorities not to allow himself to be within reach of the culprit, Mr. Bundy presented himself in the dungeon, and was, as he said afterward, "painfully affected with the sight of a fellow creature lying at full length on the floor, owing to the weight of his chains, which prevented him from having the free use of his hands or feet." He therefore pleaded with the jailer that at least one hand and one foot of the prisoner might be liberated.

As the clock struck ten the jailer left them, turning the locks of three massive doors upon them, so that escape was impossible, had it been thought of for a moment, nor could human aid be afforded, however urgently needed. Immediately that all was still, Haynes suddenly started to his feet, as though possessed by some evil spirit, and raising the hand that had been liberated, and grasping a large clasp-knife, which he had concealed behind a stone in the wall, he fiercely advanced to Mr. Bundy and, with a voice and countenance as of a demon, exclaimed: "*Now you are in my power; I will kill you.*"

Mr. Bundy, for the moment, thought that his end was come; but the words passed through his mind, "Thou couldst have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above." Immediately he was endued with a faith that banished all fear, and with the greatest composure remonstrated with the enraged culprit, who seemed amazed at his victim's calmness in the face of death.

The paroxysm of fury passed as suddenly as it had seized him. Bursting into a flood of tears, he threw down the knife on the ground, fell prostrate at Mr. Bundy's feet, and implored forgiveness. He then stated that it had been his original intention not to leave the prison alive; but now he resolved that he would never again lift his hand against his own life, or that of any other person.

It would seem as if this wild attack upon Mr. Bundy was the last desperate effort of Satan to retain his hold of the prisoner, for from this time Haynes became gentle and tractable, gave proof of real repentance, obtained pardon and peace through the blood of the cross, and the moment before his execution commended himself once more into the hands of his Saviour. It was one of the most complete and notable transformations of character and disposition on record.

Another important case, which may be taken as a type of many more in which Mr. Bundy's efforts were crowned with success, was that of one who had moved in highly respectable circles, but who in a moment of extreme embarrassment had yielded to temptation and been

GUILTY OF FORGERY,

making use of the name of an opulent London merchant. Having made himself acquainted with the particulars of the case and with some extenuating circumstances, Mr. Bundy felt very anxious to save this person, if possible, from being executed. With this object he went to London to search out the gentleman whose name had been forged. He found

THE PITILESS MERCHANT,

who demanded, in peremptory tones, the nature of the business on which the visitor had called. "Sir," said Bundy, "I understand that there is confined in His Majesty's jail at Bristol a person who has forged a bill upon you." "I know there is," interrupted the gentleman; "and what of that?" Mr. Bundy calmly answered, "I have taken the liberty to come to London for the purpose of entreating mercy for him." "Mercy, sir!" was the sudden reply; "he has committed a wicked deed and richly deserves to be hanged; and hang he shall; and what have you to say in arrest of the punishment he has so justly merited?" "I am perfectly aware," said Mr. Bundy, "that by the laws of his country his act is a capital offence, and if you demand justice without mercy, the probability is he will be sentenced to death; but will you, for the sake of the money, which, in a moment of sudden temptation he sought to wrong you of, but which he will take the earliest opportunity to refund to you, seek to hang a fellow creature, who is now sorry for his deed? I beseech you, sir, as you desire the mercy of God, to pause before you thus act."

All the arguments and entreaties of Mr. Bundy, however, seemed to be of no avail, and he rose reluctantly to leave the house. But when about to depart two of the merchant's children playfully ran into the parlor, and in their frolicsome mood went up to Mr. Bundy, and embraced him. Mr. Bundy inquired if those were his children, to which the merchant answered in the affirmative. Thereupon, Mr. Bundy, placing one hand upon the head of each said, by way of benediction, "My dear children, may God Almighty grant that *you* may never stand in need of a friend to ask mercy for you!" He then left the house, and shortly afterward returned to Bristol.

A few days afterward the assizes in the city commenced; the case of forgery was called, the indictment against the prisoner read, but the prosecutor declined to press the charge and the prisoner was acquitted. The prayer of Mr. Bundy for the merchant's children had awakened in him thoughts which led to his withdrawal from the prosecution.

Not long afterward a lady went to Mr. Bundy's office, and when satisfied that the plain man before her was Mr. Bundy, fell on her knees at his feet, declaring she was the wife of the man whose life he had just saved, and thanked him, with many tears, for his kindness.

MANIFOLD LABORS.

Mr. Bundy did not confine his labors to Bristol, but wherever he heard of cases of need, no distance, or danger, or inconvenience could prevent him from fulfilling the errand of mercy on which he had set his heart. At a time when, owing to his state of health, he greatly needed rest, he resolved to go to London once more, *to visit all the jails.* In one of them he was startled to find no fewer than thirty felons

PLAYING GAMES OF CHANCE,

though under sentence of death. Shocked at the sight, he expressed his surprise that they should be so regardless of a future state as to waste their few remaining moments in trivial and worthless amusements. They immediately answered; "*Why, no one cares for our souls.*" "Yes," was his reply, "I do, and have come a hundred and twenty miles to see you on that subject." One of them thereupon exclaimed, "Here, Jack," addressing a fellow convict, "is a man who says he has come a hundred and twenty miles to see us; come and hear what he has to say." They all soon gathered around him, while in his earnest and impressive manner he spoke to them of the value of their souls.

Their attention was at once arrested and fixed; their hearts were subdued; and on their requesting him to prolong his visit, he continued with them the whole of the ensuing night. In the morning he left them, but in the course of the day he went again to see them, and remained with them another night, spending it in prayer and religious conversation. When the time arrived for him finally to leave them, he commended them in prayer to the mercy of God, and then bade them farewell, fully impressed with the belief that at least some of them were under serious concern for their spiritual welfare.

During this visit to London he saw and spoke to upward of six hundred prisoners, and, though in very feeble health, he performed this arduous undertaking *without having taken off his clothes*, or slept in a bed, from the time he left his home until the night he returned, in a state of exhaustion.

The great secret of Mr. Bundy's success is doubtless to be found in the fact that he was

MIGHTY IN PRAYER.

His wife was often heard to say that he would frequently get out of bed in the night, when he supposed she was asleep, and wrestle with the Lord in agonizing prayer on behalf of the sons of misery and crime. It was his settled and cherished conviction that simple earnest prayer cannot be offered in vain, and that the influence he was able to exert upon even the worst of characters came *directly from God.*

In labors such as these, the life of this honored servant of God passed away. He entered into the joy of his Lord on March 20th, 1818, aged sixty-eight, leaving as the heritage of his children and his country the memory of a Christ-like zeal and a life of love.

"THE LITTLE HORN,"

Identified with "The Seven-Headed Beast," and "The Prince that shall come."

By P. W. E.

THE little horn in Daniel "shall speak great words against the Most High, and shall wear out the saints of the Most High, and think to change times and laws; and they—the saints—shall be given into his hand until a time and times and the dividing of time." That is, for three and a half years.—Dan 7 : 25.

The seven-headed beast in the Revelation—Rev. 13 : 1—"was given unto him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies; and power was given unto him to continue forty and two months. That is, for three and a half years. And he opened his mouth in blasphemy against God, to blaspheme His name and His tabernacle, and them that dwell in heaven. And it was given unto him to make war with the saints and to overcome them," Rev. 13 : 5-7.

The prince that shall come breaks the covenant that he makes with the many Jews, abolishes the worship of Jehovah and establishes idolatry in the temple, which lasts half of a sabbatic week, or three and a half years, Dan. 9 : 27.

The little horn arises out of the fourth beast, and is the last ruler, thus the last prince of the Roman empire, Dan 7. The seven-headed beast is the last ruler of the city of seven hills—thus the last prince of the Roman empire, Rev. 13. The prince that shall come is the last ruler of the people that destroyed Jerusalem and the temple—thus the last prince of the Roman empire, Dan. 9.

The little horn continues till "one like the Son of Man comes with the clouds of heaven . . . and to Him was given dominion and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages should serve Him. His dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and His kingdom that which shall not be destroyed, Dan. 7 : 13, 14. That is, the little horn endures till the establishment of the Messianic kingdom.

The seven-headed beast continues till "one like unto the Son of Man, having on His head a golden crown," Rev. 14 : 14, followed by the armies in heaven, Rev. 19 : 14, comes forth, overthrows His enemies and sets up His own dominion on the earth, and becomes "King of kings and Lord of lords." That is, the seven-headed beast endures till the establishment of the Messianic kingdom.

The prince that shall come reigns during the last half week before Jerusalem is delivered from her enemies and Israel is restored; that is, he endures till the establishment of the Messianic kingdom.

The coincident is complete in every respect. The three persons, severally designated as the "little horn," the "seven-headed beast" and the "prince that shall come," are each rulers over the same empire, reign at the same time, continue for the same period, possess the same characters, perform the same deeds, and suffer the same disaster. Every incident, characteristic and date prove them to be one and the same power.

A Proposition to Erect a Memorial Hospital in Washington, to be called the Garfield Memorial Hospital, has been published, and popular subscriptions for the purpose invited. Justice Miller, of the United States Supreme Court, has appointed an executive committee to receive all subscriptions, not only from the United States, but from the world at large. General Sherman is chairman, and Mr. Blaine, Mr. Windom, General Swaim, and a large number of prominent citizens of Washington are associated with him. Treasurer Gilfillan is to act as treasurer of the fund. This proposal is most appropriate, and if it is realized will form the most enduring and useful monument to the late President's memory that could be devised.

THE NEWSPAPER.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning, October 30, 1881.*

"And the wheels were full of eyes."—EZEK. 10 : 12.

"For all the Athenians, and strangers which were there, spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing."—ACTS, 17 : 21.

Sightless Wheels—The Wheel of Comprehensive Vision—Why Athens was Inquisitive—A Silk Newspaper—Its Thousand Years of Issue—Ancient Newspapers—Their Genealogy—Early Trials—Jefferson's Estimate of the Newspaper—The Blessing of a Good Newspaper—Who Read the Newspapers—A Fatal Newspaper Disease—Stages of the Malady—Epitaph for a Dead Newspaper—The Good Newspaper a Blessing—Because it makes Knowledge Democratic—Is a Mirror of Life—Famous Initials—Impersonality Mischievous—Editors should be Trained—The Newspaper as the Foundation of History—As an Evangelistic Influence—God Speed the Printing-Press—An Old Woman's Fortune in her Yarn.

WHAT is a preacher to do when he finds two texts equally good and suggestive? In that perplexity I take both. Wheels full of eyes! What but the wheels of the newspaper printing-press, for all other wheels are blind? *The manufacturer's wheel* sometimes rolls over the operative with fatigue and rolls over nerve and muscle, and bone and heart, and sees nothing. *The sewing machine wheel* has pains and aches fastened to it tighter than the hand that turns it, sharper than the needle which it plies, and every minute of every hour of every day of every week of every month of every year there are hundreds of thousands of wheels of mechanism, wheels of enterprise, wheels of hard work which are eyeless.

Note so with *the wheels of the newspaper* printing-press. Their entire work is to look and to report. They are full of optic nerves from the axle to the periphery. They are as full of eyes as the wheels which Ezekiel saw—sharp eyes, keen eyes, eyes that look up, that look down, far-sighted, near-sighted, they take in the next street, the next hemisphere; eyes of criticism, eyes of investigation, eyes atwinkle with mirth, eyes glowing with indignation, eyes tender with love, eyes of suspicion, eyes of hope, blue eyes, black eyes, green eyes, sore eyes, historical eyes, literary eyes, ecclesiastical eyes, eyes of all sorts and eyes that see everything. "And the wheels were full of eyes."

But my second text gives the

CRY OF THE WORLD FOR A NEWSPAPER.

Paul says that in the city of Athens there were people who did nothing but gather up and tell the news. Why more so in Athens than in any other city? Because Athens was the wisest city under the sun, and in proportion as men become wise they become inquisitive, not about small things, but about the greater. The great question in Athens is the great question now: "What is the news?"

To answer this cry in my text for a newspaper the centuries set their wits to work, and China first answered the cry, and there is in Pekin a newspaper which has been published *every week for a thousand years*— printed on silk. Rome answered this cry by publishing the *Acta Diurna*, in the same column putting fires, political events, marriages, deaths, tempests, earthquakes. France successfully answered this question when in Paris a physician wrote out the news for his patients.

England answered this cry by publishing in the time of Queen Elizabeth a paper regarding the Spanish Armada, and went on increasing in enterprise until at the time the battle of Waterloo was fought, deciding the destiny of all the nations of Europe, in the London *Chronicle* there was a third of a column given to the description of the battle—about as much room as a modern newspaper would take to describe a small fire. America answered this cry when Benjamin Harris published the first weekly newspaper, entitled *Public Occurrences*, published in Boston in 1690, and by the first daily newspaper which was published in Philadelphia in 1784, entitled *The American Daily Advertiser*.

But the newspaper did not suddenly spring on the world; it came gradually. I will give you

THE GENEALOGICAL LINE

of the newspaper.

The Adam of the race, which was a circular, or news-letter, was born of divine impulse in human nature, begat the pamphlet, and the pamphlet begat the quarterly, and the quarterly begat the monthly, and the monthly begat the weekly, and the weekly begat the semi-weekly, and the semi-weekly begat the daily. But alas! through what struggle the newspaper has come to its present development. Just as soon as it began to demonstrate its power, superstition and tyranny shackled it. There is nothing that despotism so much fears and hates as the printing-press. The wheel has too many eyes. Russia, which, considering all the circumstances, is *the meanest and the most cruel despotism on earth* to-day, keeps the printing-press under severe espionage. A great writer in the south of Europe declared that the King of Naples had made it unsafe for him to write on any subject save natural history. Austria could not bear Kossuth's journalistic pen pleading for the redemption of Hungary. Napoleon I., wanting to keep his iron heel on the neck of nations, said that the newspaper was the regent of kings, and the only safe place to keep an editor was in prison.

But the great battle for the freedom of the press was fought in the court rooms of England and the United States before this century began, when Hamilton made his great speech in behalf of the freedom of J. Peter Zenger's *Gazette* in America, and when Erskine made his great speech in behalf of the freedom to publish Paine's *Rights of Man* in England. Those were the Marathon and the Thermopylæ where the battle was fought which decided the freedom of the press in England and America, and all the powers of earth and hell will never again be able to put upon the printing-press the handcuffs and the hopples of literary and political despotism. It is remarkable that *Thomas Jefferson*, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, also wrote these words: "If I had to choose between a government without newspapers, and newspapers without a government, I would prefer the latter."

Stung by some new fabrication in print, we come to write or speak about an "unbridled printing-press." Our new book ground up in unjust criticism, we come to write or speak about the "unfair printing-press." Perhaps through our own indistinctness of utterance we are reported as saying just the opposite of what we did say and there is a small riot of semicolons and hyphens and commas, and we come to write or talk about the "blundering printing-press," or we take up a newspaper full of social scandal and of cases of divorce, and we write or talk about a filthy, scurrilous printing-press. But this morning I address you on a subject you have never heard presented; the immeasurable and the everlasting

BLESSING OF A GOOD NEWSPAPER.

Thank God that the wheels are full of eyes. Thank God that there is no need of our going around like the Athenians to hunt up and then to scatter the news, since the printing-press does both for us. I give you this overwhelming statistic which no Christian man can disregard or hear without a thrill of interest: that in the year 1870, the number of copies of literary and political newspapers published in this country was one billion five hundred millions. Since then a vast increase. What church, what reformer, what Christian man, what patriot, can disregard these things? I tell you, my friends, that a good newspaper is the grandest temporal blessing that God has given to the people in this century. All the people read the newspapers. The old man looks for the deaths, the young look to the marriages, the stock broker looks to the money column, the importer looks for the shipping, the philosopher looks to the editorial, the unemployed look to the wants, and the Christian looks all through to see what God is doing among the nations, and whether the world is really swinging around into the light of the glorious Gospel.

Now, I think I could arouse your appreciation of this great blessing if I told you the money, the brain, the exasperation, the anxieties, the losses, the wear and tear of heart strings involved in t publication of a newspaper. On the theory abro in the world that anybody can make one, inexpe enced capitalists every year are entering the lis and it is a simple statistic that there is an avera of *a dead newspaper* every day of the year. Ge rally three or four fortunes are swallowed up bef a newspaper is established. The large pape swallow up the small papers, one whale taki down fifty minnows. Although we have over sev thousand dailies and weeklies in the United Sta and the Canadas, only thirty-six of them are a h century old. The average of newspaper life is fi years. Most of them die of *cholera infantum!* is high time it were understood that the most su cessful way of sinking a fortune and keeping sunk is to start and conduct a newspaper.

NEWSPAPER MANIA.

Almost every intelligent man during his life smitten with the newspaper mania, and start newspaper, or have stock in one, he must or di This is often the process: A literary man has a idea, moral, social, political, or religious, which h wishes to ventilate. He has no money of his ow —literary men seldom have—but he talks his id among confidential friends, and forthwith they a inflamed with the idea, and they buy type and pres and rent a composing room, and engage a corps editors, and then a prospectus which threatens t conquer everything goes forth, and then the firs issue is thrown upon the attention of an admirin world.

After a few weeks or months, some plai stockholder finds that there is no especial revolu tion, and that neither the sun nor the moon ha stood still, and that the world still goes on lyin and cheating and stealing just as it did before th first issue of the New York *Thunderer*, or th *Universal Gazette*, or the *Hallelujah Advocate*.

Forthwith the plain stockholder wants to sell hi stock, but nobody wants to buy it, and others, dis gusted with the investment, want to sell thei stock, and an enormous bill of the paper factor rolls in like an avalanche, and the printers refus to work until they have their back pay, and the type-setter bows to the compositor, and the com positor bows to the managing editor, and the man aging editor bows to the editor-in-chief, and the editor-in-chief bows to the directors, and the di rectors bow to the public in general, and the subscribers wonder why their paper does no come.

Let me tell you, Oh! man, that if you have ar idea on any moral, social, political, or religious sub ject, you had better charge on the world through the columns already established. Do not take the idea so prevalent that when a man can do nothing else he can edit a newspaper. If you cannot climb the hill back of your house, you had better not try the sides of the Matterhorn. If you cannot navigate a sloop up the North River, you had better not try to engineer the Great Eastern over to Liverpool.

To publish a newspaper requires the skill, the precision, the vigilance, the strategy, the boldness of a commander-in-chief. To edit a newspaper one needs to be a statesman, an essayist, a geographer, a statistician, and so far as all acquisition is concerned, encyclopædiac. To man and to propel a newspaper requires more qualities than any other business on earth. I say this to save men from bankruptcy. If you feel called to start or publish a newspaper, take it for granted you are threatened with *softening of the brain*, throw your pocket-book into your wife's lap, and rush up to Bloomingdale asylum and surrender yourself before you do something desperate.

Meanwhile, let the dead newspapers be carried out to their burial week by week, and let the newspapers that live give good obituary. If they died after living a good life, say "peace to their ashes." If they died after living a bad life, give them at least a stickful of epitaph like that which was put over the grave of Sir Francis Charthouse: "Here lies the body of Francis Charthouse, who with an inflexible constancy and uniformity of life persisted in the practice of every human vice excepting prodigality and hypocrisy. His insatiable avarice exempted him from the first; his matchless impu-

*A verbatim report, revised and approved by Dr. Talmage.

ıce from the second." I say these things be-ıse I want you to appreciate a good newspaper ·d know through what fire, and though what uggle it comes to you.

A GOOD NEWSPAPER

ı great blessing, because it makes knowledge nocratic and for all the people. A city or na-nal library is a reservoir to gather up the floods knowledge; but those floods of knowledge are d far away from the people. The newspaper nes along, and it is the tunnel to bring those ght waters down into the pitchers of the people. eat libraries make a few intelligent men and men. Newspapers lift nations into the sunlight. tter have fifty millions of people only tolerably elligent than a thousand Solons. The impres-n is abroad that newspaper knowledge must cessarily be ephemeral because periodicals are on thrown aside, and not more than one person t of ten thousand ever keeps a file of the periodi-s for future reference. But so far from being nemeral, newspaper knowledge makes up the ucture of the world's heart and brain, and de-ies the destiny of churches and of nations. nowledge on the shelf is of no worth; it is knowl-ge afoot, knowledge launched, knowledge in volution, knowledge winged, knowledge thunder-lted.

Nearly all the great minds and the great hearts the world either have had their hands on the wspaper printing-press, or will have their hands the newspaper printing-press. The Adamses, is, Hancock in revolutionary times went into the nctum of the Boston *Gazette* to compose articles the rights of man. Benjamin Franklin, Thomas fferson, De Witt Clinton, Quincy—all had their nds on the printing-press. Do you not know t the most of the good books of this day were ginally published in periodicals? All of Mac-lay's essays first appeared in periodicals; all rlyle's, all Ruskin's, all Sidney Smith's, all Intosh's, all Talfourd's afterward gathered up o books. Nearly all the best fictitious literature the day first appears as serials. Bryant's poems, well's poems, Longfellow's poems, Emerson's ems, Whittier's poems—all were fugitive poems. u cannot name ten literary men of the day with eat heads and great hearts who have not some-w been interested in newspaper literature. The ok will always have its place, but the newspaper the more potent. Do not think because it is ltitudinous it is also superficial. If one should nothing during his life in the way of literature, t the Bible, and Webster's dictionary, and a good wspaper, he would be fitted for all the duties of s life and for the happiness of the next.

A good newspaper is a blessing because

IT IS A MIRROR OF LIFE

elf. Complaint is sometimes made because the l is reported as well as the good. The evil must reported as well as the good, or how will we ow what to guard against, what to reform, what fight down? A newspaper that merely presents fair and the bright and the beautiful side of so-ty is a misrepresentation. That family is best alified for the duties of life who have told to them only what good there is in the world, but what l is in the world, and told to select the good and ect the evil. Let children come up with the idea t all society is fair and beautiful—when they me out into life and find it so different from what y thought they will be as incompetent for the uggle as though you should throw your child into middle of the Atlantic Ocean and tell him to rn how to swim.

Our complaint is that sometimes sin is made at-ctive and holiness stupid, that sometimes the l is put in great headings and the good in an ob-ıre corner, that sometimes sin is set up in great primer" type and righteousness is put in nonpareil." Sin is loathsome—make it so. rtue is beautiful—make it so.

I believe a great step of improvement would be ten if our religious and secular newspapers should the most part *drop impersonality*—I say for the st part. The best pens, the best minds, of the are engaged in writing for newspapers, and ir writings often appear in the editorial columns, d yet many of these men die unknown—living, some of them, on incompetent salary, after a while their hand forgets its cunning, and without any resources they die. The world never knew them. Now, it seems to me, if the impersonality were dropped in many cases, and in the more important newspaper writings, it would be more justice and greater fairness to those who are enlisted in newspaper work. You know what great potency it used to give to an article in the New York *Courier and Enquirer*—some of the aged men remember—when at the end of an article were the initials "J. W.W.," or when in the old New York *Tribune* you saw the initials "H. G.," or in the old New York *Herald* you saw the initials "J. G. B.," or when in the old New York *Times* you saw the initials "H. J. R.," or in the old *Evening Post* you saw the initials "W. C. B.," or in the old *Evening Express* you saw the initials "E. B." When newspapers drop their impersonality that will be the time when literary men will come to larger appreciation. In that time men will get the credit for all the good they write, and they will be held responsible for all the evil they write.

It seems to me that no honorable man would want to write anything that he would be ashamed to put his name to, and yet suppose a man's character is assailed in a newspaper, who is responsible? It is the "we" of the editorial columns. What is a private citizen to do in contest with a misrepresentation multiplied into twenty and fifty thousand copies? A wrong done a man's character in a newspaper is more virulent than one done in private life. A man in hot temper may say a thing he will be very sorry for in ten minutes, but a virulent attack in a newspaper is a more deliberate thing, as it must be written out with a pen, and then it must be set up in type, and then the "proof" must be taken of it and read and corrected, and then for six or ten hours the presses are kept running, sending forth the misrepresentation. Plenty of time to repent, plenty of time to cool off, and yet all that under an impersonality. Now it seems to me that it will be a great use, a great advantage to the literature of this country when men get the credit for the good they write, and are held responsible for the evil they write. But first must come the dropping of the newspaper impersonality.

UNIVERSITY TRAINING NEEDED.

Another vast improvement will be made when our universities shall have departments where they prepare men for editorial and reportorial work. These institutions have medical departments, legal departments — why not editorial departments? Do the legal and the healing professions need more culture or greater drill than the editorial profession? Sometimes a man will accidentally stumble into newspaper success just as a man may stumble into success in any other profession or occupation; but would it not be better if when a man propose for himself newspaper life, there were an institution to which he could go and learn the qualifications, the responsibilities, the dangers, the temptations, the magnificent opportunities of editorial and reportorial life?

Let there be lectureships in which shall come the leading editors of the country to tell their struggle and the story of their victories and their mistakes, and how they worked, and what they have found to be the best way of working. Of course, men of genius will clamber up into editorial efficiency just as through sheer grit men climb up into success in other departments, but if you want colleges to make lawyers and doctors and artists and evangelists, you want colleges to make editors, for their position is so potent. I declare that the mightiest force for good to-day is a good editor, and the mightiest force for evil to-day is a bad one. To reinforce and to elevate the editorial profession you want editorial professorates in our colleges. When will Princeton, or Yale, or Harvard, or Rochester, or Middletown lead the way? Then the newspaper, the good newspaper, becomes a vast blessing not only for the day in which we live, but it lays the foundation for the history of these times in which we live.

We are dependent, for the most part, upon mere blind guess-work as to what antedated the newspaper, or upon the prejudices of this or that historian; but oh, what an opportunity the historians of the future will have with all the facts of this day before them! Our Bancrofts are dependent for the story of early times upon the *Boston News-Letter*, or the *Massachusetts Spy*, or the *Philadelphia Aurora*, or the *Royal Gazeteer*, or the *Independent Chronicle*—dependent for all the news about the Boston massacre, and about the oppressive taxes on luxuries which *turned Boston harbor into a teapot*, and Washington's death, and Rhode Island rebellion, and South Carolina nullification. But what opportunities the future chronicler will have in the presence of the files of a hundred standard American newspapers describing all the minutiæ of events now—ecclesiastical, literary, political, social, international, hemispherical. The student of history five hundred years from now—if the world lasts so long—will walk right past the musty corridors of other centuries, and ask the librarian for the volume which tells of the century in which American Presidents were assassinated, and the American civil war was enacted, and the cotton gin, and the steam locomotive, and the electric telegraph, and the electric pen, and the electric light, and the telephone, and Hoe's printing press were invented. Newspapers a blessing not only for to-day, but the reservoir of history.

Once more I remark, that a good newspaper is a blessing as

AN EVANGELISTIC INFLUENCE.

You know there is a great change in our day taking place. All the secular newspapers of the day—for I am not speaking this morning of the religious newspapers—all the secular newspapers of the day discuss all the questions of God, eternity, and the dead, and all the questions of the past, present, and future. There is not a single doctrine of theology but has been discussed in the last ten years by the secular newspapers of the country. They gather up all the news of all the earth bearing on religious subjects and then they scatter the news abroad again. The Christian newspaper will be the right wing of the apocalyptic angel. The cylinder of the Christianized printing-press will be the front wheel of the Lord's chariot.

I take the music of this day, and I do not mark it *diminuendo*—I mark it *crescendo*. A pastor on a Sabbath preaches to a few hundred, or a few thousand people, and on Monday, or during the week, the printing-press will take the same sermon and preach it to millions of people. God speed the printing-press!

GOD SAVE THE PRINTING-PRESS!

God Christianize the printing-press! When I see the printing-press standing with the electric telegraph on the one side gathering up material, and the lightning express train on the other side waiting for the tons of folded sheets of newspapers, I pronounce it the mightiest force in our civilization. So I commend you to pray for all those who manage the newspapers of the land, for all type setters, for all editors, for all publishers, that, sitting or standing in positions of such great influence, they may give all that influence for God and the betterment of the human race.

An aged woman making her living by knitting unwound the yarn from the ball until she found in the centre of the ball there was an old piece of newspaper. She opened it and read an advertisement which announced that she had become heiress to a large property, and that fragment of a newspaper lifted her from pauperism to affluence. And I do not know but as the thread of time unrolls and unwinds a little further, through the silent yet speaking newspaper may be found the vast inheritance of the world's redemption.

"Jesus shall reign where'er the Sun
Does his successive journeys run,
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and and set no more."

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

SYLPH SOMERS.

A New Serial Story, by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(*Continued from page 679.*)

SUMMARY OF THE PREVIOUS CHAPTERS OF THE STORY.

[Dr. Cecil Gilbart, influenced by Dr. Priestley's philosophy, becomes a materialist, and the death of his wife and only child intensifies his unbelief. Owen Oliver, a Welsh wagoner, one day discovers lying on the highway a lady, over whom her child stands weeping. He conveys them in his wagon to the outskirts of Chester, but cannot find out their names or anything else about them. During a bull-baiting in the city, an infuriated bull breaks away from the ring, and rushing along the streets, severely injures the lady, who is conveyed to Dr. Gilbart's house, and remains as a patient under his roof several weeks, and subsequently dies. Acting upon information derived from a mutilated letter, the doctor makes inquiries in Ireland, as to the family of the deceased lady, Mrs. Somers, and her child Sylph, but unsuccessfully. Sylph grows in beauty and intelligence, but her nature is chilled by the cold materialism of the doctor. In the midst of great mental distress she hears John Wesley preach, and finds in God's love a relief for her malady. A young gentleman named Miles Rossiter is injured by a gunpowder explosion, and becomes a patient of Dr. Gilbart. His convalescence is cheered by Sylph's musical gifts, and before his departure he finds in her powerful forces of attraction.]

Rossiter's Inward Conflict—Dr. Gilbart Shakes his Faith in Romanism—His Reluctant Departure—Sylph Renews her Argument with the Doctor—Dr. Gilbart Presides at a Seditious Meeting—Aldermanic Eloquence.

THE admiration of Miles Rossiter, Dr. Gilbart's guest and patient, for Sylph Somers, was not all of a sublimated and transcendental character; he was conscious of an emotion as pure, but yet of a more sublunary nature. The love which draws a young man blissfully and irresistibly toward a woman who meets his ideal of female loveliness and moral excellence was upon him; and this produced within him, as a prospective young priest, a strange and tumultuous mental and moral struggle.

But not only was Miles Rossiter borne into a world of conflicting emotions and experiences by the presence of Sylph. Evening conversations with Doctor Gilbart drew him into a region of thought and sentiment utterly at variance with his preconceptions from early training. The era was an one of great political movement and social change. Continental Europe was seething and surging in those tides of popular unrest and disquietude, which eventuated in the first French revolution. The initiatory throes of that political earthquake, which, in its after-paroxysms, shook to its foundations the established order of things in Europe, were being felt from Scandinavia to the Calabrias, and from Madrid to Moscow.

Doctor Gilbart, with a large belief in human perfectibility, blindly imagined that the world's regeneration was at hand; and that soon a millennium of liberty and peace would come; not from spiritual forces, however, but from political upheaval; and from the abundance of his heart he poured forth into the ear of Miles his glowing anticipations.

Doctor Gilbart, then, discoursed before young Rossiter of human rights, intellectual freedom, and personal liberty; of the old oppressions of the world, political and ecclesiastical, as in their last gasp and dying; and expressed his joy: "Since, with tyrannous hands, they had long held down the masses to a condition of servitude, both of body and soul, that was worse than death."

"You descend to the level of the brute," he would say to Miles, "whenever you suppress, or allow to be suppressed, either in yourself or others, any of the forces that constitute your manhood.

"We are on the verge of an age, my young friend, which shall substitute the light of instructed reason for blind submission to authority; equal laws for class legislation; justice for privilege; friendly association for selfish competition; and collective thought for individual thought in the social organism."

Doctor Gilbart's anticipations were premature; but Miles Rossiter felt their truth; and, while they won his cordial assent to principles totally opposed to his convictions entertained from boyhood, they served to draw him powerfully toward Doctor Gilbart, and by a double band; gratitude for his great professional services to him, and the reception from him of ideas that enlarged his mental vision and enriched his thought. He felt himself, in fact, as entered into a new world, of which he had never dreamed.

It is no wonder, therefore, when the time came for his departure from the home of his new-found benefactor and friend, that the young man was very reluctant to leave. It called him to turn his back upon a sort of earthly paradise, and to confront a dark and uncongenial world; but the separation was to be endured, though when the hour for it struck, he felt it to be the saddest of all his previous history.

When Sylph came to bid him farewell, all unconscious of the emotions she had inspired—for Miles had felt bound by his position as an intending priest, neither by look nor whisper to declare his passion—the young man lingered in the room up to the last moment, as though held by a fascination from which he could not break away. When he took her hand for a final adieu, he let it fall from his grasp with an unconscious sigh; and then, tearing himself from her presence, he hurriedly passed into the street.

Dr. Gilbart accompanied him to the coach office for London. On the way, often did Miles pray that the coach would start before he reached it; and when he actually set out upon his distant journey, many times during the day did his thoughts fondly revert to Chester, and to those beloved ones there whom he had left behind him.

After Miles's departure Sylph and the doctor renewed the controversy about Wesley which had been interrupted by the disastrous explosion in the city, and which had made the young man their patient. Sylph, however, seemed to herself to make no great impression upon the doctor's unbelief; and yet she was prevailing more than she supposed. While Doctor Gilbart outwardly maintained that Christianity was little more than a sublime and glorious phantasy, he could not but inwardly acknowledge, at the same time, that it must be more than a dream.

The strongest argument, however, upon Sylph's side was *herself*. Doctor Gilbart could not but see the marvellous change which her faith in God and His Christ had wrought upon her. It had brought to her, he saw, a satisfying gladness which he himself would fain experience; and had given touches of beauty to her character which he was forced to confess within himself no mere earthly power could produce.

Although Doctor Gilbart, in his reserve as her senior, would not make known to Sylph the inner working of his thoughts, he would not interfere with her religious liberty. She asked him would he allow her to attend the services in the Methodist chapel. "Certainly," was his reply, "I will do nothing to hinder your happiness; but still, Sylph, I must impose one condition." "What is it?" she asked. "This," he answered, "that without first consulting me you will not join their so-called 'classes.' They are a vulgar lot that form them, and I do not wish you to identify yourself with them."

"I would feel it an honor to be numbered with the humblest of God's people," was her reply; "and, father, you do not know the power of true religion to refine the coarsest mind. I will, however, for the present accept your condition; and I thank you for the privilege."

Doctor Gilbart was right in his idea as to the social class which, for the most part, the great "Methodist revival," in its early days, laid hold upon. As in the first Christian churches "not many wise, not many noble were called." Miss Somers's advent, therefore, among the despised religionists, was hailed as an important event; and from her social position and high culture she was soon much courted and deferred to. And her influence was altogether beneficial.

John Wesley's great principle of church association was a truly wise and noble one, namely, that every professing Christian should undertake some adapted work. Sylph, therefore, had very soon sphere of Christian labor allotted to her: visitin the sick poor, and at times the criminals in t city prison.

Having much of what has been called "the e thusiasm of humanity," it was not long until Syl became a well-known character in Chester; she ding the light of truth and love into many wretched home. Some laughed at her "Metho ism;" but the subjects of her gentle ministratio would have kissed her very feet. Everywhere s was welcomed and esteemed.

A poor weaver, a Welshman, of which natio ality there were many in Chester, being of a poet turn of mind, once said, that "her entrance in his humble abode was, in truth, as the coming sweet summer, or rather of summers" (Somers he explained, "a whole lot of them together; f sure the music of her voice excels the lark, and for her winsome face it is more gladdening tha the dancing sunshine; and her glossy curls are, my eyes, more golden than the rays of morning the radiant month of June." While Sylph labore in this manner, Doctor Gilbart, however, witho her knowledge, was busy in another sphere, and a manner which led to very serious and far-reac ing consequences.

The political atmosphere was just now in a ve critical state in Chester. "The upholders things as they are" were almost in a panic fro the revolutionary excesses in Paris and throughou the continent; and the yclept "friends of progress were, on the other hand, all expectant and jubilan The one party was, therefore, in a condition mind to enforce penalty upon any unguarded wor or act; and the other was just in the disposition afford them the opportunity; for which they ha not long to wait.

Doctor Gilbart, whose advanced sentiments we well-known, was looked upon as a black sheep the old school of politicians; but as "a goo angel" by their antagonists. These latter resolve to hold a meeting in the city, to advocate their a vanced ideas; and Doctor Gilbart, in an unguar ed moment, consented to take the chair. We thu describe his consent, for while very firm in h opinions, yet, for professional reasons, he ha avoided publicity; but having given his promise h would not withdraw it.

At the meeting the doctor spoke calmly and ca tiously, but his position was compromised by th injudicious conduct of another—a man, a visit to the city, who, carried away by his oratorica fervor, used words that bordered, as the law the stood, upon sedition. Doctor Gilbart tried t check him, but failed. He then rose to expres his dissent from the phrases which had been u tered, and waved his hand for silence; but his ges ture was misunderstood, and his sentences wer altogether lost and drowned amid the thunders c applause which followed, loud and long, the speec of the reckless revolutionist. The doctor hoped however, that the objectionable words spoke by this declaimer were either unnoticed or not we heard in the noise and excitement of the immens crowd before him; but he was mistaken. Ther were those present—hired for the purpose—wh were jealously on the watch for any expression that would give a handle for prosecution, and th sentiments that had been uttered were outspoke enough to excite the displeasure of an official min far less overbearing and prejudiced than that t which the objectionable phrases, in the presen case, were eventually reported.

A secret meeting of the leading "friends o order," as they styled themselves, was soon held and the case of Doctor Gilbart was earnestly de bated.

"It is a shame—it is more than that; it is prodigious peril to the general safety," said Alder man Gowtie, "that such a leading man as Docto Gilbart should give his countenance to opinions that assail the very foundations of society; fo these men aim at nothing less than at bringing to the ground our hale and sturdy corporations— I use the words, of course, gentlemen, in a muni cipal sense. Think how deplorable, how appall ing and horrible it would be if these our im-

norial rights and special privileges were to slip n our fingers.

No, we meet as Britons, gentlemen, to defend vested rights and ancient customs; and if it es to the worst, who will even mount the ch and scale the ramparts, and not give way nch to those wretched levellers."

t this burst of eloquence from the worthy rman, there were vociferous shouts, and a ous clapping of hands, and a stamping of feet made the walls of the old Council Chamber again. One gentleman, however, volunteered ay that since the words complained of were not ken, as he understood, by Dr. Gilbart himself, by another at the meeting, perhaps it would be air to hold him accountable for them.

ut from this plea there was a general dissent; upon this ground, that since Dr. Gilbart had, is own accord, taken the chair at the assembly question, he was legally responsible for what spoken at it; and especially as there was no lence to show that Dr. Gilbart had protested inst the treasonable and seditious language t had been uttered.

(To be continued.)

THE STATE OF THE WORLD.

Relation to the Second Coming of Christ. By Rev. Charles H. Hamilton.

e Rise of Popular Power—Communism—The lumbering Spirit—Completion of the Times of ne Gentiles—Revival of the Roman Empire—he Awakened Interest in Prophecy—The emporary Sealing of the Book—The Clay-ron Toes—Interest in Palestine—Its Coming estoration—Anti-Semitism—The Approach-ng Hebrew Ordeal—Conversion of the Jews—he Sacred Ruins.

HAT we live in days of great and increasing erest is recognized by others as well as by stu-its of prophecy. Thoughtful men of every de of opinion and wholly uninfluenced by reli-us or spiritual considerations, have not failed to ice with concern the loosening of the bands of iety which is gradually, yet surely and visibly, operation. Statesmen, politicians, and writers the press, men who are accustomed to watch h a keen eye the course of events and the causes which they are influenced, have marked the dual process of disintegration that is at work. e reins of the government of the world are slip-g from the hands of the hereditary holders, and people are insisting on their right to govern mselves.

RISE OF POPULAR POWER.

Signs of the growing power of the people may marked in every direction. There is but one te in Europe in which the sovereign rules with-at least the semblance of constitutional govern-nt, and this is in itself a tacit admission of the ht of the people to share the throne. But the y will come when the people will elect to reign ne. The spirit of democracy is *the spirit of age;* it is increasing with silent but rapid wth; its apostles are preaching the gospel of l-handed revolution in every nation in Europe. e colossal empire of Russia, with its gigantic litary despotism, finds how hard it is to contend th the unseen foe that dares to strike at the rone. A vast network of Communism is spread er every kingdom of the continent, and has even ached the shores of Great Britain, and the lead-s of revolution only wait their opportunity to eep away every form of sovereign and constitu-nal government.

The fires of revolution that were lighted up in 48 and then only quelled by military force, and torrents of blood, have never been wholly sub-ed. The embers of Red Republicanism are nouldering still, and it is probable that when the xt great Continental disturbance occurs, they ill again start into life and wrap Europe in a gen-al conflagration.

The chart of prophecy guides us to the conclu-on that the latter days of this world's troubled story will be a season of popular rule; that the ays of monarchy are numbered, and that un-owned Republicanism, under the headship of the Antichrist, will be the last phase of human govern-ment in the days when He shall come "Whose right it is" to reign. Sad and humiliating as is this prospect, the one cheering sign to the hearts of God's children is found in the prophetic words of Christ, that such a condition of things is to be

THE IMMEDIATE HERALD OF HIS RETURN

in glory. Instead of letting their hearts sink within them in discouragement and despair, He has bid-den them "Lift up their heads, for their redemp-tion draweth nigh." The very darkness of the hour gives promise of the near approach of the glory that is to be revealed, for the darkest hour of night is that which precedes the dawn. And even now their eyes are turned with longing to the Eastern skies and the bright and morning star, that shall come as the harbinger of everlasting day.

It is the concurrent testimony of the ablest stu-dents of prophetic Scripture, that the "times of the Gentiles" and the grant of universal dominion made to Nebuchadnezzar, and the four heathen empires of which he was the golden head, are fast approaching their completion.

The revived Roman empire, under the dictator-ship of Antichrist, with his ten vassal kings (ruling at first as sovereigns and then as crownless lieu-tenants), will be the last development of earthly power that shall give place to the heavenly king-dom of God's own Son—the "Stone cut out with-out hands" that shall smite it with a sudden and utter destruction. Just when Satan's triumph ap-pears complete; when the Man of Sin has accepted the sovereignty of the world for which the Man Christ Jesus refused to do homage to the tempter in the days of His flesh; when the world, that rejected Christ coming in His Father's name, has received Antichrist coming in his own name, and worshipped his image and received the brand of his mark in their foreheads; in the very hour when *the triumph of evil* seems secure, shall utter and overwhelming desolation overtake God's adversa-ries, and He shall "set His king upon His holy hill of Zion."

AWAKENED INTEREST IN PROPHECY.

This approaching climax and final fulfilment of God's purposes in relation to man and the world in which he dwells, marked by the termination of Gentile rule, the restoration of Israel to the first place among the nations, and the visible manifesta-tion of Christ as King upon a restored earth, is now the intelligent expectation of thousands. Nothing more surely marks the advent of the lat-ter days than this *awakened interest* in the study of prophecy. That this anticipation of coming events should not be strongly awakened until the events themselves are near at hand, is in close analogy with the history of past times.

The book of prophecy is *a sealed book* to the Church of God for a season; it may be even for ages as far as any general interest in the events which it predicts is concerned. But God does not intend it to remain a volume of insoluble mysteries for ever; it is only sealed until the time of fulfil-ment draws nigh. The prophecies of Jeremiah, foretelling the precise duration of the captivity in Babylon, had been uttered nearly seventy years before the mind of Daniel was powerfully directed to a consideration of them. It was within but two or three years of the termination of the captivity, that the Spirit of God led him to a study of the scroll which contained the writings of Jeremiah, and then he understood that the number of the years appointed for the desolation of Jerusalem was on the verge of accomplishment.

And Daniel himself, pre-eminently the prophet of the latter days, who pictures in such striking outline the history of earth's four great empires, the reign of Antichrist, and the setting up of God's throne over the kingdoms of the world, was direct-ed by God to shut up the vision, as many days should elapse before its fulfilment (Daniel 8: 26). He was bidden to "seal the book, to the time of the end" (Daniel 12: 4), thereby intimating that in the latter days of the age, when the dispensation of grace was drawing to a close, *the book should be unsealed* to the minds of God's servants, and that they should be guided by it to a right understand-ing of the signs of the times. The book of Reve-lation has been given by Jesus Christ as *a com-panion*, and, in many respects, *a key* to the inter-pretation of the former prophecy. A special bless-ing is promised to such as make it their careful study, and although much of its contents may probably remain hidden until near the very end, familiarity with its predictions will help us at once to recognize the signs as they appear.

That we are approaching the end of the age, if not at this moment living in its latter days, is the reverent conviction of many of God's children. Certainly no days since the days of the Flood ever represented so accurately the description of the last days of this dispensation given in the prophecy of Daniel as indicating the "time of the end." Days, like our own, of gigantic discovery in every field of science, in which we can speak our thoughts at lightning speed across a Continent and distance is annihilated by the railroad track, and the light of day is flashed at midnight over our great cities, surely no time since the beginning of the world ever so fitly answered to the period when "men should run to and fro, and knowledge be in-creased." And the Holy Ghost is now leading the hearts of thousands of God's servants to a con-templation of the signs of the latter days, and a more earnest looking for and expectation of their coming King.

THE BOOK NO LONGER CLOSED.

The book of prophecy is no longer an unsealed book. Christians are everywhere searching its pages of hidden truth, and thus gaining an intelli-gent knowledge of the broad outlines of prophetic teaching, of which the Word of God, read in the light of history, is in a great measure itself the key. May it lead them to greater preparedness in heart and life for the glory that shall soon be revealed, and so teach them to pray with deeper meaning the oft-repeated prayer, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

There are not wanting signs, in many directions, to show how events are shaping themselves in readiness for the fulfilment of the prophecies of the latter days. God has made known to us that the last great earthly empire shall appear under the guise of *a ten-kingdomed confederacy;* and that its constitution, though outwardly strong and power-ful, shall contain within it elements of inherent weakness that will tend to its utter and overwhelm-ing destruction. This is signified by the mingled iron and clay of the ten toes of Nebuchadnezzar's image. At the beginning of the century nothing seemed more distantly improbable than that such a phenomenon should arise.

The iron heel of military despotism was firmly planted on the necks of the nations; and every at-tempt at the development of popular power was kept in check or summarily crushed. But the revolutionary disturbance which convulsed Europe about the year 1848, and shook every throne to its foundation, placed a power in the hands of the peo-ple which they have never wholly lost. The revo-lution was, indeed, subdued, and the empire of the sword again asserted its sway. Nevertheless, that period marked a distinct era in the history of Europe—from that time may be traced the rapid growth of constitutional government. And with the single exception of the Colossus of the North, the autocratic rulers of the nations have been con-tent to admit the people to a share in their sover-eign rights. The progress of this tendency is sufficiently remarkable even in Great Britain, protected as it is by its insular position from the great wave of revolution which swept over the kingdoms of the Continent.

Every successive Reform Bill has been instru-mental in placing a larger share of sovereign power in the hands of the people. It needs no deep pro-phetic foresight to perceive how this political trans-formation is preparing the way for the conditions under which the predicted kingdoms will arise, and the peculiar character that will be stamped upon them. At present these conditions can only be traced in the western division of the Roman em-pire. But we may reasonably conjecture that when the five kingdoms of the eastern division shall be reconstituted, the influence of western institu-tions will be powerfully reflected upon them, and the same character of government will prevail,

(To be continued.)

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NOTICE.

To give our readers an opportunity of introducing the Christian Herald to their friends, we will send the paper post free to any address from 1st October, to 31st December, 1881, on receipt of 25 cents.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The United States Senate Finally Adjourned on Saturday, October 29th, having been in session three weeks. The President's nominations, with only one important exception, were confirmed. They were only such as were rendered necessary by vacancies, and those that the late President had decided upon, prior to his assassination. The exception referred to occasioned the only protracted contest of the session. It was the nomination of Clifford Statham to be Postmaster at Lynchburg, Va. The present incumbent is removed for cause, and there appears to have been no question raised as to the propriety of that step. But the President's nominee is a supporter of Senator Mahone, and it is understood that he is pledged to work for the success of the allied forces of Republicans and Readjusters. The opposition to his nomination was prompted by a desire to convince the citizens of Virginia at this critical juncture, that Senator Mahone could not control the State patronage, and it was openly stated that 10,000 votes in the Virginia election would depend on the success or failure of the nomination. The contest in the Senate lasted over three days, and then the nomination was, with the consent of the Republicans, laid aside and the Senate adjourned.

Mr. Windom's Scheme of Civil Service Reform has been made public. The ex-Secretary said recently that the subject was frequently discussed between the late President and himself, and though both were aware that a comprehensive scheme would require careful legislation, yet they believed a plan might be devised to relieve the pressure at Washington, and to prevent candidates incurring expenses which were often almost ruinous to themselves. The plan to accomplish this object was not completed when the President was shot, but during President Garfield's illness Mr. Windom perfected his plan on the lines the President had indicated, intending to submit it to him when he recovered. The plan, as now published by Mr. Windom, proposes to allot to the States respectively, as the law requires, the number of appointments to which they would be severally entitled in the Treasury Department; then to appoint a carefully selected *committee of three in each State*, whose duty it should be to meet once a year, at some convenient place in the State, and before whom any one desiring to enter the Government service should have the right to present himself or herself for examination, such examination to be practical and relate to the character, experience, and capacity of the applicant, and to the duties of the position to which appointment is desired, said committee to prepare a list, *graduated according to merit*, of those who pass the examination, and forward the papers to the head of the department at Washington. Persons should be selected from those highest on the list, and only to be sent for when the State of which they are residents should be entitled to appointments. In making these selections, *soldiers, or their widows or children*, should have the preference.

Ex-Governor Morgan, Nominated by the President as Secretary of the Treasury, and unanimously confirmed by the Senate, felt it his duty to decline the office. He telegraphed to the President that his age and the engrossing character of the duties of the Treasury Department compelled him to decline its acceptance. On Thursday the President nominated *Charles J. Folger*, Chief Judge of the New York Court of Appeals, to be Secretary of the Treasury, and the nomination was promptly confirmed. Judge Folger is sixty-three years of age, having been born at Nantucket, Mass., in 1818. In 1830 the family removed to New York State, and the future judge was graduated with high honors at Hobart College. From 1861 to 1869 he was a State Senator. In 1869 he was appointed United States sub-treasurer of New York, and the following year was elected Judge of the Court of Appeals. On the death of Chief Judge Church in 1880, Governor Cornell appointed him to fill the vacancy; an appointment confirmed last election by a plurality of 44,160. The nomination to the Treasury is cordially approved both by Republicans and Democrats.

Postmaster-General James was Nominated by President Arthur to be his own successor, and the nomination was confirmed by the Senate. It is believed, however, that General James has been induced with considerable difficulty to continue in office, and only on condition that he shall be allowed to retire after the disposal of the Star Route cases. It was necessary that he should be re-nominated, because the term of office of the Postmaster-General expires one month after the term of the President who appoints him, and therefore the legality of Mr. James's acts might be challenged if a new nomination were not made. The President has made no nomination to fill the office of Attorney-General, and has exerted considerable pressure on Mr. MacVeagh to induce him to remain. This, like Mr. James's position, is chiefly on account of the Star Route prosecutions. There is some probability of their failure, and the President is desirous that the men who had the credit of initiating them should have the responsibility of completing them. In the event of Mr. MacVeagh positively refusing to hold the office, it is reported that the Solicitor-General will proceed, and Mr. MacVeagh be retained by a special fee.

Assistant Postmaster-General Tyner has Tendered his resignation, and in reply to an inquiry as to the causes which induced the President to request it, Mr. James wrote him that the demand was not based upon any reflection upon his "personal or official integrity." Judge Tyner claims that he was always opposed to "expeditions," and very rarely ordered or consented to them; and he thinks that the sixteen months of his term in the office of Postmaster-General was freer from unnecessary expenditure than any similar period of late years. Regarding the report on Star Service that he made to Judge Key, after his return from the Pacific coast in 1879, he says he made the investigation upon Key's written order, submitted the report to him, and called his attention to what he believed to be unnecessary service and to the remedies which he proposed for the evils of the Star Route system. Mr. Key directed that the report should be filed as a private paper and not published.

A Letter of Instructions from Mr. Blaine to our Minister in London in reference to the Panama Canal has been published. It defines very clearly the attitude of the Government on this important question. It respectfully affirms the right and intention of our government to guarantee the neutrality of the canal *against all Powers*, and takes the ground that we should resent any individual or joint step on the part of any nation or nations to interfere in the matter. Mr. Blaine also contends that the canal would be practically a part of our coast line, and declares that in the event of a war in which either the United States or Colombia might be a party, the passage of armed vessels of hostile nations through the canal would be no more admissible than would be the passage of their armies over our Pacific railroads. He furthermore gives notice that the United States will insist upon her rights to take all needful precautions against the possibility of the isthmus transit being used offensively against our interests upon the land or the sea. The letter has caused considerable discussion in Europe.

The Appeal of the Michigan Relief Committee just issued, explains the situation of the sufferers. *Fifteen thousand people* have lost all their possessions. So far $460,000 have been received for their assistance, and sufficient clothing to last them through the winter. But the supply of money and food will be exhausted in a few weeks, and in order to prevent this large number of persons being permanently pauperized, funds must be raised to supply them with tools and seed, besides means for their support through the winter.

Seventy-three Miles of Country are now under water owing to the breaks in the Mississippi levees. A telegram from Quincy, Ill., dated October 29th, says: "The height of the water in the Mississippi here reached nineteen feet above low water at four o'clock this afternoon, being twenty-one inches above the highest record since the great flood of 1851. This is *the fifteenth day* since the water reached the danger line, and the rise has been constant during all that time. The 'Sny' levee, south of this city, protecting about a hundred and twenty thousand acres of rich lands, broke near the south end ten days ago, and at the middle on Thursday night. The upper half still held until three o'clock this morning, when it gave way, completing the inundation of the entire district. By this break a farming region, extending thirty-eight miles south from Quincy, and varying from three to nine miles in width, is entirely flooded. On the Missouri side, opposite, the destruction is complete from Lagrange. Ten miles north to the Palmyra bluffs, seventeen miles south of and back into the country, a distance of three to six miles, everything is under water. The track of the Keokuk and St. Louis Railway, along the west bank of the river, is mainly under water from Keokuk to Louisiana, Mo., a distance of seventy-three miles." The destruction of property cannot be estimated, but it must be many hundred thousand dollars. Happily the loss of life is less than might have been expected. As yet only two deaths have been reported.

The Summer School of Christian Philosophy, the enterprise initiated by Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., which we have already described, has assumed permanent shape under the title of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy. On Thursday last a meeting was held at which a constitution and by-laws were adopted. The Rev. Dr. Deems presided. *Monthly meetings* are to be held throughout the year, and a public lecture will be delivered quarterly. The lectures delivered last summer, and all papers read at the meetings of the Institute are to be published in a Review, to be issued quarterly. A charter will be asked for at the next session of the Legislature. At the meeting on Thursday Dr. E. C. Man read a paper on "The Errors of Materialistic Physiology" which was discussed by the members.

The Garfield Fund.—The Total Amount of the fund for Mrs. Garfield and her children, which is now closed, is $361,791.72. The United States Trust Company has paid $361,770.75 of this for $311,000 United States 4 per cent registered bonds. Mrs. Garfield has written to Colonel Rockwell requesting him to announce in some public manner her purpose to cause to be published an account of the life and an appropriate collection of the literary remains of General Garfield.

A Clergyman Assaulted by a Nihilist in New York.—Dr. S. Irenæus Prime relates the following incident which occurred recently: "Two hours ago I was in a car on the Elevated Railroad that comes down Sixth Avenue in the City of New York. Two decent-looking men sat immediately in front of me, on one of the cross-seats in the middle of the car. They had the appearance of respectable mechanics. Neither of them was in liquor. They spoke occasionally, without turning their faces toward each other. At length one of them said, loud enough for me to hear him distinctly, '*I am a Nihilist.*' My first impulse, on hearing this remark, was to leave my seat for another, as the nearness to such a person was offensive, and a sort of foreboding of evil took possession of me. After a few moments' reflection, I turned partly around and looked away. I was not aware of showing any feeling of contempt, nor of giving the men the slightest reason to suppose that I was aware of their presence. The train stopped at a station; both of them rose quickly; one of them struck me with the flat of his hand, and the other said, with an oath, 'You ought to have your old neck broke.' Then they passed rapidly out of the door and upon the platform. I turned to look after them, and the one who struck the blow was shaking his fist at me as he saw me through the window." This act of brutality is characteristic of Nihilism. It transforms men into brutes.

A Husband's Conversion in Answer to his wife's prayers was the subject of a letter sent to the Fulton Street prayer-meeting last week. The writer had asked for prayer on behalf of her husband some time ago. She promised that she would renew her entreaties at the Mercy Seat and add fasting to prayer. There seemed no indication whatever at the time that the husband had the slightest concern about his soul. A strange minister came that way and preached the Gospel. The husband appears to have received blessing, for he came to his wife one night in terrible earnestness declaring that he must be a Christian. He was soon upon his knees in prayer, and his wife, whose faith was weaker than it had ever been until this happy event, knelt with him. He found peace and joy through believing, and is now an active, earnest Christian seeking the salvation of others.

An Eye Turned to Stone was Recently Removed by a skilful oculist, who showed it to a reporter on a Western journal. The ossified portion was as large as a silver quarter and twice as thick. The patient told him that 25 years ago, while chopping in the woods in Jefferson Co., Wis., he injured one of his eyes. It became inflamed, but after a year's time healed, remaining, however, totally blind. He was not troubled with it any more until a year or more ago, when it again became very painful, and felt as though there were a strong pressure behind it. The other eye, in sympathy with the injured member, began to fail also. The oculist removed the eye, and was astonished to find that petrifaction had set in, and the choroid had turned to stone. There are only two cases of the kind on record. But in spiritual matters we know of many to whom such a calamity appears to have happened. Not only such as the apostle Paul writes of (Rom. 11 : 25), on whom blindness in part has fallen, but others who have hearts of stone alienated from the life of God because of *the blindness of their hearts* (Eph. 4 : 18).

A Fight Between Two Snakes is Described in a letter to a contemporary by a lady who has interested herself in studying herbs said to be poison antidotes. While walking in the woods on St. John's Island, S. C., she heard the spring of a rattlesnake, and, turning to look for him, saw him engaged in fierce combat with *a handsome black snake* of the non-venomous species. The fight was fierce, and the black snake was struck twice by his venomous enemy. Each time he retreated to the bushes, but returned in a few moments to renew the encounter. At the third attack the black snake seized the rattlesnake by the back of the neck, and, as the latter flung himself out, in an effort to shake off his enemy, the black snake coiled around him with a rapidity that dazzled her, and then he gradually drew himself in tight coils up and up, until he was coiled about the neck and upper part of the rattlesnake. For a moment he rested thus, then, like a flash of light he stretched himself out, in the act literally tearing his venemous enemy to pieces. The fight must have lasted twenty minutes, perhaps longer; but the black snake was the complete victor, and the lady was assured by a man who was much in the woods and had witnessed similar battles, that in almost all cases *the non-venomous was conqueror over the venomous one.* The incident suggests many lessons, but principally the one that when defeated the snake applied instantly to the antidote and received cure and renewed strength. So, in our conflicts with the evil one, we are encouraged to apply to Jesus, in whose hands is the antidote to the guilt and power of sin.

A Burglar's Tool-chest was Discovered in a curious place by a jailer at Leadville, Col., lately. A man was arrested on suspicion of being concerned in a burglary, and confined in the Leadville jail, but was discharged for lack of evidence. The jailer, however, was convinced of his guilt, and induced him, after much persuasion, to make a confession to him on the day of his discharge. To the jailer's surprise, the prisoner, who had *a wooden leg* of very substantial size, unscrewed it, and revealed in a hollow place, dexterously cut, which made the leg a kind of tube, a complete set of burglar's tools, which he carried about with him as he limped along begging from door to door. He is not the first man who has used a misfortune as a cover for villainy, though there are not many so ingenious as he in this bad direction.

A Man Whose Hair Turned White in One night recently, related to a newspaper reporter the cause of the sudden change. It appears that he learned that an oil well was on fire not far from his residence in Pennsylvania. He was curious to see the grand, yet terrible sight, and bent his steps in that direction. Soon after he arrived, the burning oil made its first irruption over the sides of the tank. A general rush was made to avoid the seething stream. It floated down the hillside and burnt a saw mill and several other buildings in its course. It also set fire to another tank, and the visitor crossed a stream to see the first outbreak of the fire there. As he did so he slipped and fell into a mud-hole, which, like a quicksand, held him fast, and the more he struggled the firmer he was held. He shouted for help, but *the roar of the fire* drowned his cries. He lay still for a few minutes hoping that some one might pass and see him, but no one came. Suddenly he heard *the warning cry* of the second overflow, and to his horror saw the fiery steam approaching him. He made *a last desperate struggle*, and then he knew no more until he awakened in a friend's house. His position had been seen and he was rescued just as he fainted, and when the burning torrent was only a few feet away. His life was saved, but in those few minutes of terror his hair had turned white. If men could only realize, as this man did, how near they stand to a worse fate even than his with what eagerness would they seek the salvation offered them through Jesus!

A Golden Cucuyo, a Curious South American beetle kept as a curiosity in a collection in New York city, died last week. It was one of four or five specimens in the North. These insects are regarded with superstitious awe by the women of South America, and the few that are caught are fastened in *tiny fetters of gold and worn as ornaments.* A gold or gold and jewelled band is passed around the breast, to which is attached a slender gold chain about four inches long which ends in a long pin. This pin is thrust into a bouquet of flowers on the shoulder or on the hat, and the beetle is left to ramble the length of the chain. The cucuyo is a fire-beetle, a single specimen giving out light enough in a dark room to enable one to read a newspaper. They are capable of living without food for a great length of time. The idea of wearing a living creature as an ornament has something unnatural in it, but those who have observed the kind of ornaments worn by fashionable people are not surprised at it. People disposed to cultivate such a taste should read what Isaiah said of it in his day (Isa. 3 ; 18-24).

WHOLE-HEARTED RELIGION.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"And I will give them one heart, and one way, that they may fear Me for ever, for the good of them, and of their children after them."—JER. 32 : 39.

Where True Godliness Begins—The Heart First—The Way Second—A Paradox—I. Unitedness of Heart—It is Naturally Divided—Must be United—For Acceptance—For Sincerity—For Intensity of Life—For Consecration—To Receive Blessing—It is the Gift of God—II. Consistency of Walk—Unity of Heart Essential to Truth of Life—To Progress—To Usefulness—To Assurance—III. Stedfastness of Principle—Standing all Tests—Persecution—Prosperity—Old Age—IV. Personal Blessedness—V. A Relative Blessing—"For Their Children After Them."

THOSE of you who were present last Lord's-day morning will remember my sermon upon "Mongrel Religion," in which I dealt with those who feared the Lord and served other gods. Their heart was divided, therefore they were found faulty. They had, as the Hebrew puts it, a heart and a heart—a heart that went this way and a heart that went the other way, and so as a matter of fact they became, as the prophet said, as "a silly dove that hath no heart." The discourse of this morning is intended to exhibit whole-hearted religion, which is the opposite of the sad mixture which we have so lately denounced. We wish to look upon persons of Caleb's stamp, who followed the Lord fully; in whom by the grace of God the divided heart has become united; so that with their whole heart they serve the Lord their God.

Our text is an extract from Jeremiah's copy of the covenant of grace. The Lord promises to Israel, "They shall be my people, and I will be their God." And in the fortieth verse he says, "And I will make an everlasting covenant with them, that I will not turn away from them, to do them good; but I will put My fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from Me." This, then, is the covenant of grace which God has made with His people, and it is highly suggestive that the first blessing of it relates to the heart; for God when He begins with men does not begin with the outward way, but with the inward spirit. He puts it, "I will give them one heart and one way:" *the way is second, the heart comes first.* Understand, then, that in all true godliness we must

BEGIN WITH HEART-WORK.

It is no use hoping to polish the outside until by degrees you enlighten the interior; nay, but the light must first be placed within, and then, as it shines through, spots on the exterior will be discovered, and will all the more readily be cleansed away. God works not *to* the centre, but *in* the centre, and then from the centre into the outer life.

In reference to the heart, one of the earliest works of divine grace is to unite it in one. Strange to say, I should be equally truthful if I said that one of the first works of grace is to break the heart; but so paradoxical is man that when his heart is unbroken it is divided, and when his heart is broken, then, for the first time, it is united; for a broken heart in every fragment of it mourns over sin, and cries out for mercy. Every shattered particle of a contrite spirit is united in one desire to be reconciled to God. There is no union of the heart with itself till it is broken for sin and from sin. Early in the morning of grace the man comes to himself, and so is restored to the unity of his manhood.

It is of this unitedness of heart that I shall speak first, and then I shall go on to those other covenant blessings which come after it, according to the text. These are placed after it in order to show its great value, since it is the first step to exceedingly precious blessings.

First, then, we will consider *unitedness of heart*—"I will give them one heart;" secondly, the blessing which immediately arises out of it, *consistency of walk*—"I will give them one way." From these two come the third blessing, *stedfastness of principle*—"that they may fear Me for ever;" and consequent upon all this comes *personal blessedness*—"for the good of them;" and attendant upon

that favor, *relative benediction*—"and for the good of their children after them." Our programme is very extensive, may the Spirit of God help us to fill it up.

I. We begin, then, at the beginning, with unitedness of the heart.

Our first statement under this head shall be that

THE HEART IS NATURALLY DIVIDED.

Sin is confusion, and at its entrance it created a Babel, or a confusion, within the heart of man. Until man sinned his nature was one and undivided; but the fall broke him, and destroyed his unity. Within him now there are many voices, many imaginations, and many devices. Within him there is strife and contention, wars and fightings, which come of his lusts, which struggle with each other, and with his understanding. Observe the contest which is constantly visible between his conscience and his affections. His affections choose that which is evil, while his conscience approves that which is right. The desires go after that which appears to be pleasant, but the judgment warns the mind of its folly; hence a controversy between the two powers of the soul.

Frequently, too, there is a very great division between a man's inward knowledge and his outward conduct. Men are often wise in the head and foolish in the hand: they know the right and do the wrong. The law of God is read in their hearing and written upon their memories, and yet it is forgotten in their lives. They are men of great discernment in theory, and yet in their actions they put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter; darkness for light and light for darkness. They sin against the light: "they love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." Often and often the man is as right as justice herself in his opinions, and clear as the day in his information; and yet he gropes as the blind, and stumbles at noonday as in the night. His knowledge goes one way, and his will another; he knows the consequences of sin, and therefore fears; he perceives the pleasurableness or profit of sin, and therefore presumes.

Man is a puzzle, and none can put him together but He that made him at the first. He is a self-contradiction, a house divided against itself, a mystery of iniquity, a maze of folly, a mass of perversity, obstinacy, and contention. Sin has made the heart to be so inwardly divided as to be like the troubled sea which cannot rest; or like a cage of unclean birds, every one fighting its fellow; or like a den of wild beasts, which cease not to rend each other. When man cast off the yoke of the one God he fell under bondage to gods many, and lords many, who struggle for supremacy and make the one kingdom into many rival principalities: since sin became natural to man, it became natural that man's heart should be divided. But

IT MUST BE UNITED,

there is the point; and hence the covenant promise, "I will give them one heart." For, dear friends, in the matter of godliness, if our heart be not whole and entire in following after God we cannot meet with *acceptance*. God never did and never will receive the homage of a divided heart. Alexander, when Darius proposed that the two great monarchs should divide the world, replied that there was only room for one sun in the heavens. What his ambition affirmed that God declareth from the necessity of the case. Since one God fills all things there is no room for another. It is not possible for a heart to be given up to falsehood and yet to be under the power of truth. It is idle to attempt to serve two such masters as holiness and iniquity. God cannot smile upon an unhallowed compromise, and allow men to bow in the house of Rimmon and yet worship in His holy temple. God will have all or nothing; He will have us only, wholly, altogether, and always His, or else He will have nothing to do with us.

It was once proposed to the Roman senate to set up the image of *Christ in the Pantheon* among the gods, but when they were informed that He would not agree that any worship should be mingled with His own the senate straightway refused Him a shrine. In this they acted in a manner consistent with itself; but those are altogether inexcusable "who swear by the Lord and swear by Malcham." We provoke the Lord to jealousy when we offer Him a corner in our souls and allow our vain thoughts to lodge within us. Errors can lie down like sheep in a field, but no error can lie side by side with the lordly lion of the truth. There is no god but God. Jehovah, He is the God! There is one Mediator between God and man—the man Christ Jesus. Whatsoever a man setteth up in his heart as the object of his affections in opposition to God is a vain, a vile, a vicious thing, and that man cannot be accepted of the Lord.

We have seen that it must be united for acceptance, we now note that it must be united for *sincerity:* a divided heart is a false heart. Where there is no unity of heart there is no truth in the spirit. Tell me that thou lovest the world, and I will tell thee that the love of the world is enmity to God. Declare that thou wilt serve Belial ever so little, and I know that thy service of Christ is but Judas' service—mercenary, temporary, traitorous. Sincerity does not open *the front door* to Christ and *the back gate* to the devil.

Our heart must be united, next, for

INTENSITY OF LIFE.

True religion needs the soul to be ever at a fervent heat. "The kingdom of heaven," saith our Lord, "suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." None climb the hill whereon the New Jerusalem is built except such as go on hands and knees, and laying aside every weight give themselves wholly to the divine ascent. The pilgrim who hopes to reach the better land and makes a pleasure trip of it is under a mistake: it is hard travelling, and requires ardor and perseverance. It is so in every good word and work. A lazy prayer requests a denial, and shall have it. Half-hearted praise is an insult to God, and everything in religion that is not done with all our heart, with all our soul, with all our strength, is a sin, however much it may look like a virtue.

The heart must be united to be *consecrated*. Will God be served with broken cups and cracked flagons, and shall His altars be polluted with torn and mangled sacrifices? All the things in heaven and earth which the Lord acknowledges as consecrated things are dedicated to Him and to Him alone. God will not account that to be consecrated to Himself which is used by another. Brethren, we must be wholly consecrated unto the Lord, or we cannot be consecrated to Him at all. We are unconsecrated, we are polluted, we are as things accursed, if we are divided in heart.

Once more, we must have our heart united, or else *none of the blessings which are to follow in covenant order can possibly reach us*. For, look, "I will give them one heart," and then it follows, "one way;"—no man will have a consistent, uniform way while he has a divided heart. Read next, "That they shall fear Me forever;" but no man will fear God forever unless fear has taken possession of his whole heart. The convert may profess to follow the Lord for awhile, but he will soon turn aside; he who does not begin with his whole heart will soon tire of the race. "For ever" is a long day, and requires our whole soul to hold on and to hold out. The Lord also promises that this shall be "for the good of them, and of their children after them;" but those who give God a part of their heart, neither win a blessing for themselves nor for their posterity; they are not among the seed that God has blessed, neither can they be.

GOD-GIVEN.

So I leave the first head when I have noticed that according to the text *God will give His chosen this unified heart:* "I will give them one heart." Ah, we shall never obtain this blessing otherwise than as a free gift of God's grace. Teachers may put holy thoughts into our heads, but they cannot alter our hearts. We may unite our thoughts in some system of divinity, but we can never unite our desires upon the Divinity Himself except we experience a work of grace upon our souls. The one Lord must make our heart one. He who once made the heart must make it anew to make it one. "There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all."

But none of these *seven ones* would ever be ours unless it were added, "But unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ," and that grace must make our heart one. This the Lord does in part by enlightenment through the light of His Holy Spirit. He shows us the worthlessness and deceptiveness of everything that would attract our hearts away from Jesus and from our God; and when we see the evil of the rival, we give our heart entirely to Him whom we worship. The Lord works this also by a process more thorough still; for He weans us from all idolatrous loves.

Disease and death are summoned to shoot their fatal arrows at our dearest ones before we will give God the whole of our hearts. It is hard to love the creature much and yet not too much; it is a great thing to love our beloved ones in Christ, and in subordination to Christ. Many a mother has had to lose child after child because she had stirred the jealousy of the best Beloved one by dividing her heart between Him and her little ones. Many a man in business has fallen from wealth and prosperity because God saw that his heart went astray after his possessions. Doubtless many have had eloquence, talent, and gifts of various kinds, and they doted upon these things until it has been needful to remove them to unite their hearts upon God, and so they have been laid aside by sickness, or the mind has lost its vigor, or the voice has failed, and the gift has become a plague rather than a comfort; and thus their heart has lost its idol, and has turned unto the Lord.

II. We now advance to the second blessing of the covenant here mentioned, which is

CONSISTENCY OF WALK.

"I will give them one way." When the heart is united the man lives for a single object, and that alone. Running in one direction, striving for one purpose, he keeps to the one way which leads to heaven. As Christ is our one life, so is He our one way.

Without this unity there can be *no truth* in a man's life. If he spins by day, and unravels at night, he is acting out a falsehood. If he runs to the right while men look at him, but trudges back again to the old post as soon as men's eyes are taken from him, his life is an equivocation, which is but a fine word for a lie. It is a dreadful thing for a man's word to be a lie, but for a man's whole life to be a lie is still more horrible. We may have much more of the liar about us than we dream of: let us see to it, and pray God that, like Nathanael, we may have no guile in us.

We may patch up our life with bits of religion, and remnants of profession, till it becomes like *the beggar's coat* of which no man knows the original: such a garment may be fit for a beggar, but shall we wear it? The seamless garment of truth, woven from the top throughout, adorns a Christian, but motley raiment proves a man a fool. Unless we follow the Lord with one heart, and one way, we shall be found to be liars after all; and if all liars have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death, what will be his lot whose life was false to itself and false to God? Inconsistency of behavior shows that truth is little set by in the heart.

We must, dear friends, have one walk, or else our life will make *no progress*. He who travels in two opposite directions will find himself no forwarder. How is it that some professors are at much the same place as they occupied twenty years ago? Years have made them more gray, but not more gracious. At night they fastened up their boat in a little creek of the river, and when the tide ran out they waited and waited until close to the end of its running, and then they went down a little way with the tide; very soon the stream ceased to turn, and so they drifted back with the flood, and hitched up near the same muddy shore as before. Like a pendulum they travel far but get no farther. Growth, progress, advancement—none of these can they know, for they are double-minded, and so run to and fro in the earth and wear themselves out with vanity.

I do not say that we can always make apparent progress at the same rate, for powerful under-currents affect our life, and a man may be doing much

who is successfully overcoming adverse influences. When a fierce wind is blowing a captain may know that he will be driven on shore if he does not steam right into the teeth of the hurricane: if he does this is he not making the surest real progress if he manages to keep where he is and avoid the fatal danger? I say, then, that if we do not seem to advance we may nevertheless, in the judgment of God be making true progress if we resist the mighty impulses which would otherwise hurry us on to destruction: but if we have two ways and steer this way and that way and every way by turns, with the view of pleasing men and *making things easy all round*, we cannot speed toward the desired haven.

We must choose and keep to one way, or we cannot attain to *usefulness*. What influence has a double-minded man? If a man speak for God to-day, and so lives to-morrow that he virtually speaks for the devil, what power has he over those around him? How can he lead who has no way of his own? If your actions play fast and loose with truth; if your life is of a chequer-work of black and white; if you are everything by turns and nothing long, what force for good can you possibly exert? Consistency and unity of life are necessary to usefulness.

And I am sure it is necessary for anything like *assurance*. The best of believers may through holy anxiety question their own state; but the man who has two ways may well sing:—

"'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I His or am I not?"

O you who are inconsistent in life, I must make bold to tell you that many of your friends are even more in doubt about you than you are about yourself. 'Tis a point we also long to know; for we cannot tell whether you love the Lord or no, whether you are His or not. Sometimes we see happy signs about you, and our charity hopeth all things; but when we see you again falling into evil ways, we are distressed, and even our charity weeps over you. How can we be assured of your change of heart when we see so little change of life? What a pity to lead such a life that it puzzles those who love you best to form any judgment as to your condition. O ye who blow hot and cold, ye are strange beings; you seem to the common observer to be too good for hell, and not good enough for heaven. You cannot be divided at last, and therefore you may rest assured that the powers of evil will seize you as their own.

No person can come to any true personal assurance while his life is of a double character. But if I know that I have one heart, and that my heart belongs to my Lord, and that I have one way, a way of obedience to Him, then may I be assured that I am His. If I cannot make such progress as I would, yet if I follow my Lord and keep my face steadfastly set toward Jerusalem, then I know where I am, and what I am, and whither I am going. Holiness of life proves our faith, and faith ensures our salvation, and salvation begets joy, and peace, and confidence. "Hereby we know that we love Him if we keep His commandments."

III. Briefly we notice, in the third place, the next covenant blessing,

STEADFASTNESS OF PRINCIPLE.

"That they may fear Me for ever." Get the heart and the way right, and then the spiritual force of the fear of God will abide in us in all days to come. Notice the basis of true religion—it is the fear of God: it is not said that they shall join a church and make a profession, and speak holy words for ever; but that "They may *fear Me* for ever." O brothers and sisters, our religion must have the Lord in the very heart of it. We must be in constant contact with God and possess in our souls the true fear of God; for as this is the beginning of wisdom so is it only the security of perseverance. When God has given us a true spiritual fear of Him it will abide all tests. *Outward religion* depends upon the *excitement* which created it; but the fear of the Lord lives on when all around it is frost-bitten. What happens to many converts? The revivalists have gone, and they have gone too. But if God has given us one heart to love and obey Him, and His fear is in us, we do not depend upon the mental thermometer.

Persecution comes. Christians are ridiculed in the workshop, they are pointed out in the street, and an opprobrious name is hooted at them; now we shall know who are God's elect and who are not. Persecution acts as a winnowing fan, and those who are light as chaff are driven away by its blast; but those who are true corn remain and are purified. Careless of man's esteem, the truly God-fearing man with one heart holds on his one way and fears the Lord for ever.

Then, perhaps, comes a more serious test, the trial of *prosperity*. A man grows rich, he rises into another class of society. If he is not a real Christian he will forsake the Lord, but if he be a true-born heir of the kingdom he will fear the Lord for ever, and consecrate his substance to Him. A heart wholly given to God will stand the wear and tear of life in all conditions, whether in honor or in contempt. *Poverty* is a severe test to many, and I have known numbers of professors forsake the house of God because, as they said, their clothes were not fit to come in; but that is a poor excuse; I fear *their hearts were not fit to come in*. The fear of God will make the godly man swallow his pride and follow Christ in rags; he will bear a famine of bread and a famine of water, but he cannot endure a famine of the Word of God.

With some of you *old age* is creeping on; but I rejoice to know that your grace is not decaying. You are becoming deaf, sight is failing you, and your limbs are trembling; but you can still hear the voice of the Lord, and behold the beauties of His Word, and run in the ways of His statutes. If God has given the young man one heart and one way, he will fear God for ever, and will not forsake the Lord when infirmities multiply upon him. He will bring forth fruit in old age, to show that the Lord is upright. If our soul is wholly Christ's, we can never go back unto perdition: "Who shall separate us from the love of God?" The Lord has cast such cords of love about us that He holds us fast. Oh what a mercy it is to have within us a fear of God, which is not to last for a period of years, but *for ever!*

IV. Very hurriedly I mention the next thing, which is

PERSONAL BLESSEDNESS,

"for the good of men." Where God gives us one heart and one way, and steadfast principle, it must be for our good in the highest sense. Tell me who are the happiest Christians. They will be found to be whole-hearted Christians. When heart and life are divided happiness leaks through the crack. We must be steady in the pursuit of righteousness if we would abide in the enjoyment of peace. Brothers, if you want to know the sweetness of religion you must know the depth of it. The foam upon the top of the sacred cup is often bitter, but at the bottom lies the essence of sweetness.

I will not say, drink deep or drink not at all, but I will say this, that those who are content with superficial godliness have no idea of the delights which dwell in the deep places of communion with God. Plunge into the river of life; let body, soul, and spirit be immersed into its floods, and you shall swim in joy unspeakable. Lose sight of the shores of worldliness and you shall see God's wonders in the deeps. In intense devotion to the Lord you will find the rare jewel satisfaction.

This shall be for your good every way—for your guidance in business, for your direction in devotion, for the good of your mind here, for the good of your spirit hereafter. To be endowed by grace with one heart and one way is to be rendered fit to live and fit to die. I am sure if you read the biographies of men, if they are fairly written, you will find that the good, the true, the great, the noble, were single-minded. Those who have the clearest sight of God are the pure in heart and the undivided in heart; and those who enjoy a heaven below are those whose hearts and lives are engrossed with heavenly things. The blessed life is that of fervent love and thorough consecration. Do these things abound among you, brethren?

I cannot help fearing that there are professing Christians who never knew what it was to give their hearts perfectly to God's work, or to the love of Jesus. When these people come to the hour of trouble they are dispirited and rebellious; would it be so if they were perfectly resigned to God's will? These people are often short of spiritual comforts; would they be short of them if they had made a clean and clear surrender to their God? I believe they would not. Men who will not eat are starved and weak, and many a disease finds soil within them through the weakness of their constitution; but those who feed on Christ, the Bread of Heaven, are nourished and strong, and are preserved from a thousand ills by that fact. O God the Holy Spirit, I cannot talk to Christ's servants as I wish to do, but Thou canst move them now to aspire after a complete giving up of themselves to Thee, for this shall be for their good!

V. The last is

A RELATIVE BLESSING:

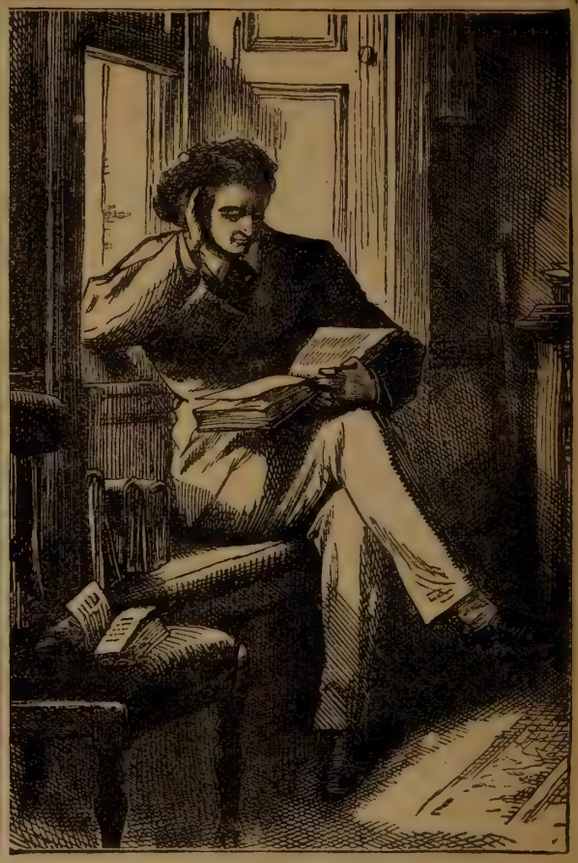
"And for their children after them." Whole-hearted Christians are usually blessed with a posterity of a like kind. Consecrated men and women live to see their children following in their steps. When sons and daughters forsake the ways of godliness do you wonder when you spy out the home life of their parents? If religion is a sham, do you expect frank young men to respect it? If the father was hollow-hearted in his profession, will not the children despise it? The genuine, thoroughbred Christian is often hated, but he is never the object of contempt. Men may ridicule him, and say that he is a fool, but they cannot help admitting that he is happy, and the wiser sort among them wish that they were such fools themselves. Be thorough and true, and your family will respect your faith.

The almost inevitable consequence of respect in a child toward his parent is a desire to imitate him. It is not always so, but as a rule it is so: if the parents live unto God in a thorough-hearted way, their sons and daughters aspire to the same thing. They see the beauty of religion at home around the fireside, and their conscience being quickened they are led to pray to God that they may have the like piety, so that when they themselves commence a household they may enjoy the like happiness. Certainly if any of you are the children of eminently godly parents, and are living in sin, your parents' lives condemn you. Are they in heaven? Dare you go to their grave, and sit upon the grassy hillock, and think of how you are living? It will force tears to your eyes to contrast yourself with them. You way well tremble to think that you neglect your mother's Saviour, that you forget your father's God. It will go hard with those who leap into hell fire, over a father's prayers and a mother's entreaties; yet some seem desperately resolved on such suicide. I hope these are comparatively few, and that still it is true, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Blessings temporal and spiritual come upon households where the heads of the family are completely consecrated to God. Try it! try it! I will be bound that you will find it profitable. If at the last great day you shall find that consecration to Christ is an error, I will be willing to bear the blame for ever. I am not afraid that any one among you will ever censure me for having excited you into a zeal too fervent, or a life too devoted. Brothers, I am afraid of those of you who go *ankle deep into religion* and never venture further; I am afraid lest you should by-and-by return to the shore; but as for you who plunge into the centre of the stream, and find waters to swim in, I have no fears; you shall be borne onward by a current ever increasing in strength, till in the ocean of eternal love you lose yourselves in heaven above. I can wish you no greater blessing than that the Holy Spirit may make you whole-hearted, consistent, persistent, ardent, established, and persevering in the things of God. On you and on your household my heart pronounces this benediction—the Lord give you one heart and one way that you may fear Him for ever. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Psalm 84.]

Marion Wilson's Hymn.



Harold Grey's Study.

MARION WILSON'S HYMN.

DR. MAYNE was a medical man of high reputation and large practice. He had, during his University days, imbibed infidel opinions, and had become a materialist. He scouted the notion of an immortal soul and a personal God. As to the Bible, he marvelled how any decently educated man could bring himself to believe such a pack of worn-out fables as he described it to be. He was, however, too much of a gentleman to obtrude his ideas where he knew they would be unwelcome, and usually passed over any reference to religion on the part of his patients with a smile half benevolent and half contemptuous. But his opinions were well known among his associates and the young men who studied under his care. Among the latter was a young man named Morris, the son of pious parents, who was, fast becoming under Dr. Mayne's leading a sceptic and a scoffer.

One of the doctor's patients was Mrs. Wilson, an old lady, who for many years had been unable to leave her room, but whose mental faculties, even at the advanced age of eighty-six, were clear and strong as ever. Her grand-daughter Marion, who lived with her, had all her quickness of perception and vigor of intellect, besides a certain power of expression which was entirely her own.

She had had many a talk with young Morris, whom Dr. Mayne had introduced to them, about his scepticism, and on one occasion had pointedly asked him if he did not consider that a case like her grandmother's ought to shake his confidence in his arguments. "If, as you say, spiritual and mental activity is always determined by physical conditions, how comes it to pass that when weakness and suffering are greatest my grandmamma's mind is most active, and that my sister whom you visited in her last illness seemed stronger and clearer in faculty as she passed away than we had ever known her before."

"The truth is," replied the young man, "we require to restate our definition of matter." "That is certain," said Marian; "if you so define matter as to make it capable of producing, by molecular combination, the intellect of Newton, the sublimity of Milton, the piety of saints, and the heroism of martyrs, then all I can say is that your wonderful definition will be equal to *some* of the exigencies of its inventors."

So saying she turned to the instrument which was her daily comfort and delight, and said, "Now, sir, tell me if you ever knew any one made as happy by infidel philosophy as this makes us," and she sang, with great sweetness and expressiveness, the noble hymn,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly—"

accompanying herself with some considerable skill, so that it seemed as if the very instrument were inspired with the same deep joy that lit up her countenance and thrilled in every tone of her voice. Repeating her question at the close of the hymn, she said, "Now tell me, have you ever known any approach to the joy which that hymn expresses, produced by any of the theories with which you are so charmed?"

Young Morris, whose intellect was not of the strongest, was silenced by this direct question. His scepticism was only second-hand, the result of Dr. Mayne's teaching, and the scientific theories about which he discoursed glibly he did not thoroughly understand. Moreover the hymn had called up memories which were more potent with him than theories. They were memories of his pious mother, whose voice he had listened to many a time as she sang that same hymn at evening prayer. He might have referred to his teacher or to books for arguments to meet arguments, but to that hymn he could find no defence.

He left the house with strange emotions. He seemed to himself a child again at his mother's knee, and trembled to think where he had drifted. Dr. Mayne afterwards had in him an attentive listener on matters pertaining to his profession, but on questions of religion the young man preferred listening to other teachers, and not the least influential of these was the music he might always hear at the Wilson home.

HAROLD GREY'S STUDY.

"I FIND life a terrible bore," said Harold Grey, as he and a college friend a few years older than himself strolled together one summer morning. "There seems nothing new in it; it reminds me of a labyrinth I explored last summer. There must have been a hundred paths in it pleasant enough to saunter on, but *they led nowhere*. I was told there was a beautiful arbor somewhere in the ground, with fountains playing—a most delightful, secluded retreat where one might rest and fancy oneself in Paradise, but I could not find it. I tried many roads, but they seemed to turn into each other, and I always arrived at the place I started from. I fancied often I heard the plash of the fountains, and I started on the direction where the sound seemed to be, but I never saw them, for the path always curved off and I was as far away as ever, and when I gave up the search in disgust I found it pretty hard to find my way out. I tell you, Reginald, my life seems just like that. There seems no good in it. It leads nowhere."

"Ah, you see you had not the clue to the labyrinth," said his companion. "If you had have possessed that, you might have found your paradise. It will be a bad thing, Harold, if you do not obtain the clue to your life."

"Yes, I suppose, then, I should die of weariness, but the question I ask myself about that is, first, is there a paradise in life, and then, if there is, where can I get the clue?"

"Very pertinent questions to ask yourself," said Reginald. "What replies do you get from the oracle?"

"At first they were misleading," said Harold, "latterly they have been as enigmatical as oracles have the reputation of giving."

"Have you asked our old college friends, the philosophers?"

"Yes, Aristotle, and Plato, and Bacon; but somehow the light they give is a sort of will-o'-the-wisp, very unsatisfactory in its results."

"You know what I did three years ago, Harold," said Reginald, "for, as you remember, I wrote to tell you of it, and you replied you were sorry I had fallen into a delusion. But since I became a Christian my experience has not been so unsatisfactory as yours appears to have been. Excuse me if, in spite of your injunction not to talk cant, I suggest that having tried other guides unsuccessfully you should follow mine."

"I do not like the road, nor the people who travel on it, and I do not see that the goal is exactly the kind I aspire to," said Harold. "To be

dressed in a white robe and to be always playing on a harp and singing praises to God is not my idea of happiness."

"No, I am aware of that. I do not promise that you will find what you are seeking for. But I do promise that you will find something that will satisfy you, and that is more than you have yet been able to find, according to your own account. Let me urge you to make a trial. There is a book which you may read through in one evening, written by a man with whom you must be in sympathy, for his experience was very much like yours, but he persevered until he did find satisfaction. Will you read his narrative?"

"Gladly," said Harold.

"His name was Coheleth, and he wrote the book that is included in the Bible under the title of Ecclesiastes. Read that carefully. Do not worry yourself as you read it about the difficulties over which you stumbled years ago, as to the science of the Book of Genesis, Joshua commanding the sun to stand still, and the mystery of the Trinity. But read the book alone and see what will come of it."

The young men separated, and Harold Grey entered his own room. He found a long-neglected copy of the Bible, and sitting down in his favorite seat in a windowed recess, he commenced the study of that wonderful book. His friend had shown much wisdom in advising him. "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," was a burden that was so in harmony with his own sentiments that his attention was chained from the outset. Chapter after chapter he read with deep interest until he reached the conclusion, and learned how the weary, jaded seeker after the supreme good of life found it where he had least expected. Not only the supreme good of this life did he discover, but he was able to contemplate the utter wreck of manhood, with its darkened windows and its broken bowl, and trembling hands with equanimity, because he had faith in a future beyond the grave.

That evening's study by his open window was the beginning of a new life for Harold Grey. The clue had been placed in his hands. He was learning the alphabet of faith. Step by step from that point by the teaching of the Holy Spirit he was led to Jesus, the Light of the world, and in a life of Christian usefulness he found the peace which the world cannot give nor take away.

The Obstinate Captain.

THE OBSTINATE CAPTAIN.

OUR illustration represents a scene that took place recently on the British coast when the French ship *Panthieu* went ashore near Penzance. The wreck was seen from the shore, and a crowd of brave men soon gathered to attempt the rescue of those on board. The sea was running so high that no boat could reach the vessel, but by means of the Marazion rocket apparatus a line was thrown across her deck. This the crew did not haul in, but made fast to the vessel. No lives were saved by it, but after a time the sea calmed, and then the Penzance lifeboat was got out; but on her nearing the ship, the crew, although in imminent peril, took no notice, the captain apparently forbidding them to leave, or even throw a line to the lifeboat. Meanwhile the vessel struck the rocks with every wave and it was seen that it must soon break up. In vain the lifeboat's crew entreated; they were warned off, and had to leave; but seeing the loss of life that must ensue, the coxswain determined to return, and this time was so far successful that five of the crew jumped off and were picked up.

The captain still remained obstinate, and at length a coast guardsman, named Gould, volunteered for the perilous duty of going out to the wreck along the rocket-line, taking with him a letter from the French Consul, urging the captain to leave. In the presence of hundreds of intensely excited spectators, Gould steadily made his way, being often under the water for several seconds, and imminently in danger of being washed off. The captain was watching him from the bridge, but, when under the bows, would lend no aid, and, the furious sea breaking over him, *Gould was washed away*, and it was feared he must perish. Happily, however, he regained the rope, and climbed with the aid of the line up the ship's side. Still the captain shook his head, and by gestures intimated his resolve to go down with the ship.

Gould then took his perilous way back to the shore, having risked his life for nothing. He fought his way through the seething waters which every moment threatened to engulf him, but at last, more dead than alive, he was dragged ashore by his comrades who ventured out to meet him. Then those on shore raised a shout of joy that the brave man's life was safe, even though he had failed in his purpose.

Attention was then directed, again to the ship, having for some time been diverted to Gould's heroic effort, and it was seen that the vessel was fast breaking up, the masts fell over the side, the stern, on which the captain was standing, was broken off, and it was supposed he had sunk, but presently he was seen among the wreckage, and mounted to the foreyard, the sail of which somewhat sheltered him.

The Coastguard fired two more rockets, and, one line falling close to the captain, he seized it, but even then seemed irresolute whether to save himself or perish with the ship. After a quarter of an hour, however, the love of life constrained him to fasten the rope around him, and he was dragged ashore. Within an hour nothing was to be seen of the vessel but a few floating spars. Then the captain recognized how narrow had been his escape from a watery grave, and in broken words thanked those who had tried to save him in spite of himself.

He was a type of many whom the servants of Christ are endeavoring to rescue from eternal death, but who resist all pleading until death stretches forth its hand to seize them. Unhappily, then, for many it is too late, and they perish as they have lived.

Every day some event speaks to men in trumpet tones of the uncertainty of life. Old and young pass away into eternity from our side, and we know that in any case a few years will terminate our existence here. But an eternity of happiness has been purchased for us by the death of Jesus, yet how many reject the blood-bought gift and cleave like the obstinate captain to the wrecked vessel of the world.

Singing on a Sinking Ship.—When the Teuton went down on August 30th, with more than two hundred lives, in South African waters, a small number only survived the disaster to tell the story. Among them is Mr. John Cooper, an emigrant, who in a letter to the superintendent of a Sunday-school in England, speaks most pathetically of the loss of his wife and five children. He had obeyed the call to assist at the pumps, and when he got back to where his family were standing, they gathered around him, and "my daughter Alice," he says, "commenced singing the hymn '*Abide with me*,' in which we all joined, and endeavored to cheer one another. All at once the ship gave a sudden plunge, bow first, and carried us all down under water. We all went down together, my wife and children in my embrace, just as we were standing; but we were soon separated by the force of the waves, and I saw them no more. Giving myself up at last I took in as much water as I could, so as *to die as quickly as possible*; but I distinctly remember lifting my hands in the attitude of prayer, and saying, 'Father, Thy will be done.' I rose to the surface, and caught hold of some of the wreckage, from which I was afterward taken by a boat, and after twelve hours' sailing, I arrived at Simon's Bay alive, but all alone, deprived of those most dear to me." I can testify to the worth of religion in the hour of danger and in the face of death, and I am sure that by and by I shall join my dear wife and children, when life's voyage is over, in Heaven.

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(*Continued from page 687.*)

An Interrupted Day-dream.

ROLAND SEFTON'S wife stood by the window, a half-smile playing about her lips; but her whole attention so absorbed by the spectacle beneath her that she did not see or hear Phebe until she was standing beside her, looking down also on the excited crowd.

"Phebe!" she exclaimed, "you here again? Then can you tell me, are the good people of Riversborough gone mad? or is it possible there is an election going on, of which I have heard nothing? Nothing less than an election could rouse them to such a pitch of excitement."

"Have you heard nothing of what they say?" asked Phebe.

"There is such a Babel," she answered; "of course I hear my husband's name. It would be just like him if he got himself elected member for Riversborough without telling me anything about it till it was over. He loves surprises; and I—why, I hate to be surprised."

"But he is gone!" said Phebe.

"Yes, he told me he was going to London," she went on; "but if it is no election scene, what is it, Phebe? Why are all the people gathered here in such excitement?"

"Shall I tell you plainly?" asked Phebe, looking steadily into Felicita's dark, inscrutable eyes.

"Tell me the simple truth," she replied, somewhat haughtily; "if any human being can tell it."

"Then the bank has stopped payment," answered Phebe. "Poor Mr. Acton has been found dead in bed this morning; and Mr. Sefton is gone away, nobody knows where. It is the May fair to-day, and all the people are coming in from the country. There's been a run on the bank, till they are forced to stop payment. That is what brings the crowd here."

Felicita dropped the curtain which she had been holding back with her hand, and stepped back a pace or two from the window. But her face scarcely changed; she listened calmly and collectedly, as if Phebe was speaking of some persons she hardly knew.

"My husband will come back immediately," she said. "Is not Mr. Clifford there?"

"Yes," said Phebe.

"Are you telling me all?" asked Felicita.

"No," she answered; "Mr. Clifford says he has been robbed. Securities worth nearly ten thousand pounds are missing. He must have found it out already."

"Whom does he suspect?" she asked again imperiously; "he does not dare suspect my husband?"

Phebe replied only by a mute gesture. She had never had any secret to conceal before, and she did not see that she had betrayed herself by the words she had uttered. The deep gloom on her bright young face struck Felicita for the first time.

"Do you think it was Roland?" she asked.

Again the same dumb, hopeless gesture answered the question. Phebe could not bring her lips to shape a word of accusation against him. It was agony to her to feel her idol disgraced and cast down from its high pedestal; yet she had not learned any way of concealing or misrepresenting the truth.

"You know he did it," said Felicita.

"Yes, I know it," she whispered.

For a minute or two Felicita stood, with her white hands resting on Phebe's shoulders, gazing into her mournful face with keen, questioning eyes. Then, with a rapid flush of crimson, betraying a strong and painful heart-throb, which suffused her face for an instant and left it paler than before, she pressed her lips on the girl's sunburnt forehead.

"Tell nobody else," she murmured; "keep the secret for his sake and mine."

Before Phebe could reply she turned away, and, with a steady, unfaltering step, went back to her study and locked herself in.

Felicita's study was so quiet a room, quite remote from the street, that it was almost a wonder the noise of the crowd had reached her. But this morning there had been a pleasanter tumult of excitement in her own brain, which had prevented her from falling into an absorbed reverie, such as she usually indulged in, and rendered her peculiarly susceptible to outward influences. All her senses had been awake to-day.

On her desk lay the two volumes of a new book, handsomely got up, with pages yet uncut as it had come from the publishers. A dozen times she had looked at the title-page, as if unable to convince herself of the reality, and read her own name—Felicita Riversdale Sefton. It was the first time *her name as an author* had been published, though for the last three years she had from time to time written anonymously for magazines. This was her own book; thought out, written, revised, and completed in her chosen solitude and secrecy. No one knew of it; possibly Roland suspected something, but he had not ventured to make any inquiries, and she had no reason to believe that he even suspected its existence. It was simply altogether her own, no other mind had any part or share in it.

There was something like rapture in her delight. The book was a good book, she was sure of it. She had not succeeded in making it as perfect as her ideal, but she had not signally failed. It did in a fair degree represent her inmost thoughts and fancies. Yet she could not feel quite sure that the two volumes were real; and the letter from the publisher, a friendly and pleasant letter enough, seemed necessary to vouch for them. She read and re-read it. The little room seemed too small and close for her. She opened the window to let in the white daylight, undisguised by the faint green tint of the glass, and she leaned out to breathe the fresh sweet air of the spring morning. Life was very pleasurable to her to-day.

There were golden gleams too upon the future. She would no longer be the unknown wife of a country banker, moving in a narrow sphere, which was altogether painful to her in its provincial philistinism. It was a sphere to which she had descended in girlish ignorance. Her uncle, Lord Riversdale, had been willing to let his portionless niece marry this prosperous young banker, who was madly in love with her, and a little gentle pressure had been brought to bear on the girl of eighteen, who had been placed by her father's death in a position of dependence. Since then a smouldering fire of ambition and of dissatisfaction with her lot had been lurking unsuspected under her cold and self-absorbed manner.

But her thoughts turned with more tenderness than usual toward her husband. She had aroused in him also a restless spirit of ambition, though in him it was for her sake, not his own. He wished to restore her if possible to the position she had sacrificed for him; and Felicita knew it. Her heart beating faster with her success was softened toward him; and tears suffused her dark eyes for an instant as she thought of his astonishment and exultation.

The children were at play in the garden below her, and their merry voices greeted her ear pleasantly. The one human being who really dwelt in her inmost heart was her boy Felix, her first-born child. Hilda was an unnecessary supplement to the page of her maternal love. But for Felix she dreamed day-dreams of extravagant aspiration; no lot on earth seemed too high or too good for him. He was a handsome boy, the very image of her father, the late Lord Riversdale, and now as she gazed down on him, her eyes slightly dewed with tears, he looked up to her window. She kissed her hand to him, and the boy waved his little cap toward her with almost passionate gesticulations of delight. Felix would be a great man some day; this book of hers was a stone in the foundation of his fame as well as of her own.

It was upon this mood of exultation, a rare mood for Felicita, that the cry and roar from the street had broken. With a half-smile at herself, the thought flashed across her mind that it was like a shout of applause and admiration; such as might greet Felix some day when he had proved himself a leader of men. But it aroused her dormant curiosity, and she had condescended to be drawn by it to the window of the drawing-room overlooking Whitefriars Road, in order to ascertain its cause.

The crowd filling the street was deeply in earnest, and the aim of those who were fighting their way through it was plainly the bank offices in the floor below her. The sole idea that occurred to her, for she was utterly ignorant of her husband's business, was that some unexpected crisis in the borough had arisen, and its people were coming to Roland Sefton as their leading townsman. When Phebe found her she was quietly studying the crowd and its various features, that she might describe a throng from memory, whenever a need should arise for it.

Felicita regained her luxurious little study, and sat down before her desk, on which the new volumes lay, with more outward calm than her face and movements had manifested before she left it. The transient glow of triumph had died away from her face, and the happy tears from her eyes. She closed the casement to shut out the bright, clear sunlight, and the merry voices of her children, before she sat down to think.

For a little while she had been burning incense to herself; but the treacherous fire was gone out, and the sweet, bewildering, intoxicating vapors were scattered to the winds. The recollection of her short-lived folly made her shiver as if a cold breath had passed over her.

Not for a moment did she doubt Roland's guilt. There was such a certainty of it lying behind Phebe's sorrowful eyes as she whispered "I know it," that Felicita had not cared to ask how she knew it. She did not trouble herself with details. The one fact was there: her husband had absconded. A dreamy panorama of their past life flitted across her brain—his passionate love for her, which had never cooled, though it had failed to meet with a response from her; his insatiable desire to make her life more full of pomp and luxury and display, than that of her cousins at Riversdale; his constant thraldom to her, which had ministered only to her pride and coldness. His queen he had called her. It was all over now. His extraordinary absence was against any hope that he could clear himself. Her husband had brought fatal and indelible disgrace upon his name, the name he had given to her, and their children.

Her name! This morning, and for many days to come, it would be advertised as the author of the new book, which was to have been one of her stepping-stones to fame. She had grasped at fame, and her hand had closed upon infamy. There was no fear now that she would remain among the crowd of the unknown. As the wife of a fraudulent banker she would be only too well and too widely talked of.

Why had she let her own full name be published? She had yielded, though with some reluctance, to the business-like policy of her publisher, who had sought to catch the public eye by it; for her father, Lord Riversdale was hardly yet forgotten as an author. A vague sentiment of loyalty to her husband had caused her to add her married name. She hated to see the two blazoned together on the title-page.

Sick at heart, she sat for hours, brooding over what would happen if Roland was arrested. The assizes held twice a year at Riversborough had been to her, as to many people of her position, an occasion of pleasurable excitement. The judges' lodgings were in the next house to the Old Bank, and for the few days the judges were Roland Sefton's neighbors there had been a friendly interchange of civilities. An assize ball was still held, though it was falling into some neglect and disrepute. Whenever any cause of special local interest took place she had commanded the best seat in the court, and had obsequious attention paid to her. She had learned well the aspect of the place, and the mode of procedure. But hitherto her recollections of a court of justice were all agreeable; and her impressions those of a superior being looking down from above on the miseries and crimes of another race.

How different was the vision that branded itself on her brain this morning! She saw her hus-

band standing at the dock instead of some coarse, ignorant, brutish criminal; the stern gravity of the judge; the flippant curiosity of the barristers not connected with the case; and the cruel eagerness of his fellow-townsmen to get good places to hear and see him. It would make a holiday for all who could get within the walls.

She could have written almost word for word the report of the trial as it would appear in the two papers published in Riversborough. She could foretell how lavish would be the use of the words "felon" and "convict;" and she would be that felon and convict's wife.

Oh, this intolerable burden of disgrace! To be borne through the long, long years of life; and not by herself alone, but by her children. They had come into a miserable heritage. What became of the families of notorious criminals? She could believe that the poor did not suffer from so cruel a notoriety, being quickly lost in the oblivious waters of poverty and distress, amid refuges and workhouses. But what would become of her? She must go away into endless exile, with her two little children, and live where there was no chance of being recognized. This was what her husband's sin had done for her.

"God help me! God deliver me!" she moaned with white lips. But she did not pray for him. In the first moments of anguish the spirit flies to that which lies at the very core. While Roland's mother and Phebe were weeping together and praying for him, Felicita was crying for help and deliverance for herself.

(To be continued.)

THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 13. Lev. 23: 33-44. Golden Text Ps. 10, 3: 2. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE feast of tabernacles, unlike the Passover and the feast of Pentecost, *has never yet realized its antitype.* "Christ our Passover" (1 Cor. 5: 7) is known to every believer; "Christ the firstfruits" (1 Cor. 15: 23), the first instalment of the resurrection, the pledge of those "firstfruits unto God and to the Lamb" which have attained unto the resurrection of the dead (Rev. 14: 4; Phil. 3: 11; Luke 20: 35), is declared unto us, and we know Him as such in the present dispensation. But the feast of tabernacles, called also "the feast of ingathering" (Ex. 23: 16; 34: 22) points on to millennial glory, when that prophecy shall be realized, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away" (Rev. 21: 3, 4).

The Lord ordained that the Passover should be kept in the first month, because deliverance from the condemnation and power of sin is the beginning of all things to the true Israelite; the Pentecost was dependent on the growth of the fruits of the earth. Christ is only the Firstfruits in our souls when the winter death of our self life has yielded to the resurrection power of a new life, His life within us; then spring succeeds winter, life comes out of death, and Christ can also present *us* as firstfruits "faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy" (Jude 24). But the feast of tabernacles was to be kept in the seventh month. Seven is the perfect number, the fulness of the time must elapse, the fruits of the earth must have reached perfection, and therefore we gather that the millennium, the world's expected Sabbath, the ingathering of the great harvest, the outcome of the foregoing six thousand years, is the antitype of the feast of tabernacles, preceded by the beginning of the Jewish civil year, and indicates a new era in our experience.

In the book of Zechariah, immediately following upon the terrible description of the final struggle at Jerusalem, "the battle of that great day of God Almighty" (Rev. 16: 12) the prophet goes on to say that "every one that is left of all the nations which came against Jerusalem shall even go up from year to year to worship the King, the Lord of hosts, and to keep the feast of tabernacles," and he declares that those who come not up shall have no rain. The Lord will have gathered in His harvest, and He would lead all His people to rejoice with Him: and it shall be holy joy, nothing shall then be secular. It is now our privilege that whether we eat or drink or whatsoever we do, to do all to the glory of God (1 Cor. 10: 31); but then this privilege will become a common practice. "In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses [the smallest things] HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD: and the pots in the Lord's house shall be like the bowls before the altar. Yea, every pot in Jerusalem and in Judah [the commonest things] shall be holiness unto the Lord of hosts, and all they that sacrifice shall come and take of them and settle therein" (Zec. 14: 16-21).

It is most significantly added, "And in that day there shall be no more the Canaanite in the house of the Lord of hosts." Canaan signifies "a merchant or a trader," the Lord Jesus drove out the buyers and the sellers from the temple, and said, "Make not My Father's house an house of merchandize" (John 2: 16). Then men will no more serve God for what they can get; so much service for so much joy or peace, or power; the Canaanite will no more enter into the house of the Lord, and they shall offer unto the Lord a pure offering. In our day the spirt of Canaan is sadly prevalent, the cry of many a praying heart is in the spirit of barter, forgetting that God is a King who can give but cannot sell.

Before the feast of tabernacles could be celebrated, the day of atonement must take place. On the first day of the month there was to be a solemn blowing of trumpets and the day was to be set apart as a holy day; no work was to be done (Lev. 23: 24). On the tenth day was the day of atonement which we considered in last Sunday's lesson. On this day again, no work was to be done; it was a fast day for the confession and purification of sin. Five days later, *i.e.*, on the fifteenth day, "shall be the feast of tabernacles for seven days unto the Lord. On the first day shall be an holy convocation; ye shall do no *servile* work therein." No work may precede atonement, God's work must stand alone, no man can have a part therein. But when we stand before Him as those whose sins have been laid on Jesus, borne away by Him who was the divine scapegoat, we as "workers together with Him" may serve our God, only servile work is forbidden. "Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty" (Gal. 5: 13), the law under which we are called to be is "the perfect law of liberty" (James 1: 25); it is the freedom of a willing service, a privilege, not an obligation, not of constraint.

There is a wonderful rest about this feast of tabernacles; the fruit of the land was all gathered in, there was no pressure of needful work in the field to distract the worshippers, the sin of the people was borne away by the scapegoat, consciences were set at rest, and the people could offer unto the Lord free and unhindered worship. But they must be pilgrims and strangers upon earth. They were commanded to take boughs of the trees, of goodly trees, palm trees, thick trees, and willows of the brook," and ye shall rejoice before the Lord your God seven days. . . . Ye shall dwell in booths seven days: all that are Israelites born shall dwell in booths; that your generation may know that I made the children of Israel to dwell in booths when I brought them out of the land of Egypt." Blessed be God "here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come" (Heb. 13: 14), and the nearer we get to Him the more we prize simplicity in our lives, and the privilege of sitting loose to the slavery of worldly conformity; that which the world expects of us, says of us, thinks of us, becomes more and more unimportant, the booth life, the tent life, transient, easily changed, with few requirements, becomes more and more the type of our own.

There was a singularity about the offerings made to God during the days of this feast. The principal was the burnt offering which was to diminish daily by one young bullock until the seventh day, when seven bullocks were to be offered. As seven is the perfect number, it would seem to signify that nothing less that our All is worthy of this feast of the Lord. Anything above our All, *i.e.*, anything which may have been left out when we gave our All, but nothing under. Thirteen bullocks were to be offered the first day, twelve the second, and so forth. But fourteen lambs each day, *i.e.*, twice seven, the perfected number repeated. Each of these offerings must be accompanied with its meat offering, and drink offering, the former always mingled with oil, and the strong wine of the latter (Num. 28: 7), to be poured unto the Lord." The sin offering in the feast of tabernacles was always one kid of goats with his meat offering and his drink offering. All this is preciously significant (Num. 29: 12-34). When all is clear between our souls and God, although we cannot say we have no sin, and we cannot be independent of Christ as the sin-offering, yet our intercourse with Him is not so much to obtain pardon as to remain in the attitude of continually offering up ourselves to Him, or rather remaining offered up, living sacrifices, always upon the altar; free from sin, free from self, free from the world, to serve Him.

The children of Israel were *commanded to appear three times in the year before God*, and this command is twice spoken (Ex. 23: 17; 34: 23), "Thou shalt keep the feast of unleavened bread. . . . And the feast of harvest; the first fruits of thy labors, which thou hast sown in the field: and the feast of ingathering, which is in the end of the year (*i.e.*, agricultural year) when thou hast gathered in thy labors out of the field" (ver. 15, 16). The soul, which has been preserved from the destroying angel by the blood of the Passover Lamb, who has ventured to place the blood outside the door where friend and foe, man, angel, and devil could see it, which has eaten the flesh of the Lamb, and imbibed His nature—such a soul alone is in a position to appear a second time before God; not now to be saved, for he is that already, not to plead for mercy, for he stands ever before the mercy seat in the very presence of his God; no, he comes to offer, to present the firstfruits, the first and best of what he has to give, in token that all belongs to Him to whom he offers.

And in measure as we live in the spirit of these two first feasts will the feast of tabernacles become to us a blessed reality. Just as they who had houses yet dwelt in booths and they who were accepted still offered sacrifice, so will our hearts become unlimited in devotion, and the words of our golden text will be a ceaseless song, Bless the Lord, O, my soul, and forget not all His benefits. *Dwelling in God*, in His thoughts, in the atmosphere where He dwells, in His ever-realized presence, will become our life more and more, and He dwelling in us, finding nothing in us to grieve or repulse Him. And this little foretaste in time will prepare us for that greater feast of tabernacles in the heavenly Jerusalem. Some among us may perhaps live through the time of trouble which seems to be approaching us with rapid steps, and may yet see the predicted celebration of the feast of tabernacles with which will be yearly held at Jerusalem in the coming millennium. In any case, Lord teach us more the true spirit of pilgrims and strangers, and lead us to live here as knowing that earth is not our rest.

A Noble Greek Christian was One of a Band of men who during the disturbances in the Turkish provinces fell into the hands of the Mohammedans. As they were one by one led out to execution, the question was put to each, "Ghiaour (infidel), wilt thou save thy soul by following God and the prophet?" The answer from each was, "No, Effendim;" and the executioner did his work. But there was one young man so noble and so handsome that they paused, then reluctantly put the question; and he answered, "No." "Go back, Ghiaour," they said, "and think over your refusal for an hour." He did so; and, when again brought forth, he again gave the same answer. Still loth to take so fine a life they offered him a third and last chance for repentance: "What now, young Ghiaour," they said, when he was again brought before them; "wilt thou accept the terms, and live?" "By God's help *never*," he replied; and met a martyr's death.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The New Irish Land Court is Already Overwhelmed with business. In spite of the prohibition the League issued against applications being made to the court, *thirty thousand applications* have been received for arbitration. From County Mayo alone, where the League was most powerful, over a thousand applications have come. It is evident therefore that the suppression of the League has given courage to many farmers who were supposed to be its enthusiastic supporters to set it at defiance. This fact shows that the government in abandoning Ireland for so long a time to the rule of the League, were extremely culpable and that had they interfered earlier for the protection of the people the country might have been spared many of the results of the tyranny of the League.

Father Sheehy, and Mr. Healy, Mr. Parnell's secretary, sailed on Saturday for this country, where they propose lecturing, and it may be supposed making an appeal for funds. It would be well if they brought with them a statement of the purposes to which the large sums already contributed have been applied. It will also be well that our citizens consider, before contributing, how far their money is likely to *benefit the Irish people.* The League orders that no rent shall be paid, that is recommends people to break their bargains, which is dishonest. Its policy is separation from England, which is unreasonable, because that country could not afford to have a hostile government at its own doors. The objects and mode of operation are alike unworthy of support.' Irish orators may gloss over both, but the plain facts are that the League is working for a dishonest purpose, which it endeavors to achieve by cowardly assassination, by incendiarism, by intimidation, and by gross cruelty to animals. American citizens cannot in honor indorse such an organization.

The Results of the German Elections have not yet been fully reported, but enough is known to make it evident that Prince Bismarck has suffered a decisive defeat. In Germany the politicians are not divided, as in other countries, into two great parties, but there are some six or seven minor factions, no one of which has a majority in the Reichstag. Prince Bismarck has hitherto contrived with some adroitness to combine these parties so as to secure the realization of his projects. But latterly the supporters of the Chancellor, who have been called the Conservatives, have been opposed by other parties, who have formed an anti-Bismarck alliance and have been called Progressists. In all parts of Germany, and especially in Berlin, the Conservatives have been defeated. Bismarck's son was defeated by a majority of over 5000. The Jew baiting chaplain, Herr Stocker, is also deprived of his seat. The result is regarded as a triumph for popular government, as the only bond of sympathy between the various factions that make up the Progressist party is opposition to the dictatorship of the Chancellor.

Anxiety as to the Proceedings of the French Legislature, which met on Friday for the first time since the elections, is felt throughout Europe. The Chambers are now really Republican ; Legitimists, Orleanists, and Bonapartists being an insignificant minority. The campaign in Africa will be the question on which the test will come. Should the deputies express approval of the seizure of Tunis and the warlike policy of the government a general feeling of uneasiness will be produced. It will be evident in that case that the policy of the Republic will be a disturbing element in European affairs, and the meeting of the Emperors of Russia, Germany, Austria and Italy will acquire a significance of an ominous character.

Three British Statesmen have Given During the past week distinct warnings to Ireland that the present repressive policy will be continued so long as there is occasion for it. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Chamberlain, and Sir William Harcourt, have all spoken publicly in the same tenor. Sir William Harcourt, speaking at Glasgow on October 26th, said that both the late and the present governments were reluctant to proceed at an early stage against the Land League because it was not desirable to suppress what pretended to be a constitutional agitation, especially if connected with a real grievance, but when such an agitation avowed illegal ends no government would fail to be supported in any and all measures it might take for the safety of society. The task, he said, was difficult and painful, but the government, having set its hands to the plough, they might rely upon its not turning back.

The Boer Legislature has Ratified the Convention with Great Britain. The announcement causes general relief, for it would have been a matter for regret if the war had been renewed. That there was danger of this result was evident from the fact that the withdrawal of the British troops was suspended and the forces remaining in the country were being concentrated for effective operation. The motion recording its acceptance of the Convention declared, that the Volksraad, relied upon the promise of the British to modify the terms of the settlement if in its working it should be found impracticable, and on that condition alone agreed to ratify the Convention. It is understood that the Convention has been signed more with a view to give it a trial than in reliance upon it as a finality.

The Visit of the King and Queen of Italy to the Austrian capital has been celebrated with the utmost magnificence. The streets and public buildings were decorated, grand banquets given, and reviews of troops held in honor of the regal visitors. It is long since so much enthusiasm has been witnessed in Vienna, and it is the more remarkable because so few years have passed since the two nations were at war.

The Great Landslide in Switzerland. — A touching account is given in the *Journal of Geneva* of some religious services in connection with the recent destruction of the village of Elm, in Switzerland, which was overwhelmed by the falling rocks from the mountain overhead, and over two hundred perished. Seated on a bank were the poor widows and other bereaved women. The village pastor was succeeded by another from a distance, in the course of whose touching though brief address " the thunders of the mountain broke out afresh, and were resounded from afar, clouds of dust rising along the passage of the tumbling rocks to the plain, and ascending toward heaven like the smoke of altars from above a gigantic tomb."

Infidelity in Germany.—A Traveller to Leipzig says, that the present religious state of that city, is very low, although the city is so great in population, so cultured, and in all respects so important. " There are only *seven* churches in the place, and all of these are but poorly attended. Allowing even for their being all filled, there is evidently not provision for more than a very few thousands of a church-going population. I think I am correct in stating that there is no such thing as a Sunday-school in connection with any of the city churches. The great mass of the people are apparently *sunk in secularism*, are indifferent to religious matters, and look upon a man who is pious as a strange and amusing phenomenon. There are, indeed, private efforts in the direction of Christian work, but such workers are a very small band." This shows how in Protestant Germany, as well as Popish countries, the way is being prepared for the Latter-Day infidel apostacy, when the nations will worship an anti-Christian monarch, and receive his mark in their foreheads and hands, as foretold in Rev. 13.

A Millionaire Posing as a Beggar.—An English journal relates the following amusing incident of Baron James de Rothschild, the famous banker. It appears that one day at dinner he perceived that the artist Delacroix, who was his guest, was looking at him in a peculiarly searching manner. The Baron asked the reason, and Delacroix responded that, having for some time been vainly searching for a head such as he would like to copy for a prominent beggar in his new picture, he was suddenly struck with the idea that his host would make a splendid model. The Baron, who was fond of art, consented to sit, and next morning appeared in the studio of the painter, who *dressed him in rags*, placed a tall staff in his hand, and put him into a mendicant's posture. In this attitude he was discovered by a young pupil of the painter's, who congratulated his master at having at last found exactly what he wanted. Not for a moment doubting that the model had just been begging at the porch of some church, the young man slipped a twenty-franc piece into the model's hand. Rothschild kept the money, thanking the giver by a look, and the young man went his way. He was, as the banker soon found out from Delacroix, without fortune, and obliged to give lessons in order to eke out his living. Some time later the youth received a letter saying that the twenty francs, which he, prompted by a generous impulse, had given to a man in appearance a beggar, was lying at his disposal with interest in Rothschild's office. The young painter called there and received the amount of 10,000 francs ($2000).

Mr. Francis Murphy's Campaign in the Cause of Gospel Temperance in Great Britain was formally inaugurated on October 9th, in Bolton. His first audience numbered nearly five thousand persons, completely filling the Temperance Hall, and there were hundreds who were quite unable to gain admission. Large anticipations of blessing are cherished by many of the foremost members of the various Churches, who have long been praying that great good might accompany Mr. Murphy's earnest efforts. As a result of the orator's first address nearly *one thousand* persons signed the pledge, and donned the Blue Ribbon. The work is now in full operation, and the tide of beneficent influence is rapidly rising.

Cetewayo's Concertina has been Forwarded to him by the Blue Ribbon army in England. As mentioned in our issue of July 21st, Mr. Noble undertook that the captive Zulu King's desire for a concertina should be gratified. At a recent meeting of the army in London the instrument was placed in charge of Dr. Hole, of Capetown, who was returning to South Africa, and who promised to present it to his sable majesty.

A Buddhist Priest, in Ceylon, Came in Contact with a missionary, and in their interviews they frequently spoke of Christianity. The Buddhist listened, chiefly that he might find arguments to refute the religion thus obtruded on his notice. He made no objection, however, to reading the Epistle to the Romans in Singhalese. The first chapter astonished him as holding up to his view sins common among his countrymen, and even, alas ! among the Buddhist priests. " But the words in the second chapter, about that law which is written in the heart, came home to the Buddhist presently. ' Do you ever,' inquired his friend, ' feel anything make you unhappy when you have done what you know to be wrong ?' ' Yes, I do ; it makes me very miserable.' ' Do you find that you have any power over this which troubles you —that you can drive it away ?' ' No ; I have tried, but I can't drive it away.' The Buddhist priest then went away in deep thought, and in a few days came back to the missionary, saying, ' Is there any peace to the conscience, and pardon of sin, in the Christian religion ? I have been trying and trying according to Buddhism, but there is no pardon and no peace.' Then God's messenger delivered God's message. ' Emmanuel—*God with us*,' was the substance of that message. The glad tidings reached the listener's soul : ' From this day,' said he, ' I am a Christian.' "

"Coming Wars," by the Rev. M. Baxter: Two Pamphlets ; price five cents each by mail. *First Pamphlet* contains " Ten Signs of the End, and Description of Approaching Events ;" with two maps of the territory to be under Antichrist's rule, and four large diagrams. *Second Pamphlet* contains valuable quotations from twenty-six Expositors on the same subject. Address, with price inclosed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

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DR. A. W. THOROLD. the Bishop of Rochester, Eng., who recently visited America.

THE RIGHT REV. ANTHONY W. THOROLD, D.D.,

Bishop of Rochester, England.

Speech at the Temperance Breakfast in New York—Birth and Family—Work in a Destitute Parish—An Aristocratic Sphere—The Episcopate—Temperance Work—An Instance of Episcopal Courage—Dr. Thorold on Divine Providence.

THE earnest yet humorous address delivered by Dr. Thorold in New York on Tuesday, October 11th, at the breakfast given by the Executive Committee of the Church Temperance Society in welcome of Mr. R. Graham, the eminent worker in the cause of temperance, has won for the Bishop the cordial good-will of American citizens. There was a prevalent impression that bishops, and especially English bishops, are a very unapproachable sort of people. But Dr. Thorold's geniality and humor have done something toward removing that impression, and we have realized that a bishop, without losing any of the dignity that befits his office, may yet be very friendly and sociable in disposition.

In the course of the Bishop of Rochester's remarks on that occasion he said: "This is the fifth time I have visited America, and I have always stumbled on an anniversary. The last time I was here—four years ago, at Boston—it was the anniversary of Bunker Hill. I listened to one of your great orators, Mr. Wendell Phillips. He seemed to have *Bunker Hill on the brain.* I then had something in my mind. As I could not say it then, I will now. When your country is as old as mine it will have more anniversaries and will be able to take less notice of them.

"To-day the anniversary is that of the Yorktown surrender. My grandfather was for many years a member of the House of Commons. I have the pleasure of saying that he was one of the seven men in the House who voted against the American war. I do not claim to be a sensible man myself, but I do claim to be the grandson of a sensible man.

"The other day I stood in *the most affecting spot I have ever seen* in your country—Independence Hall in Philadelphia. It seemed to be the cradle of a great nation. Though I can never wish I was anything but an Englishman, I can understand from my deepest soul the feeling which inspires you to the love of your glorious liberty. We are met here to-day in order to do something for *the moral liberty of the nation.*

"I see two watches before me, one American, the other English. I hope you will not be offended if I observe that my watch is five hours ahead of your watch. In the matter of time, at least, we are *ahead of America;* and we are ahead of America in having started our society before you did yours.

"Abstainers and non-abstainers should work together on a perfectly equal basis. I am an abstainer. I desire neither pity nor praise. The first thing to do is to secure the millions. In Rochester the society has four missionaries, who visit the police courts and the jails. You must get at the clergy; *trust Graham for that.* You must get at the mothers. It seems that

THE PERSONS WHO RULE THE UNITED STATES

to-day are the children. I never saw the children so loved, so much at the front, and so triumphantly victorious as they are in America. Therefore it is necessary to get at the mothers."

Since the delivery of the address from which the above remarks are taken, there has been a desire manifested to know more of the English prelate who has shown so marked an appreciation of America as to visit us five times, and who is not afraid or ashamed to place his name on record as a firm and vigorous friend of the temperance cause. The following details of his career will therefore be read with interest.

Anthony Wilson Thorold was *born* in June, 1825. He is the son of a Lincolnshire clergyman, the late *Rev. Edward Thorold*, rector of Hougham-cum-Marston, and cousin to *Sir John Thorold*, Bart., of Syston. The Thorolds are a very ancient English, or rather *Danish family*, who were notable before the Norman Conquest.

Dr. Thorold was *educated* at Queen's College, Oxford, and took his M.A. degree in the year 1850. In due time he entered Holy Orders; and having for some years devoted himself to the work of the ministry in connection with the Established Church, filling various minor posts, in the year 1857 he was appointed by the Queen *rector of St. Giles' in the Fields*, where, for ten years, he faithfully and successfully labored.

The deplorable amount of sin, misery, destitution, and squalid wretchedness which is invariably to be found in large cities, and which is especially prevalent in the London parish known as St. Giles's, impresses those who have witnessed it with the enormous weight of responsibility with which the rector of such a parish must find himself surrounded. No sooner, however, had Dr. Thorold been instituted to the living, than he entered with heart and soul upon the discharge of the onerous duties which lay before him. He secured the valuable assistance and co-operation of most earnest and hard-working curates, and with them labored among the poor and afflicted for their spiritual and temporal welfare. When he was led to resign, in consequence of ill-health, he carried with him the hearty sympathy of his parishioners, while the schools, parochial charities, and the various organizations throughout the parish were in a state of the highest possible efficiency.

After a short interval of rest, in 1867 *Mr. Thorold* became incumbent of Curzon Chapel, in the west end of London. As will readily be imagined, the duties in this new sphere, although highly important, were nevertheless far less onerous than those associated with the parish of St. Giles's, but among the aristocratic and wealthy citizens Dr. Thorold's ministry proved highly successful, as it had done among the poor denizens of the courts and wretched tenements of St. Giles's, and was regularly attended by a large and influential congregation.

As *a preacher* he undoubtedly excelled. His style was thoughtful and instructive to a remarkable degree, though its chief features were perfect ease and artlessness of manner, without the faintest shade of affectation—so that, in estimating the success which attended his labors, and the influence which he exerted, it is necessary to bear in mind the effect of his zeal, close study, and an intense appreciation of the reality of those great truths which he was commissioned to proclaim in Christ's name.

In the year 1869 *Mr. Thorold* was appointed by the Queen to *the vicarage of St. Pancras*, London, a sphere of vast Christian usefulness which had for many years been ably filled by Canon Champneys. Here *Dr. Thorold* labored with great earnestness to provide additional spiritual provision for the careless and indifferent, while the success of his week evening "mission services" will long be remembered and gratefully appreciated even by many who resided beyond the parish.

In the year 1877 *Dr. Thorold* was appointed Bishop of Rochester, in succession to the *Right Rev. Dr. Claughton*, who was translated to the new Bishopric of St. Albans. At that time *Dr. Thorold* had attained a wide reputation by the indefatigable zeal and energy he had displayed in three London parishes, the parishioners of which were widely separated from each other in social position and pecuniary resources. He had labored among the poorest of the poor; among the affluent, and among the middle class, and in each sphere he had done effective work in the cause of Christ. In addition to the usual work of a vicar, he had filled the office of Rural Dean, as also the position of Examining Chaplain to His Grace the Archbishop of York. He was likewise a Canon of York Minster.

Hitherto, however, the new Bishop had not been very extensively known as an author; but among his published works may be mentioned "The Presence of Christ," written during a time of ill-health, a few essays on "Married Life," "Sketches of a Visit to Moscow," and also an admirably written manual on "The Loss of Friends."

The appointment of *Dr. Thorold* to the see of Rochester was received with general acceptance on all hands. Although, strictly speaking, no party man, or the champion of any parti[cular] school of theology, his views, nevertheless, [have] been clearly defined in the course of his ord[inary] pulpit ministrations. Generally speaking he [is] regarded as belonging to the "Low Church" "Evangelical" party. Hence it was confid[ently] anticipated that from him the vagaries of *Trac[tar]ianism* would meet with firm and uncompromi[sing] opposition.

The ancient diocese of Rochester, of which *Thorold* is the ninety-eighth bishop, is comp[osed] of three fragments of unequal size, taken [from] London, Winchester, and Rochester.

The gravity of the case, and the urgent

NECESSITIES OF HIS DIOCESE

will be seen from the following statistics. A p[opu]lation of 1,500,000 souls is ecclesiastically div[ided] into no more than 300 parishes, with only [the] clergymen. Throughout the diocese there are [no] less than 41 country parishes with under 600 in[hab]itants, the average population of each parish b[eing] about 5000, while each clergyman has an ave[rage] charge of over 2000 souls. In 1877 there was [a] parish of 33,000 inhabitants, one of 30,000, tw[o] 25,000, three of 20,000, eight of 15,000, seven[teen] of 10,000, forty-four of 7000, and thirty-two of 5[000].

On the subject of *lay help* the Bishop holds [very] decided views; and in an important pastoral l[etter] which he issued, he states: "*Lay help* in a dio[cese] such as ours cannot too soon be considered [and] organized on a definite plan. Organization, if [not] too complex and rigid, just doubles wor[k's] power. It is certain that not a few laymen pos[sess] in a remarkable degree gifts of facile and [effi]cient teaching, which should be of vast help to [the] Church; it is still more certain that if we are [to] throw the Gospel net in any adequate way over [the] masses of our urban population, other hands [be]sides clergymen's, must cast it into the sea, [and] then bring it to land. It is now far too late in [the] day to discuss the propriety of lay agency. [The] exigencies of the Church's duty and the good se[nse] of Christians settled that long ago."

TEMPERANCE WORK.

The Bishop is *an earnest advocate of the temp[er]ance cause.* His work in St. Giles's parish [con]vinced him that intoxicating liquor is the chief [and] most prolific cause of pauperism and the miser[y of] the poor. He set himself to combat the tra[ffic], but was met at the outset by the conscientious [ob]jection that in moderately using wines himself, [he] was actually encouraging the traffic he denoun[ced], and was also setting an example opposed to [his] teaching. Without a moment's hesitation he [at once] continued his use of wine, and was able in urg[ing] his poor parishioners to abstain, to say, I also [am] a total abstainer.

On the occasion of the opening of "The Mag[pie] Coffee Tavern," London Street, Greenwich, [the] lordship pointed out the terrible evils of intemp[er]ance, remarking that *he is himself a total ab[s]tainer*, and was able to do much more work w[ith]out intoxicating stimulants of any kind. Refer[ring] to the subject of "*Coffee Taverns*," he said it w[as] necessary for the working-man to have some p[lace] where he could go for the purpose of enjoy[ing] social conversation on the various topics of the [day] with his fellow-man. "To suppose that work[ing] men generally sought the society of the pub[lic] house simply for the sake of the *drink* was a g[reat] mistake. On the contrary, they were only too g[lad] to go for the sake of the *talk*, and only in pro[por]tion as such places increased where the work[ing] classes could enjoy the advantages of rational [re]creation, coupled with innocuous beverages, co[uld] they hope to crush out the demon of intemperan[ce]; for it could not be denied that the society of [the] club was as necessary for the working-man as [for] the gentleman." As an instance of *Dr. Thorold*

EPISCOPAL COURAGE,

the way he dealt with a parish in his diocese [may] be quoted. The vicar of the parish died, and [it] was necessary for the Bishop to appoint a s[uc]cessor. The late vicar was an extreme ritual[ist], and the services could scarcely be distinguish[ed] from those of the Church of Rome. The follow[ing] Sunday *Dr. Thorold* himself preached in [the] church, and stated that he had appointed the R[ev.] E. F. Alexander, who was formerly one of his [cu]

rates at St. Pancras, to succeed the late Rev. P. C. Adams in the vicarage.

The Bishop said: "It cannot be desirable that e parishioners of St. Paul's should be kept in spense about a matter which must cause them en anxiety, and therefore I have felt it right at e first opportunity *to come here myself and tell u my mind.* Possibly it will not greatly surprise u to hear, though I fear it will disturb some of u, that whatever is illegal in the ritual of this urch will have to be discontinued, though, in its gnity and heartiness, and its devoutness and its evating service of song, I trust it may continue stirring and as impressive as ever. Bound by my nsecration vows to use such authority as I have God's Word, and as is committed to me by the dinances of the realm, I cannot hesitate as to my ty in personally interposing, when suitable oc- sion offers, distinctly and emphatically to pre- nt a continued violation of the law."

The London *Morning Post* said that "much nsternation was produced by the announcement the Bishop, and some of the female members of e congregation gave audible vent to their feel- gs of grief. At the conclusion of the sermon, d as the Bishop walked to the vicarage to dis- be, some Ritualists in the congregation indicated eir dissatisfaction at the threatened change in a anner that could not be mistaken."

AS AN AUTHOR,

e Bishop of Rochester is probably best known by s work on "The Presence of Christ," written dur- g a period of sickness, and full of the hallowing fluence that sickness often brings. The follow- g passage from its pages will indicate the prac- cal character of *Dr. Thorold's* teaching. On ie subject of Divine Providence, *Dr. Thorold* ays: "The way of God's providence cannot be nown by outward marks or evidences; if it tarry e must wait for it, though sooner or later it will e made manifest to the obedient and childlike eart. At some times, and under some circum- ances, indeed, God's will seems to flash upon s; and we have nothing to do but to follow it. ut our difficulty is not at all where God works ndependently of us; it is where He works with s and we with Him; where events are apparently s much our own bringing about as His, and where n the use of means, at the best imperfect and un- eliable, we seem sometimes to take all pains only o go wrong. What rules are there in such a case, eyond diligence, and patience, and obedience, and rayer? Surely none.

"Diligence in consulting friends and in procur- ng information, and in weighing our case on all ides. Patience, for half our mistakes in life come rom being in a hurry, and we are just as likely o go wrong if we rush on in advance of God's rovidence, as if we lag idly behind it. Obedi- nce, for to be willing to do God's will is *the real rux of the matter.* Too often we consult Him, going with the multitude of our idols, and then ve are taken captive in the toils of our own heart, nd we deliberately pray ourselves into our mistake. Then prayer, honest, humble, simple, persevering rayer; and we can do no more. But God knows his as well as we do; and He who hath promised visdom to them that ask it until the time comes will give peace, and when the time comes will give lirection. *Anything is more possible than that God should not guide the meek in judgment.* Nothing is more sure than that when we have done our best He will acknowledge and bless it. His promise is, 'I will guide thee with mine eye' (Ps. 32 : 8). The mere glance of the eye or the expres- sion of a feature in the face of one we love and un- derstand is quite sufficient to indicate his wish and to express his mind; so will it ever be between God and His people, if Divine Providence guides all who wish to be guided; yet it must not be held responsible for the mistakes of those who love their own way."

LITTLE LIZZIE'S MISSION.

A Temperance Story.

"If they wouldn't let him have it;" said Mrs. Leslie, weeping; "oh, if they wouldn't sell him liquor, there'd be no trouble. He's one of the best men when he doesn't drink. He never brings liquor into the house; and he tries hard, I know, to keep sober, but *he cannot pass Jenks's tavern.*" Mrs. Leslie was talking with a sympathizing neighbor, who responded by saying, "It's a downright shame!"

While this conversation was going on a little girl, not over ten years old, sat listening attentively. After a while she went quietly from the room, and took her way, unobserved by her mother, down the road. There was a purpose in her mind; she had started on a mission. "Oh, if they wouldn't sell him liquor!" Those earnest words of her mother had filled her thoughts. If Mr. Jenks wouldn't sell her father drink, there would be no more trouble. How simple the remedy! She would go to Mr. Jenks, and ask him not to let her father have any more liquor, and all would be well again.

The tavern kept by Jenks—the laziest man in Milanville—stood nearly a quarter of a mile from the tenement occupied by the Leslies. Toward this point, under the hot sun, Lizzie made her way, her mind so filled with its purpose that she was unconscious of heat or fatigue. Not long before, a *traveller* alighted at the door. After giving directions to have his horse fed, he entered the bar-room, and walked to where Jenks stood behind the bar.

"Have something to drink?" inquired the landlord. "I'll take a glass of water, if you please." Jenks could not hide the indifference at once felt toward the stranger. Very deliberately he set a pitcher and a glass upon the counter, and then turned partly away. The stranger poured out a full tumbler of water, and drank it off with an air of satisfaction. "Good water, that of yours, landlord," said he, as he laid the price of a glass of beer by the side of the emptied tumbler. "Is it?" said Jenks, somewhat uncourteously. "I call it good water, don't you?" "Never drink water by itself." As Jenks said this, he winked to one of his customers, who was lounging on the bar. "In fact it's so long since I drank any water, that I forget how it tastes. Don't you, Leslie?"

The man to whom this was addressed was not so far lost to shame as Jenks. He blushed and looked confused as he replied:

"It might be better for some of us if we had not lost our relish for pure water."

"A true word spoken, my friend!" said the stranger, turning to the man, whose swollen visage and patched, threadbare garments too plainly told the story of his life. "Water, pure water, bright water! is my motto. Its attendants are health, thrift, and happiness. It takes not away the children's bread, nor the toiling wife's garments."

At this moment a child stepped into the bar-room. She glanced neither to the right nor left, but walked up to the landlord, lifted to him her sweet young face, and said, in tones that thrilled every heart but his, "Please, Mr. Jenks, don't sell papa any more liquor!"

"Off home with you this instant!" exclaimed Jenks. As he spoke he advanced toward the child with his uplifted hand in a threatening attitude. "Please don't, Mr. Jenks," persisted the child, not moving nor taking her eyes from the landlord's countenance. "Mother says he's kind and good to us all when he does not drink."

"Off, I say!" shouted Jenks, now maddened beyond self-control, and his hand was about to descend upon the little one, when the stranger caught her in his hands, exclaiming as he did so, with deep emotion, "God bless the child! No, no, precious one!" he added, "don't fear him. Plead for your father, *plead for your home.* Your petition must prevail! He cannot say nay to the little ones, whose angels do always behold the face of their Father in heaven. God bless the child!" added the stranger, in a choking voice. "O that the father, for whom she has come on this touching errand, were present now! If there were anything of manhood yet left in his nature, this would awaken it from palsied sleep."

"Papa! oh, papa!" now cried the child, stretching forth her hand. In the next moment she was clinging to the breast of her father, who, with his arms clasped tightly around her, stood weeping and mingling his tears with those now raining from the little one's eyes. Jenks stood subdued and bewildered, his state of mental confusion scarcely enabling him to comprehend the full import of the scene; the stranger looked on wonderingly, yet deeply affected. Quietly, and with moist eyes, the two or three drinking customers, who had been lounging on the bar, went stealthily out; and the landlord, the stranger, the father and his child were left the only inmates of the room.

"Come, Lizzie dear, this is no place for us," said Leslie, breaking the dead silence. "We'll go home." And the unhappy inebriate took his child by the hand, and led her toward the door. But the little one held back. "Wait, papa, wait," she said; "*he hasn't promised yet.* Oh, I wish he would promise!" "Promise her in heaven's name!" said the stranger. "Promise!" said Leslie, in a stern and solemn voice, as he turned and fixed his eyes on the landlord. "If I do promise, I keep it!" returned the landlord, in a threatening tone. "Then for heaven's sake *promise,*" exclaimed Leslie, in a half-despairing voice; "*promise, and I'm safe.*" "Be it so, then!" Jenks spoke with an angry emphasis. "God be thanked!" murmured the poor drunkard, "there is hope for me yet."

Hardly had the mother of Lizzie missed her child, ere she entered leading her father by the hand. "Oh, mother!" she exclaimed, with a joy-lit countenance and a voice of exultation, "Mr. Jenks has promised." "Promised what?" "That he would never sell me another glass of liquor," said her husband. A pair of thin white hands were clasped together; tearless eyes looked their thankfulness to heaven.

A year afterward a stranger came that way, and stopped at the same old tavern. As before, Jenks was behind his well-filled bar, and drinking customers came and went in numbers. Jenks did not recognize him until he called for water, and drank a full tumbler of the pure liquor with a hearty zest; then he knew him, but he feigned to be ignorant of his identity. The stranger made no reference to the scene he had witnessed there a twelvemonth before, but lingered in the bar-room most of the day, closely observing every one who came there to drink. Leslie was not among the number. "What has become of the man and the little girl that I saw here the last time I was at Milanville?" said the stranger, speaking at last to Jenks.

"Gone to Jericho, for all I care," was the landlord's rude answer, as he turned away. "Do you see that little white cottage away off there, just at the edge of the wood?" said one of the customers. "Two tall poplars stand in the front. The man you asked for lives there. And what is more, if he keeps on the way he has begun *the cottage will be his own* in another year." "Ah! I see; well, did Leslie, as you call him, ever try to get a drink here since the landlord promised never to let him have another drink?" "Twice to my knowledge." "And he refused him?" "Yes; he kept his promise. That saved poor Leslie. Jenks would have been glad to keep Leslie's custom—for it's worth having—and he actually handed him the bottle one day, when Leslie asked for it, but he suddenly withdrew it, and drove Leslie from the bar-room, threatening, at the same time, to horsewhip him if he ever set foot over his threshold again, and tempt him to break his promise," to which must be added the fact that Jenks had called for "a curse" upon himself if he sold Leslie any more drink, and he was superstitious lest irreparable evil should befall him if he violated his word.

"Poor drunkards!" mused the stranger, as he rode past the neat cottage of the reformed man, a couple of hours afterward. "As the case now stands, you are only saved as by fire. All law, all protection is on the side of those who are engaged in enticing you into sin and destroying you body and soul. Can it be a Christian country in which I live, and such things darken the very sun at noonday?"

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IS THERE A HELL?

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.*

"Thus saith the Lord."—EXODUS iv. 22.
"Thus saith the Lord."—EXODUS ix. 13.
"Thus saith the Lord."—I SAMUEL ii. 27.
"Thus saith the Lord."—JOSHUA vii. 13.
"Thus saith the Lord."—JOSHUA xxiv. 2.
"Thus saith the Lord."—JUDGES vi. 8.

The Question of the Day—Who alone can Answer it—The Common Data—God's Revelation—A Momentous Question—What the Bible says I. As to Suffering by Fire—John's Emphatic Declaration—Is there no Mistake?—May it be Figurative Fire?—Tom Paine Consistent—Voltaire's Congratulation—II. As to God's Indignation Against Sin—Human Indignation—Against Wanton Mischief—The Outer Darkness—The Winepress of Fierceness—III. No need that any one should go there—The Soul Suicide—Escape Free—Where Impenitence Leads.

EIGHT texts, and all of them the same. The strangest thing in the history of American and European journalism is that during the past few months it has been discussing *the question of eternal punishment*. The question of Turko-Russian contest, the question of silver currency, the question as to President Hayes's policy with the South—all submerged by the question, "Is there a hell?"

It makes but very little difference what De Witt Talmage thinks about this, for it is only a little while ago he began to breathe, and in a little while he will stop breathing. It makes but little difference what Dean Stanley, or Canon Farrar, or Mr. Frothingham thinks about this, for they have never been into the eternal world, and can give no personal experience. The Roman Catholic Church in all its synods and through all its popedoms has declared its belief in a place of future retribution, but that does not necessarily settle it for me. The Methodist, Baptist, Episcopalian, Presbyterian churches have adopted this theory in their creeds, but that does not authoritatively settle it for me.

This morning I appeal, not to human authority or human opinion, but to that one Being who only can tell me now whether there is a hell. That Being is God. I reject every opinion except that on which is written, "Thus saith the Lord." I put one "Thus saith the Lord" against all the sermons, all the disquisitions, all the books of all the ages. "Thus saith the Lord." "Thus saith the Lord."

You see, my friends, I start on the assumption that the *Bible is true*. If you deny it is true, some other Sabbath I will argue that matter, but not this morning. As common-sense men you know that in making any argument on any secular or religious subject, there must be some

COMMON DATA,

some common ground where we shall start together. It would be as silly for me to try to prove to you, who reject the truth of the Bible, that there is a place of future retribution, as it would be for me to discuss fraud and crime and their penalties with a man who denies Blackstone and the statutes of the State of New York. Our common-sense tells us that there must be some common ground where we can start.

Now, in passing, I have to ask those who reject the Bible some questions. "Is there a God?" "Yes," you say. "Is He good?" "Yes," you say. Now, I ask you, is it not reasonable that a good God should give us a revelation of some kind? Is it not reasonable to suppose that such a Being, starting our race in this world, would give them some guide, some directory, some written help? "Of course," you say, "that's so." Well, then, which is it? The Vedas, the Talmud, the writings of Confucius, the Koran of the Mohammedans, or the Bible? Which is God's revelation to man?

If you will show me a book which seems to be a more reasonable and a better revelation from God than the Bible, I am willing to accept it. I like anything new and unique. By the constitution of my nature I prefer the new to the old. If you can hand me up a book this morning that seems to be a better revelation from God than the Bible, I will take it and I will preach from it. Is there a man in this house who denies everything?

IT IS EASY TO DENY.

You tell me that the Turko-Russian war is nearly over. I may deny there has ever been such a war. Moreover, I may deny, for the sake of argument a moment, that there are any such places as Russia and Turkey.

"But," say you, "you will admit that there are such places as Moscow and Constantinople?" No; I never saw them. "But," you say, "you must have seen the submarine telegrams in all the newspapers, coming from the seat of war?" Yes, but those telegrams were not sworn to, and I do not know but that all those newspapers and all those telegraphers may have made a conspiracy to deceive me. In other words,

I MAY DENY EVERYTHING.

"Well," you say, "that is foolish." I admit it; but you are doing in regard to the Bible just what I am now doing in regard to geography. You deny the geography of the eternal world, and I for the minute deny the geography of Europe.

Good-by, my brother. I have no time this morning to talk to you who reject the Bible. Some other Sabbath I will see you. I must turn now to those who believe the Bible to be true. Eternal Spirit of Almighty God, fall upon us now, while with fingers of dust we turn the sacred leaves, and with lips of ashes recite the most stupendous truths that ever shook the human soul.

Now if we are honest men we will come to this subject as we would in the midst of a great freshet if at midnight we were on the Erie express train and were to say to the conductor, "Conductor, do you think any of the bridges are down to-night?"—with something of the feeling I had after our last lifeboat had been crushed to pieces in the midst of the ocean cyclone, when I said to the officer, "Officer, do you think we will ever get to New York?" He shook his head, as much as to say, "Don't ask me."

I have no sympathy with the flippant discussion of this truth, nor with that manner on the part of a preacher which seems to say, "You impenitent people will be lost, and you deserve it!" I feel that I am a sinner, and because of the million transgressions of my heart and life I must perish unless some one can show me a way out from under the condemnation. The platform on which I now stand may be two or three feet higher than the pew in which you sit; but I realize that I am not raised the thousandth part of an inch above the level on which we must all stand in judgment before God.

I do not know how people can joke about this subject, and yet it is the subject of more puns, more caricatures, more jokes in your stores and offices and shops than any other subject. Why do they not joke about the broken bridge at Ashtabula? or the Atlantic steamer going down off Mars Head with five hundred passengers? or about the Indian famine? or about the earthquake that crushed Lisbon? There is more fun in all those subjects than in this. Let us come to this subject not as critics, not as cavillers, not in a polemic spirit. Let us come to it as

A QUESTION OF PERSONAL SAFETY.

Let us empty ourselves of all previous impressions, and, without any disposition to twist things, or explain them away, find out what is the announcement of the only authority on this subject that is worth so much as a pin.

I. In the first place, I group together all those passages which represent *the suffering of the lost by fire*. In Matthew 13:41-2, it is said, "The Son of man shall send forth His angels, and they shall gather out of His kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth. Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." Can you not explain it away? Oh, yes. I could make these angels fairies; I could represent this fire as only something looking like fire; I could represent this furnace as a casket with a crimson lining; but what is the use of explaining away a furnace of fire when God says there is one? What is the use of an imprisoned criminal trying to explain away the existence of such a place as a prison?

But you say,

"ISN'T THERE SOME MISTAKE

about it?" If there is, then the Almighty Christ made the mistake, for the passage I quoted is part of His sermon, I appeal to Paul on this subject. He was no coward. Instead of his trembling before governments, governments trembled before him. A small invalid, but the most magnificent man of the ages. What does he say? He says to the Thessalonians, "The Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be revealed from heaven with mighty angels in flaming fire, taking vengeance on those who know not God." I appeal to St. John the inspired. In one place he says of the lost, "They shall be tormented with fire and brimstone." In another place he says, "The adulterers, the sorcerers, and all liars shall have their place in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone." And in another place he says, "They shall both be cast alive into the lake of fire."

The last book of the Bible closes with a dark scroll on the sky. What is it? Smoke. Where there is no fire there is no smoke. "The smoke of their torment ascendeth for ever and ever." "But," you say, "were not they men who wrote this?" Yes, but they were inspired men. If you do not want to take even inspired men, then I go back to Christ again, and as my first quotation on this subject was from Christ, so my last quotation under this head shall be from Christ, as He says, "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire."

"But," you say,

"ISN'T THIS FIGURATIVE?"

I am not opposed to saying it may be figurative, but I know very well that if it is not fire it is something as severe as fire. Christ and His apostles were not lacking in illustrative power, and when they say a thing is morning, I know it is as bright as it can be; and when they say anything is prison, I know it is a galling thraldom; and when they say anything is fire, I know it is torment unmitigated. I often hear people explain these fiery representations of Scripture as metaphor, and as soon as they make metaphor out of them, they seem to think they have soothed the whole subject.

No; if there be a mental state as sharp and severe as fire, it might as well be fire. Christ and His apostles use the figure of fire, and I know from that there is nothing more painful or more agonizing. But if you want some other figure take it. Say it is a penitentiary, iron-bolted, iron-barred, iron-locked, the doors opening in and not out. I will not dispute with you. If you will, say it is a maelstrom which dashes and breaks to pieces and swallows down all those that come within the sweep of its foaming circles. I will not dispute with you. If you prefer those human similes, take them. I prefer God's comparison, because I know God is right and human comparisons may be wrong.

GOD SAYS IT IS FIRE,

and a furnace of fire.

Besides that, my brother, I do not know that it is figurative. *It may be literal*. The Bible sixteen times says it is fire. You say, "I don't believe it, and I won't believe it." Then be consistent, and pitch your Bible into the stove, or throw it into the East River. Thomas Paine was consistent in denying the doctrine of eternal punishment, for he rejected the whole Bible, although in his last moments he howled with so much terror that his nurse fled from the room. He was consistent nevertheless. Voltaire was consistent in rejecting the doctrines of future punishment, because he rejected the whole Bible, although he did not seem to be so very well persuaded of the non-existence of perdition, for when his friend wrote to him, "I have found out for sure that there is no hell," Voltaire replied, "I congratulate you; *I am not so fortunate* as you are." But still he was tolerably consistent, for as well as he could he rejected the whole Bible.

But, my brother, you have a Bible in your hand, you have a Bible in your bedroom, you have a Bible in your nursery, you have a Bible in your parlor. Your children have Bibles, and all these Bibles say

* This sermon, which has never before been published in *The Christian Herald*, was received with a great deal of satisfaction at the time it was preached.

that there is a world of fire for those who do not escape on a certain condition which I shall in a few moments mention. Now, overboard with your Bible, or overboard with your unbelief. Keeping both your Bible and your unbelief you stultify yourself beyond all other possibility of stultification.

II. The next thing I have to do is to group all those passages which show

THE INDIGNATION OF GOD

against sin and the sinner, and hence the possibility of such a place as I have spoken of. Out of a hundred of our sermons, ninety-eight of them are on the love of God, the mercy of God, the kindness of God, and if we preach two sermons, out of the one hundred, in regard to the indignation of God, we are styled "sulphuric." Our American preaching needs to be reconstructed as to this doctrine of God's indignation. So recreant are we, the American clergy, on this subject, that the vast majority of you people here to-day do not know that the Bible speaks of the *wrath* of God as truly as of the *love* of God. Not because God has more wrath than mercy, but because He knew the world would be slow to believe it.

We have not enough backbone of moral courage to preach the whole Bible. So we go on preaching a one-sided God, with a character which we would despise in ourselves. Do you ever get angry? Suppose a ruffian should knock your little girl into the gutter—would you smile about it? would you reward him for it? Suppose, passing down the street, you saw three or four masons, with hods of brick on their shoulders, going up a long ladder, and some one should come to the foot of the ladder and hurl it away, and the three or four masons should dash down and lose their lives—would you smile about it? would you reward him for it? No. There are a hundred things in your life that excite your indignation, and if you are never aroused in that way it is because you are imbecile.

Yet, what do men say of God? Why, that the whole race can go on defying Him, breaking His laws, murdering His only-begotten Son, striking in the face the Lord Almighty, and He will smile on them through all eternity. Bible-holders, I want you to recognize the fact that God in the Bible more often speaks of His indignation than He does of His mercy. Twenty-eight times does the Bible speak of the love of God. Sixty-one times does it speak of His wrath and His indignation. Here is Cruden's "Concordance." I brought it along with the passages all collated. I will lay it at the foot of the pulpit. It is an expensive book, and some of you may not have it or be able to get it. I lay it at the foot of the pulpit, and you can

COUNT THE PASSAGES

for yourselves at the close of the service.

Oh, can we preach the whole Bible without preaching the indignation of God as well as the love of God? I will recite to you some of the passages which show the Lord's indignation, and hence the possibility of such a place as I am speaking of. In Thessalonians: "Taking vengeance on them that know not God." In Revelation: "They shall drink of the wine of the wrath of Almighty God, poured without mixture into the cup of His indignation." The figure, you see, is a pitcher and a bowl. Into the pitcher are compressed the clusters that have grown under the hot sun of indignation; and then the wine, seething, bubbling, is poured out from the pitcher into the bowl, and the lost soul, putting trembling hands to that bowl, presses it to the lips and drinks the draught until all the contents are drained (Rev. 14).

You do not like the figure? It is not mine. "Thus saith the Lord. They shall drink of the wine of the wrath of Almighty God, poured without mixture into the cup of His indignation."

In another place the Bible says, "The children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness." In other words, the darkness of the Mamartine dungeon, the darkness of Egypt. All the darknesses of the earth are not thick enough to symbolize it, and so the Bible seeks for something beyond all these darknesses. "The children of the kingdom shall be cast out into

OUTER DARKNESS;"

and over that abyss we are all suspended, unless we escape on one condition, to be mentioned at a later point. It is too early to mention it.

What does a man want to know of a life-raft when he is sure of no shipwreck? Not persuaded yet? Revelation: "The wine-press of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God." Not yet persuaded that there is a wrath-side as well as a love-side to the Almighty?—and this passage perhaps you have never heard quoted: "And the people shall be as burnings of lime; as thorns cut up shall they be burned up in the fire. Hear, ye that are afar off, what I have done, and ye that are near acknowledge my might." Not yet persuaded? I quote once more Isaiah, sixty-third chapter: "I will tread them in my wrath and trample them in my fury, and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment."

Does that quotation irritate you with me? I did not say it. "Thus saith the Lord." Not persuaded with what Samuel says, and Micah says, and Daniel says, and Jeremiah says, and Ezekiel says, and Paul says, and Christ says, and Jehovah says? Not persuaded? Then I shall have to leave you to be persuaded by your own experience, when the truth of God's burnished throne shall flame on you. The fact is that all the Bible-holders in this audience by this time, through the influence of the Holy Spirit, are persuaded that there is a hell. How long shall it last? I will answer that question to-morrow night. How do you accord this with the love and mercy of God? I will answer that question to-morrow night. What do you think of the theories of Canon Farrar and Dean Stanley, and Mr. Frothingham? I will answer that question to-morrow night.

This morning I have nothing to do with objections. I will simply state to you that God, fifty-six times, in the plainest, most unmistakable, stupendous, and overwhelming way, declares that there is a hell. It is burning now. It has been burning a long while. Yea, I will go further, and say there is a possibility, ay, there is a probability, that there are some in this house to-day who will spend eternity in the lost world. Nothing but the hand of an outraged, defied, insulted, long-suffering, indignant, omnipotent God keeps this whole audience this moment from sliding like one avalanche into it. O God, what a crisis!

III. Has not the time come for me to tell this people that, *though there is a hell*,

THERE IS NO NEED THAT ANY ONE SHOULD GO THERE?

I am going to announce to you that five or ten may escape—yea, a *hundred*—yea, a THOUSAND—yea, ALL. You say, "Tell me, just now." Oh, I do not want to break on you the glad tidings too suddenly. I want to tell you that there is no more need that you to to that world than that you should leap into the geysers of California, or the crater of Cotopaxi. Tell the people, gentlemen of the press, tell them that I said there was no reason that anybody should go there; that if any one goes there he is a suicide of his immortal soul.

I turn to the same old book and I find out that the Son of Mary, who was the Son of God, the darling of heaven, the champion of the ages, by some called Lord, by some called Jesus, by others called Christ, but this morning by us called by the three blessed titles, Lord Jesus Christ, by one magnificent stroke made it possible for us all to be saved. He not only told us that there was a hell, but He went into it. He walked down the fiery steeps. He stepped off the bottom rung of the long ladder of despair. He descended into hell. He put His foot on the coal of the furnace.

He explored the darkest den of eternal midnight, and then He came forth lacerated and scarified, and bleeding, and mauled by the hands of infernal excruciation, to cry out to all the ages, "I have paid the price for all those who would make Me their substitute. By my piled-up groans, by my omnipotent agony, I demand the rescue of all those who will give up sin, and trust in me." Mercy! mercy! mercy! But how am I to get it? Cheap. It will not cost you as much as a loaf of bread. Only a penny? No, no. Escape from hell, and all the harps and mansions and thrones and sunlit fields of heaven besides in the bargain, "without money and without price."

Now, I ask you as common-sense men and women, if one has a choice between heaven and hell, and he may escape the one, and he may win the other, and he refuses to do so—I ask you, as men and women of common-sense, if he does not deserve to be lost? He does. You know he does. Oh, by the free salvation of Christ, by the voices of the eternal groan which we have heard this morning, I beg all this audience to flee the wrath to come. Do not, my friend, make it a controversy between you and me; it is a controversy between you and God. Do not go away talking of what I said; go away talking of what God said.

My dear brother, my dear sister, you may shuffle this whole subject off your attention, but that does not change the fact.

YOUR IMPENITENT COURSE

is as certainly leading you to that last world as Fulton Street leads to Fulton Ferry; as certainly as Montague Street leads to Wall Street Ferry; as certainly as Atlantic Street leads to South Ferry. You are on the road to hell! Turn around, and start on the road to heaven. Oh, it seems as if my pulses never beat so swiftly as they do this minute, and it is in emotion lest some of you be lost!

My heart seems as if it would break. God knows that I have never prayed over any sermon as I have prayed over this, and yet how powerless I am to make you see things as you will see them on your dying bed—as you will see them when the front gate of eternity swings open upon your amazed spirit. With one more quotation I will leave this whole subject between you and God's arousing, convicting, converting Spirit: "Who of us can dwell with devouring fire? Who of us can dwell with everlasting burning?" Who? Who?

Dr. Talmage, in his Friday Evening Talk last week, made the following remarks: "One of the most conspicuous matters of the week is the halting of justice at the door of technicality. The assassin of President Garfield has his case adjourned and adjourned and adjourned, with the hope that the nation's sorrow may be somewhat forgotten before the jury has the case submitted to them. Meanwhile men of twisted brain, commonly called *cranks*, are lingering about the White House with pistols, wanting to see the new President, evidently under the impression that murder is safer than it was. Now a crank is a crooked thing, made to turn; but if swift justice had been dealt out these cranks would not be so apt to turn that way. Nearly seven weeks that President Garfield has been dead has the law lingered, and perhaps it will linger seven weeks more.

"The greatest encouragement to crime in the United States to-day is the strong probability of escape for the criminal. The first thing in this country that needs to be hung is technicality, when it stands in the way of common justice. The impression is abroad that a man may commit almost any crime with impunity if he can get skilful counsel. If only one juryman in Guiteau's trial may be tampered with, righteousness is defeated. So far from having any feeling of revenge toward the assassin, if it were safe I would open the window and let the wasp fly away; but every day that Guiteau lives helps the cause of assassination. Leniency to him is cruelty to society. The most conspicuous crime of the nineteenth century must have the most conspicuous chastisement."

A Bishop's Golden Wedding.—Bishop Jesse T. Peck and wife, of Syracuse, celebrated their golden wedding last Thursday. The Bishop said that several years ago he expressed a desire that while willing to acquiesce in the dispensations of God's providence, he might live to see four personal privileges realized. One of these was that he might live to be seventy years of age. That desire was gratified four years ago. The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary saw the consummation of his third wish, and he hoped to live until next July, when he will have seen fifty years of itinerancy in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Bishop presented his wife with a gold wedding ring, which, he remarked, he had not given her on their wedding day because he did not believe in the custom, and, he laughingly added, possibly because he would not have been able to purchase one.

SYLPH SOMERS.

A New Serial Story, by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(*Continued from page 695.*)

The Discussion in the Council — Dr. Gilbart Arrested—Lodged in Chester Jail—John Howard's Description of the Prison—Sylph Somers' Visit to a Sick Man—Discovery of Owen Oliver —Resolved to Question the Doctor on the Mystery of her Mother's Death.

UNDER a conviction of Dr. Gilbart's innocence, one member of the board, not so large a sharer in the public purse, and therefore jealous of Mr. Aloe, suggested that it would be better to condone Dr. Gilbart, who had been an offender only once, and attack the actual speaker of the words that were accounted so dangerous. But he was at once met by the remark that his proposal was impracticable, since this man had that morning left the city.

There was also present at this exciting conference a Doctor Bolus. One would think he ought to have had some generous feeling toward a brother professional man, and have been jealous of his personal freedom. But Dr. Bolus was of a coarse and vulgar nature, while Dr. Gilbart was a gentleman; and a man of the former stamp is always spiteful toward one of more refinement than himself; he instinctively feels his inferiority, and it nettles his self-love. Besides, Dr. Bolus, though a certified practitioner, had but little scientific culture; Dr. Gilbart, therefore, would not meet him as an equal, and Dr. Bolus naturally but most manifestly resented this.

Above all, he was chagrined and incensed at Dr. Gilbart's gratuitous services, given so largely to the poor. "This stuck-up aristocrat robs me—downright robs me," he often had said; "depriving me of my chances of patients and fees."

Moreover, if Dr. Gilbart could be got, for a time, out of the way, and be put in "durance vile," it was Dr. Bolus's belief that it would greatly help to extend his own practice in the city. "He is my chief competitor," he inwardly soliloquized, "and doctors, just now, are rather scarce in Chester. If Gilbart, therefore, be thrust aside for a while, the impotent folk must have recourse to me."

It would not do, however, for this piqued and unscrupulous Dr. Bolus to reveal the secret workings of his thoughts; he therefore masked his selfish and unprincipled designs under a grave concern for the honor of the medical profession.

"It is monstrous, that this man should compromise and disgrace the 'faculty,' by his advocacy of what I can regard as nothing less than downright French Jacobitism! What does he mean, I ask?" and Dr. Bolus made a theatrical start—"What does he mean, I ask? Is it to set up in our streets the guillotine?"

At this inquiry, spoken rather dramatically and loudly, there was a blank look of horror upon the faces of all present; observing which Dr. Bolus felt encouraged to deepen the sensation by a more awful question still:

"Shall we let our hands hang down, I want to know, and look on listlessly until our very gutters, as in Paris, run blood? No, gentlemen and fellow-citizens, before this terrible consummation comes, let us incarcerate this revolutionary and dangerous man, and put such crimes beyond his power."

"But if you put Dr. Gilbart in jail," said a timid and sickly-looking individual, whose life had often been eked out by the doctor's skill, "what will the city of Chester do?" And then forgetting at the moment Dr. Bolus's presence, he added, "There is no one to take Dr. Gilbart's place, for, as for the other medical men in the town, I would not intrust one of them with the life even of my cat."

Observing the eyes of all at the council board turn with a scared expression toward Dr. Bolus, he became at once conscious of the very gross breach of good manners he had been guilty of, and was filled with nervous confusion, a state of mental disquietude that was not improved by seeing the hot flush of passion which had mounted to the cheeks of Dr. Bolus, and who seemed as though he could not restrain himself from some act of personal violence. Cowed and trembling, the fragile town councillor sat down very low in his seat as though "crushed."

In this way, through a series of untoward jostles and jars, Dr. Gilbart's delinquency was discussed, the members of the Municipal Council Board wounding each other's self-love and burgher pride —sometimes unawares and sometimes wittingly—which circumstance, of course, did not serve to promote their sense of justice and good feeling; so that the upshot was, a writ was issued for Dr. Gilbart's apprehension.

Not long afterward, when on his way to a patient, he was tapped on the shoulder by a bailiff in the street. The warrant held forth as a justification for this was an incomprehensible surprise to Dr. Gilbart, and ran counter to all his conceptions of the rights and liberties of an Englishman. Dr. Gilbart, however, was a law-abiding and law-respecting man; he therefore silently and quietly submitted to the tipstaff, and turned with him toward the city prison, yet fully satisfied within himself that some strange and stupid mistake had been made, and that his detention would be only of the briefest duration.

The jail of Chester at the present day is healthy, large, and convenient—worthy of Christian civilization—but it was otherwise at the period before us. Outside the city walls there is an ancient castle, built in feudal times; and it was the lower part of this edifice, exceedingly gloomy and unhealthful, which was set apart for the durance of prisoners.

The following description of this underground jail is taken from the report of the world-renowned philanthropist, John Howard, as contained in his book upon the prisons of England:

"During the day the prisoners have admission to a little yard, surrounded on all sides by a lofty wall, through which the air has no fresh and vivifying current, and into which never enter the gladdening and purifying rays of the sun, and from which no glimpse of blossom or tree is possible. The apartments at night, of those incarcerated, are cells, seven and a half feet by three and a half, ranged on one side of a chill and dank subterranean gallery; and in each cell, very often, are lodged together three or four criminals." As if to make these living tombs still more horrible, "they are pitched over three or four times a year." This helps to keep out damp, and to keep down fetid smells; but it creates an oppressive odor, and clothes the walls with a funereal gloom. To make existence possible, air has to be conveyed from without; but before it reaches the prisoners "it has to traverse three passages, namely, through the narrow windows of an adjacent room; then down through a grating in the floor of this room; thence along the subterranean gallery; and finally through a small grating above the door of each cell, when it has lost more than half of its life-giving power."

One has a sensation of smothering from merely reading this description; how must it have been then with the wretches who were forced to inhabit these stifling and suffocating dens? And let it be borne in mind that this exquisite torture was inflicted, not in Mohammedan Turkey, but in Christian Britain, and not much longer ago than half a century.

Such a place of imprisonment doomed the individuals thrust into it to a species of misery like that known to those who died in the Black Hole of Calcutta. A few hours of agony sufficed to end the lives of those who perished there; but death only came to the relief of prisoners in Chester City Jail after a protracted and long season of wretchedness. It was as though a system of slow torture was invented, nicely adjusted, to surely kill, but only after long drawn out pain.

Doctor Gilbart was fully aware of the dreadful imprisonment to which he was being led; still, he calmly fronted it; a crowd, some hooting and some pitying, following him. He had been more than once down to those fearful dungeons, mercifully giving his professional services to some sick criminal in the grasp of death; not to save his life, indeed—he knew, in such a place, to do that would be impossible—but to mitigate his sufferings and ease his passage to the grave. Many times he had pressed upon the authorities the need of a reform in the treatment of their prisoners, but in the lethargic and benumbed condition of the public conscience his efforts were without effect.

The governor of the castle received him kindly and courteously, knowing him well, and respecting him for his deeds of mercy. He expressed his sincere regret at his arrest, and at the wretched quarters which, in the discharge of his duty, he must assign him. As the doctor was conducted down the long flight of stone steps which led to his prison, and at last reached the subterranean passage which has been mentioned, and saw here and there, in the dim light, the yellow and haggard faces of his fellow-captives, the lines of Dante in the "Inferno" came up irresistibly before his mind.

> "No light, but rather darkness visible,
> Serves only to discover sights of woe."

The cell appointed for his nightly repose was the last in the range, and he was to have the whole of it; the governor, to accommodate him, turning out three other prisoners, and allotting them a cell elsewhere; but what a contrast was even the best cell to his pleasant home in the Rows within the city! The narrowness, gloom, and foulness of the one, from the very law of association only served to bring out yet the more before his thoughts the brightness and joyousness, "the sweetness and light" of the other.

Doctor Gilbart was conscious of no crime to justify this tyrannous invasion of his personal liberty; rather was he conscious of real good-will to others, and of a desire for a wider extension of freedom and happiness to his fellow-men. His fate seemed strangely hard and cruel. And with a gloomy mind and burdened heart he sat down upon the pallet in his little cell to ponder the dark and seemingly insoluble problem of human life and history — a thing apparently destitute of moral order, and which seemed to his scepticism but as a tale told by an idiot, "full of sound and fury signifying nothing."

On the day of Dr. Gilbart's arrest Sylph had been busy in her accustomed visits to the poor, especially to the sick. She had been to several of her old friends, and was thinking of returning home when an old woman informed her of a sick man—not a resident of the town—who, it was feared, was not very far from death, and asked Sylph to see him. "You need not be afraid, miss," she added; "I know him to have been a decent, quiet-living man; and a call from you I'm certain will do him a power of good and please him."

"If he's a stranger in the town," asked Sylph "how are you able, Kitty, to give so good a character of him? It's rather venturesome to do so."

"Oh," said Kitty, "he isn't a stranger, miss not by any manner o' means—I didn't mean to say that. He hasn't lived in the town, miss, but twice every week has seen him in it. He's one, you know, of them big wagon-men, that comes from the country regularly to Chester."

When Sylph, from the directions given by Kitty, found out the house where the sick man lay, and entered the room, she saw he was advanced in years and gray-headed. His features, though originally massive and manly, were worn and wan, his breathing hard and low, and he sighed heavily at intervals.

"I hope my coming will not displease you, sir," said Sylph; "but a neighbor—Kitty Price—told me there was one here unwell, and asked me to pay you a visit, hoping I could be of service to you."

The sick man, during the first part of Sylph's little speech, seemed to take no notice; indeed he had not turned his head or even his eyes at her entrance; but at her closing words of "service to you" he looked languidly at her, and feebly said, "Service to me—it's little service I beg. I only wish to die, since he's got the start afore me 'on the road.'"

"Who is he?" inquired Sylph, with sympathy.

With a surprised look the individual questioned said, "Who is he? Not know him? Why, he's the one that each day gladdened me by his honest face and cheery tone; and no bother of long speeches. But he's gone; ay! he's dead and gone! Is gone down to his dark, cold grave;

and in this world I shall never see him no more—no, never no more!" And the sick man sadly moved his head to and fro on the pillow, while the tears rolled down his cheek.

"I trust he is gone to a better world," said Sylph.

"Not a doubt of it," said the invalid; "not a doubt of it; and that's the reason why I wish to die, for I know that as much as I miss him, as much does he miss me, and longs for my coming. Oh, David, brother David," he cried, his eyes strained toward the ceiling, "if there be a shining way up to the golden city, as they say there is, be sure, old fellow, to meet me on the road for your brave and kindly greeting of 'Morra;' for since I've ceased to hear it, it's been to me a dreary, lonely world."

"They tell me you have been a wagoner," said Sylph, amused and yet touched by the old man's grotesque grief. "I feel a deep interest in men of your occupation, sir," she continued; "for I have a child's recollection of a great kindness shown long ago by a wagoner to me and my dear mother."

"On what road was it, miss?" inquired the man.

"I am not sure," was Sylph's reply; "but from some things I recollect, I think it must have been the road between Wrexham and Chester."

Upon this the sick wagoner gave a sudden turn in his bed, and said vehemently, "Why, that's David's road and mine, no other; for forty years—ay, for forty year, no less—we travelled it day by day. Can you remember, miss, anything that happened?"

"Not much," answered Sylph; "but I know the man I speak of came to where I was weeping near my poor mother, who had fallen into a dead faint; which, when he saw, he hastened to his wagon, climbed into it, and fetched some wine, which, applied to her lips in drops by my tiny fingers, brought her back to life."

(To be continued.)

THE STATE OF THE WORLD.

Its Relation to the Second Coming of Christ. By Rev. Charles H. Hamilton.

(Continued from page 695.)

THE LANDS OF BIBLE HISTORY.

ANOTHER point of interest in connection with the fulfilment of prophecy is the increasing attention that has been drawn of late to the lands comprised in the eastern division of the old Roman empire, famous as the lands of Bible history. Once the seat of knowledge and power, the cradle of the world's wisdom, they have now, for hundreds of years, fallen into decay, in God's judgment upon their sins; and the seat of civilization and power has been transferred to the kingdoms of the West. But the Word of God clearly intimates to us that the power of these kingdoms shall again be revived, and even already are they coming into greater prominence.

Egypt, which has been for centuries the basest of the kingdoms and tributary to the Turk, is now, in all but name, an independent kingdom, and is daily showing signs of returning life and prosperity. Its situation, as custodian of the great water-way connecting Europe with the Asiatic seas, will at once tend to develop its material resources, and give it a commanding influence in any crisis that may arrive, in which the sovereignty of eastern lands may be involved. It is but forty years since the power of Egypt was felt almost at the gates of Constantinople, when Ibrahim Pasha overran Syria and Palestine, and led his victorious troops across the Euphrates. And though his career was checked, mainly through the action of the British fleet, this triumphant march suggested to the minds of many what a power Egypt might yet exercise, under an able ruler, in the solution of the Eastern problem.

The land of Syria, too, has been attracting a considerable share of public notice in recent years. Few can doubt that this, the richest province of the Porte's Asiatic dominions, will soon fall from the feeble grasp of Turkey; and that it will then form a separate government, and regain much of its ancient importance. If Egypt possesses the great water-way to India and China, it is equally true that Syria constitutes the great high road to the remote lands of the East. And should the Euphratean line of railway, so often projected, become a reality, it is not hard to conceive how enormously this would tend to develop the wealth and prosperity of the countries through which it will pass.

Even now, under the corrupt and repressive reign of the Porte, whose pashas systematically enrich themselves at the expense of the subject populations, Damascus, Bagdad, and Aleppo are cities of considerable trade. Under an enlightened rule, and with this contemplated means of transit between the east and west, they would unquestionably become flourishing emporiums of commercial traffic. That both Egypt and Syria will yet become strong and powerful kingdoms is clearly predicted in the Word of God. It is generally conceded by the students of prophetic Scripture, that the rulers of these two countries are signified by the kings of the north and south (relatively so, as regards their position in respect to the Holy Land), and that they will be strong enough to contend with the Antichrist, in the great struggle for the possession of Jerusalem and its holy places in the latter days.

But paramount above the interest felt in the future of other lands of Scripture is that which attaches to

THE FUTURE OF PALESTINE.

If the "times of the Gentiles are well-nigh accomplished, it follows that the time is at hand when Jerusalem shall no more be trodden down under the heel of the infidel. No truth is more demonstrated in God's Word than that the Jews, now scattered to the four winds of heaven, shall be gathered again, and that it shall be the will of the nations to plant them in their own land. Improbable as this may seem, impossible to the judgment of unbelief, yet is it not within the power of God, who put it in the hearts of Cyrus and Darius to restore His despised people to the land of their inheritance, to accomplish His purposes of restoration in a similar manner again? More unlikely things have happened than that the nations, when Palestine shall fall from the dead hand of the Turk, should actively promote the restoration of the Jews to their own land. Not, indeed, from any disposition to favor that despised race, but in mutual distrust and jealousy of the power which so rich a prize would confer upon any nation who should succeed to the dead man's inheritance.

Yet, although the Crescent shall wane and disappear, the Cross shall not be immediately lifted up at Jerusalem. Israel shall be *restored in unbelief;* and the sorest part of her discipline for her sins, and the rejection of God and His Christ, is yet to come. Not till she has passed through unexampled woes; not till she has accepted Antichrist as Messiah, and in worshipping his image has relapsed into that fearful sin of idolatry from which she has for so many ages been so remarkably preserved; not till then shall she accept the crucified Nazarene as her King. It is when Jerusalem shall be again encompassed with armies, and her sons helpless to defend themselves from the oppressor, that the Redeemer shall appear upon Mount Sion, for their deliverance and glory. Then shall they "look upon Him whom they have pierced, and mourn because of Him;" and then shall the legend of the Cross be fulfilled, when Jesus of Nazareth is hailed the King of the Jews.

THE RETURN OF THE JEWS.

It is a well-ascertained fact that the hearts of the Jewish people are being powerfully turned at this present time toward the land of their inheritance. The repeopling of Palestine is going on silently; every year many Jews are returning thither, and settling down in its deserted homes, though not as yet in numbers large enough to attract public attention. The penal laws, which once prevented the Jews from acquiring landed property in Palestine, have in recent years been rescinded, by a decree of the Porte. As a consequence of this permission to obtain a legal right to the possession of land, building companies have been formed in many parts of the country; and the purchase of extensive tracts by wealthy Israelites has been in contemplation. The revival of the persecution of the Jews in many of the kingdoms of the continent is another significant fact that may exercise an important influence upon their ingathering to their own land. God has, no doubt, permitted this spirit of persecution to arise, to loosen their attachment to the homes of their adoption in Gentile lands, and thereby quicken their desires for a return to Palestine.

Until lately the Jews were exempted from the conditions of military service in the dominions of the Czar: but this obligation is now rendered compulsory for all who dwell in the vast empire of the north. This liability to serve in the "armies of the alien," coupled with the cruel, inhuman treatment to which they are subjected, involving not merely the loss of property, but (in several instances) of life itself, has occasioned the exodus of at least 60,000 Jews from Russia. These are now domiciled in Turkey—finding the infidel Mahometan a kindlier friend than the Christian gentile; but this can but prove

A TEMPORARY RESTING-PLACE.

We have been interested by reading in the daily press of the contemplated offer of an asylum by the King of Spain to these exiled Jews: a touching act of reparation for the barbarous treatment which their forefathers received in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. But as God is preparing the hearts of Israel for a return to their ancient homes, He can as easily prepare the way for that return. When the crumbling fabric of the Ottoman empire falls to pieces—and every day we see the hastening process of decay—the great stumbling block to the return of His people will be taken out of their path. Events may precipitate the drying-up of the mystic Euphrates; and then we may expect to see the Jewish nations speedily gathered within the borders of Canaan.

THE "TIME OF JACOB'S TROUBLE."

It is, indeed, sad to think of the time of trial which awaits them there—"the time of Jacob's trouble," as it is significantly termed in the language of prophetic Scripture (Jeremiah 30:7). They have now, on their own confession, wholly abandoned the expectation of their Redeemer-Messiah, to which they clung so resolutely in the darkest hours of their national history. They will thus be prepared to receive the Antichrist as their Messiah, and, under the influence of his deceitful promises of protection, to make a league of friendship with him; as they did, to their bitter shame and hurt, with Antiochus, his great forerunner and type. Yet this, the darkest era of their history, will be the prelude to their latter-day glory, when the Redeemer shall return to Mount Zion, and set up His kingdom in the tabernacle of David.

It is not a little remarkable that so strong an interest should now be manifested in the land of Israel. Every part of that land, which was once, and shall yet be again, the "glory of the nations," will soon have been accurately surveyed. Her waste places have been visited by Christian travellers; her buried palaces, even the very foundations of her beautiful temple, are now being disentombed from the dust of ages in which they have so long lain, neglected and forgotten. Surely "the time to favor Zion, yea, the set time"—seems to be come! "Thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favor the dust thereof." God hasten the time when He shall "establish, and make Jerusalem a praise in the earth;" when thither "the people shall be gathered together, and the nations to serve the Lord!"

The Chinese Widow and her Crops.—At the recent Christian Conference at Clifton, England, Mr. Soltau told an interesting story of a Chinese widow, whose husband had left her some land on which to grow rice. It is the custom for relatives, under such circumstances, to help a widow, but they refused, as she was a Christian. Some Christian Chinese men, who had carried him and others on their journey to the place where this widow resided, knowing of her condition, although fatigued with their walk, set to work to spread the mud over the widow's fields, for want of which the crops were suffering. The widow, who trusted in God, was rejoiced, and said, "God had sent some one to help her." The relatives were astonished, and said, "This must be a good religion." This was practical Christianity. We want more who will "spread mud" for their fellow-Christians.

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NOTICE.

To give our readers an opportunity of introducing the Christian Herald to their friends, we will send the paper post free to any address from 1st October, to 31st December, 1881, on receipt of 25 cents.

CURRENT EVENTS.

United States Treasurer Gilfillan Submitted on Friday last his annual report. Even the most sanguine believers in our national prosperity will be astonished at the magnitude of the figures required to denote the advance of the year now closed. This surplus of revenue over expenditure for the year amounts to the enormous sum of *one hundred million dollars*, and the revenue increased $27,000,000 over that of last year. Over $90,000,000 was used in reducing the public debt. The stock of gold and silver in the Treasury has risen to $269,000,000. Apart from the greenbacks, the liabilities of the Treasury, which are payable on demand, are less than its assets by over $146,000,000. It is probable that so wonderful a statement has never before been presented by any government financier in the world. The question will now come up for consideration, whether it is best to relieve the people of some of the burdens of taxation and allow the public debt to remain at its present amount, or to continue the process of redemption and thus decrease the annual charge for interest. That question is likely to be one of the most prominent in the next session of Congress. It is certain that the small traders and the poorer ranks of professional men find the cost of living increasingly difficult to meet. The common necessaries of life are now twenty-five per cent higher than they were a year ago, while wages have not increased. It may therefore be that Congress will decide to remit taxes rather than continue the rapid diminution of the debt.

A Suggestion as to the National Banks is made by Mr. Gilfillan in his statement, which deals with the main difficulty that obstructed the Refunding bill passed by the last Congress. This was the possibility of the banks suddenly withdrawing their issues of notes and so curtailing the supply of currency as to disorganize business. The Treasurer states his conviction that "the power now possessed by the national banks of throwing up their circulation at will is wrong in principle, unnecessary, and dangerous.. Under a sound system of currency," the Treasurer says, "the circulation can be reduced only by the act of the holders in presenting it for redemption. Under the present system the issuers can suddenly and arbitrarily contract it to any extent; and it may be for their interest to do this when there is a legitimate demand for all the currency in circulation, or even more. There may be—in fact often is—a profit to the bank in withdrawing and selling their bonds when the circulation is already deficient. A bank, having issued circulating notes, should be held responsible for them until they are redeemed or it goes out of business."

The Proceedings in the Star Route Cases commenced on Thursday, November 3d. The defendants were represented by six eminent lawyers, who challenged on technical grounds the mode of procedure adopted by the Government. The argument was to the effect that there was no authority in any statute for proceeding by information instead of by indictment, except in cases of minor offences; such as violations of the revenue laws, and that there had not been in eighty years an attempt to do so under the common law in the prosecution of a great crime. Should this plea be pronounced good in law, it is thought that the prosecution will collapse, because the statute of limitations is held by many lawyers a good defence against any proceedings that might be instituted at the present time.

The Mormon Policy to which the Late President pledged himself in his inaugural address aroused against him the active hostility of the Mormons in Utah and the neighboring infected Territories. The *Tribune* publishes a letter from Salt Lake City, in which the writer reports that upon the night of September 19th, when the entire Gentile community was plunged into the deepest grief, Mormons openly *expressed their joy* upon the streets. The writer says that in the ward in which he lives every house inhabited by Gentiles was heavily draped, while not a single dwelling of Mormons displayed a badge of mourning. The leaders, however, were too wily to outrage the nation by a public declaration of their feelings. There were therefore memorial services in the Tabernacle as well as in the Gentile churches. Two female Mormon missionaries, one of them a plural wife of ex-Mayor Wells, the other a Mormon doctress, who are now travelling in the States, have written home to the Mormon papers: "We are compelled to believe that *President Arthur will not be any more kindly* disposed toward the Saints than Garfield was; so now nothing remains for us but to trust in God for help." This blasphemous implication that God approves of Mormonism proceeds from ignorance and hypocrisy.

One of the Most Remarkable Achievements rendered possible by the use of modern machinery was exhibited at the Cotton Exposition at Atlanta, Ga., on Governor's Day. By previous arrangement *two complete suits of clothes* were manufactured from growing cotton, all the processes being finished within twelve hours. A large crowd watched the skilful workmen. The gathering, ginning, picking, carding, spinning, weaving, and dyeing were successively completed with great rapidity and perfection, and at 12.55 o'clock in the afternoon the cloth went to the tailor. That evening at 7 o'clock Governor Bigelow of Connecticut, arrayed in one of the suits, was receiving a delegation from the Atlanta University at the residence of Director-General Kimball, while Governor Colquitt was wearing the other at the Executive Mansion.

The Disastrous Bank Failure which has Occurred at Newark, N. J., has caused considerable uneasiness in business circles there and in other cities. On Monday, October 31st, the Mechanics' National Bank of that city was closed, and a notice affixed to the doors stated that the step had been taken in consequence of statements affecting the bank made by the cashier to the Board of Directors, which were undergoing investigation. The statements were made the previous day, and were to the effect that over two million dollars had been abstracted from the funds of the bank without the knowledge or consent of the directors. Oscar L. Baldwin, the cashier, confessed that during the past eight years he had been lending money to the firm of C. Nugent & Co., and alleged that that firm were now indebted to the bank in the sum of $2,246,000. The bank books did not show the transaction, because the money having been lent on the cashier's sole responsibility, he had *falsified the books* to conceal the loans. The falsification was made in the account of the bank with its New York agent, who, according to the books, held money belonging to the Newark Bank to the amount of $2,000,000, while in reality the Newark bank owed to the New York bank $300,000. The reason the confession was made was that detection appeared inevitable. The district bank examiner was about to overhaul the affairs of the bank, and the devices the cashier had invented to deceive him failed. Mr. Baldwin admitted that on the occasion of the last examination he *committed forgery* to escape detection. He forged a letter from the assistant cashier of the New York bank, which purported to be an indorsement of Baldwin's statement. Mr. Baldwin was arrested immediately; he has been in the employment of the bank from his boyhood, and was implicitly trusted. His statement as to the way the money was lost, is not generally credited. It is believed that a part of the money was lent to Nugent, and that the remainder was lost by Baldwin in Wall Street in frantic efforts to retrieve his position by speculation.

A Shocking Steamboat Disaster Occurred a Rock Island, Ill., on Friday, October 28th. The steamer Jennie Gilchrist, having on board about fifteen passengers and a crew of sixteen men, left Rock Island with a barge and a flat boat in tow. Half an hour after starting it was found that the machinery controlling the wheel was broken and the steamer was carried by the swollen river rapidly toward the pier of a bridge, upon which it struck. The boiler heads were broken in by the concussion and the steam poured out and scalded many persons. The steamer then sank in twenty feet of water. The captain, when the accident to the machinery occurred, urged the passengers to take refuge on the barge in tow, and about twelve persons did so. These were rescued by a steamer which answered the signals of distress. Two engineers and three of the crew were also picked up as the steamer sank, but it is feared that all the passengers not on the barge must have been drowned. The saddest part of the account are the following particulars, sent by a newspaper correspondent, who says, "The steamer was unfit for her work, was heavily laden, and *most of the crew were drunk*. Furthermore, she was merely a freight boat and not licensed to carry passengers. The accident was entirely *due to carelessness and liquor*. There was a good deal of whiskey in the cargo, and some of it was tapped before the steamer left the wharf." An investigation of this charge is in order.

The Senate Committee Charged with the Duty of considering the question of a new bankruptcy law is making a thorough investigation of the difficult subject. Fifty thousand circulars of inquiry have been distributed throughout the country, a copy being sent to each register in bankruptcy under the old law, to every United States Circuit and District Judge, to every Judge of the Supreme Court or Court of Appeals in any State, to the most eminent lawyers in every city of importance to the national banks in every city, as well as to private bankers and to representative merchants and manufacturers. A digest of the opinions and suggestions thus obtained has been prepared for the use of the committee. We may hope that after so thorough and elaborate an investigation a really efficient measure will be introduced. The committee has a clear field, for it is notorious that a satisfactory bankruptcy law which relieves honest but unfortunate men, and does not facilitate the operations of rogues, does not exist in any country in the world.

A Successful Season is Anticipated by th Young Men's Christian Association of New York. As an evidence that the hope is well grounded, the following statistics for the month of October may be quoted: 415 new members added, 777 enrolled in the aggregate in the evening classes; 20,800 attendance in general; 3698 in the library, 8190 in the reading-room, 2700 in the gymnasium, 2300 at the religious meetings and Bible classes. Large accessions have been made to the library within a few months.

A Letter Found in a Room in Brooklyn where a young man committed suicide on Friday, October 28th, deserves more attention than such documents usually do. It explains the motives which prompted the writer to commit the fatal act. Addressing his brother, the young man wrote; "No doubt you will be surprised at what I have done. I wrote and told you what I would do unless I got money somewhere, so I will stick up to my word in a very short time. I am twenty-four years old to-day. Probably you will see me before you do this letter. I am very sorry to think of committing the horrible deed I am about to do, but I think it best to be out of the way, and I hope you all will think of me and why I have done what I have. I have been *very unhappy* for the last four months, and I can stand it no longer. . . . I was engaged to marry, was to be married in a short time. But poor girl she will be disappointed. It will almost break her poor heart when she hears the news. She is such a lovely and good girl." It is plain from this letter that discouragement at not obtaining employment produced despair which ended in suicide. How bitter such despair is only those know who have been in like circumstances. We can all pity him and wish that in his darkness he had possessed those consolations which religion is specially adapted to supply. If he had exercised faith in God despair could not have so controlled him.

A Christian Gentleman had Occasion to be thankful for a disappointment lately in connection with the failure of the Mechanics' National Bank at Newark, N. J. A prominent commercial lawyer in New York states that a client of his—a Presbyterian—was desirous of buying some of the shares of the Newark bank a few weeks ago, but was unable to obtain them at a satisfactory price. The latter fact was unknown to the counsel when he heard of the suspension of the bank, and he says that, remembering the desire of his client, he recalled the words of the Psalmist, "He gave them their request, but sent leanness into their souls" (Ps. 106 : 15). The client appeared for congratulations later in the day, on the ground that he had not paid 180 for the shares he desired, although he should have bought them if he could have done so at a little lower price. Had he had done so he would now have had to pay $100 per share toward making up the deficiency. The would-be purchaser is a firm believer in the guidance of God in business matters, and his experience in this case confirms his belief.

A Policeman's Statement of his Belief in inherent depravity made in New York last week is curiously suggestive. He had been arresting a man whom he found destroying the drinking cups attached to the fountains in one of the parks. "What did the man say in defence of himself?" asked his interlocutor. "Say?" said the policeman; "he said nothing. They never say anything. They can't help themselves. *The mischief is in them, and has to come out.* We caught one of them not long ago jabbing the beaks and wings and toe nails off the delicately carved birds in the panels of the bridge at the Central Park terrace, and he did not say anything either. What could he say?" The policeman from his own observation had arrived at a conclusion identical with a much controverted scriptural doctrine. The silence of the culprit, too, was strangely illustrative of what we are told will characterize sinners at the bar of God (Matt. 22 : 12).

The Admission of Dakota Territory into the Union as a State is announced as probable. It appears that several Senators have pledged themselves to support the proposal in the next Congress. Recently collected statistics show that Dakota has more inhabitants than had several of the newer States at the time of their admission. According to the official enumeration of June, 1880, the population of the Territory was 135,180. The immigration during the last six months of 1880 was unusually large, and Governor Ordway, in his report, said: "This wonderfully rapid extension of railroad facilities and improving river communications has aided to settle up the Territory beyond the most sanguine expectations of the earliest inhabitants, adding, as I believe, 15,000 new settlers since the enumeration was completed, making the aggregate of white population at the present time 150,000." Probably a fair estimate of the population at the present time would be from 165,000 to 170,000. Among the plans under discussion on the subject is one to divide the Territory on the line of the forty-sixth parallel and erect the southern portion into a State. Such a division would cut the Territory into two nearly equal parts, each containing about 75,000 square miles, or about the same area as the State of Nebraska. The southern half contains nearly three fourths of the population of the entire Territory, or from 110,000 to 120,000 inhabitants, and is the most attractive to immigrants.

A Prayer at Sea Instantaneously Answered. —A clergyman relates the following incident which occurred on board the steamer Britannica during a recent transatlantic voyage. It was Sunday, only one day's sail from New York. At the conclusion of divine service the following verse was being sung:

"Eternal Father! strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep,
Oh! hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!"

"At the very moment we were singing this metrical prayer," says the clergyman, "an ocean steamship darted out of the fog and crossed our bow, so near that an orange might have been thrown upon her deck, and shot on again into the mists."

The ships were going at high rate of speed, and it was a question of "a collision at sea," determined by the twenty or thirty seconds needed to reach the track of the stranger. Had our ship been her own length ahead she must have received the blow in her side, as she must have given the blow had the other ship been as much behind.

Another Saloon-keeper has been Fined Under the Civil Damage Act. A woman in Brooklyn sued the owner of the saloon in which her husband purchased the liquor which was transforming him into an inhuman monster. As the defendant did not appear the case was given to the jury to assess damages. It was in evidence that plaintiff's husband had spent all his earnings in defendant's liquor store, leaving his family destitute. Plaintiff's daughter, a girl of nineteen, testified that she warned the proprietor not to supply her father with any more liquor, but the proprietor replied that he would let him have all he could pay for. The jury gave a verdict of $600 to the plaintiff.

An Effort to Establish a Young Men's Christian Association for colored men is being made in New York. At a meeting held in the Academy of Music on November 3d, Dr. Deems, Dr. S. Irenæus Prime, Dr. Bevan, and other well-known clergymen advocated the scheme, and Mr. Samuel Morley, the English philanthropist, offered $500 toward the fund, and promised on his return to England to obtain subscriptions from his friends. One hundred thousand dollars is the sum it is proposed to raise.

An Incident in the Life of President Garfield as related by himself shows how slight things may be used by God to turn the whole current of a man's life. A contemporary relates that the late President, addressing some young people, urged them to make the most of the smallest things and the humblest occasions, because they were likely to shape one's whole life and destiny, and used this illustration from his own experience: "I might say that the wearing of *a certain pair of stockings* led to a complete change in my own career. I had made one trip as a boy on a canal-boat, and was expecting to leave home for another trip. But I accidentally injured my foot in chopping wood. The blue dye in the yarn of my home-made socks poisoned the wound, and I was kept at home. Then a revival of religion broke out in the neighborhood. I was thus kept within its influence, and was converted. New desires and purposes then took possession of me, and I determined to seek an education that I might live more usefully for Christ. You can never know when these providential turning-points in your life are at hand; so seek to improve each passing day."

WELCOME! WELCOME!

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"And the people, when they knew it, followed him: and he received them, and spake unto them of the kingdom of God, and healed them that had need of healing."—LUKE 9 : 11.

The Following Multitude—A Cordial Welcome—I. The Fact—The Welcome of Jesus—To All Comers at all Times—An Inconvenient Time—The Apostolic Conference Turned into a Camp-meeting—No Put-offs, with Jesus—Sinners Do That—When There is No Revival—When There has been Grievous Sin—All Sorts of Comers—The Unprepared—The Poor—The Diseased—The Young—Incident of a London Boy—The Old—The Sinful—To All a Hearty Welcome—II. An Encouragement—The Same Sort of People He used to Receive—The Same Saviour—Plenty of Provision—His Reputation Already Gone—Expects Ingratitude—III. A Lesson—Welcome Strangers—Seven People Saved by a Smile—A Luminous Light Buoy—A Grand Verse.

MY subject has been suggested to me by the rendering of this passage given in the Revised Version, where we read: "But the multitudes perceiving it, followed Him; *and he welcomed them.*" The difference lies, you see, between the words "He received them" and "He welcomed them." The new version is an instructive improvement, of which we will at once make evangelical use.

Our Lord kept open house as long as He was here. It might always have been said of Him, "This man receiveth and welcometh sinners." His motto was, "Whosoever will, let him come." If any desired to come nearer than being mere hearers, and would join the band of disciples, He was always ready to receive them. If many did not enter into the closest intimacy of His heart it was because they were themselves unable to come, and not because He shut them out. Publicans and sinners drew near unto Him; the very look of him was an invitation, his finger beckoned, his eye persuaded, his outstretched arms entreated, His whole self attracted all men unto Him.

At the door of His love there lay *no growling dog* of morose suspicion, neither had He placed there the porter of stern rebuke, but the door was set wide open, and over the portal was written the words, "*Come and welcome.*" That is the subject of this morning's discourse, my earnest desire being that some who have been afraid to approach Him may be induced to come at once by learning how freely He welcomes all comers.

First, we shall dwell upon *the fact* that

JESUS WELCOMES ALL

who come to Him; secondly, we shall use it as *an encouragement* to all seeking souls; and, thirdly, we shall employ it as *a lesson*, teaching those of us who are His disciples how to treat those who desire to see Jesus.

I. First, may the Holy Spirit help us while we dwell upon the fact that Jesus welcomed those who sought Him.

We observe, first, that *our Lord received all comers at all times.* The time mentioned in our text was the most inconvenient possible. He was seeking rest for His disciples, who had gone through the various towns and villages preaching and working miracles; they were a good deal elated at their success, and it was needful that they should have a little quiet retirement to think matters over, and to come down into a calm state of mind. Moreover, they were weary; for they were so thronged by the people that they had not time even for needful refreshment, and rest was, therefore, absolutely requisite, lest these few men, who were in fact the hope of the church and of the world, should die of exhaustion. The Master put them into a ship that they might sail away and find retirement in a desert place.

A great sorrow was on them also, for John had been beheaded, and it was meet that they should solace their grief by a short retirement. At this time, too, our blessed Lord desired obscurity; for Herod was inquiring for him; and even when *that delightful king* was in his best mood he was not one whose near acquaintance any one would wish to cultivate. He might, perhaps, have listened to Jesus as he listened to John; but he would

have sought his life as soon as he had gratified his curiosity, or another Herodias would have goaded him on to murder the faithful preacher who made the palace too hot for the wanton. Our Lord's time was not yet come, either to be exhibited in a royal court, or to be slain as a royal victim, and therefore he sought a desert place for a little while. It was most inconvenient, therefore, to be followed by so great a crowd. Were the workers to have no rest? Could there be no retirement afforded, especially at a time when it was so necessary? Is it not wonderful that under such circumstances our blessed Lord should *welcome* the insatiable throng?

I think, too, that the Master desired just then to hold a conference with His apostles as to the work they had done, and the future which was opening up before them. Peradventure He willed to set apart a season for special prayer with them. Before any great effort, we read that He retired to pray, and so, depend upon it, after any great enterprise He would again seek private prayer. It would naturally occur to Him to rake in the good seed which the twelve had so successfully scattered. But peace and rest He must not have, for the multitudes are on the beach before He can set foot thereon. The apostolic conference was broken in upon, and turned into

A GREAT CAMP-MEETING.

The Master and His disciples are not allowed to get alone even to hold high and solemn discourse upon the affairs of His kingdom; but here come the crowds, pell-mell, crushing one upon another, and the Master and His little band find themselves the centre of a great mass of people. Rest or quiet or holy discourse are out of the question; preaching, healing, and feeding must fill up every moment till the day is far spent.

Our Lord welcomed the throng with a gracious air; full of tenderness, He smiled upon them as a captain smiles upon his soldiers at the muster. He did not lose His patience with them, nor chide them for their ill-manners; but just as if He had asked them to come, and had sent forth His heralds to summon them, He stood ready to receive them. It is wonderful that He did not say, "Go your way for this time; when I have a more convenient season I will send for you." I have heard those words somewhere, but they were not used by our Lord; they were used by one at the door of whose conscience the gracious Lord had been knocking. If there are any put-offs, they are not on Christ's side, but on ours.

Let me put the truth before some of you here who as yet are unsaved. Peradventure, I address some who have outlived revivals. You remember precious seasons when the power of God was present to heal men, and many were to your knowledge healed. You sat side by side with some who sought and found salvation in Christ; you did not seek and you did not find; or if, perhaps, you exhibited some emotion, yet your search after Christ was very faint and dilatory, and consequently you did not meet with Him to the joy and peace of your spirit.

Now that the revival is over, and the flood-tide of grace seems to have ebbed out, you have come, like the dying year, to a time when the harvest is past and the summer is ended, and you are not saved. Around you blow the fallen leaves, and you yourself do fade as a leaf, but you are not saved. Opportunities of blessing have been plentiful with you, but you are not saved. You are now at the close of the day, and your sun is going down, but you are not saved. Even yet there is hope, for our Lord's welcome is a long and lasting one. If you be drawn by invisible cords to seek the Saviour, yield to those gentle drawings, for Jesus received men even down to the shutting of the gate. It may be late, but it is *not too late.*

It may be, dear friend, that you think the present would be a very improper time to come to Christ, because you have so lately been plunging into a fearful sin. You say, "Would you have me

GO BLACK-HANDED TO CHRIST,

black-hearted to Christ?" Yes, I would have you fly to Him at once, even as the manslayer darted off to the city of refuge with the blood of the slain still warm upon His hand. Do you put it to me as a question suggested by a sort of moral decency—Must I not let an interval pass over me in which I may in a measure wash out the recollection of my present sin? No! I tell thee, no. I rather dread than desire such a false washing as the mere lapse of time can give. Time cannot alter wrong, or make sin less heinous; and if it pacifies the conscience it is an evil peace, a false peace, a peace to be abhorred.

My hearer, I will not try to describe your sin of last night, nor will I make a guess at what you propose to do in sin before to-morrow's sun has risen; but I will beseech you, as you are, to arise and seek the Saviour. Poor prodigal brother, quit the husks and the swine-trough; quit them now, and without so much as tarrying to wash your hands, go home to your Father, who will wash you and make you white as snow. Tarry for nothing. Delay is your greatest danger.

The same truth will now be set in another light by a second remark. *Our Lord received all sorts of comers.* They were a motley throng, and I fear that few, if any, of them were actuated by any high or exalted motive. No doubt some came to hear, and others came to see, but many came for what they could get. They followed after Jesus because they were sick, and He could heal them. "Ah me!" I have heard it said by awakened ones, "I am afraid, if I came to Christ, I should come from a selfish motive." Dismiss that fear, which at bottom is self-righteous; what

SHOULD A BEGGAR COME

to your house for but to seek an alms? To gain something is the only motive with which a poor sinner can come to Christ. Our fear of hell, or dread of sin, or hope of pardon, must drive or draw us to Christ; in any case our motive must be to receive at His hands. I confess that I at first came to Christ only and solely for what I could get out of Him.

"It is *a low motive*," says one. So it may be, but it is *a powerful motive* for all that. At any rate, Christ exhorts us to come unto Him for rest and for salvation, and I do not remember a single exhortation to ideal, disinterested love. The Lord Jesus welcomed the multitudes though they came from low motives, and so will He welcome us if we do but come to Him. If what we come for is something for ourselves, if we come to Him that sin may be forgiven, and that we may be made the children of God, our motives will not be disgusting to Christ, but He will welcome us.

Among those who came to Christ there must have been all sorts of people; but the bulk of them had hurried to Him hastily and *unprepared.* They came afoot, it is said, running. They had not had time to prepare themselves with any kind of decent apparel. As they ran scampering through the villages, each one gathered others at his heels, and they came helter-skelter, a most promiscuous throng. They were not dressed for solemn worship; but there they were, and the Saviour welcomed them. I wonder how long a man would need to spend in preparing himself for coming to Christ. When he had done it all, what would it be worth? Preparation for coming to Christ is simply this: If you are empty you are prepared to be filled; if you are sick you are prepared to be healed; if you are sinful you are prepared to be forgiven; but all other preparation is quite out of the question. They were a most unprepared lot of people; but Jesus welcomed them.

Most of them might have been objected to by our Lord if He had chosen to do so, for various reasons—the most of them on account of their *poverty.* They had not even a crust among them. They had come away in such a hurry that they had not brought a day's food with them, and if they came to Christ they must be fed by Him within a few hours, or else drop from sheer starvation. They were

A RAGGED REGIMENT,

a hungry herd—what some fine folks call the mob, the canaille; but Jesus welcomed them, and never said a syllable about their bare backs and empty pockets. How squeamish some of His servants are; but their Master had no such proud ways about Him.

I heard one say the other day that he could not attend a place of worship because he had not clothes that were fit to come in. I wonder what sort of garments the Lord Jesus would object to in a coming sinner! I am afraid if He were to see some of you He would hardly think that you are dressed fit for public worship, for you are *too smart by half;* but I do not believe that He ever rejected a man or woman because of their patched or unfashionable garments. What cared He for court dress, and full dress, and all that nonsense? Our Lord was no flatterer of wealthy lords and handsome ladies. So, then, none of you can plead poverty. If you have not a penny to bless yourselves with, Christ will bless you without money and without price.

Many of the multitude might have been rejected on account of *disease*, for into the crowd the lepers came — disagreeable neighbors anywhere. They certainly had no right to mingle with healthy people, but they did so, for they had hopes of being healed. Men and women were there who labored under defiling disorders, for which, according to the Jewish law, they ought to have been shut up in a separate house; yet when the crowd came to Christ these poor souls came in among the rest, and there is no instance of the Lord's ever sorting them out and saying to any one, "I cannot receive you, for you are a leper." What a melancholy sight the Master must have seen when He went out into the streets, and they there laid the sick in their beds. He always walked in the midst of *a great hospital*, among the most horrible diseases, yet never once did He turn any case away. O poor souls, sick souls, come to Jesus at once, for my blessed Master will welcome you all, whoever you may be.

Neither did our Lord ever reject one person on account of *youth.* His disciples thought that such a preacher as He was ought never to be listened to except by persons of intellect, or at least of ripe years, who could appreciate what He would say; and when the mothers brought the children the disciples were much displeased with them; but our Master welcomed the young, saying, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Dear boys and girls, Jesus will not put you by to wait till you are older, but He will welcome you just as you are. Ah, how sweetly Jesus is doing this to my knowledge with many little folks.

I heard last week of a poor boy who used to live near my house. A meeting is held by some of our friends in a cottage, and this boy came one night, and said,

"PLEASE, SIR, MAY I COME IN?"

The good man of the house answered, "You may if you will wash your face and hands." "That I will do, sir," he said; and he soon returned and took his seat. He was an attentive hearer and a devout worshipper. Though only twelve years old he loved the prayer-meeting, and was always there. One evening he said to the leader of the meeting, "Please, sir, may I pray?" and this poor child then poured out his heart before God with such sweetness that he impressed all who listened to him. One night as he went out of the room he shook hands with the good man of the house and said, "Good-by, sir; perhaps we may not meet again till we meet in heaven." His words seem prophetic now, for before the next meeting *a brewer's dray* passed over him, and his sweet young spirit ascended to Jesus, whom he loved so well. What a joy to know that this poor child is now beholding the face of our Father who is in heaven.

I am right glad to say that we are continually receiving boys and girls into the church. Child-piety is no rarity among us; we find it no cause of difficulty, but a well-spring of delight. Dear children, do not be afraid to come because you are so little, for Jesus has told the big people that except they receive Him as little children they shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven. He said also, "They that seek me early shall find me." Come to Him at once.

There were some in the throng, too, whom Jesus might have rejected because they were *too old.* Here they come! They can scarcely see their way; they limp, they use crutches, they are

deaf, and their limbs are very feeble. Surely, when these poor old souls come to Jesus, He might say to them, "What am I to do with you worn-out old creatures? Go and spend the rest of your days where you spent the first part of them! How dare you think of coming to Me when you are bald-headed, feeble, lame, and blind? How can you be soldiers of the cross?" Glory be to His name, our great Captain enlists old men, makes friends with old women, and delights to magnify the greatness of His grace in the salvation of the most infirm.

"Well," say you, "I can understand His receiving both young and old; but surely *sin* must have led Him to refuse a comer." It was not so. Those who came to Christ were often very sinful; but He received sinners. Did you ever notice that *the last person He spoke to* before He died was the thief on the cross, and the first person He spoke to when He rose again was Mary Magdalene, out of whom He had cast seven devils? My Lord delights to draw near to the guiltiest of the guilty, to blot out their iniquities, and to receive them into His heart of love; so that I come back to what I said before: our Lord receives all sorts of comers.

Once more: *our Lord receives all with a hearty welcome.* He did not merely allow the people to come near, tolerating their presence, but "he welcomed them." When He saw that they were like sheep without a shepherd His heart was stirred within Him, and He at once laid Himself out to do them good. The sight of their need aroused His compassion; the deep fountains of His infinite love were broken up at once, and flooded His whole nature, so that "he was moved with compassion." He proved that He welcomed them by the deeds that He wrought for them. He taught them concerning the kingdom; He healed those that had need of healing; and He fed the whole five thousand. It is just so now. My blessed Master is glad to receive sinners, and this without a single exception on any ground, or for any reason whatever; for, "Him that cometh to me," saith He, "I will in no wise cast out." This is the blessed fact.

II. Now I come to use this as

AN ENCOURAGEMENT.

If Jesus Christ when He was here on earth welcomed all that came at all hours, then He will welcome you, my friend, if you come to Him now; for the circumstances are just the same. You are *the same sort of person* as those whom Jesus used to welcome. They were good-for-nothing bodies; they were persons that were full of need, and could not possibly bring a price with which to purchase His favor. Are you not just like them? Are you a very special sinner? I am sure I could find another special sinner like you whom Jesus has received. I will not go into detail; but I will venture to ask you, Are you a thief?

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
In Christ salvation full and free."

Have you been unchaste? David was an adulterer and was pardoned; and Jesus forgave a woman that was a sinner, who therefore loved Him much. The untruthful, the unclean, the ungodly are the sort of people that Jesus came to seek and save.

And then there is *the same Saviour.* Jesus Christ is the same gracious Pardoner as He was in the days of His flesh. "Why," say you, "He is in heaven." Yes, but I never knew anybody to lose anything by going to heaven: *it is all the other way.* Jesus has not lost His tenderness nor His compassion, nor His delight in blessing the sons of men. He is the same Saviour in glory that He was in His humiliation. I invite you to come, dear friend, though you are suffering from the same unfitness as these people were. Come just as you are, and come with the same expectation as they did; for they expected Him to work wonders for them, and He did so. Jesus is in the same mind as when He would not condemn the guilty woman, and when He prayed for His murderers; He is still bent upon the one errand of saving men; He still welcomes sinners. Since, then, you are under the same conditions, come, and *expect the same result* from your coming.

Sometimes people are not welcome because they come when you have not enough to feed them with. The good housewife murmurs, "I wish they had come some other day." It is never so with our Master. He has abundant provision; yet there is room, ay, and yet there is food. There is enough in Christ Jesus for all that ever will come to Him for salvation. All that the Father giveth Him shall come, and there is not one that shall come whom He will send away because there is not due provision made for him. That reason cannot possibly exist when Jesus Himself in all His fulness is the covenant provision.

Sometimes a host may not welcome an applicant because it would be dangerous to his reputation to entertain him. We should none of us be eager to entertain a thief or a burglar or a murderer in hiding from justice, nor would vagabonds and tramps be our chosen guests, for it would lower our esteem among men. As for our Lord Jesus, His reputation is gone long ago: "He made himself of no reputation," that He might welcome the disreputable to His house and heart. They sneeringly spread it about the streets, "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." Yes, *His reputation was gone* among the Pharisees; but He has a new reputation now, and His great glory is that He cleanses the chief of sinners, and makes them heirs of God. O my trembling hearer, you need not be afraid.

Sometimes a man who has been hospitable has been known to grow weary of it; for he says, "These people come and eat and drink, and then abuse me." Jesus has never been hardened by this; His house is open, and His table is furnished still. He foreknew our ill-manners, and He has not been surprised by the conduct of any of His guests. He knew they were unworthy; He did not entertain one of them because they deserved it; He did it all because He is infinitely gracious, and delights to do good to the unthankful and to the evil. This is why He keeps His house open still, that those who are ready to perish may come, that the worthless and undeserving may come and participate in the bounties of His grace.

Thus I have labored to encourage you. O that the Spirit of God may give effect to my words.

III. Thirdly, we use our text as

A LESSON.

Dear friends, if Jesus Christ welcomes all that come to Him, let all of us who are His followers imitate His example, and give a warm welcome to those who seek the Lord. Whatever their motive is, whenever we see people coming to the worship of God, and especially when we see them a little impressed, let us welcome them heartily. It is a grievous sin when strangers come in and find themselves stared at as if they were wild beasts; nobody offers them a seat; they may stand till they drop, but nobody cares an atom about them, and they may come again, and go in and out for the month together, and never a word is spoken to them. I pray you, do not so; but, on the contrary, look out personally for individuals, and try to win them for Jesus.

SEVEN PEOPLE SAVED BY A SMILE.

It is a pretty story. A clergyman passes by a window on his way to church. A baby was being dandled there, and he smiled at the baby, and the baby at him. Another time he passed; the baby was there again, and once more he smiled. Soon baby was taken to the window at the hour when he usually passed. They did not know who the gentleman was; but one day two of the older children followed to see where he went on a Sunday. They followed him to church, and as he preached in a winning way, they told their father and mother, who felt interest enough in their baby's friend to wish to go. Thus in a short time a godless family that had previously neglected the worship of God was brought to the Saviour because the minister smiled at the baby. I never heard of anybody getting to heaven through frowning at the baby, or at any one else.

Certain wonderfully good persons go through the world as if they were commissioned to impress everybody with the awful solemnity of religion; they resemble a winter's night without a moon; nobody seems attracted, nor even impressed, by them except in the direction of dislike. I saw *a life-buoy* the other day covered with luminous paint. How bright it seemed, how suitable to be cast upon the dark sea to help a drowning man! An ordinary life-buoy he would never see, but this is so bright and luminous that a man must see it. Give me a soul-winner bright with holy joy, for he will be seen by the sorrowing soul, and his help will be accepted. Cover your lives with the luminous paint of cheerfulness, compounded of joy and peace through believing. Smile Christ into mourners' hearts by God's grace. It can be done if the Holy Sprit will only give you a lesson.

Jesus welcomed them; let us warmly welcome all comers. Do not seem to say to them, "You want to be saved, do you?" "Yes." "You had better mind what you are about; you know there are a great many hypocrites. I am not sure of your sincerity. Do you really want to be saved?" If the seeker cries, "Oh, sir, what must I do to be saved?" do not answer with *icy words,* "Do not be so excited. Be calm, and let me lay the Gospel before you in a clear, didactic manner, for fear you should be deceived. I hope it is all right with you, and that these desires are not mere natural excitement, but are the fruit of the Spirit. Still it is my duty to be faithful and put you to the test." Why, my dear friend, if you had been in a right state of heart you would have led that man into the kingdom of heaven before you had got half through those cautious remarks. Give him a loving, hearty welcome, and not a cold, suspicious searching. Say, "Do you want to be saved?" "Yes." "Then come and welcome; believe in the Lord Jesus and He is yours. You want Jesus Christ, do you?" "Yes." "Come along; He waits to be gracious; He is here present; and all you have to do is to trust in Him."

"But some are so poor that if they are received into the church they will be of no service to it; they will rather be dependent upon its charity than helpful to its funds." Yes, but these are the sort of people that our Lord used to welcome, and why should not we? It will be an evil day for any church when it despises any class of men. There will come a curse upon a church that looks to men's garments and purses, and values them according to the guinea stamp. This will never do. Is he a man? Then he has an immortal soul about him. Does he seek the Saviour? Christ bids us encourage him. Is he a sinner? Christ can cleanse him. Is he troubled about his sin? Jesus can give him rest. Let us help him, however loathsome his past life may have been, and however little he may be able to do in return.

If any one here wishes to find mercy and cannot find it, I would during the last minute of my discourse try to welcome him. Friend, thou sayest, "How can I be saved?" Have you ever heard the Gospel, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved?" "Yes," say you, "but I do not think I believe aright." Listen. Here is

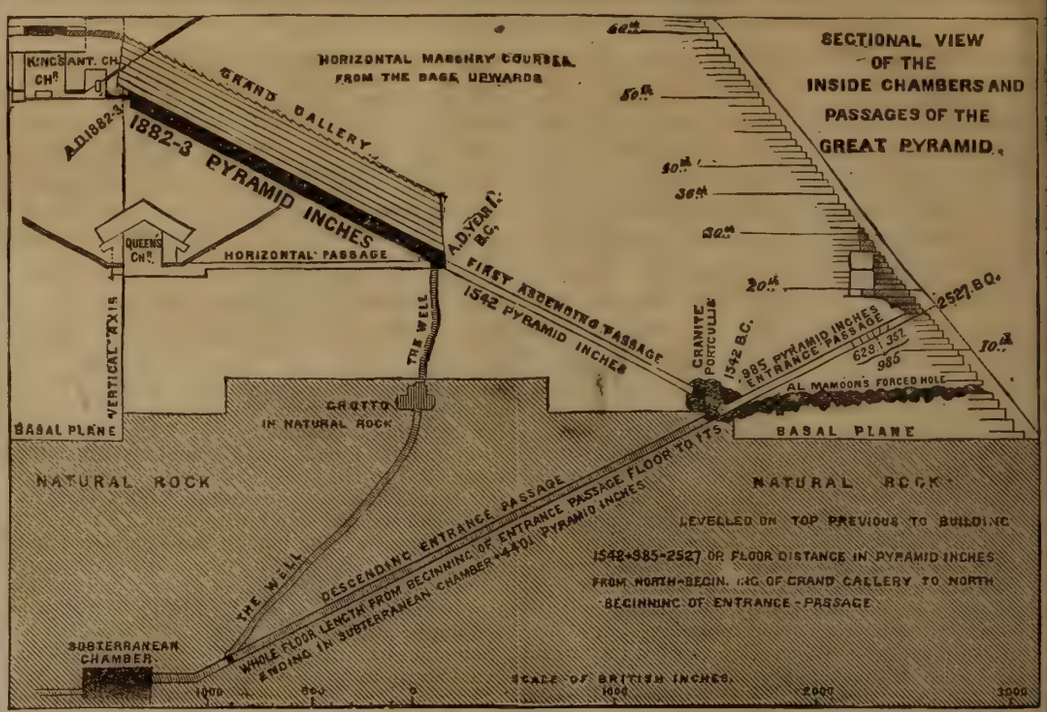
A VERSE FOR YOU.

Get out your New Testament. Look out John 5 · 24. Turn it down. Turn it down, and read it when you get home. I beg all of you who have not found the Saviour to mark that passage: read it carefully, and keep on reading it over and over again for an hour. Read it over ten thousand times, if need be, for I want you to find salvation through it. I know this text will save any man living, God blessing it to him. Here it is:

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life."

What a grand verse! Is there anything in it about believing *aright?* Not a syllable. Only let a man truly believe and he "hath" (it is not said "shall have")—he has now "everlasting life." Mark that—not a life that will die out in a quarter of a year if he does not mind—no, but "hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." Suck at that text, poor soul; *salvation lies in it.* Believe in Jesus and you are saved. May God help you to believe it by His blessed Spirit, and you shall live unto Him henceforth and forever. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Mark 6: 7-44.].



THE GREAT PYRAMID PROPHECY ABOUT A.D. 1882-83.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

The Commencement of the Latter-Day Time of Trouble—Views of Professor Piazzi Smyth—Astronomer-Royal for Scotland — Rev. Dr. Seiss, of Philadelphia—Other Authorities.

THE Great Pyramid of Egypt is one of the acknowledged *seven wonders of the world.* This pyramid is supposed to have been built about the year 2170 before Christ, and consists of an enormous solid mass of stones, covering an exactly square space of ground, which is 763 feet wide on each of the four sides of its base—about 13 acres. Each of its four sides gradually slants upward until they reach their highest summit, which constitutes the apex of the pyramid, at a height of 486 feet from the earth. This is much higher than St. Paul's Cathedral, London, which is only 370 feet in height. No building in the world equals it in height or size. (*See Illustration above.*)

In the very heart and centre of this gigantic mass of stone there is *an interior chamber*, called the *King's Chamber*, 412 inches long, 206 inches broad, and 230 inches high—that is to say, about 11¼ yards in length, 6 yards wide, and 6½ yards high. This chamber is reached from the outside by a long narrow passage, which is between 3 and 4 feet wide, and which is clearly marked on *the accompanying sectional diagram of the inside of the pyramid.*

This *passage* from the outside first goes downward for 985 inches, and this portion of it is called, for the sake of distinction, the *Entrance Passage.* The passage then proceeds *upward* for 1542 inches further, which portion is termed the *First Ascending Passage.* The passage then suddenly becomes about *seven times* higher, for it increases in height from 47 inches to 339 inches, and consequently from this point onward it is called the *Grand Gallery* for a distance of 1882 or 1883 inches, at the end of which the passage abruptly decreases in height from 339 *inches* to 43 *inches, i.e.*, about 3½ feet, so that a man has to stoop very much to creep onward. This very *low exit-passage* leading out of the Grand Gallery continues for 52 inches, and then comes what is termed the *Antechamber*, which is 116 inches long, 65 inches broad, and 149 inches wide. After this, the passage becomes narrower and lower for a distance of 100 inches, and then enters at once into the capacious *King's Chamber*, inside which there stands a *granite coffer* (see the sectional diagram).

The view maintained by Professor Piazzi Smyth, Astronomer-Royal for Scotland, and by the learned Dr. Seiss, of Philadelphia, and some other eminent writers, is that the pyramid was constructed by Jewish architects, who (whether consciously or unconsciously) erected it according to *a divinely-inspired plan*, and that the length of its interior passages in *inches* figuratively represents periods of an equal number of years. Therefore THE LENGTH OF THE GRAND GALLERY AS 1882-3 INCHES PREFIGURES AND REPRESENTS THE LENGTH OF THE CHRISTIAN DISPENSATION as 1882-3 YEARS, and the succeeding *low exit passage* represents the ensuing Time of Trouble and Distress of Nations accompanying the Second Advent of Christ, and the considerable Depopulation of the Earth, which will not be fully repaired until more than a generation has elapsed after Christ's Advent and the commencement of His personal reign over the nations of this earth for 1000 years.

It is an extraordinary fact that this Pyramid Prophecy of the Time of Trouble to commence about A.D. 1882-3 mainly agrees with certain chronological prophecies in Daniel and Revelation. For example, the 1260 years (Daniel 12 : 7 ; Revelation 11 : 2), which is universally allowed to be the measurement of the Mohammedan as well as the Papal Antichrist, has been calculated by many to commence in A.D. 622, the starting-point of the Mohammedan calendar, and therefore to end in 1882, by which time some tremendous blow will be inflicted on Mohammedanism and the Turkish Empire (the mystic Euphrates), which is the principal stronghold and bulwark of the temporal power of Mohammedanism.

Then again the 1335 years (Dan. 12 : 12), starting in 555-8, have been calculated to end about 1890 to 1893, as the close of this dispensation ; and if so, the final seven years (Antichrist's covenant-week with the Jews—Dan. 9 : 27) will commence about 1883-6. The epoch of 1882-3 may be either the commencement of the final *seven years* or the final *decade of ten years*, as the latter day *time of trouble.* For great wars and revolutions must take place during the *two or three years preceding* the final Seven Years in order to accomplish the following events : the transmutation of the existing *nineteen* countries of Cæsar's Roman Empire into exactly *ten* confederated kingdoms under ten kings ; the subsequent rise of an *eleventh* Little Horn or Sovereign over a little kingdom (Dan. 7 : 24 ; 8 : 9) in the regions of Greece or Syria, who will be a Napoleon (Revelation 9 : 11) ; his "waxing exceeding great toward the South and toward the East, and toward the pleasant land" (Palestine), and his becoming king of Syria (king of the north), and his making a seven years' covenant with the Jews, which commences the final seven years (Dan. 8 : 9 ; 11 : 21 ; 9 : 27). The ten kingdoms are expected to be—1. *Britain*, separated from Ireland ; 2. *France*, extended to the Rhine ; 3. *Spain*, with Portugal added to it ; 4. *Italy ;* 5. *Austria ;* 6. *Bulgaria ;* 7. *Egypt ;* 8. *Greece ;* 9. *Syria ;* 10. *Thracian Turkey.*

After the time of trouble and distress of nations, which commences about A.D. 1882-3, and ends about 1890-3, has run its course, there will ensue the 1000 years of the millennium, according to Revelation 20 ; and it is noticeable that there are, in round numbers, nearly 1010 inches (prefiguring the few years of trouble, and the subsequent millennial 1000 years) from the end of the 1883 inches of the Grand Gallery to the top of the King's Chamber, if a line be carried straight on as far as it can go, from the Grand Gallery through the Antechamber and the King's Chamber (travelling over the Coffer) and running to the top of the terminating wall of the King's Chamber. (*See sectional diagram showing the King's Chamber.*)

(To be continued.)

A MOTHER'S LAST INJUNCTION.

IN a city office one busy day a young man was seated examining invoices and checking accounts. He was the junior partner in an enterprising firm whose transactions were of a very extensive character. He had entered the warehouse as an office boy, and had worked his way up to his position as junior partner by sheer industry and business capacity. Presently he pushed aside his books, saying, "I do not know how it is, but I cannot concentrate my thoughts to-day ; I have a presentiment of coming trouble. But presentiments are delusive in nine cases out of ten, and this is probably one of the nine. I will go on 'Change for half an hour and try to shake it off."

So saying, he rose from his desk and turned to the door. As he did so a telegraph messenger entered and placed an envelope in his hands. He opened it hastily and read a message from his sister in a distant State. It was short, but to him very distressing. It said, "Come immediately ; our mother is dangerously sick." Theodore Yates loved his widowed mother very dearly, and he staggered into a chair overwhelmed by the shock his sister's message inflicted. But prompt action was necessary, and his business habits in a few minutes came to his aid. Leaving brief directions as to his department and correspondence, he walked quickly into his partner's office, and in a few words told the sad news and explained the

necessity for his absence. In a short time he was on the cars speeding at express rate to the home of his childhood.

As he travelled he had leisure to think. Could it be possible, he asked himself, that his mother was dying? He had always paid her a visit once a year, and at his last visit some six months before she was looking strong and well. Since then no intimation of failing health had reached him until that startling message arrived. This must be some sudden illness which had come upon her, and knowing well the pain it would inflict, his sister would not have so telegraphed unless there were real cause for alarm. Fast as he travelled, the hours he passed on the cars seemed weeks to the anxious man, and when at last he reached his destination, he hurried with impetuous steps to the old home.

His sister's face, as she admitted him, bore that solemn look we are accustomed to see on the faces of those in the presence of death. She shook her head in response to her brother's anxious query, and beckoned him to follow her to her mother's chamber. There lay the form both loved so well, and on the face of the sufferer were signs of approaching dissolution that could not be misunderstood. Mrs. Yates was dying, slowly but surely, and not all the skill of experienced physicians could save save her. At the sight of her stalwart son, whose coming she had for many hours been eagerly expecting, a bright glad light came into her eyes, and though too feeble to embrace him, her face showed the joy his presence brought.

A Mother's Last Injunction.

"I have sent for you, my son," the dying lady said, "to take a last farewell and to ask you to carry out my last injunction." Theodore uttered some broken words implying that he could not give up hope, but his mother interrupted him. "No," she said, "there is no hope of recovery; I know I am dying; and except that I must leave my children, I have no regret at leaving the world, for I know that beyond the grave a home awaits me, as our Saviour promised, where I shall be forever with my Lord." The hearts of both her listeners, wrung as they were with sorrow, could not but admit that Mrs. Yates was right; she had but a few hours to live.

After a few moments she said, "I wanted to speak to you about my jewels," and in obedience to a gesture her daughter left the room and presently returned with an antique case which she laid on the bed. When it was opened it revealed a set of costly gems, among which a splendid necklace of opals and diamonds shone resplendent. "You have never seen these before," Mrs. Yates said to her son. "They have been kept securely hidden, for I could not bear the sight of them. They were near costing me the salvation of my soul. Your father gave them to me soon after we were married, and I never was so proud of anything in my life. I would go to balls and parties and the theatre, for these jewels attracted attention, and I loved to be noticed. They held me to my worldly life, and when I tried to give my heart to the Saviour they formed a barrier which only His love enabled me to surmount. I want these jewels sold, and the proceeds given to the cause of Christ. I intrust that commission to you, my son, and I know you will fulfil it."

The young man, who had sunk into a chair as his mother spoke, and had buried his face in his hands to hide his grief, rose and gave the promise. Before morning Mrs. Yates died, and after the last sad rites were performed the young man returned to the city bearing with him the jewels which were laid as a trophy at the feet of the Saviour.

"I Belong to Death's Master," was the Expression of a Christian woman lately, who at length died of internal cancer. She was attended by a Roman Catholic nurse, who was very much astonished at the calm patience and peace of the poor sufferer. A lady called to see her one day. The door was opened by the nurse. "How is Mrs. Bristow to-day?" inquired the visitor. "She is very ill, sir," was the reply. The nurse then gave the following details: "Last night she was seized with violent pain and I thought she was dying. I said to her, 'You are dying; shall I send for a clergyman to prepare you for death?' 'Oh, no,' she said, 'I want no minister, for I am ready to die at any moment.' 'But,' I said, 'are you not afraid to die?' 'No, indeed, not a bit,' she replied. 'Tell me why you are not afraid to die, when you have not been prepared by your clergyman, nor received the rites of your church?' I said. 'Because,' she replied, joyously, '*I belong to death's Master*. I am a poor sinner saved by grace, and His blood has washed away my sin, and secured me a title to glory.'"

MY COMPANY.

By Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

I HAVE read of one who dreamed a dream when in great distress of mind about religion. He thought he stood in the outer court of heaven, and he saw a glorious host marching up, singing sweet hymns, and bearing the banners of victory; and they passed by him through the gate, and when they vanished he heard in the distance sweet strains of music.

"Who are they?" he asked.

"They are the goodly fellowship of the prophets, who have gone to be with God."

And he heaved a deep sigh as he said, "Alas, *I am not one of them*, and never shall be, and I cannot enter there."

By and by there came another band equally lovely in appearance, and equally triumphant, and robed in white. They passed within the portals, and again were shouts of welcome heard within.

"Who are they?"

"They are the goodly fellowship of the apostles."

"Alas," he said, "*I belong not to that fellowship* and I cannot enter there."

He still waited and lingered, in the hope that he might yet go in; but the next multitude did not encourage him, for they were the noble army of martyrs. He could not go with them, nor wave their palm branches. He waited still and saw that the next was a company of godly ministers and officers of Christian churches; but *he could not go with them.*

At last, as he walked, he saw a larger host than all the rest put together, marching and singing most melodiously, and in front walked the woman that was a sinner; and the thief that died upon the cross hard by the Saviour; and he looked long, and saw there such as Manasseh and the like; and when they entered he could see who they were, and he thought:

"There will be no shouting about them."

But to his astonishment it seemed as if all heaven was rent with seven-fold shouts as they passed in. And the Angels said to him:

"These are they that are mighty sinners, saved by mighty grace"

And then he said:

"Blessed be God! *I can go with them.*"

And so he awoke.

Gospel Cars on the Railroads is a Suggestion made by a Christian business man who spends much of his time in travelling. He pleads that as the railroad companies provide a car for smokers they might also provide a car in which those who desired might spend the time on their journey in the worship of God. Conductor Harris, of the Old Colony Railroad, in a letter to the *Boston Journal* avers that the suggestion is a practicable one. He writes: "There are hundreds of Christian men, who delight in the worship of God, who spend from six to twelve hours per week on the railroad between home and business. Now why not utilize this time to the glory of God? What a fitting it would be for the business of the day. *Instead of card tables have an organ or piano*, have the seats arranged facing the centre of the car. Instead of spittoons have a carpet; instead of cards have Bibles and Gospel song books. I venture *twenty years railroad experience* that it is practicable."

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(*Continued from page 703.*)

The Senior Partner.

LONG as the daylight lasts in May, it was after nightfall when Felicita left her study and went down to the drawing-room, more elegantly and expensively furnished for her than the drawing-room at Riversdale had been. Its extravagant display seemed to strike upon her suddenly as she entered it. Phebe was gone home, and Madame had retired to her own room, having given up the expectation of seeing Felicita that day. Mr. Clifford, the servant told her, was still in the bank, with his lawyer, for whom he had telegraphed to London. Felicita *sent him a message* that if he was not too busy she wished to see him for a few minutes.

Mr. Clifford almost immediately appeared, and Felicita saw him for the first time. She had always heard him called old; but he was a strong, erect, stern-looking man of sixty, with keen, cold eyes that could not be avoided. Felicita did not seek to avoid them. She looked as steadily at him as he did at her. There were traces of tears on her face, but there was no tremor or weakness about her. They exchanged a few civil words as calmly as if they were ordinary acquaintances.

"Tell me briefly what has happened," she said to him, when he had taken a seat near to her.

"Briefly?" he repeated. "Well! I find myself robbed of securities worth nearly eight thousand pounds; private securities, bond and scrip, left in custody only, not belonging to the firm. No one but Acton or Roland could have access to them. Acton has eluded me; but if Roland is found he must take the consequences."

"And what are those?" asked Felicita.

"I shall prosecute him as I would prosecute a common thief or burglar," answered Mr. Clifford. "His crime is more dishonorable and cowardly."

"Is it not cruel to say this to me?" she asked, yet in a tranquil tone which startled him.

"Cruel!" he repeated again; "I have not been in the habit of choosing words. You asked me a question, and I gave you the answer that was in my mind. I never forgive. Those who pass over crimes make themselves partakers in those crimes. Roland has robbed not only me, but half a dozen poor persons, to whom such a loss is ruin. Would it be right to let such a man escape justice?"

"You think he has gone away on purpose?" she said.

"He has absconded," answered Mr. Clifford, "and the matter is already in the hands of the police. A description of him has been telegraphed to every police-station in the kingdom. If he is not out of it he can barely escape now."

Felicita's pale face could not grow paler, but she shivered perceptibly.

"I am telling you bluntly," he said, "because I believe it is best to know the worst at once. It is terrible to have it falling drop by drop. You have courage and strength; I see it. Take an old man's word for it, it is better to know all in its naked ugliness, than have it brought to light bit by bit. There is not the shadow of a doubt of Roland's crime. You do not believe him innocent yourself?"

"No," she replied, in a low, yet steady voice, "no. I must tell the truth. I cannot comfort myself with the belief that he is innocent."

Mr. Clifford's keen eyes were fastened upon Felicita with admiration. Here was a woman, young and pallid with grief and dread, who neither tried to move him by prayers and floods of tears, nor shrank from acknowledging the truth, however painful. He had never seen her before, though the costly set of jewels she was wearing had been his own gift to her on her wedding. He recognized them with pleasure, and looked more attentively at her beautiful but gloomy face. When he spoke again it was in a manner less harsh and abrupt than it had been before.

"I am not going to ask you any questions about Roland," he said; "you have a right, the best right in the world, to screen him, and aid him in escaping from the just consequences of his folly and crime."

"You might ask me," she interrupted, "and I should tell you the simple truth. I do so now when I say I know nothing about him. He told me he was going to London. But is it not possible that poor Acton alone was guilty?"

Mr. Clifford shook his head in reply. For a few minutes he paced up and down the floor, and then placed himself at the back of Felicita, with his hand upon her chair, as if to support him. In a glass opposite she could see the reflection of his face, gray and agitated, with closed eyes and quivering lips—a face that looked ten years older than that which she had seen when he entered the room. She felt the chair shaken by his trembling hand.

"I will tell you," he said in a voice which he strove to render steady. "I did not spare my own son when he had defrauded Roland's father. Though Sefton would not prosecute him, I left him to reap the harvest of his deed to the full; and it was worse than the penalty the law would have exacted. He perished, disgraced and forsaken, of starvation, in Paris, the city of pleasures and of crimes. They told me that my son was little more than a living skeleton when he was found, so slowly had the end come. If I did not spare him, can I relent toward Roland? The justice I demand is, in comparison, mercy for him."

As he finished speaking he opened his eyes and saw those of Felicita fastened on the reflection of his face in the mirror. He turned away, and in a minute or two resumed his seat, and spoke again in his ordinary abrupt tone.

"What will you do?" he asked.

"I cannot tell yet," she answered; "I must wait till suspense is over. If Roland comes back, or is brought back," she faltered, "then I must decide what to do. I shall keep to myself till then. Is there anything I can do?"

"Could you go to your uncle, Lord Riversdale?" suggested Mr. Clifford.

"No, no," she cried, "I will not ask any help from him. He arranged my marriage for me, and he will feel this disgrace keenly. I will keep out of their way; they shall not be compelled to forbid me their society."

"But to-morrow you had better go away for the day," he answered; "there will be people coming and going, who will disturb you. There will be a rigorous search made. There is a detective now with my lawyer, who is looking through the papers in the bank. The police have taken possession of Acton's lodgings."

"I have nowhere to go," she replied, "and I cannot show my face out of doors. Madame and the children shall go to Phebe Marlowe; but I must bear it as well as I can."

"Well," he said, after a brief pause, "I will make it as easy as I can for you. You are thinking me a hard man? Yes, I have grown hard. I was soft enough once. But if I forgave any sinner now I should do my boy, who is dead, an awful injustice. I would not pass over his sin, and I dare not pass over any other. I know I shall pursue Roland until his death or mine; my son's fate cries out for it. But I'm not a hard man toward innocent sufferers, like you and his poor mother. Try to think of me as your friend; nay, even Roland's friend, for what would a few years' penal servitude be compared with my boy's death? Shake hands with me before I go."

The small delicate hand she offered him was icy cold, though her face was still calm and her eyes clear and dry. He was himself more moved and agitated than she appeared to be. *The mention of his son* always shook him to the very centre of his soul; yet he had not been able to resist uttering the words that had passed his lips during this painful interview with Roland's young wife. Unshed tears were burning under his eyelids. But if it had not been for that deathlike hand he might have imagined her almost unmoved.

Felicita was down-stairs before Madame the next morning, and had ordered the carriage to be ready to take her and the children to Upfold Farm directly after breakfast. It was so rare an incident for their mother to be present at the breakfast-table that Felix and Hilda felt as if it were a holiday. Madame was pale and sad, and for the first time Felicita thought of her as being a sufferer by Roland's crime. Her husband's mother had been little more to her than a superior housekeeper, who had been faithfully attached to her and her children. The homely, gentle, domestic foreigner, from a humble Swiss home, had looked up to her young aristocratic daughter-in-law as a being from a higher sphere. But now the downcast, sorrowful face of the elder woman touched Felicita's sympathy.

"Mother!" she said, as soon as the children had run away to get ready for their drive. She had never before called Madame "mother," and a startled look, almost of delight, crossed Madame's sad face.

"My daughter!" she cried, running to Felicita's side and throwing her arms timidly about her, "he is sure to come back soon—to-day, I think. Oh yes, he will be here when we return! You do well to stay to meet him; and I should be glad to be here but for the children. Yes, the little ones must be out of the way. They must not see their father's house searched; they must never know how he is suspected. Acton did say it was all his fault; his fault and—"

But here Madame paused for an instant, for had not Acton said it was Felicita's fault more than any one's?

"Phebe heard him," she went on hastily; "and if it is not his fault, why did he kill himself? Oh, it is an ill-fortune that my son went to London that day! It would all be right if he were here; but he is sure to come to-day and explain it all; and the bank will be opened again. So be of good comfort, my daughter; for God is present with us, and with my son also."

It was a sorrowful day at the Upfold Farm in spite of the children's unconscious mirthfulness. Old Marlowe locked himself into his workshop, and would see none of them, taking his meals there in sullen anger. Phebe's heart was almost broken with listening to Madame's earnest asseverations of her son's perfect innocence, and her eager hopes to find him when she reached home. It was nearly impossible to her to keep the oppressive secret, which seemed crushing her into deception and misery, and her own muteness appeared to herself more condemnatory than any words could be. But Madame did not notice her silence, and her grief was only natural.

Phebe's tears fell like balm on Madame's aching heart. Felicita had not wept; but this young girl, and her abandonment to passionate bursts of tears, who needed consoling herself, was a consolation to the poor mother. They knelt together in Phebe's little bedroom, while the children were playing on the wide uplands around them, and they prayed silently, if heavy sobs and sighs could be called silence; but they prayed together, and for her son; and Madame returned home comforted and hopeful.

It had been a day of fierce trial to Felicita. She had not formed any idea of how searching would be the investigation of the places where any of her husband's papers might be found. Her own study was not exempt from the prying eyes of the detectives. This room, sacred to her, which Roland himself never entered without permission, was ransacked, and forever desecrated in her eyes. This official meddling with her books and her papers could never be forgotten. The pleasant place was made an abomination to her.

The bank was reopened the next morning at the accustomed hour, for a very short investigation by Mr. Clifford and the experienced advisers summoned from London to assist him proved that the revenues of the firm were almost as good as ever. The panic had been caused by the vague rumor afloat of some mysterious complicity in crime between the absent partner and the clerk who had committed suicide. It was, therefore, considered necessary for the prosperous re-establishment of the bank to put forth a cautiously worded circular, in which Mr. Clifford's return was made the reason for the absence on a long journey of Roland Sefton, whose disappearance had to be accounted for. By the time he was arrested and brought to trial the confidence of the bank's customers in its stability would in some measure be regained.

There was thus a good deal of conjecture and of contradictory opinion abroad in Riversborough

concerning Roland Sefton, which continued to be the town's talk for some weeks. Even Madame began to believe in a half bewildered manner that her son had gone on a journey of business connected with the bank, though she could not account for his total silence. Sometimes she wondered if he and Felicita could have had some fatal quarrel, which had driven him away from home in a paroxysm of passionate disappointment and bitterness. Felicita's coldness and indifference might have done it. With this thought, and the hope of his return some day, she turned for relief to the discharge of her household duties, and to the companionship of the children, who knew nothing except that their father was gone away on a journey, and might come back any day.

Neither Madame nor the children knew that whenever they left the house they were followed by a detective, and every movement was closely watched. But Felicita was conscious of it by some delicate sensitiveness of her imaginative temperament. She refused to quit the house except in the evening, when she rambled about the garden, and felt the fresh air from the river breathing against her ofter aching temples. Even then she fancied an eye upon her—an unsleeping, unblinking eye; the unwearying vigilance of justice on the watch for a criminal.

It was a positive pain to her when reviews of her book appeared in various papers, and were forwarded to her with congratulatory letters from her publishers. She was living far enough from London to be easily persuaded, without much vanity, that her name was upon everybody's lips there. She read the reviews, but with a sick heart, and the words were forgotten, as soon as she put them away; but the Riversborough papers, which had been very guarded in their statements about the death of Acton and the events of the Old Bank, took up the book with what appeared to her fulsome and offensive enthusiasm.

It had never occurred to her that local criticism was certain to follow the appearance of a local writer; and she shrank from it with morbid and exaggerated disgust. Even if all had been well, if Roland had been beside her, their notices would have been well-nigh intolerable to her. She could not have endured being stared at and pointed out in the streets of her own little town. But now Fame had come to her with broken wings and cracked trumpet; and she shuddered at the sound of her own name harshly proclaimed through it.

It even became evident that Roland Sefton had succeeded in getting away out of the country. The police were at fault; and as no one in his own home knew how to communicate with him, no clew had been discovered by close surveillance of their movements. Such vigilance could be kept up only for a few months at the longest, and as the summer drew toward the end it ceased.

(To be continued.)

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

S. S. Lesson for November 20th, Lev. 25 : 1–17. Golden Text, Ps. 89 : 16. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

WE are about to consider in our lesson for today the sabbaths or periods of rest which the Lord commanded to His ancient people. Work was at first *laid as a curse upon mankind.* God said to Adam in the day of his sin, "Cursed is the ground for thy sake; . . . In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread" (Gen. 3 : 17–19). The Lord Jesus, when He came on earth to take upon Himself the consequences of the fall of man, sanctified labor by the work of His own hands, and in the example and teaching of Paul, labor is most strongly enforced. "If any man would not work, neither should he eat" (2 Thess. 3 : 10).

Nevertheless, *the end of God's work is rest*, which implies satisfaction. "On the seventh day (the day of perfection) God ended His work which He had made; and He rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made" (Gen. 2 : 2). It was only when imperfection became perfection that God could rest; it is only when we learn to cease from our own works as God did from His, that we enter into His rest (Heb. 4 : 10). The end of God's work upon us, His children, is that we may learn to rest in Him, and that He may rest in us, that there may be mutual satisfaction. Worry, distress, agitation, struggling, all cease where there is the rest of satisfaction.

Besides the typical teaching for ourselves, we cannot but notice the fatherly care of our God for His people in His institutions for them. He ordained that when they should be come into the land which He had given them, the land should "keep *a sabbath unto the Lord.*" During six years they might sow, and reap, and labor, but on the seventh year there was to be neither sowing, nor reaping, nor labor. Here was an antidote to avarice. He taught them this: "It is but lost labor that ye haste to rise up early, and so late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness; for so He giveth His beloved sleep" (Ps. 127 : 3 P.B.V.).

Then also for the health of man and of animals, what a boon! How often, for want of taking things quietly and allowing time for rest, the brain of a man of business or of a Christian worker has become so enfeebled that a year of absolute mental inaction has become an imperative necessity; and how often has God been obliged to suspend altogether the usefulness of Christian workers, because they have not learned to keep sabbath, and to know that the time of rest, *i.e.*, of communing with God, the "sabbath for the Lord" is really of far more importance than all their active labor. It is true sabbath-keeping which gives stamina to work, and which exercises us in a life of faith.

The children of Israel were allowed, in the sabbatical year, to eat of the fruit which grew of itself, but not to harvest it. "That which groweth of its own accord of thy harvest thou shalt not reap, neither gather the grapes of thy vine undressed: for it is a year of rest unto the land. And the sabbath of the land shall be meat for you; for thee, and for thy servant, and for thy maid, and for thy hired servant, and for thy stranger that sojourneth with thee, and for thy cattle, and for the beasts that are in thy land shall all the increase thereof be for meat." But many difficulties might have arisen from such an arrangement. For instance, the people could not go out into the field in all weathers to gather corn enough for food, and a few weeks after the corn was ripe it would rot upon the ground if it were not harvested, and the field-mice would eat it, and the birds devour it. So the Lord made a precious provision that the sixth year should be one of especial blessing, which should "*bring forth fruit for three years,*" *i.e.*, for the sixth year, the seventh or sabbatical year, and the eighth year. "And ye shall sow the eighth year, and eat yet of old fruit until the ninth year; until her fruits come in ye shall eat of the old store." What a lesson for us of the power of God, and how easily He can dispense with man's labor!

After seven sabbath years, that is after forty-nine years, "Then thou shalt cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound on the tenth day of the seventh month; in the day of atonement shall ye make the trumpet to sound throughout all your land. And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and *proclaim liberty throughout all the land*, unto all the inhabitants thereof: it shall be a jubilee unto you, and ye shall return every man unto his possession, and ye shall return every man unto his family." Oh, what a burst of joy must there have been! families reunited, poor men made rich, servants released again. When Jesus comes to reign, and the world has reached its sabbath, when the six thousand years of sin, labor, oppression, sorrow, and death have run their course, and the blessed millennium dawns, then, under the immediate rule of Christ Himself, all bonds shall be broken, all oppression at an end. "Upon Mount Zion shall be deliverance, and there shall be holiness, and the house of Jacob shall possess their possessions" (Ob. 17).

But even now, coming as the anointed One, God's Christ, He says: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach *the acceptable year of the Lord*," *i.e.*, the year of jubilee, the year of going free (Luke 4 : 18, 19). Blessed be our God, no power of the enemy can prevail since Jesus has conquered him; there is no need for us to remain subject to that which Jesus has vanquished; "Sin shall have no dominion over you" (Rom. 6 : 14), for the year of jubilee is come; we need be slaves to long-formed, inveterate habits no longer, for the year of jubilee is come. Sickness, and even death, are subject to Him; why then be slaves to fears and apprehensions?

Among the children of Israel all things were regulated with a view to the year of jubilee; no sale of land could take place without the condition that it should *go free in the year of jubilee*, and the price was counted accordingly; it could not be mortgaged and forfeited for the price of the mortgage; it was the gift of God, and His gifts, as well as His calling, are without repentance. "The land shall not be sold for ever, for the land is mine." However poor a man might have become, and however unable to redeem his land, still, in the year of jubilee it must return into his possession. The law of house property, if it were situated in unwalled villages, was the same as the land law: in the year of jubilee every house which had been sold returned to its first owner. But a house in a walled city, which was not redeemed in the first year after it was sold, remained the possession of the buyer, and should not go out in the jubilee. God did not watch over the property already surrounded with man's defences, as He did over that which lay unprotected save by Him. Lord, teach us this lesson of trust!

The cities of the Levites, and the houses within them, might be redeemed at any time, but in all cases they must go free in the year of jubilee; their land, however, might never be sold, "for it is their perpetual possession." *This was the immediate gift of God*, while the houses were built by the hand of man, a precious token that God abides by the gifts which He has given us, and never withdraws them; if we are true Levites, we are losers only by the works of our own hands. There was intense love and mercy in the law regarding servants. An Israelite might hire one of his poor brethren as a yearly hired servant, but never as a slave; and in any case he must let him go free in the year of jubilee; then he must depart, he and his family, and return to his own family and his own possessions. "For unto me the children of Israel are servants; they are my servants whom I brought forth out of the land of Egypt: I am the Lord your God."

Did the children of Israel keep these sabbaths unto the Lord? While the bondage of ceaseless labor was hard upon the necks of the heathen, did they see the children of Israel at rest every sabbath day, at rest every sabbath year, and in all the jubilance of freedom and restored possession every fiftieth year? and did they see that this people could afford all this ceasing from hard labor, and yet receive more increase in the fruits of the earth than they, because the Lord cared for them? Surely God meant that by this fact the heathen should be convinced of the immediate intervention of God, and of His care for His people? Alas, no! Even before the death of Moses, he prophesied, in God's name, that if they would not hearken unto Him, and do His commandments, He would bring many judgments upon them, and He said, "Your land shall be desolate, and your cities waste. Then shall the land enjoy her sabbaths as long as it lieth desolate, and ye shall be in your enemies' land; even then shall the land rest and enjoy her sabbaths. As long as it lieth desolate it shall rest; *because it did not rest in your sabbaths, when ye dwelt upon it*" (Lev. 26 : 34, 35). In the sad history of Judah's captivity this prophecy was fulfilled; it lasted "until the land had enjoyed her sabbaths: for, as long as she lay desolate she kept sabbath, to fulfil threescore and ten years" (2 Chron. 36 : 21). From this we gather that for four hundred and ninety years the sabbaths had not been kept. Now let us learn, by the grace of God, to enter into a true life of sabbath, for only so can the blessing of God make our lives fruitful.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The First Decision of the New Irish Land Court has been against the landowners. A tenant named McAtavey, who has spent four years in this country, applied to the court. He rents ten acres, for which he paid rent equivalent to $44. Several witnesses were called to prove that the holding was too highly rented, one swearing that the tenant's right in it was worth nothing, others that it was worth about £5. The agent on the estate, however, swore that McAtavey *had refused* £100 for his holding and wanted £150. Some tenants swore that the land was bad and would hardly support a family. The agent swore it was light and sandy soil, capable of bearing good crops if properly farmed. Thus the issue was joined. The commissioners resolved to visit the holding, and then give their decision. They therefore drove there the next day, and the neighboring tenants gathered and followed curiously at their heels as they went from field to field *testing the soil*, examining the gathered crops, and asking questions of the agent, the tenant, and all who were concerned. The land appeared to be in a wretched condition, badly drained, and really incapable of being made very valuable. Returning in the afternoon the commission sat to hear further evidence, but nothing important was elicited. When the testimony was finished, the commission decided to reduce the rent to a sum equivalent to $31.50.

The Release of One Member of Parliament imprisoned in Kilmainham jail, Ireland, is announced. Mr. Sexton, M.P., was released on a medical certificate stating that further confinement would endanger his life. He drove unattended to his lodgings. He is suffering from a complication of diseases, including spinal irritation and gastric disturbance. He has been ordered abroad at the earliest moment when he can be removed. He is at present unable to travel. There are no conditions attached to his release. During the *eighteen days of his imprisonment* he was confined to his bed, and for seven days was in absolute solitude. *Mr. Sexton speaks in the highest terms of the treatment he received from all the officials in Kilmainham Jail.*

Great Satisfaction has been Expressed in England at the order of President Arthur for saluting the British flag at Yorktown. The International Arbitration and Peace Association of London passed a resolution recording its gratification. Such an incident, the resolution says, is unparalleled in history, and must ever remain of deep international interest. It regards the act as mighty and significant testimony to the oblivion of all animosities resulting from the War of Independence, and as an emphatic expression of the brotherly love existing between England and America.

The British Parliament is Expected to Assemble on January 19th. Its first business will be to consider the proposed alteration of the rules of the House of Commons to prevent the possibility of the dilatory and vexatious tactics of the Irish party being renewed. It is also reported that the Government will introduce a bill under which Mr. Bradlaugh, the infidel member, may take his seat.

The Chinese Students Withdrawn From America are already turning their knowledge acquired here, to good account. It is announced that they are to be employed on the telegraph line being built between Tien-Tsin and Shanghai, China, which, it is expected, will be finished by the end of the year.

The Discovery of More Plots in Russia Indicates the increased vigilance of the police and also the untiring resolution of the Nihilists. The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Telegraph* says: "I have trustworthy information that the police have made an important capture. Suspicions having been directed to inmates of a house in a respectable quarter of the city, the police surrounded the place at night, burst open the doors, and seized a man and a woman who were preparing dangerous explosives. Socialist pamphlets were found in the rooms. The man is *a student* in the School of Mines. It is stated that the Czar has lately received many threatening missives. Five employes in the Czar's palace at Gatchina have been arrested, and one of them has *revealed a plot* to repeat at Gatchina the Winter Palace explosion, when an attempt was made to kill the late Czar.

The Commercial Treaty Between France and England has again been under diplomatic discussion, but so far unsuccessfully. The British commissioners having the subject in charge left Paris on Saturday. A correspondent there cables: "There will be no treaty. The French offers have been officially noted, but they fall far short of the point at which a compromise might be entertained. The principal differences are relative to cotton. Neither on the English nor on the French side has a real spirit of conciliation been shown. Both sides have been trying to strike each other in the dark. It is manifest that a treaty is further than ever from being concluded."

A Revolt Against Turkish Rule is Reported from Arabia. A cablegram from Constantinople says: "There is much anxiety in Constantinople about affairs in Arabia. Rumors are current that the Sheriff of Mecca has declared himself Khalif and has liberated Midhat Pacha. It appears sure, however, that certain tribes in the vicinity of Mecca are in revolt. The Sheriff is suspected of connivance at the movement. The Turkish commander has been instructed to arrest him if necessary." It would appear that on all hands the mystic Euphrates is threatened. Asiatic and European enemies threaten her, while she is tottering and almost ready to fall to pieces through her own corruption.

A Jewish Colony in Palestine is About to be settled. The London *Record* says: "A united Jewish colony is to be formed in the district of Gilead and Moab, the Sultan of Turkey having granted one million and a half acres of land for this purpose, in consideration of a large amount of money to be advanced by Jewish capitalists. The new colony is to be subject to *a prince of Jewish race and religion*, though tributary to the Porte. It has been also affirmed that within the last few years a wealthy Jew has lent some thirty million dollars to the Turkish Government on the security of the land of Palestine, so that there is reason to conclude that the whole of the Promised Land may erelong again be recognized as the rightful property of the Jews, and populated by them.

A Conservative Reaction is Noticed in Great Britain. The Liberals, Mr. Gladstone's supporters, have been defeated in the municipal elections in many cases. This does not affect the Premier's Parliamentary majority, but is regarded as an indication of the current of popular opinion. The success of the Conservatives is especially observable in towns where the Irish reside in large numbers. It is remarkable that the Irish should oppose Mr. Gladstone, who has made greater concessions to them than the Conservatives were willing to grant.

England and the Pope.—Rumors have been circulated that direct communications were taking place between the Pope of Rome and the British Government, in which Mr. Gladstone undertook to propose to the Parliament the grant of concessions to the Romish Church if the Pope would exercise his authority toward the pacification of Ireland. These rumors are denied by the London *Times*, which says: "The Ministry has given no encouragement whatever to opening the question of the establishment of direct relations with the Vatican. As far as is apparent there is no reason to depart from the existing state of things, even if the Vatican took the initiative in the matter. The proposal to appeal to the spiritual authority of the Pope in order that the Government may indirectly control the conduct of our Catholic fellow-citizens, which could be the only object of the re-establishment of relations with the Vatican, is not one that can be popular with any class of Englishmen, or which can have any chance of practical success."

Preparations for Rebuilding Solomon's Temple are said by newspaper correspondents in Jerusalem to be in progress. They report that the Turkish Sultan has issued imperative orders to the Turkish governor at Jerusalem to commence at once the work of clearing the site of Solomon's Temple, desecrated for so many centuries by the Moslem religion. This is stated to be a direct result of the representations made by the reigning Imperial Austrian family. The alms of the pilgrims are in future to be applied to the clearing of the ground upon Mount Moriah, and this may be taken as an indication of the earnest intentions of the Sublime Porte in the matter. This circumstance, when taken in connection with the marvellous exodus of Jews into Spain and other places adjacent to the Great Sea, notably Turkey, where upward of 60,000 Israelites recently found refuge from serious persecution, may, with solid grounds, be accepted by all students of prophecy as an evidence that the "time to favor Sion, yea, the set time is come."

The Hat on the Marble Bust.—On the Occasion of a banquet at the Mansion House, the official residence of the Lord Mayor of London, as the guests filed down a corridor, which was adorned by the busts of certain eminent men, the late Sir Charles Reed stopped opposite one, on which some one had placed a hat, and removed it, and laid it on the ground. On being gently remonstrated with for this seemingly discourteous action by some one behind, he replied that *that was the bust of his father, whom he revered, and he would not see it dishonored by being made a hat-peg.* Some time afterward Mr. Peabody, the philanthropic American millionaire, called on him, told him he was witness of the incident, and that it had excited his curiosity as to the man whose reverence for his father extended to his marble image. Mr. Peabody was at the time looking out for men of character in whom he might have enough confidence to make them trustees of his fund for the benefit of the poor. The incident of the hat pleased him, and he made inquiries about Sir Charles Reed, which fully satisfied him that Sir Charles was such a one as he desired as trustee. The honor was offered and accepted, and from that day forward the two men, so alike in soul and aim, worked together for the benefit of the poor. What should be the feelings of God's children when they witness the discourtesies so often paid to their Heavenly Father's Name, His House, and Word, and Day!

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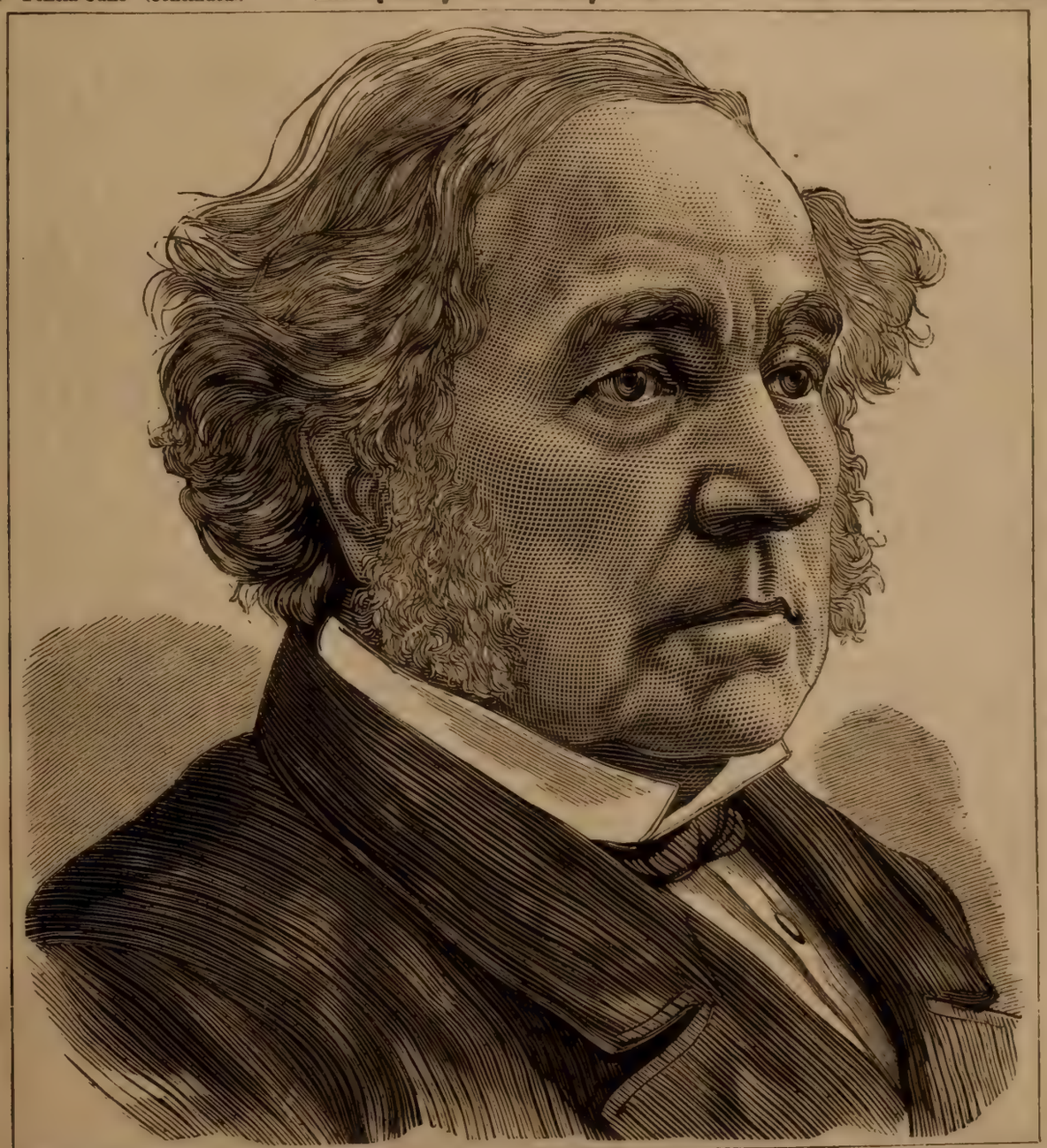

MR. SAMUEL MORLEY, M.P., The Merchant Philanthropist now Visiting America.

SAMUEL MORLEY, ESQ., M.P.

Position in the Community—Public Benefactions—Private Charity—Ancestry—Commercial Eminence—Politics—Temperance Work—Home Mission Work.

MR. SAMUEL MORLEY, who is now visiting this country, is a celebrated English merchant and manufacturer. But widely as is the firm of which he is the head known, his personal character as a Christian philanthropist is still more widely celebrated. No name among English laymen of to-day occupies a higher position in the esteem of the Christian community for generous and enlightened munificence than does the name of Samuel Morley, the member of Parliament for Bristol. Blessed of God in the possession of large and rapidly increasing wealth, he has continued to use it under the controlling power of Christian principle, and in private charity and public munificence the greater part of his income is expended. Much of it has been absorbed in gifts to public purposes. Only recently he gave $25,000 toward purchasing Exeter Hall, the building now occupied by the London Young Men's Christian Association. If in any locality of Great Britain a small band of Christians see opportunities of winning souls for Jesus, yet are too poor to build a church where the Gospel may be preached, an application to Samuel Morley is sure to extract a liberal donation from him; and many a church burdened with debt, and its energies crippled by the necessary effort to pay interest, has been relieved by

HIS MUNIFICENCE.

In private charity, too, his discriminating benevolence has been largely exercised. There are many tradesmen who to-day are in comfortable circumstances, who are largely indebted to Samuel Morley for their position and good name. He has been known in times of commercial pressure not only to forego his own claims upon a debtor, but to advance money without interest or security to enable him to tide over the crisis of his affairs. Once satisfied of the integrity of an unfortunate man, and convinced that to aid him will be an act of Christian charity, and Samuel Morley gives or lends with no grudging hand. Many a hoary-headed Christian whom the vicissitudes of trade have involved in difficulties, has been seen on his knees thanking God with a heart full of gratitude and eyes suffused with tears, that through Samuel Morley's aid he has been saved from bankruptcy and the Church of Christ from reproach through his financial collapse. The extent of such benefactions is of course unknown, but a London accountant said recently that in the exercise of his profession he had found instances of Mr. Morley's private generosity which aggregated a sum incredible by persons who could not test its truth.

Another form in which Mr. Morley has been able to do a beneficent work has been in the charity schools. Mr. Morley's face is well known in every institution where orphans and *friendless children* are congregated. He delights in taking boys into his house of business, when their education is completed, and they are looking forward to a struggle in the world, unaided, with some apprehension. There they are carefully watched to see what kind of talent they develope, and some are placed in the manufactory, others in the warehouse in London, and others in the office, according as the bent of their minds suggests, and in each department a career honorable and prosperous is open to them. Thus, throughout Great Britain and the colonies may be found men engaged in commercial pursuits respected and prosperous, who owe, under God's blessing, all they have and are, to Samuel Morley's aid and wise Christian counsels given at the critical time when they were entering upon life orphaned and friendless. Such are some of the ways in which the princely income Mr. Morley derives from his business is made to work for the cause of Christ and the welfare of men.

Samuel Morley is descended from the Morlais, an ancient Huguenot family who, before the massacre of St. Bartholomew, being exiled from France, settled in England. There they engaged in a humble way in the manufacture of hosiery, and with frugality managed to earn a livelihood. They had gone to England because there they could enjoy religious liberty, not to make money. But the sterling honesty, the intelligence, and skill of these French stocking makers began to have an effect in the trade. Their productions were sought after because *they were reliable*, and very soon their prosperity was established. The occupation was continued by their descendants. About the close of the last century one of them, John Morley, was well known as a manufacturer of hosiery on a large scale. He had three sons, of whom Samuel was the youngest.

Samuel Morley was born in 1809 in Hackney, a suburb of London. He is now the head of the firm whose transactions are with every civilized nation on the face of the earth. In all the countries of Europe, in the cities of America, in India, and in South Africa, wherever a dry goods store is established, there may be seen, with more or less frequency, the famous initials J. & R. M. on boxes and bales, which indicate that the goods encased are the manufacture of the eminent firm of J. & R. Morley, of London, which was the original style of the firm. Samuel Morley was educated at a private school, and was early introduced into the business. He married the daughter of a Christian friend of his father, Samuel Hope, Esq., of Liverpool. The union has been blessed by the birth of eight children, of whom one of the daughters is married to Mr. Wilbraham Taylor, an earnest Christian gentleman, well known in England.

But liberal pecuniary gifts do not comprise the whole of Mr. Morley's conception of his duty toward God and his fellow-men. He has occupied and honorably discharged the duties of many responsible offices in connection with philanthropic enterprises, and others of a more distinctly religious character in connection with the Congregationalist denomination, to which he belongs. In 1855 he accepted the office of treasurer of the Home Missionary Society, and so energetically and systematically did he labor, that in one year the income of the society rose from $80,000 to $120,000, mainly through his exertions. During the period that he held this office, Mr. Morley personally journeyed through Great Britain, speaking at all the meetings wherever held for the furtherance of the interests of the society.

IN POLITICS.

In politics Mr. Morley has been an energetic supporter of the party of which Mr. Gladstone is now the head. With Mr. Cobden, Mr. John Bright, and other eminent Liberals, he has taken an active part in the campaigns of his time, prominent among which was the anti-Corn Law agitation, which, on account of the relief it promised to the poorer classes, enlisted Mr. Morley's sincere sympathies.

In 1855 much indignation was expressed at the lamentable disclosures of official incompetency during the Crimean war, when British soldiers were sent to undergo all the rigors of a Russian winter without proper clothing or protection. Mr. Morley, while acting as chairman at a public meeting, made a speech, in which he declared that "the aristocracy had as much right to share in the government as any other class, but *only as they exhibited the sterling qualities of honesty and efficiency*. The hideous disclosure of mismanagement, which the history of the war had revealed, forced upon them the all-important question, How are we to be governed? Let them go to any of the public departments, and if they chanced to meet the head of it without his intelligent underling at his elbow to cram him, they would too often find him displaying an amount of ignorance, incompetence, and superciliousness, which was actually eating into the heart of the country, and undermining its greatness."

On the

TEMPERANCE

question Mr. Morley has often spoken out in a fearless style. A paper read by him at the Temperance Congress at Exeter Hall on August 6th, 1862, was printed, under the title of "The Drinking Usages of the Commercial Room," and attracted much attention. It gives the following graphic description of *commercial travellers* taking their dinner at an hotel:

"It is four o'clock, or half-past; the soup and fish are on the table, dinner is announced, an eight or ten sit down to the repast. The oldest i the house occupies the head of the table, and i called President; the last comer doing the dutie of the Vice-chair. The President, after consult ing 'Mr. Vice and gentlemen,' orders in tw bottles of sherry, which, somehow or other, man age to disappear before the fish is removed; i game succeed the joints, port is consideerd a prope accompaniment.

"In the absence of game, port is brought in with the cheese, when Mr. President very kindly chal lenges his friends to a 'round robin'; and if th party be a jovial one, it not unfrequently happens that before the cloth is withdrawn the usual pin is consumed; and as commercial men are very loyal, and must toast the Queen,-and as they have had a good dinner, some one (generally the Presi dent), feeling on good terms with himself and with all the world, proposes that they shall have an extra bottle, and this extra bottle is sometimes followed by one or two more. After 'the Queen, such toasts as 'Absent Friends,' 'Wives and Sweethearts,' 'Success to Trade,' etc., are given. On Sunday it is not unusual to sit at the table from four t ll seven or eight o'clock.

"We have said enough, without commenting on the drinking, smoking, card and billiard playing in the evening, to show the evil of such customs. We maintain that these habits of drinking, whatever may be urged to the contrary, unfit men for business, and that they are fearfully injurious to drinkers themselves, to their employers, to their families, and to others; and numerous instances attesting the truth of this could be collected."

In July, 1865, Mr. Morley took his seat in the House of Commons as one of the members for Nottingham. Unfortunately, he and the other Liberal candidate, Mr. Paget, became unseated upon *an election petition* by the Conservatives, as the Liberal committee and electioneering agents had acted indiscreetly in some matters; but both Mr. Morley and Mr. Paget were entirely exonerated by the committee of the House of Commons from all blame. Mr. Gladstone also spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Morley in this matter.

Mr. Morley bore the disappointment resignedly, in a Christian spirit, and awaited his Master's pleasure, knowing that He is the most fitting judge of the time when we can best serve His all-wise purposes.

Two years afterward, in December, 1868, Mr. Morley was

ELECTED MEMBER FOR BRISTOL,

and has represented that city in Parliament up to the present time. His liberality and his efforts to promote the welfare of the working classes have won for him the esteem of the inhabitants. As a successful merchant of integrity and high standing he won the confidence of the powerful and influential mercantile class.

At the opening meeting of the Bristol Operatives' Liberal Association in Colston Hall, Bristol, he addressed an audience of some 6000 persons with a proper manly feeling. He told his hearers that he had been from his youth connected with trade, and for some thirty or thirty-five years actively engaged in commerce; and declared his confidence in the perseverance, industry, and integrity of the mercantile and working classes as one of the sources, under Providence, of England's prosperity and a guarantee of its liberties.

Mr. Morley has taken an active part in the British Parliament in the discussions on the questions of bankruptcy, imprisonment for debt, and municipal reform, and has always maintained the character of a consistent, although not an extreme Liberal.

As a specimen of Mr. Morley's munificence, we may mention that he once offered £500 ($2500) each toward the erection of twelve chapels in London, and after their erection he again offered £500 each for twelve more chapels, making a total of £12,000 ($60,000).

He also gave £6000 ($30,000) toward the Congregational Memorial Hall, in Farringdon Street, London, built upon the site of the old Fleet Prison, where Nonconformists used to be imprisoned; but, though himself a Congregationalist,

always been ready to aid persons of other
an his own, and it has been said of him
here is hardly a chapel built to which he is
ubscriber."
enerous efforts have materially promoted a
evival of home-missionary activity. In-
earnest and practical, he has held confer-
ith pastors and people in many of the chief
nd cities. He holds that it is the duty of
rch of Christ to put forth the most zealous
istic efforts, and that in this work all can
thing. The poor man can give his time or
nd the rich man his wealth. He is but a
While a world is waiting to be evangel-
question with each one should be not
h he should give, but how little he should
"No man," said Mr. Morley recently, at
meeting, "more than I, has realized the
that passage of Scripture, 'There is that
h, and yet increaseth.'"
ve known many great and good men," said
man the other day, "but for strength of
epth of sympathy, and sincerity of charac-
e met with no one like Samuel Morley."

THE WIFE'S CONQUEST.

A Temperance Story.

s a cold, sharp evening in December. The
y thick on the ground; the wind howled
d shrill across the hills and through the
branches of the trees; the stars shone out
uble brightness in the frosty sky; there
moon, but the whitened road sent back
rful glow from windows where the roar-
flashed cheerily through the red curtains,
rare promise of warmth and comfort

ere was such promise better fulfilled than
ug cottage of Dick Watson. The cur-
e drawn, and at the table, by the light of
, sat Dick's faithful wife, engaged in mend-
e unlucky rents or administering some
patch. Opposite to her sat Dick, who
laid down the papers from which he had
ding; and nearer to the blazing fire sat
ster, a neighbor and fellow-workman of
They were discussing some sad case
d just been read, one of those daily his-
misery, violence, and ill-treatment arising
vile habit of intoxication common to our
and time.
l," said Dick, after a pause, "thank
I never was guilty of that sin! Bad as I
ever had to reproach myself with raising
against my own flesh and blood; a harsh
as the worst, I believe, and that bad
but thank goodness, no worse." "Ay,"
"'tis what I have often wished to ask
tson." "Well, neighbor, I'd be glad
o tell the how and the wherefore before
for the good of those to whom it might
ut the fact is, my wife has a share in it,
; and though there is naught to be
of, she always bids me hush when I
eak. But I will tell you, Bob, if it is only
have her due; for I am tired of hearing
ven to me for what was all owing to her.
Mary, the baby is all right; he is not cry-
there she's off! I knew how it would
will not stay to hear her own praise, so,
, we will have it to ourselves.
d not go back to tell you what I was a
. There was no one in the village but
t pretty well. Old Jinks, at the 'Blue
knew me for his best customer; and the
ny money, I fancy, was better known to
to the baker, the butcher, or the shoe-
As you say, you did try all of you your
o get me among you; and I will not say
nes your talk set me thinking, and for a
ould see the folly of my ways, and wish
uld make up my mind to come among
rt you see, Foster, there was another
the other side that talked as loud, and
as many reasons for their doings, and I
way ashamed at breaking with them; I
ft would be showing myself wanting in
, and so forth.

"It is over fifteen months now, Bob. I remember the evening as if it was yesterday—I came in somewhat stupid; but not quite so bad as usual, and I mind well how I was struck with the look of the place; it was all so clean and light; the fire burning clear, as I *do* like to see; the hearth swept; the kettle singing on the hob and her in the chimney-corner, in a clean cotton gown, all so tidy and sweet-looking, stitching away at my old jacket.

"I stood looking in a bit at the door. I could not help thinking how nice it all was, and what a difference to the place I had just left, with its stench of smoke and beer, and the noise of the fellows, and jokes not over-decent, and such like. Then I looked at Polly's face, and it struck me like all at once how pale it was to what it had used to be only a year or two back, and I did *not* feel altogether right in myself, Bob, I'll assure you.

"So I walked in, and my wife, instead of just looking up and then down again at her work, as she had used to do, got up and came to meet me; and, said she, 'I am glad you are early to-night, Dick; could you take a bit of supper, for I have something in the house can be done in a minute?' Then she took my cap I'd flung on the table and hung it up, and shut the door I had left open behind me, and—'It is cold to-night,' she said again, all so pleasant and quiet; and then, though I had made her no answer, she set about getting the supper, talking of this and that, as if I had been the most steady-going and the best fellow in the world. When all was ready she poured out some warm water in a bowl, and said she, 'Dick, will you just wash your hands a bit?—you'll enjoy your supper the more.'

"So I did, and I washed my face, too, and brushed myself before I sat down, feeling about as small and shamefaced as ever I did in my life. The supper, too, done to a turn, and hot and good, just as if I had deserved it. So different, too, to what things were used to be—I could not make out what it was all about, and almost wished she had not done it, so queer did it make me look. But presently I spoke, and said I, 'Mary, is there no beer?'

"'No, Richard, dear, *I* have given it up,' she said; 'but you will try some coffee—that I like better, and it does not make me heavy of mornings like the beer does.' With that she poured out two cups of steaming coffee, and, in truth, I was glad enough, for my head was queer, and I was dry enough; but still I did not altogether like the way. I thought to myself, This is what the teetotal folks have been telling her to do; I fancied it was to catch me, as it were. Seeing me hesitating, said she, 'Dick, if you would rather have beer I will get it for you; but I made this on purpose, and it is a cold night.'

"*That* finished me, Bob; I could as soon have taken poison as beer after that. 'Don't, Polly,' said I, '*don't*'—for I felt I should break down altogether and make a fool of myself. I took the coffee, and I thought I had never tasted anything to equal it; for Polly *can* make coffee, and no mistake.

"You may think, Bob, when I went to bed that night I did not sleep directly. I lay thinking of the past, and made a hundred good resolutions for the future. But the next evening I broke them all; for the fellows would not hear of me not joining them; and I said to myself—by way, of course, for disappointing my wife—that no doubt it was only a trick of hers, and that she would be as cross as ever that night. So I stayed, and never went near home till Jinks told me it was just on the stroke of twelve; and if they did not carry me home, Bob, it was because they were all worse than I was.

"I was not so far gone, though, but I could see and mark it all—so comfortable and quiet and bright, and she sitting at work just as if it had been early in the evening—no black hearth, nor cold supper, to make one feel how miserable she had been. And she fastened the doors, and lighted me up stairs, and set all I wanted without a cross word; and oh, Bob, I believe if she had scolded me, it would have made me comfortable to what I felt at her kindness.

"I could not stand it, Foster. I tried—more shame to me—hard; for I thought of the laughter of the lot I had kept in with so long; but it would not do. Every day I felt more and more ashamed to enter my own doors, where all was as nice and as pleasant as if I had been the best of men. She was right, and I was wrong, and I could not help owning it.

"Then of evenings I would find she had borrowed a paper, and be ready to talk over the pieces she had read, and to ask me about them. I began to think the public-house was not the only place for a pleasant evening; and I would call myself a fool for going, and yet I went; for you know, Bob, we do not like to be beaten, even for our own good.

"But Mary never said a word—only kept on just the same, until at last I felt I should go crazy if I fought against myself any longer; and one night, right in the midst of Naylor's song, and the laughing of the rest, I said to myself, All the jeers of this lot could not make me feel as I shall sneaking into home to-night to meet that kind, patient wife of mine; and up I got as bold as brass, and I said, 'Good-night all,' and made for the door. 'Are you ill?' calls one. 'Are you coming back?' cries another. 'Nay, I am well,' I says, 'and I am not coming back.'

"But I came to you, as you know, Master Foster, that very night and signed. I went on home, and as sober as you are, and without a word I laid the paper on her lap. She looked at it, and then she jumped up and put her arms round my neck. Her eyes were full of tears, and she said, 'God bless you, dear Dick! and bless them that turned you to it.' 'Then,' says I, 'Mary, He'll bless yourself; for it is you that has done it, and no other.'

"Here she is, Bob, and with some of her coffee that she means to treat you to. Yes, Polly, I have told your secret; but you need not blush—it's a pity but more of the women learned it."

"Ay, indeed," returned his neighbor, "man may be the head; but, after all, 'tis the neck turns the head, Dick, and 'tis a sorry case that it should too often be awry."

How Nine Castaways Were Saved is Related by a British journal. Some time ago nine Austrians were cast away on the Island of St. Kilda, on the north-west coast of Scotland, beyond the Hebrides. They had no way of escape; vessels rarely came that way; and they had no means of communicating with the outside world. At the suggestion of one of the party, a tourist, and who knew the direction of the ocean currents, two letters were prepared, which were inclosed in bottles and flung out on the ocean. The currents bore them away, and erelong one of them was washed by the waves on to the Scottish mainland, and discovered and transmitted to the British Government. Not long afterward the castaways were surprised one morning by the appearance of a strange ship. It was a British steamship, which had come to take off the wrecked mariners and the tourist, in response to the petition which they had sent forth upon the restless, aimless waves. Had a sceptic, in the habit of scoffing at prayer, been among the castaways, he might consistently have ridiculed the device for communicating with the land. But it brought help, and so do the prayers we offer, reach the ears of Him who never refuses those who call upon Him in spirit and in truth.

Hunting has been Prohibited in Ireland by a number of tenants. On November 3d, when the Kilkenny hounds met at Killeen cover, a party of farmers assembled and told the hunting party that they would not allow them to pursue their sport over their farms. Many gentlemen left the field, and the hounds were taken back to their kennels. This indicates how the Land League agitation has inspired the tenants with audacity and the landlords with timidity.

Vol. III. of The Christian Herald and Signs of our Times, bound in cloth, containing all the numbers for 1880, with a complete index, is now ready. Price, $3, including postage.

THE TEN PLAGUES OF NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN:

THE PLAGUE NARCOTIC.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Delivered Last Sunday Morning, Nov. 13, 1881.*

"I will at this time send all my plagues upon thine heart, and upon thy servants, and upon thy people." —EXODUS 9 : 14.

The Egyptian Plagues—The Plagues of Modern Cities — Narcotics — Nepenthe — Hasheesh —A Brilliant Victim—Opium—Consumers in America —Not Fanatics—An Appalling Fact—Difficulty of Reforming—Morphia more Ominous to the Nation than Alcohol—Tobacco—Its Uses—Proved to be Poisonous—Advice to Young People—Tobacco the Cause of Unhealth—Medical Testimony—Injurious to the Mind—Smoking Ministers—Ten Cigars to make a Sermon—How Cheap Tobacco is made—A New York Merchant's Investment—A Three Million Dollar Conflagration from a Cigar—Why a Governor wore no Collar—Self Denial the Essence of the Gospel.

UPON the cleanest, the most fertile, the richest, and the wisest nation of the ancient world, the ten plagues dropped. *Plague the first:* The River Nile, which was the source of Egyptian fertility and an object of worship, was incarnadined, and rolled its crimson currents amid a horror-stricken population, the reservoir and the costly water-works putrid with destroyed animal life. *Plague the second:* The frogs innumerable, croaking in the marshes of the Nile, move up and take possession of the homes of a nation which dressed in white and was fastidious for cleanliness, and the storks, the vultures, and the cranes swooping upon their prey. *Plague the third:* The gnats and mosquitoes buzzed and bit, and stung the people into wild delirium. *Plague the fourth:* The gadflies became intolerable, or the beetle, an imitation of which you often see on a gentleman's finger, cut in the shape of scarabæus, or Egyptian beetle.

Plague the fifth: Distemper seized upon the cattle until they went bellowing with pain, and epizooty upon the horses, and trichina upon the swine. *Plague the sixth:* Carbuncles and elephantiasis inflamed the skin of multitudes. *Plague the seventh:* Hailstorms, with their icy hammers, smote the earth, and at a season of the year when the cattle were all grazing in the fields and hence were unsheltered from the pelting. *Plague the eighth:* Locusts, which, according to naturalists, march in companies and regiments and battalions, commanded by captains and colonels and generals, marched across the land until every green thing in orchard and vineyard and garden was destroyed. *Plague the ninth:* Darkness dropped on all the land and it was as black at twelve o'clock at noon as at twelve o'clock at night. *Plague the tenth:* In every Egyptian home, the oldest, whether on the mother's lap or seated at the table, took on the last pallor and expired.

Draw a curtain over every home in Egypt. These ten Egyptian plagues have all passed off the earth, but our modern cities have their ten plagues, blasting, destructive and deathful, and it is my object in a series of Sabbath morning discourses to describe them.

The first plague that I shall mention is the plague narcotic. In all ages the world has sought out some flower or herb or weed to stimulate its lethargy or to compose its grief. A drug called

NEPENTHE

was widely used among the ancient Greeks and the ancient Egyptians for narcotic purposes. The Theban women knew how to compound it. You had but to chew the leaves and your sadness was whelmed with hilarity. But nepenthe passed out from the consideration of the world.

Next came

HASHEESH,

which is made from Indian hemp. It is manufactured from the flowers at the top, or workmen in leathern clothing walk through the fields of hemp and the exudation from the hemp adheres to the leathern garments, and then this exudation is scraped off and prepared with aromatics and becomes an intoxicant for the people. Whole nations have been stimulated, narcotized, and made imbecile with this accursed hasheesh. The visions kindled by that drug are said to be gorgeous and magnificent beyond all description; but it finally takes down body, mind, and soul in horrible death.

I knew one of the most brilliant men of his day. Whether he appeared in magazine or in book, in newspaper column, he was an enchantment. He could, in the course of an hour's conversation, produce more wit and strange information than any man I ever talked with; but he chewed hasheesh. He did so first as a matter of curiosity, to see whether the powers ascribed to it really belonged to it. He put his hand into the cockatrice's den to see whether it would bite, and he found out to his complete undoing. His father, who was a minister of the Gospel, prayed for him and counselled him, and obtained for him the best medical prescription of the best physicians in New York, Philadelphia, Paris, London, Edinburgh, and Berlin. He said he could not stop. A large circle of friends put their wits together to try to rescue him but he went on down. First, his body gave way in pangs and convulsions of suffering; then his mind gave way, and he became *a raving maniac;* then his immortal soul went, blaspheming God, into a starless eternity. He was only about thirty years of age. Behold the ravages of the Persian and Egyptian weed called hasheesh.

OPIUM

demands emphatic recognition. It is made, as you know, from the white poppy. It is not a new discovery. We read of it three hundred years before Christ; but it was not until the seventeenth century that it began its death march, passing out from the medicinal and the curative, and by smoking and mastication becoming the scourge of nations. In the year 1861 there were imported into this country 107,000 pounds of opium, but last year 533,000 pounds of opium. It is estimated that in the year 1876 there were in this country 225,000 opium consumers; but I saw a statistic yesterday that said there are probably now in the United States at least 500,000 opium-consumers. The fact is appalling.

Do not think that they are merely barbaric fanatics who go down under that stroke. Read the great De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium Eater." He says for the first ten years it gave him the keys of paradise; but it takes his own powerful pen to describe the horrors consequent. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, after conquering the world with his pen, was conquered by opium. The most magnetic and brilliant lawyer of this century fell a victim to its stroke, and there are thousands of men and women—but more women than men—who are being bound, body, mind, and soul, to this terrific habit.

There is a great mystery about some families. You do not know why they do not get on. The opium habit is so stealthy, so deceitful, and so deathful. You can cure a hundred drunkards easier than you can cure one opium-eater. I have heard of cases of reformation, but I never saw any. I hope there are cases of genuine reformation. I have seen men who for forty years had been the victims of strong drink thoroughly reformed; but the opium-eaters that I have seen go on and go down. Their cry in the last hour of life is not for God, nor for prayer, nor for the Bible, but for opium. Perhaps there are only two persons outside the household who know what is the matter—the physician and the pastor; the physician called in for physical relief, the pastor called in for spiritual relief; but *they both fail.* The physician acknowledges his defeat. The minister of religion acknowledges his defeat, for *it seems as if the Lord does not answer prayer for opium-eaters.*

Oh man! oh woman! are you tampering with this habit? have you just begun? are you, for the assuagement of physical distresses or mental trouble, making this a regular resource? I beg you stop. The ecstasies at the start will not pay for the horrors at the last. The paradise is followed too soon by the pandemonium. Morphia is a blessing from God for the relief of sudden pang or acute dementia, but was never intended for prolonged use. And what is the peculiar sadness of it is, it comes to people in their weak moments. De Quincey says, "I took it for rhe Coleridge says, "I took it for insomni lessness." What do you take it for? sake, do not take it too long.

What is remarkable, they are going c the highest and the wealthiest classes, the most fashionable circles of New Brooklyn—going down by hundreds an sands. Over 20,000 opium-eaters in Chic 20,000 opium-eaters in St. Louis. In proportion, that would make over 70,0 York and Brooklyn. The clerk of the says, "I can tell them when they There is something peculiar about plexion, something peculiar about thei ness, something peculiar about the loo eyes that immediately reveals them." families chloral is taking the place Physicians first prescribe it for sle Then the patient keeps on because he effect. Whole tons of chloral manuf Germany. Baron Liebig says that he chemist in Germany who manufactures of chloral every week. There are multit taken down by this habit. Look out f of chloral! But I am under this hea chiefly of opium. You never heard against opium, but it seems to me there be ten thousand pulpits turned into qual ing, thundering Sinais of warning ag plague narcotic. The devil of morph country will be *mightier than the devil.* But nepenthe and hasheesh and opium a shall not have all the field to themselves

TOBACCO.

There sprang up in Yucatan, on this a weed which has bewitched the world. the Atlantic Ocean in the fifteenth ce captured Spain. Then it captured Por then the French ambassadors took it to it captured the French empire. The Raleigh introduced it into England. Th ascribe it to the genus *nicotiana;* b know it as the inspiring, the elevating, t dising, the radiating, the nerve-shatt dyspepsia-breeding, the health-destroyin I shall not be offensively personal whi on this subject, because *you all use it,* all!

Indeed I know from *personal experi* soothes and roseates the world, and ki ality, and I know what are its baleful know what it is to be its slave, and th know what it is to be its conqueror. expectation that I will persuade the gr of you to change your habits upon th but I thought I might help you in some your children.

You say, "Didn't God make tobac yes. You say, "Isn't God good?" Oh say, "Then God, when He created tob have created it for some good purpose." it is good for a great many things—toba is good to kill moths in the wardrobe, sheep, and to strangulate all kinds of v to fumigate pestiferous places, and lik poisons, God created it for some part So He did henbane, so nux vomica, so so belladonna, so all those poisons directly created or had man to extract same God who made the poisons also with common-sense to know how to use how not to use them.

"Oh!" say some of my friends, "d use it without seeming harm to themselv there not cases of plethora which abso this depletion?" Oh yes! Skilful a physicians have sometimes prescribed they sometimes prescribe arsenic, and scribe it well. There can be *no doubt a ing poisonous.* There was a case reporte a little child lay upon its mother's lap, from her pipe fell on the child's lip, into convulsions and into death.

"But," you say, "don't people liv age who indulge in this habit?" Yes seen an inebriate seventy years old. some persons who, in spite of all the c their physical system, live on to old a

* An authentic report, revised and approved by Dr. Talmage.

the man of the jug, he lasted so long be- e was pickled! In the case of the man of , he lasted so long because he was turned oked liver!

my friends, what advice had we better give young people? I say, in the first place, let se them to abstain from this habit because medical fraternity of the United States and Britain pronounce it

CAUSE OF WIDESPREAD AND TERRIFIC UNHEALTH.

Agnew, Dr. Hamilton, Dr. Olcott, Dr. , Dr. Woodward, Dr. Rush, Dr. Hosack, rvey, Dr. Mott—all the medical fraternity athic, homœopathic, hydropathic, eclectic nce the habit, and warn the community it. One distinguished physician says: habit is the cause of *seventy different styles se*. This habit is the cause of nearly all es of cancer of the mouth." What is the ny of the late Dr. John C. Warren, of Bos- an whom there is no higher authority? He "For more than thirty years I have been in bit of inquiring of patients who came to me *ancer of the tongue* and lips whether they obacco, and if so, whether they chewed or d, and if they have sometimes answered in rative as to the first question, I can truly say the best of my knowledge and belief such re exceptions to the general rule. When, sually the case, one side of the tongue is d with ulcerated cancer it arises from the al retention of the tobacco in contact with rt."

r united testimony is that it depresses the f the system and brings on nervousness and sia and takes off twenty-five per cent of the l vigor of the people of this country, and ing this generation damages the next, the ulated curse going on to capture other cen-

IT INJURES THE MIND.

ther eminent physician, for a long while ntendent of the Insane Asylum at Northamp- ass., says: "Fully half of the patients who ome to our asylum for treatment are the vic- f tobacco." It is a sad thing, my brother, to e the body; it is a worse thing to damage ind, and any man of common-sense knows e nervous system immediately acts upon the

More than that: nearly all reformers will ri that it tends to drunkenness, it creates *ural thirst*. There are those who use this ic who do not drink, but nearly all who drink e narcotic, so that shows there is an imme- ffinity between the two drugs. It was long monstrated that a man cannot permanently from strong drink unless he gives up to-

In nearly all the cases where men having eformed have fallen back, it has been shown ave first touched tobacco and then surren- to intoxicants. The broad avenue leading to the drunkard's grave and the drunkard's strewn thick with tobacco-leaves.

at did *Benjamin Franklin* say? "I never well man in the exercise of common-sense ould say that tobacco did him any good." did *Thomas Jefferson* say, when arguing it the culture of tobacco? He said: "It is re productive of infinite wretchedness. *Hor- reeley* said of it: "It is a profane stench." *l Webster* said: "If those men must smoke, m take the horseshed."

reason why there are so many the victims habit is because there are so many

INISTERS OF RELIGION WHO SMOKE

new. They smoke until they get the bron- and the dear people have to pay their ex- s to Europe! They smoke until the nervous n breaks down. They smoke themselves to

I could name three eminent clergymen ied of cancer in the mouth, and in every case ysician said it was tobacco. There has been a clergyman whose tombstone was all covered th eulogy, which ought to have had the epitaph, "Killed by too much caven-

Some of them smoke until the room is and their spirits are blue, and the world is and everything is blue. Time was when God passed by such sins, but it becomes now the duty of the American clergy who indulge in this narcotic to repent.

How can a man preach temperance to the people when he is himself indulging in an appetite like that? I have seen a cuspadore in a pulpit where the minister should drop his cud before he gets up to read, "Blessed are the pure in heart," and to read about "rolling sin as a sweet morsel under the tongue"! and in Leviticus to read about the unclean animals that chew the cud. I have known Presbyteries and General Assemblies and General Synods where there was a room set apart for the ministers to smoke in.

Oh, it is *a sorry spectacle*, a consecrated man, a holy man of God looking around for something, which you take to be looking for a larger field of usefulness. He is not looking for that at all. He is only looking for some place where he can discharge a mouthful of tobacco juice! I am glad the Methodist Church of the United States, in nearly all their conferences, have passed resolutions against this habit, and it is time we had an anti-tobacco reform in the Presbyterian Church, and the Episcopal Church, and the Baptist Church, and the Congregational Church.

About sixty years ago a young man graduated from Andover Theological Seminary into the ministry. He went straight to the front. He had an eloquence and personal magnetism before which nothing could stand; but he was soon thrown into the insane asylum for twenty years, and the doctor said it was tobacco that sent him there. According to the custom then in vogue, he was allowed a small portion of tobacco every day. After he had been there nearly twenty years, walking the floor one day he had a sudden return of reason, and he realized what was the matter. He threw the plug of tobacco through the iron grates and said: "*What brought me here?* what keeps me here? why am I here? Tobacco! Tobacco! O God! help, help, and I'll never use it again." He was restored. He was brought forth. For ten years he successfully preached the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and then went into a blissful immortality.

There are ministers of religion to-day indulging in narcotics, dying by inches, and they do not know what is the matter with them. I might in a word give

MY OWN EXPERIENCE.

It took ten cigars to make a sermon. I got very nervous. One day I awakened to the outrage I was inflicting upon myself. I was about to change settlements, and a generous wholesale tobacconist in Philadelphia said if I would only come to Philadelphia he would, all the rest of my life, provide me with cigars free of charge. I said to myself, If in these war times, when cigars are so costly and my salary is small, I smoke more than I ought to, what would I do if I had gratuitous and illimitable supply? And then and there, twenty years ago, I quit once and forever. *It made a new man of me*, and though I have since then done as much hard work as any one, I think I have had the best health God ever blessed a man with.

A minister of religion cannot afford to smoke. Put into my hand the moneys wasted in tobacco in Brooklyn, and I will support three orphan asylums as grand and as beautiful as that to which you have this last week been contributing. Put into my hand the moneys wasted in tobacco in the United States of America, and I will clothe, feed, and shelter all the suffering poor on this continent. The American Church gives $1,000,000 a year for the evangelization of the heathen, and American Christians spend $5,000,000 in tobacco.

Now, I stand this morning not only in the presence of my God, to whom I must give an account for what I say to-day, but I stand in the presence of a great multitude of young men who are forming their habits. Between seventeen and twenty-three there are tens of thousands of young men damaging themselves irretrievably by tobacco. You either use very good tobacco or cheap tobacco. If you use cheap tobacco, I want to tell you *why it is cheap*. It is a mixture of burdock, lampblack, sawdust, coltsfoot, plantain-leaves, fuller's earth, lime, salt, alum, and a little tobacco. You cannot afford, my young brother, to take such a mess as that between your lips. If, on the other hand, you use costly tobacco, let me say, I do not think you can afford it. You take that which you expend and will expend, if you keep the habit all your life, and put it aside, and it will buy you a farm to make you comfortable in the afternoon of life.

A merchant of New York gave this testimony: "In early life I smoked six cigars a day at six and a half cents each—they averaged that. I thought to myself one day, 'I'll just put aside all the money I am consuming in cigars, and all I would consume if I kept on in the habit, and I will see what it will come to by compound interest." And he gives this tremendous statistic: "Last July completed thirty-nine years since by the grace of God I was emancipated from the filthy habit, and the saving amounted to the enormous sum of $29,102.03 by compound interest. We lived in the city, but the children, who had learned something of the enjoyment of country life from their annual visits to their grandparents, longed for a home among the green fields. I found a very pleasant place in the country for sale. The cigar money now came into requisition, and I found it amounted to a sufficient sum to purchase the place, and it is mine. Now, boys, you take your choice, smoking without a home, or a home without smoking."

Listen to that, young man, and take another thing into consideration, and that is, vast amounts of property are destroyed every year indirectly by this habit. An agent of an insurance company says: "One half our losses come from

THE SPARK OF THE PIPE

and the cigar." One young man threw away his cigar in one of the cities, and with it he threw away three millions of dollars' worth of the property of others that blazed up from that spark. Harpers' splendid printing establishment years ago was destroyed by a plumber who having lighted his pipe threw the match away, and it fell into a pot of camphene. The whole building was in flames. Five blocks went down. Two thousand employés thrown out of work, and more than a million dollars of property destroyed. But I am speaking of higher values to-day. Better destroy a whole city of stores than destroy one man.

Oh, my young friends, if you will excuse the idiom, I will say,

STOP BEFORE YOU BEGIN.

Here is a serfdom which has a shackle that it is almost impossible to break. Gigantic intellects that could overcome every other bad habit have been flung of this and kept down. Some one is seeking to persuade a man from the habit. The reply was, "Ask me to do anything under the canopy of heaven but this. This I cannot give up, and won't give up, though it take seven years off my life."

I must have a word also with all those of my friends whom it does not hurt, who can stop any time they want to, and who can smoke most expensive cigars. My Christian brother, what is your influence in the matter? How much can you afford to deny yourself for the good of others? It was a great mystery to many people why *Governor Briggs, of Massachusetts*, wore a cravat, but no collar. Some people thought it was an absurd eccentricity. Ah no! This was the secret. Many years before, he was talking with an inebriate and telling him that his habit was unnecessary, and the inebriate retorted upon him and said: "We do a great many things that are not necessary. It is not necessary for you to wear that collar." "Well," said Governor Briggs, "I never will wear a collar again if you won't drink." "Agreed," said the inebriate. Governor Briggs never wore a collar. They both kept their bargain for twenty years. They kept it to the death. That is the reason Governor Briggs did not wear a collar. That is the Gospel of the Son of God. Self-denial for the good and the rescue of others.

Oh, my brother, we might by little effort now and then save a man. By how little or by how much self-denial are we willing to be influenced? I stop at this point, because I have no more time to pursue the subject, although I have much more to say upon it. I stop at this point, by throwing all the passions of my soul into one prayer: God help us!

SYLPH SOMERS.

A New Serial Story, by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(*Continued from page 711.*)

The Mysterious Pocketbook—Sylph Alarmed to Find Dr. Gilbart Absent—The Doctor's Valet Tells of his Master's Arrest—Sylph Visits the Old Jail, but is Repulsed.

UPON hearing Sylph's statement the sick man raised himself in the bed, and peered searchingly into Sylph's face. "May I ask you your name, miss?" he inquired,

"Miss Somers Gilbart," was the reply.

"Oh, I don't mean that," he said; "I mean your first—your Christian name, miss; what comes, you know, before Somers."

"When I was little they called me Silp," was the answer; "but of late years I have gone by the name of Sylph."

"It's her—it's her—the very one," said the invalid to himself, excitedly. "Silp! Yes, I remember it well. That was the very identical name that the little babbie of a girl gave herself. Well, I never!" Then turning to Sylph, he exclaimed, "Thanks be to God, I have come upon you at last. Many's the long year I wondered, and wondered, and wondered what had become of you and the lady. Sure, I am the very one, miss"—and he smiled as he spoke—"that got the wine, as ye tell of; and it was me that made ye put it to yer mother's lips, as ye say—for she was that far gone that she hadn't the power even to sip it."

Then examining Sylph from head to foot, he said, admiringly, "What a fine, braw young lady you've grown, miss! So tall and handsome!" Sylph blushed at this open praise of her beauty; but soon another emotion took possession of her, for the aged wagoner went on to ask after her mother. "I hope she's alive and well, miss," he said. "Of course fourteen or fifteen year has made a change in her; but she's what one may call a young lady yet, miss; and you put me this moment greatly in mind of what she was when I had the good luck to see her."

Sylph of late had got to seldom think of her mother, though for years at first her yearning mind and loving heart used to go out toward her with a child's dreamy and somewhat mystical conception. Now the wagoner's words touched the tender and sacred reminiscence of her soul, and bursting into tears, she exclaimed, "My mother—ah!—I have never known a mother in Chester. Alas! the day we parted from you on the road from Wrexham she met with an accident that made me an orphan."

Then, upon relating what has been told the reader concerning this catastrophe, with a hungering desire for some direct and distinct intelligence of the long-lost mother, Sylph besought the old wagoner to give her every detail of the incident upon the Wrexham road that he could remember.

"I cannot tell you much about her, miss," said Owen Oliver. "And, indeed, to be plain with you, that isn't my fault. With a Welshman's curiosity, I tried all I could to know everything; but the lady had no notion of gratifying me. She cleverly trigged and dodged my questions, miss, and at last gave me the slip altogether."

"Oh dear!" cried Sylph, in great distress, "how unfortunate and needless was her caution. Her secret and the secret of my birth, I fear, are lost forever. Oh, sir, do think over the matter, and see if you cannot give me some information."

Owen gave his suppliant the particulars which we have previously recorded. The most valuable piece of news that Sylph obtained was this: That an old pocketbook and half a letter had been picked up on the highway by his brother David, "near the spot, as he judged, where Sylph and her mother had been come upon by himself," and which he knew had been preserved by David, acting upon an "old saw" of his, and one a great favorite with him, and which he often quoted, 'Keep a thing for seven year, and you'll find some use for it.'"

"Where is that pocketbook?" eagerly inquired Sylph. "I'm not sure, miss," was the answer. "David, you know, is dead—ay, is dead—is dead and gone; dead and gone. Never no more to meet me, and say 'Morra,'" said Owen, sadly tolling out the knell of his own sorely felt but oddly expressed bereavement.

"We neither of us made Chester our home; and I am only here as laid up with a quare weakness that's come over me. But David's widow lives, though she has left Wrexham for her friend's place, far away in Wales, and now that I think of it, I shouldn't at all wonder but that she has the little article you ask for; for in her foolish woman's way all is dear to her, no matter what, that wanst belonged to David. Anyhow, when I get back to Wrexham, miss, I'll be sure to send and see about it."

On her way home Sylph communed within herself upon the mystery which hung around her mother's history. She had not learned much concerning her from Owen, yet far more she felt than ever Dr. Gilbart had communicated to her; and ignorantly supposing that what Owen had told her was known, and no doubt much more than this, to her father (so called), somewhat bitter thoughts arose in her mind against him. "It is a shame," said Sylph. "It is more than a shame; it is a cruelty and a wrong that all this has not been long ago told me. Dr. Gilbart" (in her bitterness of heart she did not call him father)—"Dr. Gilbart has never talked with me about my mother. It has not been just or right of him. What, I wonder, can have been his motive for his secrecy? It is true he has been very kind to me; yet I cannot help thinking it has been a cruel injustice to keep me in such total ignorance of my darling mother. When I see Dr. Gilbart I will insist upon knowing all about my poor, long lost-mother!"

After this resolve, as Sylph passed along the streets she fancied that a more than ordinary amount of public observation was directed toward her; and that the expressions of affection and gratitude she heard from the accustomed recipients of her bounty, whom she happened to meet, were unusually warm and demonstrative.

Preoccupied with her purpose of knowing all about her mother, she did not much reflect upon this, however. Nor was it suggested to her that any special circumstance had occurred to excite this public interest and sympathy. But soliloquizing upon the Doctor's reserve she passed on, and at last arrived at her destination.

When Sylph Somers arrived home, with her mind full of uneasy thoughts, she found that Doctor Gilbart was not in, and, indeed, had not been in the house for some hours. "And I know he ought to have been home before this, miss," said the maid, "from directions he gave me in the morning." She therefore went to the doctor's little sitting-room, and feeling her need of a strength beyond her own, earnestly asked help of her heavenly Father. She did not seek in vain, for she arose from her knees, "clad in the panoply of God."

Hugh, the doctor's valet, was the first of the household to learn of his master's arrest. He had been sent on an errand to a tradesman, a couple of streets off; and in the shop heard the astounding intelligence. Hugh—his Welsh fire easily set aflame—forgot altogether what he was sent for; and leaving behind him on the counter the article which had just been tied up in a parcel, he rushed back to his master's dwelling, and driving past the maid who opened the door, he dashed without ceremony into Sylph's presence; his eyes almost starting from his head, and his lips pale and quivering. "Oh, Miss Sylph! Miss Sylph! Oh, Miss Sylph, how'll I ever be able to tell it? Oh, miss! Oh Miss Sylph! was there ever heard such bad news? Would you believe it, miss—Oh, would you believe it! the doctor, miss——"

But observing the dreadful effect upon Sylph of this extraordinary introduction to his news, Hugh stopped short. He had a great regard and respect for Sylph, and would almost do anything rather than give her pain. Since, then, his news was sure to do this, and very grievously do it, as evinced to him by her frightened look, he would withhold it; and more than this, since the few words he had already spoken had so sorely disturbed would mercifully keep silent altogether remainder; the absurd fellow not perceiving to act thus was the surest way to augment his young mistress's mental agony.

"As your mistress in this house, Hugh mand you," she said, "to inform me at what has befallen Doctor Gilbart. Acc your own words something more than serious and alarming has happened, and I I must know it *immediately!*"

Tears filled Sylph's eyes as she thu Any soreness of mind toward Doctor which she had felt a short time ago, was a lost and swallowed up in her deep love fo love now awakened to its full force by th apprehension she was under respecting hi

Hugh, through his tears, saw Sylph's te he was angry with himself for having by though only partial tidings caused them. been wrong," he said to himself, "d wrong, in telling her anything at all abou would have been far better to let bad ne of itself, when and how it would, and no to make a fool o' meself by bein' its messe

"I didn't say, Miss Sylph," he urge anything bad has come to the doctor, did At least I don't remember that I did; and all a mistake, miss, your thinking that I anything bad has happened to him, miss, the news of it'll travel fast enough; a should I interfere in it? And, Miss Sylph remember this minnit that I've forgot wha sent out for, and of course you know I'm b go at wanst and fetch it."

This was only a *ruse* on the part of Hug from his young mistress's presence; but not permitted thus easily to escape. His were too bungling and his manner too ma indicative of deception to delude Sylph.

The color mounting to her cheek from i tion, and assuming her sternest manner, sl "I will have no falsehood or equivocation, You know you are not speaking truthfully have come to the knowledge of some mis your master, and I again, as your mistres mand you to acquaint me with it. The may need instant succor, and you delay it. very angry with you, Hugh."

Simple Hugh mistook Sylph's flush of an recovered courage and nerve. So, after a glance at her, he said, with a pleasant smile "Heaven's blessin's on you, Miss Sylph I'm right glad I waited and vexed you. Ay yer come to yourself, miss, sure, it's plain seen from your rosy cheeks, miss, and your look. Aye, be me word, I think ye can b tidings now. Well, it's nothing less, mis this, that the doctor has been set upon by th grippers, and is this minnit shut up in the c in the Castle. Mr. Evans, who yer know is a telling man, has told me it; and the whole t in ructions about it. Oh, the poor maste poor master! treated as if he was nothin' thievin' thramp or a highwayman. Oh, w we do! what'll we do?" and Hugh wru hands, and glanced upward, and bowed h together in the tumult of his feelings.

This news, at last given by Hugh, was cer serious, and it explained to Sylph the stir a the people in the streets which she had no but it was not so dreadful as she feared, for H extraordinary manner gave her to conclud some appalling accident had overtaken Docto bart. What had occurred was painful enou hear, and she did not halt a moment in mak resolve to hasten to the castle to see Docto bart and learn from his own lips the reason arrest.

Sylph, in her visits of mercy, had occasio visited the old jail, and she did not doubt but the officials, knowing her, would at once admi to see him whom she treated and loved father.

In this, however, she was disappointed. tor Gilbart was a political prisoner, and at an of great social excitement and panic, to which added municipal suspicion and jealousy. He when Sylph, somewhat breathless from haste,

sented her plea to the governor of the prison, he informed her "that he was sorry to say that Doctor Gilbart's case was considered a very serious one, so that unless she could obtain special leave from the magistrates he could not permit her to see him."

"Did it rest upon my sole authority, Miss Gilbart," he added, "I would give you access to the doctor most willingly, but I am under responsibility to others, you see, and must do what I consider prudent."

"What would you advise me to do, sir?" asked Sylph; "where must I go for the right of admission you require? for I know absolutely nothing of these business matters."

"I think your best plan, Miss Gilbart, will be to apply to the mayor," was the answer, and Sylph, in obedience to the direction, immediately hurried back to the city and to the residence of the mayor.

(To be continued.)

SOME OF THE SIGNS OF THE LAST TIMES.

By Dionysius.

A Very Ancient Doctrine—A Cardinal Element of the Christian Creed—Eastern Problems—The Aggressive Policy of Russia—The Joint Occupation of the "Holy Places"—The Limits of the Holy Territory—The Energy of Evil—An Age of Monstrosities—The Days of Noah—A Practical and Avowed Atheism—The Application of Force—Mystic Dates and Numbers—The Probable Intention of Their Employment.

THE doctrine of another and better dispensation for the world, and consequently of "the last times" of this present dispensation, is a necessary part of both Hebrew and Christian theology, if, for the moment, we may consider these as in any degree separate or distinct systems. It is also *a very ancient doctrine* indeed, for, on the authority of St. Jude, Enoch, the seventh in line of descent from Adam, prophesied to the reckless sons of wickedness that a day of judgment awaited them in "the last time" (Jude 10 : 14, 18).

Daniel the prophet speaks to us, in several places, of "the time of the end," and "the end of the days." Micah and the other prophets also proclaim the coming of "the last days," days of deliverance to the people of God, yet of awful condemnation to those who have rejected Him. Several important chapters and prophecies of the New Testament are specially devoted to a consideration of "the last times," which indeed is *a very cardinal element* of the Christian's creed, and one to be more than ever remembered by him in periods of great discouragement and trial, such as those through which the Church is now passing. If the Christian man did not believe that the Judge of all the earth could not do otherwise than right, he would despair of any good, and lose his hope altogether.

There are many tremendous *tokens of evil* around us, and the long-suffering of God is, alas, being misinterpreted by a great multitude of people. Losing sight of man's free agency, such folk appear to think that if God had existence, He would, by arbitrary interference, put a stop to the all-prevailing wickedness. St. Peter says they "wilfully forget" the history of the flood, and, while indulging in all sorts of lusts, mock at their own fears, and at the fears of others, saying, "Where is the promise of His coming? for, from the day that the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as from the beginning of the creation" (2 Peter 3 : 4).

But this very attitude of the men of the last days is itself one of the "signs of the times," since it was predicted 2000 years before; and all those abounding evils and abounding signs, which seem to confirm the wicked in their wickedness, confirm the righteous in their faith. In one sense, the godly are patient with the patience of God, not willing that any should perish. In another sense they are eager for the world's restitution, and so cry, "Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

EASTERN PROBLEMS.

Turning our eyes toward the eastern horizon, many tokens of the fast-approaching crisis of the end meet our gaze. We see signs in the "political heavens" above, and on the "subjective earth" beneath; blood and fire and vapor of smoke. Conspicuously prominent in those eastern heavens is a "great dragon" power; not, as of old, the "great red dragon" of Rome, awaiting the advent of the God-man with the intention of devouring him (Revelation 12 : 3), but the "great green dragon" of "Ros Meshech and Tubal" (Ezekiel 37 and 38; Revelation 16 : 13, 14; 20 : 2, 8), the claimant of eastern Rome's dominion, making itself ready to dispute with the saints of God for the possession of that kingdom which is so soon to be set up in the land of Israel.

The new Cæsar (Czar) has spoken his word. There is to be no retrogression in Russian schemes of ambition. The Sclave crusade is to be preached and pursued more actively than ever. Ignatieff, the statesman charged with stimulating the Sclavic outbreak in Bulgaria, which resulted in the last Russo-Turkish war, is placed at the head of affairs, and an active propaganda of Pansclavonianism is almost certain to follow his promotion. Indeed, a new pamphlet with that very object in view has been already announced by advertisement in the Russian paper, the *Golos*, in May last, as follows: "The glorious history of Tsargrad (Constantinople), with an account of the many prophecies concerning it, including one declaring that the time will come when Mecca and Medina will fall into ruins, and that this shall be brought about by a Christian Tsar named Alexander III." Here is, indeed, "a sign of the times," not only for the people who are looking for the coming of their Lord, but, likewise, for certain statesmen, who are entrusted with the care of mighty interests in those regions.

THE OCCUPATION OF THE "HOLY PLACES."

Another sign in the eastern sky, of no little significance, is the joint, though jealous, occupation of the Holy Places at Jerusalem by the Frank, the Sclave, and the Moslem powers. Each one of these lays claim to the dominion of old Rome, and if either of the capital cities of Rome or Constantinople had formed the bone of contention, the jealousy would have seemed only natural; but why should they contend for supremacy at Jerusalem? No answer can be given to this question apart from the explanations afforded by the Apocalypse of St. John, and which point to Palestine as the seat of *the next great empire*. The two last Sclavo-Turkish wars have in their results furnished wonderful indications of this "Kingdom of the Stone" being close at hand.

At the conclusion of the Crimean war, the chief, if not the solitary result obtained was, by some mysterious providence, the emancipation of Palestine and the circumjacent regions. Those Holy Lands were, by a special firman, then declared free to colonization, and placed under the joint protection of the Great Powers. The termination of the more recent conflict was also signalized by another stage being accomplished in the redemption of that land which is destined to become the centre of Christ's kingdom, and the joy, once more, of the whole earth. This time a British Protectorate over the extensive and important peninsula of Asia Minor was established, with the island of Cyprus as its point, of rest, as a check to the threatened further advances of Russia in that direction.

THE LIMITS OF THE HOLY TERRITORY.

When God called Abraham, and assigned to him the fatherhood of a great and mighty seed, He allocated a region of the earth's surface for their ultimate occupation. The limits of the holy territory were accurately defined, and two great rivers designated as its principal boundaries. "To thee and to thy seed will I give this land, from the river of Egypt to the great river, the river Euphrates" (Genesis 15 : 18). Such was the promise, and is it not a striking sign of the times that the two natural boundaries so indicated should have come suddenly into prominence in our days and after a sleep of centuries of neglect and indifference? A practical discernment of the wants of a time close at hand has prompted our engineers to single out *the* river of Egypt and *the* river of Mesopotamia as the two natural highways *par excellence* for that extended intercourse between the far East and the far West which is now seen to be inevitable. The land between these two highways is the Land of Promise—the inheritance of the saints. Surely in all these facts one must discern great "signs of the times."

But the acquisition by Britain of predominant influence over these two highways, and this, too, under the guidance of a Christian Prime Minister, yet of Hebrew origin and of Hebrew sympathies (so representing in himself, as it were, both the literal and spiritual Israel), is certainly the greatest sign of all those lately displayed in the Eastern sky. Nevertheless, it is a sign which was evidently not discerned at the time by a multitude of Englishmen, who, it is to be hoped, are growing wiser as the events on which the late Lord Beaconsfield based his policy become more and more developed. *The Moslem power is visibly decaying*. The mystic river Euphrates is becoming dry in its own bed. A successor to the Moslem inheritance must be found. Some of the sons of Britain seem to favor the ambitious claims of the kings from the North, while others, more discerning, would preserve the future for those "kings from the East," or sun rising, who, by the decrees of heaven, are one day to enter into possession.

THE ENERGY OF EVIL.

Many prophecies in the Divine Book attribute phenomenal events of the last days to the quickened action of the "Evil One," manifested through human instrumentalities. In that chief of prophecies, 2 Thessalonians 2, the "man of sin," in the days preceding our Lord's second coming, is declared to be the direct offspring of "the energy of Satan." In another prophecy, addressed to the peoples of the Roman world, the figurative "earth and sea," they are warned to expect woes, for that the devil would operate specifically upon them, having great wrath, because of there being but a short time left in the which to carry on his evil work (Revelation 12 : 12). Further, the state of confederation, which would represent in the aggregate the evils of man's great rebellion and apostacy, is represented as ascending "out of the bottomless pit" (Revelation 11 : 7; 17 : 8), and its government, or chief, as possessing "the power, the throne, and the great authority of the Dragon, or Satan" (Revelation 13 : 2).

A vast enterprise of mischief, both individual and collective, is plainly indicated in these several declarations. Can I possibly err in saying that the active operation of Satan on the modern world has not only been privately felt, but publicly admitted by many great thinkers and writers for some time past? The proofs are abundant that we live in

AN AGE OF MONSTERS;

and no wonder, seeing how completely godliness has given place to licentiousness, whether of belief or of conduct. Satan never had such opportunities for action, at least, since the flood; for without God, what possible defence remains to man against his approaches? Let Carlyle give an answer to this question, for I have found one in his writings exceedingly appropriate: "The five unsatiated senses will remain, the sixth insatiable sense (of vanity); the whole *demonic nature of man will remain*, hurled forth to rage blindly, without *rule* or *rein*, savage itself, yet with all the tools and weapons of civilization, a spectacle new in history."

As the divine restraints of religion and of heaven's laws are one by one removed, the powers of darkness break forth afresh, and occupy our land with every species of noxious evil. Vice is not only existing, it is rampant. Men are not content with committing wrong, but they must advertize and propagate it. Commenting on some of the more flagrant outrages of our time, the *Times*, in a leading article, thus acknowledged in a manner the fulfilment of the divine predictions: "It looks like the reappearance of the mighty powers of wickedness that ravaged the earth, decimated its population, and threw back civilization itself at some former epochs." Surely the Church may, with united voice and desire, pray that line of the Lord's prayer, as given in the *revised* version, "Deliver us from the *evil one*."

(To be concluded.)

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Result of the Elections in New York State was anticipated this year with unusual curiosity, for many reasons. The exclusion of Tammany Hall from the State Convention made the estimate of the Democratic vote uncertain, and the attitude of the Stalwarts rendered any forecast of the Republican vote a matter of conjecture. Another element of doubt existed with respect to the Legislature. The black list published in the daily journals, of the Albany legislators who opposed the Street-cleaning bill, had its effect at the time, but no one knew whether the voters would allow it to influence them at the polls. It was, therefore, a doubtful contest, in which party lines afforded no means of estimating the result. The slowness with which the returns came in, showed how thoroughly both parties were disorganized, and what *an unusual amount of scratching* had been done. It became evident, as the votes were counted, that the personal character of the candidates had exercised more weight with the voters than their party affiliation, and that the Street-cleaning bill had not been forgotten. In both Houses of the State Legislature *the Democrats now have a majority*—in the State Senate a majority of two, and in the Assembly of six. The Republicans carried *the State ticket* with one exception, that of General James W. Husted, who was nominated for State Treasurer, but who ran behind the ticket and was beaten by his Democratic rival, Robert A. Maxwell. General Carr, the Republican candidate for Secretary of State, ran ahead of the ticket and had a majority of 12,180. In Brooklyn the result is very important. There, as in other places lately, the struggle lay not so much between parties as between the people and the machine. The Democratic Boss was defeated, and Mr. Seth Low, the anti-machine candidate for the mayoralty, was elected, many Democrats voting for the Republican candidate.

In Virginia, the Republican and Readjuster coalition carried the State by a majority at present said to be 10,000, electing the Governor and carrying the Legislature. Massachusetts, Nebraska, Minnesota, and Kansas went Republican by large majorities. In Pennsylvania the revolt against Boss rule attained unexpected proportions. With a ticket of acknowledged inferiority and opposed to unexceptionable candidates, the Wolfe party polled nearly 50,000 votes. The Republican plurality was 7539. In Wisconsin a large temperance vote was cast, reducing the Republican majority to small proportions. Democratic gains were made in Connecticut and New Jersey.

The Lesson the Elections Teach was Commented upon by Dr. Talmage in his Friday evening talk last week. He said: "In our day we are showing what intelligent and independent voting may do. You notice that in the State of New York *the split ticket* has been elected. Let the political parties learn that voters are determined to look beyond parties to the men nominated. A few wire-pullers cannot get together in a bar-room caucus, with whiskey and badgering, to decide the fate of city and nation. Be no more under the delusion that voters will read no further than the party badge at the top of the ticket. Beginning to read at the top, they will read all the way through, and *they will scratch out* what they think ought to be scratched out, and *interline* what they think ought to be interlined."

The Temperance Vote in Wisconsin has Surprised all parties. It is stated at 25,000. In 1879 only 400 votes were polled for the temperance candidate for Governor, and last year it was so small that the reports classed it with the scattering votes, and temperance and scattering together were under 1700. For some time it was thought that the loss of temperance votes had caused the defeat of the Republican ticket, but late reports place the Republican plurality at 7500.

President Arthur has Issued a Proclamation appointing Thursday, November 24th, as a day of Thanksgiving. The President says: "It has long been the pious custom of our people with the closing of the year to look back upon the blessings brought to them in the changing course of the seasons, and to return solemn thanks to the all-giving Source from whom they flow. And although at this period, when the falling leaf admonishes us that the time of our sacred duty is at hand, our nation still lies in *the shadow of a great bereavement*, and the mourning which has filled our hearts still finds its sorrowful expression toward the God before whom we but lately bowed in grief and supplication, yet the countless benefits which have showered upon us during the past twelve months call for our fervent gratitude, and make it fitting that we should rejoice with thankfulness that the Lord in His infinite mercy has most signally favored our country and our people. *Peace without and prosperity within* have been vouchsafed to us. No pestilence has visited our shores; the abundant privileges of freedom which our fathers left us in their wisdom are still our increasing heritage; and if in parts of our vast domain some affliction has visited our brethren in their forest homes, yet even this calamity has been tempered and in a manner sanctified by the generous compassion for the sufferers which has been called forth throughout the land. For all these things it is meet that the voice of the nation should go up to God in devout homage."

The Refunding Scheme Operated by Mr. Windom is now, according to a report from Washington, fully realized. The total amount of the bonds continued at 3½ per cent is $579,560,050, and the total cost to the Government was about $10,000. Mr. Windom claims that his refunding operations result in a much greater saving to the Government than would have been effected by the refunding measures of the last Congress, as the bill passed by Congress appropriated one quarter of one per cent for expenses of refunding, which, he asserts, would have amounted to $1,448,900, as against less than $10,000 by his plan.

A Reception was Accorded at Cooper Union, New York, on Thursday last, to the two Irish Land Leaguers recently let out of jail by the clemency of the British Government. Tickets were sold at one dollar each, and the hall was well filled. Father Sheehy, the released Romish priest, made the principal speech. He said the Land act had been passed by Parliament and had become a law, but he regarded it "as the most deadly of all the forms of English tyranny ever presented under English law," a statement a little inconsistent with the fact that Irishmen under this act of tyranny are obtaining reductions of rent of thirty per cent and upward. Father Sheehy said further: "An instance of the intention of the English Premier in obtaining the passage of the Land act was found in the arrest of Parnell, who selected 3000 *of the most flagrant cases of excessive rent* with which to test the act." This is a new version of the story. Mr. Parnell expressly stated that the instances he selected to test the act were *the least flagrant*, and he gave plausible reasons for the selection of such cases. "Down with landlordism," the speaker said in conclusion. It was "the irreconcilable foe of every national endeavor. The law and logic of the Land League is 'No rent,' and this policy will eventually strangle 'landlordism.'" The priest's *prophecy* time will test; but "the law and the logic of the League" are capable of present examination. Judged by the acts and statements of its leaders, candid people will find no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that it is as illogical as it is lawless.

The Proceedings in the Star Route Cases collapsed on Thursday last. Judge Cox, of the Criminal Court of the District of Columbia, rendered a decision striking from the files of the court the information for conspiracy. The decision was based on technical grounds, and does not pronounce on the merits of the case. It turned on the exact meaning of the word "infamous." The Judge held that the crimes charged were "infamous" under the statutes and legal decisions touching the subject, and that under the Constitution proceedings could not be begun by information in cases where crimes of an infamous nature were charged, but must proceed by indictment of a Grand Jury. Mr. Cook, the special Assistant District Attorney, at the close of Judge Cox's decision, volunteered an explanation of the mode of procedure adopted, in which he said that up to the time of General Garfield's assassination it had been intended to proceed by indictment, but that afterward in the suspension of business which occurred, there was a delay in the proceedings, and the adjournment of the Grand Jury rendered the information the only course practicable. It is stated that the Government will go on with the prosecution on one or two cases which are not barred by the statute of limitation, but those cases are not so flagrant as those covered by the statute.

Mrs. Garfield has Written to Mr. Cyrus W. Field a letter acknowledging the national subscription for herself and her family, in which she says: "Your letter of October 26th is received, giving me the final statement regarding the fund for General Garfield's family so kindly supervised by you. As I have heretofore made only a verbal acknowledgment, I now wish formally to communicate to you, and through you to all who have contributed to it, my thanks for this generous testimonial, as an expression of the high esteem in which my husband was held and as a tribute to his memory. My children join me in this gratitude, and in the desire that as we accept this trust in their father's name we may be able to use it in a way worthy of him and satisfactory to those by whom it has been bestowed." Mrs. Garfield has also written to the chairman of the Committee of the National Garfield Memorial Hospital, expressing approval of the plan, and adds that *she will contribute* to the project.

The Fire Record of the Past Week has been very disastrous. A telegram from Reading, Pa., says that on November 11th the Orphans' Home at Womelsdorf, worth $20,000, was totally destroyed. On the same day a fire broke out at Old Orchard Beach, Me., which spread rapidly and destroyed six hotels. At Woodstock, N. B., the greater part of the town is laid in ashes. The fire was first seen at the Mechanics' Institute, from which a high wind carried the flames to the adjoining buildings, and before the conflagration was under control over forty buildings and three churches were burned.

Two Little Girls in a State of Intoxication were found in a gutter in Philadelphia on November 7th, by a policeman. They were too much stupefied to give any account of themselves, but another little girl who had been playing with them told who they were, and said their ages were respectively eleven and thirteen. She said they had all been playing on the lot, when, finding they had thirty cents among them, they procured a bottle, and one of them went into a tavern and bought *ten cents' worth of whiskey. They drank this, and then had it filled twice again* in two more taverns. Two questions are suggested by this instance of degradation: How did the children get this depraved taste? and has the great State of Pennsylvania no law which will punish the men who would supply children with spirits?

The Woman's National Christian Temperance Union has been holding a National Convention at Washington, D. C. Two hundred and thirty-three officers and delegates, representing thirty States and Territories, attended the Convention. The meetings were held in Foundry Church, and were well attended. The subject of female suffrage, which had been before previous Conventions, was again brought up. It was thought by many delegates that if women were allowed to vote the grand goal of prohibition would be attained, and that therefore female suffrage was a legitimate accompaniment to direct temperance work. On the other hand, some ladies present contended that the efforts of the original organization were being directed into new channels, and that combining the suffrage question with that of temperance would divide and weaken the organization. The controversy was warm, and it has been reported that a few members seceded to form a separate association. Finally a resolution was adopted by a large majority leaving each State to take independent action in relation to the woman's ballot. The plan of work for the coming year adopted by the Convention includes a recommendation for the circulation of a petition to Congress asking a constitutional amendment for the suppression of the liquor traffic in the United States. Several years, it is supposed, may be consumed in this preliminary work, but the ladies are enthusiastic and hopeful of final success.

An Editor's Opinion of the Best Book for business men was given lately in the New York *Tribune*. A correspondent, just commencing business, wrote to that journal stating some of the difficulties he met with, and asking, "Are there any books that will help me? What are some of the best books for a young business man?" In the course of his reply the editor said: "The best single treatise is *the New Testament;* next to this is the Book of Proverbs of Solomon. The best business man we have ever known memorized the entire Book of Proverbs at twenty-two—carrying the American Tract Society's ten-cent edition in his vest-pocket, and committing a half-dozen verses daily; and when he became an employer gave a copy of the book to every employé, with a friendly inscription commending it as *an admirable business guide.*"

A Deputation from the Methodist Conference in Ireland has arrived in this country charged with the duty of appealing for aid for the Irish Methodist Churches. The deputation consists of Revs. John Ker, William Crook, and Oliver McCutcheon, who have issued an address explaining the grounds on which they solicit assistance. It appears that notwithstanding the financial depression in Ireland, and the consequent loss of income, not a single society or congregation has been abandoned since the union in 1878, and the last official census of the country shows that while other denominations, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, have declined in numbers, Methodism has increased. There is, however, now no possibility of continuing the evangelical agencies of the church without foreign assistance, and rather than relinquish any of them at a time when the contest with Romanism is so severe, it has been decided to appeal to American liberality, and the deputation was sent to present the case to the Methodists of this country.

The Sudden Collapse of Two Tenement houses in New York, on Wednesday, November 9th, caused the death of eight persons and serious injuries to eight others. The buildings—very old ones—had been reported unsafe, and notices would have been served on the inmates the day before the accident, but for that day being election day, and a legal holiday. There was no warning of the approaching fall of the houses. It was seven o'clock in the morning; some of the inmates had not left their beds, others were at breakfast, while others happily were absent from their homes. A passer-by says: "Those outside saw the building sway and settle. They saw bits fall out of the outer walls, and windows break, and slate drop from the eaves. Then after a little pause everything gave way, and with a mighty crash walls, partitions, floors, and ceilings fell in one chaotic heap. Shrieks of alarm and hoarse shouts of command had been heard through the confused noise of the breaking down; but after the crash there was an instant of silence, and then a *long, shuddering, piercing wail* in a woman's voice. Then all was still. Eight souls had passed into eternity." A company of firemen were soon at the scene of the disaster and commenced the perilous work of rescuing the entombed people. They were in some cases guided by fragments of clothing visible among the debris, and in others by the cries of the sufferers.

A startling sight was that of a child held aloft by a woman's arm. Her body was buried in the rubbish, leaving the one arm, which still grasped the child, exposed. It was two hours before she could be extricated from the mass of timber and soil under which she lay. During the whole time she was conscious and spoke occasionally to the men at work for her liberation. It is supposed that there were twenty people in the buildings when they fell, of whom only four escaped alive and without injury. A new story was not long ago added to the crazy structure, and at the coroner's inquest some explanation will be required as to why the Buildings Department passed the plans.

A Letter the Venerable Poet, John G. Whittier, wrote last month to a child, deserves notice as an evidence which young people may study with advantage of the kind of reminiscences which at the age of seventy-four a great man cherishes with most pleasure. Speaking of his boyhood, the grand old man says: "Neither change nor loss had then made me realize the uncertainty of all earthly things. I felt secure in my mother's love, and dreamed of losing nothing and gaining much. Looking back now, my chief satisfaction is that I loved and obeyed my parents, and tried to make them happy by trying to be good. That I did not succeed in all respects, that I fell very far short of my good intentions, was a frequent cause of sorrow. I had at that time a very great thirst for knowledge and little means to gratify it. The beauty of outward nature early impressed me; and the moral and spiritual beauty of *the holy lives I read of in the Bible* and other good books also affected me with a sense of my own falling short and longing for a better state. With every good wish for thee, I am thy sincere friend, John G. Whittier."

A Significant Reason for Using Bright Colors was given in a letter an old lady wrote to Gen. Garfield's mother lately. The writer was ninety years of age, and her letter was one of condolence, and with it was a quilt of the log-cabin pattern. She said she had thought to take black and white for the squares, but she thought of the Scripture, "When I bring a cloud over the earth, my bow shall be seen in the cloud," and so she took bright colors, though she modestly said she would not compare her work with the rainbow.

A Noted Freethinker Last Week Gave to a reporter his views on the tendency of free thought, which is the name by which it is attempted to veil scepticism, and give it a veneer of respectability. Rev. O. B. Frothingham, who is now in New York, where he formerly lectured for a long time as a leader among freethinkers, being asked why he abruptly discontinued his teaching said: "One fact began to loom up before my mental vision in a disquieting way—that *the drift of free-thought* teaching was unquestionably toward a dead materialism, which I have abhorred as deeply as any evangelical clergyman I know. The men who would become leaders in the free-thought movement *do not stop* where I stop; they had no training for the work of 'restoring,' in which light I regard much of my work. But the men whom I saw coming upon the stage were destroyers who tore down with no thought of building up; there seemed to be no limit to their destructive mania and no discrimination in their work. Their notion seemed to be *to make a clean sweep* of every existing creed; they apparently knew not and cared not whether anything in the shape of belief should arise from the ashes of the world's creeds." Evangelical Christians perceived long ago what Mr. Frothingham now admits. We can but hope that having learned so much, he may be still further enlightened, and that the Holy Spirit may show him the only safe way of commencing the constructive work he desires (1 Cor. 3 : 11).

WITHOUT CHRIST—NOTHING.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Without Me ye can do nothing." JOHN 15 : 5.

A Divine Utterance—Union Essential to Fruit-Bearing—What is in the Declaration—I. An Aspiration of Hope—For the Fruits of Holiness—For Conversion of Others—For a Blessing to the World—II. A Shudder of Fear—A Terrible Possibility—Intermittent Union—A Fire in a Marseilles Hotel—III. A Vision of Total Failure—Outward Signs of Christ's Absence—In the Doctrine—A Converted Jew in a London Church—Bread Without Flour—Modern Lives of Christ—Compliment and Critiques—Christ in the Spirit—In Actual Presence—Talking and Doing—IV. A Voice of Wisdom—To be Acknowledged—Prayer, Faith, and Submission—V. A Song of Content—A New England Lunatic—"Let Him Try."

THIS is not the language of a man of ordinary mould. No saint, no prophet, no apostle would ever have addressed a company of faithful men, and have said to them, "Without me ye can do nothing." Had Jesus Christ been, as some say, a good man, and nothing more, such language as this would have been unseemly and inconsistent. Among the virtues of a perfect man we must certainly reckon modesty, but this from a mere man would have been shamelessly immodest. It is impossible to conceive that Jesus of Nazareth, had he not been more than man, could ever have uttered the sentence, "Without Me ye can do nothing."

My brethren, I hear in this sentence the voice of that Divine Person without whom was not anything made that was made. The majesty of the words reveals the Godhead of Him that uttered them. The "I am" comes out in the personal word "Me," and the claim of all power unveils the Omnipotent. These words mean Godhead or nothing. The spirit in which we listen to this language is that of adoration. Let us bow our heads in solemn worship, and so unite with the multitude before the throne who ascribe power and dominion and might to Him that sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb.

Our text is only another form of the fourth verse: "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye except ye abide in Me." I am, therefore, going to address myself to you who profess to know and love the Lord, and are anxious to glorify His name, and I have to remind you that union to Christ is essential; for only as you are one with Him, and continue to be so, can you bring forth the fruits which prove you to be truly His.

I. Reading again this solemn sentence, "Without Me ye can do nothing," it first excites in me

AN ASPIRATION OF HOPE.

There is something to be *done*, our religion is to have a grand practical outcome. I have been thinking of Christ as the vine, and of the myriads of branches in Him, and my heart has hoped for great things. From such a root what a vintage must come! Being branches in Him, what fruit we must produce! There can be nothing scanty or poverty-stricken in the fruitage of a vine so full of sap. Fruit of the best quality, fruit in the utmost abundance, fruit unrivalled, must be borne by such a vine.

That word "*do*" has music in it. Yes, brethren, Jesus went about doing good and, being in Him, we shall do good. Everything about Him is efficient, practical—in a word, fruit-bearing; and being joined to Him much will yet be done by us. We have been saved by the almighty grace of God apart from all doings of our own, and now that we are saved we long to *do* something in return: we feel a high ambition to be of some use and service to our great Lord and Master. The text, even though there be a negative in it, yet raises in our soul the hope that ere we go hence and be no more we may even here on earth do something for Christ.

Beloved, there is the ambition and hope before us of doing something in the way of glorifying God by bringing forth *the fruits of holiness, peace, and love.* We would adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things. By pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by love unfeigned, by every good and holy work, we would show forth the

praises of our God. For none of these things are we equal in and of ourselves, and yet by faith we say with Paul, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." We may be adorned with plentiful clusters, we may cause the Saviour to have joy in us that our joy may be full: great possibilities are before us.

We aspire not only to produce fruit in ourselves, but to bear much *fruit in the conversion of others*, even as Paul desired concerning the Romans, that he might have fruit among them. In this matter we can do nothing whatever alone; but being united unto Christ we bring forth increase unto the Lord. Our Lord Jesus said, "The works that I do shall ye do also, and greater works than these shall ye do, because I go unto the Father." Brethren, a hope springs up in our bosom that we may each one of us bring many souls to Jesus. Not because we have any power in ourselves, but because we are united to Jesus we joyfully hope to bring forth fruit in the way of leading others to the knowledge of the gospel.

My soul takes fire of hope, and I say to myself, If it be so, all these branches, and all alive, how much *fruit of further blessing* will ripen for this poor world. Men shall be blessed in us because we are blessed in Christ. What must be the influence of ten thousand godly examples? What must be the influence upon our country of thousands of Christian men and women practically advancing love, peace, justice, virtue, holiness! And if each one is seeking to bring others to Christ what numerous conversions there must be, and how largely must the Church of God be increased. Do you not know that if there were only ten thousand real Christians in the world, yet if each one of these brought one other to Christ every year it would not need twenty years to accomplish the conversion of the entire population of the globe? This is a simple sum in arithmetic which any schoolboy can work out.

Beloved friends in Christ, have you not strong desires to see some such consummation? Do you not long to take a share in the high enterprise of winning the world to Christ? Oh, ye that are young and full of spirits, do you not long to press to the front of this great crusade? Our souls pine to see the knowledge of the Lord covering the earth as the waters cover the sea. It is glad tidings to us that, joined unto Christ, we can do something in this great business, something upon which the Lord will smile, something which shall redound to the glory of His name. We are not condemned to inaction; we are not denied the joy of service, the superior blessedness of giving and of doing; the Lord hath chosen us and ordained us to go and bring forth fruit, fruit that shall remain. This is the aspiration which rises in our soul; the Lord grant that we may see it take actual form in our lives.

II. But now, in the second place, there passes through my heart

A SHUDDER OF FEAR.

Albeit I glow and burn with strong desire, and rise upon the wing of a mighty ambition to do something great for Christ, yet I read the text, and a sudden trembling takes hold upon me. "Without Me:"—it is possible, then, that I may be without Christ, and so may be utterly incapacitated for all good. Come, friends, I want you to feel, even though it cast a cold chill over you, that you may possibly be "without Christ." I would have you feel it in the very marrow of your bones, yea, in the centre of your hearts. You profess to be in Christ; but are you so? The large majority of those to whom I speak this morning are visible members of the visible Church of Christ; but what if you should *not be so in Him as to bring forth fruit?*

I will put the thought another way—What if you should be in Christ, and *not so in Him as to abide in Him?* It appears from our Lord's words that some branches in Him are cast forth and are withered. "If a man abide not in Me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered." Some who are called by His name, and reckoned among His disciples, whose names are heard whenever the muster-roll of the Church is read, yet do not continue in Him. My hearer, what if it should happen that you are *only in Christ on a Sunday*, but in the world all the week? What if you are only in Christ at the communion table, or at the prayer-meeting, or at certain periods of devotion? What if you are off and on with Christ? What if you play fast and loose with the Lord? What if you are an outside saint and an inside devil? Ah me, what will come of such conduct as this?

One year when I was travelling toward my usual winter resting-place *I halted at Marseilles*, and there was overtaken by great pain. In my room in the hotel I found it cold, and so I asked for a fire. I was sitting in a very desponding mood, when suddenly the tears came to my eyes, as if smitten with a great sorrow. I shall never forget the thoughts which stirred my heart. The porter came in to light the fire. He had in his hand a bundle of twigs. I called to him to let me look at it. He was about to push it into the stove as fuel with which to kindle the fire.

As I took the bundle into my hand, I found it was made of vine branches—branches that had been cut off now that the pruning time was come. Ah me, I thought, will this be my portion? Here I am, away from home, unable to bear fruit, as I love to do. Shall I end with this as my portion? Shall I be gathered for the fire? Those vine shoots were parts of a good vine, no doubt—branches that once looked fair and green; but now they were fuel for the flame. They had been cut off and cast off as useless things, and then men gathered them and tied them in bundles, and they were ignobly thrust into the fire! What a picture! There goes *a bundle of ministers* into the fire! There is *a bundle of elders!* There's another bundle of deacons, a bundle of church members, a bundle of Sunday-school teachers! "Men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned." Dear brothers and sisters, shall this be the lot of any of us who have named the name of Christ? Well did I say a shudder may go through us as we listen to those words, "without Me."

III. Having come so far in our second head, under the third I behold

A VISION OF TOTAL FAILURE.

"Without Me," says the text, "ye can do nothing"—ye can produce nothing. The visible Church of Christ has tried this experiment a great many times already, and always with the same result. Separated from Christ, His church can do nothing which she was formed to do. She is sent into the world upon a high enterprise, with noble aims before her, and grand forces at her disposal; but if she could cease from communion with Christ she would become wholly incapable.

Now what are *the outward signs* of any community being apart from Christ? Answer, first, It may be seen in *a ministry without Christ in its doctrine.* This we have seen ourselves. Woe worth the day that it is so! History tells us that not only in the Romish Church and the Anglican Church, but among the Nonconformist churches, Christ has been at times forgotten. Not only among Unitarians, but among Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, all round, Jesus has been dishonored. Attempts have been made to do something without Christ as the truth to be preached. Ah me, what folly it is! *They preach up intellectualism*, and hope that this will be the great power of God; but it is not. "Surely," say they, "novelties of thought and refinement of speech will attract and win! The preachers aspire to be leaders of thought; will they not command the multitude and charm the intelligent? Add music and architecture, and what is to hinder success?" Many a young minister has given up his whole mind to this—to try and be exceedingly refined and intellectual; and what has he done with these showy means? The sum total is expressed in the text—"Nothing:" "Without Me ye can do nothing."

What emptiness this folly has created; when the pulpit is without Christ the pews are soon without people. I knew a chapel where an eminent divine was to be heard for years. *A converted Jew* coming to London to visit a friend, set out on Sunday morning to find a place of Christian worship, and he chanced to enter the chapel of this eminent divine. When he came back he said that he feared he had made a mistake; he had turned into a building which he hoped was a Christian place of assembly; but as *he had not heard the name of Jesus all the morning*, he thought perhaps he had fallen in with some other religionists. I fear that many modern sermons might just as fairly have been delivered in a Mahometan mosque as in a Christian church. We have too many preachers of whom we might complain, "they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him."

Christianity without Christ is a strange thing indeed. And what comes of it where it is held up to the people? Why, by-and-by there are not enough people to support the ministry; empty benches are plentiful, and the thing gets pretty nearly wound up. Blessed be God for it! I am heartily glad that without Christ these pretended ministers cannot prosper. Leave Christ out of the preaching and you shall do nothing. Only advertise it all over London, Mr. Baker, that you are making bread without flour; put it in every paper, "Bread without flour;" and you may soon shut up your shop, for your customers will hurry off to other tradesmen. Somehow there is *a strange prejudice* in people's minds in favor of *bread made of flour*, and there is also an unaccountable prejudice in the human mind which makes men think that if there be a gospel it must have Christ in it.

Further, without acknowledging always *the absolute supremacy of Christ* we shall do nothing. *Jesus is much complimented* nowadays; but He is not submitted to as absolute Lord. I hear many pretty things about Christ from men who reject His gospel. "Lives of Christ" we have in any quantity. Oh for one which would set Him forth in His glory as God, as Head of the Church and Lord of all! I should greatly like to see a "Life of Christ" written by one who knew Him by communion with Him and by reverently sitting at His feet. Most of the pretty things about Jesus which I read nowadays seem to have been written by persons who have seen Him *through a telescope* at a great distance, and know Him "according to Matthew," but not according to personal fellowship. Oh for a "Life of Christ" by Samuel Rutherford or George Herbert, or by some other sweet spirit to whom the ever-blessed One is as a familiar friend!

DOCTRINES OUT OF DATE.

Certain modern praises of Jesus are written upon the theory that, on the whole, the Saviour has given us a religion that is tolerably suited to the enlightenment of the nineteenth century, and may be allowed to last a little longer. Jesus is commended by these critics, and somewhat admired as preferable to most teachers; but He is by no means to be blindly followed. It is fortunate for Jesus that He commends Himself to the "best thought" and ripest culture of the period; for, if He had not done so, these wise gentlemen would have exposed Him as being behind the times. Of course they have every now and then to rectify certain of His dogmas, especially such as justification by faith, or atonement, or the doctrine of election—these are old-fashioned things, which belong to an older and less enlightened period, and therefore they adapt them by tearing out their real meaning.

The doctrines of grace, according to the infallible critics of the period, are out of date—nobody believes them now, and so they settle off old-fashioned believers as non-existent. Christ is rectified and squared, and His garment without seam is taken off, and He is dressed out in proper style, as by a West-End clothier; then He is introduced to us as a remarkable teacher, and we are advised to accept Him as far as He goes. For the present the wise ones tolerate Jesus; but there is no telling what is to come: the progress of this age is so astonishing that it is just possible we shall before long leave Christ and Christianity behind.

Now, what will come of this foolish wisdom? Nothing but delusions, mischief, infidelity, anarchy, and all manner of imaginable and unimaginable ills. The world hates Christ and must hate Him; if it would boldly denounce Christ it would be to us a more hopeful sign than its deceitful Judas kiss. We keep simply to this—the Lord hath said it, and we care not who approves or disapproves. Jesus is God and Head of the Church, and we must

do what He bids us, and say what He tells us; if we fail in this, nothing of good will come of it. If the Church gets back to her loyalty, she shall see what her Lord will do; but without Christ as absolute Lord, infallible Teacher, and honored King, all must be failure even to the end.

Go a little further: you may have sound doctrine, and yet do nothing unless you have Christ *in your spirit*. I have known all the doctrines of grace to be unmistakably preached, and yet there have been no conversions; for this reason, that they were not expected and scarcely desired. In former years many orthodox preachers thought it to be their sole duty to comfort and confirm the godly few who by dint of great perseverance found out the holes and corners in which they prophesied. These brethren spoke of sinners as of people whom God might possibly gather in if He thought fit to do so; but they did not care much whether He did so or not. As to weeping over sinners as Christ wept over Jerusalem; as to venturing to invite them to Christ as the Lord did when He stretched out His hands all the day long; as to lamenting with Jeremiah over a perishing people, they had no sympathy with such emotions, and feared that they savored of Arminianism.

Both preacher and congregation were cased in a hard shell, and lived as if their own salvation was the sole design of their existence. If anybody did grow zealous and seek conversions, straightway they said he was indiscreet, or conceited. When a church falls into this condition it is, as to its spirit, "without Christ." What comes of it? Some of you know by your own observation what does come of it. The comfortable corporation exists and grows for a little while, but it comes to nothing in the long run; and so it must; there can be no fruit-bearing where there is not the spirit of Christ as well as the doctrine of Christ. Except the spirit of the Lord rests upon you, causing you to agonize for the salvation of men even as Jesus did, ye can do nothing.

But above all things we must have Christ with us in the power of

HIS ACTUAL PRESENCE.

Do we think of this—"Without Me ye can do nothing?" We are going out this afternoon to teach the young; shall we be quite sure to take Christ with us? or on the road shall we suddenly stop and say, "I am without my Master, and I must not dare to go another step?" The abiding consciousness of the love of Christ in our soul is the essential element of our strength.

Power to change the human will, power to enlighten the intellect as to the things of God, and to influence the mind as to repentance and faith, must come entirely from the Most High. Do we feel that? or do we put our thoughts together for an address, and say, "Now, that is a strong point, and that will produce effect;" and do we rest there? If so, we can do nothing at all.

We have, then, before us a vision of total failure if we attempt in any way to do without Christ. He says, "Without Me ye can do nothing;" it is in the *doing* that the failure is most conspicuous. You may *talk* a good deal without Him; you may hold congresses, and conferences, and conventions; but *doing* is another matter. Without Jesus you can *talk* any quantity; but without Him you can *do* nothing. The most eloquent discourse without Him will be all a bottle of smoke. You shall lay your plans, and arrange your machinery, and start your schemes; but without the Lord you will do nothing. Immeasurable cloudland of proposals and not a spot of solid doing large enough for a dove's foot to rest on—such shall be the end of all! You may have all the money that generosity can lavish, all the learning that your universities can supply, and all the oratory that the most gifted can lay at your feet; but "without Me," saith Christ, "ye can do nothing."

FUSS, FLARE, FIREWORKS, AND FAILURE;

that is the end of it. "Without Me ye can do nothing."

Let me repeat those words again, "Do nothing." "Do nothing," and the world dying around us! Africa in darkness! China perishing! Hindostan sunk in superstition, and a church which can do nothing! No bread to be handed out to the hungry, and the multitude fainting and dying! The rock to be smitten and the water of life to leap out for the thirsty, but not a drop forthcoming, because Jesus is not there. The age shall advance in discovery, and men of science shall do their little best, but you shall do "nothing" without Christ, absolutely nothing! You shall not proceed a single inch upon your toilsome way, though you row till the oars snap with the strain; you shall be drifted back by winds and currents unless you take Jesus into the ship.

Remember that all the while the great Husbandman is watching you, for His eye is on every vine-branch. He sees that you are producing no grapes, and He is coming round with *that sharp knife* of His, cutting here and there! What must become of you who produce nothing? It makes one's very soul to curdle within him to think that we should live to do nothing. Yet I fear that thousands of Christians get no further than this; they are not immoral, dishonest, or profane; but they do nothing. They think of what they would like to do, and they plan and they propose; but they *do* nothing. There are buds in plenty, but not a single grape is produced and all because they do not get into that vital, overflowing, effectual communion with Christ which would fill them with life and constrain them to bring forth fruit unto the glory of God. There is a vision, then, of the failure all along the line if we try to do without Christ.

IV. But now, fourthly, I hear

A VOICE OF WISDOM,

a still small voice, which speaks out of the text, and says to us who are in Christ, *let us acknowledge this*. Down on your knees, bow your mouths in the dust and say, "Lord, it is true: without Thee we can do nothing, nothing whatever that is good and acceptable in the sight of God. We have not ability of ourselves to think anything of ourselves, but our ability is of God." Now, do not speak thus, as if you paid a compliment which orthodoxy requires you to make; but from the deeps of your soul, smitten with an absolute self-despair, own the truth unto God. "To will is present with me, but how to perform that which I would I find not." Lord, I am a good-for-nothing do-nothing, a fruitless, barren, dry, rotten branch without Thee, and this I feel in my inmost soul. Be not far from me, but quicken me by Thy presence.

Next, *let us pray*. If without Christ we can do nothing, let us cry to Him that we may never be without Him. Let us with strong crying and tears entreat His abiding presence. He comes to those who seek Him; let us never cease seeking. In conscious fellowship with Him, let us plead that the fellowship should be unbroken evermore. Let us pray that we may be so knit and joined to Jesus that we may be one spirit with Him, never to be separated from Him again.

Next, *let us personally cleave to Jesus*. Let us not attempt a life of separation; for that were to seek the living among the dead. Do not let us depart from Him for a single minute. Would you like to be caught at any one second of your life in a condition in which you could do nothing? I must confess I should not like to be in that state—incapable of defence against my enemies, or of service for my Lord. May you never be in such a state that you would be a do-nothing, with opportunities afforded and yet without strength to utilize them! If you are divided from Christ you are divided from the possibility of doing good; cling therefore, to the Saviour with your whole might and let nothing take you off from Him; no not for an hour.

Heartily submit yourselves, also, dear friends, to the Lord's headship and leadership, and ask to do everything in His style and way. He will not be with you unless you accept Him as your Master. There must be no quarrel about supremacy, but you must yield yourself up absolutely to Him, to be, to do, or to suffer, according to His will. When it is wholly so He will be with you, and you shall do everything that is required of you. Wonderful things will the Lord perform through you when once He is your all in all. Will we not have it so?

V. And now, lastly. While I was listening to my text as a child puts a shell to its ear and listens till it hears the deep sea rolling in its windings, I heard within my text

A SONG OF CONTENT.

"Without Me ye can do nothing." My heart said, "Lord, what is there that I want to do without Thee?" There is no pain in this thought to me. "Without Me ye can do nothing." Be it so. Brethren, are you not all agreed? Do you wish to have it altered, any of you that love His dear name? I am sure you do not; for suppose, dear friends, we could do something without Christ then He would not have the glory of it. Who wishes that? There would be little crowns for our poor little heads, for we should have done something without Him; but now there is one great crown for that dear head which once was girt with thorns; for all His saints put together cannot do anything without Him.

I feel so glad that without Christ we can do nothing, because I fear that if the Church could do something without Christ she would try to live without Him. If she could teach and school and bring the children to salvation without Christ, I am afraid Christ would never go into a Sunday-school again. If we could preach successfully without Jesus, I suspect that the Lord Jesus Christ would seldom stand on high among the people again. If our Christian literature could bless men without Christ, I am afraid we should set the printing-press going and never think about the crucified One in the matter.

"Without Me ye can do nothing." As I listened to the song within these words *I began to laugh;* I wonder if you will laugh too. I thought of those who are going to destroy the orthodox doctrine from off the face of the earth. How they boast of the decline and death of old-fashioned evangelism. I have read once or twice that I am

THE LAST OF THE PURITANS,

the race is all dying out. To this I demur; I am willing to be esteemed last in merit, but not last as ending the race. There are many others who are steadfast in the faith. They say our old theology is decaying, and that nobody believes it. It is all a lie; but wise men say so, and therefore we are bound to consider ourselves obsolete and extinct. We are, in their esteem, as much out of date as antediluvians would be could they walk our streets.

Yes, they are going to quench our coal and blot us out from Israel. Newspapers and reviews and the general intelligence of the age all join to dance upon our graves. "Without Me ye can do nothing;" if this be true of apostles, much more of opposers! If His friends can do nothing without Him, I am sure His foes can do nothing against Him. If they that follow His steps and lie in His bosom can do nothing without Him, I am sure His adversaries cannot, and so I laughed at their laughter and smiled at their confusion.

I laughed, too, because I recollected *a story of a New England service* when the pastor one afternoon was preaching in his own solemn way, and the good people were listening or sleeping, as their minds inclined. It was a substantial edifice wherein they assembled, fit to outlive an earthquake. All went on peacefully in the meeting-house that afternoon till suddenly *a lunatic started up*, denounced the minister, and declared that he would at once pull down the meeting house about their ears. Taking hold of one of the pillars of the gallery, this newly-announced Samson repeated his threatening. Everybody rose; the women were ready to faint; the men began to rush to the door, and there was danger that the people would be trodden on as they rushed down the aisles. There was about to be a great tumult; no one could see the end of it; when suddenly one cool brother sitting near the pulpit produced a calm by a single sentence. "*Let him try!*" was the stern sarcasm which hushed the tempest. Even so to-day the enemy is about to disprove the Gospel and crush out the doctrines of grace. Are you distressed, alarmed, astounded? So far from that, my reply to the adversary's boast that he will pull down the pillars of our Zion is this only—*Let him try!* Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—John 15.]

John Holt's Quandary.

A Letter from a Dead Father.

THE FALL AND RECOVERY OF JOHN HOLT.

A Temperance Story.

JOHN HOLT was a gentleman farmer who lived on a beautiful estate which he had inherited from his father, in the West of Yorkshire, England. Both father and son were fine specimens of sturdy Yorkshire independence and thoroughness. They knew practically all the ins and outs of farming, and were proud of being able to buy the best stock which the best markets could boast. On all matters requiring uncommon shrewdness and penetration their opinion was quoted by their neighbors as of unquestionable authority. When the old man died, the regret of all who knew him was mingled with no little satisfaction that the qualities which had secured for him so much respect were largely possessed by his only son.

John Holt was proud of his ancestry, and especially proud to be regarded as the worthy successor of such a father. The place of honor which that father had so long filled as the chairman of different local organizations, and as one of the largest land-proprietors in the district, not connected with the aristocracy, was now cheerfully accorded to the son. And for some time John Holt kept up the traditions of the fine old house for a large-hearted hospitality and an almost unequalled welcome to troops of friends.

But gradually a change came over the house. Though he had become more and more jovial on market days, it seemed as if he had begun to care less about the society of the more reputable and thoughtful of his neighbors than formerly. By and by there was often a heavy look about his eyes and a want of attention to matters of dress and appearance, that those who observed him closely could not help noticing.

The farm-laborers were not long in finding out that they were not so carefully looked after as they used to be, and with the exception of one or two who had learned from their Bibles to despise mere eye-service, they began to go about their work with a slack hand. It thus came to pass that a careful observer could soon discern, in garden and field and stock, marks of unmistakable deterioration. Mr. Holt's wife, too, had now a careworn and anxious look.

Unlike his forefathers, not one of whom had ever left the land of their birth, her husband often spent several weeks together in Paris, where, along with drinkers and gamblers, he sowed the seeds which yielded an abundant harvest. After a few months of this reckless living he found it necessary to mortgage his estate heavily, and in a little while the large sum which he was thus able to command was all gone.

Perhaps this loss, humiliating though it was, was the very best thing that, under the circumstances, could have happened to John Holt. Of all the ills of life, there was none which seemed to him half so bad as *debt*, and he could not bear the thought of being pointed at by whispering neighbors as a man who could not pay his way.

One autumnal day, after preparing for the hunt, in which his father and grandfather had all their lives taken part, he paused before leaving the house, and said to his wife, with a look of great wretchedness, "I'll tell you what, Mary, I think I won't go to-day. I'd rather shoot myself than meet Sir Edward, after borrowing money of him; and there are plenty besides him who know by this time that I'm hard up. I never thought it would come to this."

As Mr. Holt uttered these words the tears burst from his eyes, and his wife, seeing that he was utterly broken down, led him into the drawing-room, and without one word of reproach tried to comfort him. In the course of two hours more, another bitter ingredient was added to his cup. It was pay day. The laborers came trooping to the back door as usual for their weekly wages, but Smith, the head gardener, had returned from the bank with a polite message to the effect that as Mr. Holt's account was already overdrawn, no further advance could be made to him. The thought of those poor laborers who had been accustomed to look up to him as one of the truest gentlemen in the neighborhood, being kept out of their money, even for a few hours, was to him simply heart-rending. But there was no avoiding it now. The crisis had come. The storm descended and beat upon the fabric of John Holt's pride, and it fell, and great was the fall of it.

For several days he wandered about in a state of such distraction that his wife greatly feared he would commit suicide. In an incredibly short time his hair turned gray, though he was not yet forty, his gait became tremulous and uncertain, and he had every appearance of a broken-down man. Taking pity upon his wretchedness, a brother-in-law, knowing that he would never be able to hold up his head in Yorkshire again, offered to supply him with funds to go to America, offering also a letter of introduction to the Governor of one of the Western States. Having gladly accepted the offer, John Holt and his wife erelong took a sad farewell of the home of which they had been so proud, and, after a long voyage, reached their destination.

Going direct to the gentleman to whom the letter of introduction was addressed, Mr. Holt, with the utmost frankness, told him the whole history of his fall and disgrace, calling his wrong-doing by its worst name, and declaring himself ready to do the very humblest work, by which he could get an honest living.

Fortunately for him, the gentleman to whom he was guided was a man of God, who had no faith in any kind of reformation which was not the outcome of a new heart and a right spirit. "Well," said the hospitable American, "you have come a long way with a sad tale. The best thing we can do is to tell the Lord about it." So saying, he knelt down, and with great fervor implored the God of all mercy to be gracious to the stranger who had fared so badly in the devil's service. "Give him to see the evil of sin and his need of a Saviour. The great ocean he has just crossed is not half so vast as the ocean of Thy love. Be thou his God, his Guide, his Friend, his All."

Then, taking Mr. Holt by the hand, he told him he had just come at the right time, for he wanted a steward of education and thorough business habits. "You shall have the stewardship, Mr. Holt, if you will solemnly promise me to have done with drink and stick to the work." This promise being gladly given and faithfully kept, Mr. Holt became so valuable a steward that before three years had elapsed he had been taken into partnership with his new-found friend, and in a few years more had entirely retrieved himself and amassed a considerable fortune. But the lesson so learned was never forgotten, and John Holt, though prosperous, could never be induced to touch another drop of liquor.

ETHEL THORNLEY'S LETTER.

AN orphan's lot is a very sad one, however its hardships are mitigated by circumstances. Money and kind friends may do much to alleviate its sorrows, but with all these it is inexpressibly mournful for a child to be without the tender guidance of a father and the love of a mother.

That was Ethel Thornley's lot. She was twelve years of age, and during the last four years she had

Mr. E. Clark's Spezia Mission in Italy.

been deprived of parental care. Her mother had been stricken with consumption, and had died in a few months, and her father, who had appeared a healthy, robust man, was the victim of heart disease, which terminated fatally only a few weeks after his wife died. The doctors said the shock of the wife's death had hastened that of her husband, who had loved her tenderly.

Mr. Thornley had no near relatives, but he had lived on very intimate terms with his lawyer, and when he found that his death was imminent, he placed all his wealth, which was considerable, in his friend's hands, and besought him to receive his little eight-year-old daughter into his home, and care for her during her childhood. The trust was accepted and faithfully discharged. As far as it was possible to fill a father's place, Mr. Norton had done it, and Ethel grew up cheerful and contented.

Her twelfth birthday came round, and then Mr. Norton had a commission to fulfil. His dead friend had left a packet in his hands with the superscription, "To my dear little daughter, to be given her on her twelfth birthday, if God grant that she live to that day." Ethel was a child more than ordinarily intelligent, but joined with that intelligence was a sensitiveness and a delicacy that struck all who knew her with the impression that she was very frail. Mr. Norton feared that this letter, which seemed like a message from the dead, might produce a painful shock to the child, and it was with some trepidation that, when he came down to breakfast on that eventful morning, he brought the packet down with him. But Ethel had not returned from her morning walk, and Mr. Norton, glad of a reprieve, took it with him to his city office. But he was nervous about it all day, and he returned to his home earlier than usual, as he phrased it to himself, "to have it over."

When he returned Ethel was not in the house, but as he looked out in the garden he saw her sitting on a rustic seat, one hand holding a book and the other caressing a favorite cat, her especial pet, a big animal, tractable to no one else but Ethel. Mr. Norton made his way to the place where she sat, and after a few words of explanation placed the packet in her hands.

Let us look over Ethel's shoulder and see what a father, feeling himself about to leave the world, felt it was most important for the child he loved best in all the world to know, and what he sought to impress on her mind. This is what Ethel read:

"MY DEAR LITTLE DAUGHTER:

"I have heard from my physician to-day that I must soon die and leave you alone in the world. The thought is agonizing to me, for the world is a dangerous place for a girl to live in without a father or mother. I have made such arrangements for you as seem to me best, and before you read this you will know what they are. But still, with all my anxiety and thought, the consciousness remains that you must be left to a large extent to your own guidance, and I thought I might help you a little by a letter for you to read four years hence. I want you to grow up a noble, good woman, such as your mother was, and I have thought much of how I should advise you. I have prayed, too, Ethel, that God would tell me what to say, and this is the result. Inclosed you will find a copy of the New Testament. It was your mother's. Will my little girl obey the request of a dying father? I ask you, Ethel, to read it every day of your life, and every time you read it pray to God to bless it. This is my last request, and as I stand on the threshold of the unseen world it seems to me the best request I can make. Obey it, my love, and meet your mother and father in the land this will tell you how to reach. God bless my little girl, and keep her from all harm is the prayer of her loving father, WILLIAM THORNLEY."

There was no word of direction as to her property—no word such as Lord Chesterfield wrote to his son about deportment. The dying man saw in the New Testament a higher rule of life than any to be found elsewhere, and to that he directed his daughter. And he was right. If the spirits of the departed can see what occurs in the world they have left, William Thornley's spirit must have rejoiced as he saw his daughter's life. Consecrated early to Christ, she spent her years in His service, and lived the highest, noblest, and best of lives, that of a sincere Christian.

THE SPEZIA MISSION, ITALY.

SOME fifteen years ago a few Christian young men were travelling in Italy. Among them was Mr. Edward Clark, a man whose earnest desire was to do some work for Jesus. In the various towns through which the party passed, Mr. Clark made inquiries of the people as to the religious condition of the population. The answers filled his soul with sorrow, and he determined in the Lord's strength to take up his permanent residence in Italy, and there work to spread the knowledge of the Gospel among people sunk in darkness. He was a Baptist, but he sought no help from any missionary society, but resolved, God helping him, to earn his own livelihood and preach Christ as God gave him opportunity. His Christian wife fully sympathized with him, and together they bade adieu to their friends in England and settled at Spezia, a flourishing seaport near Genoa, where the large ironclads are built for the Italian navy.

Mr. Clark says: "The field of labor, when we commenced, seemed to present little else than a region overgrown with rank weeds, thorns, and nettles. Nearly all the inhabitants were Papists or infidels. But now God's Word has been circulated, and there have been many conversions. Our *prayer-meetings* are attended by sixty-seven persons, and our little *church* has become as a small oasis in the midst of the barren sands of Romanism and infidelity, and from it go forth refreshing and fertilizing waters of salvation, carrying with them life and beauty."

As the work grew and the blessing of God came upon it, Mr. Clark felt the inconvenience of the small accommodation his straitened means would alone permit him to engage. Many more came to the meetings than his rooms would hold, and the necessity for a more commodious building was felt. The matter was made the subject of prayer, and Mr. Clark was directed to a large palace then unoccupied. It was resolved to secure it, and in order to meet the expense to let a large portion of it to visitors. Thus the Spezia mission, *a picture* of which appears above, was established.

The place is now become the centre of evangelizing work. Young men who have there heard for the first time the message of the Gospel, and have been converted by the Holy Spirit, have been trained as teachers and have gone out to other places to declare what God has done for their souls. A day-school for children has also been formed in the building. Mr. Clark says: "It began with one child, and now numbers about 250 scholars. They carry the Gospel into their homes by singing such hymns as 'Rock of Ages,' etc. The only adequate power to conquer and transmute evil is *love*, and to the large mingling of this element in our school work in Spezia we may trace much of our present success."

As the work increased other volunteers came into the field, and there are now eighteen workers engaged in the mission, of whom thirteen are native Italians. Among numerous instances showing the need of such a work as the Spezia mission, we quote one which appears in "Sunny Memories," by Rev. J. H. Betts, who says: "For a fellow-passenger in our compartment we find an Italian youth who is on his way to Pisa. Our friend Mr. Clark, after chatting with him on general subjects, asks, 'A student, I presume?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Of medicine?' 'No, sir; theology.' 'Ah, indeed! I have myself a great interest in theology. Of course you read the Bible?' 'No, sir; I have not come to that yet. I am not old enough at present.' 'Well, I hope you will read it soon, for the finest theology in the world is to be found there.' The student uttered an exclamation of surprise. When alighting at the station, within sight of the Leaning Tower, however, Brother Clark induced him to accept a copy of a portion of the Book, which, though the best theological treatise in the world, he—a theological student—had never yet read."

Mr. Francis Murphy's Gospel Temperance services in Bolton, England, closed on Friday, October 28th, with a convention, amid much enthusiasm. The Temperance Hall had been crowded to excess every night for three weeks previous, and hundreds vainly sought admission at each meeting. The number of pledges taken exceeds *ten thousand.*

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(*Continued from page 719.*)

Fast Bound.

ROLAND SEFTON had met with but few difficulties in getting clear away out of England, and there was little chance of his being identified, from description merely, by any of the foreign police, or by any English detective on the Continent who was not as familiar with his personal appearance as the Riversborough force were. In his boyhood he had spent many months, years even, in his mother's native village with her father, M. Roland Merle, the pastor of a parish among the Jura Mountains. It was as easy for him to assume the character of a Swiss mountaineer as to sustain that of a prosperous English banker. The dress, the patois, the habits of the peasant were all familiar to him, and his disguise in them was as complete as disguise ever can be. The keen eye either of love or hate can *pierce through all disguises*.

Switzerland was all fatherland to him, as much so as his native country, and the county in which Riversborough was situated. There was no ignorance in him of any little town, or the least known of the Alps, which might betray the stranger. He would never need to attract notice by asking a question. He had become a member of an Alpine club as soon as his boyish thews and sinews were strong enough for stiff and perilous climbing. He had crossed the most difficult passes and scaled some of the worst peaks. And there had been within him that passionate love of the country common to the Swiss, which an English Alpine climber can never feel.

His mother's land had filled him with an ardent flame, smouldering at times amid the absorbing interests of his somewhat prominent place in English life, but every now and then breaking out into an irrepressible longing for the sight of its white mountains and swift, strong streams. It was at once the safest and the most dangerous of refuges. He would be certainly sought for there; but there he could most effectually conceal himself. He flew thither with his burden of sin and shame.

Roland adopted at once the dress of a decent artisan of the Jura—such a man as he had known in his boyhood as a watchmaker of Locle or the Doubs. For a few days he stayed in Geneva, lodging in such a street as a Locle artisan would have chosen; but he could not feel secure there, in spite of his own certainty that his transformation was complete. A restless dread haunted him. He knew well that there are in every one little personal traits, tricks of gesture, and certain tones of voice always ready to betray us. It was yet too early in the year for many travellers to be journeying to Switzerland; but already a few straggling pioneers of the summer flight were appearing in the larger towns, and what would be his fate if any one of them recognized him? He quitted Geneva, and wandered away into the mountain villages.

It was May-time, and the snow-line was still lingering low down on the steep slopes, though the flowers were springing into life up to its very margin, seeming to drive it higher and higher every day. The High Alps were still fast-locked in midwinter, and with untrodden wastes and plains of snow lying all around them. The deserted mountain farms and great solitary hotels, so thronged last summer, were empty. But in the valleys and the little villages lying on the warm southern slopes, or sheltered by precipitous rocks from the biting winds, there was everywhere a joyous stir of awakening from the deep sleep of winter. The frozen streams were thawed and ran bubbling and gurgling along their channels, turning water-wheels and filling all the quiet places with their merry noise. The air itself was full of sweet exhilaration. In the forests there was the scent of stirring sap and the up-springing wild flowers; and the rosy blossoms of the tender young larch-trees shone like jewels in the bright sunshine. The mountain-peaks overhead, gleaming through the mists and clouds, were of dazzling whiteness, for none of the frozen snow had yet fallen from their sharp, lance-like summits.

Journeying on foot from one village to another, Roland roamed about aimlessly, yet as one hunted, seeking for a safe asylum. He bore his troubled conscience and aching heart from one busy spot to another, homesick and self-exiled. Oh, what a fool he had been! Life had been full to the brim for him with gladness and prosperity, and in trying to make its cup run over he had dashed it away from his lips for ever.

His money was not yet spent, for a very little went a long way among these simple mountain villages, and in his manner of travelling. He had not yet been forced to try to earn a living, and he felt no anxiety for the future. In his boyhood he had learned wood-carving, both in Switzerland and from old Marlowe, and he had acquired considerable skill in the art. Some of the panels in his home at Riversborough were the workmanship of his own hands. It was a craft to turn to in extremity; but he did not think of it yet.

Labor of any kind would have made the interminable hours pass more quickly. The carving of a piece of wood might have kept him from torturing his own heart perpetually; but he did not turn to this slight solace. There were times when he sat for hours, for a whole age, as it seemed to him, in some lonely spot, hidden behind a great rock or half lost in a forest, thinking. And yet it was not thought, but a vague, mournful longing and remembrance, the past and the absent blended in dim, shadowy reverie, of which nothing was clear but the sharp anguish of having forfeited them.

There was a Garden of Eden still upon earth, and he had been dwelling in it. But he had banished himself from it by his own folly and sin, and when he turned his eyes toward it he could see only the "flaming brand, and the gate with dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms." But even Adam had his Eve with him, "to drop some natural tears, and wipe them soon." He was utterly alone.

If his thoughts, so dazed and bewildered usually, became clear for a little while, it was always Felicita whose image stood out most distinctly before him. He had loved her passionately; surely never had any man loved a woman with the same intensity—so he said to himself. Even now the very crime he had committed seemed as nothing to him, because he had been guilty of it for her. His love for her covered its heinousness from his eyes. His conscience had become the blind and dumb slave of his passion. So blind and dumb had it been that it had scarcely stirred or murmured until his sin was found out, and it was scarcely aroused to life even yet.

In a certain sense *he had been religious*, having been most sedulously trained in religion from his earliest consciousness. He had accepted the ordinary teachings of our nineteenth-century Christianity. His place in church, beside his mother or his wife, had seldom been empty, and several times in the year he had knelt with them at the Lord's table, and taken the Lord's Supper, feeling himself distinctly a more religious man than usual on such occasions. No man had ever heard him utter a profane word, nor had he transgressed any of the outward rules of a religious life.

It is true he had never made a vehement and extraordinary profession of piety, such as some men do; but there was not a person in Riversborough who would not have spoken of him as a good churchman and a Christian. Whilst he had been gradually appropriating Mr. Clifford's money and the hard-earned savings of poorer men confided to him, he had felt no qualm of conscience in giving liberally to many a religious and philanthropic object, contributing such sums as figure well in a subscription list; though it was generally his wife's name that figured there. He had never taken up a subscription list without glancing first for that beloved name, Mrs. Roland Sefton.

In those days he had never doubted that he was a Christian. So far as he knew, so far as words could teach him, he was living a Christian life. Did he not believe in God, the Father Almighty? Yes, as fully as those who lived about him. Had he not followed Christ? As closely as the mass of people who call themselves Christians. Nay, more than most of them. Not as much as his mother, perhaps, in her simple, devout faith. But then religion is always a different thing with women than with men, a fairer and more delicate thing, wearing a finer bloom and gloss, which does not wear well in a work-a-day world such as he did battle in. But if he had not lived a Christian life, what man in Riversborough had done so, except a few fanatics?

But his religion had been powerless to keep him from falling into subtle temptations, and into a crime so heinous in the sight of his fellow-men, that it was only to be expiated by the loss of character, the loss of liberty, and the loss of every honorable man's esteem. The web had been closely and cunningly woven, and now he was *fast bound* in it, with no way of escape.

The weeks passed by in Riversborough, and brought no satisfactory conclusion to the guarded investigations of the police. A close search made among Acton's private papers produced no discovery. His will was among them, leaving all he had to leave, which was not much, to Felix, the son of his friend and employer, Roland Sefton. There was no memorandum or letter which could throw any light upon the transactions, or give any clue to what had been done with Mr. Clifford's securities.

Nor was the watch kept over the movements of the family more successful. The police were certain that no letter was posted by any member of the household, which could be intended for the missing culprit. Even Phebe Marlowe's correspondence was subject to their vigilance. But not a trace could be discovered. He was gone; whether he had fled to America, or concealed himself nearer home on the Continent, no one could make a guess.

Mr. Clifford remained in Riversborough, and resumed his position as head of the firm. He had returned with the intention of doing so, having heard abroad of the extravagant manner in which his junior partner was living. The bank, though seriously crippled in its credit and resources, was in no danger of insolvency, and there seemed no reason why it should not regain its former prosperity, if only confidence could be restored. He had reserved to himself the power of taking in another partner, if he should deem it advisable; and an eligible one presenting himself, in the person of a Manchester man of known wealth, the deeds of partnership were drawn up; and the Old Bank was once more set up on a firm basis.

During the time that elapsed while these arrangements were being made, Felicita was visibly suffering, and failing in health. So sensitive had she grown to the dread of seeing anyone not in the immediate circle of her household, that it became impossible to her to leave her home. The clear colorlessness of her face had taken on a transparency and delicacy which did not lessen its beauty, but added to it an unearthly grace. She no longer spent hours alone in her desecrated room—it had grown intolerable to her; but she sat speechless, and almost motionless, in the oriel window overlooking the garden and the river; and Felix, a child of dreamy and sensitive temperament, would sit hour after hour at her feet, pressing his cheek against her knee, or with his uplifted eyes gazing into her face.

"Mother," he said one day, when Roland had been gone more than a month, "*how long will my father be away* on his journey? Doesn't he ever write to you, and send messages to me? Grandmamma says she does not know how soon he will be back. Do you know, mother?"

Felicita looked down on him with her beautiful dark eyes, which seemed larger and sadder than of old, sending a strange thrill through the boy's heart; and for a minute or two she seemed uncertain what to say.

"I cannot tell you, Felix," she answered; "there are many things in life which children cannot understand. If I told you what was true about your father, your little brain would turn it into an untruth. You could not understand it if I told you."

"But I shall understand it some day," he said, lifting his head up proudly; "will you tell me when I am old enough, mother?"

How could she promise him to do that? This proud young head, tossed back with the expectant triumph of some day knowing all that his father

and mother knew, must be bowed down with grief and shame then, as hers was now. It was a sad knowledge he must inherit. How would she ever be able to tell him that the father who had given him life, and whose name he bore, was a criminal, a convict, if he was arrested and brought to judgment, an outlaw and an exile if he made good his escape? Roland had never been as dear to her as Felix was. She was one of those women who love more deeply and tenderly as mothers than as wives. To see that bright, fond face of his clouded with disgrace would be a ceaseless torment to her. There would be no suffering to compare with it.

"But you will tell me all about it some day, mother," urged the boy.

"If I ever tell you," she answered, "it will be when you are a man, and can understand the whole truth. You will never hear me tell a falsehood, Felix."

"I know that, mother," he replied; "but Oh! I miss my father! He used to come to my bedside at nights, and kiss me, and say 'God bless you.' I tried always to keep awake till he came; but I was asleep the last time of all, and missed him. Sometimes I feel frightened, as if he would never come again. But grandmamma says he is gone on a long journey, and will come home some day, only she doesn't know when. Phebe cries when I ask her. Would it be too much trouble for you to come in at night sometimes, like my father did?" he asked timidly.

"But I am not like your father," she answered. "I could not say 'God bless you' in the same way. You must ask God yourself for His blessing."

For Felicita's soul had been thrust down into the depths of darkness. Her early training had been simply and solely for this world; how to make life here graceful and enjoyable. She could look back upon none but the vaguest aspirations after something higher in her girlhood. It had been almost like a new revelation to her to see her mother-in-law's simple and devout piety, and to witness her husband's cheerful and manly profession of religion. This was the point in his character which had attracted her most, and had been most likely to bind her to him.

(To be continued.)

THE SERPENT IN THE WILDERNESS.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 27, Num. 21:1-9. Golden Texts, John 3:14, 15; Isa. 45:22. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE journey of the children of Israel in the wilderness was full of trial. God's purpose in its various vicissitudes was, as He declared to them by Moses, "to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep His commandments or no. And He humbled thee, and suffered thee to hunger, and fed thee with manna (which thou knewest not, neither did thy fathers know), that He might make thee know that man doth not live by bread only, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live" (Deut. 8:2, 3). God was seeking to teach them a life of faith in which they should see Him as the first cause in every circumstance which occurred, and should cease to be discouraged by any difficulty which should arise. Sometimes their faith rose to the occasion, but too often they acted exactly as if they had no knowledge of an Almighty God, ignoring most completely that that Almighty One was in their very midst in the pillar of fire and of cloud.

After the death of Aaron, Arad the Canaanite which dwelt in the south, heard that Israel came by the way of the skies; then he fought against Israel, and took some of them prisoners. It was a good time among the people; they went boldly to the Lord, and vowed a vow unto Him and said, "If Thou wilt indeed deliver this people into my hand, I will utterly destroy their cities." This is the kind of vow for us to make whenever sin asserts its power over us. Our old man is crucified with Him that the body of sin should be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin. Now, how to act in the case of any violent attack of the enemy? "Lord, destroy *Thou* the sin, and I will destroy its dwelling place; any habit of mine which harbored it shall be renounced; any idol which has embodied it shall be cast down. Lord, do Thy great part, and my little part shall not be wanting." Then utter destruction is the result.

Why did they not, after this victory, go on from conquering to conquer? The next occurrence speaks of defeat. "They journeyed from Mount Hor by way of the Red Sea, to compass the land of Edom: and the soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way." What was the matter? Were there foes to be met? was there another Red Sea to be crossed? Foes and sea had alike been conquered by Him who went before them; what, then, was the invincible difficulty which stood in their way? Must it be said? The people of God did not like what they had to eat! The lusts of the flesh were more unconquerable enemies than were the Canaanites. They spoke against the God who had just delivered the Canaanites into their hand, and against Moses, and said, "Wherefore have ye brought us up out of Egypt, to die in the wilderness? for there is no bread, neither is there any water, and our soul loatheth this light bread." Are there no believers now who are more really put out when the dinner is badly cooked, than when no souls are won to Jesus, or when the power of God is not manifest in His children?

It was the third time that the people had complained of the food with which God had provided them: once at Taberah (Num. 11:1-6), a second time in Kadesh (20:3-5), and now again. In the first instance the very food which they had desired brought a plague with it, and many of the people died. "He gave them their request, but sent leanness into their soul" (Ps. 106:15). And thus it is almost universally, when we in our perversity insist on having our own way, no good comes of it; it is not part of the plan of God for us, and evil follows. This third time, when the people murmured about their food, "the Lord sent fiery serpents among the people, and they bit the people; and much people of Israel died." There had been no deaths from lack of proper food, illness was unknown among them; "there was not one feeble [sick] person among their tribes" (Ps. 105:37). But now in an hour or two the best and fairest were laid low, and death was marching with fearful strides throughout the camp.

Blessed be God, the children of Israel had not arrived at the degree of practical unbelief so almost universal in our day, which prompts men everywhere to seek for some natural cause which has produced any prevailing plague, or epidemic. The people, bad as they were, did believe that God's hand was in all which happened, and their first and only hope of relief was direct from Him. "When He slew them, then they sought Him; and they returned and enquired early after God" (Ps. 78:34). They came to Moses and said, "We have sinned, for we have spoken against the Lord, and against thee; pray unto the Lord, that He may take away the serpents from us." Did Moses reproach them and tell them they had deserved their fearful punishment? No; the object was attained for which it had been sent: the people were brought to listen to and to seek their God instead of complaining and murmuring against Him. "And Moses prayed for the people."

And God directed Moses to make a fiery serpent and to put it on a pole, and it should come to pass that every one that was bitten when he looked upon it should live. Moses was not slow to obey the command of God; he lived too much in His presence to bear any malice against the people, who never showed him any gratitude, but, on the contrary, murmured so often against him. And soon it came to pass that when a bitten Israelite looked up and beheld the serpent of brass, he lived. But he must look. It was not enough that he should hear about the serpent, it was not enough that he should believe that some one else had been healed; he must himself look away from himself to the serpent of brass, and immediately that he in faith and obedience turned his languid eyes to God's provision, the poisoned blood flowed in healthy circulation again, inflammation ceased, the swollen limbs resumed their former shape, and all trace of the serpent's bite was gone: the Lord had healed.

"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else." Yes, Jesus has been lifted up, but how few men look unto Him and live! how terribly small a proportion of those whom we know are fully, savingly converted! The deadly bite of the serpent is everywhere manifest, the poison of sin has entered the blood which is the life of the moral nature, and man has become a diseased, corrupted being. What is it which fills our public-houses with abject, wretched slaves to a lust which they know is ruining them body and soul? what is it which makes them leave wife and children in cold and hunger, while they spend every penny in working thus their own destruction? It is the bite of the serpent. What is it which makes the hearts of publicans so hard that they can see their fellow-creatures thus going down to ruin, and can minister drop by drop with their own hands the deadly drink which works such ruin? It is the bite of the serpent. But what makes brewers dwell in their gorgeous homes, furnished like palaces, affording hospitality to earnest preachers of the Gospel, giving their thousands to all good works—thousands gained by this murderous traffic, creating with one hand the evil which they seek to alleviate with the other? It is the bite of the serpent.

Again, what is it which sows discord between families? what is it which destroys all the transparency of upright truthfulness? what is it which sows impurity in our literature and dishonesty in our trade? Surely, the bite of the serpent. What is it which makes men old before their time under a weight of worldly care, making haste to be rich, straining after ambitious hopes of fame and reputation? It is the bite of the serpent. Shall it, must it go on without a check? God forbid. "For this cause the Son of man was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil" (1 John 3:8). He has tried His strength with Him and conquered. It is a precious and most blessed truth that there is healing power in our beloved Lord. When He was on earth He healed all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people, and as surely has He power and will to heal all manner of sin. Why remain under the power of an evil temper? Look unto Him—*i.e.*, put the case away from your hands into His, and *be saved* from it. Why remain under the burden of your cares? Why be anxious? Bring that burdened, anxious, worrying mind to Him, and look away out of yourself. He can and will heal that, too, if you will let Him. But look unto Him—*i.e.*, let your expectation be from Him, count upon Him. Oh, how many have experienced the blessed relief of having placed in His true hands all which concerns them, and having left the responsibility with Him, ceasing from forebodings, regrets, or vacillation. And in measure as we look to Him in our own individual cases, is our faith strengthened to look unto Him for our family, our congregation, our land. He who can do the lesser can do the greater too. "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" Oh for the true power of intercession!

Should any read these words who have not yet found pardon for their past sins, and who have perhaps lived comfortably on in a dreamy uncertainty as to their state before God, oh let me warn you that the serpent's poison never works in a more deadly way than when you are indifferent and unconscious! The Lord arouse you! The poison is in your blood! You are marked for death, eternal death, and but one hope is left you: "Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else." Look unto Him who has already borne your sins in His own body on the tree, that you being dead unto sin should live unto righteousness. Look, and live!

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Stars and Stripes were Carried in the procession which accompanied the new Lord Mayor of London, when he went in state on November 9th to take the oath of office. This is the first time the honor has ever been shown to the American flag, and was intended as a response to the greeting of the British flag at Yorktown. The banner was borne by a waterman and escorted by the City of London Royal Fusiliers, with fixed bayonets, preceded by the regimental band, which played the "Star-Spangled Banner." The flag, as it came in view, was received with a general clapping of hands and cheers by the spectators. The same honor was not conspicuously rendered to any other feature of the procession. There was a striking demonstration on Broad Street and the Strand, where ladies waved the American colors from the balconies. Among the decorations throughout the city the American flag was conspicuous. When the pageant arrived at Westminster the flag was placed in front of the company, facing the grand entrance of Westminster Hall in the Palace Yard, and remained there while the Lord Mayor elect was taking the oath. The sight was very impressive, considering the associations of the ancient place and the utterances made there a century ago.

At a Banquet Given by the Lord Mayor of London to the Cabinet, on November 9th, Mr. Gladstone, referring to the Irish difficulty, said that the law would be enforced with firmness and decision in Ireland. Its enforcement had been intrusted to those agents who, whether constabulary or military forces, have already earned a title to the gratitude of their countrymen by the courage and patience with which they have performed their difficult duties. Mr. Gladstone said, "I can discern signs of improvement in Ireland. One question has been decided—the people are determined to make full trial of the Land act. Though I cannot yet state that throughout Ireland the covenants into which the tenants have entered are punctually performed, yet they are largely and increasingly performed. Those who decline their performance are generally those who are well able to fulfil their engagements. I can safely say the Irish will make full use of the Land act, *which will be impartially administered*." The London *Times*, commenting on the speech, said, "This emphatic statement may serve as a warning to those tenants who, being tempted, yield even temporarily to the no-rent policy. We understand that the practical difficulty of engaging in a conflict with the large body of Irish tenantry will be met if occasion arise by *taking one by one the counties* in which resistance to rent may be organized, and by using for the enforcement of law the whole power of the executive."

A Wise Step has been Taken by the Collector of the Port at Toronto, Canada, in seizing a consignment of books sent from New York to a bookseller in that city. The parcel included works by Tom Paine and Voltaire, and were of an immoral as well as blasphemous character. The collector said that he made the confiscation in the interests of morality and godliness. The collector's course has brought upon his head a torrent of vituperation from the secular press, but Christians everywhere will applaud his action. Every one would have approved him had he seized a package of plague-infected garments, and the stuff he has actually confiscated was capable of producing worse mischief even than a pestilence.

The Increased Cordiality Existing Between England and America was the subject of remark by Lord Granville at the Lord Mayor's banquet on Wednesday last. He said: "Ever since the United States became an independent power there has never been a time when the same friendly feeling existed as exists now between the two great English-speaking nations. I know of no more striking test than the feeling which has been shown of sincere and deep grief in England in regard to the death of President Garfield."

Landowners in Ireland Loudly Complain of the decisions of the new Land Court. A Liberal member of Parliament, who loyally supported the Land bill, writes to the papers complaining that it is as unjust that rent be lowered because of waste and improvidence on the part of the tenant as that it be raised on his improvements. If the rent is to be reduced because of increasing age and feebleness of the tenant, the landlord should be compensated by the Government. Another landowner protests against the principles on which the commissioners act. These he defines as follows: First, the rent of the holding is decided on agricultural value alone, regardless of *proximity to large towns*—that is, if a person has bought an estate near a town he gets no more rent than if the estate is fifty miles from a town or railway, though he paid a heavy sum on account of its proximity to the markets. Second, the rent is to be fixed upon the holding as it is found, without regard to the capability of the land in the hands of industrious tenants; that is, an indolent, ignorant farmer, who has neglected his farm, will pay less for his holding than a skilful, hard-working tenant, who has farmed the land for all it is worth. This, the writer considers, is a premium on indolence and a tax on industry. *Outrages have decreased everywhere since Mr. Parnell was arrested.*

The French Cabinet Officers have Tendered their resignations to M. Grevy, the President of the Republic, and M. Gambetta has accepted the office of premier. His advent to office has caused some apprehension, because he has committed himself to a declaration involving the permanent retention of Tunis, and approving a policy of conquest and annexation. The Bardo Treaty, which he declares shall be implicitly executed, was extorted by force from the lawful ruler of Tunis, for whom France professed friendship. This, says the London *Spectator*, shows that Gambetta accepts the evil doctrine that French interests override justice, deliberately prefers the prestige and material advantage of France to every other consideration. It gives rise to grave apprehensions as to his future foreign policy.

The Relations Between France and England have been strained by the Egyptian difficulty, as well as by the policy of France in the matter of the commercial treaty, which still remains unsettled. The London *Times* says it would be affectation to deny that the relations of France and England have lately not been quite as cordial as formerly. It is also evident that suspicion of France and apprehension as to her future policy is felt in Austria, Italy, and Russia.

Lefroy, the Man Accused of Murdering a passenger on a British railroad, has been tried and found guilty. He was sentenced to be hanged, but an effort is being made to have his sentence commuted on the ground of insanity, though since his detention he has conducted himself in a sane manner.

Prince Bismarck is Again Expressing his desire to retire from office. The recent election have made it clear that the people of Germany ar opposed to his domestic policy, and the journals o the various sections of the Liberal party, whil conceding the eminent abilities of the Chancell as a diplomatist, contend that his influence in ir ternal affairs is wholly mischievous, and charg upon his policy the responsibility for the enormou emigration which is draining Germany of her be blood. According to the principles of parliamen tary government, the majority ought to be oblige to assume the succession to the office of Imperi Chancellor. At the same time the progressis and the members of the centre party, although ab to combine for purposes of opposition to Bismarcl are incapable of governing in concert. They a divided by local differences, differences of race an political principles.

Alarm is Still Felt in Russia About the plots of the Nihilists. A German diplomatic off cial who returned to Berlin last week from S Petersburg, gives a gloomy description of the situa tion in that city. He says affairs are growin more and more critical daily. Riots are feared consequence of the increasing dearness of pro sions. The Nihilists are distributing circula charging the Czar with being the cause of all th trouble, and declaring that he is sending all th gold of Russia to Denmark. The truth is, that small part of the 60,000,000 rubles found in th Imperial cellars after the assassination of Alexa der II. has been forwarded to Denmark, possib with the view of providing for the empress in th not improbable event of her becoming a widow High Russian officials are advising landlords leave the country for the city if they do not wish be assassinated. Great anxiety prevails at Gat china, where the Czar resides.

Another Revolt in Egypt has been Averted by the exertions of Mr. Wolf, the Consul-Gener of the United States. On the first intelligence Araby Bey, who led the late revolt, being aga engaged in preparation for hostile measures, M Wolf called upon him. The interview is thus d scribed in a telegram from Cairo, dated Novemb 9th: "Mr. Wolf impressed Araby Bey with th fact that his past conduct was exactly what th enemies of Egypt wanted, and that the abuses h wished to remove were the result of centuries misrule. Hence he must proceed slowly. Aral said: "I wish to establish a responsible gover ment and am ready to die for that end. The Kh dive is the first of his race who is not bloodthirs and avaricious. I will not meddle with foreig affairs. *I will obey the present Ministry.*" Th result of Consul-General Wolf's endeavors w that Araby Bey called on the Khedive and Che Pacha and left Cairo. The Khedive and Che Pacha heartily *thanked the American Cons General* for the tact and zeal he displayed in ave ing a serious crisis. If Araby Bey can control t excitement he has aroused all may yet be well."

The Rev. Dr. Barclay, who was Appointed Bishop of Jerusalem in 1879, died in that city o October 25th. Before his appointment to the bis opric, Dr. Barclay acted as incumbent of Chr Church, Jerusalem, where he also was examini chaplain to the Anglican Bishop, Dr. Gobat, who he afterward succeeded. Dr. Barclay was an em inent scholar, noted for his proficiency in Hebre Arabic, and German, and was the translator an commentator of parts of the Talmud.

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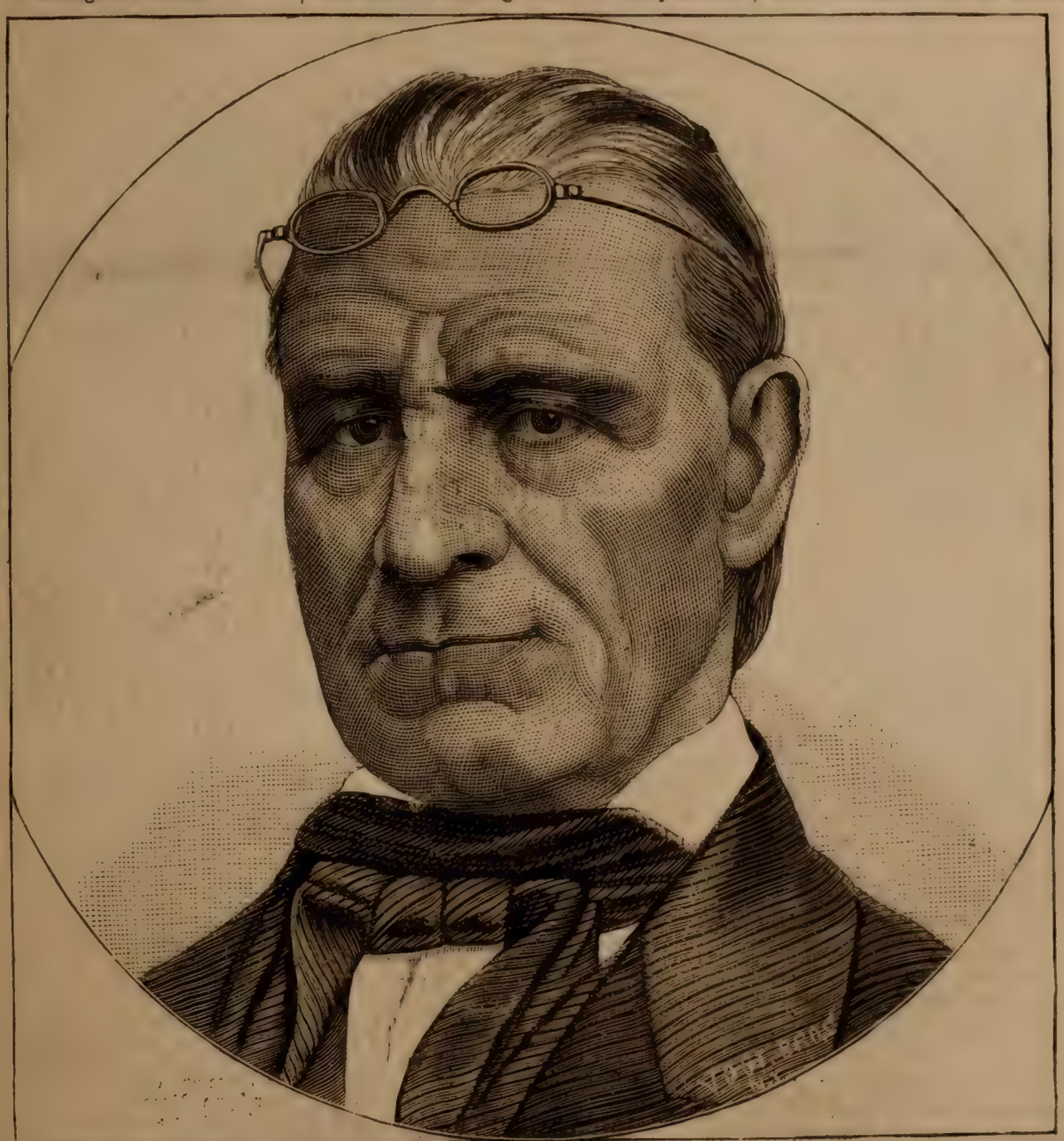

The Late FATHER TAYLOR, the Sailor Preacher of Boston, Mass.

FATHER TAYLOR,

The Sailor Preacher.

His Own Niche—Foreign Critics—Harriet Martineau—Charles Dickens—Birth—Runs Away to Sea—Ten Years on Shipboard—Anchors in Dr. Griffin's Church—Climbing through a Church Window—Sails in a Privateer—Imprisoned by the British—A Sermon in the Prison—Becomes a Peddler—Turns Farmer—Preaching Services—How Texts were Chosen—An Amusing Wedding Incident—Invited to Boston—The Seaman's Mission—An Infidel's Dream—Loss of his Wife—Death.

IT is now a little over ten years since one who knew Father Taylor well, wrote of him when he heard of his death: "No American citizen has a reputation more impressive and unique. In the hall of memory his spiritual statue will have forever its own niche. *What is his peculiar place?* He belonged to no class. In any dogma he was neither leader nor led. He is the sailor's representative. He stands for the sea, the greatest delegate the ocean has sent upon the stage of any purely intellectual calling, at least in this part of the world; and his fame has been borne into thousands of ships, by almost millions of *mariners, who have christened him 'Father,'* into every port and commercial city of the globe. The sailor says he has been in places where the United States had not been heard of, but not where Father Taylor had not; while the universal eagerness of all other classes to hear him has been scarcely less than of the navigators."

It was as a sailor preaching to sailors that Father Taylor established his fame; but while the sailor was regarded by him throughout his life as his own son—as his chosen hearer always sought and always welcome beyond any other class—educated and cultured men, our own citizens and those of other lands, were captivated by his eloquence, and were deeply moved by his appeals. Miss Harriet Martineau, who was no mean critic, listened to him in 1835, and thus speaks of him in her "Retrospect of Western Travel:" "I heard him called a second homely Jeremy Taylor, and I certainly doubt whether Jeremy Taylor himself could more absolutely sway the minds and hearts of the learned and pious of his day than 'the seaman's friend' does those of his flock. His pathos shed in thoughts and tones so fleeting as to be gone like lightning, is the most awful of his powers. I have seen a single clause of a short sentence call up an instantaneous flush on the hundreds of hard faces turned to the preacher; and it is no wonder to me that the widow and the orphan are cherished by those who hear his prayers for them."

Another and far different critic, who practically concurs in the opinion of the brilliant writer, was the distinguished novelist

CHARLES DICKENS.

It was in 1843 that Dickens heard Father Taylor preach, and so impressed was he with the eloquence of the preacher that he devotes some pages of one of his books to a description of the sermon and the preacher. The text was "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness leaning upon her beloved?" (Cant. 8: 5.) Dickens says, "He handled his text in all kinds of ways, and twisted it into all manner of shapes; but always ingeniously, and with a rude eloquence well adapted to the comprehension of his hearers. He pursued his text after this manner: 'Who are these—who are they—who are these fellows? Where do they come from? Where are they going to? Come from? What's the answer?' leaning down from the pulpit, and pointing downward with his right hand: 'From below;' starting back and looking at the sailors before him: 'From below, my brethren. From under the hatches of sin, battened down above you by the evil one. That's where you came from!' A walk up and down the pulpit, 'And where are you going?' stopping abruptly: 'Where are you going? Aloft!' very softly, and pointing upward: 'Aloft!' louder: 'Aloft!' louder still: 'That's where you're going.'". Dickens then describes the preacher's words and manner in recommending the Bible to his hearers as the Pilot, Guiding Star, and Compass, all in one to all hands, and concludes by saying, "I never heard those points so wisely touched by any preacher of that kind before."

It was no ordinary genius that could equally impress minds so differently constituted as these polished writers and the untutored sailors who formed the bulk of his congregation. Both the matter and the manner of his discourses were original. They entered, as no art-given eloquence could have done, into the hearts of his hearers, and more than all, as we have seen over and over again in the history of the Church, they were owned and blessed by the Holy Spirit, who used them to the conversion of sinners. God had a work to do for those who go down to the sea in ships, who do business in great waters; and, as is ever the case, He raised up an instrument and specially endowed him to do that work. In this case especially did it seem that God was jealous for His own honor, for in the instrument He selected, as in those fishermen who eighteen centuries ago left their nets to follow Jesus, there seemed no fitting material out of which an evangelist could be made. But the power was in the User, not in the instrument; and in modern times there has been no more conspicuous proof of this fact than in the work God enabled Father Taylor, the Sailor Preacher, to accomplish.

Edward F. Taylor was

BORN AT RICHMOND, VA.,

December 25th, 1793. He had little knowledge of his parents, and appears to have been removed from them in his early childhood. A lady who lived a short distance from the city took him in charge, and with whom he lived, doing such work as he was able, until his seventh year. One day he was sent by his foster mother to pick up chips, and while so engaged, a sea captain who passed asked him if he would not like to become a sailor. The boy replied in the affirmative, threw down his chips, and there and then, at seven years old, followed his new acquaintance to his ship.

During the next ten years the little runaway led a seafaring life. What ships he sailed on, what were his voyages or his companions, we are not told. He became thoroughly acquainted with all the hardships and duties of a sailor's life, and acquired a reputation for skill and endurance which shows he must have labored earnestly and intelligently in his calling. At seventeen years of age he came under the influence that turned his future life into a new channel. The ship on which he sailed entered the port of Boston, Mass., and young Taylor went ashore. As he walked along Tremont Street the bell of Park Street Church was tolling. "I put in," says Father Taylor, relating the circumstance many years afterward, "and, going to the door, I saw the port was full. I up helm, unfurled topsail, and made for the gallery; entered safely, doffed pennant, and scudded to the corner pew, where I came to anchor." Dr. Griffin was preaching, and the young sailor was deeply moved. "Every one in the house wept," he used to say, "the salt spray flew in every direction, but more especially did it run down my cheeks."

After he left Dr. Griffin's church, and while passing down another street he heard some one preaching; he stopped to listen, and drew near an open window, from which the sound came. As he listened he was drawn by almighty power, and, the church being densely crowded, he, with his nautical instinct and agility, seized the window-frame with his hand and *climbed through*. The preacher was Elijah Hedding, afterward Bishop Hedding, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The sermon concluded with an earnest appeal to sinners, and several young Christian workers left their seats to speak to any among the congregation who appeared to be moved, and urged them to stay for an after meeting. Among these young people was one Thomas W. Tucker, who saw Taylor standing where he had dropped from the window, and going straight to him, urged him to go forward and ask for prayers. It was the first time such a request had been made to him, and the evidence that a stranger took an interest in his welfare touched the young sailor, and he yielded. He went to the pew near the pulpit, and there joined in the prayers offered for his salvation. That night was the beginning of a new life for Taylor. Ever after he spoke of Mr. Hedding as "a cannonader preacher; a seventy-four who had riddled him

At this time Taylor could not read or write: b was earnest after knowledge, and while he rema in Boston he lost no opportunity, at class-meet and in other ways, of getting all the informa secular as well as religious, that he could. his time ashore was short, and just then, as with Great Britain broke out, Taylor embarke the "*Black Hawk*," a privateer fitted out to on the British merchant marine. But the B Hawk became the hunted instead of the hun she was captured by a British man-of-war, and crew, Taylor included, were incarcerated

IN DARTMOOR PRISON,

at Halifax. While the American prisoners la their dungeon a lady called at the prison and a permission to give some tracts to the unfortu men, and she was allowed to go through the pr for the purpose. As she approached the gra of the cell where the American prisoners lay was astonished to hear herself hailed by name f within, and, on entering, at being saluted in rc but hearty fashion by a young sailor. It was T lor who thus welcomed her, and in him she re nized the young man who, some months bef when she was living in Boston, had attended class and been a most attentive listener. T wept and talked like mother and son; she g him her Bible, which he never parted with all life, and she left with him a supply of tra religious books, and clothing. The good la opportunities for ministration to the Ameri prisoners were brief, as she was called to other part of Canada. But her visits were without result. A spirit of inquiry was arous and Taylor, who knew little, was called upon teach his shipmates, who knew less.

The prison-chaplain was an Episcopalian, the prayers read included the usual loyal pray for the king, which to the patriotic prisoners w especially disagreeable. They petitioned that of their number (referring to Taylor) might of ate for them instead of the chaplain, and their quest was granted. Very timidly did Taylor pre

HIS FIRST SERMON IN PRISON.

Before the service he set a fellow prisoner w could read, to read aloud from the Bible, listen intently for a suitable passage for a text. T book was opened at Ecclesiastes, and the rea read on until he came to the words "Better i poor and a wise child than an old and foolish king (Eccles. 4: 13). "Stop," cried Taylor; "re that again." It was read again. "That v do!" he exclaimed. "Give me chapter a verse." That done, a short time was allowed consideration, and then the sermon was co menced. The old lunatic King, George III. England, against whom these men had been fig ing, was in the minds of the listeners as Taylor scribed a tyrannical, obstinate king, old and fo ish, whose captives were fettered and in prisc Preacher and hearers might have fared badly, b all were surprised by a sudden turn in the sermc "You think I mean King George," said Tayl "I don t; I mean the devil." The shot tol The American prisoners were moved by the d scription, and saw the character of their satar master; and the British officers, who were about stop the preaching, were appeased. This was t beginning of Taylor's public efforts. They we for the benefit of his fellow sailors, and they we uttered in a prison. They were continued, ar when, at the close of the war, the men were libe ated, Taylor's one earnest desire was to preach th Gospel to the people.

With the recovery of his liberty Taylor aba doned his seafaring life. Returning to Boston h sought employment, determined to take anythin that offered which gave him an opportunity t learn to read and to speak for Jesus. The pr prietor of a junk shop was his first employer, an Taylor was soon travelling through New Englan with a horse and cart peddling iron and tin ware.

Near Lynn, Mass., Taylor entered the house c a Mrs. Sweetser, a widow, whose husband had le her a small farm. An acquaintance was com menced between the young peddler and the widow

ch soon ripened into friendship, and ultimately to the kind lady inducing Taylor to give up the dling business and become the manager of her . Taylor consented, and in 1815 settled down the time as a farmer, having previously stipud that Mrs. Sweetser should teach him to read. e arrangement was carried out, and at twenty- years of age Taylor successfully wrestled with educational difficulty, to him more arduous n farm labor. But he did not wait for proency before continuing his preaching. Mrs. eetser allowed meetings to be held in her house, which Taylor preached, pursuing the same plan in the prison, of having some one read the Bible him until a text struck him. But he was soon to read for himself, and with the Bible a... ddridge's "Notes" all his spare time was spent. Soon the meetings were transferred to a building own as the Rock School House, and there, every nday night, Taylor preached; his rude, but power- eloquence drawing large crowds, among whom ny were brought to Jesus. One of his hearers, Christian man of considerable means, was parularly impressed with Taylor's power and with results achieved. He saw how sorely training d general knowledge were needed, and urged young man to enter Newmarket Seminary at expense. Taylor accepted the offer; but his y was very short, and the little he learned in the stitution convinced him that he was only wasting cious time, and at the end of six weeks he left d went at the wish of his elder to Marblehead, ere there was a small church much frequented sailors.

At Marblehead he renewed an acquaintance with godly young woman he had met while at work the farm. This was Deborah D. Millett, the ughter of pious parents, poor in this world's ods, but rich in faith. Taylor loved her, proosed, and was accepted. In 1819 they were mard, and during the whole of their joint lives were one heart and one mind; both animated by one sire, to serve the Lord with unwavering ...

AN AMUSING WEDDING INCIDENT

related of the affair. Taylor was a most absentinded man throughout his life, and many singur stories are told of the difficulties in which his rgetfulness involved himself and his wife. One ay, before the marriage, Taylor had an opportunity f doing some Christian work, and he had set about , as he was wont, with all his heart, and when e service was over, he climbed a hill overlooking assachusetts Bay, and, being tired, threw himself n the ground and indulged in anticipations of his pproaching happiness. He looked across the bay om Hingham toward Marblehead, where his future ride was, and thought of her. Then he began to eckon how many days must elapse before the arriage. As he thought he became excited, and t last, to his horror, he discovered that this was he day fixed for the wedding. There was he lying n the rock while his affianced was forty miles way wondering where he could be. Nothing ould be done at that hour, and the next day he resented himself with apologies, the acceptance f which proved how unusually gentle and aimable vas the lady to whom he had given his love.

From Marblehead Mr. Taylor was removed by he Conference to a sphere of labor known as the cituate Circuit, of which one extreme was Dorchester, and the other Duxbury. Here the unlettered young preacher had scarcely commenced work when a revival was witnessed. Crowds athered to hear him, and one aged minister setled at Duxbury, was provoked to a little temporary bullition of jealousy. Meeting the new Methodist minister he said, "So you've come to preach in Duxbury, young man?" "Yes," replied Taylor; "the Lord says, 'Preach the Gospel to every creature.'" "Yes," was the reply, "but He never said that every critter should preach the Gospel." This retort might have discouraged some men, but Taylor knew his deficiencies, and he knew too that God was blessing his work, and he was unmoved. He continued his work, and both there, and in another sphere to which he was afterward removed, he was encouraged by seeing many souls converted.

Wherever Mr. Taylor had been stationed his sympathies had been drawn toward sailors. The chance of holding a service on board ship, especially in one about to encounter the perils of a voyage, he would never miss. No exertion, no effort, was too great for him to make if he could by any possibility preach to sailors. Therefore, when, in 1829, an invitation was extended to him to undertake a

SEAMAN'S MISSION

in Boston, he accepted with alacrity. The Methodists of Boston had a chapel left vacant by the erection of a new church, and they resolved that, as so many sailors were always to be found in Boston, then the first port of the Union, the discarded chapel should be used for the benefit of that class. The difficulty was to find a suitable man to conduct it. When, however, the qualifications of Mr. Taylor were brought under the notice of the managers there was no hesitation, and early in 1829 he entered upon his life work.

AN INFIDEL'S DREAM.

One of the first services was signalized by a remarkable circumstance. Mrs. Taylor says in her journal, "A dissipated man, an infidel, despising religion and everything good, *dreamed that a stranger* was coming to Boston, and he was to go and hear him preach. The good spirit followed him; he went to the church; and when he saw Mr. Taylor, he audibly exclaimed, *'That is the man I saw in my dream.'* Before the service closed, he came forward to the altar, begging to be prayed for and with. This was the first fruit of Mr. Taylor's labors in Boston. God gave him this soul."

Originally the management of the mission was in the hands of a company of members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who were organized under the name of "*the Port Society* of the city of Boston," and the building occupied was called "the Seamen's Bethel." But in 1830 it was deemed advisable that the mission should be strictly non-sectarian, and an effort was made to purchase the old Methodist chapel, for which two thousand dollars were asked. This sum Mr. Taylor soon raised by an appeal to generous *Christian friends in the South*. From the first the movement was attended with marked success, and many wealthy merchants in Boston evinced their sympathy with it. At the end of two years a public meeting was held, at which it was resolved to erect a more commodious edifice. Large donations were made, especially by opulent Unitarian friends, and in 1833 the Seamen's Bethel in North Square was built at a cost of twenty-four thousand dollars. Mr. Taylor was appointed permanent chaplain, and as the Unitarians undertook the financial burdens of the enterprise, many Methodists withdrew from the board. The original plan was soon extended, and a society was established in connection with the Bethel for the relief of seamen and their families. This was followed by the erection of a "Mariner's House," as a home for seamen, which cost thirty-four thousand dollars, and which was opened in 1847.

Many anecdotes are related of Father Taylor's work at the Bethel, of the astonishing success which attended his labors, and of his quaint, witty sayings in and out of the pulpit. Some of these remarks were uttered in reproof of men who came to his services to interrupt and annoy him, and were pungent and severe; others were made in efforts to apply the truth to the consciences of his hearers. Occasionally a more cultured audience would have pronounced them coarse if not irreverent; but souls were converted, hardened sinners were turned from their evil ways, and who are we that we should cavil at his methods? Men who heard the Gospel for the first time from Father Taylor's lips, others who had been reared in Christian homes, but who had wandered far away from Christ, turned to the Lord; and as they went back to their ships and to their native countries became messengers of peace. Thus from the Boston Bethel went forth a circle of Christian influence the circumference of which touched the uttermost ends of the earth.

Though Father Taylor's work was undenominational he was always careful to maintain his standing in the Methodist Church. Only once in the course of his life was his connection in danger. During the anti-masonic agitation considerable pressure was brought to bear on Father Taylor, who was an enthusiastic freemason, to induce him to separate himself from his lodge. But Father Taylor knew more of freemasonry than those who condemned it, and maintained his standing in the order, though he never suffered it to interfere with his religious work. He was, however, publicly reprimanded by his conference for taking part in a public masonic ceremony, and it required no little effort on his part to bear the rebuke patiently. His meek Christian spirit, however, carried him through the ordeal, and he was never troubled again on the subject.

The most severe trial of Father Taylor's life was the loss of his beloved wife, his faithful helper in all his labors. She died June, 23d, 1869, in her seventy-fourth year. From this blow Father Taylor never rallied. He lived nearly two years afterward, but he felt his work was done, and awaited joyfully the final summons. He died April 6th, 1871, having labored in the cause of the Boston Sailors' Mission more than forty years. Of a man so original, so earnest in all that he said and did, interesting anecdotes almost innumerable might be told. But our space will not admit of their being inserted here. Those desirous of learning more of this eminent servant of Christ we must refer to the biography of Father Taylor, published by Messrs. Phillips & Hunt of New York, to which we are indebted for the life-like portrait of Father Taylor on our frontispiece, and for a knowledge of the facts of which this sketch is woven.

The Source of Crime in Ireland has been Forcibly indicated by the Recorder of Dublin, who, in disposing of applications for new saloon licenses recently in Dublin, said: "I have been for a whole week trying such cases as no Christian judge ought to try—cases of *outrage and violence*, in the city, every one of which originated in drinking saloons. The drinking system of Dublin is responsible for three heavy sentences of penal servitude and seven heavy sentences of imprisonment which I had to impose, varying from twelve to twenty-four calendar months. I marked *the evidence in every single case*, and every one of them began in the liquor stores. It is the drink system, and the drink alone, that leads to all this crime and misery and sorrow. Yesterday I went through a mile and three quarters of miserable, wretched streets, manifesting on every side the penury and wretchedness of the unfortunate people who lived in them. The only bright spots were the saloons, which, brilliantly lighted up, reflected and contrasted with the surrounding misery. I hate this magnificence. I look upon it with horror. *I know it but too well.* As each case of crime and violence comes before me, the same wretched story is told—the Drink Demon is as necessary a part of every case as the police or myself."

A Boy's Revenge for an Undertaker's Unkindness.—"I want to see my mother," sobbed a poor boy, as the undertaker screwed down the lid of a coffin. "You can't! Get out of the way, boy! Why don't somebody take the brat away?" "Only let me see her a minute," cried the orphan. "Only once; let me see my mother only once." Quickly and brutally the hard-hearted monster struck the boy. "When I'm a man I'll kill you for that!" muttered the child. Years passed away. The man had committed a crime and was being tried. The court-house was crowded. "Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge. There was silence. A young man stepped forward and pleaded his cause. He was a stranger; but his advocacy secured the acquittal of the criminal. "May God reward you, sir," said the acquitted man, "I can't." "I want no thanks," replied the stranger. "Man, I will refresh your memory. Twenty years ago you struck a broken-hearted boy away from his poor mother's coffin. I was that boy." Turning pale, the man said, "Have you rescued me, then, to take my life?" "No! I have a sweeter revenge. I have saved the life of a man whose brutal deed has remained with me twenty years. Go, and remember the tears of a friendless child."

THE TEN PLAGUES OF NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

THE PLAGUE LITERARY.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon delivered Last Sunday Morning, November 20, 1881.*

"And the frogs came up and covered the land of Egypt. And the magicians did so with their enchantments, and brought up frogs upon the land of Egypt." —EXODUS 8: 6, 7.

What the Magicians Could Not Do—The Plague Returned in Our Time—Frogs in the Library—The Obscene—Legislation Against Transmission—Ingersoll's Opposition—How to Slay the Frogs—I. Execute the Laws—The Good Work Begun—Railtrains and News-stands—II. Give the Children Healthful Literature—The Jails Filled with Young Men—Bad Books as a Cause of Crime—A Book that Caused a Church to be Built—Eminent Men Indebted to One Book—III. Provide Good Books for Adults—The Mortality of Books—Books that Have Perished—Lady Hester Stanhope's Institution—The Coming of Our Lord.

THERE is almost a universal aversion to frogs, and yet with the Egyptians they were honored, they were sacred, and they were objects of worship while alive, and after death they were embalmed, and to-day their remains may be found among the sepulchres of Thebes. These creatures, so attractive once to the Egyptians, at divine behest became obnoxious and loathsome, and they went croaking and hopping and leaping into the palace of the king, and into the bread-trays and the couches of the people, and even the ovens, which now are uplifted above the earth and on the side of chimneys; then being small holes in the earth with sunken pottery, were filled with frogs when the housekeepers came to look at them. If a man sat down to eat, a frog alighted on his plate. If he attempted to put on a shoe, it was preoccupied by a frog. If he attempted to put his head upon a pillow, it had been taken possession of by a frog. Frogs high and low and everywhere; loathsome frogs, slimy frogs, besieging frogs, innumerable frogs, great plague of frogs.

What made the matter worse, the magicians said there was no miracle in this, and they could by sleight-of-hand produce the same thing, and they seemed to succeed, for by sleight-of-hand wonders may be wrought. After Moses had thrown down his staff and by miracle it became a serpent, and then he took hold of it and by miracle it again became a staff, the serpent-charmers imitated the same thing, and knowing that there were serpents in Egypt which by a peculiar pressure on the neck would become as rigid as a stick of wood, they seemed to change the serpent into the staff, and then, throwing it down, the staff became a serpent. So likewise these magicians tried to imitate the plague of the frogs, and perhaps by smell of food attracting a great number of them to a certain point, or by shaking them out from a hidden place, the magicians sometimes seemed to accomplish the same miracle. While these magicians made the plague worse, *none of them tried to make it better.* "Frogs came up and covered the land of Egypt, and the magicians did so with their enchantments, and brought up frogs upon the land of Egypt."

THE PLAGUE ABROAD TO-DAY.

Now that plague of frogs has come back upon the earth. It is abroad to-day. It is smiting this nation. It comes in the shape of corrupt literature. These frogs hop into the store, the shop, the office, the banking-house, the factory—into the home, into the cellar, into the garret, on the drawing-room table, on the shelf of the library. While the lad is reading the bad book the teacher's face is turned the other way. One of these frogs hops upon the page. While the young woman is reading the forbidden novelette after retiring at night, reading by gaslight, one of these frogs leaps upon the page. Indeed, they have hopped on the news-stands of the country, and the mails at the post-office shake out in the letter-trough hundreds of them.

The plague has taken, at different times, possession of this country. It is one of the most loathsome, one of the most frightful, one of the most ghastly of the ten plagues of our modern cities. There is a vast number of books and newspapers printed and published which ought never to see the light. They are filled with a pestilence that makes the land swelter with a moral epidemic. The literature of a nation decides the fate of a nation. Good books, good morals. Bad books, bad morals.

I begin with

THE LOWEST OF ALL

the literature, that which does not even pretend to be respectable—from cover to cover a blotch of leprosy. There are many whose entire business it is to dispose of that kind of literature. They display it before the schoolboy on his way home. They get the catalogues of colleges and young ladies' seminaries, take the names and the post-office addresses, and send their advertisements and their circulars and their pamphlets and their books to every one of them.

The president of one of the finest young ladies' seminaries on the Atlantic coast being absent one day, one of these miscreants came in and secured a catalogue. The president returning and hearing of it, had his fears excited, and he reported the case to official authority. For two weeks that man was hunted, and he was hunted down, and in his possession were found not only the catalogue of that institution, but the catalogues of fourteen colleges, and in eight of them already he had done the damning work. In the possession of these dealers in impure literature were found nine hundred thousand names and post-office addresses, to whom it was thought it might be profitable to send these corrupt things.

In the year 1873 there were one hundred and sixty-five establishments engaged in publishing salacious literature. From one publishing house there went out twenty different styles of corrupt books. Although twenty-four tons of salacious literature have been destroyed by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, still there is enough of it left in this country to bring down upon us the thunderbolts of an incensed God. What has been very remarkable is the fact that more of those publishers of impure literature lived in the City of Brooklyn than any other city—lived here, did business in New York, had their factories, some on this side the river, some on the other side the river, but they dared to have their residences in this City of Churches. All of them now driven out, or for the most part driven out, these vultures will alight in other fields, and they must be pursued and exterminated from Christendom.

In the year 1868 the field had become so great in this country that the Congress of the United States passed a law forbidding the transmission of impure literature through the United States mails; but there were large loops in that law through which criminals might crawl out, and the law was a dead failure—that law of 1868. But in 1873 another law was passed by the Congress of the United States against the transmission of corrupt literature through the mails—a grand law, a potent law, a Christian law—and under that law multitudes of these scoundrels have been arrested, their property confiscated, and they themselves thrown into the penitentiaries where they belonged.

Against that good and wholesome and Christian law no good man could make any objection; but it stirred up the animosity and the indignation of a great many people, and they sent up a petition to Congress to compel that body to repeal that good, Christian law. The petition rolled up to the door of the House of Representatives asking for the repeal of the law, and the head name on the petition was Robert G. Ingersoll, *the champion blasphemer of America.* He appealed to the House of Representatives with others. That body refused to grant the petition. Then Mr. Ingersoll made application to the Senate of the United States, and that body also refused, so that both Houses of Congress rejected the petition.

That application for the repeal of that good law against the transmission of corrupt and obscene literature through the mails of the United States, only demonstrates what you and I know, that the same infidelity which wipes its feet on the Bible and spits in the face of God is the worst foe American society. I do not wonder that when Robert G. Ingersoll applied to the Mayor Toronto for permission to lecture in that city, the Mayor of Toronto replied: "No, sir; you may have no God in the United States, but we have one up here in Canada, and you shall not stand here and blaspheme Him."

One of the filthiest creatures who had been sending corrupt literature through the mails of the United States was arrested, tried, condemned and put in the Penitentiary. A petition went to President Hayes asking him to pardon the culprit. President Hayes looked over the whole case, saw there was no excuse for the infamy, that there were no mitigating circumstances, and he declined to pardon the miscreant. Then a company of what are called "Liberalists" got together in a meeting and passed a resolution of "*deepest sympathy*"—these were the two words—"deepest sympathy" for that culprit, and the resolution of "deepest sympathy for that culprit was offered by Robert G. Ingersoll and the resolution was passed amid great acclamation of the people present.

Ah! my friends, the day will come when it will be demonstrated—and if no one else will undertake the work, I will—that while Christianity is the mother of all the virtues, Infidelity is the foster mother of all the vices of this century, not one excepted. Any man who could ask for the repeal of that good law against the sending of corrupt literature through the mails of the United States, any man that could do that is the enemy of every decent home in America, and has offered an insult to every clean-minded man and every pure-hearted woman in Christendom.

HOW ARE THE FROGS TO BE SLAIN?

I. Now, my friends, how are we to war against this corrupt literature? and how are the frogs of this Egyptian plague to be slain? First of all, by the prompt and inexorable execution of the law. Let all good post-masters and United States district attorneys, and detectives and reformers concert in their action to stop this plague. When Sir Rowland Hill spent his life in trying to secure postage not only for England, but for all the world and to open the blessing of the post-office to all honest business and to all messages of charity, and kindness, and affection, for all healthful intercommunication, he did not mean to make vice easy or to fill the mail bags of the United States with *the scabs of such a leprosy.*

It ought not to be in the power of every bad man who can raise a one-cent stamp for a circular, or a three-cent stamp for a letter, to blast a man or destroy a home. I was glad when I saw how Jay Gould last week pounced upon the culprit who was desecrating our magnificent post-office system. Because the culprit lived on Fifth Avenue instead of Elm Street only made the matter more outrageous. The New York Post-Office never did better work than when they detailed fifty postmen to watch the letter-boxes, and the Police Department of New York City never did better work than when they detailed fifty detectives to make summary arrests. The postal service of this country must be clean, must be kept clean, and we must all understand that the swift retributions of the United States Government hover over every violation of the letter-box.

There are thousands of men and women in this country, some for personal gain, some through innate depravity, some through a spirit of revenge, who wish to use this great avenue of convenience and intelligence for purposes revengeful, salacious, and diabolic. Wake up the law. Wake up all its penalties. Let every court-room on this subject be a Sinai thunderous and aflame. Let the convicted offenders be sent for the full term to Sing Sing or Harrisburg, and hurl that Governor from his chair who shall dare to pardon before the expiration of the sentence.

I am not talking about what cannot be done. I am talking now about what is being done. A great many of the printing-presses that gave themselves entirely to the publication of salacious literature have been stopped, or have gone into business less obnoxious. What has thrown off, what has kept off the rail-trains of this country for some time

* An authentic report, revised and approved by Dr. Talmage.

ack nearly all the leprous periodicals? Those of s who have been on the railtrains have noticed a reat change in the last few months and the last ear or two. Why have nearly all those indecent eriodicals been kept off the rail-trains for some me back? Who effected it? These societies for ie purification of railroad literature gave warning the publishers and warning to railroad compaies, and warning to conductors, and warning to ewsboys, to keep the infernal stuff off the trains. Cleveland and Rock Island and Ann Arbor nd other cities have successfully prohibited the ost of that literature even from going on the ews-stands. Terror has seized upon the publishrs and the dealers in impure literature from the ct that over six hundred arrests have been made, nd the aggregate time for which the convicted have een sentenced to the prison is over one hundred and fty years, and from the fact that over one million hree hundred thousand of their circulars have een destroyed, and the business is not as profitble as it used to be.

How have so many of the news-stands of our reat cities been purified? How has so much of his iniquity been balked? By moral suasion? Oh o. You might as well go into a jungle of the ast Indies and pat a cobra on the neck, and with rofound argument try to persuade it that it is orally wrong to bite and to sting and to poison nything. The only answer to your argument ould be an uplifted head and a hiss, and a sharp, eeking tooth struck into your arteries. The only rgument for a cobra is a shot-gun, and the only rgument for these dealers in impure literature is he clutch of the police and bean soup in a penientiary. The law! The law! I invoke to conummate the work so grandly begun!

II. Another way in which we are to drive back his plague of Egyptian frogs is by filling the minds f our boys and girls with a

HEALTHFUL LITERATURE.

I do not mean to say that all the books and ewspapers in our families ought to be religious ooks and newspapers, or that every song ought o be sung to the tune of "Old Hundred." I have o sympathy with the attempt to make the young ld. I would rather join in a crusade to keep the oung young. Boyhood and girlhood must not be bbreviated. But there are good books, good hisories, good biographies, good works of fiction, ood books of all styles with which we are to fill he minds of the young, so that there will be no nore room for the useless and the vicious than here is room for chaff in a bushel measure which s already filled with Michigan wheat.

Why are fifty per cent of the criminals in the ails and penitentiaries of the United States to-day nder twenty-one years of age? Many of them nder seventeen, under sixteen, under fifteen, nder fourteen, under thirteen. Walk along ne of *the corridors of the Tombs* prison in New York and look for yourselves. Bad books, ad newspapers, bewitched them as soon as they ot out of the cradle. Beware of all those stories hich end wrong. Beware of all those books hich make the road that ends in perdition seem o end in Paradise. Do not glorify the dirk and he pistol. Do not call the desperado brave or the ibertine gallant. Teach our young people that f they go down into the swamps and marshes to vatch the jack-o'-lanterns dance on the decay and ottenness, they will catch the malaria and death.

"O!" says some one, "I am a business man, nd I have no time to examine what my children ead. I have no time to inspect the books that ome into my household." If your children were hreatened with typhoid fever, would you have ime to go for the doctor? Would you have time o watch the progress of the disease? Would you ave time for the funeral? In the presence of my God I warn you of the fact that your children are hreatened with moral and spiritual typhoid, and hat unless the thing be stopped, it will be to them uneral of body, funeral of mind, funeral of soul. Three funerals in one day.

My word is to this vast multitude of young peole: Do not touch, do not borrow, do not buy a orrupt book or a corrupt picture. A book will ecide a man's destiny for good or for evil. The book you read yesterday may have decided you for time and for eternity, or it may be a book that may come into your possession to-morrow.

A good book—who can exaggerate its power? Benjamin Franklin said that his reading of Cotton Mather's "Essays To Do Good," in childhood gave him holy aspirations for all the rest of his life. George Law, the millionaire, now awaiting his burial, declared that a biography he read in childhood gave him all his subsequent prosperities.

A clergyman, many years ago, passing to the Far West, stopped at a hotel. He saw a woman copying something from Doddridge's "Rise and Progress." It seemed that she had borrowed the book, and there were some things she wanted especially to remember. The clergyman had in his satchel a copy of Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," and so he made her a present of it. Thirty years passed on. The clergyman came that way and he asked where the woman was, whom he had seen long ago. They said: "She lives yonder in that beautiful house." He went there and said to her: "Do you remember me?" She said: "No, I do not." He said: "Do you remember a man gave you Doddridge's 'Rise and Progress' thirty years ago?" "O yes; I remember. *That book saved my soul.* I loaned the book to all my neighbors, and they read it and they were converted to God, and we had a revival of religion which swept through the whole community. We built a church and called a pastor. You see that spire yonder, don't you? That church was built as the result of that book you gave me thirty years ago."

O the power of a good book! But, alas! for the influence of a bad book. *John Angel James*, than whom England never had a holier minister, stood in his pulpit at Birmingham and said "Twenty-five years ago a lad loaned to me an infamous book. He would loan it only fifteen minutes and then I had to give it back; but that book has haunted me like a spectre ever since. I have in agony of soul, on my knees before God, prayed that He would obliterate from my soul the memory of it; but I shall carry the damage of it until the day of my death." The assassin of Sir William Russell declared that he got the inspiration for his crime by reading what was then a new and popular novel, "Jack Sheppard." Homer's "Iliad" made Alexander the Warrior. Alexander said so. The story of Alexander made Julius Cæsar and Charles XII. both men of blood.

Have you in your pocket or in your trunk, or in your desk at business a bad book, a bad picture, a bad pamphlet? In God's name I warn you to destroy it.

III. *Another way* in which we shall fight back this corrupt literature and kill the frogs of Egypt is by rolling over them the Christian printing-press, which shall give plenty of healthful reading to all adults. All these men and women are reading men and women.

WHAT ARE YOU READING?

We see so many books we do not understand what a book is. Stand it on end. Measure it, the height of it, the depth of it, the length of it, the breadth of it. You cannot do it. Examine the paper and estimate the progress made from the time of the impressions on clay, and then on to the bark of trees, and from the bark of trees to papyrus, and from papyrus to the hide of wild beasts, and from the hide of wild beasts on down until the miracles of our modern paper manufacturies, and then see the paper, white and pure as an infant's soul waiting for God's inscription. A book! Examine the type of it. Examine the printing of it and see the progress from the time when Solon's laws were written on oak planks and Hesiod's poems were written on tables of lead, and the Siniatic commands were written on tables of stone, on down to Hoe's perfecting printing-press.

A BOOK!

It took all the universities of the past, all the martyr fires, all the civilizations, all the battles, all the victories, all the defeats, all the glooms, all the brightnesses, all the centuries to make it possible. A book! It is the chorus of the ages—it is the drawing-room in which kings and queens and orators and poets and historians and philosophers come out to greet you. If I worshipped anything on earth I would worship that. If I burned incense to any idol, I would build an altar to that. Thank God for good books, healthful books, inspiring books, Christian books, books of men, books of women, Book of God. It is with these good books that we are to overcome corrupt literature. Upon the frogs swoop with these eagles.

I depend much for the overthrow of iniquitous literature upon the mortality of books. Even good books have a hard struggle to live. Polybius wrote forty books; only five of them left. Thirty books of Tacitus have perished. Twenty books of Pliny have perished. Livy wrote one hundred and forty books; only thirty-five of them remain. Eschylus wrote one hundred dramas; only seven remain. Euripides wrote over a hundred; only nineteen remain. Varro wrote the biographies of over seven hundred great Romans. All that wealth of biography has perished. If good and valuable books have such a struggle to live, what must be the fate of those that are diseased and corrupt and blasted at the very start? They will die as the frogs when the Lord turned back the plague. The work of Christianization will go on until there will be nothing left but good books, and they will take the supremacy of the world. May you and I live to see the illustrious day!

Against every bad pamphlet send a good pamphlet; against ever unclean picture send an innocent picture; against every scurrilous song send a Christian song; against every bad book, send a good book; and then it will be as it was in ancient Toledo, where the Toletum missals were kept by the saints in six churches, and the sacrilegious Romans demanded that those missals be destroyed, and that the Roman missals be substituted; and the war came on, and I am glad to say that the whole matter having been referred to champions, the champion of the Toletum missals with one blow brought down the champion of the Roman missals.

So it will be in our day. The good literature, the Christian literature, in its championship for God and the truth, will bring down the evil literature in its championship for the devil. I feel tingling to the tips of my fingers and through all the nerves of my body, and all the depths of my soul, the certainty of our triumph. Cheer up, O, men and women who are toiling for the purification of society! Toil with your faces in the sunlight. "If God be for us, who, *who* can be against us?"

Lady Hester Stanhope was the daughter of the third Earl of Stanhope, and after her nearest friends had died she went to the far East, took possession of a deserted convent, threw up fortresses amid the mountains of Lebanon, opened the castle to all the poor and the wretched and the sick who would come in. She made her castle a home for the unfortunate. She was a devout Christian woman. She was waiting for the coming of the Lord. She expected that the Lord would descend in person, and she thought upon it until it was too much for her reason. In the magnificent stables of her palace she had two horses groomed and bridled and saddled and caparisoned, and all ready for the day in which her Lord should descend, and He on one of them and she on the other should start for Jerusalem, the city of the Great King. It was a fanaticism and a delusion; but there was romance, and there was splendor, and there was thrilling expectation in the dream.

Ah! my friends, we need no earthly palfreys groomed and saddled and bridled and caparisoned for our Lord when He shall come. The horse is ready in the equerry of heaven, and the imperial rider is ready to mount. "And I saw, and behold a white horse, and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him; and he went forth conquering and to conquer. And the armies which were in heaven followed him on white horses, and on his vesture and on his thigh were written, King of kings, and Lord of lords."

Horsemen of heaven, mount! Cavalrymen of God, ride on! Charge! Charge! until they shall be hurled back on their haunches—the black horse of famine, and the red horse of carnage, and the pale horse of death. Jesus forever!

SYLPH SOMERS.

A New Serial Story, by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(*Continued from page 727.*)

Sylph Somers Applies to the Mayor—His Concession—Dr. Gilbart's Soliloquy in Jail—His Doubts of Sylph's Constancy—Sylph's Arrival at the Jail.

SYLPH SOMERS found it very difficult to gain access to the city magnate. Dr. Gilbart's advanced opinions made all the officials and sinecurists of the municipality, and especially those of the rank and file, to look upon him as an arch enemy; one who would annihilate their reign of office.

All these men knew Sylph, and identifying her with their feared and hated foe, as they regarded him, manifested their dislike in no equivocal manner. The *beadles*, with awful visage, scowled upon her, the city constables fiercely stared at and impeded her, and the under-clerks, under pretence of most absorbing business, continued writing when she drew near them, and kept her standing several minutes without condescending to answer her request to see the Chief Magistrate, or giving her a sign of attention. Indeed, the first quill-driver she addressed, as though totally unconscious of her presence, did not deign to give her so much as a look.

"What brings she here, I wonder?" she heard one of the beadles say—a man, grand in the quaint corporation livery, and majestically handling his mace. The question was addressed to a rubicund brother beadle beside him, a fac-simile of himself.

"How should I know?" was the answer, "excepting it's to make mischief. If I had me will of her, she'd get lodgin's, her would, near her father, as she calls him, the hussy; but how he can be *that*, passes me wit to know, for her real name they tell me is 'Somers.' But like enough there's somethin' not all out correct and respectable in the business, and if so, it's right bould and saucy of she to show her face here, so it is."

"Yer don't say her isn't proper born, do yer?" was the rejoinder of the second bailiff to his chum. "Well," but that's quare, and her wan o' them Methody saints as they call theirselves. Why, it's downright wicked of she; but it's just the way, as I've allus said, with them over partic'lar people. They purtend to be far better nor their neighbors, them does; but when you come to look into them close, they're far worse nor other folks; and are as rotten as a pear; and them's the kind o' people too, if ye plaze, herself an' her bad, wicked father, and the whole bag and baggage o' them, that takes it on 'em to interfere with honest, dacent min like we, and would, savin' the mark, reform us as they call it."

Sylph did not quite understand the inuendoes and charges of these men. She knew, however, that they challenged the purity of her Christian profession, and her ears tingled and her face burned.

To get away from hearing these calumniators, as well as to attain the object of her coming, she more earnestly pressed her demand to see the mayor, and, after some further delay, and with much ceremony, was ushered into his august presence.

No sooner did she approach him, however, than her heart failed her; it is true she had some slight acquaintance with his worship, having met him before his elevation to the civic chair, at one or two social gatherings in the city; but, though he recognized her—for none that ever saw her fair face could forget it—he bore himself toward her with a haughty reserve and formal dignity.

"Miss Somers Gilbart, I believe," said the mayor. Sylph gracefully acknowledged as much. "And what may Miss Somers Gilbart want with me?" inquired his worship. Sylph with beating heart and nervous agitation made known the purpose of her coming, and urged her request. "I am afraid, Miss Somers Gilbart, you bring me a request that I cannot entertain," was the mayor's reply. "You see," he said, "we have fallen upon perilous times—times which make it incumbent upon those in authority to have no respect of persons. Doctor Gilbart—individually considered—is a respectable man, Miss Gilbart. I grant that; and a useful man in the city. I also grant that. But he has cast in his lot with a low, bad set of miscreants—men who, as Solomon says, would 'remove the ancient landmarks;' and, in fact, worse still—infinitely worse—would destroy our great and glorious British constitution in Church and State; and, consequently, though as a neighbor and an acquaintance of Doctor Gilbart, I might personally strain a point to give you an order to see him, yet, as a public functionary—I regret to tell you that I must positively refuse what you ask."

"Please do not say that, Mr. Mayor," was Sylph's request, with a great look of entreaty. "What you say against Doctor Gilbart I have not the least understanding of," she continued; "but, if it be anything very evil, I am certain you do him wrong." And then observing that the mayor seemed disposed to resent this assertion, she explained herself by saying, "I mean, Mr. Mayor, you must be laboring under some unfortunate mistake. I have known Doctor Gilbart, sir, from the days of early childhood, and I have reason to know that he has an upright nature and a kind, generous heart, thinking evil of none, and is a man loyal to his king and a lover of his country."

The chief magistrate, it was evident, was greatly struck with Sylph's attractive appearance and impressive manner; and not only so, but was moved by the sincerity and force of her testimony to Doctor Gilbart's character. He, therefore, felt himself impelled to justify by argument the apparent severity and strictness of his resolve.

Sylph wisely did not attempt to debate the matter with him, though he weakly gave her the opportunity, but making use of her grace and charm (instinctively felt by all fair women to belong to them), she sought to conquer him by her suppliant voice and still more pleading tears.

The mayor outwardly maintained his haughty dignity and unyielding look, but inwardly he was subdued and made to surrender, for, after a little, he told his clerk to make out the order, which Sylph so victoriously had solicited, and when made out he signed it, and then courteously handed it to his tearful but glad and grateful conqueror.

The same glum bailiffs, that had offended Sylph by their coarse criticisms, were still on duty outside the mayor's office, and when she passed near them again flouted her with the same angry and contemptuous looks, but she was scarcely conscious of their conduct so elated was she with her success.

* * * * * *

Doctor Gilbart was seated on the pallet of his dungeon, sadly and gloomily pondering his wrongs, and the dark and perplexing problem of his life. He was not conscious of any offence against his fellow citizens or mankind in general, to warrant this high-handed arrest. Rather, he felt himself the friend of his country and the champion of human rights. The principles he had accepted, and for the advocacy of which he supposed himself now immured in a grave-like dungeon, were not, he believed, such as would work the overthrow of society, or hinder the welfare and happiness of men: on the contrary, he was persuaded, they would lead to the extension of human well-being, and in their operation would bring about the regeneration of his native land.

"Why, then, should I be treated as a felon, and that by men—many of them incompetent and politically corrupt, who having little conscience and no scruples, had managed," he said to himself, "to wriggle themselves into place and power?

"Could I stoop to their meannesses," he soliloquized, "and shut my eyes to righteousness and truth, and could I care as little as they do for the oppressed, and stand up selfishly for partial laws, and class privileges, and fawn upon the great, after their fashion, like a dog, I might this moment be the wielder of unjust power, and not its victim. And they know this; and know, also, that I scorn and contemn them for their littleness. Hence their hatred and this tyranny. Oh, is there in this universe," he cried, "no great judge of right and wrong—and no vindicator of the injured and the oppressed?" Doctor Gilbart asked himself this question, wrung from the depths of his soul by a sense of cruel injustice and bitter wrong, such he had not previously known.

But no. Doctor Gilbart's thoughts, wending his unbelief, darkly through infinitude, could c cover none, for to him there was no God and Supreme Ruler of the affairs of men; and holdi to this, it clothed for him this hour, all space a time, with a sable shroud. And all was

> "Dark, dark, dark——
> Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
> Without all hope of day."*

"It is horrid," he cried. "It crushes the he and stifles one's breath, as it were, to think of And I am not the only one in this wretched world he repeated, "whose motives have been misinte preted, and whose virtuous acts have been visit with punishment. Unnumbered thousands in the past have thus basely suffered, and, even in t ture, have died—with no one, above or beneath, understand or befriend them. Oh, what a hu and absurd comedy is life! or, rather," (and I shuddered) "what an appalling tragedy!" a Doctor Gilbart rose to his feet, and stood in t middle of his cell, in the greatness of his ment agitation.

"But it is all part and parcel of the same hideo *drama*," he continued, after some moments of fu ther meditation. "Every object I have loved h been snatched from me in the hour of my greate enjoyment. No matter how it darkened my lif wounded my sensibilities, agonized, and all b broke my heart, death came and was inexorabl In the grave, those most precious to me are hidde from my sight—consigned to loathsomeness an sickening corruption—and I shall see them agai —never! Yes—never," he repeated; "for spir is but the highest result of organized matter, at t dissolution of which, that which was evolved fro it and depended upon it must, in the nature things, be also dissolved. This *my* science tells i their end."

"Oh, thou world of men," he exclaimed, "wha a mocking phantom thou art! And human exist ence—What is it but a spectral dream? Our affec tions are of a strange power," he went on to sa after a pause—"are rooted deep and strong withi us; and objects of an infinite attractiveness are se before us, in wife and child, as if to allure an tempt us to twine around them our most sacre sensibilities. And then, when our bliss is com plete, as we think, and we flatter ourselves tha they are safely ours, and are too good and fair t die, with a demon laugh Fate steps in, and, a though they had been airy nothings they fade awa from us, and vanish into night. The whole thing," he continued, "is an outrageous farce and a cheat."

Such were some of the thoughts arising from his dreadful theory of the universe, as a place void o immortality and a personal, loving God, and now forced upon the mind of Doctor Gilbart by his present circumstances and experiences.

At length he sought by a strong effort of will to draw himself away from these meditations so shadowed with despair; but only gradually was his mind obedient to this desire, for we cannot at once command our thoughts and wishes; and then his anxieties naturally turned toward his home, and to Sylph, his *protégée*.

"This will be a sad blow and a dreadful surprise to her," he said. "The last thing she could suppose for me, is a lodging in this noisome cell; and she knows my opinion of the cruelty and danger of confinement in this old pestilential jail. But I wonder how she will come to hear of my unjust arrest? It was done so secretly and suddenly, and, I now remember, I quite forgot to send her word. Ah! after all tidings of this kind travel fast," he continued; "and I dare say she will soon know all about it. Poor thing, it will alarm and grieve her dreadfully."

When a considerable time passed, however, and no Sylph appeared coming to console him, Doctor Gilbart fell into a sad and gloomy course of thought again. "It may be," he said to himself, "that she has not come to me because, like others in the town, her mind has been poisoned against

* Milton, *Samson Agonistes.*

me. Indeed, if she has happened to go to one of my enemies for tidings of me, or that they have volunteered the news, this is not at all improbable. From ignorant prejudice and self-interest the political views I hold are maligned and most unpopular, at least with the supporters of old abuses in the city. Sylph is inexperienced and simple-minded; one, in these matters, easily to be imposed upon. And she may have been brought to think I am that pestilent fellow, which I am declared by some to be.

"But then," again he inquired within himself, "can this be possible? Surely she knows me better and loves me better than to forsake and repudiate me. No; to believe her false would be to calumniate her, and I will not and cannot do this. It would make my load of misery unendurable.

"And yet," he went on, after a while, "why should I flatter myself of her fidelity? As I was led here by the city bailiff I observed that the foremost in the crowd to rejoice at my misfortune, and even to hoot and insult me, were those, both rich and poor, whom I had, in other days, most befriended—saving not a few of them from the very jaws of death. Ah! mankind are a sorry and fickle lot, and Sylph, with all her charm and lovingness, is, after all, but human. And beside all this, her religion—her fanatical Methodism—has for a long time put a wide gulf between us.

"Ah! I see it all. This inner protest of hers against my unbelief has had added to it a mental and moral recoil from me, because of my libelled character. And even Sylph, dear and loving Sylph, has deserted me." And, under this conviction, Doctor Gilbart bowed his head low upon his breast, and in his desolation of heart, stood in the middle of his cell absorbed and motionless.

Lost to everything around him, he did not hear a light step moving along the damp subterranean passage outside; did not hear the latch of his cell door gently raised—did not see (his back being turned to the entrance of his narrow dungeon) a graceful form pass within its gloomy precincts. No, he heard and saw nothing, until clasped round the neck in a warm embrace, and thus aroused from his reverie, he looked into the face of Sylph, heard her call him father, and felt his face wetted with her tears.

(To be continued.)

SOME OF THE SIGNS OF THE LAST TIMES.

By Dionysius.

(Continued from page 727.)

THE DAYS OF NOAH.

Two of the evangelists record a prophecy of our Lord and Master Himself, that one of the great signs of the "end of the days" would be a return of the times of Noah (Matthew 24 : 37, 39; Luke 17 : 26, 27). Have we then any existing evidence of the fulfilment of this prophecy in our own day? Are the times of Noah being repeated in this end of the nineteenth century? The question is startling from its directness, and the answer to be given will be equally startling for its exactness. As will be seen at a glance, and while we institute the comparison, the days of Noah were like the days in which we live; and can it therefore be presumption for those who recognize and realize the analogy, to regard our times as the last times and the very days of the coming of the Son of man?

The main characteristic of the times of Noah was the prevalence of *a practical and even avowed atheism;* and this atheism is really the key to that whole misfortune of the deluge. Eliphaz, in his controversy with Job, describes those "whose foundation was overflown with a flood," as men who, from once believing in God, so fell away as to desire to be, and to live, without God, as men who actually "said unto God Depart from us," and in a spirit of scepticism and defiance inquired, "What can the Almighty do for us?" (Job 22 : 17). And are not *materialism* and *atheism* marked features also of *our* times? Do not certain men strive their utmost to banish God from the government and from the education of mankind?

When 5000 electors in England return an avowed Atheist to Parliament, and a powerful administration seek to enforce his admission on a reluctant Chamber, the times of Noah are but the more prominently and expeditiously recurring.

But a belief in God, and in the law and will of a Supreme Being, can alone afford any secure basis to human society. If God has not given laws for the due ordering and preservation of society, it is certain that man cannot supply the deficiency. Only one last and temporary expedient then remains —*the application of force.* This is exactly what was tried in the days of Noah. Religion then set aside, and with it the divine restraints, men fell back on their own will. That will, not being unanimous, but quite the contrary, conflicting and diverse, men soon took to violating one another's liberty. The earth was filled with violence, not only physical violence, although that would follow, but moral violence; man in his thoughts and deeds working mischief to his fellow man, and bringing on the necessary retaliation, until the world was itself in a state of shipwreck and ruin.

The aspect of things in the British House of Commons is but an illustration of what is in front of us as a necessary result of our virtual atheism. The weak, to save themselves from the mere imposition of the will of the stronger, resort to the privileges of the House to defend themselves. The Nihilist, who cannot hope to cope with a regiment of dragoons, resorts to the aid of dynamite, wherewith to defend what he calls his liberty. With no common standard of right and wrong to which authorities can appeal, what else remains but violence, and as a consequence of violence, the same results as happened in the days of Noah—a mighty shipwreck?

But our times resemble the times of Noah in one other respect, that is, in the utter indifference to all signs and to all warnings. A surprise is again in store for the worldly and the wicked, who despise the long-suffering of God, and who discern not the signs of the times, for "the day of the Lord will come as a thief" (2 Peter 2 : 10).

MYSTIC DATES AND NUMBERS.

There are several dates and periods mentioned in the prophetic Scriptures. That they are in a sense mystic, and so in keeping with the rest of the hieroglyphical writings of which they form a part, admits of no doubt; but they must have been inserted for the purpose of being understood at least by some persons, at some period. Many conjectures have indeed been hazarded from time to time as to the proper application of these mystic figures; but beyond the establishment of what is termed the "year for a day," or year-day principle of interpretation, no further progress in their reasonable decipherment had been made until quite lately. One of the first mystic periods is mentioned in Daniel 7 : 25, viz. "*a time and times, and the dividing of time,*" which is equivalent to three and a half years, each of 360 days; or 1260 days, that is, "year-days." A second mystic period is given in Daniel 8 : 14, viz., "*two thousand and three hundred days.*" In the last chapter of Daniel two other periods occur in the 11th and 12th verses, as 1290 *days* and 1335 *days.*

Some of these dates are repeated in the Apocalypse of St. John, as in chapter 11, "*a thousand two hundred and three score days*" (1260) (verse 6); "*a time and times and half a time*" (verse 14); chapter 13, "*forty and two months,*" the equivalent of 1260 days, taking 30 days to each month (verse 5).

All these dates seem to be consistently compounded of solar months, each of 30 days, and years of 12 such months. Thus 42 months multiplied by 30 equals 1264; one time added to two times added to half a time or year, equals 42 months. Such was the real limit of our knowledge until the discovery of M. de Cheseaux, a Swiss, who, in dealing with these apocalyptic dates, found them to be actual astronomical periods or cycles. These so-called cycles, M. de Cheseaux has himself defined as "*periods* which bring into harmony different celestial revolutions containing a definite number of each without remainder or fraction."

He furnishes an illustration of some interest: "315 years, a soli-lunar cycle, is a quarter of 1260 years; *i.e.*, after 406,205 days six hours, sun and moon come into conjunction, and in 406,205 days 7 hours 23 minutes the sun has returned to its exact point on the ecliptic, a period of 1260 years, within an hour or two—from 2300 years (Daniel 7 : 14), a cyclical period, deduct 1260 years, which leaves 1040, a cycle at once solar-lunar and diurnal, or terrestrial, of the most perfect accuracy."

I can only, by means of a few hypothetical or suggestive examples show the probable intention of their employment; that is, to mark the duration of historic periods or cycles during which certain orders of ideas work out to a conclusion their good or evil effects.

"The schools of heathen philosophy were closed by the edict of the Emperor Justinian, A.D. 529." —Professor Jebb. This period, plus 1260 years, brings us to 1789, the date when the French revolution did, in effect, reopen the schools of Greco-Pagan teaching. Justinian constituted the Pope of Rome head of the churches A.D. 533, which, plus 1260 years, brings us to 1793, a year of vast significance in revolutionary annals, "the Reign of Terror." In 622 the Koran was published, and the Sclave tribe penetrated into Russia and Poland, both memorable events affecting the history of the Roman empire and the Christian Church; adding to this date 1260, brings us to 1882, and confessedly both the Sclave and Mahometan peoples are hastening to a crisis of no little magnitude.

I will now conclude my necessarily brief collection of outside witnessing by quoting two paragraphs—one from a foreign, and the other from an English journal. The former is from an article in *Le Témoignage*, a Lutheran organ, and runs: "Evidently a total separation of tendencies is at hand. Never was the Antichristian mind so deeply cunning, so decided, and so systematic as to-day. It is manifest that we are advancing toward a time when the so-called Christian world will separate into two camps, the Christian and the Antichristian." The following paragraph is furnished by a leading article in the *Times* of the 25th of December, 1876: "The jealousies and divergences of two continents, indeed of all the old world, the accumulated difficulties of two thousand years—all are seen in imminent collision as they never were seen before. There never was a time when the cup of iniquities was held to be fuller, or the cup of vengeance so ready to be poured out."

A Message in a Locket was Recently Sent by an Indian princess to Queen Victoria. It is a dishonor for a Hindoo lady of high caste to see or be seen by a man other than her husband, father, or brother. Rather than take advantage of the professional skill of the English civil surgeon, death is preferred. Good and charitable persons in England have seen their opportunity, and started a zenana and medical mission, which gives lady missionaries to India a medical training peculiarly fitting them to relieve Hindoo women. The London *Times* says: "The Maharajah of Punnah, the capital of a native state in Central India, applied for the assistance of a lady medical missionary at Lucknow for his wife, the Maharanee, who was suffering from an internal complaint. Miss Beilby, the lady medical missionary, traversed the two hundred miles between Lucknow and that place, and by her skill restored the Maharanee to health, besides relieving other more humble patients. Miss Beilby's departure from Punnah was the occasion of a touching interview with the Maharanee. This distinguished patient exacted a promise which testifies remarkably to the confidence she felt in the Queen's sympathy. 'I want you,' said the Maharanee, 'to tell our Queen, and the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the men and women in England, what the women in the zenanas in India suffer when they are sick.' Miss Beilby was made to write down *the message in small characters and to put it in a locket*, which was to be given by her own hands to the Empress of India. The message was duly delivered, and it has also been told in quarters where it is more likely to do good—namely, to those benevolent Christian citizens of England who believe it is better to spend their money in the cause of Christ than to hoard it."

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Subscribers whose terms of subscription expire with the month of December would oblige us if they would renew them now. The earlier we are favored in this matter, the less we shall be pressed with work at the close of the year.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Mormon Question is Expected to Come up for discussion soon after the meeting of Congress. The delegation from Utah is contested. Of the two claimants to the seat, Mr. Cannon, the notorious polygamist, holds the certificate of the Secretary of State, while his opponent, Mr. Campbell, holds that of the Governor. There is also a dispute as to the legality of Mr. Cannon's naturalization papers. It is probable that when called upon to decide the question between the rival claimants the whole subject of Mormon defiance of law will be dealt with by Congress.

The Atlanta Cotton Exposition is Attracting public attention throughout the country. All its departments are complete, and there are indications that the exhibits of Southern produce and of the capabilities of the soil will induce many Northern capitalists to settle there. There are over two thousand exhibits, filling the two large buildings and four smaller ones. Liberal reductions in railroad fares have facilitated the excursions of visitors. It is understood that the exposition will not be closed before February 1st.

The Examination of the Affairs of the Mechanics' National Bank, of Newark, N. J., reveals a state of affairs reflecting seriously on the capacity of the directors. The morocco factory which was debited by the cashier with the responsibility for the bank failure does not appear to have been more than one of the contributing causes. A Wall Street broker testified that the paying teller of the bank, a half-brother of the cashier, had been a heavy speculator in stocks, and would send at times $20,000 to cover margins on stock speculations. He was, beside, owner of a half-interest in a theatre, and otherwise showed he had command of larger sums of money than bank tellers usually possess. Other Wall Street speculations in the name of the cashier's wife were also described, which confirmed the suspicion that the cashier was using the depositors' money in a reckless way. These disclosures should arouse men who hold positions of responsibility, such as directors of public institutions, to a more careful discharge of their duties, or we may have another panic such as convulsed society a few years ago.

Another Bank Suspension was Announced last week. On Thursday, November 17, the Pacific National Bank of Boston closed its doors and affixed a notice stating that "owing to failures in which the bank is involved, payment is temporarily suspended." It is understood that the suspension was caused by the failure of a stock broker, one of the bank's customers, to meet his engagements. He owes the bank $1,260,000, against which shares of doubtful value are held as security. There appears to be some similarity between the failure of the Boston institution and that at Newark, but in that case, unlike the Newark failure, the culprit is the president instead of the cashier. The directors appear to have been in ignorance of the large advances being made to the stock broker; no entries of the transactions appeared in the books, the president "*keeping the account in his head.*" Public confidence in the banks was rudely shaken by the disclosure, and in consequence there was so severe a run on another bank in Boston that the payment of cheques had to be suspended for two hours, but after that interval payment was resumed. The run was caused by a report that the failure of the Pacific National would involve other institutions known to hold their rediscounted paper. The affairs of the Pacific National have been placed in the hands of Colonel Needham, the bank examiner, and a committee of directors. The assurance is given that the depositors will lose none of their money and that the loss of the shareholders will not be large. The issue largely depends on pending stock speculations, and it is stated that if a rise in certain values took place, the bank might resume business. A very uneasy feeling has resulted in commercial circles from this failure following so closely that of the Newark bank.

The Trial of the Assassin of the late President commenced on Monday, November 14th, in the District Supreme Court at Washington before Judge Cox. Three days were occupied in obtaining a jury. It was impossible to find jurors who had not read newspaper accounts of the crime, but the defence were content to submit the case to the judgment of such men as were not satisfied on the question of Guiteau's sanity. After exhausting the panel of jurors and two lists of seventy-five talesmen each, twelve men were selected with whom both the prosecution and the defence were satisfied, and on Thursday the trial commenced. It was necessary to prove the offence, which was done by the evidence of Secretary Blaine and other persons who were present at the shooting, but that question is not the real issue in the case. The defence admits the shooting; the real point to be decided is whether the criminal was sane when the crime was committed. The cross-examination of Dr. Bliss on Saturday, implied that the question of malpractice would also be raised and that the jury would be asked to say whether President Garfield's death was the result of unskilful medical treatment; but Mr. Scoville, Guiteau's brother-in-law and counsel, stated distinctly that the main ground of his defence would be the insanity of his client. The prisoner frequently interrupted the proceedings, quarrelled with his counsel, and conducted himself in a boisterous manner. He said on Saturday that he thought his conduct had done his case good, and that more people believed him insane then than at the beginning of the week. He is gratified by the sensation he has produced, and appears pleased to be the chief topic of public interest. His inordinate vanity and egotism excite universal disgust, and his constant dread lest some one like-minded with himself should assassinate him as he assassinated the President, shows how despicable a creature he is.

The Attempted Assassination of Guiteau on Saturday last caused intense excitement in Washington and other cities. When the court adjourned at 2.30, the prisoner was removed to the prison van for conveyance to the jail. A man on horseback followed the vehicle, and looking through the aperture left for ventilation in the rear door could see Guiteau as he stood looking through the holes in front, steadying himself by the bars. He then rode to the side of the van and, calculating his distance, fired through the side, in the direction where Guiteau stood. Either the strong iron lining of the van turned the bullet aside, or the man aimed incorrectly, for the ball only grazed Guiteau's arm, inflicting a slight bruise, passed in front of his chest and fell on the floor of the van. The man who fired the shot was arrested the same evening. There is a general feeling of satisfaction that the attempt to assassinate the prisoner was unsuccessful. This does not arise out of any regard for Guiteau, who by his demeanor in court has intensified the loathing and contempt felt for him ever since the commission of his crime. It is regretted, because it tends to disgrace us as a people. *It is a lawless act*, and the fact that the victim is a creature of the most degraded type does not justify any act wrong in itself. The honor of the nation is involved in Guiteau having a fair trial and being treated as the law directs. The enormity of his offence only renders impartiality and strict observance of law more necessary We may hope that the government will adopt such precautionary measures as will render any repetition of the offence impossible. These self-appointed ministers of justice must not be allowed to usurp functions which the people have committed to the hands of others. In this case the offender seems to have been a man whose mental condition closely resembles Guiteau's, but Guiteau and all others who think they are detailed to serve the community by the commission of a crime, are the pests of society who as far as is possible must be restrained from wrong doing.

Secretary Kirkwood's Views of the Indian problem deserve careful consideration. In his annual report he urges as the best and only practicable solution of the difficult question an attempt to civilize the Indians. He says: "The Indians should learn both to know the law and administer it. They will not become law-abiding citizens until they do so learn. In my judgment it would be well to select some tribe or tribes among those most advanced in civilization and establish them in a form of local government as nearly like as may be to the system of county government prevailing in the State or Territory in which the reservations are located, allowing the Indians to elect corresponding county officers having corresponding power and authority to enforce such laws of the State and Territory as Congress may deem proper to declare in force in each reservation, for local purposes. Should the experiment prove successful, it would, I think, be a long step forward in the path the Indian must travel if he shall ever reach full and intelligent citizenship." Secretary Kirkwood also recommends the strengthening of the Indian schools, and that the Indian should be encouraged to engage in farming by giving him a valid and permanent title to his land.

The Michigan Sufferers are still in Sore need of assistance. At a meeting of the Committee of New York Clergymen held on Tuesday, November 15th, Dr. Bellows read a report of the result of the Committee's investigation and of the measures suggested to meet the urgent requirements. The Committee find that money is needed to finish the housing of the people; to provide provender for the stock they saved until the spring; and to feed 15,000 persons from November 1st to May 1st. It appears from the report that there has been received from all sources up to that date about $500,000. Of this amount over $100,000 in money came from Michigan and another $100,000 worth in cash supplies, not to speak of the aid the people of Michigan have given directly to individual sufferers. The report further says, "Of the $175,000 now in hand it is estimated that it will take $50,000 to finish the mean shelters now building for the people and $125,000 for hay to keep their teams alive until May 1st. This will leave nothing to feed the people with from December 1st till May 1st, or perhaps till July1st. The calculation is that ten cents each a day will support the people, or $1500 a day, which for 180 days, to May 1, is $270,000. If they are to be fed until July 1st, and we do not see how it can be avoided, it will require $360,000." Under these circumstances the committee recommends that a collection should be taken up in all the city churches on behalf of the sufferers.

The Death of Rev. John W. Mears, D.D., Professor of Metaphysics at Hamilton College, is announced. Dr. Mears was only fifty-five years of age. He was ordained, in 1852, pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia. He continued pastoral work for about nine years, after which he devoted his attention to religious literature. In 1871 he was elected to the professorship of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy in Hamilton College, a position he occupied until his death. He was the author of several works on religious subjects which had a large circulation. He was recently brought into prominence as the leader of the movement against the Oneida Community which resulted in breaking up that immoral society. A student of Hamilton College relates that Dr. Mears was turning his attention to the Mormon question. He writes: "A few months ago, when the opposition of our late President Garfield to Mormonism was referred to in conversation, Dr. Mears said, 'If the matter isn't quickly handled I will see Bishop Huntington, and begin to stir up the Church and the country; but if President Garfield lives I think he'll fight this evil.'" Dr. Mears died at Clinton, N. Y., November 13th.

The Victim of a Curious Superstition Died recently in San Francisco. A Chinese woman was washing her feet in one of the houses in the Chinese quarter when she accidentally spilled some of the water on one of her own countrymen. It is believed by the Chinese that such an accident will bring misfortune to the person upon whom the water thus falls, and it becomes the duty of the careless person to present to the other a certain amount of candy and coin to avert the evil. The woman did as this strange superstition commanded, but the man was not satisfied, and threatened to shoot some one in the house. A few hours later he returned and deliberately shot the woman. Ignorance, superstition, and cruelty are inseparable companions, as the Scripture assures us (Psalms 74 : 20).

A Discarded Horse was Reinstated by a Fire Brigade at Virginia, Nev., recently. The horse was known as "the Old Gray." A Virginia journal says: "Old Gray was trained regularly every day, and he soon came to know as much as anybody about what he ought to do. After a year or two of hard work Old Gray was retired to a furniture wagon. Three days after his retirement he was in front of Currie's auction store, hitched to an express wagon loaded with furniture. All at once an alarm of fire was sounded. Old Gray waited about the length of time that he thought it should take to hitch him to the hose-cart, and then he started. The furniture was scattered from one end of the street to the other, but Old Gray reached the fire before the opposition cart, and with a self-satisfied air backed up to the hydrant. Next day he was returned to the department. His devotion to duty was appreciated." This prompt obedience to the call of duty was the result of habit in the old horse. It is not the first time that the lower creation has set an example to human beings (Isa. 1 : 3).

The Rapid Increase of the Practice of Cigarette smoking, especially among ladies and boys, has called forth a serious warning from Dr. William A. Hammond, one of the most distinguished physicians of America. Dr. Hammond states that the inhalation of the smoke, which is the almost universal habit of cigarette smokers, produces facial neuralgia, insomnia, nervous dyspepsia, sciatica, and an indisposition to mental exertion, especially in young persons. This is all the more forcible because it is the opinion not of a prejudiced fanatic but of an authorized physician who for certain constitutions and to a moderate extent has prescribed the use of tobacco.

A Letter with a Blind Direction was Received at the New York Post Office, and was submitted to the man whose business for the past twenty-five years has been to decipher bad addresses on letters. It was directed to "Patrick Mahoney, *First House in America*." The letter was from Ireland, and after the usual inquiries the expert learned the time that the vessel bearing the letter arrived. As an experiment, he placed it in the hands of a carrier, who was instructed to deliver it at the end of —— Pier. The house was a sailors' boarding-house, and, strange as it may seem, Patrick Mahoney was found. When the letter was opened the only contents were found to be a draft for $400. The address was probably suggested to the writer by the fact that it may have been the first house at which he called in America after his voyage, but his vague idea of the requirements of the postal service might have lost the money had not the expert divined his meaning. It is remarkable that every year many sums of money fail to reach the persons for whom they are intended owing to the senders writing these blind directions, and persons who are probably in need of funds never learn that money sent to them lies unclaimed in the post-office. The promises in the Word of God, which are far more precious than gold, are often similarly unused, but in this case the blindness is not in the direction, but in the people whom Satan has blinded.

The Awful Punishment of Two Blasphemers in Arkansas is announced in a telegram from Little Rock, under date of November 1st. It says: "people in this neighborhood have been much solemnized by two remarkable events which have just been reported. Robert Nelson, aged 70, has suffered heavily by reason of the long-continued drought, and one day began cursing the Lord for permitting such an affliction. While thus engaged he suddenly fell backward, having been stricken with paralysis. He has not spoken since. A similar occurrence is reported in Union County, where a young man named John Freeman, who had spoken blasphemously of the Lord for not sending rain, was struck by lightning and killed. Two such events carry with them a solemn warning. The oaths uttered in ordinary conversation, which shock the ears of Christian people on the cars and ferry-boats and on the streets, are appalling. Those who utter them forget that God hears their profanity, as is shown in these two cases (Ps. 9 : 16).

A Terrible Tale of Suffering from Colorado is published in a daily journal. Four Italian laborers attempted to walk from Pitkin to Gunnison City, and were overtaken by a blinding snowstorm. They lost the road and became separated. Only one was saved. He struggled on, trying in vain to warm his chilled blood by *thoughts of sunny Italy*, and at last fell prostrate on the railway track of the Denver and Rio Grande road. Providentially he was seen by the engineer of an approaching train, and was taken in an exhausted condition to Denver. Rescuing parties were immediately organized to search for his comrades, but they had little hopes of finding them. There is something very pathetic in the idea of the poor Italian endeavoring to cheer himself with reminiscences of past pleasures. The Christian's unfailing remedy is the exact opposite. He thanks God that the past is blotted out, and his joy lies within him and his hope before him (Phil. 3 : 13).

A Determined Race for Life was Made by a man near Meriden, Conn., lately. He swallowed a large dose of morphine, intending suicide, but quickly changed his mind, and started for the nearest physician, who was two miles away. He felt the dangerous drowsiness stealing over him, and ran with all his might. The exercise kept him awake, but his mouth became parched, his eyes filmy, and his strength less. He stopped to pray, but an instant of delay warned him that the fatal drowsiness was increasing in power, and he again started forward. He at length stumbled into the doctor's office, and fell senseless on the floor, but was saved by energetic treatment. If sinners overcome by listless indifference would only exercise the same energy in an appeal to the Great Physician, they might be saved from eternal death.

The Arrival of Commander Cheyne, of the British Royal Navy, in New York, has directed public attention afresh to the subject of polar exploration. Commander Cheyne's object in visiting this country is to arrange for an Anglo-American Arctic expedition in which balloons are to be used for the purpose of obtaining an extended view of the region and the discovery of the most available routes for exploration. A portrait of Commander Cheyne and a sketch of his life will appear in an early number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THE PRINCIPAL WHEAT.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"The principal wheat."—ISAIAH xxviii. 25.

The Husbandman Taught of God—I. He Knows the Principal Seed—The Evil of a Huddled Life—What are you Living for?—The Most Needful Thing, the Principal Thing—The most Profitable—A Blind man's Essay on Colors—II. He Gives it the Principal Place—Godliness should have the Principal Abilities—Most Intense Love—Attentive Respect—Most Earnest Labors—Greatest Sacrifices—An Off-hand Farm—III. He Selects the Best Seed for Sowing—Believe the Weightiest Doctrines—Sow the Noblest Examples—The Closest Communion with God—IV. Gives the Principal Crop the Principal Care—Planting Wheat—V. He Expects a Principal Crop—The Harvest of the World to Come.

THE whole passage runs on this wise: "Give ye ear, and hear my voice; hearken, and hear my speech. Doth the plowman plow all day to sow? doth he open and break the clods of his ground? When he hath made plain the face thereof, doth he not cast abroad the fitches, and scatter the cummin, and cast in the principal wheat and the appointed barley and the rye in their place? For his God doth instruct him to discretion, and doth teach him. For the fitches are not threshed with a threshing instrument, neither is a cart wheel turned about upon the cummin; but the fitches are beaten out with a staff, and the cummin with a rod. Bread corn is bruised; because he will not ever be threshing it, nor break it with the wheel of his cart, nor bruise it with his horsemen. This also cometh forth from the Lord of hosts, which is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working."

The prophet, inspired of God, shows that the husbandman is wise and skilful in the management of his farm, in ploughing, sowing, and threshing, and in all the processes of husbandry. He asserts that this skill has been taught him of his God. I suppose that this is set before us, not as poetry, but as fact. The wisdom of earth is a reflection of the light of heaven. If there had not been some information concerning husbandry conveyed to our first parent when he left the garden of Eden he would not have known how to till the soil, and produce a harvest, and before he had found it out by experience he would have died of starvation, and the race would have ended with him. The twenty-sixth verse says, "His God doth instruct him to discretion, and doth teach him." Yes, God has taught men the rudiments of husbandry; and I conclude, therefore, that if God gives men instruction so that they are able to cultivate the land and produce a harvest of divers kinds of seed, He will much more instruct us if we wait upon Him as to the tillage of our lives, so that we may not sow to the flesh and reap corruption, but may learn how to sow to the Spirit, and may of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

We are all of us husbandmen. Some of us may be wicked husbandmen who slay the heir; or slothful husbandmen who suffer hemlock and darnel to come up where there should be wheat and barley; or fickle husbandmen who having put our hand to the plough have looked back; but we all have fields to till and work to do for the great Landlord to whom all things belong. If any of us wish to be true husbandmen, and so to sow and so to reap as to be found accepted of our great Lord, and to produce a harvest unto His glory, then we had better go to Him for instruction, and ask Him to teach us knowledge, and guide us in the way of wisdom. Breathe that prayer to God now, and may He hear it on behalf of every one of us by sending us His Holy Spirit.

I. There is one point which the prophet mentions as a matter of wisdom on the part of the husbandman. It is this: that he knows

WHAT IS THE PRINCIPAL SEED

to cultivate, and makes it his principal object. My text is, "Does not the husbandman cast in the principal wheat?" He does not set to work at haphazard without thought, and go to the granary and take out wheat, and cummin, and barley, and rye, and fling these about right and left; but he estimates the value of each grain, and arranges

them in his mind according to their proportionate values. He does not think that cummin, and dill, and carraway, which he merely grows to give a flavor to his dish on the table, is at all of such importance as the wheat; and, though rye and barley have their values, yet he does not reckon that even these are equal to the corn which he calls "the principal wheat." He is a man of discretion, *he arranges things*, and he places the most important thing in the front rank, and spends upon it the most care.

Herein I would have you learn of the husbandman. Do keep things distinct in your minds—not mixed and muddled by a careless thoughtlessness. Do not live a huddled life, without care and discretion, running all things into one; but sort them out, and divide and distinguish between the precious and the vile. See what this is worth, and what the other is worth, and set your matters in rank and order, making some of them principal, and others inferior. I suggest to you young people especially that, in starting life, you say to yourselves, "What shall we seek for?" For he that seeketh findeth. "What shall we sow?" "For whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

The little things of this life are to be attended to, as a man may sow cummin and fitches; there are some inferior things that ought not to be left undone, as a man should sow rye and barley in their appointed place. Still *there is some principal thing*—some master thing—

SOME CHIEF THING,

for which we ought to live—and what shall that be? What ought to be the principal crop that we shall endeavor to cultivate in our hearts and lives? Have you turned that over? Have you really put the problem before you? or have you gone at it *hit or miss*, as if it did not matter what.

Remember, the eye is a most important part of the body. How shall a man direct his steps if he cannot see? And the motive is the eye. What have you an eye to? What are you living for? What is the principal aim with you? Is it going to be that of the old gentleman satirized in Horace who said to his son—"Get money: get it honestly, if you can; but, by all means, get money?" Is money-getting to be the principal wheat with you? Or will you choose a life of pleasure—"a short life and a merry one," as so many fools have said, to their great sorrow? Is it in dissipation that your life is to be spent? Are thistles to be your principal crop? Because there is a pleasure in looking at a Scotch thistle, do you intend to grow acres of pleasurable vices? And will you make your bed upon them when you come to die? Oh, look and see what is worthy of being the principal object in life; and, when you have found that out, then pray God of His Holy Spirit to help you to choose that one thing, and to give all your powers and faculties to the cultivation of it.

The farmer, who finds that wheat ought to be his principal crop, makes it so, and lays himself out with that end in view. He looks around and says, "What is the best thing for me to produce?" and when he has found it out he calls it his principal thing. Dear friends, do, I pray you, remember that true godliness is the principal thing; therefore get it and prize it above all things.

Now, mark that this farmer was wise, because *he counted that to be principal which was most needful.* His family could do without cummin, which was but a flavoring. Even the fitches are thought to have been a plant which yielded a grain used in giving a taste to bread, but they were not a valuable crop. The family could do without cummin and fitches. Perhaps the mistress might complain, or the cook might grumble; but that did not signify so much as it would do if the children cried for bread. They certainly could not do without wheat, for bread is the staff of life. It is bread that strengtheneth man's heart, and therefore the Eastern farmer must grow bread if he does not grow anything else. That which is most necessary he makes to be the principal thing.

Is not this *common sense?* If we were wisely to sit down and estimate, should we not say, "To be forgiven my sin, to be right with God, to be holy, to be fit to live eternally in Heaven is the greatest, the most needful thing for me, and therefore I will make it the principal object of my pursuit?" Other things may be desirable, but this thing is needful. A certain competence, a measure of esteem among men, a degree of health—all these are the flavoring of life, but to be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation, this is life itself; this is the bread by which our soul's best life is to be sustained. Oh, that we were all wise enough to feel that to be one with Christ is the one thing needful; that to be at peace with God is the principal thing; that to be brought into harmony with the Most High is the true music of life. The moralities and courtesies of life, like the minor seeds, may take their place in due order upon our farm; but the fear of the Lord is the principal wheat, and we must cultivate it with our whole heart.

This farmer was wise, because *he made that to be the principal thing which was the most fit to be so.* Of course, barley is very useful as food. Nations have lived on barley bread, and lived healthily too; and rye has been the nutriment of whole nations; neither have men starved when restricted to oats, and other grains. Still, for all in all, give me good wheaten flour. I know our Scotch friends like oat-cake better, but I hardly think that we shall all come to their mind while wheat flour is of a reasonable price. We still like a piece of wheaten bread, and look upon it as being the best staff of life. And what is there, brethren, that is so fit for the heart, the mind, the soul of man, as to know God and His Christ? Other mental foods, such as the fruits of knowledge, and the dainties of science, excellent though they may be, are inferior nutriment and unsuitable to build up the entire structure of our manhood.

Moreover, this farmer was wise, because *he made that the principal thing which was*

THE MOST PROFITABLE.

Under certain circumstances, in our own country, wheat is not the most profitable thing which a man can grow; but, ordinarily, wheat is the best crop that the earth yields for general consumption, and therefore the text speaks of "the principal wheat." Our grandfathers used to rely upon the wheat-stack to pay the rent. They looked to their corn as the arm of their strength; and though it is not so now, yet so it always was of old, and perhaps it may yet be so again. Anyhow, the figure is just as good with regard to true religion; to fear the Lord is the most profitable thing.

I am told that rich men at the present time find it hard to get hold of anything which yields five per cent. Oh, but this blessed fear of the Lord is an extraordinarily *profitable kind of business*, for it brings in far more than a hundred per cent or a thousand per cent. In this business a man begins without any capital; in fact, he commences over head and ears in debt, and yet he makes a fortune such as misers never dream of. You will say it is a strange way of starting in business; but the believing sinner does so. When he comes to God he is penniless, and as much in debt as he can be; the Lord discharges his heavy arrears of sin, and then the believer rises in riches by sinking more deeply into debt of another kind; not of sin, but of gratitude.

Then let godliness be the principal wheat, for there is nothing so profitable. Godliness is profitable for the life that now is, and for that which is to come. Godliness is a blessing to a man's body; it keeps him from drunkenness and vice. It is a blessing to his soul: it makes it sweet and pure. It is a blessing to him every way. If I had to die like a dog, I would like to live like a Christian. If there were no hereafter, yet still, for comfort and for joy, give me the life of one that lives like Christ, or strives to do so. There is a practical, everyday truth in the verse—

> "'Tis religion that can give
> Sweetest pleasures while we live;
> 'Tis religion must supply
> Solid comfort when we die,"

Only that religion must not be of the common sort; it must not be a vain profession, but it must have for its root a hearty faith in Jesus Christ. See ye to it. Religion must be either everything or nothing, either first or nowhere. Make it the principal thing, and it will fill your soul with treasure.

Thus, you see, the farmer was right in having a principal crop, and in selecting the right seed to be his principal care. I do not suppose that he ever entered into any dispute upon the matter. He felt sure that wheat must be his principal produce, and he gave his thoughts to it. I cannot bear to hear people disputing as to whether it is worth while to give their heart to Christ. The people who question the value of faith have never tried it.

Whenever you observe some conceited creature writing an essay against true religion, and putting it into one of our precious "reviews," do not be carried away by hearing people say that it is mightily clever. If you read it, say to yourselves, "Certainly, this is a clever thing, for here is *a blind man writing upon the harmony of colors;*" see what learned observations he makes upon scarlet and blue, which, he says, are precisely the same, only some narrow-minded folks insist upon their being different." We are willing to take the evidence of scientific men upon the science that they have mastered; but we care nothing for their opinion upon a matter which is quite out of their range.

Oh yes, we have made up our minds long ago; we are not going to argue about it any more; *godliness is the principal wheat* to us. We know it by experience. We have tasted and handled the good word of life. As the Eastern farmer was quite sure that the wheat was the principal thing, so are we quite sure of it, and henceforth, God helping us, we shall sow the principal wheat and leave others to sow tares or darnel if they will.

Thus have I said sufficient upon our first observation; the husbandman is a lesson to us because he knows what is the principal thing.

II. Secondly, he is a lesson to us because he gives this principal thing

THE PRINCIPAL PLACE.

I find that the Hebrew is rendered by some eminent scholars, "He puts the wheat into the principal place." That little handful of cummin, for the wife to flavor the cakes with, he grows in a corner; and the various herbs he plants in their proper borders. The barley he puts in its place, and the rye in its acre; but if there is a good bit of rich soil—the best he has—he says to his men, "That is for the wheat." The principal place is for the principal crop. He gives his choicest fields to that which is to be the main means of his living.

Now, here is a lesson for you and for me. Let us give to true godliness our principal powers and abilities. Let us give to the things of God our best, our ripest, our most careful, *our most intense thought.* I pray you, do not take religion at second hand from what I tell you, or somebody else tells you; but think it over, and give it your principal thoughts. Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the Word of God. The thoughtful Christian is the growing Christian. Remember, the service of God deserves our very best consideration and endeavor. We are poor things at our best, but we ought to give the Lord nothing short of our principal powers.

Be sure, also, to yield to this subject *your most earnest love.* The best field in the little estate of manhood is not so much the intellect as the affections; sow the principal wheat there. Oh, to have true religion in the heart; to love what we know—intensely to love it; to hold it fast as with the grip of life and death—never to let it go! The Lord says, "My son, give me thy heart," and He will not be contented with anything less than our heart. When your zeal is most burning, and your love is most fervent, let the warmth and the fervency all go toward the Lord your God, and to the service of Him who has redeemed you with His precious blood. Let the principal wheat have the principal part of your nature.

Then let the Lord have also always *the attentive respect of your life.* Let the principal wheat be sown in every action of life. I think if we are truly Christians we must, of necessity, be as much Christians outside the church as in it. We shall try to make our eating and our drinking, and

everything we do, tend to the glory of God. Draw no line between the secular and the religious part of your conduct, but let the secular be made religious by a devout desire to glorify God in the one as much as in the other.

We should give to this principal wheat *our most earnest labors:* I mean for the spread of the Gospel. A man ought to consecrate himself to the utmost in the matter of holy work for Jesus. I dread to see a professing man zealous in politics, and luke warm in devotion; all on fire in the parish vestry, and chill as winter when he comes to a prayer-meeting. Some fly like eagles when they are serving the world, but they have a broken wing when they come into the worship of God. This should not be. If anything could rouse us up and make the lion within us roar in his strength, it should be when we confront the foes of Jesus, or fight for His cause. Our Lord's service is the principal wheat, let us labor most in connection with it.

This should also take possession of us so as to lead us to *our greatest sacrifices.* The love of Christ ought to be so strong as to swallow up self, and make sacrifice our daily joy. For Christ's name's sake we should be willing to endure poverty, reproach, slander, exile, death, and count them all joy. Nothing should be precious to a Christian in comparison with Christ, who is preciousness to them that believe. I will put it to you whether it is so with you or not. Is the love of Jesus the principal wheat with you? Are you giving your religion the chief place or not?

I am afraid that some people treat religion as certain gentlemen treat a part of their estate. They have a farm away from their dwelling-house which they call

AN OFF-HAND FARM;

they put a bailiff into it, and only give an eye to it now and then. Some people hold their religion as an off-hand farm, and their minister is the bailiff, who has to see to it for them. I am sure such spiritual farming never pays. They have religion? Certainly. Yes. Oh, certainly; yes. But I am afraid they are like the man of whom the child spoke at the Sunday-school. "Is your father a Christian?" said the teacher. "Yes," said the child, "but *he has not worked much at it lately.*"

I could point out several of this sort, who are sowing their wheat very sparingly, and choosing the most barren patch to sow it in. They profess to be Christians, but religion is a tenth-rate article on their farm. Some have a large acreage for the world, and a poor little plot for Christ. They are great growers of worldly pleasure and self-indulgence, and they sow a little religion by the roadside for appearance sake. They spend more time at billiards than at prayers. This will not do. God will not thus be mocked. If we despise Him and His truth we shall be lightly esteemed. O come, let us give our principal time, talent, thought, effort, to that which is the chief concern of immortal souls. May God help us so to do. May we imitate the husbandman who gives the principal wheat the principal place in his farm.

III. Let us learn a third lesson.

THE HUSBANDMAN SELECTS

the principal wheat or the best seed when he is sowing his fields. That is another meaning of the text, namely, when a farmer is setting aside wheat for sowing, he does not put by the tail corn and all the worst of his produce; but if he is a sensible man he likes to sow the best grains that he can meet with. Many farmers search the country round for a good sample of wheat for sowing, for they do not expect to get a good harvest out of a bad sowing. The husbandman is taught of God to put into the ground the principal wheat —the selected kernels.

If I am going to sow to the Lord and to be a Christian, I should sow the purest form of our holy religion, and I should try to do this, first, *by believing the weightiest doctrines.* I would like to believe, not this ism, nor that, but the unadulterated truth which Jesus taught; for if I want to produce in my soul a holy character, it will come by the Spirit of God out of true doctrine. Falsehood always breeds sin; truth begets and fosters holiness. You and I, therefore, ought to pick over all our seed carefully, judge and decide between truth and error, and not let our soul receive anything but what is according to the word of the Lord.

Next to that we ought to sow *the noblest examples.* Many men are dwarfed because they choose a bad model to start with. They imitate dear old Mr. So-and-so till they grow wonderfully like him, only the best of him is left out. One minister happens to be of a gloomy turn of mind, and he preaches the deep experience of the children of God, and in consequence a band of good people think it to be their duty to be melancholy. How unwise! We should never copy any man's infirmities. To be like Paul there is no need to have weak eyes; to be like Thomas there is no necessity to doubt; to be like Peter we need not be rash. If you copy any good man, there is a point at which you ought to stop short. Yet, if I must have a human model, I would like to have one of the bravest of the saints of God; but, oh, how much better to imitate that perfect pattern which you have in Christ Jesus. Thus, when you are sowing the wheat of holy living, sow the best seed you can, by having Christ Jesus Himself as the example by which you shape your life.

And, then, there is one more mode of sowing selected seed. We should endeavor to live in *the closest communion with God.* One dear brother prayed in our little meeting before the present service that we might have as much grace as we were capable of receiving, and that God would work in us all that He willed to work in us, and bring us into such state that we might not hinder Him in any good thing which He willed to do by us. This is to be our desire; we should rise to the highest form of spiritual life. If you do sow the principal wheat, get the best sort of wheat.

There is religion and religion. There is a spirit and a spirit; and there is a system of divinity and another system of divinity. The best is always good enough for me. I exhort you not to rest content with anything short of the best that can be had. O young men, if you mean to follow Christianity, go in for it thoroughly. If you mean to serve the devil, serve him. He is a pretty master! Remember his wages! But if you wish to serve Christ, do not go sneaking through the world as if you were ashamed of your Lord. If you are Christ's, show yourself. If you are worthy of so great a captain, put on your regimentals.

IV. Fourthly, the husbandman attends to the principal crop with

THE PRINCIPAL CARE.

This Hebrew language always astonishes me, for it conveys such a mint of meaning. Sometimes when I study a verse I find that the critics say that it means this, that, and the other, until I have thought, "This language is miraculous, so full, so deep; very different from our poor English tongue. It teaches us many truths in a few words, and, like a diamond, it has a hundred facets, each flashing forth a distinct ray of light. This plenitude of meaning leads us to reflect upon a far more weighty matter. It is wonderful how much God can put into a word. Why, He put Himself into one. The name of our divine Lord is "the Word of God."

Some critics insist upon it that the proper translation of our text is, that the farmer plants his wheat in rows. I do not know whether our farmers often *plant* wheat. They sow the seed in due order, but I do not hear much of planting it. It is said that the large crops in Palestine in old time were due to the fact that they planted the wheat, absolutely putting it in root by root, so that there might be no more wheat in a row than there ought to be, and they set it in lines so that it was not checked or suffocated by its being too thick in one place, neither was there any fear of its being too thin in another. The wheat was planted, and then streams of water were turned by the foot to each particular plant of wheat. No wonder, therefore, that the land brought forth abundantly.

We give our principal care to the principal thing. Our godliness should be carried out with earnest thought; our service of God should be performed with great care. Brethren, are we careful enough as to our religious walk? Have you ever searched to the bottom of your profession? Have you ever inquired into the reason of your belonging to your present denomination? Why do you happen to be members of a certain church? Your mother was. Well, there is some good in that reason, but not enough to justify you in the sight of God. Why do you happen to profess, as you do, such and such a form of Christianity? Did you ever look into it? I do pray you judge your standing. If any Christian minister is afraid to urge you to this duty I should stand in doubt of him. I am not at all afraid. I wish you to examine all that I teach you. I beg you to do it, for I would not like to be responsible for another man's creed.

Take care, also, that you nourish every part of your religion with prayer, even as the farmer watered each plant. Pray for grace from on high that your soul may never be parched and dried up. Perform to your faith, to your hope, to your love, and to all the graces that are in your soul every needful service which the husbandman renders to his wheat. Watch, weed, ward, and water every gracious principle; give your graces your principal care, for they are to yield your principal harvest.

V. With one more lesson I close. Do this, because from your principal care you may expect

YOUR PRINCIPAL CROP.

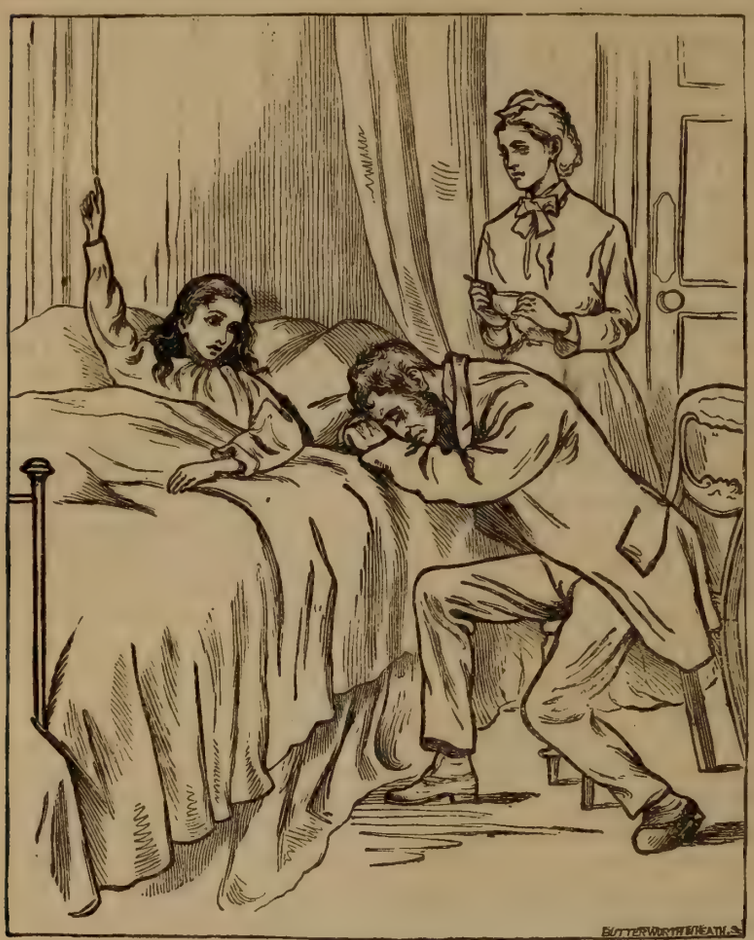
If religion be the principal thing, you may look to religion for your principal reward. The harvest will come to you in various ways. For instance, you will make the greatest success in life if you wholly live to the glory of God. Success or failure must much depend upon the suitableness of the endeavor. I shall never be able to conduct a choir, but I may succeed in preaching, for that is my proper work. Now you, Christian man, if you try to live to the world you will not succeed, for you are not fitted for it. Grace has spoiled you for sin. If you live to God with all your heart you will succeed in it, for God has made you on purpose for a holy sphere.

The Eastern farmer's prosperity hinges on his wheat, and yours upon devotion to God. It is to your faith and love that you must look for your joy. Is there any bliss like the bliss of knowing that you are in Christ, and are the beloved of the Lord? It is to your religion that you must look for comfort on a sick and dying bed; and you may be there very soon. "Ay, and the sooner the better," you may say, if you have grown this principal wheat, and have sown to the Spirit that you may reap life everlasting.

In the world to come what a crop, what a harvest will come of serving the Lord! What will come out of all else? Nothing but vanity of vanity. A man has made a million of money, and he is dead. What is he the better for his gold? A warrior becomes an emperor, his fame rings throughout all the earth; he dies. What has he of all his honors? What will any of you have at the last if you live to the world? To live to the world is like playing with boys in the street for halfpence, or entertaining yourself as children do with bits of platter and oyster shells. A life devoted unto God yields real and substantial results, but all else is waste. Let us think so, and gird up our loins to serve the Lord.

May the Divine Spirit help us to sow the principal wheat, and live in joyful expectation of reaping a joyous harvest in due season, according to the promise, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." That which was the cause of our principal anxiety here shall be the source of our endless felicity hereafter.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]



A Sceptic's Grief.

Watching a Wreck.

THE SCEPTIC'S DYING CHILD.

"O GOD! I cannot spare her yet. She must not die!" exclaimed the agonized father as he stood by the bed of his dying child. "Just! no, it is not just nor merciful that I should be robbed of my only daughter! If she must die, then I will die with her, for how can I live without her?"

For a moment the sweet smile fled from the peaceful features of the expiring girl, and there was an expression of mingled sadness and pity. She beckoned him to her side, and as he bent over her to catch the whisper, for she was almost gone, she murmured low, "Father, meet me in heaven. When you think of me, remember God has taken me, that He may save you. O my father, hear His voice!"

The rebellious man was silenced. His head was bowed like the reed. He had been a sceptic. His daughter had been his God. But he was a sceptic no longer. The fountain of his soul was stirred by the grim features of death staring him in the face.

Profound silence filled the room. Nothing save the flickering breath of the dying child could be heard. Sorrowing friends were standing round to see her die, and she gave each a last farewell look. Her eyes were lighted up with holy love as she whispered, "Jesus! heaven." A peaceful, happy smile, such as only the dying Christian wears, parted her lips. Again her eyes wandered to her father, when, slowly raising her hand, she pointed her finger toward heaven, and with her gaze fixed upon him, the light of life glimmered feebly and more feebly, until it went out.

When they said, "She is gone!" Oh, how those last words, "God has taken me that He may save you," rang in the father's ear.

He sought his room and closed the door. He tried to pray, but in vain. It seemed to him that the billows of his soul were running mountains high, but could not escape their prison bounds. He took from the table the "Word of God," and sitting down, tried to read therefrom, but he could not. He rose and paced the room, murmuring in his heart against God. But he could not hush that voice. Louder and louder it rang, and at every step the echo came back, "God has taken me that He may save you." Suddenly he stops. With uplifted hands, he exclaims, "O my God, I have sinned. I have worshipped my child, and have forgotten Thee. Now do I know that Thou art a jealous God, and wilt have no other god before Thee."

He returned to the death-chamber. There she lay, his lovely idol, all pale in her snowy robe. He gazed upon her long and earnestly as she lay smiling in death's sleep. Then humbly he said, "My daughter, if you, so young and so loved, were willing to die for your father's sake, I will hear the voice."

For many days that father groaned beneath the burden of his sins. There seemed to be not one ray of light, so great was the darkness. But at last, when hope had well nigh fled, just at the dawn of day, there was a glorious dawning in his weary soul. The light of God's countenance shone in upon him, and he was saved in Christ—everlastingly saved.

THE STRANDED VESSEL.

IT was a fearful night off the coast of W——. The wind blew terrifically—howling down the chimneys and rattling the doors and casements, so that sleepers were startled in their beds, and breathed a prayer for the poor mariners. The morning dawned, and I hastened to the beach. The gale continued with unabated fury, and the sea lashed the bold cliffs with a grandeur rarely seen. The white foam whirled through the air, and the billows broke high over the pier and lighthouse of the port in sheets of spray.

The scene was intensely grand and exciting. A vessel in distress was off the coast—no other sail appeared on the horizon. Many an eye was watching her with doubt and anxiety, as she struggled to keep off the rocks and labored hard to make the port. The glass revealed her condition. All the sails but one were in shreds—and only a portion of that remained—her only hope; her masts were splintered, and her spars dangled among the ropes. For some time we watched her dubious course, as she was beaten nearer and nearer the shore. And now, on, on she sped, driven by the wind and the incoming tide! It was a moment of exciting suspense! Will she—*can* she make the port? Now she stands fair—now—now—she enters! Backward again! *Now!* There! Oh—oh! *Just missed!* and in five minutes more she lay a stranded hulk upon the beach!

Oh, to be *so near* the port, and *just to miss* entering!—what could be more melancholy and disappointing? But this was only a ship—a lifeless thing of timber. *What must a stranded soul be?* Alas! there are souls—precious souls—yea, thousands, who are in a similar case! See how they work and toil for the port! No sail but is unfurled, and no rope is left untouched! How they strain, but 'tis no use. The pilot is not aboard: *Jesus is not there.* They will never enter; there is no alternative—they will be *stranded.*

Oh, man—woman—how is it with your bark?—your soul—something infinitely more valuable to you than the greatest ship afloat, even were you the only proprietor. Whither are you bound? Is the Word of God your chart and compass? Are you trusting only in the precious blood of Christ? Ah, when it is *too late*, "many will seek to enter in, and shall not be able!" (Luke 13 : 24).

"THE DRINK DID IT."

DID what?

Well, so long a catalogue of things that it would take me longer time, and you more patience, than either of us has to spare. Here, however, is a sample—

What did the drink do? Emptied the cupboard; bruised the wife; ruined the health; spoiled the temper; weakened the will; dismissed the friends; disgraced the family; robbed the land-

lord; forfeited the place; broke the peace; and destroyed the love.

A pretty long catalogue this, I think. One had need draw breath before starting again, if it were worth while to start again at all. Which it is not.

But did the drink do all this? They say so. Men are always saying so. Ask the magistrates, ask the masters, ask anybody of wide experience, whether it isn't so. It is just the excuse of every drunkard who gets into a scrape of any kind —"It was the drink. That's what it was. The drink did it."

For instance, Jem Tripp, round the corner, who knocked down his wife yesterday week, and gave her a black eye, put it down to the drink, and said the next morning, "The drink did it."

"The drink did it," was Peter Barlow's excuse, when his master had a private interview with him, and put a few questions about such things as spoiled work, and certain days of absence.

And when Johnnie Robinson stood in the prisoner's dock, and was tried for assault of a very ferocious kind, and got a heavy sentence, he, too, pleaded that "the drink did it."

And to give one more instance, haven't we all read in the papers how a condemned man, as he stood by the gallows, and was soon to be launched into eternity, put his awful fate to the credit of the drink, and said with almost his last breath, "The drink did it"?

Well, in a way, there is no denying that the "drink did it," and that if it weren't for the drink it wouldn't have been done at all. That the drink has a hand in most of the mischief of the world, it does not take a philosopher to prove. It's a fact, a fact, a fact.

But that the drink is to blame, that the drink is the offender, that the drink is, in a word, a good excuse, is a thing I do not admit for one moment. Behind the drink, trying to crouch away in hiding, is the real culprit. Come out into the light, you skulking creature, and while you pipe out your idle cry of "the drink did it," hear my blunt denial.

"The drink did it?" The drink could never have done it, if you had not given it an entrance into your poor brain first of all. It is in that will of yours which bade the hand seize the tankard, and lift it to your lips, that the guilt lies. No, no, it was not "the drink that did it," but your own evil self.

"The drink did it?" And yet you are punished for it? It is a great shame that you should be touched with a single finger, if only "the drink did it." The rebuke, the chastisement, the dismissal, the prison, the gallows, are huge mistakes, surely. And is the civilized world about to stand by and watch such wicked judgments, and not say a single word by way of protest? Oh, poor foolish man, I wonder you never saw before that nobody believes you, that nobody accepts your excuse, that nobody doubts but that you yourself are the culprit, in spite of your cry of "the drink did it." And if the world lays the blame at your door, why don't you begin to lay it there, too?

"The drink did it?" Shall the drink do it any more? Here is a plain question, which you had better answer if you are a wise man. You can answer it, if you will. The drink! You know as well as I do, it can never do anything more through you if you decide to-day to have done with it. Frequent the tap-room, broach a private barrel at home, go on as you are going on now, and soon the drink will do something more. Come, man, which shall be the master, you or the drink? Shall the drink do it any more?

"The drink did it?"

A Fireman's Heroism.

When before the great white throne your guilty soul lies bare and open, and the wife, the children, the mates, and the neighbors, point the finger of accusation at you, and your crimes are read out of the book, one by one, think you the great Judge will listen to your plea of, "The drink did it?"

Tell the truth, man. Make a clean breast of it. Down on your knees before the blessed Saviour of sinners, and say, "Lord, I did it, I did it," and as you confess your bitter, bitter sin, and seek the Saviour's pardon, and believe His wondrous love, there shall steal into your soul the peace of the forgiven.

Oh! friend, with sins gone, and heart made new, and a Saviour's strength to lean upon, you shall go out into the battle to win a glorious victory.

"The drink did it!" Yes, *did* it in the old, bad days, but never a thing shall it do when the grace of God comes in.

A TIMELY RESCUE.

"FIRE! fire!" A cloud of dense black smoke hangs like a pall over the street, shutting out the midnight stars. But soon the flames dart out from the windows, they leap from floor to floor, and shooting through the roof, cast a red, flickering light on the anxious faces gathering in the street below.

It is a narrow street; the house is old and burns fiercely. Have they all escaped? Oh, yes! at the first alarm men and women rushed out, springing from their beds and escaping for life. So the firemen try to keep the fire from spreading.

But stay! here is a mother inquiring for her two children; neither friend or neighbor has them, they are still in the burning house. And as the terrible truth flashes on the mother's mind, she rushes forward to seek her children amid the flames. But strong arms keep her back; then a ladder is raised against the burning house and a brave young fireman steps forward. But the ladder is too short to reach their bedroom, and it is placed against a lower window. He rushes up through clouds of blinding smoke, and for a moment he stands at the window, whence the smoke is pouring out in dense volumes. It was but a moment; the crowd cheered him, and he dashed forward up the perilous staircase till he reached the children's bedroom.

He found the children, and taking one in each arm, turned to descend. Through the blinding, choking smoke he stumbled down the stairs, the tongues of flame licking and singeing him as he passed, but he reached the window in safety. There help was waiting, and he resigned his burden to the care of his comrades. The crowd cheered him to the echo as he descended, and he was rejoiced to find that he had not risked his life in vain; the children lived.

Unconverted reader, are you not in as great danger as those children? Greater, because the death that threatens you is eternal. You cannot escape through the window, because the ladder is too short; you cannot be saved by trying to fulfil the law of God.

But the Son of God left His throne in heaven, in order to provide for guilty man a way of escape. He "bare our sins in His own body on the tree;" and every penitent sinner accepting that blessed fact in simple and absolute confidence shall as surely be saved.

Will you leave the burning house now a way of escape has been found? Or will you be like a drunken rioter, who, some years ago, was seen at the window of the upper floor of a house in flames? Waving a stick to the crowd below, he shouted, "Hurrah! hurrah!" Hundreds of people loudly cried, "Get out on the roof, or you will be burned!" But all the man did was to wave his arms again, and shout "Hurrah!" Presently the flames burst into the room, and the man went back from the window; a shriek went up from the crowd, who saw him no more. But on the following morning the body of a man was found in the ruins burned to a cinder.

Most persons will say that this poor man was drunk, and blind to his danger. So are all those who neglect to flee from the wrath to come, who are intoxicated with the pleasures and affairs of this present evil world, and blind to the fact that there is but a step between them and death. Therefore they sport upon the brink of destruction, heedless of those who seek to arouse them to a sense of their guilt and danger; and they refuse to avail themselves of the offered deliverance in Christ.

Dear reader, Christ can save you, whether you be a brand ready for the flames, or a respectable and highly moral sinner. Whatever your condition, Christ *can* save you if you come to Him, and He *must* save you before you can be admitted to heaven!

The Conscience Money.—"A Friend of Mine," says Mr. Moody, "in America, who had come to Christ, was trying to consecrate himself and his wealth to God. He had formerly had business transactions with the Government, and had taken advantage of them. After his conversion the enormity of his offence became increasingly plain to him, and his conscience troubled him. He asked me what he should do. 'I want to consecrate my wealth, but it seems as if God won't take it.' He had a terrible struggle; his enlightened conscience smiting him with ever-increasing force until the man became absolutely miserable. His prayers seemed to be a sham, and his profession of religion a hypocrisy. At last he drew a check for $1500, and sent it to the Government. He told me he got such a rich blessing when he had done it. That is bringing forth fruits meet for repentance."

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(*Continued from page 735.*)

Old Marlowe.

THE unconscious influence of Roland Sefton's life and character had been working secretly and slowly upon Felicita's nature for years. They were very young when they were married; and her first feeling of resentment toward her own family for pressing on the marriage had at the outset somewhat embittered her against her young husband. But this had gradually worn away, and Felicita had never been so near loving him heartily and deeply as during the last year or two, when it was evident that his attachment to her was as loyal and as tender as ever. He had almost won her, when he staked all and lost all.

For now she asked herself, *what was the worth of all this religion*, which presented so fair a face to her? She had a delicate sense of honor and truthfulness, which never permitted her to swerve into any by-ways of expediency or convenience. What use was Roland's religion without truthfulness and honor? She said to herself that there was no excuse for him even feeling tempted to deal with another man's property. It ought to have been as impossible to him as it was impossible to her to steal goods from a tradesman's counter. Was it possible to serve God—and Roland professed to serve Him—yet cheat his fellow-men? The service of God itself must then be a vanity—a mere bubble, like all the other bubbles of life.

It had never been her habit to speak out her thoughts, even to her husband. Speech seemed an inefficient and blundering medium of communication, and she found it easier to write than to talk. There was a natural taciturnity about her which sealed her lips, even when her children were prattling to her. Only in writing could she give expression to the multitude of her thoughts within her; and her letters were charming, and of exceeding interest. But in this great crisis in her life she could not write. She would sit for hours vainly striving to arouse her languid brain. It seemed to her that she had lost this gift also in the utter ruin that had overtaken her.

Felicita's white, silent, benumbed grief, accepting the conviction of her husband's guilt with no feminine contradicting or loud lamenting, touched Mr. Clifford with more pity than he felt for Madame, who bore her son's mysterious absence with a more simple and natural sorrow. There was something irritating to him in the fact that Roland's mother ignored the accusation he made against him. But when Roland had been away three months, and the police authorities had given up all expectation of discovering anything by watching his home and family, Mr. Clifford felt that it was time something should be arranged which would deliver Felicita from her voluntary imprisonment.

"Why do you not go away?" he asked her; "you cannot continue to live mewed up here all your days. If Roland should be found, it would be better for you not to be in Riversborough. And I for one have given up the expectation that he will be found; the only chance is that he may return and give himself up. Go to some place where you are not known. There is Scarborough; take Madame and the children there for a few months, and then settle in London for the winter. Nobody will know you in London."

"But how can we leave this house?" she said, with a gleam of light in her sad eyes.

"Let me come in just as it is," he answered. "I will pay you a good rent for it; and you can take a part of the furniture to London, to make your new dwelling there more like home. It would be a great convenience to me, and it would be the best thing for you, depend upon it. If Roland returns he will never live here again."

"No, he could never do that," she said, sighing deeply. "Mr. Clifford, sometimes I think he must be dead."

"I have thought so too," he replied gravely; "and if it were so, it would be the salvation of you and your children. There would be no public trial and conviction, and though suspicion might always rest upon his memory, he would not be remembered for long. Justice would be defrauded; yet on the whole I should rejoice for your sake to hear that he was dead."

Felicita's lips almost echoed the words. Her heart did so, though it smote her as she recollected his passionate love for her. But Mr. Clifford's speech sank deeply into her mind, and she brooded over it incessantly. Roland's death meant honor and fair fame to herself and her children; his life was perpetual shame and contempt to them.

It was soon settled that they must quit Riversborough; but though Felicita welcomed the change, and was convinced it would be the best thing to do, Madame grieved sorely over leaving the only home which had been hers, except the little manse in the Jura, where her girlhood had passed swiftly and happily away. She had brought with her the homely, thrifty ways in which she had been trained; and every spot in her husband's dwelling had been taken under her own care and supervision. Her affections had rooted themselves to the place, and she had never dreamed of dying anywhere else than among the familiar scenes which had surrounded her for more than thirty years. The change, too, could not be made without her consent, for her marriage settlement was secured upon the house; and her husband had left to her the right of accepting or refusing a tenant.

To leave the familiar, old mansion, and to carry away with her only a few of the household treasures, went far to break her heart. "It is where my husband intended for me to live and die," she moaned to Phebe Marlowe; "and, oh, if I go away I can never fancy I see him sitting in his own chair as he used to do, at the head of the table, or by the fire. I have not altogether lost him, though he's gone, as long as I can think of how he used to come in and go out of this room, always with a smile for me. But if I go where he never was, how can I think I see him there? And my son will be angry if we go; he will come back, and clear up all this mystery, and he will think we went away because we thought he had done evil. Ought we not to come home again after we have been to Scarborough?"

"I think Mrs. Sefton will die if she stays here," said Phebe. "It is necessary for her to make this change; and you'd rather go with her and the children than live here alone without them."

"Oh, yes, yes!" answered Madame; "I cannot leave my little Felix and Hilda, or Felicita: she is my son's dear wife. But he will come home some day, and we can return then; you hope so, don't you, Pheeb?"

"If God pleases!" said Phebe, sighing.

"In truth, if God pleases!" repeated Madame.

When the last hour came in which Phebe could see Roland's wife, she sought for her in her study, where she was choosing the books to be sent after her. In the very words in which Roland had sent his message *she delivered it to Felicita.* The cold, sad, marble-like face did not change, though her heart gave a throb of disappointment and anguish as the dread hope that he was no longer alive died out of it.

"I will meet him there," she said. But she asked Phebe no questions, and did not tell her where she was to meet her husband.

Life had put on for Phebe a very changed aspect. The lonely farmstead on the uplands had been till now a very happy and tranquil home. She had had no sorrow since her mother died, when she was eight years of age, too young to grieve very sorely. On the other hand, she was not so young as to require a woman's care; and old Marlowe had made her absolute mistress of the little home. His wife, a prudent, timid woman, had always repressed his artistic tendencies, preferring the certainty of daily bread to the vague chances of gaining renown and fortune.

Old Marlowe, so marred and imperfect in his physical powers, had submitted to her shrewd, ignorant authority, and earned his living and hers by working on his little farm, and going out occasionally as a carpenter. But when she was gone, and his little girl's eyes only were watching him at his work, and the child's soul delighted in all the beautiful forms his busy hands could fashion, he gave up his out-door toil and, with all the pent-up ardor of the lost years, he threw himself absorbingly into the pleasant occupation of the present. Though he mourned faithfully for his wife, the woman who had given to him Phebe, he felt happier and freer without her.

Phebe's girlhood also had been both free and happy. All the seasons had been sweet to her: dear to her was "the summer, clothing the general earth with greenness," and the winter, when "the red breast sits and sings betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch of the mossy apple-tree." She had listened to "the eave-drops falling in the trances of the blast," and seen them "hang in silent icicles, quietly shining to the quiet moon." There had been no change in nature unnoticed or unbeloved by her.

The unbroken silence reigning around her, heightened by the mute speech between herself and her father, which needed eyes only, not lips, had grown so familiar as to be almost dear to her, in spite of her strong delight in fellowship with others. The artistic temperament she had inherited from her father, which very early took vivid pleasure in expressing itself in color as well as in form, had furnished her with an occupation of which she could never tire. As long as there was light in the sky, long after the sun had gone down, in the lingering twilight, loath to forsake the uplands, she was at her canvas catching the soft gray tones, and dim colored tints, and clearer masses of foliage, which only the evening could show.

To supply her need of general companionship, there had been so full and satisfying a sense of friendship between herself and the household at the Old Bank at Riversborough, that one day spent with them gave her thought for a month. Every word uttered by Roland and Felicita was treasured up in her memory and turned over in her mind for days after. Madame's simple and cheerful nature made her almost like a mother to the simple and cheerful country girl; and Felix and Hilda had been objects of the deepest interest to her from the days of their birth. But it was Roland, who had known her best and longest, to whom she owed the direction and cultivation of her tastes and intellect, who had been almost like a god to her in her childhood; it was he who dominated over her simple heart the most. He was to Phebe so perfect that she had never imagined that there could be a fault in him.

There is one token to us that we are meant for a higher and happier life than this, in the fact that sorrow and sin always come upon us as a surprise. Happy days do not astonish us, and the goodness of our beloved ones awakens no amazement. But if a sorrow comes we cry aloud to let our neighbors know something untoward has befallen us; and if one we love has sinned, we feel as if the heavens themselves were darkened.

It was so with Phebe Marlowe. All her earthly luminaries, the greater lights and the lesser lights, were under an eclipse, and a strange darkness had fallen upon her. For the first time in her life she found herself brooding over the sin of one who had been her guide, her dearest friend, her hero. From the time when as a child she had learned to look up to him as the paragon of all perfection, until now, as a girl on the verge of womanhood, she had offered up to him a very pure and maidenly worship. There was no one else whom she could love as much; for her dumb and deaf father she loved in quite a different manner—with more of pity and compassion than of admiration. Roland, too, had sometimes talked with her, especially while she was a child, about God and Christ; and she had regarded him as a spiritual director. Now her guide was lost in the dense darkness. There was no sure example for her to follow.

She had told her father he would never see her smile again if Roland Sefton was taken to jail. There had been, of course, an implied promise in this, but the promise was broken. Old Marlowe looked in vain for the sweet and merry smiles that had been used to play upon her face. She was too young and too unversed in human nature to know how jealously her father would watch her, *with inward curses* on him who had wrought the change. When he saw her stand for an hour or

more, listlessly gazing with troubled, absent eyes across the wide-spreading moor, with its broad sweep of deep-purpled bloom, and golden gorse, and rich green fern, yet taking no notice, nor hastening to fix the gorgeous hues upon her canvas while the summer lasted, and when he watched her in the long dusk of the autumn evenings sit motionless in the chimney-corner opposite to him, her fingers lying idly on her lap instead of busily prattling some merry nonsense to him, and with a sad pre-occupation in her girlish face, then he felt that he had received his own death-blow, and had no more to live for.

The loss of his hard-earned money had taken a deeper hold upon him than a girl so young as [illegible] could imagine. For what is money to a young nature but the merest dross, compared with the love and faith it has lavished upon some fellow-mortal? While she was mourning over the shipwreck of all her best affections, old Marlowe was brooding over his six hundred pounds. They represented so much to him—so many years of toil and austere self-denial. He had risen early and late taken rest and eaten the bread of carefulness. His grief was not all ignoble, for it was for his girl he grieved most; his wonderful child, so much more gifted than the children of other men, whom nature had treated more kindly than himself; men who could hear and speak, but whose daughters were only commonplace creatures. The money was hers, not his; and it was too late now for him to make up the heavy loss. The blow which had deprived him of the fruits of his labor seemed to have incapacitated him for further work.

Moreover, Phebe was away oftener than usual; gone to the house of the spoiler. Nor did she come home, as she had been wont to do, with radiant eyes, and a soft, sweet smile coming and going, and many a pleasant piece of news to tell off on her nimble fingers. She returned with tear-stained eye-lids and a downcast air, and was often altogether silent as to the result of the day's absence.

(*To be continued.*)

BALAAM.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 4. Num. 24 : 1-19. Golden Text, James 1 : 8. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE history of Balaam is one of the saddest, but perhaps one of the most instructive, in the Old Testament. He was a man who believed in God, and who was so well known as a follower of the Lord, and so recognized as a man whose faith was with power, that Balak, the heathen king of Moab, felt certain of victory over his foes if Balaam's faith were on his side. He said to Balaam, "I wot that he whom thou blessest is blessed, and he whom thou cursest is cursed." Balaam was a man possessing rare gifts of the Spirit of God; he had prophetic light upon the far future, and told of the coming Messiah; he knew what it was to commune with God, and would take no step until he had obtained counsel from on high; he knew the character of the God he had to deal with, and yet with all this he was a man who lived for himself, who had never fully surrendered himself to God; *his conversion was without consecration*, and was therefore imperfect. He fell, and great was his fall.

It is evident that Balak knew what was Balaam's weak side, or he could never have made him such a proposition as that he should curse God's people. Balak knew that *the things of this world had still a hold on Balaam;* it may be that in private intercourse with him he had perceived something of greediness or selfishness, and thus he was not without hope that "the rewards of divination" which he sent by his messengers would weigh somewhat with him. We little know how much the smallest selfishness in us Christians gives occasion to those who know not God to take advantage of us. Balak was not out in his calculations; when the messengers arrived Balaam did not reject with horror the proposition they made him; he would think over it, would pass a night of prayer over it. It is difficult to conceive how a man of God could have entertained such a proposition for a moment; but whenever one Christian worker in our own day seeks to overreach or to supersede another for his own advantage, or for the advantage of his mission or his "cause;" does it not savor of the same spirit of self-seeking as that which influenced Balaam?

O how blind is a man, even a believing man, when under the influence of self-interest! Balaam went to pass the night in prayer that he might obtain permission from God to curse those who believed in Him and served Him, and who, moreover, were His chosen people! No wonder *God was the first to break silence*, no wonder Balaam could not at first urge his plea; yet he did mean business, he did mean to have to do with God. The Lord said: "What men are these with thee?" And Balaam stated the commission of the King of Moab. "And God said unto Balaam, Thou shalt not go with them; thou shalt not curse the people; for they are blessed. And Balaam rose up in the morning, and said unto the princes of Balak, Get you into your land; for the Lord refuseth to give me leave to go with you."

The princes returned to Balak with their answer. How came it then that the King of Moab should think it possible that Balaam was yet to be overcome? There must have been some sadly weak points in Balaam's character, and Balak must have known them. The bare idea that the prophet of the Lord would sell his spiritual power to a heathen is evidence that Balak knew that other motives stronger than the love of God influenced him, and that *he was open to bribes*. O that the truth were understood that when a man yields himself to the Spirit of God, he does not become the Spirit's master, but His instrument; he cannot control the Spirit of God, nor force Him to work in the channel which he wishes to accomplish his own purposes. Poor ignorant Balak was not to be blamed if he saw in Balaam only a more powerful kind of sorcerer, who could use his supernatural power to increase his own riches or better his own worldly position; and therefore sent to Balaam "princes more and more honorable than they," with promises of great honors and unlimited reward.

Balaam was flattered; perhaps he argued, "I cannot be expected to refuse such a chance, it would be the making of me and of my family. My sons can get government appointments. I can get my daughters comfortably settled, surely the Lord will not be so unkind as to refuse me such great advantages." *But the price; would he curse God's people?* Alas! so blinded was he with the brilliant prospect that he forgot to weigh the means of attaining his wishes. Still he could not do anything without praying over it; he told the messengers that if Balak would give him his house full of silver and gold, he could not go beyond the word of the Lord, and yet, fatal inconsistency! he added, "Now, therefore, I pray you, tarry ye also here this night, that I may know what the Lord will say unto me more." He knew, for he said it himself, that "God is not a man, that He should lie; neither the son of man, that He should repent," and yet, so thoroughly had he yielded himself to love "the wages of unrighteousness" (2 Pet. 2 : 15), that he acted against his own declaration and entreated God to do that which he himself prophesied He could not do. And God answered him as one "that setteth up his idols in his heart . . . according to the multitude of his idols" (Ezek. 14 : 4).

Alas! he had taken the first step on the terrible incline to ruin. He made God's answer *the excuse for doing his own will*, and God was angry. Yet the patient love of his Heavenly Father gave him one more chance, he "was rebuked for his iniquity; the dumb ass, speaking with man's voice, forbade the madness of the prophet" (2 Pet. 2 : 16); the ass had eyes for the angel of the Lord, Balaam had eyes only for his own earthly interest. When at last he was aroused through the voice of the ass, and when "he saw the angel of the Lord standing in the way," who told him that his way was perverse, and that he had come to withstand him, still the blinded Balaam threw a doubt upon the will of God. "I have sinned," he said; "for I knew not that thou stoodest in the way against me; now, therefore, *if it displease thee*, I will get me back again" (chap. 22). If it displease thee? Had not the Lord said: "Thou shalt *not* go with them?" and was not the angel there to withstand him? Must he not have known, if he had paused to think, that the second answer of God was an answer according to his folly, that God does not change? That fatal *if* turned the scale. Henceforth Balaam became a "vessel of wrath fitted to destruction;" a helpless voice, forced to declare God's truth in spite of himself, and then a terrible tool in the hands of the enemy of souls.

He knew that he should have no control over his prophetic utterances, and told Balak so; but *he sought by means of sorcery* (chap. 23 : 23; 24 : 1) to engage the enemy, if not God, against Israel. It was in vain, and he was obliged at last to confess, "Surely, there is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any divination against Israel." God met with him, but not in mercy, and made him to pour out blessings upon the people whom he sought to curse, and even to pray a prayer which could not be answered. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." Balak had to learn that spiritual power, blessing, or cursing by the Spirit of God, is not to be bought or sold, and is neither at the command of the heathen, nor yet of the believer. He was grievously disappointed, and brought Balaam to another point of view where he could see but the utmost part of the people; but the Lord put a word in his mouth which was one stream of blessing upon them, one declaration of their coming greatness.

At last Balak became angry when, for a third time, the Spirit of the Lord came upon Balaam, and he was forced in spite of himself to speak the Lord's message. He had thrown away his soul, lost all real communion with God, and had the mortification of *receiving his discharge from the service of Balak* with the biting irony, "I called thee to curse mine enemies, and behold, thou hast altogether blessed them these three times. Therefore, now flee thou to thy place; I thought to promote thee unto great honor; but, lo! *the Lord hath kept thee back from honor.*" Once more he opened his mouth in prophecy, and spoke of the Messiah, but as one whose part and lot with Him was lost. "I shall see Him, but not now; I shall behold Him, but not nigh." Then the unhappy man "went and returned to his place," his dreams unrealized, his hopes blighted.

But an awful devilish thought struck him. He had staked his soul upon this venture, and had lost it, but he should not die just yet, there might still be a possibility of obtaining the prize for which he had paid so dear. So he passed over at once from the service of God to be the active agent of the great enemy of souls, and went again to Balak suggesting that if God's faithfulness to His people could not be tampered with, they might be snared into sin against Him, which would bring on them certain judgment. And so the dark spirit which had replaced the Spirit of God in him, laid the deep plot, and he "taught Balak to cast a stumbling-block before the children of Israel, to eat things sacrificed unto idols, and to commit fornication" (Rev. 2 : 14). The snare was only too successful. The history of chap. 25 with 31 : 15, 16, tells us of the sin and of its fearful punishment twenty-four thousand dying in the plague which followed.

And what of Balaam? God called upon Moses to "avenge the children of Israel of the Midianites," and five kings of the Midianites fell, and with them "Balaam the seer of Beor;" he attained his end, wrought a curse upon the children of Israel, obtained the favor of their enemies, and lost his own soul. O how much a man may have to do with God and yet be lost when his whole being, body, soul, and spirit is not fully given up to God! Christ hath died for us "that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again" (2 Cor. 5 : 15). Self is a principle of corruption, antagonistic to eternal life; but Christ in us cannot sin, cannot fall away, cannot perish, cannot fail. God, teach us in very deed to live crucified with Christ, that not we may live, but Christ in us!

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The German Reichstag was Opened by Prince Bismarck on November 17th. The Emperor's absence caused some remark, and the Chancellor, before reading the speech from the throne, conveyed his Majesty's excuses therefor. The speech was received by the deputies with icy coldness, the absence of applause being regarded as a demonstration of hostility. In spite of the unequivocal vote of the people, the Emperor announced his adherence to the old policy, thus setting the will of the electors at defiance. The following is the summary of the speech as cabled: Concerning internal affairs, the speech states that the economic policy of the government as to reforms in the system of taxation hitherto pursued will be strictly adhered to. Stress is laid on the necessity that provision be made by the State for invalid workmen. The Emperor says the budget shows gratifying results of the economic policy. The measures announced are these: For the incorporation of Hamburg in the Zollverein, for quadrennial parliaments, for biennial budgets, the Accident Insurance bill, the tobacco monopoly, and the liquor tax. The Emperor's speech emphatically points out that the social evils are not to be remedied by repression alone, but rather by concurrent promotion of the welfare of the working classes.

M. Gambetta, in Assuming the Reins of Power, has delivered before the French Chambers a speech describing the policy he proposes to pursue. He said: "We propose to reform the judicial system. With the view of securing reforms the government has testified to its desire to place, by means of a wisely limited revision of the constitutional laws, *one of the essential powers of the State in more complete harmony with the democratic nature of our society.*" After promising the development of the educational system he said the administration would seek, without impairing the defensive power of France, by reducing the land and sea forces to relieve the burdens of the country; they would also lessen the financial burdens upon agriculture, fix by treaties an economic régime of the various industries, give a greater impulse to the means of production, transport, and exchange and the promotion of social thrift, and insure respect for established powers in the relations of the various religious denominations with the State, and, finally, while protecting public liberties, to maintain with firmness, order at home and with dignity, peace abroad. The allusion to one of the essential powers of the State indicates that M. Gambetta intends to remodel the constitution so far as the Senate is concerned. Some disappointment is expressed that the policy proposed is not the brilliant policy expected, but is only such a line as an ordinary minister might mark out. M. Gambetta's cabinet is composed of men whose antecedents do not encourage the hope that a pacific future is in store for the French Republic.

Earthquakes in Europe.—A Newspaper Correspondent cables that three more shocks of earthquake were felt at Agram, the city which was recently almost demolished by an earthquake, on Tuesday, November 15th. Earthquake shocks were felt at Naples, Catanzaro, and Cosenza early the following morning. There were two earthquake shocks at Messina on Thursday, November 17th, the first at one o'clock and the second at twenty minutes to six o'clock. It is reported that the shocks caused some disasters and loss of life in the interior."

Self-government for Ireland is the Watchword of a large number of Irishmen in this country and in Ireland. The difficulties in the way of realizing that object were presented recently in a speech Mr. Chamberlain, M.P., made at Liverpool. Mr. Chamberlain's opinions are entitled to the attention of Irish patriots, because, unlike some of his colleagues, he has frequently avowed his preference for a republican form of government, and is the earnest advocate of the rights of the laboring classes. Mr. Chamberlain said "Are we prepared to admit that the question of separation is an open one between us? Well, I say for myself that I am not prepared to admit that this is possible, either in the interest of this country or in the interest of Ireland, that there should be created a hostile power within striking distance of these shores. I suppose that the first result of this would be that independent Ireland would be plunged into civil war, in which we would be forced to take a side. Ireland independent must always be jealous and afraid of England, which would be a strong military and commercial nation close to her. *Ireland would be crushed* under the weight of military and naval expenditure, which it would have to maintain in order to secure its separate existence. The two countries would be *a standing menace* the one to the other. Sooner or later the condition would be intolerable."

Mr. John Bright, the Renowned English statesman, celebrated his seventieth birthday on November 16th. Congratulatory addresses were presented to him. Mr. Bright, replying to an address at a meeting at Rochdale, where he resides, dwelt upon the benefits of free trade. Speaking on the land question, he said that unless means were taken to stimulate production by putting increased capital and skill into the soil, there was no remedy whatever for the agricultural distress but *a great and permanent reduction of rent.*

The Question of Obstruction in the British Parliament is under the consideration of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues, and the probability appears to be that power will be given to the Speaker and the chairmen of the committees to name a member for anything like wilful obstruction, such naming, if backed by the result of *a division without debate*, to exclude the offender for a month, while a second conviction should exclude for the whole session.

Owners of Property in Ireland Have in Many cases suffered severe hardship through the refusal of the tenants, on the advice of Mr. Parnell, to pay rent. To the rich among them, and to such as have property other than Irish land, the loss may have been merely inconvenient, but there is a large number of owners of land whose condition is truly deplorable. There are numerous cases where landlords, who a few years ago were in affluent circumstances, are now almost beggared. Sometimes the sufferer is an elderly lady, with a life estate; sometimes a mortgagor, compelled to go on paying interest on the debt, or a leaseholder forced to pay his superior landlord the rent agreed upon to the last penny. A gentleman in a western county, with a nominal rental of $10,000, is reduced to live on the produce of his poultry-yard; another has only received $200 out of $5000 due for rent. A lady living in Dublin, with a jointure of a fair amount, is obliged to the kindness of a relative for bare subsistence; and two Dublin ladies, entitled to some $2000 a year between them, are existing on the charity of their friends.

An Egyptian Parliament has been Convoked to take into consideration the condition of the country. It is called "an assembly of notables," and is composed of the most prominent men of the nation. The election passed off quietly. The Arabs manifested little interest. The Premier, Cherif Pacha, who was appointed at the dictation of the insurgents, has expressed his satisfaction at the result. As to the policy of the new Assembly there is as yet no indication. The British attitude has been thus defined by the Foreign Secretary in a letter to the representative of Great Britain in Egypt: "We are convinced that the tie uniting Egypt to the Porte is the best safeguard against foreign intervention. If it should be broken Egypt might soon be endangered by rival ambitions. The only circumstance which could force us to cease maintaining this tie would be an outbreak of anarchy in Egypt, and we look to the Khedive, to Cherif Pacha, and to the good sense of the Egyptian nation to prevent such a catastrophe. As long as Egypt continues tranquil it will be the earnest desire of Her Majesty's government to contribute toward a satisfactory result."

A Wholesale Massacre of Young Girls is reported from Africa. A telegram from London says advices from Cape Coast Castle, dated October 16th, state that information has been received there that the King of Ashantee has killed *two hundred young girls* for the purpose of using their blood for mixing mortar for the repair of one of the State buildings. The report of the massacre was received from a refugee who was to have been one of the victims. It receives some confirmation also in the fact that such wholesale massacres are known to be a custom with the king (Ps. 74 : 20).

A British Search Expedition for the Jeanette has been suggested by the Royal Geographical Society. The President, Sir Rutherford Alcock, in the course of a speech delivered November 14th, said: "It had been suggested that the best way to find the missing steamer would be to send an expedition by land, and that the Hudson's Bay Company might have a chance of fitting out an expedition to examine both sides of the Mackenzie River to see whether the Jeanette's crew had been heard of in that direction. He might say that the Royal Geographical Society had authorized him to communicate with the Chief Secretary for the Colonies, and to sugggest that the Hudson's Bay Company be asked to send out such an expedition, and he had hopes that it would be done."

An Outbreak of Cholera is Reported from Mecca, the resort of Mahommedan pilgrims. Advices state that five hundred persons are dying daily there, and as steamers refuse to carry returning passengers, the people are wandering into adjacent cities and "spreading the infection."

A Lawsuit is Reported Pending as the Result of the marriage of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts with her American protegé. The London correspondent of an American journal says: "It was supposed that all litigation arising from the marriage had been averted. It seems, however, that such is not the case. Mrs. Money, the Baroness's sister, has brought an action to recover about $400,000 a year, which, since the wedding, she asserts, belongs to her son under the will of the Duchess of St. Albans, and in which she has a life interest. The legal question involved is whether or not Mr. Ashmead Bartlett was an alien at the time of his marriage."

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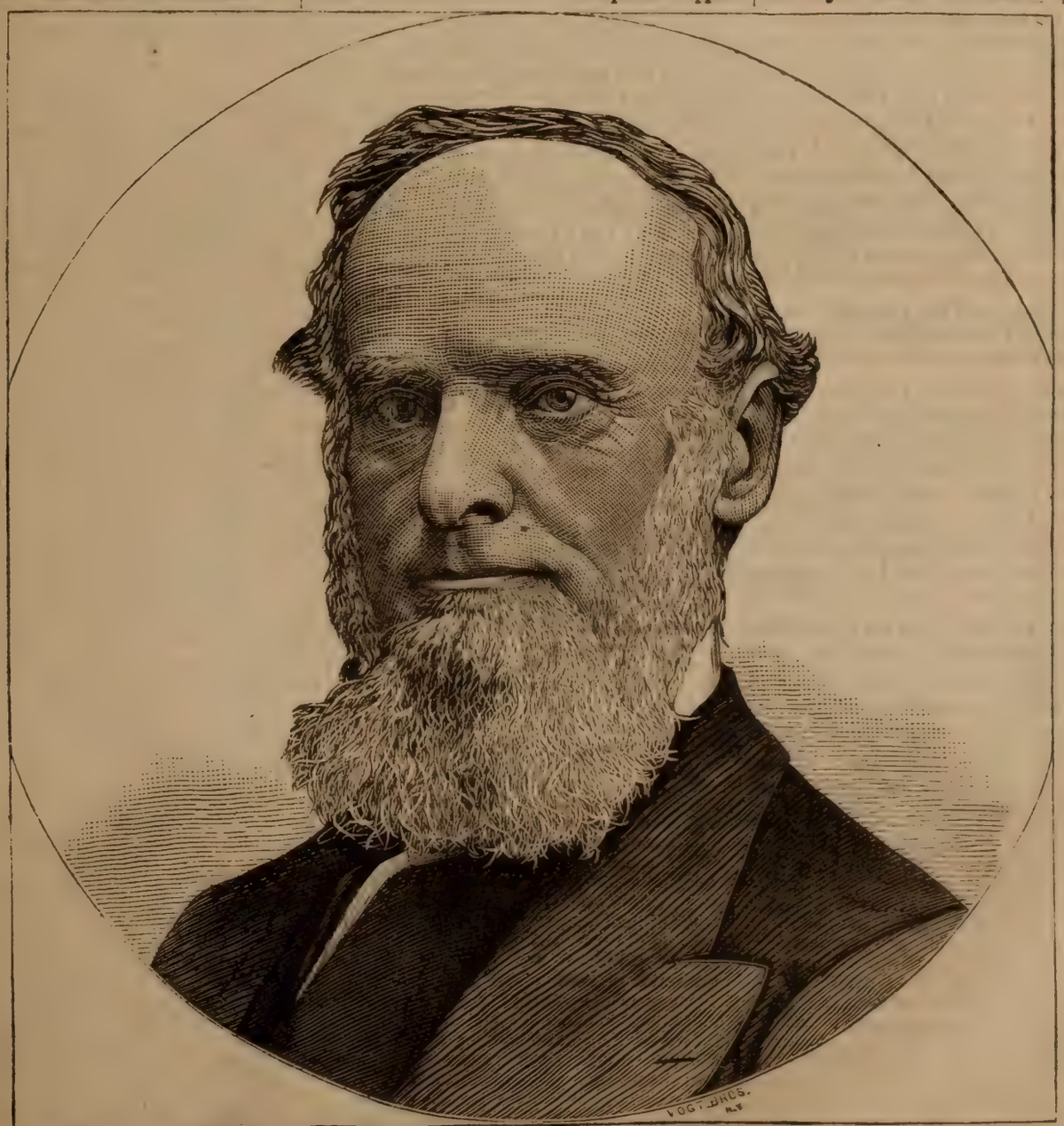

The Rev. WILLIAM ARTHUR A.M., Author of "The Tongue of Fire."

THE REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR, A.M.

Born in Ireland—Presbyterian Parentage—Early Precocity—Conversion — Preparation for the Ministry—Embarks as a Missionary for India—Life on Board an East-Indiaman—Hard and Successful Work in Mysore—Re-embarks for England—Peril at Sea—His First Book—In Paris—Revolution of 1848—Appointed Missionary Secretary—First Visit to America—"The Tongue of Fire"—"The Successful Merchant"—Forty-three Editions—President of the Conference—Principal of Belfast College—"The Pope, the Kings and the People"—Papal Designs Unmasked—Habits of Work—Preparation of Sermons—One Tenth to God—Second Visit to America—Mission Work in France.

In The Christian Herald of the 13th October, we gave portraits and biographical sketches of six of the most prominent British delegates to the Methodist Œcumenical Conference which had been sitting in London. The Rev. Mr. Arthur would naturally have been in the group, but we felt that a scholar and orator who had twice visited America, and whose writings were as well known in this country as in his own, would be more acceptably placed before our readers if the biographical pages of one number of The Christian Herald were entirely devoted to an account of his life and career. To-day we carry out the design of which we then gave notice.

William Arthur was born in 1819 in County Antrim, one of the most populous counties of Ireland, and one widely known for the natural curiosity named the Giant's Causeway. He was sent to school perhaps earlier than at the usual age, and was soon taken away again; for even as a very young child he was forward in his learning to the extent of precocity. When about twelve years of age, he moved with the family to Westport, a town in the county of Galway, on the Atlantic shore, and being *designed for business*, was placed in a trading firm connected with that town. Although of Presbyterian parentage, he was there brought into connection with the Wesleyans, and it was not long before he underwent the great change of being born again (John 3 : 3).

Before he had completed his sixteenth year, he had joined himself in membership with the church whose ministrations had been blessed to him, and had made

HIS FIRST ATTEMPT TO PREACH.

It was predicted at the time that he would attain to eminence; and his calling being clearly the Christian ministry, he was accepted by the Irish Conference, and sent by that body, in 1837, to Hoxton College, London, his age being not more than eighteen. There he rapidly distinguished himself by his extraordinary aptitude for learning; and after a course of study extending over two years, having offered himself for foreign service, he was sent to the Mysore territory in Southern India.

He embarked for India with the since distinguished Rev. Ebenezer Jenkins and another young companion, in April, 1839; and the mixed company and various incidents of the long voyage round the Cape of Good Hope at once aroused his energies and proved his principles. A first-class East-Indiaman of the old time, well-officered and manned, with a large company of passengers — civilian, naval, and military—afforded a good field for self-discipline and for observation: and Mr. Arthur's first exercises in the ministerial service, to which his life was already consecrated, were most successfully discharged on board the ship.

MISSION TO INDIA.

It was a new mission which he was appointed to establish in the Mysore territory; and he threw himself into it heart and soul. But he overtaxed his strength. Unslumbering activity in the tropical climate impaired his health, and before he had completed the second year of residence in the new mission, his health showed symptoms of exhaustion by the *sudden failure of his sight*. His medical friends assured him that the preservation of his eyesight, not to say his life, would be hopeless if he remained in the climate of India, and warned him that his constitution would not endure a return to any country within the tropics. Forty years ago doctors had ideas about the effect of new climates which would seriously interfere with modern commercial enterprise; still, Mr. Arthur's state of health was indeed alarming, and he embarked in the first homeward-bound ship that could be found, a leaky, slow, ill-provisioned, badly manned, and miserably commanded vessel. The number of persons on board was soon reduced by deaths, the survivors were in a famishing state, the pumps proved insufficient to overcome the leakage, and the little crew was ready to break out into mutiny.

In that predicament Mr. Arthur, a fellow-passenger, one or two seamen, and the captain himself, *took to a boat in mid-ocean*, in the forlorn hope of catching a ship that was just in sight but not going in their course. A negro sailor-boy on the ship providentially spied the floating speck; the humane captain shortened sail, took the two passengers on board, and supplied his unhappy brother captain with a stock of provisions, wherewith to pull back to the old vessel again. The missionary and his companion sped on their voyage in the hospitable ship, and in due time set foot on English ground.

HIS FIRST BOOK.

Notwithstanding that dangerous adventure, Mr. Arthur's health was much improved by the sea-voyage, but his eyesight continued to be so much impaired that the doctors kept him in a darkened room for a year after he reached England. However, upon his restoration from that disability, he employed his leisure at home, writing "My Mission to the Mysore." The book, which was his first essay in authorship, was marked by the orderly arrangement, the perspicuity of statement, and the animated style which have secured popularity for all Mr. Arthur's writings. It was rendered further valuable from the accurate information it embodied about the Canarese country, which was much in advance of what might have been expected from the author's short residence there. Mr. Arthur had in fact mastered the Canarese language, which is the principal vernacular of Mysore, sufficiently to preach in it; and we may add that he has always shown remarkable power of acquiring languages, and can speak several of those of Europe fluently, so that he has often assisted delegates from foreign countries by acting as interpreter for them before meetings and conferences.

After several years spent in England, Mr. Arthur went to France and was stationed at Boulogne, and then for two years at Paris. He was soon able to preach in French, and crowded and influential congregations attended his ministry in the French capital. During his stay in Paris came the revolution of 1848, in which Louis Philippe's government was overthrown. During that terrible time he stayed at his post and continued to hold his services after most of his congregation had fled, and when the two or three that were left were constantly disturbed by the sound of fighting close to the little chapel where they met.

In 1849 he returned to England, and in 1851 was appointed one of the General Secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. From that position he retired in 1867, after having for sixteen years served the cause of missions with an efficiency that was highly appreciated; mingling freely with good men of every name as a fellow-laborer in the common cause of Christianity.

Mr. Arthur paid his first

VISIT TO AMERICA

in 1856, as a deputation from his Church to the Methodist Episcopal General Conference, with Dr. Robinson Scott as his colleague. After speaking and preaching in the Middle States, he went out west, and while there was attacked by a severe form of *malarial fever*. To this day he frequently speaks of the kindness of the friends who were with him, and of their nursing, which with the blessing of God saved him from death. Also he has a vivid recollection of the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dodge, who, upon his return to New York, took him to their home, shut him up, and would let him see no one and do nothing till his health was in some measure restored. On reaching England again the doctors ordered him away to the East, and he spent some months travelling up the Nile, through the Long Desert and through Palestine.

In the same year, 1856, Mr. Arthur published "The Tongue of Fire," as the author of which his name is most widely known, and which has had a very large circulation in England and America, and has been translated into several languages. That precious book, which owes no small part of its value to its compendious shape, describes the mystery of the power of the Holy Ghost in the Church and in the ministry, and is marvellously calculated to stir the soul to a diligent endeavor after an acquisition which belittles the noblest aspirations of fallen man. Almost every line of it is intelligible to a simple understanding, and it engrosses the reader's attention on a subject which, as one might suppose, no felicity of style could make interesting to persons unaccustomed to theological reading. In these days, when the multitude of religious disquisitions has become bewildering, that little treatise may be read and re-read with profit even to the neglect of a whole book-shelf of larger and more ordinary volumes. If Mr. Arthur had done nothing more than write that single book, his life would have been productive of more good than it falls to the lot of every man to accomplish.

Next in order of his writings came "The Successful Merchant," a biography of Mr. Samuel Budgett, of Bristol, which has passed through at least *forty-three editions*, and has been translated into Welsh, Dutch, French, and German. It made the name of the author as familiar to the general public as it had previously been to his own denomination. Its adaptation to commercial life, and its eminently practical turn, sufficiently account for its popularity. In 1860 Mr. Arthur published "Italy in Transition," a volume dealing with the political and religious crisis through which Italy was then passing, when its smaller kingdoms were being consolidated, religious toleration was being established, and the present kingdom was in process of formation under Victor Emmanuel. It is a most entertaining narrative of a personal journey, sparkling with humor and enriched with the practical observations of an original and able mind, and pains have not been spared to attest the correctness of his statements by references to official documents.

In the meantime Mr. Arthur had travelled backward and forward through England, speaking on the missionary platform, and had come before the public as one of the lecturers to the Young Men's Christian Association in Exeter Hall. In 1866, in the forty-seventh year of his age, Mr. Arthur was raised by his brethren in the Church to

THE PRESIDENCY

of the British Wesleyan Conference. So young a man had never, except once, occupied the presidential chair, and that one case had happened long previously, when the position was very different from what it had become at the time we write of.

He was subsequently placed at the head of the Methodist College established in Belfast, where another important field of usefulness was opened up to him. But before entering on his duties there he visited Oxford and Cambridge, and made himself acquainted with the best methods of collegiate instruction, and he carried to his work the comprehensive views which had characterized him in other spheres. He took a prominent part in connection with the general question of Irish education, as a staunch upholder of the national system against the Romish Church.

During that period another severe trial overtook him in an affection of the throat, which almost entirely deprived him of the power of speech for about two years. He has never altogether recovered the distinctness of utterance which used to make his not very strong voice intelligibly audible in large audience-rooms; and to this day his organs of speech are liable to be affected by dampness in the atmosphere.

After three years spent in Belfast, Mr. Arthur went back to England, and turned his special attention to a subject which had long interested him. From his personal observations of Roman Catholicism, both in Italy and in other countries, he had a clearer perception than most Englishmen of the dangerous tendency of its religious and political designs, and he tried to set that before his countrymen, first in a little book called "The Modern Jove," a short collection and translation of some

Pius IX.'s speeches, and afterward (1877) in a rge work of two volumes entitlee, "The Pope, e Kings, and the People." That is "a history the movment to make the Pope *Governor of the Vorld* by a universal reconstruction of society." was the work of years of personal inquiry in aly and Germany, and of close examination into ficial Papal records and documents, many of nich had never been made public before.

An extract from the preface will show the design the book. Speaking of the aims of those now power in the Roman Catholic Church, Mr. rthur says: "If the authors of the movement are t deceived, the generations that will come up :er I am no more will witness a struggle on the dest scale and of very long duration, during nich will disappear all that is known to us as odern liberties, all that to Rome is known as the odern State, and at the close of which the eccle-:stical power will stand alone, presiding over the stinies of a reconstituted world. Not at all be-ving in the possibility of this issue, I do *not* dis-lieve in the possibility of the struggle. To avert y such repetition of past horrors, to turn the war o a war of thought, a war with the sword of the iter and of the orator, instead of that of the uave and of the dragoon, is an object in attempt-; to serve which, however humbly, a good man ght be content to die."

In the same preface Mr. Arthur comments with : confidence of exact information upon the un-:essary hesitancy with which modern English iters allude to the present claims and professions the

CHURCH OF ROME.

ese he asserts to be *what they have been from beginning;* so that, however its methods have n modified in accordance with the changed ıditions of society, its character and exalted pre-sions are not admitted to have undergone any dification. Speaking of the appearance of Mr. ıdstone's famous essay on the Vatican Decrees, . Arthur says: "The controversy which fol-ed brought proof that it was even more neces-y than I had supposed to beware of assuming t phrases, modes of conception, and projects l understood in Italy or Germany were at all lerstood here. . . . Accredited terms and ases were treated as inventions; by some as entions of genius, by others of animosity. It s often more than hinted that principles and igns habitually proclaimed at the Vatican were ribed to priests only by opponents. Not un-quently a gentleman would seem to think it more erous to attribute his Protestant ideas to Ultra-ntanes than to take it for granted that they pre-ed their own. It was incredible how political stions pregnant with future controversies, *per-is with future wars*, were evaded as theology!"

t will be seen from these remarks and extracts t Mr. Arthur is a laborious writer. His books not written off at a few sittings with little ıble and less thought, but are the result of ent investigation and mature study. Hence h of them is a unique contribution to the liter-e of the subject of which it treats. He writes vly, composing with attention as he proceeds, subjects his manuscript, but not his proof-ets, to careful revision. Unlike the most suc-ıful scholars and public men, he devotes the rs of the night rather than of the early morning ork, and bears with difficulty the interruptions ch nearly all busy men are compelled to submit

So many persons in America as well as in gland have listened with unflagging interest to sermons and addresses, that the fact of his de-ing his most elaborate speeches without notes ell known. But our readers are not as well re that even in preparing his discourses he s little or no assistance from the pen. His d is so clear and his memory so methodical, the steps of his argument and the illustrations s to use dispose themselves in order as he pro-ls with his thinking; while his native gift of y utterance enables him to put his thoughts unstudied words at will.

he divine truth that "it is more blessed to give to receive" (Acts 20:35), is part of Mr. ur's personal religion and of his Gospel mes-sage. He has written and spoken much to correct the world's greed of money, and to inspire people with a sense of the obligation of open-handed be-nevolence, and a belief in the joy that comes from it. As an example of the way he can enforce a principle and stimulate a purpose, we quote the following passage from "The Successful Mer-chant": "A man with a heart restlessly desiring to do good may go on without fixing a proportion, and yet certainly bestow a fit amount of his gains; but they are few who would not be astounded at the small proportion their givings bear to their in-come if they tested them for a year. Most men need, for their own sake, to fix a minimum, and that minimum should not be less than

ONE-TENTH.

"I have known many who early in life have adopted this principle; and where it has been steadily maintained a blessing seems ever to follow it. We are not so addicted to doing good that it comes upon us by accident; and as God bountifully gives, we should *deliberately resolve* that we will honor God with our substance and with the first fruits of our increase (Prov. 3:9). The work of charity to men's souls and bodies, of gratitude for God's bounty, is too sacred to be left to chance and impulse: regular and calculated reserves should be made for such outlay if we would not live to our-selves but to Him who died for us and rose again."

Since Mr. Arthur's return from Belfast, his con-ference relation has been that of Honorary Secre-tary to the Missionary Society. Within the last few years he has visited the evangelical missions in Italy as co-delegate with the Hon. H. V. Bligh and Dr. Donald Fraser from the Evangelical Alliance. Last year he paid his second visit to *America*, with the Rev. Frederick McDonald, D.D., as fraternal delegate from the British Conference to the Gen-eral Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church which met at Cincinnati in the month of May. He travelled a good deal in the States, and preached in many pulpits. Since his return to Europe he has been engaged in evangelistic work among the lower classes in France, with Mr. M'All and Mr. Gibson in Paris, Mons. Saillens in Marseilles, and other missionaries in Cannes and other places. It is well to give glory to God that with such fields white to the harvest, He has such laborers to send into them.

"WHAT! STILL AT IT?"

TREMBLING hands, a tight, sallow skin, some patches of dirt, sleepy looks, and a general inde-scribable something, prompted the exclamation, "What! still at it?"

And it was quite understood.

Is it necessary to impart the information that Job Sweetman had been out on the spree, and that this was the next morning?

Job was feeling seedy, and was showing it, although he had washed his face, and combed his hair, and endeavored to obliterate all traces of last night's dissipation.

Job was now off for a hair of the dog that bit him.

I was glad to meet him at such a favorable time, glad of the opportunity to say, "What! still at it?"

I don't think Job was so glad, to judge by the drooping head, and the averted look.

"What! still at it," *after such a serious illness* but a short while since? The doctor half ques-tioned whether you would ever get about again then, and you yourself had doubts upon the sub-ject. And a great deal, if not all, of this was traceable to the drink, you remember. And yet you are at it again? Another attack of the same kind would be no laughing matter, the doctor said. Surely it is not wise, surely it is madness, to run such a tremendous risk. What! in the face of death, still at it?

"What! still at it," *with your master's warn-ing* still ringing in your ears? "Job," he said, "keep sober, and I'll keep you; be a drunkard, and you'll go. So I warn you." And he meant it. Lose this place, and who will take you? Em-ployers look at the character pretty closely, you know. You cannot afford to be turned off, Job Sweetman. And yet, in the face of this, you are at it again? No place, no money. No money, no bread. Think of that a bit.

"What! still at it," *and the rent not paid?* You have a hard landlord, you say? Why is he hard? Because he wants the money you're spend-ing in the public-house? Because he thinks he has more right to it than the publican? No, it's not the landlord who is hard. It's you who are hard upon the landlord. And if you are turned out into the street, and your furniture seized, it is really because you choose to be hard upon your-self. Keep your angry words and black looks for yourself, friend Job. A little thought will not be amiss now, if you will take the trouble to think. It's a mistake, surely, to be so free with your money and the rent not paid?

"What! still at it," *in spite of the confession you made?* You said that sprees were things which promised more than they gave and turned out to be more bitter than sweet. You said, that you had been a fool to think that the drink could give any comfort. And you said, too, that you were never so wretched and low and miserable, as in the midst of a drinking bout. I haven't for-gotten your own words, Job. And I don't want you to forget them, either. And I feel sure that if you would speak the truth this morning, your con-fession would be exactly the same. Is it any wonder that, remembering so vividly your own confession, I should ask with amazement, "What! still at it?"

"What! still at it," *after the promise you made?* A promise is a solemn thing, and you made it solemnly too. Perhaps you don't choose to remember the time and the place when you made the promise. Let me recall it to you. A little child's coffin. A weeping mother. A sob-bing father. Three kneeling ones, kneeling in prayer. A burst of weeping from the father. Hands uplifted to heaven as the conscience-stricken man pledged his word, never, never to touch the accursed drink again. That man was Job Sweet-man. Oh, man and father! how can you, after this promise so solemnly uttered, be still at it?

"What! still at it," *in spite of the examples that surround you?* And very awful ones some of them. There's one man you know well, a beg-gar on the face of the earth. There's another who worked at the same bench, a member of the poorhouse. There's a third, serving his sentence in a convict prison. But why enumerate them, when there are so many? These examples ought to have some weight with you. They speak far more powerfully than any sermon of mine can do. O Job! listen to their message. Hear them all with one piercing voice, crying "Beware! Be-ware!" Surely with all these examples to warn you, you are not "still at it?"

"What! still at it," *after all your losses!* I wonder how many days' work you have lost since you began to cultivate sprees, and to take so en-thusiastically to the glass. You have lost quite a little fortune, I suspect. And then it cuts two ways. You are not only losing money from lost time, but you are losing money *in* the lost time on the drink. How I should like to get you to sit down and honestly count up your losses. You can't forget some of them. Job Sweetman, when you remember your lost money, your lost time, your lost peace, your lost friends, and your lost rep-utation, I am amazed that you should be "still at it."

And, then, there is this awfully solemn thought that I pray God you may lay to heart before you go any further. What if the Judge were to sum-mon you while you are "still at it?" What if you were to be cut off in the midst of your sins, and especially in this sin of drunkenness? I tremble for you, lest death should lay his hand upon you, and your doom be fixed forever.

But ah! blessed thought, while you have been "still at it," the precious Saviour Jesus has been still loving, still pleading, still beckoning, still offering you pardon, and life, and peace. Will you accept the offer? Then you shall find in Him power to overcome the old evil habit which so en-slaves you, and it shall never be said of Job Sweet-man again, "What! still at it?"

"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

THE TEN PLAGUES OF NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

THE PLAGUE OF DRUNKENNESS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Delivered Last Sunday Morning, November 27, 1881.*

"And there shall be a great cry throughout all the land of Egypt."—EXODUS 11 : 6.

The Worst of all the Plagues—The Destroying Angel of To-day—Four Fiends—The Fiend of the Vineyard—The Blood of Broken Hearts—The Fiend of the Grain-field—Laughter by the Whiskey Barrel—The Fiend of the Dairy—The Design of Milk Punch—The Fiend of Music—A Plague of Suffering to the Inebriate—I. He Loses His Good Name—II. His Self-Respect—The Inebriate a Slave—Men who Could Not Stop—III. Loss of Usefulness—IV. Loss of Health—Scene in an Inebriate Ward of an Hospital—V. Loss of Home—VI. Loss of the Soul—The Thirst of Hell—Are You Astray?—A Reformed Inebriate's Testimony—The Dead March of Souls.

THIS was the worst of the ten plagues. The destroying angel at midnight flapped his wing over the land, and there was one dead in each house. Lamentation and mourning and woe through all Egypt. That destroying angel has fled the earth, but *a far worse* has come. He sweeps through these cities. It is

THE DESTROYING ANGEL

of strong drink. Far worse devastation wrought by this second than by the first. The calamity in America worse than the calamity in Egypt. Thousands of the slain, millions of the slain. No arithmetic can calculate their number.

I am glad to see that the decorations of Thanksgiving Day have been retained until this hour, but as last Thursday we used them as symbols of the goodness and the kindness of God to the American people, to-day, I shall use them for a different purpose. Who could think that the ripe clusters of the vineyard and the golden sheaves of the harvest field could be used for the world's damage and the world's death?

Once upon a time,

FOUR FIENDS

met in the lost world. They resolved that the people of our earth were too happy, and these four infernals came forth to our earth on embassy of mischief. The one fiend said: "I'll take charge of the vineyards." Another said, "I'll take charge of the grain fields." Another said, "I'll take charge of the dairy." Another said, "I'll take charge of the music." The four fiends met in the great Sahara Desert, with skeleton fingers clutched each other in handshake of fidelity, kissed each other good-bye with lip of blue flame and parted on their mission.

The fiend of the vineyard came in one bright morning amid the grapes and sat down on a root of twisted grapevine in sheer discouragement. The fiend knew not how to damage the vineyard, or, through it, how to damage the world. The grapes were so ripe and beautiful and luscious. They bewitched the air with their sweetness. There seemed to be so much health in every bunch; and while the fiend sat there in utter indignation and disappointment, he clutched a cluster and squeezed it in perfect spite, and lo! his hand was red with the blood of the vineyard, and the fiend said: "That reminds me of *the blood of broken hearts;* I'll strip the vineyard and I'll squeeze out all the juice of the grapes, and I'll allow the juices of the grapes to stand until they rot, and I'll call the process fermentation." And there was a great vat prepared, and people came with their cups and their pitchers, and they dipped up the blood of the grapes, and they drank and drank and went away drinking, and they drank until they fell in long lines of death, so that when the fiend of the vineyard wanted to return to his home in the pit, he stepped from carcass to carcass and walked down amid a great causeway of the dead.

Then the second fiend came into *the grain field.* He waded chin-deep amid the barley and the rye. He heard all the grain talking about bread, and prosperous husbandry, and thrifty homes. He thrust his long arms into the grain field and he pulled up the grain and he threw it into the water and and he made beneath it great fires—fires lighted with a spark from his own heart—and there was a grinding, and a mashing, and a stench, and the people came with their bottles and they dipped up the fiery liquid, and they drank, and they blasphemed, and they staggered, and they fought, and they rioted, and they murdered, and the fiend of the pit, the fiend of the grain field, was so pleased with their behavior that he changed his residence from the pit to a whiskey barrel, and there he sat by the door of the bunghole laughing in high merriment at the thought that out of anything so harmless as the grain of the field he might turn this world into a seeming pandemonium.

The fiend of the dairy saw the cows coming home from the pasture-field, full-uddered, and as the maid milked he said: "I'll soon spoil all that mess; I'll add to it brandy, sugar, and nutmeg, and I'll stir it into a *milk punch,* and children will drink it, and some of the temperance people will drink it, and if I can do them no more harm, I'll give them a headache, and then I'll hand them over to the more vigorous fiends of the Satanic delegation." And then the fiend of the dairy leaped upon the shelf and danced until the long row of shining milkpans almost quaked.

The fiend of the music entered a grogshop, and there were but few customers. Finding few customers he swept the circuit of the city, and he gathered up the musical instruments, and after nightfall he marshalled a band, and the trombones blew, and the cymbals clapped, and the drums beat, and the bugles called, and the people crowded in, and they swung around in merry dance, each one with a wine-glass in his hand; and the dance became wilder and stronger and rougher until the room shook, and the glasses cracked, and the floor broke, and the crowd dropped into hell.

Then the four fiends—the fiend of the vineyard, and of the grain field, and of the dairy, and of the music hall—went back to their home, and they held high carnival because their work had been so well done; and Satan rose from his throne and announced that there was no danger of the earth's redemption so long as these four fiends could pay such tax to the diabolic. And then all the demons, and all the sprites, and all the fiends filled their glasses and clicked them, and cried: "Let us drink—drink to the everlasting prosperity of the liquor traffic. Here's to woe, and darkness, and murder, and death. Drink! Drink!"

But whether by allegory or by appalling statistic this subject is presented, you know as well as I that it is impossible to exaggerate the evils of strong drink. A plague! A plague! I shall show you that it is a plague of suffering to the inebriate.

I. In the first place, it is a plague of suffering to the inebriate because it is to him a

LOSS OF GOOD NAME.

God has so arranged it that no man loses his reputation except by his own act. The world may assault a man, and all the powers of darkness may assault him—they cannot capture him so long as his heart is pure and his life is pure. All the powers of earth and hell cannot take that Gibraltar. If a man is right, all the bombardment of the world for five, ten, twenty, forty years will only strengthen him in his position. So that all you have to do is to keep yourself right. Never mind the world. Let it say what it will. It can do you no damage. But as soon as it is whispered "he drinks," and it can be proved, he begins to go down.

What clerk can get a position with such a reputation? What store wants him? What Church of God wants him for a member? What dying man wants him for an executor? "He drinks!" I stand before hundreds of young men—and I say it not in flattery—splendid young men who have their reputation as their only capital. Your father gave you a good education, or as good an education as he could afford to give you. He started you in city life. He could furnish you no means, but he has surrounded you with Christian influences and a good memory of the past. Now, young man, under God you are with your own right arm to achieve your fortune, and as your reputation is your only capital, do not bring up it suspicion by going in and out of liquor establiments, or by an odor of your breath, or by glare of your eye, or by any unnatural flush your cheeks. You lose your reputation and lose your capital.

The subject comes over me this morning, the waves of the Atlantic for power. O! whe see the influences abroad in Brooklyn and N York to destroy young men, I hardly know w to say. For the young men themselves all sy pathy have I, and all compassion. For those w deal out the deadly stuff, all pity that they sho bring upon themselves the condemnation of g society and the retributions of God. But for liquor establishments themselves, for the rum-s ing restaurants, may God Almighty consume th with the brightness of His coming.

LOSS OF SELF-RESPECT.

II. The inebriate suffers also the plague in fact that he loses also his self-respect, and wh you destroy a man's self-respect there is not mu left of him. Just as soon as a man finds he i slave, he loses his self-respect. Then a man do things he would not do otherwise, he will things he would not say otherwise. He has l his self-respect.

The fact is that man cannot stop, or he wo stop now. He is bound hand and foot by Philistines, and they have shorn his locks and his eyes out, and made him grind in *the mill o great horror.* After he is three-fourths gone this slavery, the first thing he will be anxious impress you with is that he can stop at any ti he wants to. His family become alarmed in reg to him, and they say: "Now do stop this; afte while, it will get the mastery of you." "O! n he says, "I can stop at any time; I can stop no I can stop to-morrow; I can stop at any tim His most confidential friends say: "Why, afraid you are losing your balance with that ha you are going a little further than you can aff to go; you had better stop." "O! no," he sa "I can stop at any time; I can stop now." goes on further and further.

He cannot stop. I will prove it. He loves h self, and he knows nevertheless that strong dr is depleting him in body, mind, and soul. knows he is going down, that he has less self-c trol, less equipoise of temper than he used Why does he not stop? Because he cannot st I will prove it by going still further. He loves wife and children. He sees that his habits bringing disgrace upon his home. The probab ties are they will ruin his wife and disgrace children. He sees all this, and he loves th Why does he not stop? He cannot stop.

I had *a very dear friend,* generous to a fa He had given thousands and tens of thousand dollars to Bible societies, tract societies, missi ary societies, asylums for the poor, the halt, lame, the blind, the imbecile. I do not believe twenty years anybody asked him for a dollar or dollars, or a hundred dollars for charity but gave it. I never heard of anybody asking him help, but he gave it. But he was under the po of strong drink, and he went on down, do down. His family implored him, saying: "" are going too far in that habit; you had be stop." He replied: "I can stop any time; I my own master; I can stop." He went on do down. His friends advised and cautioned h He said: "Don't be afraid of me; I am my c master; I can stop now; I know what I am ing." He went on down until he had the *delir tremens.* On down until he had the *delir tremens* twice. After the second time the doc said: "If you ever have an attack like this ag you will die; you had better stop." He said: can stop any time; I can stop now." He w on down. He is dead. What slew him? Ru Rum! Among the last things he said was t he could stop any time. He could not stop. could not stop.

O! my young friends in this congregation want to tell you that there is a point in inebria beyond which if a man go he cannot stop. sometimes a man will be more frank than that. victim of strong drink said to a reformer: "I

* An authentic report, revised and approved by Dr. Talmage.

ossible for me to stop ; I realize it. But if you ld tell me I couldn't have a drink until to- row night unless I had all my fingers cut off, I ld say, ' bring the hatchet and cut them off.' " ul a very dear friend in Philadelphia whose new came to him and was talking about his ble and confessed it. He confessed he could stop. My friend said, " You must stop." He " I can't stop. If there stood a cannon, and as loaded, and there was a glass of wine on mouth of the cannon, and I knew you would it off if I approached, I would start to get that s of wine. I must have it. I can't get rid of habit. I can't get away from it." O ! it is ul for a man to wake up and feel that he is a ive. I hear him soliloquizing, saying : " I ht have stopped three months ago, but I can't now. Dead but not buried. I am *a walking se*. I am an apparition of what I once was. n a caged immortal and my soul beats against wires of my cage on this side and beats against wires of my cage on the other side, until there lood on the wires, and blood on the soul, but I t get out. Destroyed without remedy !"

I. Again : the man suffers from the

LOSS OF USEFULNESS.

o you know some of the men who have fallen the ditch were once in the front rank in rches and in the front rank in reformatory insti- ons? Do you know they once knelt at the ily altar, and once carried the chalice of the communion on sacramental days? Do you w they once stood in the pulpit and preached Gospel of the Son of God.

We will not forget the scene witnessed four or years ago in this church when a man rose in midst of the audience, stepped into the aisle, walked up and down. Everybody saw that was intoxicated. The ushers led him out, and poor wife took his hat and overcoat and fol- ed him to the door. Who was he? He had e been a mighty minister of the Gospel of Jesus ist in a sister denomination, had often preached his very city. *What slew him?* Strong drink. ! what must be the feeling of a man who has troyed his capacity for usefulness? Do not be ry with that man. Do not lose your patience n him. Do not wonder if he says strange things gets irritated easily in the family He has the enees, and the Andes, and the Alps, and the alayas on him. Do not try to persuade him there is no future punishment. Do not go any argument to prove to him that there is no He knows there is. He is there now !

V. But he suffers also in the

LOSS OF PHYSICAL HEALTH.

older people in this audience can remember tor Sewell going through this country electrify- great audiences by demonstrating to them the ct of strong drink upon the human stomach. I told he had eight or ten diagrams which he sented to the people, showing the different ges in the progress of the disease, and I am told s of thousands of people turned back from that rous sketch and swore eternal abstinence from intoxicants. God only knows what the drunk- suffers. Pain files on every nerve, and travels ry muscle, and gnaws on every bone, and stings n every poison, and pulls with every torture. at reptiles crawl over his shivering limbs. at spectres stand by his midnight pillows ! at groans tear the air ! Talk of the rack, talk the funeral pyre, talk of the Juggernaut—he ers them all at once.

ee the attendants stand back from *that ward in hospital* where the inebriates are dying. They not stand it. The keepers come through it and : " Hush up, now, stop making this noise. still ! You are disturbing all the other patients. ep still now !" Then the keepers pass on, and r they get past then the poor creatures wring ir hands and say : " O ! God. Help, help ! e me rum, give me rum ! O ! God. Help ! e the devils off of me. O ! God. O ! God." d they shriek, and they blaspheme, and they for help, and then they ask the keepers to slay m, saying : " Stab me, strangle me, smother O ! God. Help, help ! Rum ! Give me . O ! God. Help !" They tear out their hair by the handful, and they bite their nails into the quick. " O ! God," they say, " help ! O ! God, help, help, help !" This is no fancy picture. It is transpiring in a hospital at this moment. It went on last night while you slept ; and more than that, that is *the death some of you will die* unless you stop ! I see it coming. God help you to stop before you go so far that you cannot stop.

V. But it plagues a man also in the

LOSS OF HOME.

I do not care how much he loves his wife and children, if this habit gets the mastery over him—this habit of strong drink—he will do the most outrageous things. If need be, in order to get strong drink he would sell them all into everlasting captivity. There are hundreds and thousands of homes in New York and Brooklyn that have been utterly blasted of it. I am speaking of *no abstraction*. Is there anything so disastrous to a man for this life and for the life to come? Do you tell me that a man can be happy when he knows he is breaking his wife's heart and clothing his children with rags? There are little children in the streets to-day, barefooted, unkempt, uncombed, want written on every patch of their faded dress, and on every wrinkle of their prematurely old countenance, who would have been in the house of God this morning as well clad as you had it not been that strong drink drove their parents down into penury and then down into the grave. O ! rum, rum, thou despoiler of homes, thou foe of God, thou recruiting officer of the pit, I hate thee, I hate thee !

But my subject takes a deeper tone when it tells you that the inebriate suffers the

LOSS OF THE SOUL.

The Bible intimates that if we go into the future world unforgiven the appetites and passions which were regnant here will torment us there. I suppose when the inebriate wakes up in the lost world, there will be *an infinite thirst* clawing upon him. In this world he could get strong drink. However poor he was in this world, he could beg or he could steal five cents to get a drink that would for a little while slake his thirst ; but in eternity where will the rum come from? Dives wanted one drop of water, but could not get it. Where will the inebriate get the draught he so much requires, so much demands. No one to brew it. No one to mix it. No one to pour it. No one to fetch it. Millions of worlds now for the dregs that were thrown on the sawdusted floor of the restaurant. Millions of worlds now for the rind flung out from the punch-bowl of an earthly banquet. Dives called for water. The inebriate calls for rum.

If a fiend from the lost world should come up on a mission to a grog shop, and having finished the mission in the grog shop, should come back, taking on the tip of his wing one drop of alcoholic beverage, what excitement it would make all through the world of the lost ; and if that one drop of alcoholic beverage should drop from the wing of the fiend upon the tongue of the inebriate, how he would spring up and cry : " That's it ; that's it ! Rum ! Rum ! That's it !" And all the caverns of the lost would echo with the cry, " Give it to me. Rum ! Rum !" Ah ! my friends, the inebriate's sorrow in the next world will not be the absence of God, or holiness, or light ; it will be the absence of rum. " Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup ; for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and it stingeth like an adder."

When I see this plague in the land, and when I see this destroying angel sweeping across our great cities, I am sometimes indignant, and sometimes humiliated. When a man asks me : " What are you in favor of for the subjugation of this evil?" I answer, " I am ready for anything that is reasonable." You ask me " Are you in favor of Sons of Temperance?" Yes, " Are you in favor of Good Samaritans?" Yes. " Are you in favor of Good Templars?" Yes. " Are you in favor of a prohibitory law?" Yes. " Are you in favor of the pledge?" Yes. Combine all the influences, O Christian reformers and philanthropists. Combine them all for the extirpation of this evil.

Thirty women in one of the Western States banded together, and with an especial ordination h, as v" tn

ish character throughout. The marriage which it celebrates is not that of the " Lamb" of God (Revelation 19 : 7-9), but that of the Messiah of Israel, concerning which union it is written by the women-hosts : " Thy maker is thine husband." God should go forth feeling the responsibility of their work and discharging their mission, they could in this city shut up all the grog shops. Put an end to this mighty vice of strong drink and redeem our beloved city.

But I must not dwell on generalities ; I must come to specifics. Are you astray? If there is any sermon I dislike it is a sermon on generalities. I want personalities.

ARE YOU ASTRAY?

Have you gone so far you think you cannot get back? Did I say a few moments ago that a man might go to a point in inebriation where he could not stop? Yes, I said it, and I reiterate it ; but I want you also to understand that while the man himself, of his own strength, cannot stop, God can stop any man. You have only to lay hold of the strong arm of the Lord God Almighty. He can stop you. You cannot.

A few summers ago I went over to New York one Sabbath evening—our church not yet being open for the autumnal services—I went into a room in the Fourth Ward, New York, where a religious service was being held for reformed drunkards, and I heard a revelation that night that I had never heard before—fifteen or twenty men standing up and giving testimony such as I had never heard given. They not only testified that their hearts had been changed by the grace of God, but that the grace of God had extinguished their thirst. They went on to say that they had reformed at different times before, but immediately fallen, because they were doing the whole work in their own strength : " But as soon as we gave our hearts to God," they said, " and the love of the Lord Jesus Christ has come into our soul, the thirst has all gone. We have no more disposition for strong drink."

It was a new revelation to me, and I have proclaimed it again and again in the hearing of those who have far gone astray ; and I stand here to-day to tell you that the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ can not only save your soul, but save your body. I look off to-day upon the desolation. Some of you are so far on in this habit, although there may be no outward indications of it—you never have staggered along the street—the vast majority of people do not know that you stimulate ; but God knows, and you know ; and by human calculations there is not one chance out of five thousand that you will ever be stopped.

BEWARE !

There are some of you to whom I minister Sabbath by Sabbath, and who are my warm personal friends, to whom I must say that unless you quit this evil habit, within ten years, as to your body you will lie down in a drunkard's grave, and as to your immortal soul, you will lie down in a drunkard's hell ! It is *a hard thing to say*, but it is true, and I utter the warning lest I have your blood upon my soul. Beware ! As to-day you open the door of your wine closet, let the decanter flash that word upon your soul, " Beware !" As you pour out the beverage let the foam at the top spell out the word, " Beware !" In the great day of God's judgment, when a hundred million drunkards shall come up to get their doom, I want you to testify that this day in love of your soul and in fear of God, I gave you warning in regard to that influence which has already been felt in your home, blowing out some of its lights—premonition of the blackness of darkness forever.

O ! if you could only this morning hear Intemperance with *drunkards' bones drumming on the top of the wine cask* the dead march of the immortal souls, you would go home this morning and kneel down and pray God that rather than your children should ever become the victims of this evil habit, you might carry them out to Greenwood and put them down in the last slumber, waiting for the flowers of spring to come over the grave—sweet prophecies of the resurrection. God hath a balm for such a wound, but what flower of comfort ever grew on the blasted heath of a drunkard's sepulchre?

THE TEN PLAGUES OF NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

THE PLAGUE OF DRUNKENNESS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Delivered Last Sunday Dr. Gilbart Gives Sylph a Welcome—Her Account of Her Visit to the Mayor—She Wants to be Imprisoned—Dr. Gilbart Drawn to the Light—Hugh Visits the Jail—The Doctor's Illness.

SYLPH'S sudden arrival at the jail produced as sudden a change in Doctor Gilbart. He saw at once how greatly he had wronged her. His strong revulsion of thought and feeling was more than he could bear. Unable to maintain his habitual self-control he folded his arms fondly around his adopted daughter; and weeping aloud, mingled his tears with hers.

Sylph gently moved herself toward the little pallet in the cell, drawing Doctor Gilbart in the same direction; and upon it, side by side, as father and daughter, they took their seat.

"Oh, this is a dreadful place, father," said Sylph, as she glanced round the pitchy walls of the dungeon; "what can be the reason of such cruelty toward you? The Mayor, I believe, entered into some explanation, but I did not understand him."

"Oh, have you been to *him*, Sylph?" "Yes," was the reply, and she gave Doctor Gilbart a brief account of the reason and result of her visit to the Mayor's office.

"Upon my word, Sylph," said the Doctor, having largely recovered his equanimity, "you are a dear girl, with a brave, loving heart. Why, it was heroic of you to face that man; and not only have you done this, but you have conquered him; and, more wonderful than all, conquered him for me, for I believe there is not one man in Chester with a greater *animus* against me. I am proud of you, Sylph; but tell me what he said about me, I feel certain he was pretty profuse in his observations, for he had quite a *con amore* subject, and has a voluble tongue."

"I cannot," replied Sylph; "as I have told you, I did not pay much heed either to his meaning or his words, I only plied him with most earnest entreaty. So I have to repeat my question, and learn from you the cause of this horrible imprisonment. What does it mean?"

"Well, I am not sure that I can explain the matter to you," he said, "for my accusers as yet have not met me face to face. But I believe it is because of some words that fell from me a day or two ago at a public meeting in favor of the 'rights of man,' if you have ever heard that phrase; and your exemplary Christian magnates in the city," he added, sarcastically, "do not believe in such things, only in the rights of those, who, through extortion and unjust privilege, can, like Dives in the parable, clothe themselves in gold and purple, and fare sumptuously every day."

"Ah! do not speak in that way, father," cried Sylph. "At all events, do not call these men Christians. Jesus Christ, believe me, father, is the friend of man, and is the foe of all tyranny and wrong. When on earth He identified Himself with the poor and needy, and denounced injustice and oppression. He even gave His life in the cause of freedom; and is still, in the highest sense, the champion of human rights. Did you know Him, father," said Sylph, throwing a deep pathos into her words, "from the very principles you profess, I know you would love and honor Him."

"Perhaps so," said Doctor Gilbart, but in such a listless way, as gave Sylph to see that it was spoken, not from a change of conviction, but rather to end the subject, by raising no controversy upon it.

"This is a dreadful place," again exclaimed Sylph. "Oh, how can you endure to live in it—it will kill you?" Then after a little she added, "Would they let me, do you think, take your place here, father, and leave you free to return home. You know you are a great deal older than I am," she urged, "and therefore I could better bear to stay here."

Another glance round the living tomb showed her the dreadful self-sacrifice such an act of substitution would be; but she did not shrink from it, nor think to retract her words. "Yes, father, I'll willingly stay here in your stead, if only they will let me. I wonder," she asked herself half aloud, "what would be the best way to get the consent of the city officials?"

Dr. Gilbart was conscious of a choking sensation in his throat. He knew the impracticability of Sylph's proposal, but he was touched in the depths of his heart by her simple-minded and self-forgetting love.

"God bless you!" he said. It was the first time for years that he had used the sacred name, but he seemed to feel instinctively, that no other phrase would express the depth and warmth of his emotion. A significant fact, if he had but pondered it. "God bless you, darling Sylph!" he repeated. "Forbid it that I should ever consent to such a method of escape from this cell, as that. No, darling; I never could stoop to it. However, I shall not have opportunity given me of proving this, dear child, for your proposal is wholly out of the question. No one can take my place here, Sylph. In my own person I must bear this misery. Such is English law.

"Thank heaven such is not God's law, nor Jesus Christ's law," exclaimed Sylph, encouraged by Doctor Gilbart's late unwonted mention of the Divine name; which she noted with a thrill of pleasure, and which she supposed to mean more than it really did. "Such, thank Heaven, is not God's law, nor Christ's law, father."

Doctor Gilbart made no remark. He was not just now disposed to agree with Sylph, but neither was he in a mood to vex Sylph by controverting her opinions. He therefore deemed it advisable to say nothing, and left her to renew the conversation at her will.

"If they will not let me take your place here," she said, "oh, do let me know what I can do for you? Let me tell them that you regret what you have said, and ask them to release you?" and then, remembering her success with the Mayor, she added, "I do believe I could persuade them."

"No, dear Sylph," he said, "I cannot do that; I have said nothing that I do not believe is true, and, therefore, can retract nothing; but there is a thing you *can* do for me, Sylph. This is a bare and comfortless cell, as you say, unfit for a human being; return home, then, and send Hugh here with a few requisites, such as you will judge necessary."

Sylph promptly consented to this suggestion. Kissing and lovingly parting from Doctor Gilbart, she hastened to the house in the Rows to carry out his request.

Hugh's horror, as, laden with some household wares, he was led down, and still lower down, the stone steps within the castle walls, and into his master's gloomy cell, is indescribable. Every few steps in his descent from the upper air, he exclaimed in his usual manner, "Oh, the poor master! Oh, the poor master! It's down to his grave! It's down, down, to his very grave that I'm goin'." And when at last he reached the narrow and fœtid dungeon, and could barely see Doctor Gilbart in the struggling light, he was ready to die with blank amazement and terror.

Doctor Gilbart encouraged him with his voice, and helped to relieve him of his burden.

"Thank you for coming to me and so quickly, Hugh," he said. "This is a wretched place, my poor friend, but what you have brought me will soon improve it. See, Hugh, already it looks better; doesn't it?" he asked, as he flung a rug on the floor, and a good blanket and coverlet on the pallet.

Hugh was heartily glad when his task of arranging things was over. Touching his hat, he said, "May I go now, sir?" and upon receiving consent, with a prompt "Good evening, sir," said, however, in a hopeless and dubious tone, he left the gloom of the underground jail, and hurried up, with glad steps, to the free air and light of heaven.

"Oh, Miss Sylph! oh, Miss Sylph!" he cried, when he arrived home, "they've put the poor Doctor, miss—down in his grave, and before he's dead. And as for myself, why, I thought I'd never get back to tell you of it. I've been down, down, and down, I do believe, nigh hand to th middle o' the earth; and the awful smell and th damp and the darkness has a'most blinded an choked me."

Sylph for several days repeated her visits to thi unwholesome abode. And her coming was, eac time, as will be supposed, an unspeakable relief t the lonely captive—lonely because, as Milton sing of worldly friends—

"————————in properous days
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their heads
Not to be found though sought."

Doctor Gilbart was forced to engage her in con versation; and to Sylph's great delight, seemed more and more to turn, of his own accord, to subjects bearing upon her religious views and experiences.

It has been said by an English writer that few men are Atheists in the times of extreme danger or trouble. That at such a period the human being instinctively appeals to a Power behind the visible creation and the play of material forces, for sympathy and help. That in the felt need of supernatural aid all previous reasoning against the supernatural falls to pieces and proves itself a *reductio ad absurdum*. And the truth of this was being very strikingly evidenced to Sylph in the case of Dr. Gilbart.

The cruel injustice which he was called to endure showed him that without a Divine ruler the universe itself would be a still greater injustice—would be an everlasting tyranny and wrong; and such a universe his whole mental and moral nature convinced him was unthinkable.

Not in David's words, but in David's thoughts, he said within himself, "The selfish and unprincipled are 'in power,' 'spreading themselves like a green bay tree.' They prosper in the world and increase in riches, while men in all respects their moral superiors are strangely given to spend their days in abject wretchedness and contempt." And under this reflection, as with a gleam of sunshine across the darkness of his soul, belief in a world to come, where there are no such inconsistencies, with eternal righteousness, came upon Doctor Gilbart with the light of demonstration.

The logic of circumstance, by which God in His Providence led this man to the acknowledgment of Himself and of his own immortality was certainly a severe one; for unjust accusation, the desertion of friends, and a narrow and noisome dungeon were the process of proof; but his was a special case, and we may be certain that a milder discipline and course of argument would have been in vain.

Strange and painful circumstance was Doctor Gilbart's teacher of Divine truth thus far, but Sylph was his guide into the still fairer light of the *Christian* faith.

"The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace,"

was her conviction; and often would she repeat and echo these words to her adopted father, speaking of her own happy experience, and urge him to the proof.

Long did Doctor Gilbart doubt and hesitate, his soul vibrating as on the verge of fate; long until he stooped to be as "a little child," and came to trust himself as such in Christ's name to his Father's arms.

* * * * * *

Sylph hoped for great things in Chester, as the result of Doctor Gilbart's return to Divine faith and hope. His reputation as a thinker and scholar, she felt, would be a mighty argument for the truth she so much loved; but such was not to be. The course of demonstration appointed by Heaven to bring him from a chilling scepticism to renewed conviction, was to close in death.

Upon entering his cell one morning she was grieved to find him ill. He had slept little the previous night, and was restless and feverish. Doctor Gilbart made light of his ailment—but this was only to save Sylph from alarm—for he strongly suspected that his incipient malady was *the deadly jail fever*, the scourge of the unwholesome prisons of that day. As not quite certain of this, however, he would not make known his fears to Sylph until he was sure.

Notwithstanding Doctor Gilbart's seeming unconcern about himself, Sylph was not assured. Several deaths had occurred, she knew, among the prisoners of late; and, full of uneasiness, she determined to make known Doctor Gilbart's sudden failure of health to one of his professional brethren in the city; and altogether unaware of his unfriendly sentiments and dishonorable treatment of the poor captive, she resolved that Doctor Bolus should be the man.

Shortening her visit to her father, with this intention before her mind, she was crossing the quadrangle of the ancient castle, making her way toward its entrance gate, when, to her great relief, she observed Doctor Bolus going in at the door of the officers' quarters one side the castle yard.

(To be continued.)

THE KING:

HIS PREDICTED WARFARE, VICTORY, AND MARRIAGE.

By Rev. William Maude.

The King and His Kingdom—The Messianic Character of the 45th Psalm—"The King" is its Recurring Keynote—Who is "The Bride"?—The Three Natural Divisions of the Psalm: 1. An Address to the Divine Bridegroom; 2. A Description of the Royal Bride; 3. A Prediction of the Glorious Results of their Union—The Beauty of the Bridegroom's Person—The Grace of His Lips—His Warrior-like Progress—The Period Referred to—Conflict Succeeded by Victory.

"THE testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy." Were it not well if, in all our studies of the inspired Word of Prophecy, we more constantly remembered this blessed fact? If we more habitually kept "the eyes of our heart" (Ephesians 1 : 18, R.V.), if not "the eyes of our understanding," fixed upon the *central object* in the field of prophecy, which is not Israel, or the Church, or impending judgment, or the coming of Antichrist, or the millennial blessedness, or even the eternal kingdom, but *Jesus*—JESUS, who is at once the King of Israel, the Bridegroom of the Church, the Son of Man, to whom all judgment is "committed," the bringer-in of millennial joy, and the eternal Ruler of the "new heavens and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

And this "testimony of Jesus," which thus forms, as it were, the very spirit or soul of prophecy, is of a twofold character. It embraces, as we learn from St. Peter's First Epistle, both the sufferings of Christ now past and His glory, which, in relation to this world at least, is still future (1 Peter 1 : 11). But it is to the latter that the forty-fifth psalm, to which we are about to direct attention, exclusively refers. It is the King Messiah who is the special subject of it, and this psalm "touching the King" may truly be said to be in many respects the kingliest of the psalms. How exultant is its spirit; how splendid its imagery; how sublime the events which, in the clear vision of prophecy, it celebrates!

THE FORM OF THE PSALM.

The form which the whole psalm assumes is obviously an epithalamium, or marriage song, the immediate occasion of its composition being, as most commentators suppose, the marriage of Solomon with Pharaoh's daughter. Thus in the old English version, commonly known as the *Geneva Bible*, which was in use in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the preface or argument of this psalm runs thus: "The majestie of Solomon, his honour, strength, beauty, riches, and power are praised; and also his marriage with the Egyptian, being an heathen woman, is blessed." But against this supposition it may be objected with considerable force that, in the first place, the hero of this inspired song is a mighty warrior, girded with the sword of conquest, and slaying his enemies with his sharp arrows; whereas Solomon (as his very name denotes) was "the prince of peace," reigning over the kingdom established by his father David, who was "a man of war," and to which he added no new conquests.

THE KING AND HIS KINGDOM.

Again, the king of whom this psalm speaks is one who receives his kingdom by divine donation, and who is "anointed" in consequence of his "loving righteousness and hating iniquity;" whereas Solomon did not receive the kingdom in acknowledgment of his personal merits any more than by actual conquest, but by inheritance. Moreover, we do not find that Solomon, on the occasion of his marriage, was presented with gifts by "the daughter of Tyre" (verse 12), who here, as the richest of the nations, represents the wealth of the world. Neither, lastly, had Solomon, as the issue of his marriage, a numerous progeny of sons, whom he made "princes in all lands," as is said of this king (verse 16).

Be this as it may, what it really much more concerns us to know is *the unquestionably Messianic character of this psalm*. This is admitted by Jewish and Christian commentators alike. Thus the Chaldee paraphrast on verse 3 writes: "Thy beauty, O King Messiah, is more excellent than that of the sons of men." And again, on verse 7: "But thou, O King Messiah, because thou hast loved righteousness," etc. Joseph Ben Moses also, on verses 7 and 8, observes that they "speak of King Messiah." And so the later Jewish commentators. Thus Kemchi: "This psalm is said of King Messiah." Aben Ezra: "This psalm treats of David, or rather of his son Messiah." Even Mendelssohn heads his edition of it with this note: "This psalm speaks of the exaltation and greatness of the King Messiah."

By modern Christian commentators, even those most strongly opposed to the views of prophecy advocated in these pages, the same admission is generally made. Thus Dean Perowne writes: "A greater than Solomon is here. The outward glory of Solomon was but a type and a foreshadowing of a better glory to be revealed. Israel's true king was not David or Solomon, but One of whom they, at the best, were only faint and transient images. A righteous One was yet to come who should indeed rule in truth and equity, who should fulfil all the hopes which one human monarch after another, however fair the promise of his reign, had disappointed, and whose kingdom, because it was a righteous kingdom, should endure for ever. Such a ruler would indeed be the viceregent of God. In such an one, and by such an one, God would reign. He would be the seed of David, and yet more glorious than all his fellows;

HUMAN AND YET ABOVE MEN.

"It was because of this wonderfully close and real relation between God and man—a relation which the true King would visibly symbolize—that the psalmist could address Him as God. In Him God and man would in some mysterious manner meet. This, perhaps, he did see; more than this he could not see. The mystery of the incarnation was not yet revealed. But David knew that God had made man to be but little short of divine (Psalm 8 : 5). And he and others, full of hopes the very greatness of which made them indistinct, uttered them in words that went far beyond themselves" ("Book of Psalms, a New Translation," etc., vol. i., p. 360).

But while Dean Perowne thus fully accepts the Messianic character of the psalm, he is assuredly altogether in error in applying it, as does also an older commentator, Bishop Horne, to the First Advent. At His First Advent Christ came as a *Priest*, and as such He "offered Himself without spot to God;" but it is only at His Second Advent that He will come as a King to "take unto Him His great power and reign." Now, as we have already said, it is in this character and office that He is presented to us in this glorious psalm.

"THE KING"

is its ever-recurring and distinctive key-note. It is His glory we are invited to behold. It is His triumph we are called upon to celebrate. It is His kingdom which it may be our blessed privilege to share. What a glorious promise is that to the church in Laodicea: "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and sit down with my Father in His throne" (Revelation 3 : 21).

Once more, it is essential, if we would interpret this psalm aright, that we should clearly apprehend its specially—I do not say exclusively—*Jewish character* throughout. The marriage which it celebrates is not that of the "Lamb" of God (Revelation 19 : 7-9), but that of the Messiah of Israel, concerning which union it is written by the prophet: "Thy maker is thine husband, the Lord of Hosts is His name; and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel; the God of the whole earth shall He be called" (Isaiah 54 : 5). And again: "The Gentiles shall see thy righteousness, and all kings thy glory: and thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name. Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God. Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken; neither shall thy land any more be termed Desolate; but thou shalt be called Hephzi-bah ('my delight is in her'), and thy land Beulah ('married'): for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married. For as a young man marrieth a virgin, so shall thy sons marry thee: and as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee" (Isaiah 62 : 2-5).

WHO IS THE "BRIDE"?

On the other hand, the "Bride" is not the elect Church gathered under the Gospel out of all the nations, but the Jewish Church, nationally considered; in other words, the *earthly* bride in contradistinction to the *heavenly*; for as De Burgh observes: "It is to be borne in mind that the theme of this psalm is the kingdom of Christ *on earth*, and in its *earthly polity*, according to the original covenant with Abraham, renewed to David, and yet to be fulfilled at the Second Advent, which always recognizes the distinction between the people of Israel and the other nations; as well as the pre-eminence of the former, owing to Jerusalem being then the centre and seat of government.

But in the *heavenly* glory (for as 'the kingdom of *heaven*' upon earth, the kingdom will unite both glories—the celestial and terrestrial) there is no such distinction in the Church of the resurrection, which *reigns* with Christ; as also in the Church of the present dispensation, which is called to that glory; in which 'there is neither Jew nor Gentile,' but 'all are one in Christ Jesus,' and the whole, collectively, forms the Bride in the distinctively New Testament application of the emblem (as in Ephesians 5 : 25-27, etc.): an application, however, which, with the election of the Church itself, was 'a mystery' not before revealed, and therefore is not admissible in the interpretation of this psalm and the parallel prophecies" ("Commentary on the Book of Psalms," vol. i. p. 408).

But let us, without further preface, turn to the psalm itself, and as we meditate upon its glowing verses may we be enabled to catch (the fault will assuredly be ours if we do not) at least some passing glimpses of "the King in His beauty," and to foretaste the blessedness of the time when He shall take to Himself His great power and reign—a time which we may hope is now not far off.

PSALM 45.

(1.) "My heart is indicting a good matter: I speak of the things which I have made touching the King: my tongue is the pen of a ready writer."

"This verse," says Dean Perowne, "is a kind of preface of a very unusual kind in Hebrew poetry, in which the singer tells how great is his subject, and how full his heart is of it." And what wonder when the subject is *the King!* Well may his heart overflow or "bubble up" with such a theme. Even as he muses the fire kindles, the rising flood of his emotions cannot be restrained, and as though under an irresistible impulse he breaks forth into the beautiful apostrophe, the earnest ascription of adoring admiration which we find in the second verse. From this point the whole psalm seems most naturally to divide itself into three divisions, as follows:

I.—AN ADDRESS TO THE DIVINE BRIDEGROOM (verses 2-9).

II.—A DESCRIPTION OF THE ROYAL BRIDE (verses 10-12).

III.—A PREDICTION OF THE GLORIOUS RESULTS OF THEIR UNION (verses 13-16).

The speaker throughout is the psalmist, or rather the inspiring Spirit, who, through the psalmist, unveils the future glory of Israel's King.

(To be continued.)

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Subscribers whose terms of subscription expire with the month of December would oblige us if they would renew them now. The earlier we are favored in this matter, the less we shall be pressed with work at the close of the year.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Postmaster-General James has Published his first annual report. It is an exhaustive document giving valuable information as to the present condition and future prospects of the postal service. Mr. James estimates that the deficiency for the year ending June 30th, 1882, will not exceed one million dollars. He advises the establishment of *post-office savings banks* similar to those existing in Great Britain, where the poorer classes of the people may deposit small sums in the post-office near their own homes, and may draw them out at any post-office in the Union. He thinks that, as in England, the people would appreciate the absolute security given by the government, and the great convenience of the number of branches where they could obtain their money again when travelling. Mr. James strongly advocates the application of the principles of Civil Service Reform to the Postal Service, and concludes with the following weighty observations, "The public is best served by honest, experienced, and competent officers; and changes, therefore, should be made carefully and only for reasons affecting official conduct. My views upon this subject are the result of prolonged official experience, and I am persuaded that the practical application of these principles would promote public morality, increase the economy and efficiency of the public service and assuage the fury of party spirit, against which Washington warned the country as its chief peril."

The Evil Results of the Star Route Frauds are a prominent feature in the report of the Postmaster-General. It appears that on account of those frauds the people are taxed directly to make up deficiencies in a department which in England and other countries is a source of revenue, and that we have to pay three cents postage on every letter, when two cents would be sufficient, if the department had been honestly conducted. The era of large deficiencies in the Post-Office commenced in 1860, when the deficiency was $10,650,000. From that time the annual loss declined, until in 1865 there was a small profit as the result of the year's work. But in 1867 the deficiency was again on record to the amount of $4,000,000, and has appeared ever since at varying sums. The Star Routes already cut off by Mr. James save the country $1,691,000, and there are others which may be discontinued. These reforms, in conjunction with a more equitable arrangement with the railroad companies, an alteration of the rates of carrying merchandize by mail, and a re-arrangement of one class of salaries, Mr. James believes, will so reorganize the department that in three years the rate may be reduced to two cents and yet yield a surplus to the government. It is *a curious fact* suggesting how carelessly the revenues were managed under the Hayes administration, that in some cases the first notice citizens who live on star routes had that increased service or speed had been granted and paid for, was when they learned of the order of Mr. James discontinuing it.

The Trial of the Assassin Guiteau Continues to attract much public attention. On Monday, November 21st, the prosecution rested, and Mr. Scoville, the prisoner's brother-in-law and counsel, opened for the defence. His address was an able argument designed to show that insanity was hereditary in the Guiteau family; that Luther Guiteau, the father of the assassin, was eccentric and peculiar, if not actually insane; and that at different periods of the prisoner's life he had given evidence of a disordered mind. Among the witnesses testifying was a Wisconsin physician who examined Guiteau in 1876 at the request of his relatives, and then pronounced him insane, dangerous, and incurable, and advised his being confined in an asylum. Mrs. Scoville, the prisoner's sister, testified to several events in Guiteau's life which confirmed her belief that he was crazy, among others that on one occasion with very slight provocation he attacked her with an axe. She said she was much alarmed, not at the axe but at the look in Guiteau's eyes, which resembled those of a wild beast, and proved he had lost all self-control. During the trial the prisoner continued his interruptions, and still blasphemously claimed that he was a chosen instrument of the Deity. The judge repeatedly cautioned the prisoner, and at last threatened that unless he behaved properly he would order him to be gagged. Guiteau displays considerable acumen in some of his observations, and is evidently aware that his only chance of escape is in impressing the jury with a belief that he is insane. He expressed an earnest desire that the man who attempted to assassinate him on November 19th, should be punished to the full extent of the law. "Not," he said, "out of a spirit of revenge; simply as a warning to the other cranks who harbor designs against my life."

Two Crow and Duhamonne, two Omaha Indians have forwarded to the Interior Department a letter which shows how some of our Indian difficulties arise, and also suggests the advisability of making some such experiments in local self-government as Secretary Kirkwood advises. The Indians say in the course of their letter: "We understand you would turn our reservation into a county. We do not know what a county is or what the word means, but we do know that *we want to become like white people* and have laws and government like they have. You speak as if this could be done for us. We hope it can. We are in need of them, and have long known this. When you help us we know you will help us in the right way, and whatever you do for us will be for our good. About half of us want to become like the white people, but *the other half keep us back.*"

Several Reformed Inebriates Related their experience on Saturday, November 12th, at a meeting of the New York Christian Home for Intemperate Men. One, a Presbyterian minister's son, was reformed by reading a tract at the Home. Another, a ruddy-faced, bright-eyed man, never read a line in the Bible until he came to the Home. He sank so low that he lost all self-respect, and even slept in lumber-piles on the docks. While intoxicated one day, a gentleman who saw him wrote the location of the Home on *the margin of a newspaper*, without giving its name or object, and told him to go to the address given. He forgot about the scrap of paper until the next day, when he unthinkingly pulled it out of his vest pocket. A third, who said that he was two weeks ago as drunk as whiskey could make him, said he had become a Christian man, and *lost his taste for liquor*. A fourth, a fine-looking man, was induced to go to the Home by a person who was reformed by its inmates. An outcast for ten years who had been in prison said he came to his senses at *a noonday prayer-meeting*, and was directed to the Home, which completed his reformation.

The resident manager, Charles A. Bunting, reported that one of the old inmates was studying for the ministry in the West. The Home was established four years ago, and has received between 700 and 800 men. The present number of inmates is 26. In order to increase the accommodations a new Home is being erected at Eighty-sixth Street and Madison Avenue. It will be completed in March next, and will accommodate 75 inmates. The sum of $60,000 has been expended on the building and lot thus far, and $5000 is in the hands of the Treasurer to meet a payment due in a short time. Thirty thousand dollars more are required, and $15,000 of this amount is pledged to be paid when the remainder is secured. At the Home *neither medicine nor restraint is used to reform, but simply Christian influence* and pleasant surroundings. The manager himself was *once an inebriate*, and was won over by the evangelist Moody. The testimonies were throughout a practical proof of the efficacy of religion of the most convincing kind.

Intense Disappointment with Affairs in Ireland was expressed by the Marquis of Hartington, a prominent member of the British Cabinet, in the course of a speech at Blackburn, on November 26th. He said the Irish question was "calculated to inspire the greatest dissatisfaction, both as regards the rights of property and the preservation of order. Despite the severe coercive measures, outrages are still rife, and it is impossible to exercise the rights of property, except at great personal risk." It is thought, however, that the outrages are not the result of organized action. The Land League is stated by a London newspaper correspondent to be absolutely dead, but its teachings linger and bear intermittent fruit as the result of individual action. The "No Rent" manifesto encouraged a few outbursts of vindictiveness, but the Land Court being free of access, and its decisions so rapidly given and so completely favorable to the tenant, the result must be pacific. Months may be required to eradicate the three years' lawlessness.

The Death of Mr. Adam McCall, the Leader of the Livingstone Mission, is announced in a brief cable despatch from London. It is stated that he died at Madeira on Thursday, November 24th; but no other details are given as to the sad event. Mr. McCall and his three colleagues, Messrs. Clarke, Harvey, and Lanceley, sailed on March 2d last year to labor for Christ on the Congo or Livingstone river, and encouraging reports of their progress have since been received from time to time. Mr. McCall was born in 1850. His portrait and life, with an account of the mission in which he and his colleagues were engaged, appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of September 9th, 1880.

Among the Foreign Topics of the Week is the intelligence that the mission of Prince Bismarck's son to England is thought by French statesmen to be undertaken with the view of inducing the British Government to seize Egypt, and promising that Germany will prevent France from interfering.—An attempt to assassinate the Italian premier was made while he was speaking in the Chamber of Deputies on November 21st.—Negotiations are reported to be pending between Turkey and Russia for the cession of a portion of Armenia in lieu of the war indemnity which Turkey finds it difficult to pay. Such a cession would arouse British hostility.—Cholera has appeared in several cities of Turkey and Egypt. It is supposed that the infection has been spread by returned pilgrims from Mecca.—The Baroness Burdett Coutts has resigned the principal part of her income to avoid litigation.

A Singularly Ingenious Plot is Said by the Russian police to have been discovered at St. Petersburgh. A cablegram to the *London Standard* says it was arranged by certain Nihilists "to cause a balloon to ascend near Gatchina, where the Czar resides, carrying a quantity of dynamite and explosive fire balls, together with appliances to cause the balloon to fall within the palace yard, when it would explode and set the palace on fire. In the confusion it was intended to seize the Czar and his family. The machinery seized shows that everything was in readiness for the execution of the plot."

The Rev. Dr. Enoch Mellor, a Well-known Congregational minister, died at Halifax, Yorkshire, England, on October 26th. He was chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales in 1873, and was the author of several theological works. Dr. Mellor was fifty-eight years of age.

The Bold Project of Tapping a Volcano for petroleum is being agitated by an Italian named Angelo P. Ponti, who has been examining the oil regions of Pennsylvania. He has conceived the idea of boring at the side of Vesuvius to ascertain the source of its volcanic fires, and utilize the tremendous power which has for ages produced this amazing eruption by fire, smoke, and great streams of lava. M. Ponti believes that the causes of the volcanic forces in Vesuvius are the same as those which produce the gases in the oil region, only that those of the volcano are the greater and more powerful in their character. His idea is to have a shaft on the land side of the mountain, or a number of them, and by that means reach the bed or *beds of oil*, which he argues flow into a great basin immediately under the crater of the volcano, and thus, by currents of electricity, are made to burn and overflow in great floods of lava. By means of the shafts in question, Ponti hopes to attract the oil from the source of its flames, thereby preventing eruptions and utilizing the vast accumulation of oil which has for ages been consumed in the crater. This attempt to convert a source of destruction into an agency of usefulness reminds us of the prophecy that in the last days the weapons which have been used to destroy life will be turned into implements of husbandry (Micah 4 : 3).

An English Earl Among Thieves.—At a Recent meeting of a charitable institution in London the Earl of Shaftesbury related the following account of an appointment he once made with some thieves. He said: "Some years ago I received a 'round robin' signed by a number of *thieves and burglars* of the worst kind, inviting me to meet them at a certain place. I replied that I would do so. They kept their appointment, and told me they wished to give up their bad lives, but did not know what to turn to. I assisted a number of them to emigrate. Some years after, my son was out in Canada, and went up to a nice well-to-do farmhouse to ask his way. The people gave him some refreshment, and when, as he was leaving, he took up his portmanteau, they glanced at the name and exclaimed, 'Is your name Ashley?' 'It is.' A tremendous excitement followed, and when the relationship to myself was found out, the man called his wife and children, and the whole household, crying, 'Here is the son of the gentleman who sent me out!' Such was the result, in one case, of the 'round robin' from thieves and burglars."

A Remarkable Death bed Scene in an Arkansas prison was witnessed on November 8th. It was that of P. E. Sullivan, one of the convicted train robbers. He was twenty-three years of age, and the term to which he was sentenced was seventy years. A local journal says: "Several days ago he became gloomy, and going to Dr. Lenow, prison physician, complained of being sick. Upon examination the physician discovered that the man was not suffering from any perceptible disease, but that his pulse was 140. He was ordered to the hospital, where every possible care was given him. He revived after a time, but every one could see despair written on his countenance. He entered the prison cheerfully, and lightly spoke of the long term of his sentence, but after a while a *letter came*. When he read the lines his spirit sank. Tears told of a misery that ink could not express. He went again to his bed." He rapidly became worse, and after a few hours sank into delirium.

Suddenly his face grew dark, and, waving his hands wildly, he began to mutter broken sentences. "Seizing the bridle rein, he sprang upon his antagonist's horse and dashed away." "He's reading *one of those wild books* that we used to steal away and devour," said a bystander, who was one of the dying man's companions in crime. Then came a lucid interval, and in piteous tones the dying youth said, "The shadows are gathering fast, and night is oppressing me with its darkness. My old father, who has *preached the Gospel for years*, who many and many a time clasped his hands above my head and prayed, has been humbled in his old age. And my mother! if I could only hear her voice. But walls and law are between us. I am as one who is dead. She could come to me, but I cannot go to her." Suddenly he raised his head, looked intently at the door, and fell back dead. What a commentary on Prov. 6 : 15.

A Destructive Fire Broke Out in the State Capitol at Austin, Texas, on November 9th, and before the flames were brought under control the entire building was destroyed. The larger portion of the State archives was saved, but the battle-flags of the old republic, the seals of foreign nations, and the library were consumed, together with the monument commemorating the massacre of Alamo, which stood in the portico of the building.

A Remarkable Escape from a Horrible Death occurred at Paterson, N. J., on November 25th. A woman who was very deaf was crossing the tracks of a railroad when a train approached. She neither saw nor heard it, and as the cow-catcher struck her it seemed as if she must be instantly killed. However, she was thrown on to the front of the engine, to which she clung until the train reached Monroe, thirty-five miles from the place where she was when the engine struck her. A physician was summoned when the position of the woman was discovered, who pronounced her external injuries to be of a very slight description. The publication of this incident will not encourage other people to stray on the tracks in front of advancing trains, because every one knows that not one in a thousand would escape as this woman did. Yet the cases of men who are saved from spiritual ruin after travelling on the dangerous paths of worldly amusements and vicious pleasures, are often cited by young people when warned of the risks they run (Proverbs 10 : 17.)

A Curious Accident Occurred a few days ago to a small boy who was riding on the top of a load of hay which his father's team was drawing to Ghent, N. Y. The air being chilly, the boy's prudent mother had enveloped his head and neck in a large muffler, the ends of which hung loosely over his chest. As the wagon passed under a large tree the wind carried one end of the muffler over a branch, where it became entangled and held fast. The wagon was drawn along, but the boy, in spite of his struggles, was hauled off and left suspended by the neck from the tree. Happily the father, who was driving, looked back and saw his son's perilous position in time to climb the tree and release him before he was much hurt. Thus the mother's arrangement to save her boy from taking cold came near involving him in the loss of his life. Of course no blame would have attached to her, but so much could not be said for some other parents should their children lose their souls. They dread poverty, and in planning to save their children from its ills, expose them to temptation so fierce that they are liable to fall into a calamity compared with which all the ills of poverty would be as blessings (Matt. 16 : 26).

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THE PENTECOSTAL WIND AND FIRE.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance."—ACTS 2 : 2-4.

Present Operations of the Spirit—Inferred from the Characteristics of the Descent—I. The Symbols of the Holy Spirit—Wind—The most Spiritual of Material Things—Awe-Inspiring—Quickening and Invigorating—The Symbol of Fire—A Personal Visitation—Light-giving—Inspiration—Not Tongues of Flowers—Modern Preaching—The Wind and Fire Together—II. The Immediate Effect—Filling—The Empty Vessels of the Pulpit—Who May Preach—Utterance—So as to be Understood—Lancets in Preaching—III. The Subject Preached—Devil-Inspired Preaching—What the Apostles Preached—IV. Glorious Result—Deep Feeling—Earnest Inquiry—Reception of the Word—Prompt Confession—Steadfastness—Generosity—Gladness—Daily Increase.

FROM the descent of the Holy Ghost at the beginning we may learn something concerning His operations at the present time. Remember at the outset that whatever the Holy Spirit was at the first that He is now, for as God He remaineth for ever the same: whatsoever He then did He is able to do still, for His power is by no means diminished. As saith the prophet Micah, "O thou that art named the house of Jacob, is the spirit of the Lord straitened?" We should greatly grieve the Holy Spirit if we supposed that His might was less to-day than in the beginning. Although we may not expect, and need not desire, the miracles which came with the gift of the Holy Spirit, so far as they were physical, yet we may both desire and expect that which was intended and symbolized by them, and we may reckon to see the like *spiritual wonders* performed among us at this day.

This morning my object is not to talk of the descent of the Holy Spirit as a piece of history, but to view it as a fact bearing upon us at this hour, even upon us who are called in these latter days to bear our testimony for the truth. The Father hath sent us the Comforter that He may dwell in us till the coming of the Lord. The Holy Ghost has never returned, for He came in accordance with the Saviour's prayer, to abide with us for ever. *The gift of the Comforter was not temporary*, and the display of His power was not to be once seen and no more.

The Holy Ghost is here, and we ought to expect His divine working among us; and if He does not so work we should search ourselves to see what it is that hindereth, and whether there may not be somewhat in ourselves which vexes Him, so that He restrains His sacred energy, and doth not work among us as He did aforetime.

I. First, I shall call your attention to

THE INSTRUCTIVE SYMBOLS

of the Holy Spirit, which were made prominent at Pentecost. They were two. There was a sound as of a rushing mighty wind, and there were cloven tongues as it were of fire.

Take the symbols separately. The first is *wind*—an emblem of Deity, and therefore a proper symbol of the Holy Spirit. Often under the Old Testament God revealed Himself under the emblem of breath or wind: indeed, as most of you know, the Hebrew word for "wind" and "spirit" is the same. So, with the Greek word, when Christ talked to Nicodemus, it is not very easy for translators to tell us when He said "spirit" and when He said "wind;" indeed, some most correctly render the original all the way through by the word "wind," while others with much reason have also used the word "spirit" in their translation. The original word signified either the one or the other, or both.

Wind is, of all material things, one of the most spiritual in appearance; it is invisible, ethereal, mysterious; hence, men have fixed upon it as being nearest akin to spirit. In Ezekiel's famous vision, when he saw the valley full of dry bones, we all know that the Spirit of God was intended

by that vivifying wind which came when the prophet prophesied and blew upon the withered relics till they were quickened into life. "The Lord hath His way in the whirlwind," thus He displays Himself when He works: "The Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind," thus he reveals Himself when He teaches His servants.

Observe that this wind was on the day of Pentecost accompanied with a sound—a sound as of a rushing mighty wind; for albeit the Spirit of God can work in silence, yet in saving operations He frequently uses sound. I would be the last to depreciate meetings in which there is nothing but holy silence, for I could wish that we had more reverence for silence, and it is in stillness that the inner life is nourished; yet the Holy Ghost does not work for the advancement of the kingdom of God by silence alone, for faith cometh by hearing. Some of us would be glad to be quiet, but where the Gospel has free course, there is sure to be a measure of noise and stir. The sound came on this occasion, no doubt, to call the attention of the assembly to what was about to occur, to arouse them, and to fill them with awe! There is something indescribably solemn about the rush of a rising tempest; it bows the soul before the sublime mystery of divine power. What more fitting as an attendant upon divine working than the deeply solemn rush of

A MIGHTY WIND.

The meaning of the symbol is that as breath, air, wind, is the very life of man, so is the Spirit of God the life of the spiritual man. By Him are we quickened at the first; by Him are we kept alive afterward; by Him is the inner life nurtured, and increased, and perfected.

This holy breath was not only intended to quicken them, but to invigorate them. That rushing mighty wind soon cleared away all earth-engendered damps and vapors; it aroused the disciples and left them braced up for the further work of the Lord. They took in great draughts of heavenly life; they felt animated, aroused, and bestirred. A sacred enthusiasm came upon them, because they were filled with the Holy Ghost; and, girt with that strength, they rose into a nobler form of life than they had known before.

No doubt this wind was intended to show the irresistible power of the Holy Ghost; for simple as the air is, and mobile and apparently feeble, yet set it in motion, and you feel that a thing of life is among you; make that motion more rapid, and who knows the power of the restless giant who has been awakened. See, it becomes a storm, a tempest, a hurricane, a tornado, a cyclone. Nothing can be more potent than the wind when it is thoroughly roused, and so, though the Spirit of God be despised among men, so much so that they do not even believe in His existence, yet let Him work with the fulness of His power, and you will see what He can do. He comes softly, breathing like *a gentle zephyr*, which fans the flowers, but does not dislodge the insect of most gauzy wing, and our hearts are comforted. He comes like *a stirring breeze*, and we are quickened to a livelier diligence: our sails are hoisted and we fly before the gale. He comes with yet greater strength, and we prostrate ourselves in the dust as we hear the thunder of His power, bringing down with a crash false confidences and refuges of lies!

The second Pentecostal symbol was

FIRE.

Fire, again, is a frequent symbol of deity. Abraham saw a burning lamp, and Moses beheld a burning bush. When Solomon had builded his holy and beautiful house, its consecration lay in the fire of God descending upon the sacrifice to mark that the Lord was there; for when the Lord had dwelt aforetime in the tabernacle, which was superseded by the temple, he revealed Himself in a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. "Our God is a consuming fire." Hence the symbol of fire is a fit emblem of God the Holy Spirit. Let us adore and worship Him.

Tongues of flame sitting on each man's head betoken *a personal visitation* to the mind and heart of each one of the chosen company. Not to consume them came the fires, for no one was injured by the flaming tongue; to men whom the Lord has prepared for His approach there is no danger in His visitations. They see God, and their lives are preserved; they feel His fires, and are not consumed. This is the privilege of those alone who have been prepared and purified for such fellowship with God.

The intention of the symbol was to show them that the Holy Spirit would illuminate them, as *fire gives light*. "He shall lead you into all truth." Henceforth they were to be no more children untrained, but to be teachers in Israel, instructors of the nations whom they were to disciple unto Christ: hence the Spirit of light was upon them. But fire doth more than give light: it inflames; and the flames which sat upon each showed them that they were to be ablaze with love, intense with zeal, burning with self-sacrifice; and that they were to go forth among men to speak not with the chill tongue of deliberate logic, but with burning tongues of passionate pleading; persuading and entreating men to come unto Christ that they might live.

The fire signified *inspiration*. God was about to make them speak under a divine influence, to speak as the Spirit of God should give them utterance. Oh! blessed symbol, would God that all of us experienced its meaning to the full, and that the tongue of fire did sit upon every servant of the Lord. May a fire burn steadily within to destroy our sin, a holy sacrificial flame to make us whole burnt offerings unto God, a never-dying flame of zeal for God, and devotion to the cross.

Note that the emblem was not only fire, but *a tongue of fire;* for God meant to have a speaking church; not a church that would fight with the sword—with that weapon we have nought to do—but a church that should have a sword proceeding out of its mouth, whose one weapon should be the proclamation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I should think from what I know of some preachers that when they had their Pentecost the influence sat upon them in the form of

TONGUES OF FLOWERS,

but the apostolic Pentecost knew not flowers, but flames. What fine preaching we have nowadays! What new thoughts, and poetical turns! This is not the style of the Holy Ghost. Soft and gentle is the flow of smooth speech which tells of the dignity of man, the grandeur of the century, the toning down of all punishment for sin, and the probable restoration of all lost spirits, including the arch-fiend himself.

This is the satanic ministry, subtle as the serpent, bland as his seducing words to Eve. The Holy Ghost calls us not to this mode of speech. Fire, intensity, zeal, passion as much as you will, but as for aiming at effect by polished phrases and brilliant periods—these are fitter for those who would deceive men than for those who would tell them the message of the Most High. The style of the Holy Ghost is one which conveys the truth to the mind in the most forcible manner—it is plain but flaming, simple but consuming. The Holy Spirit has never written a cold period throughout the whole Bible, and never did He speak by a man a lifeless word, but evermore He gives and blesses the tongue of fire.

These, then, are the two symbols; and I should like you carefully to observe how the Holy Spirit teaches us by them. When He came from the Father to His Son Jesus it was as a dove. Let peace rest on that dear sufferer's soul through all His days of labor and through the passion which would close them. His anointing is that of peace: He needed no tongue of flame, for He was already all on fire with love. When the Holy Spirit was bestowed by the Son of God upon His disciples it was as breath—"He breathed on them and said, Receive ye the Holy Ghost." To-day for intemperate Men. One, a Presbyterian minister's son, was reformed by reading a tract at the Home. Another, a ruddy-faced, bright-eyed man, never had a line in the Bible until he came to the Home. He sank so low that he lost all self-respect, and even slept in lumber-piles on the docks. While intoxicated one day, a gentleman who saw him wrote the location of the Home on *the margin of a newspaper*, without giving its name or object.

WIND AND FIRE TOGETHER!

I have kept them separate in my discourse hitherto; and you have seen power in each one; what are they together? Rushing mighty wind alone how terrible! Who shall stand against it? And fire alone! who shall stand against it when it devours its prey? But set wind and fire to work in hearty union. We have lately read of *forests on fire*. What a sight! Hear how the mighty trees are crashing in the flame! What can stand against it! The fire setteth the mountains on a blaze. What a smoke blackens the skies; it grows dark at noon. As hill after hill offers up its sacrifice the timid imagine that the great day of the Lord has come. If we could see a spiritual conflagration of equal grandeur it were a consummation devoutly to be wished.

O God, send us the Holy Ghost in this fashion: give us both the breath of spiritual life and the fire of unconquerable zeal, till nation after nation shall yield to the sway of Jesus. O thou who art our God, answer us by fire, we pray thee. Answer us both by wind and fire, and then shall we see thee to be God indeed. The kingdom comes not, and the work is flagging. O that thou wouldest send the wind and the fire! Thou wilt do this when we are all of one accord, all believing, all expecting, all prepared by prayer. Lord, bring us to this waiting state.

II. Secondly, my brethren, follow me while I call your attention to

THE IMMEDIATE EFFECTS

of this descent of the Holy Spirit, for these symbols were not sent in vain. There were two immediate effects: the first was *filling*, and the second was *the gift of utterance*. I call special attention to the first, namely, filling: "It filled all the house where they were sitting": and it did not merely fill the house, but the men—"They were all filled with the Holy Ghost." When they stood up to speak even the ribald mockers in the crowd noticed this, for they said, "These men are full," and though they added "with new wine," yet they evidently detected a singular fulness about them. We are poor, empty things by nature, and useless while we remain so: we need to be filled with the Holy Ghost.

Some people seem to believe in the Spirit of God giving utterance only, and they look upon instruction in divine things as of secondary importance. Dear, dear me, what trouble comes when we act upon that theory! How the empty vessels clatter, and rattle, and sound! Men in such case utter a wonderful amount of nothing, and even when that nothing is set on fire it does not come to much. I dread a revival of that sort, where the first thing and the last thing is *everlasting talk*. Those who set up for teachers ought to be themselves taught of the Lord; how can they communicate that which they have not received? Where the Spirit of God is truly at work He first fills and then gives utterance: that is His way. Oh that you and I were at this moment filled with the Holy Ghost. The first thing we want as a church is to be filled with the Holy Ghost: the gift of utterance will then come as a matter of course. They ask me, "May the sisters speak anywhere? If not in the assembly, may they not speak in smaller meetings?"

I answer, yes, if they are full of the Holy Ghost. Shall this brother or that be allowed to speak? Certainly, if he be filled, he may flow. May a layman preach? I know nothing about laymen except that *I am no cleric myself;* but let all speak who are full of the Holy Ghost. "Spring up, O well." If it be a fountain of living water who would restrain it, who could restrain it? Let him overflow who is full, but mind he does not set up to pour out when there is nothing in him; for if he counts it his official duty to go pouring out, pouring out, pouring out, at unreasonable length, and inet nothing comes of it, I am sure he acts, not by dine Holy Spirit, but according to his own vanity.

Bi The next Pentecostal symbol was *utterance*. As cibon as the Spirit of God filled them they began to thpeak at once. It seems to me that they began to frpeak before the people had come together. They reould not help it; the inner forces demanded exlitpression, and they must speak. So when the Spirit of God really comes upon a man, he does not wait

till he has gathered an audience of the size which he desires, but he seizes the next opportunity. He speaks to one person, he speaks to two, he speaks to three, to anybody: he must speak, for he is full, and must have vent.

When the Spirit of God fills a man he speaks so as to be understood. The crowd spake different languages, and these Spirit-taught men spoke to them in the language of the country in which they were born. This is one of the signs of the Spirit's utterance. If my friend over yonder talks in a Latinized style to a company of costermongers, I will warrant you the Holy Ghost has nothing to do with him. If a learned brother fires over the heads of his congregation with a grand oration, he may trace his elocution, if he likes, to Cicero and Demosthenes, but do not let him ascribe it to the Holy Spirit, for that is not after His manner. The Spirit of God speaks so that His words may be understood, and if there be any obscurity it lies in the language used by the Lord Himself.

The crowd not only understood, but they felt. There were *lancets in this Pentecostal preaching*, and the hearers "were pricked in the heart." The truth wounded men, and the slain of the Lord were many, for the wounds were in the most vital part. They could not make it out: they had heard speakers before, but this was quite a different thing. The men spake fire-flakes, and one hearer cried to his fellow, "What is this?" The preachers were speaking flame, and the fire dropped into the hearts of men till they were amazed and confounded.

This was the immediate effect of the Pentecostal marvel, and I shall now ask you to follow me to my third point, which is this:

III. The Holy Spirit being thus at work, what was

THE MOST PROMINENT SUBJECT

which these full men began to preach about with words of fire? Suppose that the Holy Spirit should work mightily in the church, what would our ministers preach about? We should have a revival, should we not, of the old discussions about predestination and free agency? I do not think so: these are happily ended, for they tended toward bitterness, and for the most part the disputants were not equal to their task. We should hear a great deal about the pre-millennial and the post-millennial advent, should we not? I do not think so. I never saw much of the Spirit of God in discussions or dreamings upon times and seasons which are not clearly revealed. Should we not hear learned essays upon advanced theology? No, sir; when the devil inspires the church we have modern theology; but when the Spirit of God is among us that rubbish is shot out with loathing.

What did these men preach about? Their hearers said, "We do hear them speak in our own tongues the wonderful works of God." Their subject was the wonderful works of God. Oh, that this might be to my dying day my sole and only topic—"The wonderful works of God." For, first, they spoke of *redemption*, that wonderful work of God. Peter's sermon was a specimen of how they spoke of it. He told the people that Jesus was the Son of God, that they had crucified and slain Him, but that He had come to redeem men, and that there was salvation through His precious blood. He preached redemption.

They certainly spoke of the next wonderful work of God, namely, *regeneration*. There was no concealing of the work of the Holy Spirit in that primitive ministry. It was brought to the front. Peter said, "Ye shall receive the Holy Ghost." The preachers of Pentecost told of the Spirit's work by the Spirit's power: conversion, repentance, renewal, faith, holiness, and such things were freely spoken of and ascribed to their real author the divine Spirit. If the Spirit of God shall give us once again a full and fiery ministry we shall hear it clearly proclaimed, "Ye must be born again," and we shall see a people forthcoming which are born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, but of the will of God, and by the energy which cometh from heaven. A Holy Ghost ministry cannot be silent about the Holy Ghost and His sacred operations upon the heart.

And very plainly they spoke on a third wonderful work of God, namely, *remission* of sin. This was the point that Peter pushed home to them, that on repentance they should receive remission of sins. What a blessed message is this: Pardon for crimes of deepest dye, a pardon bought with Jesus' blood, free pardon, full pardon, irreversible pardon given to the vilest of the vile when they ground their weapons of rebellion, and bow at the feet that once were nailed to the tree. If we would prove ourselves to be under divine influence, we must keep to the divine message of fatherly forgiveness to returning prodigals. What happier word can we deliver?

These are the doctrines which the Holy Ghost will revive in the midst of the land when He worketh mightily—redemption, regeneration, remission. If you would have the Spirit of God resting on your labors, dear brothers and sisters, keep these three things ever to the front, and make all men hear in their own tongue the wonderful works of God.

IV. I shall close by noticing, in the fourth place, what were the

GLORIOUS RESULTS

of all this. Have patience with me, if you find the details somewhat long. The result of the Spirit coming as wind and fire, filling and giving utterance, was, first, in the hearers' *deep feeling*. There was never, perhaps, in the world such a feeling excited by the language of mortal man as that which was aroused in the crowds in Jerusalem on that day. Alas, people come into our places of worship nowadays to hear the preacher, and their friends ask them on their return, "How did you like him?" Was that your errand, to see how you liked him? What practical benefit is there in such a mode of using the servants of God? Are we sent among you to give opportunities for criticism? Yet the mass of men seem to think that we are nothing better than fiddlers or play-actors, who come upon the stage to help you while away an hour. Oh my hearers, if we are true to our God, and true to you, ours is a more solemn business than most men dream. The object of all true preaching is the heart: we aim at divorcing the heart from sin, and wedding it to Christ. Our ministry has failed, and has not the divine seal set upon it, unless it makes men tremble, makes them sad, and then anon brings them to Christ, and causes them to rejoice.

Then followed an *earnest inquiry*. "They were pricked in their heart, and they said to Peter and the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Emotion is of itself but a poor result unless it leads to practical action. To make men feel is well enough, but it must be a feeling which impels them to immediate movement, or at least to earnest enquiry as to what they shall do. Oh, Spirit of God, if thou wilt rest on me, even me, men shall not hear and go their way and forget what they have heard! They will arise and seek the Father, and taste His love. If thou wouldst rest on all the brotherhood that publish thy word men would not merely weep while they hear, and be affected while the discourse lasts, but they would go their way to ask, "What must we do to be saved?"

Then came *a grand reception of the Word*. We are told that they gladly received the Word, and they received it in two senses: first, Peter bade them repent, and so they did. They were pricked to the heart from compunction on account of what they had done to Jesus, and they sorrowed after a godly sort, and quitted their sins. They also believed in Him whom they had slain, and accepted Him as their Saviour there and then.

But what next? Why, they were *baptized* directly. Having repented and believed, the next step was to make confession of their faith; and they did not postpone that act for a single day; why should they? Willing hands were there, the whole company of the faithful were all glad to engage in the holy service, and that same day were they baptized into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. If the Holy Ghost were fully with us, we should never have to complain that many believers never confess their faith, for they would be eager to confess the Saviour's name in His own appointed way.

Furthermore, there was not merely this immediate confession, but as a result of the Spirit of God there was *great steadfastness*. "They continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine." We have had plenty of revivals of the human sort, and their results have been sadly disappointing. Under excitement nominal converts have been multiplied: but where are they after a little testing? I am sadly compelled to own that, so far as I can observe, there has been much sown, and very little reaped that was worth reaping, from much of that which has been called revival. Our hopes were flattering as a dream; but the apparent result has vanished like a vision of the night. But where the Spirit of God is really at work the converts stand: they are well rooted and grounded, and hence they are not carried about by every wind of doctrine, but they continue steadfast in the apostolic truth.

Next to this there came *striking generosity*. Funds were not hard to raise: liberality overflowed its banks, for believers poured all that they had into the common fund. Then was it indeed seen to be true that the silver and the gold are the Lord's. When the Spirit of God operates powerfully there is little need to issue telling appeals for widows and orphans, or to go down on our knees and plead for missionary fields which cannot be occupied for want of money. At this moment our village churches can scarcely support their pastors at a starvation rate; but I believe that if the Spirit of God will visit all the churches, means will be forthcoming to keep all going right vigorously. There will be no lack of money when there is no lack of grace. When the Spirit of God comes, those who have substance yield it to their Lord: those who have but little grow rich by giving of that little, and those who are already rich become happy by consecrating what they have. There is *no need to rattle the box* when the rushing mighty wind is heard, and the fire is dissolving all hearts in love. Then came

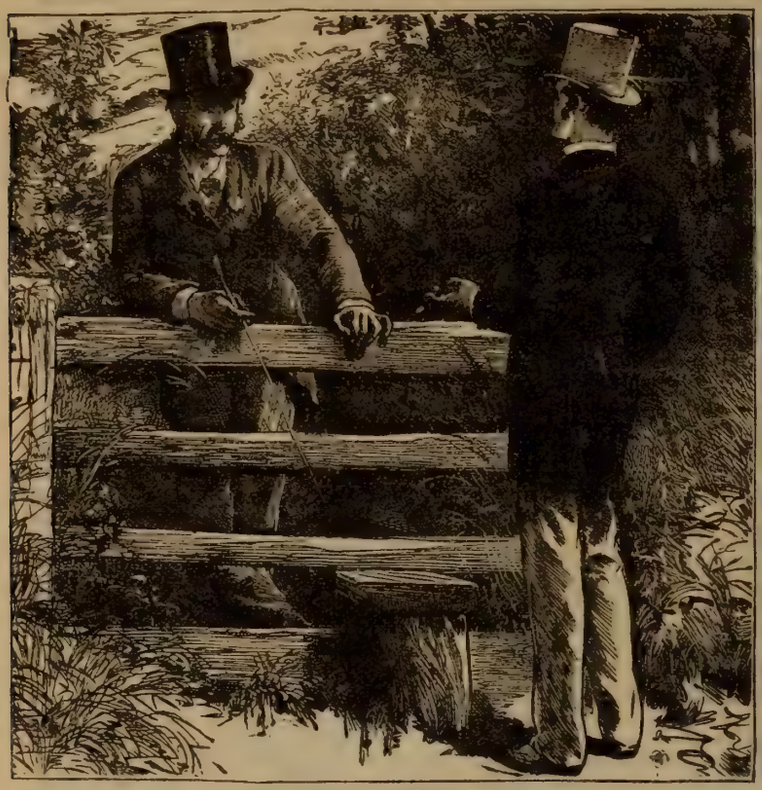
CONTINUAL GLADNESS.

"They did eat their meat with gladness." They were not merely glad at prayer-meetings and sermons, but glad at breakfast and at supper. I should not wonder but what all propriety was scattered to the winds. They were so glad, so exhilarated that they were ready to leap for joy. Of course we never say "Amen," or "Glory!" now. We have grown to be so *frozenly proper* that we never interrupt a service in any way, because, to tell the truth, we are not so particularly glad, we are not so specially full of praise that we want to do anything of the sort. Alas, we have lost very much of the Spirit of God, and much of the joy and gladness which attend His presence, and so we have settled into a decorous apathy! We gather the pinks of propriety instead of the palm branches of praise. God send us a season of glorious disorder. O for a sweep of wind that will set the seas in motion, and make *our ironclad brethren* now lying so quietly at anchor to roll from stem to stern.

For, to close, there was then *daily increase* of the church—"The Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved." Conversion was going on perpetually; additions to the church were not events which happened once a year, but they were everyday matters, "so mightily grew the word of God and prevailed." Oh, Spirit of God, thou art ready to work with us to-day even as thou didst then! Stay not, we beseech thee, but work at once. Break down every barrier that hinders the incomings of thy might. Overturn, overturn, O sacred wind! Consume all obstacles, O heavenly fire, and give us now both hearts of flame and tongues of fire to preach thy word. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON.—Acts 2.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]



The Young Squire's Warning.

A Husband's Struggle.

THE YOUNG SQUIRE'S WARNING.

"You remind me of an old story they used to tell me when I was a boy, about a china bowl that would sail down the river with vessels of brass and iron. The tale used to vary in some of its details, but I remember the end was always the same—the china bowl always came to grief by collision."

The speaker was leaning on a gate in a charming country road one lovely autumn evening as he uttered these words. The listener was a young man about the same age, fashionably attired, and with the unmistakable air of a city man about him. He did not relish the comparison his friend, the young squire, made, nor the prediction it implied about his future. He was the son of a small farmer, had followed the plough as a boy in these very fields, and had been allowed by the man with whom he was now talking, and who was the son of his father's landlord, to join him in his fishing and shooting expeditions. As George Forster, the farmer's son, grew up he had persuaded his father to obtain for him a situation in a broker's office in the city, and had finally quitted the scenes of his youth. Edward Gower, the squire's son, went to a first-class school, and thence to the university, which he left suddenly to take the position of owner of the estate on the death of the old squire. A brief vacation for George Forster brought him back to his father's farm, and there the two men who had been separated for many years met that autumn evening.

"Why do you compare me to a fragile bowl?" said Forster. "I have plenty of brains and can hold my own well enough. I do not see why I should come to grief."

"Well," said Gower, "I don't claim to be a prophet, and I don't set up for a preacher, but so far as I can see, you are leading rather a fast life in town, and though you have brains you must excuse me for saying you have not much money, which, I take it, is the principal requisite in the company you keep. If you are competing with wealthy men and living the same life, it does not need an oracle to tell what the end is likely to be."

The words were kindly meant, but there was an air of patronage in the way they were said that nettled Forster's spirit. There was, too, a spice of reason about them which was still more galling, for we always resent reproof that is reasonable more than we do that which is baseless. Forster did not care to argue the question, however, and turned aside, saying, "Oh, do not distress yourself on my account, I shall take care of myself."

He was ill at ease; he knew himself to be a smarter man than his adviser; knew, too, that Mr. Gower spent his money more lavishly and foolishly than he did himself, and that, as he had been often told, his talents fitted him to shine in society. But the squire was right. A very few years later both recalled to memory that conversation by the gate. A heavy embezzlement was reported in the papers. The lawyer who prosecuted said the prisoner had moved in polite society, had taken a hand at cards with his wealthy friends every evening, betted with them on horse races, wore expensive clothes and jewelry, and not having an income to support such a style of living, had borrowed without permission his employer's money to meet his debts of honor, and had not been able to repay it. The theft was discovered, and the bright, handsomely attired young man, George Forster, the spoiled child of society, was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. The china bowl had been broken, as Mr. Gower had predicted, and with it the hearts of a good old man and his wife in their village home, who had been proud of their son, but who never raised their heads after their name had been stained with crime.

The young squire's well-meant but essentially worldly warning failed, as such warnings generally do, and from his own experience he had been unable to give such advice as might have been blessed to the end he desired. Worldly wise as he was, he would never have thought of giving the answer the psalmist gives to the question, Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word. Yet in such an answer lies the only sound advice a young man can accept, and is a safer guide than the mere expediency contained in the parable of the china bowl.

A HUSBAND'S STRUGGLE.

A dissipated-looking man rang the bell at the door of a small cottage on the outskirts of a great city one summer day, and inquired of the girl who answered the summons if Mrs. Eustace was within. Being answered in the affirmative, he made his way to his wife's room. Mrs. Eustace was his wife, though to call him her husband was a mockery of the name. He had taken the beautiful girl from a home of comfort and luxury, had sworn in the presence of God to love and cherish her, but had broken all his vows. For several years after their marriage he led a dissipated life, until his wife's fortune was entirely exhausted, and then he deserted her.

Grief and disappointment operating on a delicate constitution laid Mrs. Eustace on a bed of sickness, from which she was only just recovering when the man who called himself her husband entered her room. She had longed for his return; but as she raised her eyes to his face and marked the evidences of recent intoxication, all the glad light died out of them. He seated himself at the foot of the lounge on which she was lying, and commenced some maudlin excuses for his long absence. The injured wife listened wearily, for she was pitiably weak, and then as the incoherent tale was told, full of selfish complaint of his own hardships, she closed her eyes and fell asleep from sheer feebleness.

Then, as she lay in placid rest, the husband marked her altered appearance. She looked like the shadow of the girl who gave him her heart but a short time before, and something as near akin to pity as a drunkard can feel entered his heart. He knew the change was his fault; and as he sat and watched her, conscience smote him. He was miserable, and with such men misery forms itself into an appeal for liquor. He must drown it, was his thought; and in fact his visit to his wife had been to prefer a request for money, which, as he well knew, her aged father would take care she did not lack. Looking around the room he caught sight of a pocketbook lying with some papers on his wife's table. He was tempted to take it as his wife slept. Then his moral nature rebelled. Degraded as he was he felt this was a step that led to a moral depth lower than any to which he had yet sunk. Fiercely the conflict raged, but at last his appetite triumphed, and rising noiselessly he seized the pocketbook and glided from the room.

With hasty steps he sought the nearest place where he might drink to quiet the reproaches of his conscience. His first potation was quickly swallowed, and he ordered another. Opening the pocketbook to pay for his liquor he stood aghast. Not a single note was there. It contained nothing but *his own letters* written to his wife before their marriage. The poor lady had been trying to draw consolation from them in her loneliness, and this was the treasure he had stolen. The man was enraged, maddened; and leaving some article of

little value as equivalent for the money he could not pay the saloon-keeper, he turned his steps to the mean lodging-house he called his home.

But the man had stolen something that turned out more valuable than money. He read his own letters that evening, and though his intellect was clouded by drink he realized how he had sunk since the time he penned them. For the first time in his life he went that night to a Gospel temperance meeting. Softened as he was when he entered the meeting, his heart was touched by the appeals made. He came away a new man. He had signed the pledge, and his trust was in Jesus, who never fails those who cry to Him in sincerity and in truth. He went the next day to his wife and told her all, begging her forgiveness and promising amendment. It was the first of many happy days; and that night with thankful hearts the reunited pair read with a fresh light upon them the words, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

Edith Arundel's Question.—(*See page 767.*)

CYRIL'S RUIN.

A Temperance Story.

I WAS paying a long-promised visit to some friends when one day I was surprised by receiving a note from Isabel Willowby, an old and much-loved schoolfellow, inviting me to visit her at Willowby Hall, where she and her husband and their only child were living in very happy circumstances. I accepted, and on the appointed day was welcomed by Isabel with the greatest pleasure and affection. There was one other visitor, however, present, a Mr. Stuart, Isabel's eldest brother, who had just returned to England after many years' absence, and had only arrived the night before on a short visit to his sister. Mr. Willowby was away from home on business, and the only persons present at our early dinner besides myself were Mrs. Willowby, Mr. Stuart, and Cyril, the little heir. The quaint remarks volunteered by the boy added not a little to our amusement. It was evident Isabel spoiled her child; but I thought it was not much to be wondered at, he was such a bright, loving, intelligent little fellow.

When the servant in waiting filled our glasses from the jug of *fresh-drawn ale*, which, however, I noticed that Mr. Stuart declined to touch, it was with some surprise I saw that the little boy's silver cup was half filled, too, and that he raised it with eagerness to his lips. Mr. Stuart spoke the thoughts that were in my mind by exclaiming, "Isabel, surely you don't let that child drink ale?" Isabel laughed. "Yes, Gordon, he always has a little; he is not strong, and *it does him good—he likes it, too;* don't you, pet?"

"But, Isabel, I am much older than you, and my longer experience in such matters bids me warn you. Do be advised by me; take that cup from the child at once, and give him water instead; not only to-day, but regularly in future."

Isabel looked half convinced. "Will my pet give mamma his cup?" she asked coaxingly of the boy.

"*No!*" replied the little fellow decisively, at the same time grasping his goblet firmly, with both his tiny hands. "No, mamma, I won't!"

Isabel did not persevere. "Never mind for to-day," she said carelessly; "he has almost finished it, and I don't want to regale your ears with a squall. I'll think about it, however, Gordon dear," she added winningly; "so don't look so grave." And the conversation soon glided into another channel, but a presentiment was on my mind that my loved friend was sowing the seeds of future trouble, and it was evident that Mr. Stuart had the same impression, which subsequent events only too deeply justified.

Some years passed away, and I again heard from my early friend, and then I learned that her husband was dead, and that she had gone with her boy to reside near friends at Inverness in Scotland.

I heard no more of Isabel Willowby till one morning, about six years later, when I was startled and surprised to receive a short note from her dated from Edinburgh. "Come to me at once, if you can," it said; "my boy is dying! I have no friend near—come to me!" These were all its contents; and you will not wonder that as soon as possible I set out on my journey to the Scottish capital. I arrived there late in the evening of the next day, and had no difficulty in finding the house to which I had been directed.

Isabel herself met me at the door, and clasped me in her arms. Poor, poor Isabel! How sadly changed since that bright summer's day, so many years ago, when last I had seen her, radiant in her wifely joy and maternal pride. So wan, so wasted she now appeared, while a look of deeply-seated despair had settled on her face. But she shed no tears; even when I asked for her son, she replied, with apparent calmness, "*He is dying;* there is no hope."

As soon as I was a little rested, Isabel led the way to her son's room. He was lying on the bed in a sort of stupor, his eyes closed, and his fair hair tossed back from his noble brow; but in every line of that wasted but once handsome face I could see the traces of *constant dissipation*.

His right arm lay bandaged outside the counterpane; it was not till some time after that I collected the particulars of the accident which had laid him on what was to prove the bed of death.

He had gone out shooting one afternoon with a party of wild companions, and after two or three hours' sport they had entered a wayside inn, where a couple more hours were spent in carousing and sinful merriment, till all were more or less intoxicated. At last it was proposed to return to the city and finish the evening at a noted gambling-house. As they were leaving, one of the younger men took up Cyril's gun in mistake for his own, insisting that it was his. Angry and excited, young Willowby endeavored to wrest it from him; the gun was loaded, and went off in the scuffle, lodging the contents in Cyril's right arm.

At a late hour that night the almost lifeless body of her son was brought home to the distracted mother. The most skilful doctors were sent for, but raging fever had ensued, and no hope could be given that the young man's life might be saved. And there on that bed he lay, the lamp of life slowly dying out. The doctor came in as we stood there, and examined the injured limb. The poor mother spoke not, as he replaced the bandages and came to her side.

"You must be prepared for the worst, my dear madam," he said gently, and with much sympathy.

"Is there no hope, doctor?" I whispered.

"None whatever," he replied; "his constitution has been so injured by *constant excesses*, he has no strength or power to stand against such an accident, which to a young man of steady and sober habits would have been comparatively a light one, involving the loss of the limb and nothing more. But in this case it is unhappily different; inflammation has set in, and in a few hours all will be over. I can do nothing more, but I will look in again later."

As the doctor left the room, Cyril opened his eyes, and there was a gleam of consciousness in them.

"Mother!" he faintly whispered, "I heard what he said; I know I am dying. Oh, why did you teach me to love the strong drink that has killed me! Oh, mother! I am dying! *You have ruined me, body and soul!*" And, with a convulsive groan, he relapsed into insensibility. He never spoke again. Through the long hours of that night we watched by his bedside, hoping, praying, oh how fervently, for another gleam of consciousness, but Isabel had heard the last words from the lips of her idolized boy.

The doctor came in later, as he had promised, and stood with us; but no human skill could avail now; and when the morning's sun arose it looked upon a lifeless body lying there; the spirit of Cyril Willowby had passed away forever.

And his dying words, like a poisoned dagger, they rankled in the heart of his bereaved and agonized mother. The constant thought that to *her* her boy ascribed his ruin, was more than she could bear: it *killed* her!

For two months she lingered, slowly fading day by day. I tried to impart to her the consolations of religion. God grant my efforts may not have been in vain! I never knew how far she received the truth. No immediate danger had been anticipated, but one night she passed away, quietly, painlessly; falling asleep in time to awake in eternity. "*Died of a broken heart*" might truthfully have been inscribed upon her tombstone.

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COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(*Continued from page 751.*)

Conscience Speaks.

Old Marlowe strove, notwithstanding a ead of failure, to resume his old occupation. Doggedly every morning he put on his brown paper cap, and went off to his crowded little workshop, but with unequal footsteps, quite unlike his former firm tread. But it would not do. He stood for hours before his half-shaped blocks of oak, with birds, and leaves, and heads partly traced upon them; but he found himself powerless to complete his own designs. Between him and them stood the image of Phebe, a poverty-stricken, work-worn woman, toiling with her hands, in all weathers, upon their three or four barren fields which were now the only property left to him. It had been pleasant to him to see her milk the cows, and help him to fetch in the sheep from the moors; but until now he had been able to pay for the rougher work on the farmstead. His neighbor, Samuel Nixey, had let his laborers do it for him, since he had kept his own hands and time for his artistic pursuit. But he could afford this no longer, and the thought of the next winter's work which lay before him and Phebe harassed him terribly.

"Father," she said to him one evening, after she had been at Riversborough, "they are all going away; Mrs. Sefton, and Madame, and the children. They are going to Scarborough, and after that to London, never to come back. I shall not see them again."

"Thank God!" thought the dumb old man; and his eyes gleamed brightly from under their thick gray eyebrows. But he did not utter the words, so much less easy was it for his fingers to betray his thoughts than it would have been for his lips. And Phebe did not guess them.

"Is there any news of him?" he asked.

"Not a word,' she answered. "Mr. Clifford has almost given it up. He is an unforgiving man, an awful man."

"No, no; he is a just man," said old Marlowe; "he wants nothing but his own again, like me; and that a scoundrel should not get off scot free. I want my money back; it's not money merely, but my years, and my brain, and my love for thee, and my power to work; that's what he has robbed me of. Let me have my money back, and I'll forgive him."

"Poor father!" said Phebe aloud, with a little sob. How easy it seemed to her to forgive a wrong that could be definitely stated at six hundred pounds! All her inward grief was that Roland had fallen; he himself. If by a whole sacrifice of herself she could have reinstated him in the place he had forfeited, she would not have hesitated for an instant. But no sacrifice she could make would restore him.

"Does Mrs. Sefton know what he has done?" inquired her father.

She nodded only in reply.

"Does she believe him innocent?" he asked.

"No," answered Phebe.

"And Madame, his mother?" he pursued.

"No, no, no! she cannot believe him guilty," she replied; "she thinks he could free himself if he would only come home. She is far happier than Mrs. Sefton or me. I would lay down my life to have him true and honest and good again, as he used to be. I feel as if I was in a miserable dream."

They were sitting together outside their cottage-door, with the level rays of the setting sun shining across the uplands upon them, and the fresh air of the evening breathing upon their faces. It was an hour they both loved, but neither of them felt its beauty and tranquillity now.

"You love him next to me?" asked old Marlowe.

"Next to you, father," she repeated.

But the subtle jealousy in the father's heart whispered that his daughter loved these grand friends of hers *more than himself*. What could he be to her, deaf mute that he was? What could he do for her? All he had done had been swept away by the wrongdoing of this fine gentleman, for whom she was willing to lay down her life. He looked at her with wistful eyes, longing to hold closer, swifter communication with her than could be held by their slow finger-speech. How could he ever make her know all the love and pride pent up in his voiceless heart?

Phebe, in her girlish, blind preoccupation, saw nothing of his eager, wistful gaze, did not even notice the nervous trembling of his stammering fingers; and the old man felt thrown back upon himself, in more utter loneliness of spirit than his life had ever experienced before. Yet he was not so old a man, for he was little over sixty; but his hard life of incessant toil and his isolation from his fellow-creatures had aged him. This bitter calamity added many years to his actual age, and he began to realize that his right hand was forgetting its cunning, his eye for beauty was growing dim, and his craft failing him. The long, light summer days kept him for a while from utter hopelessness. But as the autumn winds began to moan and mutter round the house he told himself that his work was done, and that soon Phebe would be a friendless and penniless orphan.

"I ought not to have let Roland Sefton go," he thought to himself; "if I'd done my duty he would have been paying for his sin now, and maybe there would have been some redress for us that lost by him. None of his people will come to poverty like my Phebe. I could have held up my head if I had not helped him to escape from punishment."

If old Marlowe, or Mr. Clifford himself, could have followed Roland Sefton during his homeless wanderings, their rigorous sense of justice would have been satisfied that he was not escaping punishment, though he might elude the arbitrary penalty of the law.

As the summer advanced, and the throng of yearly tourists poured into the playground of Europe from every country, but especially from England, he was driven away from all the towns and villages where he might by chance be recognized by some fellow-countryman. Up into the mountain pastures he retreated, where he rambled from one châlet to another, sleeping on beds of fodder, with the keen night air piercing through the apertures of roof and walls, yet bringing with it those intolerable stenches which exhale from the manure and mire lying ankle-deep round each picturesque little hut. The yelping of the watch-dogs, the snoring of the tired herdsmen lying within arm's length of him, the shrill tinkling of cow-bells, musical enough by day and in the distance, but driving sleep away too harshly, the sickness and depression produced by unwholesome food, and the utter compulsory abandonment of all his fastidious and personal habits made his mere bodily life intolerable to him. He had borne something like these discomforts and privations for a day or two at a time, when engaged in Alpine climbing; but that he should be forced to live a life, compared with which that of an Irish bog-trotter was decent and civilized, was a daily torment to him.

It is true that during the long hours of daylight he wandered among the most sublime scenery. Sometimes he scaled solitary peaks and looked down upon far-stretching landscapes below him, with broad, dead rivers of glaciers winding between the high and terrible masses of snow-clad rocks, and creeping down into peaceful valleys, where little living streams of silvery gray wandered among châlets looking no larger than the rocks strewn around them, with a tiny church in their midst, lifting up its spire of glittering metal with a kind of childish confidence and exultation. Here and there, in deep sunken hollows, lay small tarns, black as night, and guilty-looking, with precipices overhanging them fringed with pointed pine-trees, which sought in vain to mirror themselves in those pitch-dark waters. And above them all, gazing down in silent greatness, rose the snow-mountains, very cold, whiter than any other whiteness on earth; pure and stainless in their far-off loveliness as the deep blue of the pure sky behind them.

But there was something unutterably awful to Roland Sefton in this sublimity. A bad man, whose ear has never heard the voice of nature, and whose eye is blind to her ineffable beauty, may dwell in such places and not be crushed by them. The dull herdsmen, thinking only of their cattle and of the milking to be done twice a day, might live their own stupid, commonplace lives there. The chance visitor who spent a few hours in scaling difficult cliffs, would perhaps catch a brief and fleeting sense of their awfulness, only too quickly dissipated by the unwonted toil and peril of his situation. But Roland Sefton felt himself exiled to their ice-bound solitudes, cut off from all companionship, and attended only by *an accusing conscience.*

Morning after morning, when his short and feverish night was ended, he went out in the early dawn, while all the valleys below were still slumbering in darkness, self-driven into the wilderness of rock and snow rising above the wretched châlets. With coarse food sufficient for the wants of the day he strayed wherever his aimless footsteps led him. It was seldom that he stayed more than a night or two in the same herdsman's hut. When he was well out of the track of tourists he ventured down into the lower villages now and then, seeking a few days of comparative comfort. But some rumor, or *the arrival of some chance traveller* more enterprising and investigating than the mass, always drove him away again. There was no peace for him, either in the high Alps or the most secluded valleys.

How could there be peace while memory and conscience were gnawing at his heart? In a dreary round his thoughts went back to the first beginnings of the road that had led him hither; with that vague feeling which all of us have when retracing the irrecoverable past, as if by some mighty effort of our will we could place ourselves at the starting-point again and run our race—oh, how differently!

Roland could almost fix the date when he had first wished that Mr. Clifford's bonds, bequeathed to him, were already his own. He recollected the very day when old Marlowe had asked him to invest his money for him in some safe manner for Phebe's benefit; and how he had persuaded himself that nothing could be safer than to use it for his own purposes, and to pay a higher interest than the old man could get elsewhere. What he had done for him had been still easier to do for other clients; ignorant men and women who knew nothing of business, and left it all to him, gratefully pleased with the good interest he paid them. The web had been woven with *almost invisible threads* at the first; but the finest thread among them was a heavy cable now.

But the one thought that haunted him, never leaving him for an instant in these terrible solitudes, was the thought of Felicita. His mother he could forget sometimes, or remember her with a dewy tenderness at his heart, as if he could feel her pitiful love clinging to him still; and his children he dreamed of at times in a day-dream, as playing merrily without him, in the blissful ignorance of childhood. But Felicita, who did not love him as his mother did, and could not remain in ignorance of his crime! Was she not something like those pure, distant, snowy pinnacles, inapproachable and repellent, with icy-cold breath which petrified all lips that drew too near to them? And he had set a stain upon that purity as white as the driven snow. The name he had given to her was tarnished, and would be publicly dishonored if he failed in evading the penalty he merited. His death alone could save her from notorious and intolerable disgrace.

But though he was reckless of his life, he could not bring himself to be guilty of suicide. Death was wooing him in many forms, day by day, to seek refuge with it. When his feet slipped among the yawning crevasses of the glaciers, the smallest wilful negligence would have buried him in their blue depths. The common impulse to cast himself down the precipices along whose margin he crept had only to be yielded to, and all his earthly woe would be over. Even to give way to the weary drowsiness that overtook him at times as the sun went down, and the night fell upon him far away from shelter, might have soothed him into the slumber from which there is no awaking. But he dared not. He was willing enough to die, if dying had

been all. But he believed in the punishment of sin here, or hereafter—in the dealing out of a righteous judgment to every man, whether he be good or evil.

As the autumn passed by and the mountain châlets were shut up, the cattle and the herdsmen descending to the lower pastures, Roland Sefton was compelled to descend too. There was little chance of encountering any one who knew him at this late season; yet there were still stragglers lingering among the Alps. But when he saw himself again in a looking-glass, his face burned and blistered with the sun and now almost past recognition, and his ragged hair and beard serving him better than any disguise, he was no longer afraid of being detected. He began to wonder, in mingled hope and dread, whether Felicita would come out to seek him. The message he had sent to her by Phebe could be interpreted by her alone. Would she avail herself of it to find him out? Or would she shrink from the toil, and pain, and danger of quitting England? A few weeks more would answer the question.

(To be continued.)

THE LAST DAYS OF MOSES.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 11. Deut. 32:44-52. Golden Text, Ps. 90:12. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE last days of Moses were very full ones. In his forty years of preparation in the land of Midian he had made close and deep acquaintance with his God; during the wanderings of the children of Israel in the wilderness he had been tried to the utmost in faith and patience, and only once had he been found wanting. Now the end was near, and instead of being occupied in remedying past mistakes and making up for lost time, *he took the last steps of his life's course in spiritual and physical vigor*, his whole being at the disposal of his God and his God's people. The last thirty-six days of life were engaged in speaking to the people, and afterward in writing almost the whole of the book of Deuteronomy. Writing was no easy work in those days; many records were made on monuments or graven upon the solid rock, some writing was done by an iron style upon the papyrus leaf, which grew by the river Nile; but anything like our rapid writing with pen, paper, and ink, was then unknown. It was on the first day of the eleventh month in the fortieth year after their coming out of the land of Egypt that Moses began to speak thus unto the people (Deut. 1:3), and on the tenth day of the first month in the next year they came up out of Jordan (Jos. 4:19), the three previous days were passed in preparation for their passage (Jos. 3:2), the spies which Joshua had sent to Jericho were hidden three days, being apparently the same three days as those of preparation (compare Jos. 1:11; 2:22; 22:4-19); this leaves thirty days for the mourning over Moses's death (Deut. 34:8), and thirty-six days only for the delivery and transcription of the last charge of Moses, which forms the chief part of the book of Deuteronomy.

Moses had *sorely longed to see the good land* which God had given unto His people; he besought the Lord, saying, "O Lord God, thou hast begun to shew thy servant thy greatness, and thy mighty hand: . . . I pray thee, let me go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon." But although God had granted him so many great requests and had suffered His wrath to be turned away again and again in answer to Moses' prayer, this personal request was not granted; the Lord said, "Let it suffice thee; speak no more unto Me of this matter" (Deut. 3:24-26).

And now *Moses' last birthday came.* He was a hundred and twenty years old; but though he said "I can no more go out and come in" (Deut. 31:2) for he knew his end was come yet his whole heart was as full of the people of God as though he had been only in the first spring of manly energy. The Lord had shown him that he himself might not go over Jordan, but he rejoiced to declare to them, "The Lord thy God, He will go over before thee;" and then, most touchingly, he called Joshua and without a trace of jealousy encouraged him and strengthened him in the sight of all Israel to take the place which he was resigning by the will of his God. There is a holy dignity about all this worthy of a man who lived day and night within sight and hearing of his God. He had previously declared the blessings and the cursings which should come upon the people, according to their diligence in hearkening to the voice of the Lord their God, or their negligence in refusing to hear and to obey; and now once again he charges them on this last birthday that, when they should be come to appear before the Lord in the place that He should choose, they should gather together all the people, men, women, and children, and read this law in their hearing (Deut. 31:11-13). Joshua obeyed this command (Jos. 8:34, 35), and once in the time of Josiah (2 Chron. 34:30), and once in the time of Nehemiah (Neh. 9) this was done.

But Moses' work was not yet entirely completed, the Lord told him that the days approached that he must die, and He told him to call Joshua and present himself with him before the tabernacle of the congregation that He might give Joshua a charge. And the Lord Himself "appeared in the tabernacle in a pillar of a cloud," all the congregation could see that *God was intimate with His servants to the last;* and then God foretold the future defection of His people, and how His anger would be kindled against them, and He inspired Moses to write a song which should "testify against them as a witness; for it shall not be forgotten out of the mouths of their seed (Deut. 31:14-22). It was Moses' birthday occupation to write this glorious song of God's faithfulness (Deut. 32), which is more than three thousand years old, and it would seem that it was on the self-same day that he taught it to the gathered officers and elders of their tribes; and he commanded them to keep the written book of the law in the side of the ark, that it might be a witness against them. Thus the learned song and the written Word were both witnesses against them.

It was a wonderful song, speaking of the greatness and power of their God, then of His tenderness and faithfulness to His people. Now He found them in their weakness, and made them great, now they departed from Him and gave themselves over to idolatry, and now He brought trouble upon them; yet He yearned over them and said, "O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!" Then when their power was gone He would "repent Himself for His servants," and in the end would be "merciful unto His land, and to His people." See the hale old man, with his strong voice and his firm step, as he speaks the inspired words and makes the elders of Israel commit them to memory, while his own soul glows with the glorious theme, and his eye, undimmed with age, sparkles. He does not look like a dying man, there is no trace of pain or sickness, or infirmity, for he has kept the statute and the ordinance which God gave to Israel, "If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God, and wilt do that which is right in His sight, and wilt give ear to His commandments, and keep all His statutes, I will put none of these diseases upon thee, which I have brought upon the Egyptians; for I am the Lord that healeth thee" [or the Lord thy Physician] (Ex. 15:26).

But Moses was not satisfied with the mere committing of this song to memory on the part of the people. He "made an end of speaking all these words to all Israel: and he said unto them, "Set your hearts unto all the words which I testify among you this day." Moses was not inclined to lose his time, for he had none to spare, nor yet the last few moments of strength which were given him. He wanted to do real work for eternity, and he knew by long experience that the very Word of God itself when it goes only head deep, and not heart deep never saves a soul or gives a believer victory. Oh, if this command were obeyed, if but one Sunday every hearer of the truth of God in all parts of the world would *set his heart* to the words testified, if every Sunday scholar set his heart to the lesson taught, if every preacher and teacher set his heart to the words he spoke, what a spring tide of conversions would flow up into the kingdom of God, what an unspeakable impetus would the work of God receive.

Now all was done, Moses had completed his life's work, God needed him no more upon earth, he had nothing to do but to bless the people, to see the Land of Canaan, and to die. The last command was given, the hours of that hundred and twentieth birthday were running quickly away. "And the Lord spake unto Moses that self-same day, saying, Get thee up into this mountain Abarim, unto Mount Nebo, which is in the land of Moab, that is over against Jericho; and behold the land of Canaan, which I give unto the children of Israel for a possession; and die in the mount whither thou goest up." Neither sickness nor accident were the messengers of God to call His chosen servant away from this to a better world. Moses was at God's disposal for life or for death, and we may believe that it was with no hesitating step that he took his way up into the mountain to return no more.

O how God honors those who honor Him! His very exactness with Moses was in itself a token of how dear to His heart was the education of this His servant. As Moses throughout his life insisted on having to do immediately with God, and refused the interference even of an angel to guide him in the way, so God also dealt immediately with Moses without intermediate agency. It was neither by dream nor by angel, nor by prophet, but by His own voice, face to face, that the Lord spoke to Moses, for this faithful servant "endured—as seeing Him who is invisible" (Heb. 11:2). Whenever the people murmured against him, Moses always went to God and laid his cause before Him, and then did as God showed him in all the authority of a man sent from God. And living thus in constant converse with Him, how should the call to die and to enter into a nearer contact with God trouble him? It could not. We may well believe there was no death struggle, but a calm, dignified resignation of life into the hands of Him who gave it; it was but the opening of another chapter in the life of eternity already begun. Lord, teach us so to live, and if the Lord tarries, so to die.

EDITH ARUNDEL'S QUESTION.

(See illustration on page 765.)

GEORGE HARDY had ferried many a passenger over the broad river on which he earned his livelihood before the day on which Edith Arundel stepped into his boat; but that day was one he never forgot. He was lithe and strong, and on this as on other days he bent to his oars with a will. He was an observant young fellow, and he glanced once or twice at his passenger with some interest. She was a stranger to him, but her sweet, kindly face attracted him. Usually silent, he for once ventured a remark or two on the weather and the tide, and from this the conversation, respectful on his side and cordial on that of Edith, became animated.

Edith Arundel was one of those Christian girls who are anxious that an opportunity for speaking a word for her Saviour should not be lost, but for some time she could see no way to an opening. At last the attitude of the boatman seemed to present the chance she sought. She asked, "How do you manage to guide your boat so skilfully while your back is turned toward your destination?" "Oh," he replied, "I am used to the ferry, miss; I know exactly where we are going, there is no need for me to turn to look." "I think," said Edith, "many people spend their lives the same way with less reason. They are *travelling one way and looking another.*"

The idea was new to the boatman, and he said so. Then Edith explained. It was but a short ride; but before Edith left the boat the sculler had two questions lodged in his heart: "Where am I going at last?" "Am I looking toward that eternal haven, or am I looking to the world?" Beside this Edith had taken care that he should have an opportunity of getting an answer to those questions. The Bible she carried, and from which she read to him a few texts such as she was directed to at the moment, was left in his hands with a few words of prayer. That prayer was answered, for *God gave her that soul.*

The Bible House: Built 1853. The Christian Herald Founded October, 1878.

The past year has been one of great prosperity for The Christian Herald, and the Publishers for the third time record their acknowledgments to Almighty God for the favor thus steadily and abundantly bestowed.

The subscription list is a little more than 50 per cent. larger than it was at this time last year; and as the sermons of Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon, which make the leading feature of the paper, are also its principal means of doing good, the publishers can, without self-glorification, express the satisfaction with which they send out thousands upon thousands of copies of those faithful statements of the way of salvation every week. They are read on Sabbaths in many solitary homes where the visit of the circuit preacher does not occur oftener than once a month.

The Christian Herald has also prospered financially. For, as our terms are always cash in advance, every subscription means a receipted bill, and we have neither outstanding accounts nor doubtful assets.

Our relations with our subscribers also have been of the pleasantest kind, with no harassing for payment and no disputes about bills. We have adhered to the rule with which we started, and which we believe to be required by Christian courtesy: viz., to reply by return of post to every inquiry from a subscriber.

We hereby tender our thanks to *eight hundred agents*, through whose exertions we have largely built up our circulation. Some are aged persons, who find that means of livelihood within their failing strength; some are young children, who take it as an easy way to earn pocket-money; and others are men and women in the prime of life who have chosen canvassing as their professional business; while not a few are to be included in the number who, out of sheer good-will and without a thought of gain, go to work to promote the circulation of The Christian Herald, in the usefulness of which they conscientiously believe.

Now we shall be glad to enter renewals for 1882 as early as it is convenient for our subscribers to send them, and we repeat our offer to mail a circular of agent's terms and a package of sample copies to any person who contemplates canvassing for the paper.

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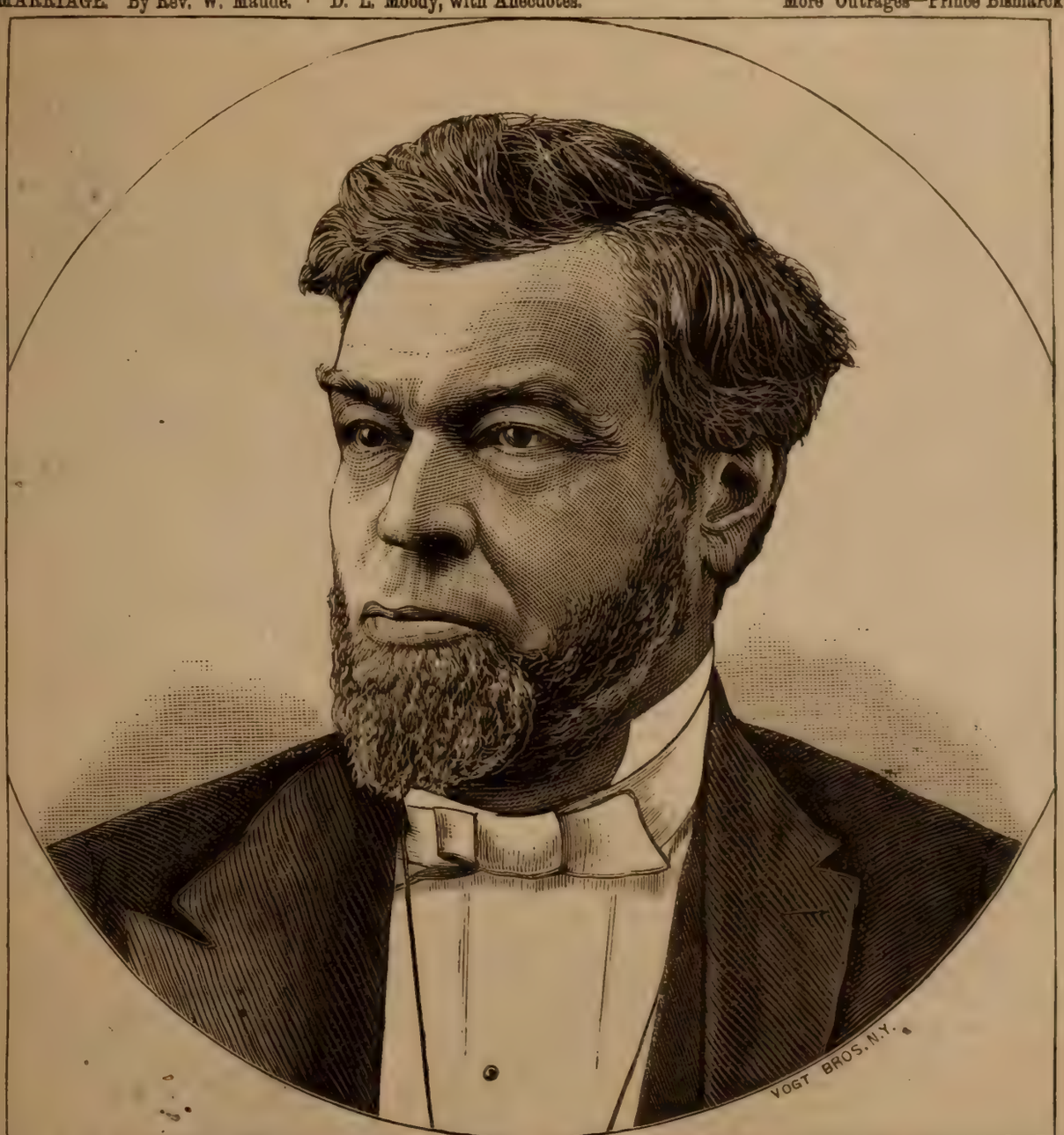

The REV. DR. PALMER of New Orleans.

THE REV. B. M. PALMER, D.D., LL.D.

A Prominent Man—His Ancestry—William Tennant's Trance—Birth of Dr. Palmer—Education—Thoughts Turned to the Ministry—Columbia Seminary — A College Riot — First Charge at Savannah—Next at Columbia—A Professorship — Marriage — Twenty-five Years in New Orleans—Character and Opinions—His Pet Aversion—His Preaching—His Writings—Life of Dr. Thornwell—One Verse in the Bible—Declines a Professorship in Columbia Seminary—Action of the General Assembly.

THE subject of this biographical outline is the pride of the Presbyterian denomination in the South. Like most men of decided character, clear conviction, and uncompromising disposition, he has warmer friends and sterner opponents than those men have whose habitual attitude is not sufficiently stalwart either to attract or to repel with energy. But when personal sentiments have no play, and some occasion brings him into notice simply as a minister of the Gospel, every Christian, and still more every Presbyterian, feels instinctively that loyalty to his own cause enjoins a cordial tribute to Dr. Palmer's ability, industry, scholarship, and eloquence. He has preached for more than twenty years in the First Presbyterian Church of New Orleans, to the gratification of a large congregation and the appreciation of numerous strangers; he has made contributions to literature of no common value; and he has been a champion in many a conflict of his denomination.

If we trace Dr. Palmer's family back to the middle of

THE LAST CENTURY,

we find a minister of the same name in Massachusetts, whose son, Job Palmer, moved to Charleston, S. C., in company with William Tennant. That was the William Tennant, a devout and faithful minister, who seemed to die at the end of a severe illness, but came to life again after several weeks, his interment having been postponed all that time at the urgency of a friend who persisted that he felt *a warm spot* over the heart of the cold and stiffened body.

Job Palmer was in Charleston when the war of the Revolution broke out, and fell for a time a prisoner into the hands of the British. He continued to reside in Charleston after the establishment of the Republic, and died there at a great age, leaving two sons. One of these was the Rev. Dr. Benjamin Morgan Palmer, for many years the distinguished pastor of the Circular Church in Charleston. The other, the Rev. Edward Palmer, still lives, though more than ninety years old, and has two sons and one daughter. The daughter is Mrs. Hutson, the wife of a legal practitioner in Barnwell, C. H., S. C. The younger of the sons is Dr. Edward Palmer, of Mobile, Ala. The elder, named after his uncle, is he of whom we are writing, Dr. B. M. Palmer, of New Orleans.

Dr. Palmer was *born* upward of sixty years ago in South Carolina, but was sent for his education to the University of Georgia, at Athens, and there he graduated. He exhibited at that time, in a youthful way, some of the characteristics which in a better form now give symmetry to his mature years. He was animated in conversation, jocular and even mischievous in disposition, fond of society, and stylish in his dress. He was also proficient in his studies, and a leader among his fellows.

Brought up in a godly household, he came imperceptibly under the power of the Gospel; but it was Professor Porter, of Andover, Mass., who first turned his thoughts to the ministerial profession. He received his training for the ministry at the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of Columbia, S. C., where he came under the influence of Dr. Thornwell, who was then President of the South Carolina College, and received an impress upon his character which has never departed.

The following account of

A COLLEGE RIOT

is given in Dr. Palmer's own words: "Some strolling minstrels had an exhibition in the town, during which some indecorum among the audience drew forth a sharp rebuke from the performers. It was unfortunately levelled at some students, who claimed to be innocent of the offence. The result was a row, in which the meeting was broken up in great disorder. In the progress of the affair the students became arrayed against the young men of the town, and very soon a serious riot was threatened in the public streets. The students rallied to a man, like *an old Scotch clan* in the times of border warfare, and could not be persuaded to disperse by those who harangued the tempestuous assembly. Dr. Thornwell appeared late upon the ground, and when the storm was at its height.

"Without wasting breath upon men who were delirious with passion, he sought out the parties originally aggrieved, ascended into the hall with them, confronted the other party from whom the alleged grievance came, heard both sides of the story, and made up his mind quickly upon the merits of the case. He satisfied the minstrels that they had been mistaken as to the real authors of the outrage, and exacted of them a promise to repair the error by coming the next day into the college chapel with a formal retraction of the charge. He then descended to the street, and simply informed the infuriated students that the case was amicably settled and would be reported to them on the morrow. This simple affirmation from one in whose honor they implicitly confided appeased the storm, and in a few moments the street was as quiet as a churchyard."

Having completed his course at the Seminary and received ordination, Dr. Palmer held his first charge at Savannah, Ga., for one year, after which he accepted a call to a church in Columbia. He had acted there several years, when he was induced to occupy the temporarily vacant chair of a *professor* in the Seminary, thus returning as an instructor to the institution which had instructed him. That temporary engagement opened the way for his appointment to the permanent professorship of Church History. The occasion was further improved by his *becoming the son-in-law* of Dr. George Howe, Professor of Biblical Literature in the seminary, whose *semi-centennial* in that chair was celebrated last month at Columbia.

His leaning, however, was much stronger toward the charge of a congregation than toward the chair of a professor, and being flattered with many calls, he accepted in 1856 the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of New Orleans. He held that position for five or six years, till the outbreak and progress of the war dissolved his congregation and drove him back to Columbia. But on the restoration of peace he returned, and from that time to the present he has remained in the same position. While we imagine these uneventful years of study and work to be passing on, we may step aside and survey the scope of his mission and the character of his influence.

The dominating features of Dr. Palmer's mind are a strong understanding and a rigid sense of duty. So powerful are these in their operation that whatever the difficulties of a position he may be placed in, and whatever the bent of his habits, it may be predicted with considerable certainty that he will discern the proper course to take, and will have the self-mastery to follow it. According to this rule there has been neither dubiousness nor inconsistency in his course for the last thirty years. He has always been outspoken in his opinions, and has in no instance disappointed his friends or surprised his opponents.

He has clear and wholesome convictions on *the rights of authority*—the authority of God, of kings and rulers, of magistrates, of ministers, of teachers, of masters and of parents, of synods, assemblies, and conferences. He sees that order and integrity cannot be continuously maintained in a church unless the principles of its government as well as the articles of its doctrine be accurately comprehended and expressly defined. And whenever there has been a division in the counsels of his own body on some point involving the qualification of a principle, the relaxation of a law, or the concession of a compromise, he has not lost time in announcing his side of the dispute.

HIS PET AVERSION

is the subterfuge of accepting a creed in "the substance of its doctrine," by which one or more prominent ministers in every leading denomination of Protestantism have opened a way to Universalism, Unitarianism, and Rationalism.

His position as a Southerner is equally decided. Many men who were strong secessionists at the time of the war, have, with the lapse of years and the alteration of circumstances, come to look at the great questions then at issue with less keenness of interest than they did when they knew no order of things but that to which they were accustomed. But Dr. Palmer's judgment was independent from the beginning. When war was only dreamed of as a dreadful possibility, he saw and estimated clearly how much good and how much evil would accrue whichever of three events took place, whether the North triumphed or the South triumphed, or whether war were successfully averted.

At the same time his active sense of his highest obligations made him zealously join those elder men who strove with heart and soul to identify the Presbyterian Church of America with the kingdom which is not of this world, and to preserve its unity and fulfil its mission regardless of the disruptions of secular governments. The effort proving unsuccessful, he became a member of the Southern General Assembly.

Dr. Palmer takes the widest view of the duty of every Church to proclaim the Gospel, by all lawful means, among all classes that can be reached. He considers the formation of Boards, to carry on education, tract distribution, home and foreign missions, and other Christian operations, to be a delegation of responsibility. Perhaps he would not interfere with these organizations as long as there was no competitor in the field with them. But he would have every Church organize evangelistic agencies for itself to the full extent of the power that God has given to it.

He has carried out this principle throughout his own career, and, more from a stern sense of duty than from other motives, has caused Sunday-schools, mission churches, and schools and classes for the colored people to grow into vigorous life in connection with each of the pastoral charges he has held. When he was at Columbia before the war, he had a large Sunday-school for negro children, and at the Lord's Supper in his church there used to be a considerable number of *colored communicants*. He has always been very popular as a preacher with that race, for they recognize his conscientious desire to see their souls saved, and appreciate his uniform kindness.

Dr. Palmer preaches without notes: his style is animated, his flow of language is smooth and accurate, his bearing in the pulpit is dignified, and his countenance is expressive. The substance of his sermons takes shape from the mould of his mind, and is expository and doctrinal. So philosophical are his mental operations that even when speaking of the way of salvation he will dwell upon the legal and spiritual processes of conversion, and seemingly overlook the spectacle of a frenzied soul rushing into the open arms of the Saviour. To the admiration which Dr. Palmer wins by the power of his preaching and the urbanity of his manner is added the respect which is always accorded to solid ability and conscientious industry.

Notwithstanding the heavy tax upon his time in responding to but a portion of the requests that come to him to preach and to lecture, he has written a great many essays and reviews. Two octavo volumes of his sermons preached in New Orleans have been printed by a member of his congregation. The work which entitles him to be ranked as an author is an able memoir of his teacher and friend,

DR. THORNWELL,

upon whom he has lavished expressions of generous admiration. And Dr. Thornwell's sound orthodoxy was not the least point of his character which the biographer admired, as the following extract will illustrate: "Penetrated with the conviction that God can be known only so far as He has been pleased to reveal Himself, he bowed with perfect docility before the dogmatic authority of the Scriptures. The writer has heard him say a dozen times, 'I have been cogitating upon such and such a subject, and can see no flaw in my reasoning, but *I am gravelled with one verse in the Bible*;' and then he would add, with inexpressible simplicity, 'You know, P., that if there is but one passage of Scripture against us our

speculations must go to the winds.'" That was placing the Creator and the created in their proper relations.

In the spring of the present year the church in New Orleans came near losing its esteemed pastor. When the General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church met at Staunton, Va., and the report of the Standing Committee on Theological Seminaries was read, a very animated discussion arose as to the transference of Dr. Palmer to the chair of Pastoral Theology in the Columbia Seminary. It was understood that his preference for the work of a preacher would be met, if the duty devolving on him were to give instruction in the art of preaching and not to impart book-learning. His acceptance of the call from the seminary was urged with great earnestness and ability; and on the other hand members of the Presbytery of New Orleans and members of the Assembly of the South-west urged with equal force that he could not be spared from his present field of labor.

The General Assembly declined to *instruct* Dr. Palmer to accept the invitation to Columbia, and contented itself with simply indorsing his selection to the professorship of Pastoral Theology. It did that very heartily. Dr. Palmer would no doubt have obeyed without question any instruction of the General Assembly, for, as we have seen, he is a loyal son of the Church and stanch in upholding its system of government; but having to decide the matter himself, he concluded to decline the call to Columbia, and to remain with the people to whom he is so much attached, and who so warmly return his regard. So the connection which has been so many years sustained promises to be indefinitely prolonged.

Dr. Palmer has been heavily afflicted with bereavement, nearly all his children having been removed from this earthly scene. The first-born child was his only son. He lost him and several girls. One married daughter remains to him, and he has several grandchildren.

A GOSPEL TRIUMPH IN AN ATTIC.

(*See Illustration, page 780.*)

A VISITOR among the poor was one day climbing the broken staircase which led to the highest floor of a tenement house, in one of the worst parts of London, when his attention was arrested by a man of ferocious and repulsive countenance, who stood upon the landing-place, leaning with folded arms against the wall. There was something about the man's appearance which made the visitor shudder; and his first impulse was to go back. He made an effort, however, to get into conversation with the man, and told him that he came there with the desire to do him good and to see him happy, and that the Book he had in his hand contained the secret of all happiness.

The ruffian shook him off as if he had been a viper, and bade him begone with his nonsense, or he would kick him downstairs.

When the visitor was endeavoring, with gentleness and patience, to argue the point with him, he was startled by hearing a feeble voice, which appeared to come from behind one of the broken doors that opened upon the landing, saying,

"Does your Book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?" And it was repeated, in urgent and thrilling tones, "Tell me—does your Book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

The visitor pushed open the door and entered the room. It was a wretched place, wholly destitute of furniture, except a three-legged stool and a bundle of straw in a corner, upon which were stretched the wasted limbs of an aged woman. When the visitor entered, she raised herself upon one elbow, fixed her eyes eagerly upon him, and repeated her former question,

"Does your Book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

He sat down upon the stool beside her, and inquired, "My poor friend, what do you want to know of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?" There was something fearful in the energy of her voice and manner as she replied, "What do I want to know of it? Man, I am dying! I am going to stand naked before God! I have been a wicked woman, a very wicked woman, all my life. I shall have to answer for everything I have done!'" And she groaned bitterly as the thought of a lifetime's iniquity crossed her soul.

"But once," she continued, "once, years ago, I came by the door of a church, and I went in—I don't know what for. I was soon out again, but one word I heard there I never forgot. It was something about blood which cleanseth from all sin. Oh, if I could hear of it now! Tell me, tell me, if there is anything about that blood in your Book."

The visitor answered by opening his Bible and reading the first chapter of the first Epistle of John. The poor creature seemed to devour the words and when he paused, she exclaimed, "Read more, read more!" He read the second chapter. A slight noise made him look round; the savage ruffian had followed him into his mother's room, and though his face was partly turned away, the visitor could perceive tears rolling down his cheeks. The visitor read the third, fourth and fifth chapters before he could get the poor listener to consent that he should stop, and then she would not let him go till he had promised to come again the next day. He never from that time missed a day reading to her until she died.

Every day the son followed the visitor into his mother's room, and listened in silence, but not in indifference. On the day of her funeral he beckoned the visitor to one side, as they were filling up her grave, and said:

"Sir, I have been thinking that there is nothing I should so much like as to spend the rest of my life in telling others of the blood which cleanseth from all sin."

"HALF-SCREWED."

SAM TIMBERS, looking rather seedy and dilapidated when he went to work on a certain Tuesday morning, was taxed by his fellow-workmen with having been drunk the day previous. While denying that he had been positively drunk, he admitted that he had been "half-screwed," which expression was evidently understood as meaning but halfway toward drunkenness. Sam Timbers, no doubt, thought this explanation took off all the disgrace, and put him in a right position in the opinion of all thoughtful, unprejudiced minds. Now, my desire is to have a few words with Sam, and to point out a few facts about this "half-screwed" condition.

Now, Sam, you're a carpenter, and therefore well acquainted with screws and their ways. You have driven in a good many screws in your day, far more perhaps than I have ever seen; so that to dwell upon *the nature of a screw* proper would be an unpardonable insult.

But one thing I will say, Sam, that if you would stick to your steel screws, and let the other kind alone, it would be vastly the better for you. Be honest now. Don't you think so yourself?

Which screws give you the most trouble, Sam? I dare say now and then you get an unmanageable steel screw which won't go in straight, try as hard as you may. And I expect sometimes you get bothered with a screw that isn't long enough. But what are these little inconveniences compared with the other screw, yourself?

When you make yourself into a screw, and wriggle about, and turn round and round, and find a difficulty in getting into your own doorway, don't you think you are working at a trade you were never intended for? Take my advice, Sam, and stick to your steel screws.

And then *there's the matter of cost*. You are *paid* for driving the steel screws, and you have to *pay* for driving the others. When you go screw-driving yourself, Sam, it is not only a painful, disagreeable, dishonoring process, but it is absolutely expensive. I shouldn't like to ask you how much you spent yesterday only in half-screwing yourself. Be a wise man now, Sam, and look after your wages, and instead of losing a day's work, and spending hard cash in screwing yourself, save your time and your money by working at the right sort of screws.

And then, there is another question I should much like to ask you. You say you were only "half-screwed." Now, *didn't you mean "half-unscrewed"—"half-screwed out?"* I feel you did. At any rate, I shall take it for granted that you meant "half-screwed out." Oh, Sam, Sam, what a rebuke this gives you! You, a good workman, to undo good work like this. After you have screwed, to "half-unscrew" again! Why couldn't you let well alone, Sam? And then to go and unscrew this so nicely screwed-up state of things and spoil it all. I'm ashamed of you, Sam.

And now, what a long time it will take to screw it up again, far longer than it took to unscrew it. Isn't it a sad pity? Weeks and months perhaps will pass away before you find your former standing again.

And then, it is a fact worth remembering, that the screw *will never fit so easily and accurately again*. Who doesn't know that the first screwing is always the tightest? I am no carpenter, but I learned that long ago. And the oftener you unscrew it, so much the worse it will fit. It is possible to so wear out the hole as to make it not only difficult but hopeless to fit the screw in it any more. O! Sam, what if you undo your prospects altogether with this miserable unscrewing of yours?

It means more than this. It means such an unfixed, unsettled state of things, that when the great storm of death and judgment breaks upon you, as one day it must and will, you will have nothing to lay hold of, and will assuredly drift away into the blackness of eternal death.

Sam, the screw is half out, perhaps, to-day. You have been "half-screwed." You may have recovered from your spree. But your soul is well-nigh unscrewed. Fix it, Sam; fix it. You can't fix it yourself, but there is One who can.

The blessed Saviour is the grand fixer of tossing, restless souls. He fixes them to Himself. And then, in contact with the precious blood, in the midst of the everlasting strength, you will be able to say, "O God, my heart is fixed; my heart is fixed. I will sing and give praise."

JOHN BUNYAN LISTENING TO THE WOMEN OF BEDFORD.

(*See Illustration, page 781.*)

OUR engraving illustrates an important crisis in the life of the world-famed dreamer who wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress," which is well described by Bunyan himself in the following extract from his "Autobiography:"

Describing his struggles after inward peace, Bunyan says: "Poor wretch that I was, I was all this while ignorant of Jesus Christ, and going about to establish my own righteousness, and had perished therein had not God been merciful to me. But upon a day the good Providence of God called me to Bedford to work at my calling (a tinker), and in one of the streets of that town I came, where there were three or four poor women sitting at the door in the sun talking about the things of God. Being now willing to hear their discourse, I drew near to hear what they said, for I was a brisk talker in matters of religion; but they were far above my reach.

"Their talk was about the new birth, the work of God in their hearts, and also how they were convinced of their miserable state by nature. They talked of how God had visited their souls with His love in the Lord Jesus, and with what words and promises they had been refreshed, comforted, and supported against the temptations of the devil. Moreover, they reasoned of the suggestions of Satan in particular, and told to each other by what means they had been afflicted, and how they were borne up under his assaults. They also discoursed on their own wretchedness of heart, and of their unbelief, and did condemn, hate, and abhor their own righteousness, as vile and insufficient to do them any good.

"When I had heard and considered what they said, I left them and went about my employment again, but my heart would tarry with them, for I was greatly affected by their words." This conversation was one of the links in the chain of events which led to Bunyan's conversion. It was "a stepping-stone to higher things."

THE TEN PLAGUES OF NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

THE PLAGUE OF GAMBLING.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Delivered Last Sunday Morning, December 4, 1881.*

"Upon My vesture did they cast lots."—MATTHEW 27 : 35.

The Birth-Place of Lotteries—Moral Outrages—Poor People Robbed—A Circular to Agents—Men Who Have Won Prizes—Tickets of Admission to the Lost World—Art Associations—The Crosby Opera House Scheme—The Prize Packets—Lottery of Lots in a Burying Ground—Men Interested without Knowing it—What is Gambling?—Not a New Sprite—Gambling in the West—It is Unhealthy—Destroys Industry—The Loaded Dice—A San Francisco Gambler—A Letter from New Orleans—A Gambler's Career—The Time to Visit a Gambler's Grave.

CHRIST had been condemned to death and His property was being disposed of. He had no real estate. He was born in a stranger's barn, and buried in a borrowed sepulchre. His personal property was of but little value. His coat was the only thing to come into consideration. His shoes had been worn out in the long journey for the world's redemption. *Who shall have His coat?* Some one says:

"LET US TOSS UP

in a lottery and decide this matter." "I have it!" said one of the inhuman butchers. "I have it!" "Upon My vesture did they cast lots." And there, on that spot, were born all the lotteries the world has seen.

On that spot of cruelty and shame and infamy there was born *the Royal Havana Lottery*, in which some of you may have had tickets. There was born the famous *New York Lottery*, which pretended to have over $722,000 worth of cash prizes. There was born the Topeka, Kansas, Laramier City, Wyoming Territory lotteries. There was born the Louisville lottery, with diamonds, and pearls, and watches by the bushel. There was born the Georgia lottery, for the East and the West. There was born the Louisiana Lottery, sanctioned by influential names. There was born the Kentucky Lottery, for the city school of Frankfort. All the lotteries that have swindled the world were born there. Without any exception, all of them *moral outrages*, whether sanctioned by legislative authority, or antagonized by it, and moral outrages though respectable people have sometimes damaged their property with them, and blistered their immortal souls for eternity.

One of the sad things about these lotteries is that poor people in their extremity and almost frenzied with their destitution, resort to them, and lose their last dollar, their last fifty cents, their last five cents; for there are lotteries where the drawing occurs every five minutes. In the time of the greatest distress in Italy, $14,000,000 were annually expended by the poorer population in lotteries. Let the people in all parts of the land beware when they get hold of any of the circulars that are flooding the country at this time—circulars in language something like this:

"Agents' prize tickets free of cost. Every ticket a prize. No blanks and a fortune within your reach without cost or risk. Any person can easily sell $10 worth of tickets in the enclosed monthly, among personal friends, and secure one of the agents' tickets free of cost. Capital prize $5000. Every ticket wins a prize. There are ten thousand prizes, and only ten thousand tickets."

Under the curse of the lottery tens of thousands of people are losing their fortunes and losing their souls. What they call a "wheel of fortune" is a Juggernaut crushing out the life of their immortal nature. In one of the insolvent courts of the country it was found that in one village $200,000 had been expended for lotteries. All the officers of the celebrated United States Bank which failed were found to have expended the embezzled moneys in lottery tickets. A man won $50,000 in a lottery. He sold his ticket for $42,500, and yet had not enough to pay charges against him for tickets. He owed the brokers $45,000. The editor of a newspaper writes: "My friend was blessed with $20,000 in a lottery, and from that time he began to go astray, and yesterday he asked of me ninepence to pay for a night's lodging."

A man won $20,000 in a lottery. Flattered by his success, he bought another ticket and won still more largely. Another ticket and still more largely. Then, being fairly started on the road to ruin, here and there a loss did not seem to agitate him, and he went on and on until the selectmen of the village pronounced him a vagabond and picked up his children from the street, half starved and almost naked. A hard-working machinist won a thousand dollars in a lottery. He was thrilled with the success, disgusted with his hard work, opened a rum grocery, got debauched in morals and was found dead at the foot of his rum casks.

Oh, it would take a pen plucked from the wing of the destroying angel, and dipped in human blod, to describe this lottery business. A suicide was found having in his pocket a card of address showing he was boarding at a grogshop. Beside that he had three lottery tickets and a leaf from Seneca's Morals arguing in behalf of the righteousness of self-murder. After a lottery in England there were fifty suicides of those who had held unlucky numbers. There are people who have lottery tickets in their pockets—tickets which, if they have not wisdom enough to tear up or burn up, will be their *admission tickets at the door of the lost world*. The brazen gate will swing open and they will show their tickets, and they will go in, and they will go down. The wheel of their eternal fortune may turn very slowly, but they will find that the doom of those who reject the teachings of God and imperil their immortal soul is their only prize.

I pray God that none of the young men who are in the audience this morning, may ever come to the lamentation of *a Boston clerk* who had embezzled $18,000 from his employer, and after it was all spent in this infernal lottery business, sat down and wrote these words: "I have for the last seven months gone fast down the broad road. There was a time, and that only a few months since, when I was happy, because I was free from debt and care. The moment of the first steps in my downfall was about the middle of last June, when I took a share in a company—bought lottery tickets whereby I was successful in obtaining a share of one half of *the capital prize*, since which I have gone from myself. I have lived and dragged out a miserable existence for two or three months past. Oh, that the seven or eight months past of my existence could be blotted out. But I must go, and ere this paper is read my spirit has gone to my Maker to give an account of my misdeeds here, and to receive the eternal sentence for self-destruction and abused confidence. Relatives and friends I have from whom I do not wish to part under such circumstances, but necessity compels. Oh, wretch, lottery tickets have been thy ruin. But I cannot add more."

The dismal echo of the ruin of tens of thousands of young men. But there are a good many respectable people who, while they oppose the ordinary lottery, patronize art associations and gift enterprises under the impression that iniquity is not quite so bad if it have a more popular nomenclature, and that there cannot be any very great harm in a ticket which will draw for one Bierstadt's "Yosemite Valley," or Cropsey's "American Autumn." Multitudes who cannot be captivated with the more vulgar forms of gambling or lottery, are captivated by this form.

A few years ago, we saw in all our cities the flaming advertisements of

THE CROSBY OPERA HOUSE

scheme. A man in Chicago found an unprofitable building on his hands, and he resolved to make all the nation help him out of that difficulty. Lottery offices were opened in all the great cities. The people rushed in. Philadelphia bought over $30,000 worth of the tickets; New York bought over $100,000 worth of the tickets. The hour approaches. The trains carry to the city dignified committees to see that the abomination is conducted in a Christian and orderly style. Trains are loade with great multitudes who come to get their fo tunes.

The agony is over. A great number of peopl have had narrow escape of sudden affluence. Swi horses, foaming and lathered, dash up to the hous of the man who holds the successful ticket. Th lightnings carry to the four winds of heaven th news, and our enterprising pictorials hasten fo ward their photographers to take the pictures c the man who had the ticket 58,600. Multitudes c people declared there was foul play, and that the truth were only known they themselves ha won the opera house. The man who won th opera house soon died of drunkenness, and th beautiful opera house which had been raffled awa strange to say, was found at last in the possessio of the original owner. A swindle! an insult t God and the American people!

ALWAYS A SWINDLE,

every lottery is.

Then, there are gift stores which make gambler by the hundreds. I refer to those stores where, you buy a watch, or a sewing-machine, or a pianc there is a prize connected with it. It is only sharp way of getting rid of unsalable goods Those stores have filled the land with fictitiou articles, and covered up our population with bras finger-rings, and despoiled public morals, and hav made more gamblers than you can count. Th lottery business will stop at no indecency. I Maryland they actually drew for prizes lots in burying ground!

But there are only two or three forms of thi great plague of the American nation—a plagu that has swept over all our cities and smitten dow a vast multitude of those who were once the ver best citizens. "O!" says some one, "that subjec has no interest for us; that evil never touches m at any point." There is not a man or woman i the house of God this morning but is touched b it. Years ago a society was formed for the sup pression of gambling and the agent of that societ went to a prominent merchant of New York an asked his help. "O!" said the merchant, " have no interest in that society. Gambling is a evil, but in no-wise touches my business." He di not know that his oldest son, a partner with hin in business, was the heaviest player in Hearne' famous gambling establishment.

The agent went to another citizen, who said: "O that's a very good society, but I don't know wh you ask my help. I am well acquainted with a my employes. They have nothing to do with thi gambling habit." He did not know that one c his bookkeepers on a thousand a year was losin fifty and a hundred dollars every night just the at the faro table. The agent of that society wen to a prominent railroad man, asking for his patron age. "O!" he said, "that society for the sup pression of gambling is a good thing for the de fence of merchants and manufacturers, but I don' know why you ask help of me, a railroad man." He did not know that two of his conductors wer spending three nights of every week at the far table. There is not a person in this house thi morning, but ought to have an interest in the sub ject.

WHAT IS GAMBLING?

Gambling is risking something more or less valu able with the idea of winning more than you ha ard. Playing cards is not gambling unless a stak be put up, while on the other hand a man ma gamble without cards, without dice, without bil liards, without ten-pin alley. It may not be bag atelle, it may not be billiards, it may not be an of the ordinary instruments of gambling. It ma be a glass of wine. It may be a hundred share in a prosperous railroad company. I do not car what the instruments of the game are, or what th stakes are that are put up—if you propose to ge anything without paying for it in time, or skill, o money, unless you get it by inheritance, you get i either by theft or by gambling.

This is *no new sprite* come forth to curse th nation. It is a haggard transaction that come down under a mantle of curses, staggering through the centuries. Before 1838 the French Govern ment received a revenue from the gaming tables

* An authentic report, revised and approved by Dr. Talmage.

In the sixteenth century the English Government, for the improvement of the harbors, had gambling enacted at the door of St. Paul's Cathedral. The British Museum and the Westminster Bridge were partially built by gambling. The Germans used to put themselves and their families up as prizes, and when they were lost as prizes would allow those who were physically weaker than themselves to bind them and take them off. In our day, the House of Commons adjourns on Derby Day, to go out and bet on the horses. What is bad in other lands is bad here, and all through this land.

A traveller said he travelled one thousand miles on Western waters, and at every waking moment, from the starting to the closing of his journey, he was in the presence of gambling. A man, if he is disposed to this vice, will find something to accommodate him; if not in the low restaurant behind the curtain, on the table covered with greasy cards, or in the steamboat cabin, where the bloated wretch with rings in his ears winks in an unsuspecting traveller, or in the elegant parlor, the polished drawing-room, the mirrored and pictured halls of wealth and beauty. This vice destroys through unhealthy stimulants.

We all at times like excitements. There are a thousand voices within us that demand excitements. They are healthful, they are inspiriting, they are God-given. The desire is for excitement; but look out for any kind of excitement which, after the gratification of the appetite, hurls the man back into destructive reactions. Then the excitement is wicked. Beware of an agitation which, like a rough musician, in order to call out the tune, plays so hard he breaks down the instrument. God never yet made a man strong enough to endure gambling excitements without damage. It is no surprise that many a man seated at the game has lost and then begun to sweep off imaginary gold from the table. He sat down sane. *He rose a maniac.*

The keepers of gambling saloons school themselves into placidity. They are fat, and round, and rollicking, and obese; but those who go to play for the sake of winning are thin, and pale, and exhausted, and nervous, and sick, and have the heart-disease, and are liable any moment to drop down dead. That is the character of nine out of ten of the gamblers. You cannot be healthy and practise that vice.

Then it is

KILLING TO ALL INDUSTRY.

Do you notice that just as soon as a man gets that vice on him, he stops his work. How dull is the store, the shop, the factory, the banking-house! Do you not know that this vice has dulled the saw of the carpenter, and cut the band of the factory wheel, and sunk the cargo, and broken the teeth of the farmer's rake, and sent a strange lightning to the battery of the philosopher? What a dull thing is a plough to a farmer, when in one night in the village restaurant he can make or lose the price of a whole harvest. How dull it is for a man to sell tape, and silk, and calico, and nankeen, and weigh sugars, or run up and down a long line of dull figures, when he can in one night make or lose the price of a whole business season. I am not talking an abstraction. A tremendous reality it is, and I cry it aloud in the ears of these young men.

John Borak was sent out as a commercial agent to Bremen and to the United States. After two years had gone by the house which sent him began to suspect there was something wrong. They made investigation and found that he had spent $86,000 in gambling saloons; $29,000 in Lombard Street, London; $10,000 in Fulton Street, New York; $3000 in New Orleans, and other thousands elsewhere. He was caught, tried, condemned, imprisoned; but he broke out of the penitentiary, went into the gambling business, and died a lunatic in an insane asylum. There never was a business strong enough to endure this evil habit.

The whole theory of gambling is hostile to industry. Every other occupation yields something to community. The street sweeper pays for what he gets by the cleanliness of the streets; the cat pays for what it eats by clearing the house of vermin; the fly pays for the sweets it extracts from the dregs of a cup by purifying the air and keeping back pestilence; but the gambler gives nothing. I recall that last sentence. He does make a return, but it is in the destruction of the man whom he fleeces, disgrace to his wife, ruin to his children, death to his soul.

Then look at the *multiform dishonesties* that come of this habit. Why, in the very shuffling of the cards there are deception and tricks. How often it is that by fraud the player knows what is in his opponent's hand. A skilful gamester has accomplices, and one wink decides the game. The cards are so marked that from the back they may be designated. Dice are loaded with platina, and these are put into the game unknown to the honest player, and that is the reason that nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand gamblers, though they may start with wealth, at the end are so poor and miserable and wretched that they would not be allowed to sit on the door-step of the brownstone front that they once owned.

A young man came to San Francisco having a large amount of money, which he got in the mines, and he put a large sum on the ace and won; a larger sum, and won again; and a larger sum, and won again. Then he was on the straight road to ruin, and he kept on. After a while the tide turned. The cards came forth very cautiously. There was not a sound heard until the ace was revealed favorable to the bank. The young man cried, "Foul! foul!" but the keepers of the saloon drew their pistols, and said, "Quiet! quiet! quiet!" It was all quiet. You call that a game of chance. It is decreed that in the long run the bank shall win, and the man shall lose.

THERE IS NO CHANCE ABOUT IT.

Oh! how many have gone down under this plague. It is an awful plague. A man, after having been elegantly brought up—he was polished and he was refined—went to New Orleans. He carried considerable wealth with him. His parents were wealthy. They had, moreover, given him a Christian blessing as he departed. The sharpers got after him. He played, and he played tolerably well. They patted him on the back, they flattered him, and they said: "You play as if you had always been playing. How skilful you are at the game!" They kept encouraging him until after a while it was time to change the tack, and he lost thousands after thousands of dollars. He lost all but his watch. Then he put up his watch and he lost that. When all was gone he thought it time to write to his old father and mother, and he wrote this letter:

"My Beloved Parents: You will doubtless feel a momentary joy at the reception of this letter from the child of your bosom, on whom you have lavished all the favors of your declining years; but should a feeling of joy for a moment spring up in your hearts when you shall have received this from me, cherish it not, I have fallen deep, never to rise. Those gray hairs that I have honored and protected I shall bring down in sorrow to the grave. This, my dear parents, is the last letter you will ever receive from me. I humbly pray for forgiveness. It is my dying prayer. Long before you have received this letter from me, the cold grave will have closed upon me forever. Life to me is insupportable. I can not, nay, I will not, suffer the shame of having ruined you. Forget and forgive, is the dying prayer of your unfortunate son."

The old father went to the post office for the letter. He opened the letter, and after he had read a little way he dropped upon the floor. The people thought he was dead, but they fanned him, and they pushed back the gray locks from his brow, and they found, after a while, that he had only fainted. "I wish he had been dead, for what is life to a father since his son is destroyed." When things go wrong at a gaming table, they cry "Foul! foul!" Over all the gambling saloons of Brooklyn and New York and the whole earth, I cry, "Foul,

FOUL, INFINITELY FOUL!"

Now, there may be persons in the house who have a cold, lethargic nature, and they would not be touched of this kind of temptation; but there are some of you who have excitable, nervous and enthusiastic temperaments, and you are easily led into this sin. And there are those who have already taken hold on death. They are in the rapids. They try to put back. Then they are hurled over the edge, and they clutch the side of the boat until their finger-nails, blood-tipped, pierce the wood, and with pale cheek and agonized stare, and horror lifting the hair from the scalp, they go down into depths from which no grappling hooks will ever drag them out. O men! beware if you have begun to tamper with this vice.

Professed gamesters come into the ten-pin alley where there are husbands and fathers, and brothers, and sons, and put down *a thousand dollars in gold eagles.* Let the boy set up the pins at the other end of the alley. Clear the way now. Roll the first. There! it strikes. Down goes respectability. Roll the second. There! it strikes. Down goes the last feeling of humanity. Roll the third. There! it strikes. Down goes the soul, the immortal soul. It was not so much the pins that fell as the soul, the soul!

Shall I in a word or two sketch

THE CAREER OF A GAMBLER?

Allured by bad company, he goes into a place where an honest man ought never to go. For the sake of pastime, or of being thought sociable, he sits down to the game. The dealer puts out the cards and they play unconsciously into Satan's hands, who takes all the tricks and the players' souls, he being *a sharper at any game.* A slight stake is put up just to add interest. Game after game is played, larger stakes and larger stakes, until they begin to move nervously in their chairs. Now brows lower and eyes flash, and with set jaw and with compressed lips and clenched fists, they sit there, and they who lose and they who win, fired alike with passion, are watching to see the turn of the game before it comes—if losing paling with envy and tremulous with unuttered oaths cast back red-hot upon the heart—or, winning, with hysterical laugh. "I have it! ha! ha! I have it!"

A few years have gone by, and there he sits, the mere wreck of a man. Before he begins the game he puts down the last relic of his wife, the marriage ring that sealed the solemn vows between them. He loses and he sags back in exhaustion, and he dreams. The bright hours of the past mock his agony, and fiends with eyes of fire and tongues of flame circle around him and join hands in the dance, and with fiendish chorus, cry: "Hail, brother, hail, brother!" and kiss his clammy forehead until their loathsome locks flowing in serpents crawl into his bosom, and sink their sharp fangs and suck up his life blood, and coil around his heart, and pinch it with chills and agonies unutterable.

Oh, my young friends, have nothing to do with the beginnings of the habit. I want to tell you this morning, it is down grade, and that every instant the momentum is increased. Launch not on that treacherous sea. Split hulks strew the beach, and everlasting storms howl up and down, driving the unwary craft into the hell gate. I have looked off and seen it. I have seen the whirling and the foam, and have heard the hissing beneath, and I have seen the mangled wretches writhing one upon another, and they strangled, and they struggled, and they blasphemed, and they cursed God, and they died. The death-stare of eternal despair on their countenances as the waters gurgled over them.

To *the gambler's deathbed* there comes no hope. He will probably die unattended. The men who destroyed him will not come and ring the bell and ask how he is. They will not attend the obsequies. Some day his poor body is being carted out to the Potter's Field, and the wretches will look out of the window of the gambling saloon, and say: "There goes the old carcase. Dead at last!" Let him down into the grave. Plant no tree there for shade. The eternal glooms that hover over the spot are shadow enough. Visit not that grave in the sunlight, for that would seem like mockery, but in the dismal night, when no stars are out, and spirits of darkness come down horsed on the wind. Then is the time to visit the grave of the gambler. May God save you from the scathing, scalding, blasting, damning influence of the gaming spirit!

SYLPH SOMERS.

A New Serial Story, by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(*Continued from page 759.*)

Sylph Somers Waits for Dr. Bolus—Insulted by an Intoxicated Officer—Rescued by Capt. Vaughan—Dr. Bolus Refuses to Visit the Doctor—Capt. Vaughan Accompanies Sylph.

SYLPH SOMERS soon reached the open door of the officers' quarters at the old City Castle, and stepping into the stone-covered passage beyond it, stood there to await the reappearance of Dr. Bolus, who, she concluded, had come to see some patient upstairs. In this, however, she was mistaken. The doctor was partial to wine, and was fond of what is called "play." Some of the young officers of the garrison were, unhappily, of the same mind, and welcomed him, as a boon companion and "a jolly good fellow," to their private hospitality in an upper room.

Sylph, therefore, waited in vain in the lower passage, and in her anxiety about Doctor Gilbart's illness never reflected upon the risk of standing in such a place alone. Two or three "orderlies" passed her, in their attendance upon their officers, and, glancing at her, seemed surprised. Sylph thought of asking them to inform Dr. Bolus that Miss Somers Gilbart wished to see him; but her courage failed, and she made up her mind to await the doctor's coming, yet wondering at his long delay.

At last one of the men in attendance upon the young officers, in the apartment where Doctor Bolus was enjoying himself, having at intervals passed up and down stairs, and still observing a handsome and youthful lady standing in the lower passage, mentioned the strange and unwonted fact to those whom he attended.

"What's that you say, Timmins?" asked a juvenile lieutenant; "a handsome young lady is standing in the passage below. What a lark! I wonder who she's after? I say, Venables, is it after you? Lucky dog. Come, tell us her name, that's a good fellow."

Lieutenant Venables would not acknowledge himself the subject of any such "good fortune." And yet at the remembrance of certain not very reputable acquaintances in the city his conscience accused him, and he did not feel quite at ease.

"What a curious thing!" exclaimed the lieutenant. "Really! it's well the colonel hasn't spotted her, and doesn't know of her visit here, or she'd quickly get the right about, I can tell her."

"Shall I go, sir, and tell her she must leave?" asked Timmins; "for by coming here after any of you, sir, being against regulations, might get you into a scrape."

Lieutenant Venables was commissioning Timmins to do this, when another young officer, who had not yet spoken, and who was flushed with wine, protested against employing any deputy; saying with an oath, that as the lady, according to Timmins' report, was so handsome he would go and have a look at her, and that if he didn't admire her he would do the work of dismissal himself.

His walk was not quite steady, as with heavy step he left the apartment and descended the stone stairs.

Sylph observing that he was an officer, and concluding that therefore he must be a gentleman, moved toward him, summoning up courage at last to make inquiry concerning Doctor Bolus.

The vicious young officer misinterpreted her movement, and putting his own evil construction upon it, threw himself forward, caught the terrified Sylph in his arms, and attempted to kiss her.

Sylph struggled and screamed, but would have been overpowered by the half-intoxicated and insolent young man had not another officer, a Captain Vaughan, rushed out at her piercing cry from a room on one side of the passage, and, giving a violent push to her assailant, rescued her.

The baffled young lieutenant flew into a rage at his brother officer's interference, and forgetful in his passion of all discipline, raised his hand to strike him; but his arm was arrested by Doctor Bolus, who had now reached the scene.

"Let me go, Bolus," said the enraged officer; "let me go, I say," he cried, as the doctor strengthened his hold. "I have been insulted by Captain Vaughan; he has no right to interpose between me and this lady, who, of her own accord, challenged me as I passed."

"It's a falsehood, a base and ungentlemanly falsehood," exclaimed Sylph, bold and vehement in her anger. "Oh, do not believe him, sir," she said to her deliverer. "On the word of a lady, his statement is not true, sir; I only moved forward to ask if Doctor Bolus were in the house, as I was wanting to see him."

At the sound of his name Doctor Bolus advanced to where Sylph stood, agitated, pale, and trembling, and so altered in her appearance that he did not recognize her; and he had to ask her name, at the mention of which he felt both surprised and uncomfortable.

Not only was the doctor surprised at the name, but also the officer who had befriended her. Many soldiers and officers of the army were brought under the power of religion by the preaching of Wesley in those days, for he had been forward and zealous to minister to them; and in many of the regiments, both at home and abroad, he had established large "fellowship bands."

Captain Vaughan was not a member of the Methodist society, but he had caught its intense spiritual fervor, and was a thoroughly religious man. In his visits to Chester he had heard more than once of Sylph's "labors of love" among the ignorant and destitute, and was now delighted beyond measure to discover that unwittingly he had been a good knight to one who, he believed, was, in the language of the time, "a sister in the Lord."

"Miss Gilbart," he said, "you need not entreat me to believe you; I totally discredit your accuser. I regret greatly that a brother officer should have so forgotten himself as grossly to insult you. But calm yourself, Miss Gilbart; under my protection no one here shall dare to repeat the offence. Where do you wish to go? I place myself entirely at your service, and hope you will give me the honor of being your escort as long as it is necessary. My name is Vaughan—Captain Vaughan—and you may trust me."

Sylph informed her champion of the whole purpose of her standing in the passage, at which her assailant slunk away, and conveyed to Doctor Bolus her request that he would visit her father.

This was a very unpleasant request to the doctor. "A very unpleasant request indeed," he said, within himself, "one which I wish had not been made to me. What in the world shall I do? One of the last things I could wish is to meet that fellow Gilbart. This daughter of his does not know of it; but he will have heard of my decided voice at the city council board for his arrest, and would meet my visit to him with a look of daggers, and *that* I really could not and would not tolerate. And yet how can I refuse to go to him, in the presence of these young officers? It would so damage me in their minds, were I to treat a brother professional so meanly. I declare, I never was in such a horrid puzzle before; and for the life of me I don't know what to do."

It takes much longer to write these words than it did Doctor Bolus to think them; yet Sylph and Captain Vaughan and the others present felt some impatience and surprise at his evident hesitation to meet the natural and pressing request made to him.

"If you are not certain, Doctor Bolus, of where Doctor Gilbart lies ill," said Sylph, surmising that this was the ground of his silent deliberation, "I can lead you to the place, sir, for not long since I came from it."

"Ah, yes; thank you," was the reply; "but—but—I regret to say that, I fear, I cannot go."

Observing the look of astonishment upon every face around him, he went on inventing at the moment the most plausible excuse he could find. "You see, Miss Gilbart, since your father's sad imprisonment, a very valuable patient has come under my care;" but noticing a slight sarcastic smile at this phrase upon the countenance of one or two of the young officers, he lamely explained: "I mean of course, valuable, you know, in a social point of view. In fact, the person I refer to is the Honorable De Haipe, whom Docto. Gilbart used to attend, but whose case has come into my hands since his unfortunate arrest."

"You see," he repeated, "I much apprehend that Doctor Gilbart has been stricken with jail fever." Then seeing how startled Sylph and all around were at this statement, he asked, "Pray, Miss Gilbart, can you tell me any of your father's symptoms?" Sylph gave him all the particulars that had come under her notice, and had given her such distress.

"Ah, it is just as I feared," he said. "There can be little doubt that my suspicion is correct; and you will, therefore, see at once, gentlemen"—and as he spoke he turned from Sylph to them—"the expediency, the solemn duty there rests upon me of avoiding Miss Gilbart's father and his infected cell; for no disease is more easily taken or more deadly than the one I have named. And, moreover, apart from my own feelings on the matter altogether, I feel certain," he went on half thinking aloud, "that if the De Haipes were to discover I had been to a patient smitten with this fearful malady, they would forbid me all access to their house. And hence, you perceive, that I should forfeit the just rewards of my profession, and the Honorable Mr. De Haipe and his household would lose the exercise of what I will venture to call my superior medical skill."

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Sylph, "you greatly alarm me. Surely, sir, you will not leave my father to die. Many a time has he gone to minister even to the worst criminals in these same pestilential cells, and yet *you* refuse to minister to him—a brother professional man. Oh, sir, you cannot, I am sure, have considered what your refusal means. I entreat you to alter your mind, Doctor Bolus. Oh, do sir, come immediately to see him."

"Yes, do, doctor," said Captain Vaughan, backing up Sylph's entreaty. "And, don't you see, my good sir, that so far as the De Haipes are concerned, you have Doctor Gilbart's example to warrant you; for he went, it seems, upon needful occasions to visit those who were sick of the malady which, you suppose, this honorable family to dread; yet he retained them as his patients. So I think it is clear, doctor, you need have no scruples in visiting Doctor Gilbart."

"Oh, but I *have* scruples," was the reply, "and very great scruples; and then not only to abandon Doctor Gilbart to his fate, but to spitefully exalt his own professional care and character at his expense," Doctor Bolus added, "Doctor Gilbart's disregard of the safety of his upper-class patients was decidedly wrong, Captain Vaughan, and is no argument at all for my walking in his steps; and to be plain with you, I heartily condemn it."

"I tell you, however," he continued, "what I will do, Captain Vaughan, for this sick brother *Medicus*—I will prescribe for him." And then going across the castle quadrangle, followed by Sylph and her good knight, and unlocking the small surgery at the other side, of which he had the key—being on temporary duty for the army surgeon of the depot, who was for a short time away on leave—he compounded some medicine and gave some directions as to measures of disinfection and regimen that were to be pursued. Handing his powders and vial to Sylph, he requested her "to inform Doctor Gilbart of the great sorrow he felt at not being able, from a conscientious sense of duty to others, to visit him; but he hoped that his services, by so good and fair a proxy as she was, would bring about a satisfactory result."

Doctor Bolus knew full well that the remedies he had provided and suggested would be certainly of no good, as would all the physic of the pharmacopœia, and that the only possible hope of life for the sick and pining captive would be restoration to the pure atmosphere and light of day. And this conviction was uneasily pressed upon his thoughts, as, upon leaving the castle, he returned home. "But then, again," reflected Doctor Bolus, "I have at least done something for this man, and why should I do more? At all events, why should I bother myself with the authorities to get him released? He never was a cordial friend of mine, that's certain; and if it should come to the worst

with him, why, after all, it is my interest that he should die."

"His death, then, will be a murder to lie at your door," conscience muttered, and with a frown; but Doctor Bolus silenced the unwelcome monitor.

Captain Vaughan escorted Sylph to the entrance of the stone passage which led down to Doctor Gilbart's cell. "May I accompany you to your patient, Miss Gilbart?" he asked; "you are alone, and perhaps I could be of some use."

The request was both a surprise and a pleasure of no ordinary kind to Sylph, but after a moment's pause she said, "I am deeply grateful to you, Captain Vaughan, "but do you think it would be safe? You have heard what has been said about this dreadful prison fever."

With the gallantry of a soldier the captain's answer was, "Safety is not a question, Miss Gilbart, for men of my profession, you know; but duty. Besides, I really am not afraid; and I know what fever is, having had to deal with it both at home and abroad I have nursed many a brave fellow of my company through it; and I suppose I can, therefore, claim some practical experience in regard to it. I shall only say, that any little knowledge I possess I most gladly place at your command, Miss Gilbart, for your father. Do not hesitate a moment, on my own account, to accept me as your helper," he added, as she paused in her reply, "but let me share with you in the blessedness which shall be known in the great day by those to whom Christ will say, 'I was sick and in prison, and ye visited Me.'"

(To be continued.)

THE KING: HIS PREDICTED WARFARE, VICTORY, AND MARRIAGE.

By Rev. William Maude.

(Continued from page 759.)

THE DIVINE BRIDEGROOM.

(2.) "Thou art fairer than the children of men: grace is poured into Thy lips: therefore God hath blessed Thee for ever."

This address to the monarch whom the prophet sees, as it were, in prophetic vision standing before him, has respect, in the first place, to the transcendent *beauty of His person.* "Thou art fairer than the children of men;" or, as Dean Perowne renders the Hebrew: "Fair, fair art Thou beyond the children of men." And so Isaiah prophesies concerning Israel after their restoration and conversion: "Thine eye shall see the King in His beauty; thou shalt behold thy land far extended" (Isaiah 33 : 17). But if His person is glorious, so are His *words most gracious.* "Grace is poured into His lips." How different was the way in which He was once spoken of! How startling, in this respect, the contrast between His first and second advents! Of old Israel could say: "He grew up before us as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground. He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see Him there is no beauty that we should desire Him. . . . Many were appalled at Him; His visage was so marred more than any man, and His form more than the sons of men" (Isaiah 53 : 2; 52 : 14).

Even as regards the "grace poured into His lips," though, indeed, in the days of His flesh there were certain occasions when all were constrained to bear Him witness, and wonder at "the *gracious words* which proceeded out of His mouth" (Luke 4 : 22); yet, on the whole, His words, as well as His person, were despised and rejected. "He hath a demon and is mad; why hear Him?" exclaimed the infuriated Jews; and He Himself was constrained pathetically to inquire: "If I say the truth, why do ye not believe me? He that is of God heareth God's words; ye, therefore hear them not, because ye are not of God" (John 8 : 45-47). But at His Second Advent, alike because of the beauty of His person and the graciousness of His utterance, it shall be universally acknowledged that "God hath blessed Him for ever;" and there shall be gloriously fulfilled that promise, embosomed, as it were, in a threatening: "Ye shall not see Me henceforth till ye shall say, Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord". (Matthew 23 : 39).

(3.) "Gird Thy sword upon Thy thigh, O most mighty, with Thy glory and Thy majesty.

(4.) "And in Thy majesty ride prosperously, because of truth and meekness and righteousness; and Thy right hand shall teach Thee terrible things.

(5.) "Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the king's enemies; whereby the people fall under Thee."

A WARRIOR GOING FORTH TO BATTLE.

The King whose glory this psalm celebrates is not, in the first instance at least, a Solomon—a prince of peace; howbeit it is elsewhere written concerning Him, "Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon His kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever" (Isaiah 9 : 7). Here He is presented to us as a mighty warrior going forth to battle. His sword is girded on His thigh, He has bent His bow and made ready His arrows within the quiver; nay, they have already left the string and transfixed the hearts of His enemies, so that the people fall under Him, and He rides on prosperously, while His right hand teaches Him terrible things.

The imagery here made use of at once suggests to us the Apocalyptic rider on the "white horse" who is seen going forth on the opening of the First Seal (Revelation 6 : 2); for he, too, not only has a bow and a crown—the emblem of victory—but goes forth "conquering and to conquer." Unless, indeed, with De Burgh, we find the parallel rather in Revelation 19 : 11-15, inasmuch as the psalm evidently pictures a work of *judgment*, not of *grace*, "where of the Lord Jesus coming in *power* it is said: 'And out of His mouth goeth a sharp sword, that wherewith He shall smite the nations' (the Antichristian confederacy, chapter 17 : 14); 'and He shall rule them with a rod of iron; and He treadeth the wine-press of the fierceness of the wrath of Almighty God.'" For observe, the royal warrior of the psalm has also a "sword"—doubtless His "word" pronouncing the doom of the rebellious; and thus the suitable accompaniment of the "sharp arrows in the heart of the king's enemies;" identical with "the rod of His mouth" in another parallel prophecy (Isaiah 11 : 4): "He shall smite the earth with the rod of His mouth, and with the breath of His lips shall He slay the wicked one"—"that wicked one . . . whom the Lord shall consume with *the spirit (breath) of His mouth*, and shall destroy with *the brightness of His coming*" (2 Thessalonians 2 : 8).

THE PERIOD REFERRED TO BY THE PSALM.

Whether, therefore, we find the true parallel to the psalmist's description of the Warrior King in Revelation 6 : 2, or Revelation 19 : 11-15—or rather shall we not say *in both combined*, in which case we have a beautiful instance of prophetic perspective, the twofold Apocalyptic going forth being seen in the earlier and more distant revelation as only one—it is evident that the *period* to which the psalm refers is that of the Second Advent.

Bishop Horsley, who like so many others was in bondage to the historical interpretation, is, therefore, altogether in the wrong when, referring to the "terrible," or as he would render the word "wonderful," things which the conqueror's right hand should show him, he says: "This I take to be the overthrow of the Pagan superstition in the Roman empire, and the other great kingdoms of the world, by the mere preaching of the Gospel, seconded by the exemplary lives and miracles of the first preachers, and their patient endurance of imprisonment, torture, and death for the sake of Christ." And again: "The subjugation of nations by the prosecution of this war is the triumph of the Church over idolatry, which took place in the reign of Constantine the Great, when the Christian religion was established in the Roman empire, and idolatry put down by that emperor's authority" ("Horsley's Sermons").

We shall surely more correctly find the fulfilment of the "terrible things" spoken of in this psalm in the awful events detailed by the prophet Zechariah: "For I will gather all nations against Jerusalem to battle; and the city shall be taken, and the women ravished; and half of the city shall go forth into captivity, but the residue of the people shall not be cut off from the city. *Then shall the Lord go forth and fight against those nations*, as when He fought in the day of battle. And His feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east, and the Mount of Olives shall cleave in the midst thereof toward the east and toward the west . . . and the Lord my God shall come, and all the saints with Him. . . . And the Lord shall be King over all the earth: in that day shall there be one Lord, and His name one" (Zechariah 14 : 2-4, 9).

(6.) "Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever: the sceptre of Thy kingdom is a right sceptre.

(7.) "Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest wickedness; therefore God, Thy God, hath anointed Thee with the oil of gladness above Thy fellows.

(8.) "All Thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made Thee glad."

CONFLICT SUCCEEDED BY VICTORY.

The sixth verse marks a striking—almost abrupt—transition in the character under which the divine personage, whose power and glory the psalm celebrates, is presented to us. Up to this point we have seen Him as a mighty warrior casting down and destroying His enemies, but now *conflict is succeeded by victory.* The warfare is accomplished, all opposing authority and power has been put down, the prayer of the ages, "Thy kingdom come," has at last received its sublime fulfilment, and the prophetic harp seems shaken in every string, as, in full diapason, it strives to rise to the height of this great argument.

"Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed His sword:—He speaks—'tis done;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son."

And this dominion, as it is the reward of "truth and meekness and righteousness"—for of this King it may emphatically be said that "in righteousness He doth judge and make war" (Revelation 19 : 11)—so is its character denoted by the words of the sixth verse, "The sceptre of Thy kingdom is a right (literally 'straight') sceptre." * As though it were said: The sceptre of Thy kingdom is indeed a straight sceptre; because of Thee it may be said, as of no other King that ever swayed a sceptre, that "Thou lovest righteousness and hatest iniquity." Oh, blessed prospect for this weary world where oppression, tyranny, and wrong have ruled so long, when "a King shall rule in righteousness, and princes shall rule in judgment." A King who "shall not judge after the sight of His eyes, neither give sentence after the hearing of His ears; but with righteousness shall He judge the poor, and give sentence with equity for the meek of the earth" (Isaiah 32 : 1; 11 : 3, 4).

"Therefore God, Thy God, hath anointed Thee with the oil of gladness above Thy fellows." Yes; above Thy fellows—*i.e.*, Thy fellow kings—because Thou art "better than they," and the character of Thy government higher than the character of their government, even as the heavens are higher than the earth. "Above Thy fellows," because God hath given Thee the name that is above every name, and Thou hast upon Thy vesture and on Thy thigh a name written, "King *of kings*, and Lord *of lords* (Revelation 14 : 16). "Above Thy fellows," for unto whom among men or angels did Jehovah ever say, "Thy throne, *O God*, is for ever and ever?"

Thus peerless in beauty, perfect in character, unapproachable in dignity, does Israel's glorious King stand before us in the glowing picture of prophetic song; even His garments smelling of the myrrh, aloes, and cassia out of the ivory palaces—the dwelling places of kings—from whence they have made Him glad.

This mention of the "ivory palaces" fitly introduces the subject of "the Queen," which the psalm now proceeds to take up; but of her we must speak in another paper.

(To be continued.)

* See Isaiah 40 : 4; and 42 : 16. The noun is used for *equity* of government, Psalm 67 : 4; 96 : 10; Isaiah 11 : 3, 4 (*Perowne*).

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Forty-Seventh Congress Assembled on Monday, December 5th. The roll call of the House of Representatives showed that four members were absent, all of whom belong to the Democratic Party. The vote for the speakership was promptly taken. The Readjusters from Virginia acted with the Republicans. The Republican majority in the House is therefore assured. This is the first Congress since the Forty-third, in which the Republicans have had a majority.

The Nomination of Gen. J. W. Keifer of Ohio, for the Speakership of the House of Representatives, took place on Saturday, December 3d, at a meeting of the Republican caucus. Sixteen ballots were taken before a decision was reached. Mr. Hiscock, of New York, was in the early part of the week believed to have the best chance of succeeding to the office, but at the meeting of the caucus it was evident that he had not the support of the Stalwart wing of the party. Gen. Keifer was the first choice of many members, but his nomination would not have been carried had not the Pennsylvania delegation, voting as a unit, unexpectedly cast their votes for him. They had previously been counted on for Mr. Hiscock by that gentleman's friends. It is openly asserted that the change was made at the urgent request of Senator Cameron, whose antagonism to Mr. Hiscock arose out of *the Senatorial struggle at Albany* last fall, in which Mr. Hiscock opposed the Stalwarts. Gen. Keifer was born at Bethel Township, Ohio, in 1836, was educated in the common schools, and worked on a farm until 1856, when he commenced the study of law. When the war broke out he joined the Union army and served with distinction, being wounded several times. He was elected to the 45th, 46th, and 47th Congresses. At the same caucus E. Mc-Pherson, of Pennsylvania, was nominated for *Clerk of the House*, and Col. G. W. Hooker, of Vermont, for Sergeant-at-Arms. *The Democratic nominee* for the Speakership was S. J. Randall, and for the other offices the present incumbents.

The Coinage of Silver Dollars is Discussed in the Annual Report of Mr. Burchard, the Director of the Mint. Mr. Burchard acknowledges a change of views on the subject as a result of the recent conference on bi-metallism in Paris. It is impossible, Mr. Burchard now believes, "for the United States, single-handed, without European co-operation or allies to sustain the value of silver from the inevitable fall." During the past three years $100,000,000 of silver have been coined, of which, despite the extraordinary efforts made, only $34,000,000 have been forced into circulation. It is now evident that, even if a silver standard should be adopted, it would be a much lower one than that we have in use, and then it would be necessary to call in the cumbrous coins and recoin them, as well as the $66,000,000 lying unused in the Treasury vaults. Under these circumstances Mr. Burchard considers the further coinage of silver dollars a useless expenditure.

Guiteau's Testimony on his own Behalf on the witness stand last week intensified the interest taken throughout the country in his trial. In his examination by his own counsel, Mr. Scoville, he narrated the history of his life. He described his career in the Oneida community, his experiences as an itinerant lecturer, and as a lawyer; his political exertions in the Presidential campaign of 1880, his attempts to obtain office through Mr. Blaine, his applications to President Garfield, and finally the assassination. As in his previous narratives, he claimed that he "removed" President Garfield in obedience to the command of God, that he was a mere agent and instrument in the matter, and that *he was "inspired"* to perform the act as Paul and other holy men were inspired, and that it was done to save the Republican party from disruption, which he believed would be a catastrophe likely to involve civil war. When *cross-examined* by Mr. Porter, of counsel for the prosecution, Guiteau seemed chiefly anxious to display his intellectual abilities, forgetting for the time that the theory of his defence consists in his insanity. His replies to the searching questions put to him were characterized by insolence, effrontery, and audacity. He clung to the inspiration theory in which he has drilled himself, but when surprised into admissions by the circuitous questions of Judge Porter, he showed clearly that his idea of inspiration was the same as that other people define as impulse. He acknowledged that when Mr. Blaine declined to further his ambitious projects, he attempted to effect his removal by writing to President Garfield against him, and when the President showed no disposition to attend to his warning against the Premier, he concluded that the only event that could save the party and the country was the removal of Garfield to make room for Arthur. The two acts were *identical in motive;* both were directed toward the removal of men who thwarted his ambition. Thus stripped of the gloss Guiteau attempted to throw over his criminal motives, he stands revealed as a malicious, vindictive man, seeking to escape the consequences of his crime by blasphemously charging its responsibility upon the Deity. During his examination, as in the earlier days of the trial, the prisoner was allowed unusual liberty of speech, which he turned into license. On this account the Judge has been blamed, but it must be remembered that the prejudice universally felt toward this cowardly criminal is so natural and so intense, that a presumption existed that he would not have a fair trial. The unusual liberty allowed him refutes this presumption.

A National Tariff Convention Assembled in Cooper Union, New York, on November 29th. Senator Warner Miller presided, and advocated his well-known views on the subject of protection. Mr. Miller, as a manufacturer, is able to appreciate the value of heavy import duties, and he endeavored to convince his hearers that the interest of the mass of the people was also advanced by the system. Secretary Blaine sent a letter apologizing for his absence, in which he averred his conviction that the bulk of the people in all the States were enthusiastic protectionists. The Committee on Resolutions advocated a revision of the tariff, and declared that the whole system of tariff legislation was overturned by means of the Treasury decisions in customs cases, and that the decline of American shipping was due to the neglect of the Government. The last resolution recommended that an "immediate and progressive reduction of internal taxes" be made, and that they be ultimately abolished. These resolutions were all passed except the last, which encountered a fierce opposition, principally on the subject of removing the taxes on tobacco and spirits. It was ultimately rejected, and the Convention adjourned.

Drunkenness is Especially Criminal Because its indulgence nearly always entails evil results on innocent people. An instance unusually deplorable occurred in New York on November 29th, when an elevated railroad employé named Oliver lost his life. A drunken man attempted to board a Third Avenue train at Thirty-fourth Street, and Oliver, acting on the instructions of the company, refused him admission. Immediately the intoxicated wretch grappled with the officer, and in his fury dragged him from the car on to the platform of the station, and as the train moved on precipitated him to the street below. Oliver's injuries from the fall were so serious that he died in a few hours, while his murderer made his escape. This is one out of thousands of cases in which the intoxicating liquor the State allows men to sell, is directly responsible for a dastardly murder.

The First Number of the "The Christian *Philosophy Quarterly* is well calculated to sustain the dignity of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy which was organized last summer in the Hall of Philosophy at Warwick Woodlands, Greenwood Lake, N. Y., under circumstances that were related in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and other papers. The new journal, the official organ of the Institute, has donned with becoming success the familiar uniform of the old, time-honored Quarterlies, and appears in a cover distinguishable only by its nineteenth century tint from the grave and potent ensigns of those famous Reviews. Regarding the contents, it would be superfluous to say more than that Dr. Deems and President Porter are among the contributors. Dr. Deems, our readers are aware, is President of the Institute.

The Threatened Lynching of the President and cashier of two broken banks in Kansas is reported. A telegram from Wellington, Kan, dated November 29th, says: "Mr. Danford, the owner of the banks at Hunnewell and Caldwell, which were recently closed, and Mr. Smith, his cashier, were arrested to-day and brought to this city, on the charge of receiving deposits after they knew the banks to be insolvent and must close. Over fifty citizens of Caldwell, who came ostensibly here to await the preliminary examination, took Danford and Smith from the officers by force." Later reports state that the two men were carried into the woods, ropes were fastened round their necks, and they were threatened with instant death unless they confessed and made restitution to the depositors in the banks. Mr. Danford made a proposition to hand over certain securities to his captors for distribution among the depositors, and a committee was despatched to inspect them. It is expected that the President's offer will be accepted.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon on the Plague of drunkenness ought to be extensively circulated. It deals with an evil which penetrates every class of society and produces more crime and misery than any other of our social curses. Unhappily the vice is so prevalent that every one knows personally of homes now being desolated by it, and of others which are being threatened by its insidious approach. If Dr. Talmage's earnest and practical sermon were placed in the hands of some who are in danger of falling under the power of liquor, it might be blessed by God to their rescue. A verbatim report of the sermon, revised by Dr. Talmage, was published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of last week, December 1st.

A Remarkable Coincidence was Described last week at the Fulton Street prayer-meeting. It was the case of a missionary who has been sick for some time. The persons to whom he looked for his salary at length told him that they could no longer continue it. "Never mind," he said to his wife, "the Lord will provide." His wife was in consternation, but he bade her open her Bible and read him *the first words on which her eye alighted.* He prayed the Lord that the words might be His message for them. Her eye caught these words: "*A continual allowance* was made by the king" (2 Kings 25 : 30). Both were astonished, and took the words as an assurance of help. Next day a friend called to say that the sick man's case had been taken into consideration, and *an allowance* was to be made them during his sickness. The use of the word "allowance" recalled the passage they had read together, and husband and wife praised God for His goodness.

A Preacher was Dragged from his Pulpit by a bulldog at Memphis, Tenn., on Sunday, November 27th. A local journal says: "An unwelcome visitor caused consternation in the Mount Olive (colored) Church, at Memphis, last Sunday. As the visiting preacher was preaching, a big white bulldog bounded into the church, and, seizing the preacher, dragged him from the pulpit to the floor. He let go only when death overtook him. The congregation regarded him as the emissary of the devil. They were probably wrong in their supposition. Satan is always active in preventing the good effects of preaching, but he usually adopts methods less violent but more effectual than sending a bulldog to carry away the preacher bodily.

The Loss of a Set of Artificial Teeth Occasioned some alarm in a house at Paterson, N. J., last week. The lady who wore them said she had swallowed them in her sleep, and a physician was called up in the night to attend her. The lady declared she felt the edges of the teeth cutting into the sides of her stomach, and that she suffered excruciating agony. Several women were about her, who had been called in to give advice and support. Anodynes were administered to relieve her temporarily, and then the physician closely scrutinized her mouth and throat, but could find no evidence of laceration. Moreover she could swallow easily, and the doctor came to the concluison that the teeth had not been swallowed. He looked around, moved a few articles about the bed, and at last found the teeth under the pillow. They were shown to the suffering woman, and her pangs instantaneously ceased. This incident shows the power of the mind over the body, and how actual physical pain may be produced by the imagination alone. The hardened sinner, who, like a well-known lecturer, says that he is prepared to endure the punishment of his sin "like a man," forgets that God controls the imagination, the conscience, and the other powers of our spiritual nature, and can of them alone make an instrument for chastisement. God spoke of this power (Lev. 26 : 36).

A Music Teacher who is a King's Daughter, was seen recently by the correspondent of a St. Louis journal, who was visiting at Watertown, Jefferson Co., N. Y. Her name is Mrs. Benton, and she is the daughter of Joseph Bonaparte, whom his brother Napoleon made King of Spain. She is a refined, intelligent lady, looking much younger than she really is, and her gifts and accomplishments render her services as a teacher of French, drawing, and music very valuable. She is said to bear a striking resemblance to her father, and both in character and cast of features is much like her aunt, a sister of Napoleon. Mrs. Benton's regal ancestry has not been of much service to her in the affairs of life, but it is a distinction that is not forgotten by herself or her friends. It would be well if Christians, who are sons and daughters of the King of kings, always remembered their Father in heaven, and that it might be said of them, as of Mrs. Benton, that they resemble Him (Matt. 5 : 48).

A Missing Heir was found Last Week at Wolcott, N. Y., through the strenuous exertions of his brother, who had issued ten thousand circulars describing him. The missing man formerly resided at Pine Bluff, Ark., but has lately been wandering about the country in an almost destitute condition, with scarcely any money or clothes. When found, he received from his brother the welcome intelligence that under the will of a relative recently deceased, he was entitled to $20,000. Had he been aware of this fact earlier, he would not have continued his vagrant life so long. This is very much like the way men act in the affairs of the soul. When they are enabled through the power of the Holy Spirit to realize the priceless treasure they acquire through faith in Jesus and sonship to God, they think with regret of the days they spent wandering in sin, ignorant of the blessings God was offering to them (Eph. 2 : 19).

A Famous New Jersey Belle Died in a Poorhouse at an advanced age a few days ago. She was deserted by all her friends and by those, not a few in number, who had been in her prosperous days the recipients of her bounty. Her father owned the well-known Lodi Hotel, near Philadelphia, where Washington and Lafayette stayed several times when passing between that city and New York. She was very beautiful in person and vivacious in manner, and was very popular with the guests and in society. At her father's death she inherited considerable property, but *gayety, mismanagement and indiscriminate generosity* reduced her property, and at last, in her old age, she sank into poverty and was glad to take refuge in the poor-house, where she died. The ingratitude of which she had reason to complain is a very common experience; many famous men and women have suffered from it, but there has never been one found who complained that in poverty, old age, sickness, and death God has neglected them or failed to keep His promises (Ps. 37 : 25).

The Sale of the Mourning Drapery which was used to cover the stores and public buildings in New York in memory of President Garfield realized $350, which was sent to the fund for the relief of the Michigan sufferers. The material had deteriorated by exposure or it would have brought a larger sum.

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TILL WE MEET AGAIN.

A Short Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."—REV. 22 : 21.

The Apocalypse Full of Christ—Paul's Private Mark—I. The Benediction—Its Three Parts—1. What?—Grace Originating from Joy—The Order of the Benediction—The Grace of a Divine Person—Of Our Human Kinsman—2. How?—As a Matter of Fact—As the Object of Faith—As the Source of Favors—Producing Constant Communion—3. To Whom?—A Comprehensive Word—Those Who Limit it—A Hand for the Blunderers—II. The Position of the Benediction—The Last Word of Scripture—The Last and Highest Wish—What we Shall Want till the End Comes—What we Shall Wish for Then.

JOHN'S Book of Revelation is full of Christ. Its opening verse rings out the precious name, and the closing line which is now before us repeats the heavenly music. Is not the Lord Jesus the sum and substance, the glory of every vision seen in Patmos? May I not say of the Apocalypse, as John said of the New Jerusalem, "*the Lamb is the light* thereof"? until He looses the seals and opens the roll, the book of John's prophecy is so folded up that no man shall understand it.

John could not finish his book without mentioning that name which was dearest of all names to him. As he puts aside his pen to write no more, he concludes with an invocation of blessing upon all the saints in every place; and this is the form of it: "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all." Paul is thought to have claimed the use of this benediction as his particular token: "in every epistle so I write." I am not sure that it is so, for I suspect that the apostle referred to his own large handwriting, and to the signature which he put to his letters. But still, according to many interpreters, Paul used this particular blessing as his private mark, the seal of the authenticity of a letter. See the end of the epistles to the Corinthians and Thessalonians: "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all."

Certainly Paul used the words often; but, perhaps, when Paul had been taken up, John deemed it right to adopt *Paul's motto*, and with it to set, as it were, his stamp and seal upon the last book of Revelation. It was a benediction which could not be engrossed by any one apostle, nor indeed by all the apostles put together. Paul made it his own, but John had equal right to use it; and it is now all the dearer to us because both these mighties employed it.

Brethren, the benediction before us is not only Paul's word and John's word, and the Bible's last word, but it is now the chosen word of all the ministers of Jesus Christ. Is not this the benediction with which we dismiss the faithful: "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with you all"? So shall it remain *until the Lord shall come* a second time. It is an expression suitable to the most gracious heart, a prayer wherewith the believer may vent his best wishes and express his most devout desires. Over you all at this time, in my own most humble but sincere manner, I would pronounce the benediction, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all."

I. First, let us consider this benediction. It divides itself into three parts, under these heads:

WHAT?

How? and, To whom?

1. *What?* What is this which John desires when he says, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all"?

The word is *Charis*. I do not think any better translation could be given than "grace": it is usually translated grace throughout the New Testament. Those who understand the Greek language thoroughly tell us that it has for its root "joy." There is joy at the bottom of *Charis*, or grace. It also signifieth favor, kindliness, and especially

* This sermon was preached by Mr. Spurgeon immediately before setting out for the south of France for rest and recuperation. He has been preaching three sermons every week, of which we have only published one, but as the other two sermons have been reported, we shall be able during Mr. Spurgeon's absence to publish every week, as usual, a sermon recently delivered by him, which has not been printed before, either in England or America.

love; and I might, without violating the meaning of the Spirit, read the words thus: "The love of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all." But inasmuch as love to unworthy creatures such as we are can only display itself in free favor—that is, grace, and we know that the term used is an accurate expression, we will let it stand as it is.

John desires that we may have the free favor of Jesus Christ, the love of Jesus Christ, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ Himself is generally mentioned in our benedictions as having grace, and the Father as having love; and our usual benediction begins with the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God. Is that the proper order? Should we not rather say the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit? Brethren, the order observed in the benediction is that of our experience, the order in which we learn, the order in which we receive. We first receive the grace and free favor which are in Christ Jesus, and then from these we learn the love of the Father; for no man cometh unto the Father but by Jesus Christ. The order is correct to our experience, and in an instructive benediction the Holy Spirit intendeth this for our learning.

The Father's love is, as it were, the secret, mysterious germ of everything. That same love in Jesus Christ is grace; His is

LOVE IN ITS ACTIVE FORM,

love descending to earth, love wearing human nature, love paying the great ransom price, love ascending, love sitting and waiting, love pleading, love soon to come with power and glory. The eternal love which, as it were, did lie in the bosom of the Father, rises up and comes into activity, and is then called the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

This grace of our Lord Jesus Christ is therefore the grace of a Divine Person. We wish you, brethren, as we wish for ourselves, the grace of God Himself, rich, boundless, unfathomable, immutable, divine; no temporary grace such as some speak of, which keepeth not its own, but suffereth even the sheep of its own pasture to go astray and perish; but the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom it is written, "Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end"; that grace most potent which said, "None shall pluck them out of my hand." We wish this grace to be with you, infinite, everlasting, unchanging grace—we wish you may have that. May its divine height, and depth, and length, and breadth be enjoyed by you; may you know the loving grace of Christ which passeth knowledge; may you grasp the unsearchable riches of Christ. This is no small treasure—this grace of a Divine Person.

Yet is our Lord Jesus also human, as truly human as He is divine, and, believing in Him, you have the grace of Jesus Christ the man to be with you all. May you feel His tenderness, His brotherliness, His grace. He is your Kinsman, and He graciously favors His own kinsfolk. The Man is next of kin unto us, and as Ruth enjoyed all the love of Boaz, so may you possess all the heart of Jesus. May He redeem your inheritance for you, and take you to Himself to be His own, in blessed union with Himself forever.

Read the text again, and pause a little while in the middle to enjoy "the grace of our *Lord*." Whatever familiarity we have with Him, we call Him Master and Lord, and He saith, "Ye do well, for so I am." Let us never forget that. The grace that cometh from His majesty, the grace that cometh from His headship, the grace that cometh from His divinely human supremacy over His Church—this is the grace which we desire for you all.

Read the next word, "the grace of our Lord *Jesus*": may that be with you; that is to say, the grace of our Saviour, for that is the meaning of the word Jesus. All His saving grace, all that which redeems from guilt, from sin, from trouble, all that which saves us with an everlasting salvation—may that be yours to the full.

Then comes the other word, "the grace of our Lord Jesus *Christ* be with you"; may He, as the Anointed One, visit you. May the grace of His anointing be with you, may the holy anointing which was poured upon the Head come down upon you, as the sacred nard dropped from Aaron's beard and perfumed all his robes. May you have that anointing from the Holy One which shall make you know all things.

I am tempted to linger over each one of these words, but I may not, for time would forbid. Yet must we tarry on that word "our." "May the grace of *our* Lord." Catch at that sweet word. It may not perhaps be genuine in this case, for it is not in the Sinaitic manuscript, but whether it is so in this particular instance or not, it is in the Word, and stands forever true. Jesus is *our* Lord—*our* Lord Jesus Christ: both yours and ours. May the fulness of His grace be with you and with us.

2. Our next division is

HOW?

"May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all." What meaneth this? Our first answer is the wish that the grace of our Lord may rest upon you *as a matter of fact*—that He may love you truly and intensely; love you, not only as He loves the world, but as He loved His own which were in the world. May you have His redemption, not as a general thing, but according to that word, "He hath redeemed us from among men out of every kindred." May you have the special, peculiar love which Christ hath to those whom His Father gave Him, whose names are on His breastplate, and for whom He has paid an effectual ransom price, that they thereby might be delivered: may such grace be with you. As a matter of fact, may it rest upon you as the chosen, adopted, called, and sanctified.

Still further, may His grace be with you *as the object of faith*, so that your belief comes to be full assurance, till you know the love which Christ hath toward you, and no more doubt it than you doubt the love of the dearest friend you have on earth. May His love be a present fact, and not a thing to be questioned, a treasure in which you glory in the secret places of your soul, saying, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me." May His grace be with you in the sense that you are confidently assured of it.

And may His grace be with you, next, *as to the favors which flow out of it*. May you enjoy all the blessings which the grace of Christ can yield, the grace of a peaceful conscience, the grace of a cleansed walk, the grace of access to God, the grace of fervent love, the grace of holy expectancy, the grace of self-denial, the grace of perfect consecration, and the grace of final perseverance. May the fountain and well-head be with you, that so the sparkling streams may flow at your feet.

And may grace be with us, next, so as *to produce constant communion between us and Christ*, His favor flowing into our hearts, and our hearts returning their gratitude. Oh, to carry on blessed commerce with Christ, exchanging weakness for strength, sin for righteousness, and trust for care. Oh to give love for love and heart for heart, till my best loves me, and my best love is all His own. Oh, to come to this pass, that our Well-beloved is with us, and we enjoy sweet mutual intercourse: this is to have the love, or grace, of Jesus with us.

May our Lord Jesus Christ thus in His grace be with us, and may He *work for us all that He can work*. May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you, brethren, when you desire to pray; then may the great High Priest intercede for you. May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you, so that when you are downcast He may say, "Let not your heart be troubled." May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you to check you when you are likely to start aside, to guide you when you know not your way, to inspirit you when you are ready to be cast down, to confirm you when you have almost slipped with your feet. May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you when heart and flesh are failing you, when the last hour has come, and you are about to appear before God. God grant you to know always all that Christ can do in you, and for you, and with you, and by you. What better benediction could John himself utter?

3. But, now, the third part of our discourse comes under the head of

"TO WHOM?"

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you *all*." Surely if we were to take this in the widest possible sense, and say, May it be with you all, it could not be wrong to wish that all should have the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ with them; yet I know some sound brethren are very jealous of anything that looks like a wide expression, an expression which would wish good to all. For my own part, I do not understand the nature of the orthodoxy which would limit benevolent desires. I should like to be more and more heterodox in the direction of desiring good to all that come in my way. Would to God that the best that could happen to all men did happen to them. I would without the slightest hypocrisy breathe this desire over all mankind, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be

WITH YOU ALL."

Still, there is no doubt that the connection in which it stands, and also certain versions of it, do confine this benediction to the saints, and practically it must always be confined to them, for the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ is only known and enjoyed by those who have given their hearts to Jesus, and are living by Him, in Him, and to Him. Let us wish the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ to all the saints, at any rate. Some of the saints will hardly own us; but may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with them. They would not let us preach in their pulpits; but may grace be with them. They would not partake of the communion with us; but may grace be with them. They call us sectarians and schismatics, but may "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with them all. Amen," with every one of them, whoever they may be. If they are in Jesus Christ, may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with them.

If a man knows Christ, he knows the most important of matters, and is possessed of a secret quite as precious as any in our own keeping, for what know we more than Christ, and what hope have we but in Christ? *If thou lovest Christ, give me thy hand, my friend, notwithstanding thy blunders.* If Christ be all thy trust and all thy confidence, I am sorry for thine eyes that thou canst not see a great deal more; I am sorry for thine head that thou canst not think more straight; but thine heart is in the right place, resting on Jesus, reposing on Him, and who am I that I should judge thee? There is a life in Christ which a thousand errors cannot kill. There is a life which is the same in all that have it, however diverse they may happen to be upon opinion or outward ceremony. There is a life eternal, and that life is Christ Jesus, and to all that have that life we do with intensity of heart say, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all."

I notice Paul says this in one of his epistles to *a church that misbehaved* itself dreadfully. It was one of the churches that would not have any minister; a church where they all spoke as they pleased, to whom Paul said, "God is not the author of confusion." They were so depraved a church that they allowed an incestuous person to be present at the communion, but still, after the apostle had rebuked them, he said, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all." Even so must we say to those who err ignorantly, as the Corinthians did.

II. So now, not to detain you much longer, I ask your earnest attention for a few minutes to the position of this benediction.

First, I draw what I have to say from the fact that *it is*

THE LAST WORD OF SCRIPTURE.

I regard it, therefore, as being the apostle's last and highest wish. We are glad to find that, while the Old Testament finishes with a curse—"Lest I come and smite the earth with a curse"—the New Testament concludes with a blessing, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all": as if to show that the very life and spirit of a Christian should be blessing; and this should be to us our last and highest wish for men—that they may receive and retain the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. I wish this blessing to you all, my dear brothers and sisters.

Standing at *the end of the Book of Revelation* as this does, I next regard its position as indicating *what we shall want* till the end comes—that is, from now

TILL THE DESCENT OF OUR LORD

in His second advent. This is the one thing we require, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all." May it be with us daily, hourly! May it be with us, instructing us as to our behavior in each generation! May it be with us, cleansing us from all sin; enabling us to walk in the light as He is in the light! May it be with us, strengthening us to carry our daily burdens, and to bear our witness for His name under the varying circumstances of the ages. May it be with us counselling us when the trials of life distract us! With us transfiguring us from glory to glory, till we shall bear the image of Jesus Christ! May it be with us all-sufficiently! Hath He not said, "My grace is sufficient for thee"? May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all in every way in which you shall require it till He cometh!

Placed as this blessing is at the end of the book, there is but this one more thought—this is *what we shall wish for* when the end cometh. We shall come to the end of life, as we come to the end of our Bibles. And oh, aged friend, may thy failing eyes be cheered with the sight of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, on the last page of life, as thou wilt find it on the last page of thy well-thumbed Bible! Peradventure some of you may come to the last page of life before you get grace; I pray that there you may find it. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you.

Or, suppose we should not die; *suppose the Lord should suddenly come* in His temple. Oh, then may we have grace to meet Him! I am so glad that a benediction closes the Apocalypse; for, as you stand in the book of Revelation, you hear the thunders roll, peal after peal, you see the vials poured forth, darkening the air, and sun and moon turned into blackness and blood! Earth reels beneath your feet, and stars fall like fig-leaves from the tree! You are full of confusion and dismay until you hear this holy whisper, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you." Let every star of the firmament fall where it will, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ is with us. Rock and reel, ye mountains, and be dissolved, O earth, and pass away; if the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with us we fear not the end. We can serenely look upon the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds.

Let the last august tribunal sit, and men be summoned to stand before it, to receive their final doom, we shall without trembling advance before that great white throne and stand there, if the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with us.

> "Bold shall I stand in that great day,
> For who aught to my charge shall lay?
> While through His blood absolved I am
> From sin's tremendous curse and shame."

Oh, happy they, shrouded, and sheltered, and hidden, in Christ their Saviour; to whom His grace shall be like the white robes of Mount Tabor's transfiguration, for they shall be accepted in the Beloved, glorified in the glory of their Master! These are they to whom the text shall be fulfilled —"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all."

FAREWELL.

Finally, brethren, farewell; and as you go out I would like just to take my place at the doorway, to offer my hand of friendship, and say to each one, "*Farewell for a little while.*" This is my best wish for you—The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you." Will you start back and say, "Sir, I know nothing of this grace"? Then would I ask you to stay a moment while I breathe the prayer, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you." Maybe there is only a tear of penitence in your eye, no light of faith is there as yet. May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you, poor broken-hearted penitent! Maybe you do not know Jesus yet, and you are only seeking Him. His grace be with you now: may He manifest Himself to you! And you, *backslider*, do you feel as if you cannot receive a blessing? The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be especially with you, to raise you up, and set you on your feet again, as he did fallen Peter.

I would like, if I could, to say to *the stranger* within our gates to-night, who does not often attend the house of God, it is our heart's desire for you that you may know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ in truth. To *the boys and girls* here, the pastor says, "God bless you." Little Mary, or Jane, or John, or Willie, or whatever your name may be, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you;" for He saith, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." As for you, *gray-headed friends*, you who will soon be home, I wish you this parting blessing, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you." Till I see you again, "God bless you." Till the day break, and the shadows flee away, may the Lord Jesus never be absent from you. Amen and amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—1 Thessalonians 5.]

"WAS IT WORTH IT?"

THERE, you've paid your money, and drained your glass and I daresay are feeling very nice and comfortable. But, friend, a word in your ear—"Was it worth it?"

I'm an interfering, meddling man, am I? Poking my nose into other folks' business? Never mind. Suppose we grant it is so—but still I ask, "Was it worth it?"

You have paid down good honest coin of the realm, won by the sweat of your brow. It is now in the publican's till. There is so much less in your own pocket. "Was it worth it?"

Workingmen, we are told, are waking up in the present day. They are beginning to feel their feet. They are demanding a good day's pay for a good day's work. By union, by combination, they are making their power felt. And workingmen are never more alive than when the worth of toil is to be calculated. For a penny an hour more they will fight tooth and nail. For a trifle they will strike.

Friend, those coppers that are yours now no longer, and which are lying on the top of that big heap beneath the counter, ought to have their equivalent too, didn't they? You spent them in beer, which was drunk almost as soon as drawn. "Was it worth it?"

The times are hard. Rents are high. Provisions cost a goodly sum of money. Warm clothing cannot be got for nothing. And yet, in the face of this, you will toss down your twopences, and your threepences, and your fourpences, on the public-house counter, as though you didn't value money a bit, and had more than you could do with. O man! O father! O husband! O son! Answer me, I pray you, the single question, "Is it worth it?"

The rainy day, perhaps, is near, and work will be slack, and you, may be, will be dismissed with a good many more hands, and you would be glad then to fall back upon your savings. It's a grand thing, and a thing which lifts up a man's head as he walks through the world, to be able to say, "I've a bit of money put by for the rainy day. Please God, I shall keep out of debt yet." But you, *you*, you have no savings, you know. All your spare cash, and a good deal you couldn't spare, is laid up for the landlord's rainy day, should it ever come. With the workhouse looming in view, or the crouching posture of the beggar, it is no trifling question which I put to you to-day, "Is it worth it?" Then, there is the spoilt temper, and the miserable home, and the crushed wife, and the neglected children, and a thousand other like consequences of the indulgence in strong drink, which prompt the same question, "Is it worth it?"

Of course it isn't worth it. And the wonder is to me that any man with a grain of common sense, to say nothing of common humanity, ever thinks anything else. Drinking not only is worthless, but is noxious. It is not worth it!

You may not see it now. You will, perhaps, refuse to see it now. You will persist in holding that strong drink is a good and proper thing; and perhaps you will persist until death, in drinking freely and constantly.

God help you then! But you shall not damn your soul without a warning. Stop! Stop! After death is the judgment, and the "wages of sin is death." You may laugh me in the face, but what will you do when you stand before God?

Oh! it is so sad, when the Son of God has died to open the kingdom of heaven to all who believe in Him, that men should damn their souls eternally.

Is it worth it? A thousand times, NO.

A SAILOR'S TREACHERY DEFEATED.

(*See Illustration on page 780*)

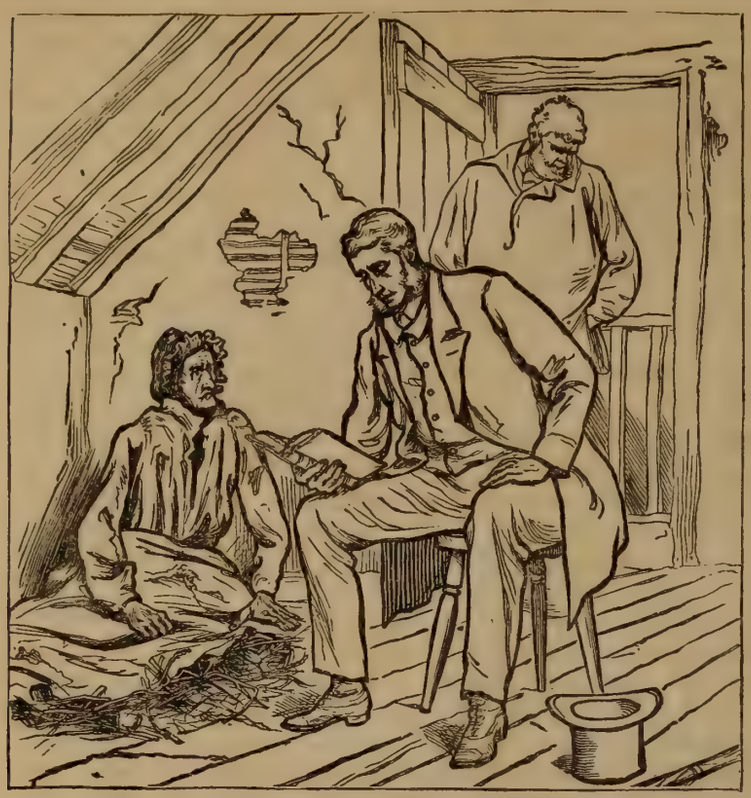
THE scene was off the Society Islands in the South Pacific Ocean. It was a hot morning, and the tropical sun, though scarcely above the horizon, shed its rays scorchingly on a vessel homeward bound. Those are dangerous waters, for sunken rocks and swift currents threaten a ship not carefully steered with instant destruction. The captain had been at his post night and day for some time, and, wearied out at last, had lain down for a short interval of rest. The worst of the dangers had been passed, and leaving explicit instructions as to the ship's course, and placing a sharp lookout aloft, he felt satisfied that all would go well for a few hours.

At the helm was placed a colored sailor who had been taken aboard at the Society Islands, chiefly because he was familiar with the waters and knew where the safest course lay. He was an ill-conditioned man, malicious and vindictive, but with an excellent reputation as an able seaman; and the captain being short of hands, had engaged him in default of finding any one he liked better. Unhappily, the crew were set against the colored man from the first, and they showed their ill-will in various ways. He had been teased and provoked until his spirit was maddened, and he only waited for an opportunity to wreak his revenge.

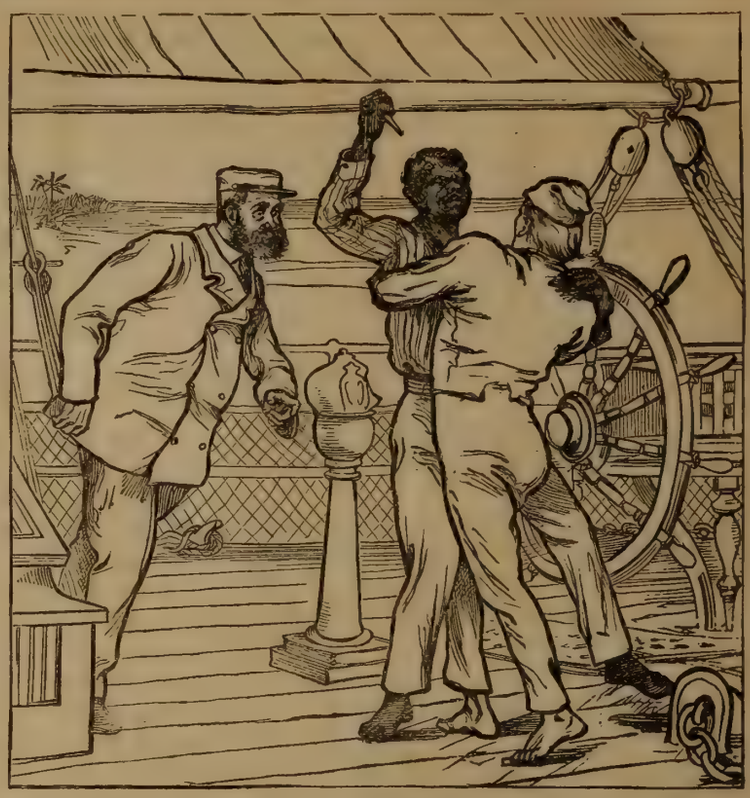
When the captain lay down, the colored man found himself put at the wheel, and saw at once that his desired chance had come. It was not so good a chance as he supposed, for he was ignorant of a precaution the captain had taken. He supposed that he was the only man awake except the lookout at the mast-head. The captain, however, distrusting the negro, had instructed the first mate to watch him and see that the ship was steered according to his instructions, and, unseen by the negro, a vigilant eye watched every turn of his hand. All went well for oevr an hour, and the mate began to think the negro was a better man than they believed, when, suddenly, a turn of the wheel excited his suspicions. He waited a moment to be sure that he was not misjudging the helmsman, and then sprang to his feet. "Breakers ahead!" sang out the lookout in a clear voice, and in an instant the negro and the mate were struggling in fierce fight.

The negro had steered straight toward a dangerous reef, and had calculated that the vessel would be dashed to pieces before the lookout could alarm the crew. The mate held firmly to the colored traitor, who, armed with a knife, struggled fiercely with his captor while the vessel drifted to her doom. The mate saw the situation and shouted at the top of his voice, "The wheel! The wheel!" and with a quick perception of the threatening danger the captain rose to his feet and rushed to the wheel. It was a narrow escape, for the reef grazed the vessel's side as she turned like a living creature from her danger. The traitor was quickly overpowered by the crew, whom the scuffle and the shouting aroused, and was placed in irons for the remainder of the voyage.

The old philosophers used to teach that every man has his good and his bad angel always by his side, and as he suffered one or the other to guide him the voyage of life was prosperous or disastrous. A more enlightened doctrine is held by those who are taught of God, and they know from their own experience, and from God's Word, that the enemy of souls is ever seeking their destruction. If his subtle temptations are heeded, and the passions, anger, malignity, and revenge are at his prompting allowed to guide us, then we are on the road to eternal wreck, from which the interposition of God alone can save us.



A Gospel Triumph in an Attic.



An Act of Treachery Defeated.

MAN HIS OWN BIOGRAPHER.

A Sermon by Mr. D. L Moody, preached at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, on October 21.

"And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the Book of Life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the book, according to their work."—Rev. 20: 11, 12.

The Record of Our Life—Memory Immortal—Cyrus and Horace Greeley—Memory God's Officer—Mr. Moody's Recollections when He was Drowning—Torturing Reminiscences of Cain and Judas—The Murdered Boston Man—Conscience will Awake—Memory in Prison—No Repentance after Death—A Rider Killed.

I WANT to call your attention to one clause, 'And another book was opened which is the book of life." Now I may be wrong, but I think I am not. I think that book that is to be opened is the *book of memory;* and I think the time is coming in the history of each one of us when that book will be opened, and each one will read his own *record.*

A Scotchman said to me the other day, "You will have to use some other word than "record," for we don't know what it means." We use it a good deal in America. If a man has not a good reputation, and he goes into a community where he has not been before, he is told that he had better wait until he has cleared up his *record.* And I think the word is very expressive. We have in every county throughout our great country what we call a *Recorder's Court,* and if any important papers are made out they are taken up there and recorded. And so God makes every mind keep its own record. If we are to give an account of the deeds done in the body, how are we going to do it unless it is through memory? And that will be the opened book and out of it we shall be judged.

MEMORY IS IMMORTAL.

I firmly believe that memory is "the worm that dieth not;" that memory is what we are going to take with us when we leave this world. We shall not take our riches, but we shall take away our memory. Lord Bacon says that "the human intellect never loses anything." It is a very strong statement that everything a man has heard, everything that he has seen, is treasured safely away in his memory, and by-and-by it will all come back to his mind.

We very often hear people talk about their *short memories;* and then we hear, once in a way, about a man who has got an extraordinary memory. It is said of Cyrus, who had twenty thousand men in his army, that he could call every man by name, and that seemed to give him great power over the army.

I have read of a remarkable man who wrote a great deal, and then said he could record from memory everything he had ever written. I have met with men who could take up this book and commence at Genesis and go through to Revelation, and not make a mistake. Memory, we see, is *a wonderful thing.*

Horace Greeley, one of our great men who was nominated for the Presidency of the United States a few years ago, would take his morning paper—the *New York Tribune*—and read down column after column and then accurately quote it, without further effort, word by word. You say you wish you had such a memory as that. My friend, your

MEMORY WILL BE LONG ENOUGH BY-AND-BY.

When you stand at the bar of God, He will touch *a secret spring,* and memory will do its work. I believe that *memory is God's officer,* who is going to bring you and me into condemnation. God makes every man keep his own account. We talk about a recording angel. I think that we shall find out at the end of life that *we* are the recording angel ourselves, that *men are writing their own lives*—their own biographies. They are keeping the record themselves.

Some men are very anxious to have their lives written before they die; but they need not be in haste, *they will write it themselves.* It will not be the work of fancy, it will be a most accurate life; there will be no mistake in it. That is the record of the life you and I will have to face. By-and-by the book will be opened, and then you and I will look at the record we have written. If unsaved, you will

STAND BEFORE GOD'S BAR SPEECHLESS.

You will have to say amen to the sentence.

My friends, *what kind of book are you writing?* What have you been putting into the book to-day? What kind of life is it? Have you *sworn* to-day? Well, it is all written down. You will meet that oath. Don't flatter yourself that it will never come back. You will one day meet it. Have you been *untrue* to some friend to-day? That, too, is recorded—written, as it were, with an iron pen, and you will meet it by and by. Have you done some *mean, contemptible thing* to-day, and your conscience does not rise up to-night and smite you? It will! You will meet the record in the other world!

I believe there are thousands of men in this town that would give their right hand if they could forget the record they have made. There is something in their life that is so dark and black that they would like to forget it. Some men plunge into pleasure to drown it. They drink and fancy that in intoxication they will stifle the stinging accusations of their conscience; but the time is coming when God shall say, "Son," or "Daughter, remember!" or, as Job says, "He will change your countenance," and send you to read your own book that you have been writing—the record you have been making. The book that you have been keeping—that will condemn you.

TWICE IN DANGER OF DEATH.

I have been twice on the point of death. I was once drowning. I had gone down the second time, and just as I was sinking the third time I was rescued; and in an instant—in a second, everything I had said, everything I had done, everything I had ever thought of, came rushing before my mind. Everything came back. Tramp, tramp, tramp, came the whole life. Seemingly there was not a thing left out. How a whole life can be crowded into a second of time I do not know. It has now gone from my memory, but there is no doubt that it will all come back again. This record which I have made, as well as yours, will have to be used some day.

I would like to ask you a question. Do you believe that *Cain,* if he left this earth unforgiven—do you believe he has ever forgotten his killing Abel? Do you not think that that sin *followed* him into the other world? Six thousand years have rolled away, and do you think he does not now vividly remember *how Abel looked in the field,* when he rose up and slew him? We are not told *how* he killed him, but it was probably with a club. How Abel pleaded—"Don't take my life; I love you; I have done nothing against you." Do you think *Cain* has forgotten that pleading? Oh, he made that record, and he took it away with him; and I believe that is "the worm that dieth not," that it is that which helps to make hell so terrible. I believe Cain

John Bunyan Listening to the Women of Bedford.

remembers how Abel looked, and he remembers how the blood looked when the first blow fell. The whole terrible scene is as fresh before him as though it happened but yesterday. He remembers to-night with an awful vividness,

THE SIGHT OF THE FIRST MURDERED MAN;

he remembers how those wounds looked, and how he covered up his slaughtered brother, and tried to cover up the sin and conceal it. He thought probably he had buried the sin, and it would never trouble him again. Do you think that it has never troubled him, and that conscience has not risen up and smitten him?

Do you believe that *Judas* has forgotten the cruel act of betraying his Master with the kiss? I do not. Do you not believe that Judas remembers how Jesus looked at him when He gently said, "Betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?" I think he took that away with him; and if you could see him to-night, he would say that it is those words which make hell so terrible. Not only that, but I believe Judas remembers the impressive sermon which Christ preached; how He said one day "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I believe Judas can remember how Jesus looked when He wept over Jerusalem, and when he said "how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." I believe that Judas has taken away the memory of that sin; and I tell you, my friends, that you will take into the other world the memory of all the sins you have committed.

I have seldom been in more solemn meetings than we have had this week. I believe there are men who will go into eternity remembering this night. You will remember how everything looked; you will remember how those Christian ladies looked on the platform; you will remember those ministers; you will remember the singing—how Mr. Sankey sung "Eternity!" and how that word thrilled and rang in this house; how all this choir stood up here and sang those sweet songs of Zion.

CONSCIENCE AWAKENED.

Yes, the book will be opened by-and-by, and every individual among us will have to face the record. Do you doubt it, any of you? It is a terrible thought, my friends, that you and I are writing our own condemnation, and that it will take no one to condemn us but our own conscience, when it is thoroughly awake. I wish I could say something to wake up every man's conscience here, that would arouse every slumbering conscience in this house to call earnestly upon God.

Do you believe those Jews who saw Jesus Christ in Jerusalem have forgotten how He pleaded with them, and how He reasoned with them? Do you think those men who stood around the cross and saw Christ hang there—do you think *they* have forgotten? Do they not remember how He cried, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"? I think they remember that. I think they have taken that away with them. The books have been opened and they have read the things that took place in this life.

The first murder I remember in America was one that made a very profound impression, even in this country. There was a very prominent professor in Boston. He was an influential man, and was an intellectual giant. A doctor called and tried to get some money the professor was owing him. There were some words, the professor got angry and struck his creditor, and killed him Then, instead of confessing his guilt, he burned the body and tried to conceal the crime. But the murdered man was traced to his office, and never seen to come out. The professor was tried and condemned, and while he was in prison he could hear

THE VOICE OF THE MURDERED MAN,

and it was a *relief to him to be executed.* He would rather die than live. He heard the cry, the voice, of that murdered man. Conscience was beginning to do its awful and increasing work of condemnation.

You had a case of crime here in England, of a man who murdered his wife, and then married some one else, whom he loved more than his own wife. He had seven children, and twenty long years passed; but at last the books began to be opened, his conscience smote him: and *he gave himself up* to justice. He would rather die than live.

My dear friends, the time is coming when *your conscience will be thoroughly awake.* If your conscience doesn't wake you up in this life, it will in the world to come. Do not let Satan deceive you with the falsehood that there is no future retribution. Listen to what Jesus Christ says. I bow to Scripture. When Jesus Christ says anything it is enough. "If ye die in your sins, where I am ye cannot come." That settles it. "If ye die in your sins, where I am ye cannot come."

Do you believe that Judas went right into the kingdom of God, with John the beloved, and with Paul, and those other mighty apostles? Would he have been admitted into heaven? Do you think he would, my friends? Oh, there is not a candid man here who believes it for a moment. "If ye die in your sins, where I am ye cannot come." And those who die in their sins will have to take this dark catalogue with them, and read it over and over again.

Go down to yonder prison and ask that man what makes prison so terrible. He will very quickly tell you, "It is not the prison walls, it is not the iron gates, it is not the prison garb, it is not the prison food, it is not even that I am deprived of my liberty." He will tell you that what makes it so terrible is *his memory.* He goes into that cell and begins thinking. He thinks of what he might have been, of the prayers of the sainted mother, or the godly wife, of those children upon whom he has brought ruin and disgrace. It is his memory that makes that prison like a hell to him.

We, too, shall have to take our memory away with us. "Son, remember! Daughter, remember!" and I hope the Holy Spirit of God will arouse you, and determine you to put off salvation no longer. Bear in mind, *Now* is the only day of mercy you will ever have,

THIS IS THE DAY OF CHRIST,

this is the acceptable time of the Lord. You can repent now and have this awful record blotted out. He wants to forgive you; He has been trying to this very hour to bring you to Himself. He wishes to blot out all this black record and save you; and you are persistently running away from the very best friend you have. Bear in mind what will happen

WHEN YOU GET BEYOND THIS LIFE;

and I think the Bible teaches clearly that there is *no repentance after this life.* There are some who tell you of the possibility of repentance in the grave; but I do not think you can find it in Scripture. I have looked my Bible over very carefully, and I cannot find that man is going to have another chance of repentance. If a man is favored with years and years here, an open Bible, and friends to tell him the way of life, and of a Saviour who has died for him, and of God who will accept him, what reasons have we for thinking that he will repent in another world?

Then *why should he ask for any more time?* You have time enough to repent now. You can turn from your sins this moment if you will. God says: "I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God, therefore turn yourselves, and live ye." There will be no Gospel meetings over yonder for you to attend, and whence you will go out scoffing. You can do it now, there is no doubt about it. You can make light of sacred things now. You can mock at God and eternity, but, hereafter, you will never lift up your voice against the Son of God; you will never more make light of sacred things.

A young man had just come out of a public house where he had been drinking, and he saw a

deacon of the Church on the road. He asked him, "Can you tell me *how far it is to hell?*" and rode on. I suppose he thought he was very witty, and had said a smart thing. He turned round the corner, and when the deacon came to that corner he found the horse had thrown his rider and broken the young man's neck. Probably the last words that fell from his lips were

"HOW FAR IS IT TO HELL?"

Do not trifle with sacred things. Go, rather, and trifle with the forked lightning, with the deadly pestilence. By-and-by that book will be opened, and you will have to face its startling record; read it yourself! Out of your own mouth you will be condemned.

What are you going to do to-night? Are you going to add another page to that book by rejecting Jesus Christ? Will you deliberately write on the page now and say, "I reject the Son of God; I reject mercy; I reject salvation once more, October 21st, 1881. I reject the Son of God who is offered me to-night in this building; I will go on in my sins a little longer; I will turn my back upon God and heaven still; I will add sin to sin." You *can* do it; you are a free agent.

You may say "Why does not God *make* me?" Because He does not want a heaven filled with slaves, He wants sons and daughters there. He *might force* you, but force you against your will He is not going to do. He is trying to *draw* you. Will you be drawn? Will you come?

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(*Continued from page 767.*)

Suspense.

OFTEN Roland was overwhelmed with terror lest his wife should be watched, and her movements tracked, and that behind her would come the pursuers he had so successfully evaded. At other times an unutterable heartsickness possessed him to see her once more, to hear her voice, to press his lips, if he dared, to her pale cheeks; to discover whether she would suffer him to hold her in his arms for one moment only. He longed to hear from her lips what had happened at home since he fled from it six months ago; what she had done, and was going to do, supposing that he were not arrested and brought to justice. Would she forgive him? would she listen to his pleas and explanations? He feared that she would hate him for the shame he had brought upon her. Yet there was a possibility that she might pity him, with a pity so much akin to love, as that with which the angels look down upon sinful human beings.

Every day brought the solution of his doubts nearer. The rains of autumn had begun, and fell in torrents, driving him to any shelter he could find, to brood there hour after hour upon these hopes and fears. The fog and thick clouds hid the mountains, and all the valleys lay forlorn and cold under clinging veils of mist, through which the few brown leaves left upon the trees hung limp and dying on the bare branches. The villagers were settling down to their winter life; and though along the frequented routes a few travellers were still passing to and fro, the less known were deserted. It was safe now to go down to Engleberg, where, if ever again, except as a prisoner in the hands of justice, he would see Felicita.

Impatient to anticipate the day on which he might again see her, he reached Engleberg a week before the appointed time. The green meadows and the forests of the little valley were hidden in mist and rain; and the towering dome of the Titlis was folded from sight in dense clouds, with only a cold gleam now and then as its snowy summit glanced through them for a minute. The innumerable waterfalls were swollen and fell with a restless roar through the black depths of the forests.

The daylight was short, for the sun rose late behind the encircling mountains, and hastened to sink again below them. But the place where he had first met Felicita was dear to him, though dark and gloomy with the cloudy days. He hastened to the church where his eyes had fallen upon the young, silent, absorbed girl so many years ago; and here, where the sun was shining fitfully for a brief half-hour, he paced up and down the aisles, wondering what the coming interview would bring. Day after day he lingered there, with the loud chanting of the monks ringing in his ears, until the evening came when he said to himself, "*To-morrow I shall see her once more.*"

Roland Sefton did not sleep that night. As the time drew near for Felicita to act upon his message to her, he grew more desponding of her response to it; yet he could not give up the feeble hope still flickering in his heart. If she did not come he would be a hopeless outcast indeed; yet if she came what succor could she bring to him? He had not once cherished the idea that Mr. Clifford would forbear to prosecute him; yet he knew well that if he could be propitiated, the other men and women who had claims upon him would be easily satisfied and appeased. But how many things might have happened during the long six months, which had seemed almost an eternity to him. It was not impossible that Mr. Clifford might be dead. If so, and if a path was thus open to him to re-enter life, how different should his career be in the future! How warily would he walk; with what earnest penitence and thorough uprightness would he order all his ways! He would be what he had only seemed to be hitherto; a man following Christ, as his forefathers had done.

He was staying at a quiet inn in the village, and as soon as daybreak came he started down the road along which Felicita must come, and waited at the entrance of the valley, four miles from the little village. The road was bad, for the heavy rains had washed much of it away; and it had been roughly repaired by fir-trees laid along the broken edges; but it was not impassable, and a one-horse carriage could run along it safely. The rain had passed away, and the sun was shining. The high mountains and the great rocks were clear from base to summit.

If she came to-day there was a splendid scene prepared for her eyes. Hour after hour passed by; the short autumnal day faded into the dusk, and the dusk slowly deepened into the blackness of night. Still he waited, late on into the night, till the monastery bells chimed for the last time; but there was no sign of her coming.

The next day passed as that had done. Felicita then had deserted him! He felt so sure of Phebe that he never doubted that she had not received his message. He had left only one thread of communication between himself and home, a slender thread, and Felicita had broken it. There was now no hope for him; no chance of learning what had befallen all his dear ones, unless he ran the risk of discovery, and ventured back to England.

But for Felicita and his children, he said to himself, it would be better to go back, and pay the utmost penalty he owed to the broken laws of his country. No hardships could be greater than those he had already endured; no separation from companionship could be more complete. The hard labor he would be doomed to perform would be a relief. His conscience might smite him less sharply and less ceaselessly if he were suffering the due punishment for his sin, in the society of his fellow-criminals. Dartmoor Prison would be better for him than his miserable and degrading freedom.

Still, as long as he could elude publicity, and preserve his name from notoriety, the burden would not fall upon Felicita and his children. His mother would not shrink from bearing her share of any burden of his. But he must keep out of the dock, lest their father and husband should be branded as a convict.

A dreary round his thoughts ran. But ever in the centre of the circling thoughts lay the conviction that he had lost his wife and children forever. Whether he dragged out a wretched life in concealment, or was discovered, or gave himself up to justice, Felicita was lost to him. There were some women—Phebe Marlowe was one—who could have lived through the shame of his conviction and the dreary term of his imprisonment, praying to God for her husband, and pitying him with a kind of heavenly grace; and at the end of the time met him at the prison door, and gone out with him, tenderly and faithfully, to begin a new life in another country. But Felicita was not one of these women. He could never think of her as pardoning a transgression like his, though committed for her sake. Even now she would not stoop so low as to seek a meeting with one who deserved a penal punishment.

Night had set in, and he was trudging along the road, still heavy with recent rains, though the sky above was hung with glittering stars, and the crystal snow on Titlis shone against the deep blue depths, casting a wan light over the valley. Suddenly upon the stillness there came *the sound of several voices*, and a shrill yodel, pitched in a key that rang through the village, to call attention to the approaching party. It was in advance of him, nearer to Engelberg; yet though he had been watching the route from Stans all day, and was satisfied that Felicita could not have entered the valley unseen by himself, the hope flashed through him that she was before him, belated by the state of the roads.

He hurried on, seeing before him a small group of men carrying lanterns. But in their midst they bore a rude litter, made of a gate taken hastily off the hinges. They passed out of sight behind a house as he caught sight of the litter, and for a minute or two he could not follow them, from the mere shock of dread lest the litter held her. Then he hurried on, and reached the hotel door as the procession marched into the hall and laid their burden cautiously down.

"An accident?" said the landlord.

"Yes," answered one of the peasants; "we found him under Pfaffenwand. He must have been coming from Engstlensee Alp; how much further the good God alone knows. The paths are slippery this wet weather, and he had no guide; or there was no guide to be seen."

"That must be searched into," said the landlord; "is he dead?"

"No, no," replied two or three together.

"He has spoken twice," continued the peasant who had answered before, "and groaned much. But none of us knew what he said. He is dying, poor fellow!"

"English?" asked the landlord, looking down on the scarred face and eager eyes of the stranger, who lay silent on the litter, glancing round uneasily at the faces about him.

"Some of us would have known French, or German, or Italian," was the reply, "but not one of us knows English."

"Nor I," said the landlord; "and our English speaker went away last week, over the St. Gothard; to Italy for the winter. Send round, Marie," he went on, speaking to his wife, "and find out any one in Engelberg who knows English. See! the poor fellow is trying to say something now."

"I can speak English," said Roland, pushing his way in amid the crowd and kneeling down beside the litter, on which a rough bed of fir-pine branches had been made. The unknown face beneath his eye was drawn with pain, and the gaze that met his was one of earnest entreaty.

"I am dying," he murmured; "don't let them torture me. Only let me be laid on a bed to die in peace."

"I will take care of you," said Roland, in his pleasant and soothing voice, speaking as tenderly as if he had been saying, "God bless you!" to Felix in his little cot; "trust yourself to me. They shall do for you only what I think best."

The stranger closed his eyes with an expression of relief; and Roland, taking up one corner of the litter, helped to carry it gently into the nearest bedroom. He was gifted with something of a woman's softness of touch, and with a woman's delicate sympathy with pain; and presently, though not without some moans and cries, the injured man was resting peacefully on a bed: not unconscious, but looking keenly from face to face on the people surrounding him.

"Are you English?" he asked, looking at Roland's blistered face and his worn peasant's dress.

"Yes," he answered.

"Is there any surgeon here?" he inquired.

"No English surgeon," replied Roland. "I do not know if there is one even at Lucerne, and none

could come to you for many hours. But there must be some one at the monastery close by, if not in the village—"

"No, no!" he interrupted, "I shall not live many hours; but promise me—I am quite helpless, as you see—promise me that you will not let any village doctor pull me about."

"They are sometimes very skilful," urged Roland, "and you do not know that you must really die."

"I knew it as I was slipping," he answered; "at the first moment I knew it, though I clutched at the very stones to keep me from falling. Why, I was dead when they found me; only the pain of being pulled about brought me back to life. I'm not afraid to die if they will let me die in peace."

"I will promise not to leave you," replied Roland, "and if you must die, it shall be in peace."

That he must die, and was actually dying, was affirmed by all about him. One of the brothers from the monastery, skilled in surgery, came in unrecognized as a doctor by the stranger, and shook his head hopelessly when he saw him, telling Roland to let him do whatever he pleased so long as he lived, and to learn all he could from him during the hours of the coming night. There was no hope, he said; and if he had not been found by the peasants he would have been dead now. Roland must ask if he was *a good Catholic or a heretic*. When the monk heard that he was a heretic, and needed none of the consolations of the Church, he bade him farewell kindly and went his way.

Roland Sefton sat beside the dying man all the night, while he lingered from hour to hour: free from pain at times, at others restless and racked with agony. He wandered a little in delirium, and when his brain was clear he had not much to say.

"Have you no message to send to your friends?" inquired Roland, in one of these lucid intervals.

"I have no friends," he answered, "and no money. It makes death easier."

"There must be some one who would care to hear of you," said Roland.

"They'll see it in the papers," he replied; "no, I come from India, and was going to England. I have no near relations, and there is no one to care much. 'Poor Austin,' they'll say; 'he wasn't a bad fellow.' That's all. You've been kinder to me than anybody I know. There's about fifty pounds in my pocket-book. Bury me decently and take the rest."

He dozed a little, or was unconscious for a few minutes. His sunburnt face, lying on the white pillow, still looked full of health and the promise of life, except when it was contracted with pain. There was no weakness in his voice, or dimness in his eye. It seemed impossible to believe that this strong young man was dying.

(To be continued.)

REVIEW OF THE QUARTER'S LESSONS.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 18. Golden Text, Heb. 8 : 1. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

"Now of the things which we have spoken, this is the sum: We have such an High Priest, who is set on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens." This, our golden text, beautifully sums up the teaching of the past quarter's lessons, for all these types and shadows in the Old Testament only illustrate, foreshadow, and point to Christ. Let each one of us make this great truth personal.

"I HAVE SUCH AN HIGH PRIEST

representing *me* in heaven, as Aaron represented the children of Israel within the veil." As the railway and the telegraph bind distant places together, and distance is made nothing, so much more fully the distance between heaven and earth is done away, the veil which separated is rent, the sin which was so terrible a barrier has been atoned for by Him who came "to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity" (Dan. 9 : 24).

Our first lesson this quarter was on *Free Giving*. This is in itself a gift of God to us, and it is an unspeakable privilege that we should be allowed to give anything to Him; we must always confess as David did, "Of Thine own have we given Thee" (1 Chron. 29 : 14). Our hearts warm toward God when He lovingly receives any offering at our hands, even more than when we receive of Him; it is always "more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts 20 : 35). The gifts of the children of Israel were the materials for the construction of the temple where God was worshipped, and the spirit which renders unto the Lord is truly the spirit of worship.

We next considered the offerings, especially the *burnt offering* and the *peace offering*, and we saw how all spoke of Christ. If we present our bodies a living sacrifice, it is because we come in the person of the one great burnt offering; in the *meat offering*, and in the *trespass offering*, still it is Christ we see; He alone can satisfy God, He alone can atone for sin. He is the Altar which sanctifieth every gift we bring (Matt. 23 : 19). In the great day of atonement we saw Him as the Sin-bearer, the Scapegoat, made "sin for us," "made a curse for us" (2 Cor. 5 : 21; Gal. 3 : 13), suffering without the camp; and we saw how impossible it is for God to ignore sin; He can "by no means clear the guilty;" "every transgression and disobedience received a just recompense of reward" (Heb. 2 : 2). But "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them" (2 Cor. 5 : 19).

In the *feast of tabernacles* we saw the type of completion, of satisfaction, of rest from labor; the millennium upon earth, and afterward the "restitution of all things" (Acts 3 : 21). Then still more in the year of jubilee we saw the rest in God, the Sabbath-keeping which will then be perfected, but which He wills that His children should practise now. Is it not true that as soon as the least

UNREST OF SPIRIT

takes possession of us, whether in the form of wavering and hesitation as to plans, or in the shape of anxiety about our circumstances, or of self-condemnation when we have failed in anything, body and soul begin to suffer? God calls us to rest in Him, to commit our way unto the Lord in every circumstance as soon as it arises. How are we to be delivered from temptation? By our unrest? or by an unreserved committal of the temptation to Him? How may we be rid of the burden of anxiety? By fretting against it? or by casting all our care on Him who careth for us? How may we learn the hideousness of sin when we have fallen, the deep wrong done to God by our doubts, our impatience, jealousy, or any other sin which has overtaken us? By self-accusation? (Alas! the enemy will make us pleased with our own severity against ourselves.) No, but by coming to God to reprove us, judge us, and cure us of the sin. Then we learn to rest from ourselves: it is a true jubilee, every yoke is undone, and the oppressed goes free.

We had also in our lessons some instances of the people's sin, and this invariably came to pass through unbelief. They were being led in a miraculous way through the unyielding, barren wilderness, where neither corn grew nor water flowed, but again and again, instead of expecting their Almighty and present God to supply their need, they murmured against Moses and Aaron, and finally against God Himself. Their first murmuring was against Moses immediately before the passage of the Red Sea (Ex. 14 : 11). All the wonders of God in Egypt had not convinced them that He would not let them perish. Their second murmuring was at Marah when the waters were bitter (Ex. 15 : 24). The third was in the wilderness of Sin, when they complained that Moses had brought them forth into the wilderness to kill them with hunger, and when God rained manna upon them (Ex. 16 : 2). The fourth time was in Rephidim, where they complained that Moses had brought them out of Egypt to kill them and their children and their cattle with thirst, and then it was that God told Moses to smite the rock, a type of our smitten Saviour, from whom waters of life flow forth. Their fifth time of discontent was when Moses went up into the mountain and remained there, occupied with God on their behalf, and then it was they made the golden calf, and God's anger was kindled against them.

The next and sixth defection was not that of the people as a whole, but of Nadab and Abihu, the priests who, probably under the influence of wine, offered strange fire unto the Lord.

We are told nothing of the cause of their murmuring the seventh time, only the fact (Num. 11 : 1; Deut. 9 : 22), but it brought judgment with it, for "the fire of the Lord burnt among them" (Num. 11 : 3); yet immediately afterward we read of an eighth provocation, when the mixed multitude "fell a lusting; and the children of Israel also wept again, and said, Who shall give us flesh to eat?" (Num. 11 : 4-6.) This is a different occasion from that mentioned in verse 1, which took place at Taberah (comp. 11 : 1-3 with 11 : 4, 30-34). The ninth sin was committed by Miriam and Aaron, who murmured against Moses because he had married an Ethiopian woman (Num. 12 : 1, 2); and finally the tenth of their provocations in the desert was that for which the judgment of forty years' wandering in the desert was pronounced against them. They murmured at the evil report of the land brought by ten out of the twelve spies whom Moses had sent to spy the land of Canaan, and taking no account of the promise of their God that He would give them victory and deliver the Canaanites into their hands, they even went the length of proposing to make for themselves a captain, and turn back again into Egypt. And yet their supply of food day by day was

A STANDING MIRACLE;

they drank not from a spring, which might be accounted for on natural grounds, but which flowed out of the solid rock and followed them: so blind, so unreasoning is unbelief. But alas! even this judgment, even the solemn declaration that none of the men above twenty years old should see the land which God sware unto their fathers, did not cure them of their spirit of murmuring, and we find them "discouraged because of the way," and yet again speaking "against God and against Moses." Then it was that the judgment of fiery serpents was sent upon them, and then it was that the brazen serpent, the type of our crucified Lord, was given to exercise and test their faith, and to manifest the mighty arm of God's deliverance.

We then had the history of Balaam, the "double-minded man," who was "unstable in all his ways" (James 1 : 8). It is an awful thing to attempt to serve God and mammon; Balaam made shipwreck by this unhallowed venture; Lot tried it, and lost his earthly possessions, and probably the souls of all who were dear to him; Judas tried it, and won the unenviable reputation of being the betrayer of the Son of God. It is an awful game to play when eternity is at stake, but the Balaams are not few in all our professedly Christian lands; there are more Lots than Abrahams, and more Judases than Johns. God purify us from an earth-contaminated Christianity, which admits of a religion without moral rectitude, a conversion without consecration, a naming the name of Christ without departing from iniquity! The groanings of the Holy Spirit in our day must surely be for

PRIMITIVE HOLINESS AND PRIMITIVE POWER,

for a return in power to the old and true standard of faith and practice which obtained in the early days of the Church. Away with mediæval times; we want the early times again—the times of being "full of faith of the Holy Ghost," of being "of one heart and of one soul," of "having a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man," of having "great grace" upon us all.

Finally, we were occupied with the last days and the death of Moses; it was a great ending to a great life. And yet how simple! The meek man upon the face of the earth, himself led by God and thus able to lead his people, he went on with his work to the very last, and "died in harness." He needed no preparation, for all this life was a preparation for death. He was not going into the presence of an unknown God, but of an old acquaintance with whom he had had to do all through his life. His death seems to have been in some measure like that of the Lord Jesus Himself, giving up the ghost. There was no sickness, no death struggle; God undertook his burial, and allowed no human grave-digger to share in the work, only the mourning was left for man. Lord, make us also ready!

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Applications to the Irish Land Court continue to pour in. There were, on December 1st, 55,000 applications on file, and they are increasing at the rate of five hundred a day. A correspondent in Ireland who has visited the courts says: "There have been only 178 decisions as the result of four weeks' work, being at the rate of two and a half decisions per day by each commission. I calculate from this that the ten commissions would only be able to adjudicate on 7825 cases per year, sitting six days in the week, without vacation. Thus it would take *over six years to decide the cases already before the court.* But before the year is past there will be at least one hundred and fifty thousand applications; so, if this unhappy country could stand the strain, the dawn of a new century would still find the Land Commissioners whittling away at the rents with their accustomed vigor. The friends of the Land Court say that it is simply a question of multiplying the number of commissions. Then there ought to be one in every county in Ireland. Meantime there is a deadlock."

Agrarian Outrages are Again Increasing in Ireland. The valiant Land Leaguers last week *attacked a flock of sheep* belonging to a farmer whose sole offence was that he had paid his rent, and slaughtered them all. On November 29th, two hundred valuable cattle belonging to another farmer were cruelly mutilated, and a large number of similar outrages perpetrated. Another report says: "A party of armed men recently entered the house of a woman named Henane, near Listowel, County Kerry, for the purpose of shooting her because she had given information to the police. *The children threw themselves upon their mother in terror, and one of them received a charge of shot in its legs.* The party then left, after cautioning the family against reporting the outrage." Bitter complaints are made by the Conservative press that the Gladstone Government are doing nothing toward checking the prevalent lawlessness.

M. Gambetta, the New French Premier, Vigorously defends the annexation policy in Africa. In a speech delivered December 1st, he said: "The abandonment of Tunis would compromise our prestige. The question is whether we desire, without rushing into adventures, to have a foreign policy. We cannot abandon Tunis. The Regency will prove a vigilant and necessary doorkeeper for our African colony. There is no intention of pushing military occupation to the frontier of Tripoli because it is not desirable to have the Porte for an immediate neighbor." The British Minister at the French capital has cautioned the Government against pushing its conquests further, and on behalf of England and Spain has assured M. Gambetta that an attack on Morocco would be met by the hostility of both countries.

The Appeal of Mr. Bradlaugh, the Infidel member of the British Parliament, against the decision requiring him to pay heavy penalties for sitting and voting in Parliament without taking the oath, has again been before the courts. This time the case was in the Court of Appeals, and the decision of the three judges was against Mr. Bradlaugh. The only other resort open to Mr. Bradlaugh is the House of Lords. It is yet possible that this lawsuit may be the means of delivering the House of Commons from the disgrace of having an avowed atheist as one of its members.

The Attempted Assassination of the Russian Minister, General Tchérévine has caused renewed uneasiness in St. Petersburg. It appears that a youth, under the pretence of urgent State business, obtained an audience on November 26th, at the Ministry of the Interior with General Tchérévine, who was presiding over a commission. As soon as he was admitted he fired a revolver at the General, but the ball passed harmlessly between his arm and side. The General secured and disarmed the youth, who said he was merely the instrument of another person. The General owed his escape to the precaution of wearing a suit of mail under his clothes. He showed great coolness and as the would-be assassin was led away to prison, said to him: "You should learn to shoot if you want to kill people." The Nihilist asked first for General Ignatieff, the Minister of the Interior, who had just left the building, and it is supposed that he intended to assassinate him.

The New German Reichstag has Lost no time in attacking the government. Both Lasker and Richter have made furious assaults on the policy of Prince Bismarck. The Chancellor, in replying, said he had advised the Emperor to the best of his belief, and had done his duty. The Emperor, he said, constituted a strong feature in the system of government. He (Prince Bismarck) fully and completely represented this imperial and monarchical policy. Prince Bismarck said that Germany was *not to be governed after the English pattern.* The conduct of affairs was in the hands of the Emperor, and the Chancellor was the sovereign's responsible adviser and so would continue to be. This avowal of personal government of an autocratic character will not surprise those who have watched the tendency of affairs in Germany; but this explicit statement may bring opposition to a focus and precipitate a struggle between the Emperor and the people.

The Conversion of the Roman Catholic Canon of St. Peter's at Rome, mentioned in a previous number, has caused much excitement among the pope's adherents. Dr. Leroy M. Vernon, in a letter from Rome, says: The moral significance and influence of this conversion can hardly be over-estimated. It may safely be said that no single case since the Reformation has so stunned the Vatican and its adherents. Count Campello has had many letters of congratulation and encouragement from various parts of Italy; not a few, also from other lands. A few priests of good position have appealed for admission and service in our Church. Certainly no dozen facts together, since the opening of Italy to the Gospel, have led so many people to note the waning influence of the papacy, or to think seriously upon the merits and rising importance of Protestantism in Italy. Nothing during this century has announced in Rome so like a bugle blast, the word, "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

A Fenian Approval of the Irish Land Act is a circumstance so unlooked for that it should not escape notice. A cable dispatch states that O'Leary, a member of the Fenian triumvirate, has written a letter from Paris declaring that, while he maintains his principles and is resolved to combat England, he deprecates the maligning of Englishmen. Mr. Gladstone, he says, has given to Ireland a *Land act such as nobody a few years ago could have hoped for,* and Mr. Forster is very much better than most of the Irish secretaries.

Graveyard Thieves Have Been at Work in Great Britain. A cablegram says: The body of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, who died in December, 1880, has been stolen from the Mortuary Chapel of Dunecht House, Aberdeen. The footprints of three persons have been discovered near the mouth of the crypt. The Earl died in Florence, and his body was embalmed, transported to Scotland, and interred in the vault beneath the private chapel. After the burial the vault was closed by heavy stone slabs, six feet square, and then covered with earth and planted with flowers. The body snatchers unscrewed the outer casket and chiselled away the ends of the others. The remains of the Earl were dragged out feet foremost. The silver mountings of the coffin were untouched, the object of the violators being evidently ransom. It is conjectured that the robbery of the Earl's body was suggested by reports of the revival of the negotiations for the recovery of the body of Mr. A. T. Stewart, of New York.

A Severe Storm Visited the British Islands on Sunday, November 27th, causing many disasters by land and sea. The London *Times* says: "Fifty barges were sunk in the Thames. There was great damage to property at Brighton, Hastings, Dover, Folkestone, and Ventnor; also to the piers and parades at Southampton, Plymouth, Penzance, and Cardiff. The gale blew with great fury along the eastern coast, and throughout the midlands *the damage was immense.* Shipping casualties are heavy. Four ships are ashore near Chichester. Large steamers are ashore on the Isle of Wight. There is serious alarm concerning the troopship Orontes, which sailed on Saturday for the Cape," Many of the vessels which had sailed for this country are long overdue, and one or two that have arrived, report the heaviest storms ever experienced by old sailors, and several lives were lost, the victims being washed overboard.

Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., has Returned to England, and in a speech delivered at a reception meeting said, that he could bear testimony to the hearty feeling which pervaded America toward England. If anybody, he said, should go, as he did, into the Western States, they would see the attractions they offered for certain classes of the surplus population of Great Britain. He recommended farmers to go there.

Money in Answer to a Missionary's Prayer —A lady missionary in the north of China writes to the headquarters of the China Inland Mission: "We had been rather short of money for some little time, on account of unexpected expenses; still, we had been able to manage. We thought that perhaps a remittance would come by this mail, so we left it in our Father's hands, knowing that He is able to supply all our needs. The mail arrived, our letters were sent on to us, but we found nothing from you. However, it did not trouble us, for we knew that He who cares for the flowers of the field and the birds of the air must surely care for His children, so *we made it a matter of special prayer.* The next morning I was in my own room asking the Lord to send the needful money. After praying I felt my faith much strengthened, and I was able to say, '*Jesus, I will trust thee.*' I had only just risen from my knees when a sister came to my room and said, 'Here is something you will be glad to receive,' and she put into my hand the envelope from you containing the money. Even while I was calling upon the Lord He answered. How faithful He is to His promises!"

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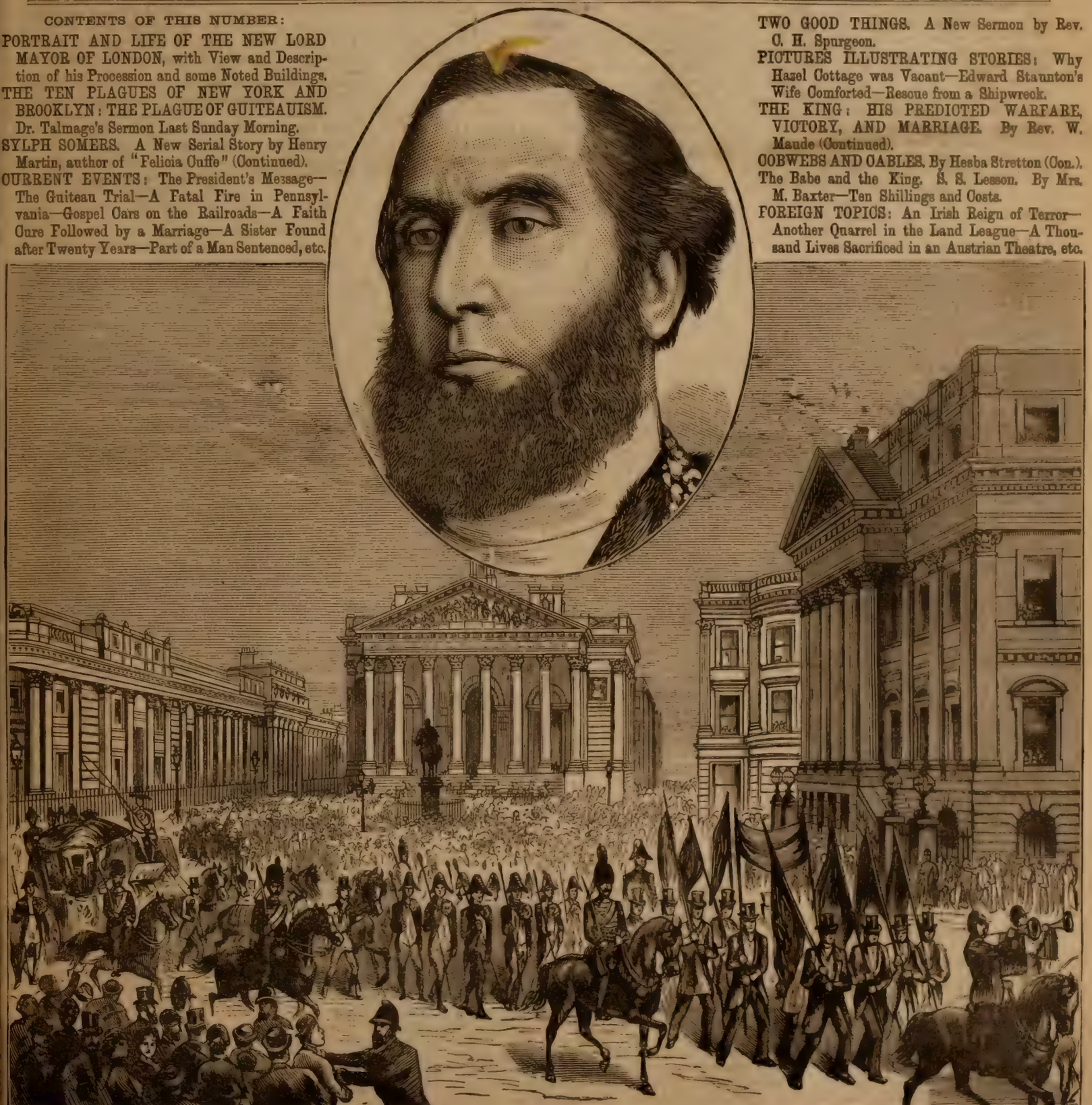

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THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON AND HIS PROCESSION.

The Procession—The Banquet—The Lady Mayoress—The Late Lord Mayor—The New Lord Mayor—Early Life and Entrance Upon Business—The Occasion of his First Promotion—Commercial and Civic Successes—The Heart of the City—The Bank of England—The Royal Exchange—The Mansion House—Its Hospitality—Its Dark Side.

THE intelligence cabled here that *the Stars and Stripes* had been carried with military honors in the Lord Mayor's procession through the streets of London on Nov. 9, invests that ancient ceremonial with unusual interest for American citizens. It is true that it does not rank with the honors paid by command of the President to the British flag at Yorktown, for that was the act of the chief executive of the nation, while the British tribute of respect was simply the act of the chief of one city of the British Empire. But it is gratifying to American patriotism that the beloved symbol of our greatness which has floated over our brave troops on many a hard-fought field, and before which the flag of Great Britain was lowered a century ago, has received an honor never before accorded to any foreign flag on British soil.

Mr. G. W. Smalley, the London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, who witnessed the procession, thus writes of the incident of

THE AMERICAN FLAG

and its reception: "The personal good feeling which dictated it deserves a cordial recognition. It turned out, moreover, that the Lord Mayor rightly estimated *the feeling of his fellow-citizens* and the people of London in general. *A roar of cheering greeted the flag* throughout the entire route. Whatever may be thought of the main features of the Show, it is *an unprecedented thing* that the flag of a foreign country should be borne through the streets of London from the Guildhall to Westminster and back again, with a guard of honor attending it, and cheers accompanying its progress.

"The flag was carried just before the Sheriffs in their state carriages, and just after the officers of the Corporation of London. The drums and fifes of the City of London regiment supplied music for it, and a company of sergeants detailed from the same regiment escorted the flag, carried by three watermen in the quaint costume of the Doggett coat and badge. The people did the rest. 'Indubitably,' remarks one journal, 'it was the cheers of the populace which turned what was a civic and municipal and *official honor paid to America* into a national one. At every point of the route the appearance of the famous ensign of the States was the signal for bursts of cheering, which were especially noticeable in the city, by St. Martin's Church and the New Law Courts, at Charing Cross, and opposite the Houses of Parliament and Westminter Bridge.'" It may interest our readers to know something of this ancient custom of the Lord Mayor's procession, and of the distinguished British citizen who in his hour of triumph remembered his "kin across the sea," and paid them the greatest compliment in his power.

One of the most important days of the whole year to a Londoner is November 9th, which goes by the name of Lord Mayor's Day. On that day every year the newly elected Lord Mayor, who is chosen by the Corporation, and not, as in New York, elected by the votes of the people, meets the Aldermen, Sheriffs, Recorder, and other great officers at an early hour at the Guildhall, in the east-central part of London, whence in the state carriage, attended by them in their respective carriages, he proceeds to Westminster Hall, in the west of the city, where his lordship, after some ancient ceremonies, takes the prescribed oaths before the Barons of the Exchequer. He then passes with the Recorder to each of the courts in the hall, and invites the several judges to dinner on that day, when he again returns to the east or city proper.

His lordship is preceded by the artillery company, next to which march the company (this year the Merchant Taylors') of which he is a member, and then the other city companies in their regular order, with their distinguishing banners and bands of music. To these succeed the domestics and servants of the Lord Mayor, and then the state coach, finely ornamented with abundance of gilding, and so large as to contain between the seats two stools, on one of which, facing the door, sits *the sword-bearer* with the sword of state, and on the other *the mace-bearer* carrying the city mace. The train is closed by the carriages of the retired Lord Mayor, of the Aldermen, the Recorder, the Sheriffs, the Chamberlain, the Common Serjeant, the Town Clerk, and other great officers, and in this order the procession reaches the Guildhall. This year a number of fire-engines formed part of the procession.

THE BANQUET TO A THOUSAND GUESTS.

This annual civic pageantry excites great interest, and exhibits an extraordinary display of municipal splendor. The day closes at the Guildhall by an entertainment of appropriate magnificence, at which it is common to see members of the Royal Family, the most distinguished public characters, and the ambassadors of foreign courts. A thousand individuals take their seats at this dinner, to which they are admitted by tickets from the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, who, in fixed proportions, bear their share of the expense, which generally costs $15,000.

At this banquet the great hall is brilliantly illuminated, carpeted, and adorned with evergreens. At five o'clock the Lord Mayor, in a rich state gown trimmed with sable and a heavy gold collar, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, who has her page and maids of honor, walks in state into the Council Chamber, where the guests are to be received. Trumpeters and marshals and sword-bearer precede them, and the Aldermen, in their gayest costume, bring up the rear. The Lady Mayoress takes her seat on her throne, which is placed on a raised dais at the end of the Council Chamber, while the Lord Mayor remains standing to receive his guests. When the dinner is announced, at seven o'clock, it is the duty of the Prime Minister to conduct the Lady Mayoress to her seat in the dining-hall. The trumpeters cause the ancient building to resound with music while the guests are taking their places; a band plays during the dinner, after which speeches are made, among them a speech from the Prime Minister, which is always anticipated with interest. This is chiefly occasioned by the fact that frequently the Prime Minister discusses on the occasion events which occur after Parliament is prorogued, which generally happens in July, and sometimes he takes the opportunity to express his intentions as to his future policy.

It will be remembered that on November 9th, 1880, the civic supremacy of Alderman W. McArthur, M.P., whose portrait and biography appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of December 2d, 1880, commenced. His year of office now terminated will long be memorable for the genial and generous, almost lavish hospitality, which he has shown, and for the faithful though unostentatious exhibition of the sterling and inalienable qualities of *a truly converted and Christian man.* Among the guests entertained at the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor's official residence, during the year has been the Rev. Bishop Simpson, who attended the meetings of the Œcumenical Methodist Conference in London.

His Lordship's banquet to *the veteran missionary, Dr. Moffatt*, at the Mansion House, and his presidency at the Guildhall meeting, in April last, to commemorate Lord Shaftesbury's eightieth birthday, on which occasion the *Te Deum* was sung, are memorable events during his Mayoralty.

ALDERMAN JOHN ELLIS, THE LORD MAYOR.

THE new Lord Mayor of London was *born* in the beautiful town of Richmond, Surrey, on January 25th, 1829, and is, therefore, now nearly fifty-three years of age. He was educated in his native town under the care of the Rev. W. Allen, who conducted a private school well known in England for its sound practical system of education. The future Lord Mayor showed good ability at school, and was distinguished by his industry and capacity for hard work.

At the age of *fifteen* he was articled to a firm of surveyors, auctioneers, and estate agents in London, the chief partner of which, Sir John Musgrove, was Lord Mayor in 1851. His first promotion in the office was owing to a circumstance, which, like a great many other things called "trifles," became the turning-point of a distinguished career. It was this: The head of the firm of which young Ellis was an employé, Alderman Musgrove, had left *a basket of fish* at his office, to be sent by a porter to the railway station. When the Alderman arrived at the station he found his apprentice, Mr. Ellis, there instead of the porter, and in charge of the parcel. "Did I ask you to bring the basket?" inquired the Alderman. "No," replied the young man, "but the porter did not return in time, so *I brought it myself.*" This pleased the old gentleman, and he never forgot it; it showed thoughtfulness, the old gentleman considered, and a disposition to oblige others without too much regard for personal dignity. Mr. Musgrove from time to time advanced the young man to positions of trust in his office, and at last, in 1854, took him into partnership, and he is now the *sole surviving partner* of the firm, which is known throughout London and the whole country under the style of Farebrother, Ellis, Clark & Co., formerly Musgrove & Gadsden.

In 1858 Mr. Ellis *married* the third daughter of Mr. John Staples, of Salisbury. In 1864 he entered the Court of Common Council as the representative of the ward in which his business offices are situated, having previously served in various offices connected with his parish. On the fact of Sir John Musgrove's intended retirement, in 1872, becoming known, an address signed by upward of eight hundred of the inhabitants of the ward, chiefly men of considerable mercantile importance, was sent to Mr. Ellis urging him to enter the lists for the vacant aldermanic gown, and he was unanimously elected.

Mr. Ellis joined the ancient court of the Merchant Taylors' Company in 1873, and in 1874–5 he was elected to the office of Sheriff, during the mayoralty of Mr. Alderman Stone, when the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs visited Paris to participate in the ceremony of opening the New Opera House. The civic party were cordially entertained by Marshal MacMahon, who was then President of the French Republic.

The Lord Mayor is a Conservative in politics, and so highly respected is he that he has been frequently requested to offer himself for election to Parliament. For some years past he has been actively engaged in agricultural pursuits in Surrey, where his country residence is, and where he is well known as a liberal supporter of the various philanthropic and religious institutions of the neighborhood.

NOTED LONDON BUILDINGS.

OUR frontispiece picture presents a view of one of *the most remarkable localities* in London, which is in fact the very heart of the city. The open space indicated receives the tributary contributions of no fewer than eight important thoroughfares. It is the most crowded, and, perhaps, the most interesting part of the British metropolis. From morning to night vehicles of all descriptions pass and repass in every direction, while pedestrians move to and fro in apparently never-ending procession. More people, and more omnibuses and hacks, perambulate the open space in front of the three buildings shown in our frontispiece, than at perhaps any other place in the world. Within a circuit of half a mile are most of the great city banking-houses, insurance offices, and commercial establishments, and the Stock Exchange is within a short distance.

On the extreme left of our front picture may be seen

THE BANK OF ENGLAND,

that colossal monetary emporium, which, from the heart of central London, diffuses throughout the empire of British commerce the golden stream that is the life-blood of its existence. There is no public institution in the world which lays bare its con-

Sylph declared her inability to say, looking at the same time wistfully round the old oak-panelled room in which she sat, her mind full of sorrow at the idea of parting from it.

"I did not suppose, dear child," said Wesley, "that you could give an answer to my question; but I put it before you, that I might be free to make a proposal. I shall in a few days be going to the sister land, and if you be willing, will take you over with me. I cannot, because my engagements are so fixed, come for you here, but if you meet me at Conway, I shall take you up there, in my carriage, for Holyhead, from which we shall start for Dublin, where, I should think, a letter if sent at once will insure that your Irish friends will arrange to receive you."

Sylph poured forth her grief at having to tear herself away from all her Chester associations, from the quaint old streets, the ancient walls, the unique house in the Rows, from the scenes in connection with her dim remembrances of her mother, from fellowship with her Christian associates, from the poor in the town whom she had come to know so well, and, not least, from Doctor Gilbart's new-made grave. All these made Chester very dear to her, and the thought of being severed from them, and so speedily, forced her to weep.

"I well understand your feelings, my daughter," said the venerable and saintly old man, "and will certainly not rebuke you. But what can you do, my child?"

Sylph saw this, and, therefore, though with a sharp pang, brought herself to agree to her aged friend's proposal. Wesley also arranged, with consent of the trustees, to put all law matters in connection with Doctor Gilbart's effects into skilful and trusty hands; and finally got a friend to stay with Sylph until the day should come for setting out upon what was then considered a distant and perilous journey.

(*To be continued.*)

THE KING: HIS PREDICTED WARFARE, VICTORY, AND MARRIAGE.

By Rev. William Maude.

(*Continued from page 775.*)

Who is the "Queen" of the 45th Psalm?—The Jewish Bride—Difference Between the Jewish Bride and the "Lamb's Wife"—Bishop Horsley's Comment—The "Honorable Women"—The Companions of the Jewish Bride—The Mother-Church of Christendom—The Bride to Forget Her Own People, etc.—The Bride's Beauty—Israel's Husband and Divine Lord—The Bridal Procession—The Glory of the "King's Daughter"—The Virgin-Companions—The Glorious Results of the Marriage.

HITHERTO—in that portion of this sublime 45th Psalm which we have already considered—our attention has been concentrated, as it were, on the one magnificent figure which seemed to occupy the whole foreground of the prophetic picture—*the King* in the beauty of His person, the greatness of His strength, and the glory of His regal dignity. But at the 9th verse our mental glance, heretofore rivetted, so to speak, on the glorious person of the King, falls on another figure, second only in attractiveness to His own, though shining, moon-like, with a reflected beauty, and owing all her dignity and importance to the relation in which she stands to Him. This is

THE QUEEN,

of whom the Psalmist, still addressing the Divine Bridegroom, says:

(9.) "Kings' daughters were among Thy honorable women: *Upon Thy right hand did stand the Queen*, in gold of Ophir."

Now, as has already been pointed out, it is of the utmost importance, in order to the correct interpretation of this psalm, that the Queen who is here spoken of should not be confounded, as is commonly done, with "the Bride, the Lamb's wife," whose marriage is spoken of in the 19th chapter of the Book of Revelation. We have here to do with *the earthly Jewish Bride*, not with the heavenly Spiritual Bride, "the church of the first-born ones." For, as we find in Scripture two Israels and two Jerusalems, so do we find also two Brides. And some of the most distinguishing characteristics of the two are very clearly revealed. Thus, for instance, the Church is the Bride "*of the Lamb*," denoting a union based on sacrificial grounds, inasmuch as it is a body the individual members of which have been "redeemed unto God by Christ's blood out of every kindred and tongue, and people and nation;" the union itself being of an essentially spiritual nature, so that "he that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit" (1 Cor. 6 : 17); whereas, most clearly,

THE JEWISH BRIDE,

of which this Psalm speaks, is the Consort of the King Messiah; an elect nation from among nations, not an election of individuals out of all nations.

Again, whereas the heavenly Bride is destined to reign with Christ—as He to whom all power is given—"*over* the earth;" the Jewish Bride will reign with Him "*upon* the earth," when during the coming age He shall sit on "the throne of His father David." And so, once more, we may notice, as not being without symbolical significance, that whereas "the Lamb's wife" has it given unto her that "she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white: for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints" (Rev. 19 : 8); the Queen of the psalm is clad "in gold of Ophir," emblematic of a more objective but less Divine glory.

Speaking of the Jewish Church and nation, in the character of the Bride of the King Messiah, Bishop Horsley thus writes: "The restoration of the Hebrew Church to the rights of a wife—to the situation of Queen-consort in Messiah's kingdom upon earth—is the constant strain of prophecy. To prove this, by citing all the passages to that purpose, would be to transcribe whole chapters of some of the prophets, and innumerable detached passages from almost all. In addition to those which I have already cited in my former discourses on this subject, I shall produce only the latter part of the second chapter of Hosea. In that chapter Jehovah, after discarding the incontinent wife, and threatening terrible severity of punishment, adds that, nevertheless, the time should come when she should again address her offended Lord by the endearing name of Husband. 'And I will betroth thee to Myself for ever. Yes; I will betroth thee to Myself with justice, and with righteousness, and with exuberant kindness, and with tender love. Yes; with faithfulness

TO MYSELF I WILL BETROTH THEE.'

"These promises are made to the woman that had been discarded, and cannot be understood of mercies to be extended to any other. The Prophet Isaiah speaks to the same effect, and describes the Gentile converts as becoming, upon the reunion, children of the pardoned wife (see Isaiah 54 : 5; 62 : 5). And I must not omit to mention that St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Romans, to clear up the mystery of God's dealing with the Jews, tells us, that 'blindness is in part only happened unto Israel, till the time shall arrive for the fulness of the Gentiles to come in: and then all Israel shall be saved,' for 'the gifts and calling of God are without repentance' (*i.e.*, 'change of mind' on His part). To expound these predictions of the ancient Prophets, and this declaration of the Apostle, of anything but the restoration of the natural Israel, is to introduce ambiguity and equivocation into the plainest oracles of God."

THE "HONORABLE WOMEN."

But the question here very naturally presents itself: If the Bride be the Jewish Church, as we have supposed, who are the "honorable women," or, as the expression would be more correctly translated, "Thy beloved," or "precious ones"?

Figuratively, we can hardly err in regarding these "beloved" or "precious," ones, the companions or suite of the Jewish Bride, as the other Gentile churches; not in the sense of great ecclesiastical organizations, such as the Church of Rome or the Church of England, nor yet as possessing any distinctively national character, but more generally and indefinitely, in the New Testament sense of the word church, as gatherings of God's people united in Christian fellowship, as when St. Paul says to the Church of God in Corinth: "I am jealous over you with godly jealousy; for I have espoused you to one husband, that I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ" (2 Corinthians 11 : 2). In which sense, moreover, they may very appropriately be described as "kings' daughters," as being in the highest sense of royal descent, the individual members of which they are composed "being born again, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God" (John 1 : 13). This is the view on the whole favored by Bishop Horsley, though he gives an alternative one upon which we need not enter, for he says: "Some expositors have imagined that the Consort is an emblem of the Church Catholic in her totality—the 'Kings' daughters' being typical of the several particular churches of which that one universal is composed. But the Queen-consort here is unquestionably the Hebrew Church—the church of the natural Israel—reunited, by her conversion, to her Husband, and advanced by His favor to the high prerogative of

THE MOTHER-CHURCH OF CHRISTENDOM;

and the kings' daughters mentioned are the churches which have been gathered out of the Gentiles, in the interval between the expulsion of this wife and the taking of her home again; that is, between the dispersion of the Jews by the Romans, and their restoration."

The inspired prophet-poet turns in verses 10 and 12 to address the Bride more directly, designating her as "daughter," according to the well-known idiom of Scripture, of which we have an instance further on in this Psalm itself (verse 12), where the "daughter of Tyre" unquestionably denotes the city and people of Tyre; and so we elsewhere read of the "daughter of Zion," the "daughter of Jerusalem," the "daughter of Babylon," "of Edom," "of Egypt," etc., as denoting these various kingdoms and peoples.

THE BRIDE TO FORGET HER OWN PEOPLE.

But what are we to understand by the exhortation which we here find addressed to the Jewish Bride to "forget her own people, and her father's house"? In answer to this question we will quote once more the language of Bishop Horsley: "If a princess from a distant land," observes that learned prelate, "taken in marriage by a great king, were admonished to forget her own people and her father's house, the purport of the advice would easily be understood to be, that she should divest herself of all attachment to the customs of her native country, and to the style of her father's court; and learn to speak the language, and assume the dress, the manners, and the taste of her husband's people. The "father's house" and "own people," which the Psalmist advises the Queen Consort to forget, is the ancient Jewish religion in its external form—the ceremonies of the temple service, the sacrifices and the typical purgations of the Levitical priesthood.

Not that she is to forget God's gracious promises to Abraham, nor the covenant with her forefathers (the benefit of which she will enjoy to the very end of time), nor the many wonderful deliverances that were wrought for them. Nor is she to forget

THE HISTORY OF HER NATION,

so wonderfully preserved in the Scriptures of the Old Testament; nor the predictions of Moses and her prophets, the full accomplishment of which she will at this time experience; and, historically, she is never to forget even the ceremonial law; for the Levitical rites were nothing less than the Gospel itself in hieroglyphics, and, rightly understood, they afford the most complete demonstration of the coherence of Revelation with itself in all its different stages, and the best evidence of its truth; showing that it has been the same in substance in all ages, differing only in external form, in the rites of worship, and in the manner of teaching.

But, practically, the rites of their ancient worship are to be forgotten, that is, laid aside; for they never were of any other importance than in reference to the Gospel, as the shadow is of no value but as it resembles the substance. Practically, therefore, the restored Hebrew Church is to abandon her ancient Jewish rites, and become mere and pure Christian; and thus she will secure the conjugal affections of her husband, and render the beauty of her person perfect in his eyes."

(*To be concluded.*)

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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THE past year has been one of great prosperity for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and the Publishers for the third time record their acknowledgments to Almighty God for the favor thus steadily and abundantly bestowed.

The Subscription List is a little more than fifty per cent larger than it was at this time last year; and, as the sermons of Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon, which make the leading feature of the paper, are also its principal means of doing good, the publishers can, without self-glorification, express the satisfaction with which they send out thousands upon thousands of copies of those faithful statements of the way of salvation every week. They are read on Sabbaths in many solitary homes where the visit of the circuit preacher does not occur oftener than once a month.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has also prospered financially. For, as our terms are always cash in advance, every subscription means a receipted bill, and we have neither outstanding accounts nor doubtful assets.

Our relations with our subscribers also have been of the pleasantest kind, with no harassing for payment and no disputes about bills. We have adhered to a rule with which we started, and which we believe to be required by Christian courtesy; viz., to reply by return of post to every inquiry from a subscriber.

We hereby tender our thanks to *eight hundred agents* through whose exertions we have largely built up our circulation. Some are aged persons, who find that means of livelihood within their failing strength; some are young children, who take it as an easy way to earn pocket-money; and others are men and women in the prime of life who have chosen canvassing as their professional business; while not a few are to be included in the number, who, out of sheer good will and without a thought of gain, go to work to promote the circulation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in the usefulness of which they conscientiously believe.

Now we shall be glad to enter renewals for 1882 as early as it is convenient for our subscribers to send them, and we repeat our offer to mail a circular of agent's terms and a package of sample copies to any person who contemplates canvassing for the paper.

CURRENT EVENTS.

President Arthur's First Message to Congress was sent in on Tuesday, December 6th. It is an exhaustive state paper, longer than such documents usually are, and discusses minutely both foreign and domestic affairs. It has been generally well received by the Democratic as well as the Republican press as a clear and statesmanlike review of our national condition, and the recommendations it contains, although of course, Republican in principle, are admitted by Democrats to be moderately expressed and deserving of attention. The assistance the President has received from the heads of departments is recognized, but there is a distinct personal tone noticeable throughout the message, which indicates that President Arthur has expressed in it his individual opinions rather than suffered himself to be the mere mouthpiece of the Departments. His reference to the late President is graceful, and will find an echo in every heart. Of President Garfield, General Arthur says: "The memory of his exalted character, of his noble achievements, and of his patriotic life will be treasured forever as a sacred possession of the whole people."

The President's Review of Foreign Affairs records the gratifying fact that our relations with all the powers of the world are of a friendly character. We learn for the first time that a direct application has been made to Great Britain for a modification of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, which relates to *the Panama Canal*. President Arthur reiterates the opinion Mr. Hayes expressed, that a European guarantee of neutrality for the canal is superfluous, and that the United States and the Colombian Government are the only legitimate guarantors. The protracted strife among *the South American republics* is mentioned by the President with concern, and he explains the steps the Government has taken for the promotion of peace and the re-establishment of order. *The treaty with China* is also noticed, and the particular clause prohibiting the importation of opium into that country emphatically approved. The President mentions the efforts made by our Government for the protection of our citizens in *Germany and Russia*, and states that energetic remonstrances have been made to the latter Power against its treatment of American Jews. He refers, too, to a fact not generally known respecting *Japan*—namely, that "the emperor contemplates the establishment of a full constitutional government, and has already summoned a Parliamentary Congress for the purpose of effecting the change."

In Dealing with Domestic Questions the President states his opinion that the time has arrived when the people may justly demand some relief from their present onerous burden of taxation. The whole of the public debt, it appears, may be paid in ten years if the national income and expenditure continue to bear the same relations to each other as at present; but in view of the heavy load of taxation the people have already borne, the President believes it would be wise to *reduce the revenues*, even if that course should involve a little delay in the payment of the debt. He therefore recommends the abolition of all internal revenue taxes except those on liquor and tobacco, and the appointment of a commission to revise the tariff laws. With respect to the Post-Office and *the Star routes*, the President says he has enjoined upon the officials appointed before his accession the duty of prosecuting with the utmost vigor of the law all persons who may be found chargeable with frauds upon the postal service. The President favors the various projects for *internal improvement*, especially of the Mississippi River. He recommends an *increase of the army* and the formation of a more efficient navy. Referring to *the Mormon question*, he recommends a change in the law to facilitate prosecutions for polygamy. A considerable part of the message is devoted to the subject of *civil service reform* and to a searching examination of the English system, which, the President thinks, advantageous as it has been found there, would in some important particulars be unsuitable to our institutions. He recommends, however, several important changes in our present system which are identical in principle with those of the English plan. He concludes by advising Congress to define more explicitly the law touching the question of *Presidential inability*, which, as was shown in our recent trouble, is very vague and uncertain in its provisions.

The Defence in the Guiteau Trial Rested on Tuesday, December 6th. Evidence was then called by the prosecution in rebuttal of the theory set up by the counsel of the prisoner that Guiteau is insane. As fact after fact was elicited to prove from his own record that Guiteau has been for years, a fraud, a liar, a beat, and an adulterer, the assassin became excited and eventually gave way to a paroxysm of rage. He indignantly protested against the public money being wasted in bringing witnesses to prove that he was a wicked man, and said he could not see the relevancy of their evidence to the question at issue, which he claimed was whether, assuming that he believed himself divinely commissioned to shoot President Garfield, such belief constituted insanity within the meaning of the law. Judge Porter, of counsel for the people, obligingly explained to him the relevancy of the evidence by saying, he proposed to show that the affliction under which Guiteau was laboring was not insanity, as claimed by the defence, but "devilish depravity." The line taken by the prosecution was carefully followed with the view of showing that Guiteau's crime was not a sudden and uncontrollable impulse, but an act likely to be committed by a man whose craving for notoriety and whose deplorable want of principle had been observed for years by men who were associated with him. Guiteau then saw the relevancy of the evidence and the danger it portended to himself, and with deliberate cunning he assailed every witness who took the stand with filthy epithets and gross personal abuse, apparently in the hope of deterring other witnesses from appearing against him. Such an exhibition of depravity as this trial has produced has rarely, if ever, been witnessed before by the civilized world.

The Account of a Fearful Calamity by Fire, which occurred near Pittsburg, Pa., on Saturday last, is one of the most distressing narratives published for some time. A two-story wooden shanty on the line of the Pittsburg and Lake Erie Railroad, at Gibson Station, about eight miles from Pittsburg, caught fire about daybreak, and in less than half an hour was burned to ashes. Forty-five men were sleeping on the upper floor of the building, and of these, eleven were burned to death, and nine others were so severely burned that no hope is entertained of their recovery. The statement of the woman who kept the shanty is that she awakened before daylight on Saturday morning, and called to her daughter and a servant girl, who like herself slept on the ground floor, to get up and prepare breakfast for the boarders. Soon afterward she heard the explosion of a kerosene lamp, and almost instantly the whole place was in a blaze. She shouted to the men up-stairs, who were sleeping in two tiers of bunks around the room. Some jumped from the window without waiting to dress, and others groped through smoke and flame down the stairs. All who did not awake or who waited to dress were burned or fatally injured. Many of the bodies recovered were so charred as to be wholly unrecognizable. Most of the men were unmarried, and were in the employ of Martin Joyce, a contractor. It is stated that many of them had been drinking heavily the previous night, and were too stupefied to comprehend their danger, or all might have been saved.

So Much has been Said Publicly and Privately of the failure of the Prohibition Law in Maine that it is gratifying to note a statement made by a journal so impartial as the Portland *Press*. In a recent issue that journal says: "In spite of defects and violations, Maine is much better off for the law which bears her name. In some of the cities, particularly in Portland and Bangor, where the sheriffs omit to enforce the law, much intoxicating drink is unlawfully sold. But even here the condition is much better than if license were given to open grogshops on every corner; while in all the country towns a generation has grown up practically free from the knowledge of intoxicating drinks and the temptations to ruin by their use."

A Remarkable Instance of Commercial Integrity was recorded recently. *Twenty years ago* the well-known dry goods house of Hood, Bonbright & Co., of Philadelphia, became embarrassed and was compelled to make a settlement with its creditors. On November 17th the creditors of the house were agreeably surprised to receive a circular letter informing them that the firm some years ago commenced a fund intended for the benefit of the creditors. The firm says: "This we have pleasure now to offer them. Covering in its equitable application more than the percentage abated in our settlement under the recommendation of their committee of creditors, the excess in each case will represent a pro rata apportionment of interest derived from said fund. In grateful remembrance, therefore, we inclose herewith our check for $—."

A Homeless and Disconsolate Man Sitting in Madison Square, New York, one day, some months ago, was accosted by an old gentleman who pointed him to Christ as the sinner's Refuge. Eventually he was directed to the Bowery branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, and the happy result that followed may be learned from an affecting letter received last week by the secretary from the man's father in England. The letter says: "This afternoon, when I came home from my office to tea, I found a letter awaiting me from my son, who left his employment four years ago last Easter, and of whom we had lost all traces. From his letter I gather that you have interested yourself in his behalf, and have obtained for him a situation at ——. I do not know whether he may have given you any account of his antecedents. He is my only son. He was holding a good situation in the —— Bank in London, was drawn aside, and on Easter Sunday, 1877, he left his lodging stating that he was going into the country to dine with a friend. From that time till the present we have heard nothing of him, until his letter arrived to-day. I feel I need not ask you to continue your labor of love, to watch over him as you would over your own child, and give him all the help you can. I would that I could come to you and express all I feel, but I can do no more than pray that our Heavenly Father may abundantly bless you and all who help you in the work."

The Gospel Cars on the Railroads may soon be an actual fact. As we have already mentioned, a Christian conductor on the Old Colony Railroad first suggested the idea, and it has found so much favor among Christians of all denominations who spend much of their time on the cars, than an agitation has been commenced to secure the desired object. Circulars have been distributed by Rev. W. W. Dowd to passengers on the New York, New Haven, and Hartford line asking such of them as approve the movement to co-operate with Mr. Dowd in obtaining signatures to a petition, which the superintendent of the line has promised to favorably consider if influentially supported. The plan, Mr. Dowd said, was to make the experiment on one road and if it proved successful on that one to adopt it on others. It is not intended to make the idea denominational, and for that reason the pastors of all churches in Stamford, Rye, Mount Vernon, and other places on the road, will be asked to select laymen travelling between New York and the different points, to conduct the services.

A Sister Lost for Twenty Years was Found through an act of benevolence in Davenport, Iowa, a few weeks ago. She was born in Maine, but in 1861, having married a man who turned out badly, she and her husband went West. Her father and brothers went to the war, and the family home in Maine was broken up. At the close of the war the only surviving member of the family was one brother named Aaron Carter. He was in prosperous circumstances, and was anxious to find his sister, that if, as was probable, she were in poverty, he might relieve her. But all his efforts were vain, and he concluded she was dead. On November 22d last, he was on board the raft steamer Clyde, which put in at Davenport on her way north. He went ashore with the other men, who were all shivering before a keen northwest wind. While going along the street Carter met a poorly-clad little boy, who was running along, crying bitterly. Carter asked him what was the matter, and the little lad sobbed out, "*I'm cold.*" "Come with me," said Carter, and, taking the boy to a clothing store, he bought him a suit of warm clothes and a pair of mittens. He then asked the boy his name. "*Aaron Dunlap*," was the reply. Carter was thunderstruck. "Aaron Dunlap!" he cried. "Where are your father and mother?" "Father is dead," the boy replied. "Well, take me to your mother, then, as quickly as you can," said Carter. The boy took him to his humble home, and there Carter found in the boy's mother his long-lost sister, whom, with her three children he took with him to the north, where he promises to keep them in comfort. Carter's obedience to the apostolic injunction (Heb. 13 : 2) thus helped him to achieve his long cherished desire.

A Part of a Man was Sentenced to State Prison by Judge, afterward Governor, Kent, of Maine. A man was charged before him with burglarizing a lumberman's camp, taking clothing and money. The witness for the government testified that he saw the prisoner's *head, arm, and shoulder* thrust through an opening he had made in the camp and the articles disappear with them. The prisoner's counsel went to the jury, gravely protesting that there was no case; that to make out a case of burglary the prosecution must show an entrance of *the whole man;* the feet as well as the head must have been within the camp. The judge instructed the jury to return a verdict of guilty to the extent the evidence would warrant. After a brief absence the jury returned a verdict of guilty against the prisoner, as to his arm, shoulder, and head, and the judge sentenced the arm, shoulder, and head to State prison for two years. The prisoner might do with the remainder of his body as he pleased. There are men who have managed to gain admission to Christian churches who engage in businesses which no Christian should profit by, and we are often puzzled to know whether they belong to the Church or the world. But at the last there will be no mistake, for the judgment of God is unerring, and He demands the service and consecration of our whole being.

The Propagation of Contagious Disease has been made the subject of legislative enactment, but the law is frequently evaded. A glaring case of this kind was discovered last week in New York. A tailor was found in a tenement-house making clothes for a large firm of clothiers in the city, and on his board covered with pieces of the new material was a child in an advanced stage of small-pox. The tailor admitted that since the child had been ill several articles of clothing had been finished and sent to his employers. This reckless disregard of consequences is horrible, and will probably entail punishment. It would be a beneficial thing if the propagation of moral pestilence by pernicious literature by example and by the sale of intoxicating liquor were also made a criminal offence (Eccles. 9 : 18).

A Faith Cure has been Followed by a Wedding in Pennsylvania. The correspondent of a Philadelphia daily journal, writing from Honesdale, vouches for the facts as true in every particular. Miss Lillie D. Tyler, of Damascus, Wayne County, Pa., was engaged to be married some years ago to Mr. John G. Mitchell. She was, however, attacked by a painful disease, which so completely prostrated her that she became a confirmed invalid. Her case was pronounced hopeless, and all thought of being united with the husband of her choice was reluctantly abandoned. Some Christian friend, however, related to the sufferer the case of Miss Carrie Judd, and other similar cases, and it was decided to humbly supplicate God for recovery. November 26th, 1880, was the day appointed, and the young lady's pastor, Rev. Thomas Westcot, with other Christian friends united in prayer together. Prayer was continued until complete recovery was assured. On November 26th last, one year from the day when prayer was commenced for her healing, her pastor had the pleasure of performing the marriage ceremony, when the bride, in perfect health, was united to the man to whom she was affianced before her illness.

TWO GOOD THINGS.

A Short Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"It is good for me that I have been afflicted: that I might learn thy statutes."—PSALM 119 : 71.

"It is good for me to draw near to God: I have put my trust in the Lord God, that I may declare all thy works."—PSALM 73 : 28.

In Reference to Ourselves—Things Manifestly Bad—Things we are not Sure About—I. Affliction has been Good—It Sours Some People—Is Good for Others—As a Corrective—As a Cure for Evil—Weight that Gave Strength—As an Actual Producer of Good—Of Patience—Sympathy—As a Quickener—A Coachman's Device—As an Instructor—The Teaching of The Blackboard—II. Drawing Near to God is Good—In Knowing Him Better—In Trusting Him More—A Faith for the Kitchen—The Testimony that has Power.

THERE is an old proverb which says, "When a man is forty he is either a fool or a physician"; that is to say, he either does not know anything, or else he begins to know what is good for him. Some of us who are beyond that age think that we know in some measure what is good for us. We are not inclined to be very positive as to what is good for other people, but there are one or two things in reference to ourselves of which we say very dogmatically, "They are good for *me*." We have undergone such a sufficiency of investigation, experiment, and personal trial, that we are not in any fear of being contradicted; or if we should be, we put our foot down and defy the contradiction.

These two things in my two texts I am certain about, and I believe there are many here who share my positiveness. The first is, that whatever it may be for other people, "it is good *for me* to have been afflicted;" and the second is, that whatever it may be to other people, "it is good *for me* to draw near to God." We assert this, not because we have been told so, but because of personal proof; and we assert it now, not as young beginners who are buckling on their harness, and who think themselves certain, but as those who have gone some distance in the pilgrimage of life, and know by actual test and matter of fact that it is even so.

Brethren beloved, during our lives we have met with many things which we know were *not* good for us. Some things have been manifestly bad. Sin is always poisonous, whatever form it takes. Error is always injurious, however insidious may be its shape, and however poetic may be the terms in which it is expressed. We pray God that we may have nothing to do with sin or with error, for these things cannot be good; they must be evil.

We have also met with certain things which at the time appeared to us to be good, and under some aspects might have been so; but

WE ARE NOT SURE

at the present moment whether they were good or not. We have enjoyed soft hours of ease which, perhaps, weakened us, or sunshiny times of high delight which in a measure turned our brain. There have been allotted to us times of learning in which we made great acquisitions of knowledge; but "knowledge puffeth up," and we were puffed up, we fear. There have been calms with us when the sea-birds sat upon the waters, and the seas were glassy as a lake, for the winds were hushed; but the calm was treacherous, and it bred ill savor and unhealthiness within our spirit.

I am not sure, my friend, though you thought it a fine day when you grew rich—I am not sure that it was a good thing for you to be wealthy; for you have not been half so spiritually-minded or half so happy as you used to be. Yes, you did enter into a much larger sphere, and you thought it a noble thing. You almost *rang the bells* about it. Are you quite sure that it was good for you? Are you as good a man in the great sphere as you were in the little one? Do you live as near to God now, with that great business to handle, as you did when your hat covered your whole estate, and you went to bed at night with no fear of robbers, for you had nought to lose?

Much that seems good is only good in the seeming. As for the two things before us in our texts, we have no question about them. We know that

it is good for us that we have been afflicted; we know that it is good for us that we should draw near to God. We will talk about these undoubted jewels, and may God grant that our talk may be profitable.

I. Turning to the 119th Psalm, at the 71st verse, we will talk of that good thing first:

AFFLICTION HAS BEEN GOOD

for us. "It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes." I repeat what I said just now: every man must speak for himself; we are not sure that affliction is good for everybody. Some persons have been soured by affliction. They fell into trouble and they rebelled against God, and so the trouble did not work in them any permanent good; it rather developed their combative tendencies, and they have ever since remained with their hands against other men, compelling others to lift their hands against them. I have known individuals in a family who seemed to have a spite against every one they saw, simply because they were disappointed in early life, or had made a venture and sustained a loss. *They grew sour*, they keep sour, and they grow sourer every day, till one wonders what strength of vinegar will yet flow through their veins.

It is not good for some people to have been afflicted at all, and yet it is not the fault of the affliction; it is the fault of the persons afflicted. It might have produced in them a splendid character if all had been right to begin with; but, inasmuch as all was wrong, that very process which should have ripened them into sweetness has hastened them to rottenness. That same thing which in gracious souls has brought forth everything that is pure and lovely, has in others produced everything that is malicious and envious. I hope, however, that I may say of many here present, or that they can say of themselves, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." The inquiry is,

HOW HAS IT BEEN GOOD?

First, it has been good in connection with many other good things. It has acted *as a counteractive* with reference to the great blessings which God has bestowed upon us in other ways. We are so constituted that we cannot bear very much prosperity. Some men might have been rich, but God knew they could not bear it, and so he has never suffered them to be tempted above what they are able to bear. Others might have been famous, but they would have been ruined by pride, and so the Lord in tender mercy has withheld from them an opportunity of distinguishing themselves, denying them this apparent advantage for their real good. Where God favors any man with prosperity he will send a corresponding amount of affliction to go with it, and deprive it of its injurious tendencies.

I put it to some of you whom God has greatly favored. You have looked upon your prosperity as a boon, but you have wondered why you should be tried at the same time; it was because you could not have borne the favor if you had not received the chastening. You were glad of the sail, and glad of the wind that filled it, but you could not understand why the ballast was put into your hold; you thought it hindered your progress. My friend, you would have been *blown out of the water* if it had not been for the ballast which kept you where you ought to be.

I, for my part, owe more, I think, to the anvil and to the hammer, to the fire and to the file, than to anything else. I bless the Lord for the correctives of His providence by which, if He has blessed me on the one hand with sweets, He has blessed me on the other hand with bitters. To me He has measured out a double blessing—the lamb, and the bitter herbs to eat with it; seldom the one without the other. Thus "It is good for me to have been afflicted"—good as a corrective for other goods.

It is good, dear friends, to have been afflicted

AS A CURE FOR EVILS

existent within our nature. David says, "Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now I have kept thy word." That is the case with many of God's servants. They were prone to one peculiar temptation, and though they may not have seen it, the chastening hand of God was aimed at that special weakness of their character. We sometimes talk about phrenology, and *the bumps on one's head*; and *you* may make a great many mistakes over that matter, but God knows your tendencies and faculties. He knows the characteristics of His children accurately—far more accurately than any science can ever tell them, and He deals with extraordinary wisdom and prudence toward His family.

I suppose that, when the biographies of the saints are all read by the light of eternity, we, even we, shall be able to see why the painful career of certain Christians could not have been other than it was if they were to get to heaven at last; we shall see why that unusual trial was sent, and sent when they seemed least able to bear it. We shall discover that God interposed the screen of trial against the unseen fiery dart which only His eternal eye discovered, and laid the weight just where Satan was about to put the hand to overthrow, that very weight adding power to stand to the man who, in the lightness of his heart, had else been tripped up. It is all well, brother; it is all well.

THE SURGERY

which is cutting so deep—the knife which is cutting to the very quick—is only reaching to the point where the mischief lies. That mischief must come out, root and branch. There is a cancer of evil tendency within us, and not a rootlet of it must be left; for if the least fibre of it be suffered to remain through tenderness it will be an unkind tenderness; for the cancer will shoot again, and fill the heart with its malevolence. Therefore does the Lord out of love cut deep: sharp and cruel are His wounds. Most cruel do they seem when they are in greatest tenderness of grace.

We do not know yet all the mischief that is in us. I would undertake in five minutes to make any perfect man prove to himself that he was not perfect. Only let me set certain persons upon him to tease him, and we shall soon see his irritation. Let the devil loose on a man who is hard by the threshold of heaven, and you will soon find that corruption dwells even in the hearts of the regenerate. The Lord would have us aware of this, and therefore he often sends trial to reveal the hidden evil. We are often like a glass of water which has been standing still for hours, and looks very clear and bright; but there is *a sediment*, and a little stir soon discovers it, and clouds the crystal: that sediment is the old nature.

Trial comes and arouses into activity that which had been lying still, and we say, "Dear me, I had no idea that such evil was in my heart." Of course you had not. You will live so comfortably at home among Christian friends do not know how sinful you are; you hear of people out in the world doing this and that, and you say, "What naughty folks they are." They are no worse than you would be if you were put into the same position, only you are at ease and they are sorely tempted. Dogs sleep when no one enters the house; but a knock at the door will set them barking.

The Lord does not wish us to boast of *sham holiness*, and therefore He sends us trials that we may see the mischief which lurks in our hearts, and that we may be driven to the Holy Spirit for power to conquer our sin, and to the cleansing blood of Jesus Christ for the real taking away of guilt. He who has struggled with his inward sins must know that he has been helped both to discover and to overcome many of them by his afflictions; and so in this sense it is good that he has been afflicted. "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him;" if this be so, we may not only bear the rod, but even kiss it.

Affliction is also useful to God's people

AS AN ACTUAL PRODUCER OF GOOD

things in them. Some virtues cannot be produced in us—at least, I do not see how they can be—apart from affliction. One of them is *patience.* If a man has no trial, how is he to be patient? We all think ourselves patient when we have nothing to bear. We can all stand on the mountain-tops before we have tried those dizzy heights, and we are all *brave when the war is over*, though things look rather different when bullets whistle about our ears. When we are thrown into the sea our swimming abilities are not quite so extraordinary as we thought they were. We have great notions of what we can do, but trial is the test. Patience, I think, can scarcely be said to be in a man unless he has endured tribulation, "for tribulation worketh patience." A veteran warrior is the child of battles, and a patient Christian is the offspring of adversity.

There is a very sweet grace called *sympathy*, which is seldom found in persons who have had no trouble. We are told that our dear Lord and Master Himself learned sympathy by being tempted in all points like as we are. He had to feel our infirmities, or else He could not have been touched with a fellow feeling toward us. It is surely so with us. I have stayed sometimes with an admirable brother who never had, he told me, an ache or a pain since he was born that he recollects; he is a man of fifty, and in splendid health. Well, he tries to sympathize with people, and he does do it to the utmost of his power, but it makes you smile. It is like an elephant picking up a pin. It is a wonderful feat for him to do. He does not understand it.

You know yourself how hard it is to get sympathy out of those who have never endured a trial similar to your own. Some one goes to see a widow, and talks to her about her grief, and she says to herself all the time, "What does he know about it? He has never lost the partner of his life." A bachelor speaks to a dear soul who has just buried her little child. Unless he is a very wise man he is apt to say something about children which will irritate rather than console the bereaved mother.

You may try your best, but you have not much of the faculty of sympathy unless you have been in the trial. It is by passing through the fire that we know how to deal with people who are in the furnace. So we may thank God that we have been afflicted, if we are ministers, or if we are teachers of others. We have sometimes to suffer, not for our own sake, but for the sake of others, that we may be enabled to speak a word in season to him that is weary, and say to such, "I know your road. I have been that way before. I know the darkness and weariness of the way." Pilgrims who are enduring the ills of the wilderness take heart when they see a fellow-traveller to whom all these are common things.

Again, it is good for me to have been afflicted because *affliction is*

A WONDERFUL QUICKENER.

We are very apt to go to sleep, but affliction often wakes us up. *A coachman* driving a pair of horses was noticed by one who sat on the box-seat to give a cut of the whip to the off horse. The animal was going on quite regularly and properly, and it seemed a needless cruelty to whip it. Another journey, and he was observed to do just the same just at that place, and the question was put, "I always notice that you give that horse a cut of the whip just here—why is it?" "Well, sir, he has *a nasty habit of shying* just at this spot," said the driver, "and I take his attention off by making him think of the whip for a moment." There is something in that, brethren. Every now and then you and I are apt to shy, and an affliction takes off our attention from temptation.

There is also another danger in a life of ease: we are far too apt to go to sleep. Like horses, we are apt to get into the way of going on at a regular trot till we move mechanically and pursue our way half asleep. I do not know whether we are all awake even now. *Many ministers preach asleep.* I am sure they do. Many deacons do all the church business asleep, and numbers of people come to the prayer-meetings and pray in their sleep. I do not mean physical sleep, but I mean spiritual sleep, which is quite as serious a matter.

The whole of some men's religion is a kind of sleep-walking. There is not that vigor in it, there is not that heart in it, there is not that earnestness in it, that there ought to be. They want to be waked up by something startling. Our trials and afflictions are intended to do this. They come like a clap of thunder, and startle us till we ask, 'Where am I? What am I at?" And we begin to question ourselves, "Am I really what I profess to be?" Death stares us in the face. We are put into the balance and weighed and tried; we try our hopes and professions, and are less likely to be

self-deceived. Realities become realities, and fancies become fancies, when sharp trials befall us. The things of this world become dreams to us when keen affliction comes, and so it is of special benefit to us because, under the Spirit of God, it is awakening and arousing.

Again, according to our text, it is good for us to have been afflicted by way of *instruction*. "It is good for me to have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes." Trial is our school where God teaches us on the blackboard. *This school-house has no windows* to let in the cheerful light. It is very dark, and so we cannot look out and get distracted by external objects; but God's grace shines like a candle within, and by that light we see what else we had never seen. I stand on the level of my fellow-men in the daylight, and I cannot see the stars; the glare of day hides them; but if I am made to go down the deep well of affliction, I look up, and there are the stars visible above my head. I see what others cannot see. I get the Bible; and its promises seem written as men sometimes write with juice of lemon, in invisible characters; I hold the book before the fire of affliction, and the writing comes out clearly, and I see in the Bible what I never else had seen if it had not been for fiery trials.

I would to God that some young preachers were plagued all the day long, and chastened every morning, that they might become sound in the faith. I could wish that some of God's people were plunged into a sea of tribulation, that they might get rid of the *modern nonsense* which delights them now, and come back to the old, substantial doctrines of the Puritans, which are the only things worth having when we come to suffer or to die. Yes, it is good for me to have been afflicted. Is it not good for you too, dear friends, in the way of holy education, teaching you God's Word, and the value and the preciousness of it?

II. I cannot, however, speak any longer upon the virtues of affliction; for I want two or three minutes to dwell upon the truth that,

DRAWING NEAR TO GOD HAS BEEN GOOD FOR US.

Turn to the seventy-third psalm at the last verse—"It is good for me to draw near to God." Here, again, we speak with great certainty. Come, brothers and sisters, is it not good for you to draw near to God? But what does this drawing near to God mean?

First, to feel that God is near us—to be conscious of His presence; to feel, next, that we are perfectly reconciled to Him by the death of His Son, and that we are permitted to speak with Him as a man speaketh with his friend, and in speaking to Him to praise Him for what we have received, and to ask Him for what we need. We draw near Him when we tell Him what we feel, and assure Him of our belief in His great love. You know what it is to draw near to your friend and to have heart to heart converse with him. This is drawing near to God—when the secret of your heart is with God, and the secret of the Lord is with you; when He speaks to you by the Word and you speak to Him by prayer; when you confess sin and He grants forgiveness; when you spread your wants before Him and He assures you of abundant supplies. Now, is not this good? Is it not pleasant? Is it not enriching? Does it not raise the soul up above the world? Is it not a very good and profitable thing, so that we may say of it emphatically, "It is good for me to draw near to God"?

One good thing that comes out of it is mentioned in the text. Observe: "I have put my trust in the Lord God." The nearer you get to God the more you will be able to trust Him. An unknown God is an untrusted God. "They that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee." Those who have had most dealings with God believe most in Him. You that begin with Him try to trust Him; but those who have dealt with Him for long feel that they do trust Him, and cannot help it. I pray you draw near to God, so that faith may become to you the mainspring of your life, the new common-sense of your instructed spiritual nature. I rejoice in a faith that will go with me in everything. Sunday-keeping faith, meeting-going faith, if it ends there, is *a pretty piece of confectionery*; but faith about my pain, my poverty, my despondency, my old age—that is faith.

I want to see a more hardy, practical, workable faith abroad in the land. Look at Abraham's faith. I know it was spiritual, and so do you; but what had it to do with? It had to do with the birth of a child, with seeking a city, with cattle, with land, and the events of every-day life. That is the sort of faith you and I want—Monday faith, and Tuesday faith, and Wednesday faith; *faith that will go into the kitchen*; faith that will live in the workshop with you that are bookfolders, when the other girls laugh at you; faith that will be with you men that are in the workshop where others use foul language;

FAITH THAT CAN CHEER A SAILOR

in a storm; a faith that can help a dying man in the hospital—household faith, every-day faith. This is only to be got by drawing near to God. Get right close to Him, in deed and in truth, the very life of you living upon the life of God, and then faith will enter into your daily life. You will put your trust in God as your constant helper if you constantly draw near to Him.

I desire to bear my witness in the last words of this psalm—"I have put my trust in the Lord God, that I may declare all Thy works." My first text, as far as it relates to a preacher, shows how he is taught in private: "It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn Thy statutes": my second text, so far as it relates to the preacher, shows how he is helped to preach in public: "It is good for me to draw near to God: I have put my trust in the Lord God, that I may declare all Thy works." To be able to speak of God's works to others is no small gift, and you gain it by trusting in God yourself, finding His promise true, and then bearing witness to others.

It is not merely what is in the Bible that we have to set before the people, but what we ourselves have tasted and felt of the good word of truth experimentally; declaring Jesus Christ in the power of His resurrection as we know it in our own hearts. We cannot do this except by intimate personal fellowship with God. You, dear friends, who are engaged in teaching, cannot learn the truth without some measure of affliction, and you cannot tell it out in the right spirit without a large measure of drawing near unto God. Then you can say, "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him." You can say, "One thing I know, whereas I was blind, now I see." You can say, "I sought the Lord, and He helped me."

There is a convincing power about personal testimony. Then it is not only Christ's word that God blesses, but it is your word too. "Oh," say you, "dare you say that?" Yes, Jesus Himself said "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also that shall believe on Me through *their* word." They themselves took the word from Christ just as they took the bread out of Christ's hands when he fed the multitude. And you must get the bread in your own hands; you must taste it yourself; you must break it yourself, or else you will not be likely to be blessed with living power among men.

Now, let us join in thanking God, if He has afflicted us, and if He has drawn us near to Himself; and let us go forth, not to ask for afflictions—that would be unwise—but to accept them hopefully when they come. Let us draw near to God to-night, and let us not go to our beds till we have seen the face of the Well-beloved. This shall be my vesper song:

"Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in the embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast."

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Psalm 73.]

WHY HAZEL COTTAGE WAS VACANT.

WHEN a notice was issued that the furniture at Hazel Cottage would be sold by auction, and that the cottage itself was to let, all the village wondered. It was a handsome house, though the owner with characteristic modesty chose to designate it a cottage. He was a thriving man, and the first suspicion that he had failed in business was soon disproved, for no one could be found to whom he was indebted. What could be the reason of the sale? The people could not ask Dawson himself, for he was away, no one knew where, and curiosity had to wait unsatisfied. The furniture was sold, and a board set up intimating to any one desiring to occupy the house that arrangements might be made with the village lawyer.

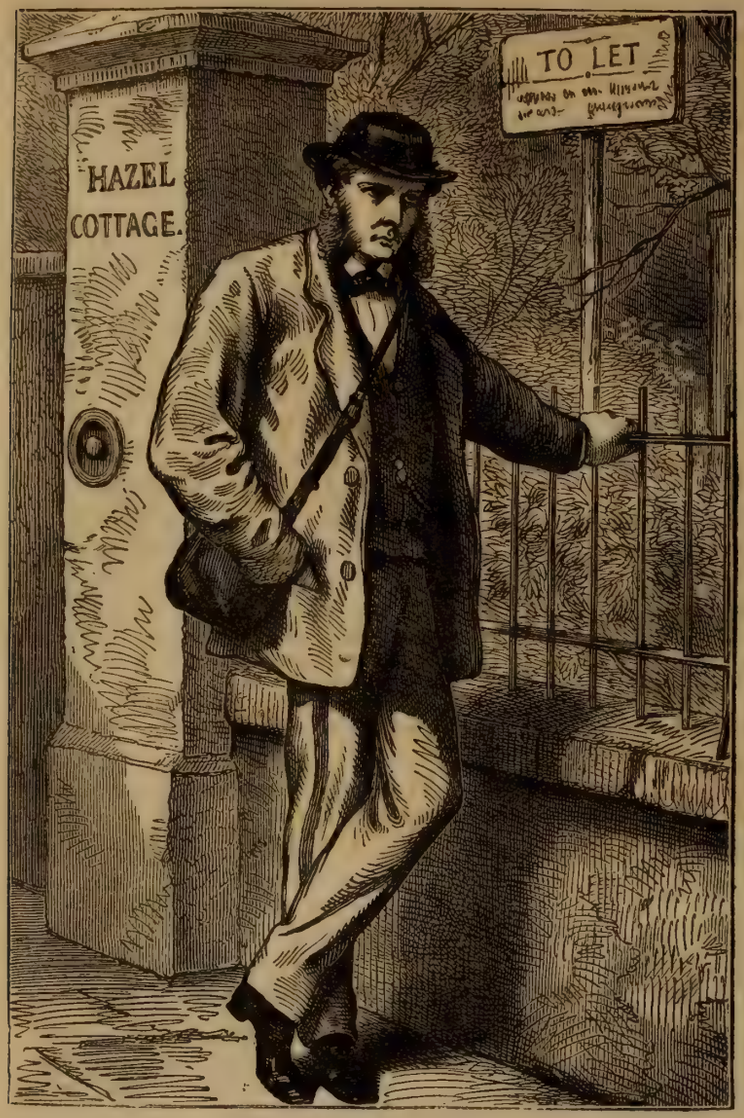
Dawson was never seen in the village again, though he visited it the day after the sale. He slept at an inn a few miles off, and rising before it was light entered *for the last time* the house where he had spent many happy hours. No one was astir in the village, and he passed hastily through the rooms and left the house before any one was abroad. As he closed the garden gates after him he stood for a moment, his hand clasping the rail of the fence as if he could scarcely tear himself away. His face wore a determined look, but resolve was not the only mark his features showed. He was weighed down by a heavy sorrow, and as he bade good-by forever to his beloved home, he, stalwart man though he was, brushed away a tear.

It is necessary to go back a little to account for this scene. Ten years earlier, Robert Dawson set up in business as a builder in the village. He had a little capital, and he was intelligent and industrious. He rightly judged of the needs of the village, and the cottages he built were soon let and sold. In four years Robert Dawson was a well-to-do man.

Robert did not tell any one why he remained a bachelor, but he had his reasons for celibacy. Near the village was a fine residence known as "The Hall." There lived an old gentleman and his only daughter. He was supposed to be very rich, though he made little display. Some repairs to the house were needed, and Dawson was intrusted with the work. While it was in progress he had frequent consultations with the owner, and with him, always at his side, was the daughter. She was very beautiful, and *Robert fell in love* with her. He kept his love a secret, for he believed an offer of marriage with a lady so aristocratic would only bring him into ridicule. But the old squire conceived a great liking for the young man, who was well educated, well read, and more refined than many of his class. Thus it came about that a friendship sprang up, and the young builder became a welcome guest at The Hall.

One evening, strolling up to the home of his aristocratic friends, as he often did at the close of his day's business, he was astonished to find it in commotion. The old gentleman was laid on a lounge, insensible and very ill. He had been seized with apoplexy, and before morning he was dead. Then it was discovered that instead of being rich he was very poor—so poor that even the house he lived in, was mortgaged to its full value, and the furniture would have to be sold to pay his debts. The girl Robert loved was penniless; she had no friends to receive her, and had only a vague idea of earning her living as a governess.

It was then that Robert told his love. His offer was a surprise to Marian, and she, without actually declining it, asked him to give her a day or two to consider it. She shut herself in her room and thought. The question was a momentous one. On the one hand was a life of uncertainty, of precarious remuneration, on the other a life of comfort with an honest man to love and cherish her. She could not pretend to love him; she never thought of him as a suitor, but she respected him highly, liked him very sincerely, and her regard for him had increased since she first knew him. There was, too, an element of uncertainty in her mind. A year or two before a young officer in the army visited her father. He was the son of an old friend, and the old gentleman gave him a cordial welcome. He had won her heart, but when he proposed for her hand, her father refused his consent, alleging as a reason that the young man's habits were dissipated, and he would not confide his most precious treasure to such keeping. The young man departed abruptly, saying he should come back some day and renew his suit. As Marian sat considering Robert Dawson's offer, the



Farewell to Hazel Cottage.

Edward Staunton's Wife in Trouble.

thought of Captain Halcomb was the great difficulty in her mind. If he should return as he promised, then how could she conquer her heart? Finally the recollection of her father's words, her own conviction of their justice, and her present necessities carried the day, and Robert's offer was accepted.

That was the happiest day of Robert's life. He bought a dilapidated house surrounded by a large garden, pulled down the old ruin, and built such a home for his bride as won her warm admiration. They were married, and such happiness as is possible to man upon earth Robert enjoyed. It was his delight to surround his wife with all the refinements and luxuries which the most fastidious tastes could desire, and he toiled early and late that he might gain money to lavish upon her. Two years of married life passed, and one evening Robert, returing from his office, found a stranger at his fireside. He was elegantly dressed, and had an easy, well-bred air that sat well upon him. Robert was introduced to Captain Halcomb by his wife, who merely described him as an old friend of her father. As such Robert welcomed him, and the Captain accepted the hospitality freely offered.

Conversation was on general topics, and Robert found his guest a gentleman in a manner, and with considerable knowledge of affairs. He had travelled, and talked fluently and brilliantly of what he had seen, and of the places he had visited. Robert considered his guest an acquisition to his home circle, and went to business the next day pleased that Marian's time would not hang heavily on her hands in his absence. But he would have been less satisfied had he heard the Captain ask Marian, when they were left alone, how she came "to marry that boor." And still more uncomfortable, had he seen that Marian permitted a man so to speak of her husband without anger. The guest was a wicked, unprincipled man, and he prolonged his stay under the hospitable roof until he had corrupted the mind of his host's wife.

At last the end came. Robert was called away from home for two days to attend to business at a distance, and when he returned he found it despoiled. His wife had deserted the man who had toiled to make her happy, and had shown his love for her by his life, for a man who was a libertine and a profligate. That was the reason there was a sale at Hazel Cottage, and it was "to let."

Many years the injured husband wandered through the world. He never sought to avenge himself or to punish those who had wrecked his life. He wandered aimlessly from city to city, and was often in peril of his life in the course of his voyages and travels. He heard that Captain Halcomb had grown weary of the woman he had won, and had deserted her, but he was not moved by the news. She was lost to him, and he took no steps to find her. But a change came over him. On one of his transatlantic voyages he became intimate with a fellow-passenger, a clergyman, and for the first time he told his story. The confidence drew the two men together, and the friendship was blessed to Robert Dawson's conversion. He who alone can heal the broken-hearted touched the wanderer's wounded spirit, and for the first time in many years he was at peace.

The voyage over, Robert thought he would visit his old home again, which, before, he had never thought he could bear to see. As he walked the streets of the seaport where he landed, absorbed in this new impulse, he paid no heed to his steps, and in crossing a street was knocked down by a passing vehicle and his arm was broken. He was stunned, too, and was carried insensible to the nearest hospital. On recovering his senses he was astonished to find his wife, clad in the garb of a hospital nurse, at his bedside. She, too, had been driven by sorrow to the Saviour. In want and penury, she had been found by a Christian lady, who relieved her, and having heard her story, did not shrink from her with Pharisaical self-righteousness, but sought to win her in penitence to the Friend of sinners. Deeply humbled, she accepted the congenial position of hospital nurse, and by the bedside of many a dying sufferer had been able to direct the sinner to the blood which cleanseth from all sin.

It was with a sad and chastened feeling that Robert listened to her story, and with a full heart that he saw her kneeling at his side asking him to forgive her as Christ had forgiven. That night he read in the best of books how Jesus had written in the sand, and what He had said to one similarly guilty (John 8 : 7-11), and the next morning the rays of the rising sun fell on a picture that none could behold unmoved—a penitent forgiven for Christ's sake. Husband and wife reunited in a love better than they had ever known, because blessed by Him who came to save those who were lost.

AN ATLANTIC RESCUE FROM A SHIPWRECK.

Few events in the annals of seafaring heroism have been more worthy of record than an incident which recently took place some four hundred miles

An Atlantic Rescue from Shipwreck.

from the West Coast of Ireland. The Cunard steamer Parthia, during a recent voyage from Boston, Mass., to Liverpool, England, encountered a hurricane, which blew with fearful violence from the S.S.W. and produced terrible distress on board. At ten o'clock at night of the sixth day of the voyage the gale broke, the wind moderated, but the immense ocean swell which the cyclone had left, made the ship roll heavily.

The next day was Sunday, and the passengers and crew were gladdened by the sight of sunlight, but the swell was still exceedingly heavy. Shortly after nine A.M. the look-out man reported a vessel on the lee-bow, apparently hull down. She proved to be in distress, waterlogged, and so low in the water that she buried her bulwarks with every roll. Twenty-two people could be counted on board of her, in a plight most miserable. It was well understood by the men of the Parthia that these unhappy beings could only be saved at the risk of their own lives. So great was the swell that the distressed vessel at times became invisible to those on board the Parthia, and then the steamer was lifted so high that those on deck could look down from their elevation on the half-buried hull and terrified crew beneath. Volunteers were soon forthcoming, and a boat was lowered; eight hands sprang aft and seated themselves in the lifeboat, Mr. William Williams, the third officer, taking command.

Quickly she was bounding over the billows, now taking a headlong, giddy swoop into a prodigious hollow, and completely lost to view, and now reappearing for a moment, only to be again hidden by the waves. At length the third mate hailed the crew of the bark. Presently one of the shipwrecked sailors was seen to heave a coil of line toward the boat; it was caught, a life-buoy fastened to it, and hauled aboard the wreck. To this life-buoy was attached a second line, the end of which was retained by the people in the boat. One of the men on the wreck put the life-buoy over his shoulders, and in an instant flung himself into the sea, and was dragged smartly, but carefully, into the boat.

One by one the shipwrecked seamen leaped into the water, until eleven of them had been dragged into the Parthia's boat. This number made a load, and with a cheery call to those who were to be left behind for a short while, Mr. Williams headed for the steamer. The boat approached the Parthia slowly; meanwhile Captain M'Kaye's foresight had provided for the perilous and difficult task of getting the rescued men on board the steamer. This accomplished, the boat returned to the wreck, the rest of the crew were dragged from her by means of the buoys and life-lines, and hoisted along with six of the boat's crew into the Parthia.

But not yet was this nobly executed mission completed. There was still the boat to run up to the davits. All the old fears returned as she was brought alongside with Mr. Williams and two men in her. But Jack has a marvellously quick hand and a steady pulse; the "blocks" were swiftly hooked into the boat, and soon she soared like a bird to the davits under the strong running pull of a number of men, before the swell that followed her could rise to the height of the chain-plates. Such as remember the faces of those shipwrecked Englishmen and Canadians; the aspect of them as they were hoisted one by one on to the Parthia's deck; the bewildered rolling of their eyes, incredulous of their wonderful preservation; their streaming garments; their hair clotted like seaweed upon their pale foreheads; the passionate pressing forward of the crew and passengers of the Parthia to rejoice with the poor fellows over their salvation from a terrible doom—those who can recall these things will not need to be told that no words could possibly depict that impressive scene.

If such anxiety and peril was undergone to save the lives of these shipwrecked people temporarily, how much greater should be our efforts to save the souls of those who are in danger of spiritual shipwreck. "He that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins" (James 5 : 20).

"TEN SHILLINGS AND COSTS."

JOE SPARROW, having a little spare time on his hands, and a few spare pence in his pocket, had spent both in the public-house. And, being somewhat intoxicated as the result of his expenditure, had amused himself by making a very loud noise, smashing some glass, knocking down his wife, and doing the same to a policeman. For which entertainment, he had been brought before the magistrates, and fined ten shillings and costs, which he paid.

Are you sure he paid it? The ten shillings, no doubt, was forthcoming, and as much of the costs as could be estimated in money, but did he pay all the costs?

If these lines are read by any Joe Sparrow, let me tell him as flatly and emphatically as I can that he did *not* pay all the costs the other day in the police-court.

You didn't clear off *the tarnish and the blot upon your name.* There it is, a great, black, ugly stain, which will cling to you for a longer time than you think. You have had a policeman's hand upon your shoulder, and handcuffs upon your wrists. You have been locked up in a prison cell. You have stood in the prisoner's dock. No, no, you can't put away such a disgrace as this with money.

You didn't wipe away *the bruise on the poor wife's body.* There it is, in all its livid blue, witnessing against you with fearful energy. By and by its colors will die away, and the wife you swore to love and cherish will be better. So *you* say. But I tell you that the bruise has eaten down into the heart, and will rankle there for many a long year perhaps. You have paid the costs? No, no, it is not in your power to do that.

You have paid the costs? What means *that empty cupboard then, and the crying children,* crying for hunger? What means that defrauded *rent?* What means that *bill* run up at yonder little shop, where some poor, lone woman is trying in vain to make two ends meet? The costs you paid you have taken out of the home cupboard, out of your landlord's pocket, and out of the till of that struggling widow.

You have paid the costs? No, *there's much to be paid still.*

There's the *shake of that employer's head* when you apply to him for work—"I don't employ a drunkard."

There's the *fresh hold the love of drink* has upon you, for that drunken spree has left you weaker than before. Your will is sadly battered and broken.

There's *the go-by of the respectable man* who has never had to pay "ten shillings and costs" for being drunk, and who doesn't care to have a drunkard for his friend.

You have paid the costs? *You are paying them still.* You are paying them in the shape of an uneasy, restless conscience. You are an unhappy man in spite of your shouts, and songs, and jokes, and laughter.

You have paid the costs? Listen a moment, for I have a solemn, solemn word to whisper in your ear. The costs you will not only have to pay in this world, but, if you do not alter, *you will have to pay them in the next world* as well.

Oh, men and brethren, will you ruin your souls for a pot of beer? Will you toss away your eternal hopes for a mere tickle of the palate? "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?"

"Would to God I knew how. I am heartily sick of this miserable state of things. Tell me how, I pray you."

Give up the drink, for one thing. This is indispensable. But this is not enough. Total abstinence will not purge your soul from its past stain, and give you a happy death.

You want a Saviour—a Saviour who shall pardon and strengthen you, stand by you in danger, and bring you to glory.

And there *is* a Saviour, thank God, a perfect Saviour. And He waits, He waits for you, to be all this to you from this day. Go to Him just as you are. Cast your guilty heart into His hand. Trust Him.

Jesus says, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." (John 6 : 37.)

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(*Continued from page 783.*)

On the Altar Steps.

"I LOST my valise when I fell," said the wounded man, speaking in a tranquil tone; "but there was nothing of value in it. My money and my papers are in my pocketbook. Let me see you take possession of it."

He watched Roland search for the book in the torn coat on the chair beside him, and his eyes followed its transfer to his breast-pocket under his blue blouse.

"You are an English gentleman, though you look a Swiss peasant," he said; "you are poor, perhaps, and my money will be of use to you. It is the only return I can make to you. I should like you to write down that I give it to you, and let me sign the paper."

"Presently," said Roland; "you must not exert yourself. I shall find your name and address here?"

"I have no address; of course I have a name," he answered; "but never mind that now. Tell me, what do you think of Christ? Does He indeed save sinners?"

"Yes," said Roland reluctantly; "He says, 'I came to seek and to save that which was lost.' Those are His own words."

"Kneel down quickly," murmured the dying man. 'Say "Our Father"—so that I can hear every word. My mother used to teach it to me."

"And she is dead?" said Roland.

"Years ago," he gasped.

Roland knelt down. How familiar, with what a touch of bygone days, the attitude came to him! how homely the words sounded! He had uttered them innumerable times—never quite without a feeling of their sacredness and sweetness; but he had not dared to take them into his lips of late. His voice faltered, though he strove to keep it steady and distinct, to reach the dying ears that listened to him. The prayer brought to him the picture of his children kneeling, morning and evening, with the self-same petitions. They had said them only a few hours ago, and would say them again a few hours hence. Even the dying man felt there was something more than mere emotion for him expressed in the tremulous tones of Roland Sefton's voice. He held out his hand to him when he had finished, and grasped his warmly.

"God bless you!" he said. But he was weary, and his strength was failing him. He slumbered again fitfully, and his mind wandered. Now and then during the rest of the night he looked up with a faint smile, and his lips moved inarticulately. He thought he had spoken, but no sound disturbed the unbroken silence.

It was as the bells of the abbey rang for matins that the stranger died. For a few minutes Roland remained beside him, and then he called in the women to attend to the dead, and went out into the fresh morning air. It was the third day that the mountains had been clear from fog and cloud, and they stood out against the sky in perfect whiteness. The snow-line had come lower down upon the slopes, and the beautiful crystals of frost hung on the tapering boughs of the pine-trees in the forests about Engelberg. Here and there a few villagers were going toward the church, and almost unconsciously Roland followed slowly in their track.

The short service was over and the congregation was dispersing when he crossed the well-worn doorsill. But a few women, especially the late comers, were still scattered about praying mechanically, with their eyes wandering around them. The high altar was deserted, but candles burning on it made a light in the dim place, and he listlessly sauntered up the centre aisle. *A woman was kneeling on the steps* leading up to it, and as the echo of his footsteps resounded in the quiet church she rose and looked round. It was Felicita! At that moment he was not thinking of her; yet there was no doubt or surprise in the first moment of recognition. The uncontrollable rapture of seeing her again arrested his steps, and he stood looking at her, with a few paces between them. It was plain that she did not know him.

How could she know him, he thought bitterly, in the rough blue blouse and coarse clothing and heavy hobnail boots of a Swiss peasant? His hair was shaggy and uncut; and the skin of his face was so peeled and blistered and scorched that his disguise was sufficient to conceal him even from his wife. Yet as he stood there, with downcast head, as a devout peasant might have done before the altar, he saw Felicita make a slight but imperious sign to him to advance. She did not take a step toward him, but leaning against the altar rails she waited till he was near to her, within hearing. There Roland paused.

"Felicita," he said, not daring to draw closer to her.

"I am here," she answered, not looking toward him; her large, dark, mournful eyes lifted up to the cross above the altar, before which a lamp was burning, whose light was reflected in her unshed tears.

Neither of them spoke again for a while. It seemed as if there could be nothing said, so great was the anguish of them both. The man who had just died had passed away tranquilly; but they were drinking of a cup more bitter than death. Yet the few persons lingering over their morning devotions before the shrines in the side aisles, saw nothing but a stranger looking at the painting over the altar, and a peasant kneeling on the lowest step deep in prayer.

"I come from watching a fellow-man die," he said at last; "would to God it had been myself!"

"Yes!" sighed Felicita, "that would have been best for us all."

"You wish me dead!" he exclaimed, in a tone of anguish.

"For the children's sake," she murmured, still looking away from him; "yes! and for the sake of our name—your father's name and mine. I thought to bring honor to it, and you have brought flagrant dishonor to it."

"That can never be wiped away," he added.

"Never!" she repeated.

As if exhausted by these passionate words, they fell again into silence. The murmur of whispered prayers was about them, and the faint scent of incense floated under the arched roof. A gleam of morning light, growing stronger, though the sun was still far below the eastern mountains, glittered through a painted window, and threw a glow of color upon them. Roland saw her standing in its many-tinted brightness, but her wan and sorrowful face was not turned to look at him. He had not caught a glance from her yet. How vividly he remembered the first moment his eyes had ever beheld her standing, as she did now, on these very altar steps, with uplifted eyes and a sweet seriousness on her young face! It was only a poor village church, but it was the most sacred spot in the whole world to him; for there he had met Felicita and received her image into his inmost heart. His ambition as well as his love had centred in her, the penniless daughter of the late Lord Riversford, an orphan, and dependent upon her father's brother and successor. But to Roland his wife Felicita was immeasurably dearer than the girl Felicita Riversford had been. All the happy days since he had won her, all the satisfied desires, all his successes, were centred in her and represented by her. All his crime too.

"I have loved you," he cried "better than the whole world."

There was no answer, by word or look, to his passionate words.

"I have loved you," he said, more sadly, "better than God."

"But you have brought me to shame!" she answered; "if I am tracked here—and who can tell that I am not?—and if you are taken and tried and convicted, I shall be the wife of the fraudulent banker and condemned felon, Roland Sefton. And Felix and Hilda will be his children."

"It is true," he groaned, "I could not escape conviction."

He buried his face in his hands, and rested them on the altar rails. Now his bowed-down head was immediately beneath her eyes, and she looked down upon it with a mournful gaze; it could not have been more mournful if she had been contemplating his dead face lying at rest in his coffin. How was all this shame and misery for him and her to end?

"Felicita," he said, lifting up his head, and meeting the sorrowful farewell expression in her face, "if I could die it would be best for the children and you."

"Yes," she answered, in the sweet, too dearly loved voice he had listened to in happy days.

"I dare not open that door of escape for myself," he went on, "and God does not send death to me. But I see a way, a possible way. I only see it this moment; but whether it be for good or evil I cannot tell."

"Will it save us?" she asked eagerly.

"All of us," he replied. "This stranger, whose corpse I have just left—nobody knows him, and he has no friends to trouble about him—*shall I give to him my name*, and bury him as myself? Then I shall be dead to all the world, Felicita—dead even to you; but you will be saved. I too shall be safe in the grave, for death covers all sins. Even old Clifford will be satisfied by my death."

"Could it be done?" she asked breathlessly.

"Yes," he said; "if you consent it shall be done. For my own sake I would rather go back to England, and deliver myself up to the law I have broken. But you shall decide, my darling. If I return you will be known as the wife of the convict Sefton. Say, shall I be henceforth dead forever to you and my mother and the children? Shall it be a living death for me; and deliverance, and safety, and honor for you all? You must choose between my infamy or my death."

"It must be," she answered slowly, yet without hesitation, looking away from him to the cross above the altar, "your death."

A shudder ran through her slight frame as she spoke, and thrilled through him as he listened. It seemed to them both as if they stood beside an open grave, on either side one; and parted thus. He stretched out his hand to her, and laid it on her dress, as if appealing for mercy; but she did not turn to him, or look upon him, or open her white lips to utter another word. Then there came more stir and noise in the church, footsteps sounded upon the pavement, and an inquisitive face peeped out of the vestry near the altar where they stood. It was no longer prudent to remain as they were, subject to curiosity and scrutiny. Roland rose from his knees, and without glancing again toward her, he spoke in a low voice of unutterable grief and supplication.

"Let me see you and speak to you once more," he said.

"Once more," she repeated.

"This evening," he continued, "at your hotel."

"Yes," she answered. "I am travelling under Phebe Marlowe's name. Ask for Mrs. Marlowe."

She turned away and walked slowly and feebly down the aisle; and he watched her, as he had watched the light tread of the young girl eleven years ago, passing through alternate sunshine and shadow. There was no sunshine now. Was it possible that so long a time had passed since then? Could it be true that for ten years she had been his wife, and that the tie between them was forever dissolved? From this day he was to be dead to her, and to all the world. He was about to pass voluntarily into a condition of death amid life; as utterly bereft of all that had once been his as if the grave had closed over him. Roland Sefton was to exist no more.

Roland Sefton went back to the room in which the corpse of the stranger was now lying. The women were gone, and he turned down the sheet to look at the face of the man who was about to bear his name and the disgrace of his crime into the safe asylum of the grave. It was perfectly calm, with no trace of the night's suffering upon it; there was even a faint vestige of a smile about the mouth, as of one who sleeps well, and has pleasant dreams. He was apparently about Roland's own age, and a description given by strangers would not be such as would lead to any suspicion that there could have been a mistake as to identity. Roland looked long upon it before covering it up again, and then he sat down beside the bed and opened the pocketbook.

There were notes in it worth fifty pounds, but not many papers. There was a memorandum made here and there of the places he had visited, and the last entry was dated the day before at Engstlensee Alp. Roland knew every step of the road, and for a while he seemed to himself to be this traveller, starting from the little inn, not yet vacated by its peasant landlord, but soon to be left to icy solitude, and taking the narrow path along the Engstlensee, toiling up the Joch pass under the mighty Wenden-stöcke and the snowy Titlis, clear of clouds from base to summit yesterday. The traveller must have had a guide with him, some peasant or herdsman probably, as far as the Trubsee Alp; for even in summer the route was difficult to find. The guide had put him on the path for Engelberg, and left him to make his way along the precipitous slopes of the Pfaffenwand. All this would be discovered when an official inquiry was made into the accident. In the mean time it was necessary to invest this stranger with his own identity.

(To be continued.)

THE BABE AND THE KING.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 25, Isaiah 9 : 6-7. Golden Text, John 1 : 45. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

OUR subject begins with an announcement, "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given." Unto us? Unto whom? Unto the house of David, unto the race of Israel, yes to the whole world. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son;" God's Son to become the Son of man, God's Heir, "whom He hath appointed Heir of all things" (Heb. 1 : 2), to come into the inheritance of our only real possession, sin and death. Do they rejoice in the house where the Child is born? They find no room for Him in the inn (Luke 2 : 7); His eyes first open on the stable with the beasts of burden. Do they take pride in the Son which is given? He is despised and rejected of men." Yet He is God's gift to man, a gift which must be accepted or rejected, and every living man who has heard of Jesus stands responsible for his possession or rejection of God's great, "His unspeakable gift" (2 Cor. 9 : 15). God has laid us under an obligation, for He has made advances to us, and we are His debtors, whether we will or no; God has established a relationship with us, His Son has been made a member of our race, whether we will or no.

Reader, have you personally accepted God's gift, and personally acknowledged the relationship which God has established between Jesus Christ and you? O it is time you did. I have heard of a girl who was

SAVED FROM DEATH BY FIRE,

when an infant, by her own mother, whose intrepid courage failed not, even when none of the firemen could venture. She dashed through the flames, her clothing all ablaze, wrapped the little one in a blanket, and returned through the fiery way to sink exhausted with her precious burden. The child grew up to be a lovely woman, but the poor mother was one mass of seams from the fire which had nearly cost her her life; she was a poor unsightly object. One day some young friends of the daughter's were making fun of the poor mother as she passed by, and the girl, instead of glorying in the honor of having such a mother, instead of saying, "She purchased my life with those scars," joined in the laugh against her. Our hearts sicken at such heartlessness, and we say, "She was unworthy of such a mother." Are there any of us who have seen in God's great gift "no beauty that we should desire Him," and have regarded His unpopularity as sufficient excuse for rejecting Him?

But if our hearts are His, if God's Holy Spirit has unsealed our eyes, and we can see Him as the chief among ten thousand, the altogether lovely; then, indeed, the gift is beyond all other gifts to us; the glorious relationship is that by which we measure all other relationships, for it stands first of all. Jesus, Heir of all things—and mine! Jesus, Son of God—and yet mine! Jesus, possessed of all authority, and all power, both in Heaven and earth—mine, *my* possession, *my* relation. Why, then, the possession is infinitely greater than the possessor. Lord, teach me to know what I have in thee. "He that hath the Son hath life"—first instalment. In whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sin—second instalment. These things have I spoken unto you that in Me ye might have peace (John 16 : 33)—third instalment. And how many more we might mention, for in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, and He is mine.

This is He "of whom Moses in the law and in the prophets, did write," the substance of all the Old Testament shadows, the subject of all the predictions of the prophets. He is the rainbow in the cloud, in the flood He is the ark, He shines in the priestly Melchisedec, we see Him in the offering of Isaac, and He is Jacob's ladder, the Stranger who wrestled with him on his journey. He was Joseph's companion in Egypt. He was in the burning bush, and His blood was prefigured in the Passover Lamb. He was in the cloud and in the fire which guided His people through the desert. The Tabernacle and the offerings, the high priests and the altar—all speak of Him; the scapegoat, the smitten rock, and the brazen serpent—all point to Him. "The captain of the Lord's host," whom Joshua met at Jordan; "the Lord's anointed," the suffering one, and the coming King in the Psalms, and in the prophets—all speak of Him, and this is the Child born to us, this the Son given.

"And the government shall be upon His shoulder;" "He must reign until He hath put all enemies under His feet" (1 Cor. 15 : 25.) The government of this world will most surely come into the hands of Jesus. But now, even while the mass of mankind reject Him, He loves to be King where He is received, He loves to have the empire even in hearts like ours. Are we letting Him reign, letting the weight of all our household cares, our business anxieties, our social perplexities, our spiritual difficulties—rest on His shoulder? Are they there, and no longer upon us? Have we cast on Him the responsibility, and has He taken it? Is His will supreme in our hearts, homes, and business? Does He have His way with us? When it is so, our experience all the day long will be "His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

MRS. AMANDA SMITH,

the colored evangelist, once said to me, "When I can't find words to express the power and the grace of God, I just say, 'It's *wonderful*, you can't go beyond that.'" It is His name first made known to Manoah (Jud. 13 : 18, margin), and then repeated here. Trace the life of any man of faith—Joseph, Moses, Elijah, Daniel—it is just one wonder from beginning to end. Human power and natural laws must bend before men who are in the counsels of Him who made these laws and who is above them all. Men of faith are God's instruments to manifest to the world His sovereign power; and in measure as we enter into a life of faith all things become transparent to us, and we see God's will and God's purposes through all. But this can only be when He reigns supreme in our life and being. His name is "Counsellor." Wonder of wonders that He who directs the universe, should busy Himself with one little sphere like ours; and still more that He should enter into the tiny details of each individual life among us, and counsel us as to when we should pray and when we should act, what we should say, and in what we should keep silent, what we should buy, or what we should sell. He is "wonderful in counsel" (Is. 28 : 29).

And He is "the mighty God," He who came down to all the helplessness of infant humanity, who learned to take His first tottering steps like any other baby, learned to lisp forth broken words. He, the mighty God! He let Himself develop day after day just as any other child; learned to read and write, and work at Joseph's trade, like any other boy in Nazareth—this was "the mighty God." He who could divide the heavens, learned of Joseph how to divide a piece of wood.

"The mighty God," all the mightier because He could afford to stoop so low without losing one iota of His power. He is "the everlasting Father" (some say the Hebrew reads, "the Father's Witness"), for "He shall see His seed" (Isa. 43 : 10). His seed are resurrection children, who have learned, like Him, to lose their lives in this world, but who live by the faith of the Son of God. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit" (John 12 : 24) He is also the "Prince of Peace." Bless God, wherever Jesus reigns there is peace; distress, anguish, perplexity vanish in measure as the reins of our life are abandoned to Him; He knows how to unravel every tangle, how to pick up every dropped stitch, let us trust Him.

"Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even forever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this." This glorious prophecy shall be fulfilled when, in the time of the millennium, the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our God, and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever" (Rev. 11 : 15); born King (Matt. 2 : 2), He shall reign for ever. Eliakim, whose name signifies "the God of the resurrection," is a striking type of the reigning Messiah, and the very fact that Rev. 3 : 17 is a quotation from Is. 22 : 22, establishes the fact that Christ is his antitype. "I will call My servant Eliakim, the son of Hilkiah; and I will clothe Him with thy robe (garment of salvation), and strengthen him with thy girdle" ("righteousness shall be the girdle of His loins, and faithfulness the girdle of His reins," Is. 11 : 5), "and I will commit thy government into His hand; and He shall be a Father to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and to the house of Judah."

All this may be true of Christ's rule over us, if we submit implicitly to His blessed government, but He must have undisputed sway, unlimited authority. "And the key of the house of David will I lay upon His shoulder; so He shall open, and none shall shut, and He shall shut, and none shall open." This is despotic sway, and none is so blessed when it is perfect love and perfect justice which reigns. Lord, so reign in my heart over my will and my lips, that thou shalt open, and none shall shut, thou shalt shut and none shall open. "And I will fasten Him as a nail in a sure place; and He shall be for a glorious throne to His Father's house. And they shall hang upon Him all the glory of His father's house, the offspring and the issue, all vessels of small quantity, from the vessels of cups, even to all the vessels of flagons" (Isa. 22 : 20-24).

What a lesson of dependence! A garment or a vessel hanging on a nail, put by until it is wanted, always there to be found if it is asked for. O to be found an empty vessel hanging upon Jesus when used to bring glory to Him, always hanging the glory on the nail, always to be found there when wanted, never out of the way in self or sin. Then, truly, His government and peace will increase until every thought is brought into the obedience of Christ, and until my whole being hangs conquered by love, ready for His service.

"It Didn't Strike Him."—In the Course of a sermon by Mr. Moody, he said: "I was speaking to a man in my own country some years ago, about giving his heart to Christ, and he always had one answer to give me. For five years I tried to win him to Christ, and every year he said, 'It has not struck me yet.' 'Man, what do you mean? What has not struck you?' 'Well,' he said, 'I am not going to become a Christian until it strikes me; and it has not struck me yet. I do not see it in the way you see it.' 'But don't you know you are a sinner?' 'Yes, I know I am a sinner.' 'Well, don't you know that God wants to have mercy on you—that there is forgiveness with God? He wants you to repent and come to Him.' 'Yes, I know that; but—it has not struck me yet.' He always fell back on that. Poor man, he went down to his grave in August last. Six long years God gave him to repent, and all he had to say at the end of those years was that it had not struck him yet."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Destruction by Fire of a Large Theatre in Vienna has caused the death of a large number of persons. It appears that Thursday last was a fête day at the Austrian capital. The Ring Theatre, the second largest theatre in the city, it was expected, would be crowded owing to the fête and the first production of a new piece. The play was to commence at seven o'clock, but a few minutes before that hour the curtain was observed to bulge outward, and then *tongues of flame* burst forth, which quickly consumed the curtain and extended to the scenery and the roof. A wire gauze screen had been provided, to let down in case of such an emergency, which would shut off the stage from the other part of the house, but it was not used, owing, it is supposed, to the terror-stricken flight of the man in charge. Some officious person then turned off the gas, and darkness was added to the horror of the scene. There were four galleries, and the people who filled them made *a rush for the staircases.* In the darkness some fell and were trodden to death, and the road was blockaded by fallen bodies. A few who were first to get to the doors, and some stalwart men succeeded in reaching the stairs, and from there jumped into cloths held below to catch them. An Austrian journal says that after the fire was extinguished, "the firemen who came in saw the most dire spectacle. *In lines, in heaps, dead men and women lay* at the doors and entrances, in such thick knots that they could hardly be disentangled. More than once a couple of corpses were brought out, man and wife, who had entwined themselves in the cramp of death. The smoke had had pity on them, and had executed the sentence of death before the flames could do their devouring work. Persons were found suffocated and crushed to death, but no marks of burning were on them." At first it was hoped that not more than three hundred people had been killed, but as inquiries come in from the city for missing relatives, and as the ruins are examined, it becomes evident that the list will approach, if it does not exceed, *a thousand victims.*

Russian Journals are Exercised by President Arthur's reference in his message to the barbarities perpetrated on the Jews in Russia. The *Novoe Vremya*, of St. Petersburg, says that President Arthur has departed from the principles of the American policy of non-interference in the affairs of foreign countries, and it remarks that the message does not refer to England's treatment of Ireland. It further says that President Arthur recently repelled interference in regard to the Panama Canal, but yet allows himself to judge Russian affairs, which he does not understand. The report of the message cabled to Russia was probably incomplete, and the journals have misunderstood the President's remarks, but it is noteworthy in the light of prophecy how anything that affects this ancient people becomes at once a matter of diplomatic concern.

A Disastrous Railroad Collision Occurred near London on Saturday last. A train on the North London Railroad, by which business men in large numbers travel to and from their city offices, stopped in a tunnel at Canonbury, a northern suburb of London, and the signalman being unaware of the fact, allowed three other trains to follow on the same line of rails. A series of collisions resulted, in which seven persons were killed and many others fatally injured.

A Reign of Terror in Ireland has Commenced with the winter months, as careful observers predicted it would. In the eastern counties the assizes have begun, and the judge spoke of the great increase of crime. He said that threatening letters and intimidation were everywhere on the increase, and the fearful crime of arson was much more frequent. A newspaper correspondent, whose utterances have hitherto been remarkable for their accuracy, cabled thus last week: "I am not an alarmist, and do not predict civil war, but certainly *the situation is most critical* here. The liberal Irish policy and the existence of the Liberal government is trembling in the balance. It is generally believed here that the present crisis is the most important of the whole land movement, for the people have clinched with the government, and have thus far successfully resisted all the strength of coercion. It is a startling fact that *two thirds of the rents are not being paid*, and that the tenants have no intention of paying them without heavy reductions, which the landlords refuse. The land courts are so slow that the act is yet no remedy whatever for the troubles.

Another Quarrel has Arisen in the Irish Land League. Mr. Piggott and Mr. Egan, two prominent members, have during the past week been making public charges against each other. Mr. Egan allegesthat Mr. Piggott has threatened that unless he was accommodated with a loan he would make public a statement of a misuse of the funds of the League. Mr. Piggott denies the charge, and maintains that it was the League which offered him £500 to *publish a false account* of the Land League. He comments severely on Mr. Egan's conduct, and declares that the "no rent" cry is an injury to Ireland and a libel on Irish patriotism.

A Committee has been Formed by the Lord Mayor of London to aid the owners of estates in Ireland. Many persons, widows, trustees, and others, who some time ago so invested their all on the faith of the representations of the Irish Estates Court, are now in abject poverty, as they cannot collect any rent, and their property is now unsalable. The Archbishops of Dublin and York are engaged in collecting funds for the relief of the most needy of this class, and when the committee is properly organized, assistance will be given to such as are unable to enforce their claims. Seventeen thousand dollars are already subscribed. A correspondent of a New York journal, describing these operations, says: "Certainly, it is a sight not very flattering to Englishmen to see private citizens forced to band together, like a vigilance committee in a border town, to protect life and property, while the most powerful government of modern times, with an empire's resources at its back, looks on languidly at their efforts."

The Following Particulars Respecting the death of Mr. Adam McCall, to which we briefly alluded in a previous issue, have been received. An English journal says: "He succeeded in establishing three mission stations, leaving them in charge of workers who followed him. While pushing on to Stanley Pool he was attacked by a painful illness, and compelled to return. He set out for England, but on arriving at Madeira was obliged to remain there. His mother and brother left Dartmouth for Madeira, and an hour afterward, a telegram arrived saying he was dead. He was a man of great energy and perseverance, and was thirty-one years of age."

The Policy of the Emperor of Germany, in spite of the clear statement Prince Bismarck read on behalf of the aged Kaiser at the opening of the Reichstag, was still a matter of uncertainty in the minds of many prominent men. There was a doubt whether the Emperor fully indorsed the principles laid down by the Chancellor. The Emperor, however, when receiving the President and Vice-President of the Reichstag on December 6th, emphatically declared that his message, read at the opening of the Reichstag, was *the fullest expression of his innermost convictions as to the welfare of the nation.* He also said that it was the duty of all desirous of supporting the monarchical principle to pursue the ends indicated in the imperial message.

A Fight with a Slave Ship.—A Telegram from Zanzibar, received at the British Admiralty, says that "on December 3d, Captain Brownrigg, of the British man-of-war London, with ten men in a steam pinnace, attempted to capture a dhow, flying French colors and loaded with slaves. The Arab crew resisted fiercely; Captain Brownrigg, a seaman, a stoker, and a supernumerary were killed, and one man was severely and two slightly wounded." Captain Brownrigg was on a tour of inspection, and had gone alongside of the dhow to ascertain whether she was flying correct colors. The Arab crew of the dhow, seeing that the men in the London's pinnace were unprepared, fired a volley into them and then boarded the pinnace, killing some, wounding others, and driving the remainder of the crew overboard. They then closed on Captain Brownrigg, who, after a gallant resistance, during which he received *twenty-one wounds*, fell, shot through the heart. A boat from the London has since captured the dhow, which was empty. A body of the Sultan of Zanzibar's troops have captured a party of Arabs who are suspected of having formed the crew of the dhow.

American Missionaries in South Africa have obtained a concession from one of the chiefs of the country. The London *Standard's* correspondent at Durban, Natal, says: "The Rev. Messrs. Richards and Jourdan, who were sent on a mission by the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions to Umzeila, a powerful chief in the country north of Delagoa Bay, have returned here. Umzeila granted their request, that the American Board should be permitted to establish missions in his country. A section of the people here are disposed to resent the interference of Americans in South African affairs. The general public, however, clearly perceive that America can have no interest here beyond converting the heathen."

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The Hon. JOHN P. ST. JOHN, the Governor of Kansas.

HON. JOHN P. ST. JOHN,

Governor of Kansas.

Good Men in all Political Parties—Gov. St. John's Title to Eminence—Ancestry—A Noble Mother—Birth and Early Life—A Home Clouded by a Curse—Last Day at Home—Studying Law by the Light of Pine Knots—Legal Career—Elected Governor—The Results of Prohibition—Incident of German Immigrants—A Pathetic Narrative—Many-sided Character—An Artless Question.

IN this number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD we give a portrait and a short sketch of the life of Governor St. John, of Kansas. In doing so we make no invidious political selection. Each of the great political parties is able to point to able statesmen who are worthily filling the gubernatorial chair of their respective States. From the Democratic as from the Republican ranks have come men of large capacity, unimpeachable integrity, and wise executive ability, whom their fellow-citizens have honored by intrusting them with the responsible functions of the governorship. *No party has a monopoly of great men.* Democrats and Republicans are patriots; they may and do differ on the question of what is the best policy in political matters, but on the great object of the highest good of the country, and their efforts to attain that good, both parties are of one mind. In the heat of party strife we are prone to forget that fact, but it is one we ought never to lose sight of; and though we naturally and properly strive to win a victory for our own particular party, we may wisely exercise Christian charity by remembering that our opponents may be as sincere in their aims and as honest in their intention to labor for the public weal as we are ourselves.

In selecting from among many honored names that of Governor St. John, we are prompted by our sympathy with the brave band of men who are waging relentless *war on the liquor traffic.* Among that intrepid army Governor St. John is a recognized leader. The struggle in which he and thousands of men are engaged is a very bitter one. In Kansas it has been victorious, and as we honor the victorious general who has overcome the enemies of his country, so we render homage to the leader who has fought and conquered in the moral warfare on the foes of national honor and prosperity. That warfare should enlist the sympathies of every patriot.

If a hostile fleet were at our shores, if a hostile army were encamped on our soil, every citizen would become a soldier, ready to wield a weapon in defence of our flag, our homes, and our hearths. But we have to-day in our midst, an enemy which is sapping our strength, draining our wealth, desolating our homes, making our wives widows, and our children fatherless. It is the worst of foes, for its approaches are so insidious that its true character is not apparent until its fell mission is accomplished. Our great men, men of noble genius, men capable of serving their generation, have called it a friend, and falling under its paralyzing power have been lost to their country, to themselves, and to God. It is against this treacherous and formidable foe that the temperance cause is fighting, and now that Kansas, the stalwart young giant of the West, has risen in its might, and driven the enemy beyond her borders, it is right that the chief citizen of that State who has played an active and vigorous part in the conflict should be known and honored by the lovers of their country throughout the land. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gladly lends its aid in such a work.

Governor St. John comes of

A CHRISTIAN FAMILY.

His grandfather, Rev. Daniel St. John, was an honored minister of the gospel, a native of Pennsylvania, who for *more than sixty years* faithfully labored in the cause of Christ. Some of his life was spent in the State of New York, and he ultimately removed to the West, where he spent his declining years, and died at Broad Ripple, Ind., at the advanced age of eighty-eight. While residing in New York State the family was blessed by the birth of a son, Samuel St. John, the father of the present Governor of Kansas. He is described as a man of good education and considerable natural ability. He settled on a farm at Brockville, Franklin County, Ind., and there, on February 25th, 1833, John P. St. John, the future Governor, was born.

Like the majority of great and good men, John P. St. John was blessed with that choicest of God's blessings, *a good mother.* She was of English extraction, a daughter of that Captain Snell who distinguished himself in the war of 1812. Of this Christian lady Governor St. John has many times spoken in words of heartfelt veneration. Her influence seems to have had great power over him from his earliest years, and to have had no slight part in moulding the character of his mind.

The narrative of *boyhood's years* is one that our young people may study with advantage. Pioneer life in the West fifty years ago was more favorable to the development of the physical than the mental powers. But this boy had a very clear idea of the value of an education. Possibly his mother had something to do with the estimate he formed, but his own persistence and untiring industry, qualities which have distinguished him all through his life, were mainly instrumental in its realization. "The chores" had to be done on the farm, morning and night. The boy was young, but he could do something to help his parents, and that little was thoroughly done. In the interval between those morning and evening labors he attended school in the little log school-house of the neighborhood, and when he returned home at night and had performed his home duties on the farm he never failed to get in his lessons before he retired to rest.

School days, however, were brief, and when, before he emerged from boyhood, he finally quitted school, he set to work on a self-imposed course of study, laying the neighborhood under tribute for such books as could be borrowed, or purchased at low rates. There is something very interesting in the picture of this farmer's boy, tired and weary in the evening with labor on the land, settling himself down by the light of the fire to voluntary study. Any one witnessing the spectacle would have said there was "grit" in the boy, and subsequent events have proved that such an opinion would have been correct.

There was, however, a trouble in the Indiana farm-house. The heart of the beloved mother was slowly breaking under a bitter sorrow. Her husband had fallen under the power of the social glass, and was fast becoming its slave. "Things about the farm were not as they used to be," is the pathetic description we have of that time, and "father was not so well off as formerly." It was decided that John should leave home to earn a living for himself, and while yet in his teens he was placed in a store at a salary of six dollars a month. That was scarcely the life for which the active lad was adapted, and before he was twenty he resolved on quitting it for more congenial pursuits.

California attracted him, and he determined to try his fortune in the Golden State. It was a hazardous enterprise for a mere boy to undertake, but he was not afraid of work; he was adventurous and ambitious. We can easily understand how anxious the mother must have been when she bade him farewell. The temptations to which he would be exposed she could imagine, and she had at her side a doleful example of what evil those temptations might achieve.

THE LAST DAY AT HOME

Governor St. John has described with much pathos. "My mother," he said, "was not cheerful and happy; how could she be? and though she never spoke of her fears or secret sorrow, yet *I saw it all, and, boy as I was,* I hated the demon, Drink, that had made such a change in my father, had broken my mother's heart, and darkened my boyhood's home; and I resolved it never should pass my lips, and anything I could say or do should be done to put the blighting curse from other homes. My mother called me to her, and said, 'John, my son, promise me you'll always be a man wherever you go.' I promised her, and wherever I went after, and whenever tempted to go astray, or do anything that I knew my mother would not approve of, *that promise kept me right.* Oh, mothers! talk to your boys and get them to promise you against everything that leads men astray; and men! when you are tempted to do wrong, to enter a saloon and imbibe the poisonous draught, think, would God want you to go in there? And if your thoughts won't go as high as that, *think of your mother,* your next best friend to God. Think whether she would have you do this thing or not; and if she would not, don't do it."

In California St. John accepted any work that offered. He had his own way to make, and he recognized no way of making it but steady, honest work. Our young men in the present day are dazzled by "lucky coups," fortunate speculations, which have indoctrinated them with a contempt for the slower process of work; but St. John chose the slow way and succeeded. Sometimes mining, sometimes working on the steamboats, or trading at others; when nothing better could be had, chopping wood, but always at work, and always careful of his money that he might be able to send home some little help to his mother, whose straitened circumstances rendered such assistance only too welcome. His connection with the steamboats proved more lucrative for St. John than his other employments, and the length of his voyages increased. He sailed to South America, to Mexico, the Sandwich Islands, and took a journey through Central America. In 1852 and 1853 the Indian wars broke out, and then St. John, with many other citizens, entered the field against the red men, was wounded twice, and several times narrowly escaped death.

During St. John's Californian experiences he commenced the study of the law. We have here another of those picturesque interiors that a Rubens might have painted. In a rough miner's cabin by the light of pine knots, on board a steamer by the faint glimmer of a lantern, or the dim light of the moon, the persistent young man, but little over twenty years of age, was seen

PORING OVER HIS LAW BOOKS.

The same tenacious hold on mental culture which distinguished him in childhood was apparent in his adolescence. It was a pursuit of knowledge under difficulties; but it was so far successful that in 1860 he was accepted as clerk by the law firm of Starkweather & McLean, of Charlton, Ill., and in a year from that time had given evidence of so much ability and learning that he was given a partnership. When the war broke out, St. John, like many other professional men both North and South, closed his office to take the field in defence of his principles. He enlisted as a private in the 68th Illinois Volunteers, but before the close of the war he had risen to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. When he returned to private life he settled at Independence, Mo., and there he remained for upward of eight years.

During the political campaign of 1868 St. John was an active worker. He visited all the towns of Western Missouri, and became well known as an effective speaker. In May, 1869, he removed to Kansas, and commenced a law business at Olatha, at first in partnership with Mr. M. V. B. Parker, but afterward alone. Three years later he was elected to the State Senate. This was the first prominent political office he had filled, though he had, while in Illinois, received from his fellow-citizens evidences of public confidence. In 1876 the nomination for Governor was tendered him, but at that time he declined it. It was, however, again offered him by the State Convention, held at Topeka on August 28th, 1878, and his friends urgently pressed him to accept it. He consented, and at once commenced an energetic campaign. He was

ELECTED GOVERNOR,

in a total vote of 138,285, by a majority of 36,812 over his principal rival, and a majority over all of 9755. Last year, in a total vote of 198,238, St John was re-elected by a majority over the next highest candidate of 51,647, and a majority over all of 32,170, a fact which shows how satisfactory to the people had been the manner in which he had discharged the duties of his office during the first term.

The chief events which have distinguished Governor St. John's administration have been the negro exodus to Kansas in 1879, and the passage of *the*

constitutional amendment last year. Both these movements are so fresh in the recollection of our readers that recapitulation is unnecessary. It is sufficient to say that even at this early date Governor St. John has had evidence that the enactment of the prohibition law has worked beneficial results in the State. An official return of the State prisons for the first nine months of this year shows that 114 prisoners have been sent to the penitentiary, while 226, or nearly double the number, were incarcerated during the corresponding period of 1880.

GLOOMY PREDICTIONS.

During the campaign there were not wanting politicians who urged that prohibition would impoverish the State, and would also prevent immigrants settling there, and especially that German immigrants would never be persuaded to make their homes in a State where lager could not be procured. Governor St. John, in a recent speech, thus criticised those predictions in the light of events which have followed the prohibition law. "Let us see if we are losing business: Take the Santa Fé road, for instance, which earned in June, 1881, $438,998 more than it did in June, 1880. Business is increasing everywhere; our State never was so prosperous; let us see whether we are losing in dollars and cents or not. I find that in the year 1876 we commenced the biennial system of assessing real property. In 1877 there was no valuation on real property, and consequently the increase was on personal property alone; it amounted to $3,648,213.52; in 1879 the increase on personal property was $6,231,468.71, and in 1881, the present year, the increase on personal property reached $10,243,611.59. *Can't we stand that kind of ruination?*

"WHERE WE LOSE.

"The population of the penitentiary, December 30th, 1880, was 725. July 1st, 1881, it was only 659; thus it will be seen that in one spot, and one only, are we losing population, and *I think we can stand it.*

"We were told that we should get no German immigration. I went down the Santa Fé road not long since, and had to ride on the rear platform of the sleeper on a camp-stool, because there was no room in the inside of the train, and when I finally got in the front car I found it *full of Germans.* I supposed, of course, that they were going to New Mexico or Colorado, where they could get whiskey and beer, but discovered that they were really going to Kansas.

"A gentleman said to a man, who seemed to be acting as interpreter for them, 'Where are these people going?' and was informed, 'To Kansas.' 'Why,' said he, '*they can get no beer there.*' The interpreter repeated the assertion to one who seemed to be a leader, then turned to the gentleman who had addressed him, and said, 'They say they are not going to Kansas for beer; that they go to secure a home for themselves and families; that *a home gives more true happiness than all the beer manufactured.*' I said to myself, they are on the right platform. They are coming to Kansas for a legitimate purpose, and we welcome them with all our hearts. We are having a better class of immigration this year than ever before.

"We are told that if we enforce this law it will depopulate the State. Over in Kansas City, some time ago, a man said to me, 'St. John, your temperance law over there in Kansas is an awful good thing for Missouri, but it is *hard on Kansas.* Only a few days ago from ten to fifteen respectable saloon-keepers came over here and went into the whiskey business, and brought their capital with them.'

"'Yes,' I replied, 'and brought their forty-rod whiskey with them also.' I tell you, my friends, every man who goes out of Kansas because he cannot lay drunk on our sidewalks, or is not allowed to make some other man drunk, does the State a benefit. Our doors are open to the down-trodden and oppressed of every land; we will say to them, Come; we will not ask your politics, your religion or your condition; we will take you by the hand and welcome you, and say, God bless you in every effort you may put forth to better your condition and the condition of your fellowmen; but if you have no higher aspiration than to come here to drink or deal in intoxicating liquors, you had better settle in some community where they give your vocation the sanction of law."

Governor St. John is an effective orator, enviably successful in the principal test of a public speaker, viz., securing and holding the attention of his audience. He speaks slowly, correctly, and distinctly, showing no hesitancy and using no rhetorical device. There is, therefore, everything in his manner to add to the impressiveness of his subject and of his felicitous style of treating it. He knows the value of illustration to add to the weight of argument, but while his memory is stocked with the aptest anecdotes, he never tells one for its own sake, or to help him out of a failure in his speech. When delivering an address in the Cooper Union, New York, about a year ago, he related the following incident which had occurred in connection with his own official duties, and it produced a sensation in the crowded assembly:

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

"A heart-broken woman came into my office with a babe in her arms to beg the pardon of her husband, who was under sentence of ten years' imprisonment in the penitentiary for homicide. She showed papers recommending the pardon from the judge who tried the man, the prosecuting attorney, and other prominent men. After closely examining the papers, I said, 'If I were to consult my personal feelings, I should gladly let your husband go, but I am bound by my official duty, and that forbids it.'

"The woman fell at my feet in a paroxysm of weeping. 'Then hear me,' she cried, 'till I tell you how he came to be where he is. We were married seven years ago; we went to a town (mentioning the place), and there in our little village we were happy. My husband was sober, industrious, and thrifty. By great exertion and self-denial we finally got our home paid for. But in an evil day the State licensed a saloon, and let it plant itself right between my husband's shop and our house. He was prospering so well that he could leave his business in other hands and lose an hour or two without feeling it. He was solicited to enter this saloon, and weakly yielded. Hour after hour he spent there, playing cards. One day he became embroiled in a drunken quarrel, and, fired by drink, struck a man and killed him.

"'He was tried and sent to the penitentiary for ten years, and I had nothing to live on. By and by the sheriff turned us out of our comfortable home into a rough shanty, neither lathed nor plastered. The cold wind came in through the walls and ceiling. My oldest boy took sick and died. Then little Tommy, my next, fell sick and died. Now this babe in my arms is sick, and I have nowhere to take it. The State licensed that saloon; the State murdered my children; and now in God's name I want you to set my husband free.' I said I would—and I *did.*"

Innumerable instances are related of men who have been induced by Governor St. John's appeals in public and in private to quit drunken habits and lead sober lives. Fully occupied as he necessarily is with official duties, an opportunity to talk to a poor drunkard is one he has never been known to neglect, and there are few Sundays on which he is not preaching Gospel temperance in some city or village in his State.

Somewhat above middle height, St. John is a fine specimen of physical manhood; robust, active, energetic, decisive in all his movements, he gives those with whom he comes in contact the impression of being vigorous in work, prompt in action, and unswerving in purpose; yet, with all his manly qualities, those who have seen him listening to a tale of distress or urging a dissipated man to forsake his evil ways, carry away a deeper impression of his delicacy, sympathetic kindness, and sensibility, for which other aspects of his character had not prepared them. It is not surprising that such a character should have aroused the unbounded enthusiasm of the citizens of Kansas, whose views are in harmony with his own, or that he should have won a regard more devoted than is usually given to a mere politician. How fervent that affection is, is manifested when the name of St. John is mentioned to a citizen of the State, one of whom, in a letter we recently received, naively says, "*We almost worship our Governor. Is it a sin?*"

ANECDOTES RELATED AT MR. MOODY'S MEETINGS IN ENGLAND.

The Minister and the Wringer.

AT Mr. Moody's midday meeting, a minister rose and said he endorsed all which had gone before, and then related the following incident: "I was holding a mission in a colliery district, and in the course of the morning, when I was inviting people to the evening meeting, I knocked at a door and found a woman at the washing-tub. I said to her, 'I called to tell you I am holding mission services at such and such a chapel, will you and your family join us?' 'Chapel,' she said; 'I am up to my eyes in washing. I have three black men coming in, and there's that wringing machine, I gave fifty shillings for it, and it's broken the first round.'

"She was in a towering passion, and I thought I would not say any more to her, so I took a look at the machine and found it was not broken, but had only slipped out of its gear, so I unscrewed it altogether, and set it right, and then said, 'Now you have been hindered, so I'll just take a turn at the wringing.' So I went to work, turn, turn, turn. At last she looked up and said: 'Where did you say the chapel was?' I told her. She said: 'I'll tell my husband to-night, and we'll come.' That woman got blessed, and her husband, and all her family, and she turned out the best worker in the village, and there was a blessed work of God in that place. She went from house to house saying, 'Come and hear the minister, it's he as mended the machine.'"

A Point not Easily Reached.—The Rev. T. Champness, at one of the Newcastle meetings, said, "Our chief difficulty is that people will not believe the Bible. I am very greatly interested in this question of how to deal with inquirers, because once for many, many months I was in doubt myself. I then read all the religious biographies I could lay my hands on, just as far as I got to the point of conversion. At last I saw it, very slowly—but I saw it—that I didn't believe the Bible. The Bible says, Christ died for the ungodly; and I have found when in my humble way I have to deal with inquirers, it is well to begin with this question, 'Do you believe the Bible?' People generally answer, 'Of course I do.' Then I ask, 'Do you believe that Christ died for you?' Again I get the same answer, 'Yes.' 'Did you thank Him?' 'Well, we cannot get up to that point.' I say, 'Supposing I was a young tradesman, and through the failure of a bank I am in difficulties. I have a creditor about to call upon me for £140, and I haven't 140 pence. But I get a letter from my grandfather—send to the bank, I will let you have £200. If I believe that, I shall not be afraid of the creditor coming on the Monday for his money. I haven't seen the money, but I say to the man, 'Go away with me to the bank, it is all right.' So I say to the inquirer, 'I can't think you believe that God died for you, and not thank Him.'"

An Infidel was Won to Christ Through witnessing the efficacy of His grace to sustain and comfort in the hour of human desolation. At the prayer-meeting on November 7th, the Rev. T. Champness said: "When I was in Africa some years ago an avowed infidel used to visit me frequently for the purpose of discussing the fundamental truths of Christianity. It was at this period that I lost my dear wife, and in the midst of my bereavement, with my lonely cross to bear, it seemed as though a blight had fallen upon my life; but the Lord helped me to continue my work, although my heart was nearly broken. My Atheist friend came one day and said, 'I never believed in Christianity before, but now, knowing as I do how fond you were of your deceased wife, and the strength of your mutual attachment, I can understand the naturally overwhelming character of your grief; and having seen the way you give God the glory and live for Him, I cannot but believe your religion is true and mighty.'"

THE TEN PLAGUES OF NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

THE PLAGUE OF PROFANITY.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Delivered Last Sunday Morning, December 18, 1881.*

"Curse God and die." JOB 2 : 9.

A Series of Catastrophes—A Wife's Advice—Job's Better Sense—Blasphemy a Plague of To-day—A Two Days' Record of Travelling Profanities—How the Swearing Habit Grows—By Children Thinking it Manly—By Example of Fathers and Employers—From Infirmity of Temper—From Profusion of Bywords—Leads to Perjury—What is the Cure?—Entreat God to Deliver—Sudden Punishment of the Habit—A Man's Tongue Cut Out in New Jersey—A Scotchman's Remarkable Death—A Blasphemer at Catskill—The Cave of Dionysius—Who is Blasphemed—The Dark Day in New England—A Great Rainbow Arch.

A STORY oriental and marvellous. Job was the richest man in all the East. He had camels and oxen and asses and sheep, and, what would have made him rich without anything else, seven sons and three daughters. It was the habit of these children to gather together for family reunion. One day, Job is thinking of his children as gathered together at a banquet at the elder brother's house.

While the old man is seated at his tent door, he sees some one running, evidently from his manner bringing bad news. What is the matter now? "Oh," says the messenger, "a foraging party of Sabeans have fallen upon the oxen and the asses, and destroyed them, and butchered all the servants except myself." Stand aside. Another messenger running. What is the matter now? "Oh," says the man, "the lightning has struck the sheep and the shepherds, and all the shepherds are destroyed except myself." Stand aside. Another messenger running. What is the matter now? "Oh," he says, "the Chaldeans have captured the camels, and slain all the camel-drivers except myself." Stand aside. Another messenger running. "What is the matter now? "Oh," he says, "a hurricane struck the four corners of the tent where your children were assembled at the banquet, and they are all dead."

But the chapter of calamity has not ended. Job was smitten with elephantiasis, or black leprosy. Tumors from head to foot—forehead ridged with tubercles—eyelashes fall out—nostrils excoriated—voice destroyed—intolerable exhalations from the entire body, until with none to dress his sores, he sits down in the ashes with nothing but pieces of broken pottery to use in the surgery of his wounds. At this moment, when he needed all encouragement, and all consolation, his wife comes in, in a fret and a rage, and says: "*This is intolerable.* Our property gone, our children slain, and now you covered up with this loathsome and disgusting disease. Why don't you swear? Curse God and die!"

Ah, Job knew right well that

SWEARING WOULD NOT CURE

one of the tumors of his agonized body, would not bring back one of his destroyed camels, would not restore one of his dead children. He knew that profanity would only make the pain more unbearable, and the poverty more distressing, and the bereavement more excruciating. But judging from the profanity abroad in our day, you might come to the conclusion that there was some great advantage to be reaped from profanity.

Blasphemy is one of the ten plagues which have smitten these great cities. You hear it in every direction. The drayman swearing at his cart, the sewing girl imprecating the tangled skein, the accountant cursing the long line of troublesome figures. Swearing at the store, swearing on the loft, swearing in the cellar, swearing on the street, swearing in the factory. Children swear. Men swear. Ladies swear! Swearing from the rough calling on the Almighty in the low restaurant, clear up to the reckless "O Lord!" of a glittering drawing-room; and the one is as much blasphemy as the other.

There are times when we must cry out to the Lord by reason of our physical agony or our mental distress, and that is only throwing out our weak hand toward the strong arm of a father. It was no profanity when James A. Garfield, in the Washington depot, cried out, "My God, what does this mean?" There is no profanity in calling out upon God in the day of trouble, in the day of darkness, in the day of physical anguish, in the day of bereavement; but I am speaking now of the triviality and of the recklessness with which the name of God is sometimes managed. The whole land is cursed with it.

A gentleman coming from the Far West sat in the car day after day behind two persons who were indulging in profanity, and he made up his mind that he would make *a record of their profanities*, and at the end of two days several sheets of paper were covered with these imprecations, and at the close of the journey he handed the manuscript to one of the persons in front of him. "Is it possible," said the man, "that we have uttered so many profanities the last few days?" "It is," replied the gentleman. "Then," said the man who had taken the manuscript, "I will never swear again."

But it is a comparatively unimportant thing if a man makes record of our improprieties of speech. The more memorable consideration is that every improper word, every oath uttered, has a record in the book of God's remembrance, and that the day will come when all our crimes of speech, if unrepented of, will be our condemnation. I shall not this morning deal in abstractions. I hate abstractions. I am going to have a plain talk with you, my brother, about a habit that you admit to be wrong.

The habit grows in the community in the fact that young people think it

MANLY TO SWEAR.

Little children, hardly able to walk straight on the street, yet having enough distinctness of utterance to let you know that they are damning their own souls, or damning the souls of others. It is an awful thing the first time the little feet are lifted to have them set down on the burning pavement of hell!

Between sixteen and twenty years of age, there is apt to come a time when a young man is as much ashamed of not being able to swear gracefully as he is of the dizziness of his first cigar. He has his hat, his boot, and his coat of the right pattern, and now, if he can only swear without awkwardness, and as well as his comrades, he believes he is in the fashion. There are young men who walk in an atmosphere of imprecation—oaths on their lips, under their tongues, nesting in their shock of hair. They abstain from it in the elegant drawing-room, but the street and the club-house ring with their profanities. They have no regard for God, although they have great respect for the ladies! My young brother, there is no manliness in that. The most ungentlemanly thing a man can do is to swear.

Fathers foster this great crime. There are parents who are very cautious not to swear in the presence of their children; in a moment of sudden anger, they look around to see if the children are present, then they indulge in this habit. Do you not know, O father, that your child is aware of the fact that you swear? He overheard you in the next room, or someone has informed him of your habit. He is practising now. In ten years he will swear as well as you do. Do not, O father, be under the delusion that you may swear and your son not know it. It is an awful thing to start the habit in a family—the father to be profane, and then to have the echo of his example come back from other generations; so that generations after generations curse the Lord.

The crime is also fostered by master-mechanics, boss carpenters, those who are at the head of men in hat factories, and in dock-yards, and at the head of great business establishments. When you go down to look at the work of the scaffolding, and you find it is not done right, what do you say? It is not praying, is it? The employer swears—his employé is tempted to swear. The man says: "I don't know why my employer, worth $50,000 or $100,000 should have any luxury I should be denied simply because I am poor. Because I am poor and dependent on a day's wages, haven't I as much right to swear as he has with his large income." Employers swear, and that makes so many employés swear.

The habit also comes from *infirmity of temper.* There are a good many people who, when they are at peace, have righteousness of speech, but when angered they blaze with imprecation. Perhaps all the rest of the year they talk in right language, but now they pour out the fury of a whole year in one red hot paragraph of five minutes. I knew of a man who excused himself for the habit, saying: "I only swear once in a great while. I must do that just to clear myself out."

The habit comes also from the profuse

USE OF BYWORDS.

The transition from a byword which may be perfectly harmless to imprecation and profanity, is not a very large transition. It is "my stars!" and "mercy on me!" and "good gracious!" and "by George!" and "by Jove!" and you go on with that a little while, and then you swear. These words, perfectly harmless in themselves, are the next door to imprecation and blasphemy. A profuse use of bywords always ends in profanity. *The habit is creeping up* into the highest styles of society. Women have no patience with flat and unvarnished profanity. They will order a man out of the parlor indulging in blasphemy, and yet you will sometimes find them with fairy fan to the lip, and under chandeliers which bring no blush to their cheek, taking on their lips the holiest of names in utter triviality.

Why my friends, the English language is comprehensive and capable of expressing all shades of feeling and every degree of energy. Are you happy, Noah Webster will give you ten thousand words with which to express your exhilaration. Are you righteously indignant, there are whole armories in the vocabulary, righteous vocabulary—whole armies of denunciation, and scorn, and sarcasm, and irony, and caricature, and wrath. You express yourself against some meanness, or hypocrisy in all the oaths that ever smoked up from the pit, and I will come right on after you and give a thousandfold more emphasis of denunciation to the same meanness and the same hypocrisy in words across which no slime has ever trailed, and into which the fires of hell have never shot their forked tongues—the pure, the innocent, God-honored Anglo-Saxon in which Milton sang, and John Bunyan dreamed, and Shakspeare dramatized.

There is no excuse for profanity when we have such a magnificent language—such a flow of good words, potent words, mighty words, words just to suit every crisis and every case. Whatever be the cause of it, profanity is on the increase, and if you do not know, it it is because your ears have been hardened by the din of imprecations so that you are not stirred and moved as you ought to be by profanities in these cities which are enough to bring a hurricane of fire like that which consumed Sodom.

Do you know that this trivial use of God's name results in perjury? Do you know that people take the name of God on their lips in recklessness and thoughtlessness are fostering the crime of perjury? Make the name of God a foot-ball in the community, and it has no power when in court-room and in legislative assembly it is employed in solemn adjuration. See the way sometimes they administer the oath: "S'help you God—kiss the book!" Smuggling, which is always a violation of the oath, becomes in some circles a grand joke. You say to a man: "how is it possible for you to sell these goods so very cheap? I can't understand it." "Ah!" he replies, with a twinkle of the eye, "the Custom House tariff of these goods isn't as much as it might be." An oath does not mean as much as it would were the name of God used in reverence and in solemnity. Why is it that so often jurors render unaccountable verdicts, and judges give unaccountable charges, and useless railroad schemes pass in our State capitals, and there are most unjust changes made in tariffs—tariff lifted from one thing and put upon another?

* An authentic report, revised and approved by Dr. Talmage.

WHAT IS AN OATH?

Anything solemn? Anything that calls upon the Almighty? Anything that marks an event in a man's history? Oh, no! It is kissing the book! There is no habit, I tell you plainly—and I talk to hundreds and thousands of men this morning who will thank me for my utterances—I tell you, my brother—I talk to you not professionally but just as one brother talks to another on some very important theme—I tell you there is no habit that so depletes a man's nature as the habit of profanity. You might as well try to raise vineyards and orchards on the sides of belching Stromboli as to raise anything good on a heart from which there pours out the scoria of profanity. You may swear yourself down; *you cannot swear yourself up.* When the Mohammedan finds a piece of paper he cannot read, he puts it aside very cautiously for fear the name of God may be on it. That is one extreme. We go to the other.

Now

WHAT IS THE CURE

of this habit? It is a mighty habit. Men have struggled for years to get over it. There are men in this house of God this morning who would give half their fortune to get rid of it. An aged man was in the delirium of a fever. He had for many years lived a most upright life and was honored in all the community; but when he came into the delirium of this fever he was full of imprecation and profanity, and they could not understand it. After he came to his right reason he explained it. He said: "When I was a young man I was very profane. I conquered the habit, but I had to struggle all through life. You haven't for forty years heard me say an improper word, but it has been an awful struggle. *The tiger is chained*, but he is alive yet."

If you would get rid of this habit, I want you, my friends, to dwell upon the uselessness of it. Did a volley of oaths ever start a heavy load? Did they ever extirpate meanness from a customer? Did they ever collect a bad debt? Did they ever cure a toothache? Did they ever stop the twinge of the rheumatism? Did they ever help you forward one step in the right direction? Come now, tell me, ye who have had the most experience in this habit, how much have you made out of it? Five thousand dollars in all your life? No. One thousand? No. One hundred? No. One dollar? No. One cent? No. If the habit be so utterly useless, away with it.

But you say "I have struggled to overcome the habit a long while, and I have not been successful." You struggled in your own strength, my brother. If ever a man wants God, it is in such a crisis of his history. God alone by His grace can emancipate you from that trouble. Call upon Him day and night that you may be delivered from this crime. Remember also in the cure of this habit that it arouses God's indignation. The Bible reiterates from chapter to chapter and verse after verse, the fact that it is accursed for this life and that it makes a man miserable for eternity.

INSTANCES OF AWFUL PUNISHMENT.

There is not a sin in all the catalogue that is so often peremptorily and suddenly punished in this world as the sin of profanity. There is not a city or a village but can give an illustration of a man struck down at the moment of imprecation. At New Brunswick, N. J., just before I went there as a student, this occurrence took place in front of the college. On the rail-track a man had uttered a horrid oath. He saw not that the rail-train was coming. The locomotive struck him and instantly dashed his life out. The peculiarity of the circumstance was that the physicians examining his body found hardly a bruise except that *his tongue was cut out!* There was no mystery about it. He cursed God and died.

In Scotland a club assembled every week for purposes of wickedness, and there was a competition as to which could use the most horrid oath, and the man who succeeded was to be president of the club. The competition went on. A man uttered an oath which confounded all his comrades, and he was made president of the club. His tongue began to swell, and it protruded from the mouth, and he could not draw it in, and he died, and the physicians said: "This is the strangest thing we ever saw: we never saw any account in the books like unto it: we can't understand it." I understand it. He cursed God and died.

At Catskill, N. Y., a group of men stood in a blacksmith's shop during a violent thunder storm. There came a crash of thunder and some of the men trembled. One man said: "Why, I don't see what you are afraid of. I am not afraid to go out in front of the shop and defy the Almighty. I am not afraid of the lightning." And he laid a wager on the subject, and he went out, and he shook his fist at the heavens, crying, "*Strike, if you dare!* and instantly, he fell under a bolt. What destroyed him? Any mystery about it? Oh, no. He cursed God and died.

Oh, my brother, God will not allow this sin to go unpunished. There are styles of writing with manifold sheets, so that a man writing on one leaf writes clear through ten, fifteen, or twenty sheets, and so every profanity we utter goes right down through the leaves of the book of God's remembrance. It is no exceptional sin. Do you suppose you could count the profanities of last week—the profanities of office, store, shop, factory? They cursed God, they cursed His word, they cursed His only begotten Son.

Yesterday morning, on Fulton Street, as I was passing along, I heard a man swear by the name of Jesus. My hair lifted. My blood ran cold. My breath caught. My foot halted. Do you not suppose that God is aggravated? Do you not suppose that God knows about it? Dionysius used to have a cave in which his culprits were incarcerated, and he listened at the top of that cave and he could hear every groan, he could hear every sigh, and he could hear every whisper of those who were imprisoned. He was a tyrant. God is not a tyrant; but He bends over this world and He hears everything—every voice of praise—every voice of imprecation. He hears it all. The oaths seem to die on the air, but *they have eternal echo.* They come back from the ages to come.

LISTEN! LISTEN!

"All blasphemers shall have their place in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." And if, according to the theory of some, a man commits in the next world the sins which he committed in this world—if unpardoned, unregenerated—think of a man's going on cursing the name of God to all eternity!

The habit grows. You start with a small oath, you will come to the large oath. I saw a man die with an oath between his teeth. Voltaire only gradually came to his tremendous imprecation; but the habit grew on him until in the last moment, supposing Christ stood at the bed, he exclaimed, "Christ, that wretch! Christ, that wretch!" Oh, my brother, you begin to swear and there is nothing impossible for you in the wrong direction.

Who is this God whose name you are using in swearing? Who is He? Is He a tyrant? Has He pursued you all your life long? Has He starved you, frozen you, tyrannized over you? No. He has loved you, He has sheltered you, He watched you last night, He will watch you to-night. He wants to love you, wants to help you, wants to save you, wants to comfort you. He was your father's God and your mother's God. He has housed them, saved them from the blast, and He wants to shelter you. Will you spit in His face by an imprecation? Will you ever thrust Him back by an oath?

Who is this Jesus whose name I heard in the imprecation? Has He pursued you all your life long? What vile thing has He done to you that you should so dishonor His name? Why, He was the Lamb whose blood simmered in the fires of sacrifice for you. He is the brother that took off His crown that you might put it on. He has pursued you all your life long with mercy. He wants you to love Him, wants you to serve Him. He comes with streaming eyes and broken heart and blistered feet to save you. On the craft of our doomed humanity He pushed out into the sea to take you off the wreck.

Where is the hand that will ever be lifted in imprecation again? Let that hand, now blood tipped, be lifted that I may see it. Not one. Where is the voice that will ever be uttered in dishonoring the name of that Christ? Let it speak now. Not one. Not one. Oh! I am glad to know that all these vices of the community and these crimes of our city will be gone. Society is going to be bettered. The world by the power of Christ's Gospel is going to be saved, and this crime, this iniquity, and all the other iniquities will vanish before the rising of the Sun of Righteousness upon the nation.

There was

ONE DAY IN NEW ENGLAND

memorable for storm and darkness. I hardly ever saw such an evening. The clouds which had been gathering all day unlimbered their batteries. The Housatonic, which flows quietly save as the paddles of pleasure parties rattle the oarlocks, was lashed into foam, and the waves hardly knew where to lay themselves.

Oh! what a time it was. The hills jarred under the rumbling of God's chariots. Blinding sheets of rain drove the cattle to the bars, or beat against the window pane as though to dash it in. The grain fields threw their crowns of gold at the feet of the storm king. When night came in it was a double night. Its mantle was torn with the lightnings and into its locks were twisted the leaves of uprooted oaks, and the shreds of canvas torn from the masts of the beached shipping. It was such a night as makes you thank God for shelter, and open the door to let in the spaniel howling outside with terror.

We went to sleep under the full blast of heaven's great orchestra, the forests with uplifted voices, in chorus that filled the mountains, praising the Lord. We woke not until the fingers of the sunny morn touched our eyelids. We looked out the window and Housatonic slept as quiet as an infant's dream!" Pillars of clouds set against the sky looked like the castles of the blest built for heavenly hierarchs on the beach of the azure sea. All the trees sparkled as though there had been some great grief in heaven, and each leaf had been God-appointed to catch an angel's tear. It seemed as if our Father had looked upon the earth, *His wayward child*, and stooped to her tear-wet cheek and kissed it.

So will the darkness of sin and crime leave our world before the dawn of the morning. The light shall gild the city spire and strike the forests of Maine to the masts of Mobile, and one end resting on the Atlantic coast, the other resting on the Pacific beach, God will spring a great rainbow arch of peace, in token of everlasting covenant that the world shall never more see a deluge of crime. God save the city! God save the nation!

A Tunnel Through the Pyrenees is a Scheme now engaging the attention of European engineers and capitalists. The tunnel will be four miles long, and it is expected that the communication it will afford between France and Spain will contribute materially to the commercial prosperity of both nations. Antiquated military circles in both countries are the only opponents of the plan. Several foreign and native companies offer to undertake the work immediately. The efforts which this generation has seen to facilitate intercourse between different countries and to overcome natural obstacles to international communication is one of the most prominent characteristics of this age, and prophecy informs us that it would be a sign distinguishing the final chapter of this dispensation.

An Appropriate Monument to a Beloved daughter was dedicated in Brooklyn on December 11th, when Bishop Peck preached in the new Seamen's Bethel. The lot and building are the gift of a New York merchant, who believed that in erecting an edifice for the spiritual benefit of sailors temporarily in the port, he was best testifying to his love for his dear dead daughter. A tablet in the wall near the pulpit bears witness to the object. On it is the following inscription: "In memory of Julia C. Mead, *whose devotion to Jesus' poor friends* led her father, Edwin Mead, of New York, with his sons, to consecrate this property to the Bethel Ship Norwegian Methodist Episcopal Church. To the poor the Gospel is preached. The abundance of the sea should be converted to Him. Glory be to God alone."

SYLPH SOMERS.

A New Serial Story, by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(*Continued from page 791.*)

Wesley's Proposal—Good-by to Chester—Captain Vaughan's Attachment—Journey to Ireland—A Narrow Escape — Runaway Horses Bravely Stopped—Seasickness—Wesley's Blessing.

We shall pass over all incidents in connection with Doctor Gilbart's burial (which took place in the cathedral) to the day of Sylph's departure. Captain Vaughan followed the hearse as a mourner, and poor Hugh, the doctor's Welsh valet, was inconsolable. "Oh, the poor doctor! oh, the poor doctor!" he sobbed out, as the clay, whose sound ever startles those who hear it, rattled upon the coffin.

After the funeral not a day passed without a visit from Captain Vaughan to the Rows. He went, he said, on a mission of consolation to the sorrowing Sylph, but we suspect, although he did not acknowledge it even to himself, that there was another motive. The fact is, the charm of Sylph's beautiful face and character had thrown their fascination around the young officer. Nor was Sylph much less interested in Captain Vaughan than he was in her. His Christian principles, his handsome face and manly form, his courage and self-forgetfulness, all appealed to her maidenly heart. Hence, notwithstanding her heavy griefs and troubles, thoughts about him she discovered came up very often before her.

Neither of them, however, realized how close they were to each other's hearts, until the morning of Sylph's setting out. Then the pain of separation, which each felt, revealed to them the fact of a mutual passion. Time, however, was not given for an open understanding, and with a warmth of grasp from the hand of Captain Vaughan, coupled with a look more eloquent than words, Sylph, accompanied in the chaise by an elderly gentleman, started on the road to Conway, amid the blessings and tears of a crowd of her poor clients, who had come to bid her farewell and witness her departure. "Alas!" cried the poor Welsh weaver, as he saw the carriage vanish in the distance, "Alas, this day for the city of Chester, 'The winter of its discontent is come,' and its Somer's departed."

Conway was reached in safety, and there, under the shadow of the grand old castle, Sylph's elderly escort handed her over to the yet more venerable guardianship of Wesley, who, pronouncing a blessing "upon her fair young head," received her into his carriage.

Space would fail us to record the conversation of her illustrious companion upon this journey, never forgotten by Sylph in all her future history. Every word showed the pure and lofty atmosphere he breathed. The day was breezy and bright, and the surface of the sea, crisped by the wind, rose and fell in a dancing radiance.

"See there," he said, as they passed along the bold sea-shore. "See how brightly those waves, far out from land, gleam in the sunlight, and yet break into a purer and more dazzling whiteness as they leap upon the shore. Is it not beautiful? It speaks to me, dear child of God," he went on, "of the Christian's history. Out upon the open sea of life, my daughter, the saint of the Lord, as putting on righteousness, is clothed, in holy sheen, and reflects the glory of his Saviour. But what is that, to what shall be, when perfect in holiness he reaches the heavenly shore of the golden land. One touch of that celestial, and he rises in a moment into all the life and love of Heaven, and shall shine in snow-white robes, bright with purest rays of uncreated light, forever!"

Another incident of the journey we also must record. It exhibits what some have deemed the weaker side, or the vein of credulity and fanaticism, which, as human, certainly ran more or less through this wonderful man's character. We pass no opinion upon Wesley's interpretation of what occurred, but narrate an actual occurrence,* and this because of its influence in after days upon Sylph.

Penmaen-mawr is a naked and gloomy mass of rock, rising abruptly fifteen hundred feet and more above the sea, some distance beyond Conway. Toward the close of last century the government were induced to assist in forming a good road around this stupendous natural obstruction; but, at the period before us, this highway though begun had not been completed, and the only method of surmounting the gigantic headland was by a steep zig-zag road, narrow and unprotected. The view seaward from the summit of this mountain path was magnificent, but the traveller was not often in a mood to enjoy it; the awful and dizzy steep close at hand was too suggestive of peril.

The chaise, in which were the aged Wesley and Sylph, painfully wound its way up the tortuous and rugged promontory, and safely reached the topmost elevation, the prospect from which to Sylph, who had never before this day seen the open sea, was simply entrancing, and gave her the delightful consciousness of enlarged thought and "a new sensation."

Even down the more perilous path on the other side of the great "Stone Head," as its Welsh name signifies, the chaise had worked its laborious way, safely overcoming every difficulty and danger, but scarcely had the horses reached the level road than off they set, as though scared by an apparition.

Sylph was filled witn alarm, which was much increased in a minute or two by seeing the driver of the chaise fall off the coach-box; but Wesley was undisturbed and calm. "Trust in the Lord and be at peace, my daughter," he cried to the agitated Sylph. "'He shall give His angels charge over thee.' True," he continued, "there are demon angels as well as good—the spirits of the power of the air, as the Scripture calls them; but their might, as thou knowest, is under restraint and limited—so far can they go but no farther; and behold the proof of this, my daughter. No power had they to inspire panic in our horses until we had passed that stage of our journey where it would have been our destruction. And look behind thee; even our driver's life has been guarded, for though cast to the ground, he lives unhurt, and is following us on the road."

"Yes," said Sylph, half covering her eyes in fear; "but see, the road before us, though level, is rough and winding, and the carriage drives hither and thither, and to strike the wall of rock on the one hand, or to fall into the steep hollow ditch on the other, will be destruction."

"Still, be calm and of good cheer," said Wesley. "He that calleth forth the stars by number, as a flock of sheep, and guides them in their courses, and makes the clouds His chariot, also rules our way, and no harm shall befall us. Only believe, my daughter—yes, believe—and thou art safe."

Wesley's words continued for a time miraculously true. A heavily laden cart was in the road before the horses in their headlong flight, and then a narrow bridge, and after that a pile of broken stone jutting far forward into the highway; but, as though guided by the most unerring skill, the horses avoided them all, just grazing the cart, kept the exact middle of the bridge, and swept, with mathematical exactness, round the stony cairn.

"Thanks unto the Lord, whose angel bands guide our perilous path!" exclaimed Wesley. "It is the Lord's hosts, my daughter, and this is another Mahanaim."*

But after a little looking onward Sylph saw a closed gate, standing, as it seemed, across the whole road, having this appearance from a sharp bend of the highway; and a collision seemed inevitable. She felt a strong impulse to scream, but pressing her hands hard to her face and mouth she restrained herself.

"Thou doest right, my daughter," said Wesley again, who had observed the movement and the reason of it; "thou doest right, my daughter," he repeated. "Let not, even now, thy faith and courage fail thee. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints; and the very hairs of our heads are all numbered. Even in this extremity He will not fail us, for His angels are round about them that fear Him."

His words seemed prophetic, for the horses, rushing on in wild gallop, were unable to take the sharp turn of the road, and bore themselves and the carriage straight against the barred entrance; but there was, neither to Wesley nor to Sylph, a ruinous collision. The end of the chariot-pole struck exactly the centre of the gate, bore intact itself the tremendous blow, but shivered the gate into a thousand fragments.

The terrified animals, startled still more by the flying pieces falling thick around them, scampered more furiously across the field they had entered, and covered with foam, tore on blindly with the chaise behind them.

The field now entered upon by the still careering horses was a long and narrow one, and after some distance, rose rather steeply; and this steepness ended abruptly in a precipitous height which overhung the sea. This peculiar conformation of the ground was recognizable by Sylph and Wesley; for a great sweep of the land in crescent form on one side the field gave them to see the waves wildly dashing at the foot of a beetling wall of rock; and it was certain that the part of the headland not directly visible, and toward which they were being swiftly borne, was just as exposed and precipitous. The horses, as though guided by a demon hand, galloped straight on for this perpendicular height, and in headlong speed, as though driven by the furies; and Sylph's fortitude sank. Pale with fear, she looked into the face of Wesley for a renewal of her trembling faith and failing courage.

"Our ghostly enemies, my daughter," he said; "are, indeed, strangely persistent in their malignity, and hunger for our lives; but for myself I do not heed their rage, and mock their fury. I am and have been for years, my daughter, the servant of the Lord. He has given me a mighty work to do. Much of it I have already done; but the whole is not yet accomplished; and until it is done I know full well this mortal life of mine, whatever seems to threaten, shall not fail.

"But as for thee, my daughter, I cannot so surely speak. Thou hast not had my great mission committed to thee as a pledge of perpetuation to thy life. What if this hour, then, thou surrenderest thyself, in full devotion, to the Lord? Let it be so, my daughter—let it be so. It will fling an ægis round thy life that will render thee invulnerable to all the shafts of hell; and even in this dread moment of thy history will preserve thee."

Sylph had scarcely time to make this resolve—even if prepared and prompt, for such an absolute surrender, before affairs came, at length, to a sudden and happy crisis. Within a few yards of the great wall of rock which has been spoken of, and over which the sea far beneath was visible, a horseman, who had seen their danger and who had leaped his steed over the wall next the road, with a rare courage, galloped between and shouted and waved his hands. In a moment the horses of the chaise, strange to say, came to a full stop, driving both Sylph and Wesley forward from the sudden halt in their impetus. But their safety was assured, for the animals, hitherto uncontrollable in their terror, suffered themselves to be quietly led through a field-gate at hand, and on to the highway.

After this exciting incident nothing further of moment occurred on the road, and Holyhead was arrived at in time for the "Claremont" Dublin Packet. The passage across the Channel was tedious and rough, and Sylph, never before at sea, suffered the usual unpleasant consequences, and her troubles in this respect were shared in by her aged companion, who, "chosen vessel" and angel-guarded as he felt himself to be, was not exempted, it was proved, from the common ills of life. Of this voyage he thus writes in his journal—"The wind stood fair for three or four hours; it then turned against us and blew hard. I do not remember I ever was so sick at sea before, but this was little to the cramp, which held most of the night with little intermission."

Wesley had ministered to Sylph both in a time of sorrow and a time of danger; glad was she now, as more free from pain than he was, to soothe his mind with gentle, loving words, and to alleviate his sufferings.

* Not, however, in chronological order or locality.

* Genesis 32 : 2.

At length the quay of Dublin, after a two days' passage, was reached. A good night's sleep had greatly recovered Wesley, so that, taking Sylph with him, he went up at once to what he calls the New Room, and it being Sunday, he preached with his wonted unction and power to a crowded congregation.

In a day or two afterward Sylph's friends, Mr. and Mrs. Denzille, took over his young charge from Wesley, having come up to the city for this purpose.

Tender was the parting of the snowy headed patriarch from Sylph. She kneeled at his feet, and bending down her golden-tressed head, asked his blessing. Placing his hands upon her, and raising his eyes in rapt devotion to heaven, he said: "'The Lord bless thee and keep thee,' my daughter; 'The Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace'; and, in life and in death, may Christ be to thee most precious."

He kissed her as she rose from her knees, and then, embracing her, bid her a long and loving farewell. She never saw him more, for in two years afterward he died, with the words, "the best of all is, God is with us," upon his lips; words which are treasured up by his followers as an encouragement and a watchword, and whose prophetic truth, all will admit, has been proved in the history of Methodism.

(To be continued.)

THE KING: HIS PREDICTED WARFARE, VICTORY, AND MARRIAGE.

By Rev. William Maude.

(Continued from page 791.)

THE BRIDE'S BEAUTY.

"So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty." What a pathetic yet powerful picture is that in which the prophet Ezekiel represents the origin of the daughter of Jerusalem as a wretched infant cast out and left to perish, in contrast with the regal dignity and surpassing beauty to which, through the unmerited favor of God, she was ultimately exalted (see Ezekiel 16 : 1–4). "When her renown went forth among the heathen for her beauty; for it was perfect through my comeliness, which I had put upon thee, saith the Lord God." And, notwithstanding her many backslidings, her fornication with many lovers, as the prophet expresses it, and her final rejection of the King himself, when He "came unto His own possessions, and they that were His own received Him not," how great and unalterable has been the love of Jehovah for His Israel! How does He let the fulness of His everlasting love pour forth in the wondrous language of the fifty-fourth of Isaiah.

Moreover, Israel's faithful and loving husband is at the same time her Divine Lord. "He is thy Lord; and worship thou Him." And so Isaiah, in the chapter which we have just quoted, says, addressing Israel: "For thy Maker is thine husband, the Lord of hosts is His name; and thy Redeemer the Holy one of Israel; the God of the whole earth shall He be called" (Isaiah 54 : 5).

Once Israel's trust was in Moses and his law, and her proudest boast, "We have Abraham for our father;" but when again restored from all her wanderings, redeemed out of the hand of all her enemies, and joined unto Christ in that new covenant of which Isaiah speaks when he says, as quoted by the Apostle in the Epistle to the Hebrews: "This is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord; I will put my laws into their minds, and write them in their hearts: and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to Me a people;" then, in truth, shall "Israel rejoice in Him that made him, and the children of Zion be joyful in their King" (Psalm 149 : 2).

The addresses to the King and Queen, descriptive of the glory and beauty of each, being finished the Psalmist, in prophetic vision, now sees, as it were,

THE BRIDAL PROCESSION,

from the house of the Bride to the palace of the Monarch, set forth; the Bride being carried in a magnificent litter or palanquin—such as we read of in the Song of Solomon (3 : 9, 10), surrounded by her maidens; and as the joyous procession advances, the following chant is raised:

"The King's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold. She shall be brought unto the King in raiment of needlework; the virgins her companions that follow her shall be brought unto thee. With gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought. They shall enter into the King's palace."

A curious misinterpretation has arisen in connection with the words, "The King's daughter is all glorious *within*;" as though the reference were to some inward and spiritual glory of purity and virtue, in contrast to the outward adornment of her person which is immediately afterward spoken of. But this is not the meaning of the word, which refers to the *interior*, either, by anticipation, the palace to which she is being conducted; or, as we apprehend, to the interior of the splendid litter in which she sits curtained from the too-curious gaze of the spectators. The statement that her clothing is of "wrought gold" has also caused the commentators some perplexity, but it refers in all probability to the "variegated or embroidered garments" in which the Bride is arrayed, such as we read of in Ezekiel 16 : 18; 26 : 16.

The mention of the "virgins," the "companions" of the Jewish Bride, suggests a very interesting question of prophetic interpretation—namely, the relation in which this Psalm may be supposed to stand to the parable of the Ten Virgins, and how they can best be interpreted harmoniously and so as to illustrate and confirm each other. Into this matter we cannot enter fully here, but a few points may be mentioned which will perchance help to guide those who are disposed to study the question further into the right line of interpretation.

THE VIRGIN-COMPANIONS.

In the first place, then, we cannot fail to notice that whereas in the Psalm the Bride occupies the prominent place, her virgin-companions appearing only in a subsidiary position, in the parable the virgins engross the whole attention, the Bride not being so much as mentioned. Again, while clearly in the Psalm it is the procession of the Bride which is described, from her own home to the palace of her royal spouse; in the parable, on the contrary, it is the Bridegroom, *returning from the wedding* (comp. Luke 12 : 37), whom the ten virgins go forth to meet.

And so, once more, whereas in the Psalm *all* the virgin-companions of the Bride enter with her, "with gladness and rejoicing" (literally, "with great joy and exultation"), into the King's palace; in the parable it is only the "wise virgins," those who, having provided themselves with a due supply of oil, are found "ready" when the Bridegroom appears, who find admission to the marriage supper of the Lamb, while even their joy must, one would think, be more or less overwhelmed by the exclusion, for a time at least, if not forever, of their former companions.

But we must hasten to the close. In the next verse of the Psalm the prophet's standpoint seems again changed. The Bride has arrived at the King's palace, the marriage festivities are concluded, and the royal pair are established in their regal authority and dominion. Finally, therefore, he has a word to say as to

THE GLORIOUS RESULTS OF THEIR UNION.

"Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth." We have here the germ of Isaiah's more explicit prophecy, already quoted, in which he declares that the heretofore barren one's children shall be more in number than those of the married wife, as well as the echo of God's great promise to Abraham that he should be "a father of many nations," yea "the heir of the world" (Genesis 17 : 5; Romans 4 : 13); for, as it is elsewhere written, "He shall cause them that come of Jacob to take root; Israel shall blossom and bud, and fill the face of the world with fruit" (Isaiah 27 : 6).

But it must be borne carefully in mind that *the time* for the accomplishment of these promises and the branching out of Israel into a multitude of nations *belongs not to this but the coming millennial age*, inasmuch as it is the result of the glorious union of the Jewish Bride with the King Messiah, the time of which union, as has been clearly shown, is not before the Second Advent. Hence all theories which would find their present fulfilment in the vast increase and wide dispersion of the Anglo-Saxon race are but unscriptural attempts to antedate the purposes of God and give to Gentiles what is solely the heritage of the Jews. Nevertheless the prophecy shall in God's own good time and way be accomplished, and in the sure anticipation of this the Psalmist concludes his glorious epithalamium in these words: "I will make thy name to be remembered in all generations; therefore shall the peoples praise thee for ever."

Yes, "His name shall endure for ever; His name shall be continued as long as the sun; and men shall be blessed in Him; all nations shall call Him blessed. Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things. And blessed be His glorious name for ever; and let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen, and Amen" (Psalm 72 : 17–19).

Messrs. Moody and Sankey, after an Absence of more than six years, renewed their evangelistic work on Wednesday, November 23d, in the city of Edinburgh, Scotland. The first meeting was held in the Free Assembly Hall, at three o'clock, but long before that time every inch of available space was occupied, and many persons were unable to gain admission. Messrs. Moody and Sankey were accompanied by a large number of clergymen and others. After singing and prayer, oral and silent, Mr. Moody delivered an address on "The Holy Spirit," which was listened to with breathless attention. An evening meeting was held in the United Presbyterian Synod Hall, and Mr. Moody spoke with much power on "Triumphs of Faith."

The Solution of the Opium Problem has hitherto been impeded by British financiers, on the ground that if India were not permitted to send opium into China, the chief and almost the sole source of Indian revenue would be destroyed. An effort is now being made that appears to hold out hope of such a deficiency arising from a discontinuance of the iniquitous traffic being supplied by increased cultivation of Indian cotton. A deputation of cotton spinners have recently waited on the British Government to urge the propriety of government assistance. They state that there is no reason why cotton of a quality equal to broach should not be grown in India in such quantity as would sell in Liverpool at four and a quarter to four and a half pence per pound. They point out that under the conditions now existing a series of bad seasons in the American cotton district would reduce Oldham to beggary. More Indian cotton is wanted, and they consider that the output of India might be increased fivefold. In this way it is possible that God may be preparing the way to the abolition of the trade which British Christians view with horror and shame.

A Railway Ride in Spain, from Figueras to Barcelona, is thus described by a Christian lady: "The carriage was full of passengers, and, lifting up my heart to God, I asked that a message might be given me to each one in the compartment. Offering the man who sat next me a Bible text, I found he was a Spiritualist. A long and interesting conversation ensued, and since then I have had the privilege of preaching the Gospel in that man's shop in a neighboring town. On the other side of the carriage sat a respectable man, a very superior Spaniard, with his wife and pretty little daughter. The Spiritualist whispered, 'Don't speak to him, he is a bigoted Catholic.' I felt that I must, and so I asked, 'Can the little one read?' 'Oh, yes,' said the man, 'she has been well taught.' I then asked her to read a text-card, and selecting that straight knock-down to Popery, '*There is one Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus*,' I gave it to the little girl, who read it aloud, while all the passengers listened eagerly. A conversation followed with the man, whose attention was thus won. I afterward gained the hearing of a soldier, and with him also had a few pointed words. Thus I was enabled to bear testimony *to all* in the railway carriage, and of the seed thus sown who can tell the fruit?"

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THE past year has been one of great prosperity for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and the Publishers for the third time record their acknowledgments to Almighty God for the favor thus steadily and abundantly bestowed.

The Subscription List is a little more than fifty per cent larger than it was at this time last year; and, as the sermons of Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon, which make the leading feature of the paper, are also its principal means of doing good, the publishers can, without self-glorification, express the satisfaction with which they send out thousands upon thousands of copies of those faithful statements of the way of salvation every week. They are read on Sabbaths in many solitary homes where the visit of the circuit preacher does not occur oftener than once a month.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has also prospered financially. For, as our terms are always cash in advance, every subscription means a receipted bill, and we have neither outstanding accounts nor doubtful assets.

Our relations with our subscribers also have been of the pleasantest kind, with no harassing for payment and no disputes about bills. We have adhered to a rule with which we started, and which we believe to be required by Christian courtesy; viz., to reply by return of post to every inquiry from a subscriber.

We hereby tender our thanks to *eight hundred agents* through whose exertions we have largely built up our circulation. Some are aged persons, who find that means of livelihood within their failing strength; some are young children, who take it as an easy way to earn pocket-money; and others are men and women in the prime of life who have chosen canvassing as their professional business; while not a few are to be included in the number, who, out of sheer good will and without a thought of gain, go to work to promote the circulation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in the usefulness of which they conscientiously believe.

Now we shall be glad to enter renewals for 1882 as early as it is convenient for our subscribers to send them, and we repeat our offer to mail a circular of agent's terms and a package of sample copies to any person who contemplates canvassing for the paper.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, was nominated by the President on December 12th to be Secretary of State. The Senate, as is usual in cases where the nominee has once been a United States Senator, confirmed the nomination without reference to a committee. The Republican press of both wings and the majority of Democratic journals have expressed approval of the nomination on the ground that Mr. Frelinghuysen is an able lawyer and *a safe administrator*. These qualities are especially necessary in a Secretary of State, because an error of judgment or an anxiety to make a brilliant record might embroil the nation in unpleasant diplomatic complications with the governments of Europe or South America. Mr. Frelinghuysen belongs to a family conspicuous in the history of the Republic. His grandfather was a delegate from New Jersey to the Continental Congress in 1775, 1778, 1779, and 1782. He is the nephew and adopted son of Theodore Frelinghuysen, who sat in the United States Senate from 1829 to 1833, and who was nominated for the Vice-Presidency by the Whigs in 1844 on the same ticket with Henry Clay. In that election James K. Polk and George M. Dallas were elected. The new Secretary of State was born in 1817, graduated at Rutgers College in 1836, and after serving as Attorney-General of New Jersey from 1861 to 1866 he was elected United States Senator from that State. He sat in the Senate from 1866 to 1877. General Grant offered him the post of minister to England, but Mr. Frelinghuysen declined the honor. He took a prominent part in the Presidential controversy of 1876, and advocated the claim of Mr. Hayes before the Electoral Commission. Mr. J. C. Bancroft Davis, of New York, is nominated to be *Assistant Secretary of State*. Mr. Davis was the agent of the United States at Geneva on the arbitration of the Alabama question, and at present is an Associate Justice of the United States Court of Claims. He is fifty-nine years of age.

The President sent to the Senate on Friday the nomination of Benjamin H. Brewster, of Pennsylvania, to be Attorney-General. Mr. Brewster is a well-known lawyer of Philadelphia, and has frequently been named by amateur cabinet-makers for a Cabinet position. He was appointed by Governor Geary in 1867 Attorney-General of Pennsylvania, and sat on a commission appointed by President Polk to arbitrate on the Cherokee Indian claims; which public positions are the only two he has yet held. Mr. MacVeagh, whom Mr. Brewster succeeds, had so high an opinion of his abilities that he selected him to prosecute in the Star Route cases. Three changes have now been made in the Cabinet, in each of which a member of the Stalwart wing of the party takes the place of a representative of the section currently denominated "Half-breed."

The Principal Witnesses in the Trial of the assassin Guiteau, last week, were medical experts. Mr. Spitzka, of New York, unhesitatingly pronounced the prisoner insane. He formed the opinion before he examined him, from his letters, statements, and published works, as well as from the pictures of him which have appeared in the illustrated journals. That opinion was confirmed by an examination of the prisoner in the jail. Dr. Spitzka stated his conviction that Guiteau is *a congenital monstrosity*, whose head is malformed and who, as to moral sense, is a cripple. On the other side Dr. Fordyce Barker testified to his belief in the assassin's sanity, and expressed his conviction that the affliction denominated moral insanity does not exist in any one, but is simply a term used to describe wickedness so extreme as to be indefensible on any other theory. He also believed that insanity is not hereditary. Dr. Hamilton, of New York, also considered the prisoner sane. Dr. John L. Withrow, of Boston, under whose ministry Gutieau sat in 1879, testified that he had never seen signs of insanity in him, but rather deemed him a shrewd and acute lawyer. Mr. Reynolds, a Chicago lawyer in whose office Guiteau had a desk in 1868 and 1875, was an important witness whose testimony enraged the prisoner. He related how he visited Guiteau three times in jail soon after the shooting, and that on those occasions Guiteau spoke to him of the crime as assassination, and justified it *on political grounds*. This went to show that the inspiration theory was an afterthought, adopted by Guiteau when he learned that the political leaders who would profit by his crime were unanimous in denouncing it. Guiteau continued through the week his interruptions, and his abuse of those witnesses who gave evidence detrimental to him.

Two Important Bills have been Introduced in Congress. Senator Pendleton, of Ohio, has attacked the civil service difficulty from two points. He endeavors to reform the system of appointments by organizing a commission to regulate competitive examinations and to make such suggestions from time to time as appear to be needed to make the system efficient; he also, by a stringent measure, proposes to abolish political assessments by protecting officeholders from injury if they refuse applications for campaign purposes, and by punishing those party managers who attempt to enforce the assessments. The second measure of importance is an effort made in the House by Mr. Willits, of Michigan, to deal with the Mormon question. It is understood that Mr. Willits discussed the subject fully with the late President, and that the bill now introduced in the House had President Garfield's approval. It proposes to suspend the functions of the Utah Legislature, and to vest them in the Governor and a legislative council consisting of nine members, to be nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate. As usual, a large number of other bills have been introduced, both in the Senate and the House, but the questions of Civil Service Reform and the Mormon scandal are so urgent that they will probably occupy a prominent place in the debates.

The Protection of Theatre-Goers has been the chief matter occupying the attention of the city authorities of New York during the past week. The Vienna calamity has aroused them to vigilance. Every place of amusement in the city has been inspected, with the view of ascertaining what would be the probable chances of escape for the audience should a fire or a panic occur. Many alterations to the theatres are recommended, which, if made, will, it is believed, permit the audience to make their escape readily should there be sudden cause for alarm. These measures the authorities are taking to ensure what protection they can to the bodies of those who attend the theatres. Who can tell the extent of the alterations that would be required before people might witness the performances there without peril to their souls?

The Atlanta Cotton Exposition will Close on December 31st, as originally determined. The Director-General of the Exposition has issued an address in which he says that it is impossible to alter the date fixed for the closing of the Exhibition. The last week, he says, will be in all respects *the most interesting* and important of the Exposition, and the closing ceremony will be particularly impressive. Mr. Kimball says: "In giving to the press this, which will probably be the last general bulletin I shall issue, I desire to thank the journals of this country for the untiring and unstinted support they have given to the Exposition from first to last. To this, more than to all other causes, *its magnificent success* is to be ascribed." *A miniature ship*, filled with the products of the South was sent as a gift to Cincinnati on December 14th, in charge of a committee. It was the same vessel which, as a floral ship, was sent by the citizens of Cincinnati to the Exposition at Atlanta.

The Last Sermon.—Some Interesting Reminiscences of Dr. Prime were related last week by his son, Dr. Irenæus Prime, who thus describes the preparation of his last sermon: "He was writing, in the evening, one more sermon: the theme was the love of God: he had advanced into the middle of the discourse, and then quoting these words, 'He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him,' he laid down his pen and went to bed. The angels came for him, and when he fell asleep they bore his spirit to the bosom of Him whose love he celebrated with the last effort of his mind and pen." How appropriate the subject, from the contemplation of which, he went to its full realization.

The Week of Prayer.—The Following Programme of subjects for the week of prayer, January, 1–8, 1882, has been arranged by the Executive Committee of the Evangelical Alliance. *Sunday, Jan.* 1.—"Renewed Consecration." *Monday, Jan.* 2.—Thanksgiving for the blessings, temporal and spiritual, of the past year, and prayer for their continuance. *Tuesday, Jan.* 3.—Humiliation and confession on account of individual, social, and national sins. *Wednesday, Jan.* 4.—Prayer for the blessing of God on His Church and His Word. *Thursday, Jan.* 5 —Prayer for the young and all agencies for Christian training. *Friday, Jan.* 6.—Prayer for the universal prevalence of peace and righteousness. *Saturday, Jan.* 7.—Prayer for Christian Missions, the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and the conversion of the world.

The Annual Appeal of the Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association, which has just been issued, names Christmas Day as Hospital Sunday, and December 24th as Hospital Saturday. Last year $41,000 were raised for the twenty hospitals in the association. A still larger sum is needed this year.

A Publishing Firm's Practical Protest will give general satisfaction among Christian people who saw with regret the appearance of a paper in a recent issue of the *North American Review*, by the notorious infidel, Colonel Ingersoll. The Messrs. Appleton now announce: "The *North American Review*, although published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., is owned and wholly controlled by its editor. Messrs. Appleton & Co., in view of recent articles that have appeared in it, will decline to act even as its publishers after the close of the present year." It is well that the eminent publishing firm appreciate the responsibility of disseminating pernicious doctrine.

On the spot where President Garfield fell, in the waiting-room of the Baltimore & Potomac Railway Station, when the assassin's bullet struck him, a silver star has been fixed, and on Wednesday, November 30th, a beautifully carved marble tablet was placed on the wall above it. An eagle, holding in its claws arrows and laurels, surmounts the stone, on which is inscribed: "James Abram Garfield, President of the United States, shot July 2, 1881." It is stated that the new five-cent postage stamps will bear the portrait of President Garfield.

Sixty Thousand Children have been Enabled to settle in the West and other parts of the country by the efforts of the Children's Aid Society since it commenced its work in 1852. At the annual meeting of the society on November 22d, an interesting report was read showing the useful work already accomplished in preventing neglected children from drifting into vicious habits and becoming habitual criminals. It was stated that the lodging-houses of the society have sheltered and partly fed and instructed about 200,000 different boys and girls during its existence. Over 100,000 poor little girls have been taught in the industrial schools, and although *four-fifths of them were children of drunkards*, it is not known that even a score have entered on a criminal life or become drunkards. The police statistics of crime show that during a portion of the period through which these figures run the commitments of young girls for vagrancy and thieving have largely decreased.

A Thrilling Story is Related by Five Sailors who were brought into Charleston, S. C., on November 21st. They were part of the crew of a French vessel, and were picked up in an open boat in mid-ocean and brought to this country by an English steamer. The voyage commenced October 6th, when the vessel left the Saint Lawrence off the Isle Verte. They encountered a perfect hurricane, and on the 9th orders were given to throw the cargo overboard. While that was being done, the storm increased, and all the lamps and the compass were washed away, and the provisions damaged with salt water. The work of throwing over the cargo was discontinued because when the hatches were open the water that washed over the decks threatened to engulf the vessel. Then a hole was cut in the stern of the vessel, and the cargo was flung through that until the crew were exhausted, and all hope of saving the ship abandoned. The sailors then divided what provisions they had into three portions, placing one in each of three boats into which they entered. As they parted, the captain, with tears in his eyes, made the men a little speech, and obtained from them all a pledge to make an offering of thanks to God in the event of their being saved. Only one of the boats has been heard from, and it is feared that the other two must be lost. The wrecked sailors had been in the open boat ten days, when they were seen and rescued.

A Murderer in New York will Probably escape the just punishment of his crime through a legal technicality. Some time ago an officer named Williams was murdered in the prison of Sing Sing by a convict named Morgano. There was no doubt as to the guilt of Morgano, and it being an atrocious case his life is justly forfeited. But he is already undergoing a sentence of imprisonment for life for a previous murder. It has now occurred to Morgano's lawyer that, as under the laws of New York State a criminal under punishment cannot be tried for a subsequent crime till he has served his original sentence, he can never be legally tried in this world. The situation is a curious and perplexing one, and may issue in the criminal's escape from hanging. That will be a miscarriage of justice due to a legislative blunder, but when the redeemed sinner escapes the punishment due under God's law, it is through no blunder, but because the penalty of his sin has already been suffered by his Substitute (1 Peter 2 : 24).

A Curious Postal Prohibition Appears in the New Postal Guide. Mr. James finds it necessary to caution the public against *splitting post cards*. Paragraph No. 648 states that post cards which have been split, written upon on the insides, and the edges pasted together again, are unmailable. Among all the schemes that have been devised to save money, this is one of the most remarkable. The trouble of splitting a post card and the difficulty of writing legibly on the uneven surface, seems very inadequately compensated by a saving of two cents; yet that there are people who are satisfied with it, is evident, or the caution would not have been given. To most people it would appear that the time and trouble expended might have been employed more wisely, as well as more profitably. Business men whose favorite maxim is, that "time is money," naturally regard a pursuit costing so many precious minutes, and bringing so small a reward, much in the same light as angels must regard the life of the godless merchant or manufacturer who labors all his life to become a millionaire, yet neglects his eternal interests. If the unsaved man who is satisfied with a day's work that has made him richer by a thousand dollars, is compared with him who spends his time in splitting a post card to save two cents, it will be seen that the difference between them is one of degree not of kind (John 6 : 27).

Why it was Decided not to build a Hotel in a town in Georgia is explained by a local editor. A project was started to build a hotel, and a committee formed to solicit subscriptions. One gentleman to whom the committee applied was noted for his liberal hospitality and for his readiness to entertain strangers. His answer to the application was, "What do you want of a hotel here? Every respectable person who comes to town puts up with me and is welcome, and *every disreputable person leaves town because he cannot put up anywhere.*" The committee regarded the existing arrangement as beneficial to the town, and it is stated that no hotel will be built. As a rule a traveller feels that his prospect of securing accommodation in a town where he is a stranger, depends rather on his possessing money than character, but it appears that there is at least one place where character is the indispensable requisite. If this hospitable gentleman were gifted with penetrating and unerring judgment, there are many people welcomed elsewhere who would do well to avoid being benighted in that town. A day is coming when a test will be applied to those who would enter into another guest chamber; they will be challenged with the question, "How camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment?" (Matt. 22 : 12).

THE MAIN MATTER.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of his disciples, which are not written in this book: but these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through His name."—JOHN 20 : 30, 31.

Christ's Public Life—Brief Yet Full—Its Most Useful Part Recorded—I. The Design of all the Scriptures—To Produce Faith—Who Sows the Seed of Doubt—The Bible a Library, yet one Book—Not Written to Magnify the Writers—Nor to Impart Biographical Knowledge—Where the Evangelists Differ—Not to Gratify Curiosity—Nor to Present an Example—John's Single Object—II. Christ the Object of Faith—What to Believe—How to Believe—III. The True Life of the Soul—In Whom it Lies—How it Comes—What it Is—Common Mistakes.

THE public life of our most blessed Lord Jesus Christ was brief; few suppose it to have exceeded three and a half years; but yet what a full life it was. It had in it not only enough to compose the four gospels, each one of which contains sufficient to lead men to saving faith, but so much remained over and above that the apostle John makes this remarkable statement: "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." Our Lord's life was as ample as His own festivals; it feeds thousands, and with the fragments that remain many baskets might be filled. A man may complete a great and fruitful life in two or three years, while another may have existed as long as an antediluvian and yet his life may be poor and powerless.

Not only did the Lord Jesus speak and do great things as to number, but there was a world of power in each word and work. He did not display a multitude of feeblenesses, but each individual outcome of His life was grand enough to have been a marvel if considered by itself alone. As was the doer, in whom "dwelt all the fulness of the godhead bodily," such were the deeds; they also were full of grace and truth. There was a fulness of divine wisdom, grace, and power about each act of Jesus. Hence the apostle here speaks of the Lord's acts as signs—"many other *signs* truly did Jesus in the presence of His disciples."

There was a mass of instruction in all our Lord's movments; nothing about Him was trivial. He preached by His entire life, preached a marvellous array of truths, and preached them with living freshness. Never is He twice the same, though always the same. When we find Him repeating His discourses, as we sometimes do, if the Sermon on the Mount sounds very like the Sermon on the Plain, yet a different drift, and aim, and tone create a singular variety. Each separate act of the Lord is a sign of something beyond itself, and the whole of the acts put together display an ocean of doctrine without bottom or shore. What a Christ was this! Oh that His Spirit may dwell in us, that our lives also may be rich and full; rich to the glory of God, and full to the blessing of our fellow-men.

Yes, dear friends, though the whole of Christ's life has not been written, we perceive in our text that what has been recorded is the most useful part of it, and that it was preserved for our benefit. The inspired record was *written with a purpose:* the facts were wisely culled and collected out of the entire mass on account of their bearing upon the desired object, and sufficient has been preserved to effect a design which, above all others, is most important to us: "these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through His name." May our reverence to the inspired gospels lead us to give earnest heed to their design and object, for it would be profane to baffle their purpose by refusing their testimony.

First, this morning, let me speak a little with you upon *the design of all Scripture, which is faith;* secondly, upon *the great object of true faith, which is Jesus the Christ, the Son of God;* and then, thirdly, let us further commune together

upon *the true life of the soul, which is linked and wrapped up with the name of Jesus Christ*, in whom we are led to believe by the testimony of the things written concerning Him.

I. First, then, dear friends,

THE DESIGN OF ALL SCRIPTURE

is to produce faith. There is no text in the whole book which was intended to create doubt. Doubt is *a seed self-sown*, or sown by the devil, and it usually springs up with more than sufficient abundance without our care. The practice of reading sceptical works is a very dangerous one; we have enough tendency to sickness in our own constitutions without going to fever hospitals to test the atmosphere. Holy Scripture is no mother or nurse of doubt; it is the creator of a holy confidence by revealing a sure line of fact and truth.

It has been thought by many expositors that John here refers only to the things which Jesus did after His resurrection—"Many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of His disciples;" but I think there are abundant reasons, with which I need not trouble you just now, to show that John must have referred to the whole of our Saviour's life, and to all the acts of it, and that the book which he speaks of is his own book, the evangel which contains his own *life of Christ*. John includes the whole story of Jesus of Nazareth in the reference of the text.

I venture to go much further, and to say that the statement that John here made, though it must refer to his own gospel, is equally true of the entire Scriptures. We may begin at Genesis and go on to the Book of Revelation, and say of all the holy histories, "These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God." Though this Bible is *a wonderful library* of many books, yet there is such a unity about it that the mass of the people regard it as one book, and they are not in error when they do so: this one book has but one design, and every portion of it works to that one end. Of the whole canon of inspiration we may say, as we read every detail, "These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God."

Observe, then, *no part of Holy Scripture was written with any wish to magnify the writer of it*. Many human books are evidently intended to let you see how profound are the thoughts of their authors or how striking is their style. Self-consciousness is full often apparent, and the man is seen as well as the fruit of his mind.

The inspired authors lose themselves in their theme, and hide themselves behind their Master. A most striking instance of this is found in John's Gospel. John was a man above all others fitted to write the life of Christ. Did he not know more of Jesus both by observation, by intimate fellowship, and by hearty sympathy with Him than any other of the evangelists? and yet he has left out many interesting facts which the others have recorded—others, mark you, who did not actually see the facts as he did. Speaking after the manner of men, this silence is very wonderful. Can you guess how much this abstinence cost the apostle?

The other three evangelists received much at second hand, though, truly, by the Spirit of God; but John literally and personally saw these things, and beheld them with his own eyes, and yet he gives us fewer incidents in the life of Christ than the other evangelists. What self-forgetfulness was this! He is silent because his speech would not serve the end he aimed at. And the most striking point is this: he omits, as if of set purpose, those places of the history in which he would have shone. He and James and Peter were frequently selected by the Master to be with Him when others were excluded, but of these occasions he says nothing.

What a lesson is all this to us who write or speak of God! Let us labor for this one thing, that we may lead men to believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God. If any sort of preaching would exalt ourselves, let us choose another, lest we hide the cross of Christ. If we can occupy the space with something more forcible, let us omit the choicest piece of oratory. Let us prune the vine of our speech that all its sap may go to fruit, and let that fruit be the bringing of men to believe that Jesus is the Christ.

Further, notice that Holy Scripture was not written with the mere view of imparting knowledge to men by presenting them with a complete biography of Jesus Christ. The one intent of Scripture is that ye may believe on Jesus Christ. It was not the aim of either of the evangelists to present us with a complete life of Jesus Christ. Observe the difference between such a writer as John and an ordinary biographer. Usually when you see a biography advertised it will be your wisdom to save your money, for scarcely ever is there a biography written that is fully worth the money asked for it. I can point you to biographies stuffed full of letters which might just as well have been burned, and commonplaces which might as well have been forgotten.

How different is the biography of Jesus of Nazareth. The signs and wonders which he did are

NOT WRITTEN TO MAKE A BOOK;

they are not even written that you may be informed of all that Jesus did; these are written with an end, an aim, an object—"that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God." Matthew, when he writes of "Jesus Christ, the Son of David, the son of Abraham," leaves out everything that does not bring out Christ in connection with the kingdom: he paints Messiah the Prince, and he will not be taken off from his work. Luke brings forth Jesus as the man, and you see how wondrously he keeps to that one line of things.

But when you get to John, and he is about to bring forth the Lord Jesus Christ as the Son of God, he omits numbers of details that show our Lord in other lights and other aspects. Here Jesus is not so much the King in his kingdom—he leaves that to Matthew, *he sticks to his own point*, which is indicated by his opening sentences, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." He desires to set forth our Lord's glorious Messiahship, and personal Sonship, and Deity, and he adheres to that, and to that alone. The evangelists do not attempt merely to increase our knowledge, but they aim to win our understandings, and to conquer our hearts for Christ.

Notice yet again, dear friends, that the gospels and the other books of Scripture were not written for the gratification of the most godly and pious curiosity. Truly, I would have liked to have acted to our Lord as Boswell did to his friend Dr. Johnson. I would have thought it an honor to have noted down every choice word He dropped, and every act He did. I would have recorded the very color of His hair, and you should have known whether His eyes were blue or hazel: I would have left on record every incident about the very fabric of that hem of His garment which the woman touched. Would not any of you have done so? Do you not love Him so much, and prize Him so greatly, that you would have thought the smallest trifle about Him to be

A GEM OF KNOWLEDGE.

Our love ennobles everything that has to do with our adorable Lord. But the writers inspired of the Holy Spirit were not led astray by this feeling; they knew their object and gave their whole strength to it. The Holy Ghost did not send His servants to gather up interesting details and preserve curious facts. None of them wrote to gratify your curiosity, even about the things which concern your Lord and Master. You shall be told that which shall lead you to believe Him to be the Son of God, but you shall be told no more; for had all been written you might have spent all your time in trying to know Christ after the flesh, but now He hath preserved only that which by His blessing shall teach you to know Him after the spirit. It is not to gratify curiosity but to beget faith within the soul that the memoirs of our Lord are written by the evangelists.

Again, the Scriptures are not even written with the view of setting before us a complete example. I want you to notice that. It is true that the gospels set before us a perfect character, and we are bound to imitate it. It is true that when we read the life of Christ we may learn how to live, and how to die; but that was not the first and chief design of the writers: they wrote that we might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that, by believing, we might have life through His name.

Good works are best promoted, not as the first, but as the second thing. They come as *the result of faith*, and he that would promote that which is pure and honest and holy, had best promote faith in Jesus Christ, the Saviour. The Scripture does not go in for flowers first, nor even for fruit, but it plants roots, and hence it aims at implanting faith in Jesus Christ, for when we have believed in Him, the faith that worketh by love will be sure to produce a sacred imitation of His most beloved and perfect character. Yes, let the truth stand as I have put it, "these are written," first and last, with no other end and object but this, "that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God."

Open his gospel and see how John all through keeps to his design. It would be worth while to spend the whole morning, and a half-dozen other mornings, in showing you that John never takes his eyes from this one point. You will soon perceive that his book contains

A SERIES OF TESTIMONIES

borne by persons led to faith in Jesus as the Christ. I am afraid you would soon grow weary if I were to dwell upon every incident which would prove my point. The whole book is made up of modes of reasonings by which men have been led to believe in Jesus: it might have been written *for the sake of the Unitarians* of our own time. It contains repeated declarations that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and a series of testimonies of persons brought to see this by the signs that Jesus wrought among them. Study John's gospel with that view, and you will see how the Lord brings one to believe on Him by a call which came with divine authority, a second by unveiling the secrets of her life, another by answering his prayers, another by enlightening his mind.

II. We turn, in the second place, to a subject which is a step further on:

THE GREAT OBJECT OF TRUE FAITH

is Christ Jesus. The text does not say, "These are written that ye might believe the Nicene creed," for, good as that creed is, it was not then composed, and is not the chief object of faith. It does not say, "These are written that ye might believe the Athanasian creed;" a very good creed, but rather savage, and also not then devised. No, no: "These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through His name." That is to say, the faith which brings life to the soul is faith in the person, offices, nature, and work of Jesus; and though you may be in the dark about a thousand things, and may make mistakes about ten thousand more, yet if you believe in the Messiah, the Son of God, you have eternal life.

First, I am to believe in Jesus that *He is the Christ*, that He is the promised Messiah, anointed of God to deliver the human race. I must believe that this is He whom God promised at the gate of Eden, when He said, "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." This is the sent One, who is come to seek and to save that which is lost: in Him we are to believe, for it is written, "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God."

Next we are to believe that *He is the Son of God*—not in the sense in which men are sons of God, but in that higher sense in which He is the only begotten Son of God, one with the Father, eternally and indissolubly one. "The Word was with God;" but more than that, "the Word was God." Now, this is to be believed if we would live unto God. "Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God." "Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?" A Jesus who is not divine could give us no power to overcome the world; but in His Godhead we find our strength. Put the two together, that He, the divine One, became man, and was sent into the world to redeem us, and we have the right idea of Immanuel, God with us. Will this belief save me? Assuredly it will, but listen while I explain.

First, *believe this to be a matter of fact.* Having believed it to be a matter of fact, go on to look into the record concerning Him till you are undoubtedly sure of it; for these are written that ye might believe with the fullest confidence that Jesus is God and Saviour. When you are sure of the fact, the next thing is to *accept it for yourself:* agree that Jesus shall be your anointed, through whom you will get the anointing which comes upon Him as the Head, and descends to you as the skirt of His garment. At the same time unfeignedly consent that He shall be your God, and cry with Thomas, "My Lord and my God."

You are getting on now to complete faith; go one step further. *Yield yourself* up to the grand truth which you have received, for that is saving faith, the submission of yourself to the truth. Acting upon the conviction of its truth, I must say—since Jesus is now my Saviour He shall save me. Since He is the Christ anointed for me I will trust Him, and share His anointing. Since Christ is the Son of God I will rest in Him, that I also may become in Him a child of God. That is the point. "He that hath the Son hath life: and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." Accept Jesus as He is set forth, for to "as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name: which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." The faith which receives Christ as He is revealed as the Messiah, and as the Son of God, is the faith which hath eternal life, and the Scriptures are written that you may have this faith.

I want you to notice one thing more, and that is, we are to receive Jesus of Nazareth as being the Christ and the Son of God *on the ground of the written word.* See—"these are written that ye might believe"; from this it is clear that the ground of acceptable faith is the written word of God, and it is vain to look for any other. "Oh," says one brother, "I could believe, but

I DO NOT FEEL

as I ought." What have your feelings to do with the truth of the statement that Jesus is the Messiah, the Son of God? I read in a newspaper such and such a statement about affairs in Europe. I may have sufficient cause for doubting the news, but it certainly would not be a good reason if I were to say, "I do not believe the telegram because I do not *feel* that it is true." How can our feelings affect matters of fact? They are either true or not, altogether apart from the condition of the hearer.

Now, here is a testimony concerning Jesus borne by John and three other evangelists. If these things are true, then they *are* true whether your heart dances for joy or sinks in despair. Whatever becomes of our changeful feelings, facts are stubborn things, and alter not. Experience cannot make a thing true; and frames and feelings cannot make a thing to be a lie which is in itself true. Over the head, then, of all the storms, and turmoils, and changes of my poor, weak, silly nature, there rises a rock that is higher than I, higher than all things, a rock which cannot be moved, let the storm rage as long as it will—Christ Jesus, the anointed Son of God, died in the room, place, and stead of all who trust in Him; I trust in Him, and I am saved.

III. So I come to the third point, which is this, that

THE TRUE LIFE OF A SOUL

lies in Christ Jesus, and comes to that soul through faith in Him. I understand by the life of a soul only one thing, and yet for the sake of clearing it we must divide it a little.

First, when a man has been found guilty of death, if by any means that sentence is removed from him, he may be said to obtain life, *life in its judicial form.* Suppose that a person who is condemned to die is by some just and lawful means acquitted; in that fact he finds life. That is the first form of life that every man has who believes that Jesus is indeed the Christ. He is acquitted, pardoned, justified, and therefore he lives. Through the righteousness of Jesus Christ he is made just in the sight of God; and being covered with perfect righteousness he lives, and must live for ever. He is absolved, for he hath believed in Christ Jesus, and by that act he has accepted the righteousness of God and escaped from death. The guilt has been removed, and therefore the penalty cannot be inflicted.

This judicial life is attended with *an imparted life.* God the Holy Spirit is with believers, breathing into them a new, holy, heavenly life. They are dead to the world, and buried with Christ, but they live unto God, never more to be slain by sin. The life of Christ is infused into them by the Spirit of the living God, even as the Lord Jesus hath testified. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life."

Observe that this life grows. It continues to gather strength, and as it increases it is spoken of by John as life "more abundantly." That life never dies; it is impossible that it should ever be destroyed; it is a living and incorruptible seed which abideth for ever. The life of saints on earth is, in fact, the same life as that of saints in heaven. There is no change in the substance of the new life when we enter glory, only it grows and developes and reaches perfection in heaven.

The new life enters the soul in and through believing, and is the same life which we shall exercise for ever at the right hand of God, even as Jesus said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me hath everlasting life."

I want to enlarge a little upon the fact, that this life comes with believing, because I want it to be noticed that it really comes with believing, apart from any other necessary circumstances. One person complains to me, "Sir, I cannot tell exactly when I was converted, and this causes me great anxiety." Dear friend, this is

A NEEDLESS FEAR.

Turn your enquiries in another direction: Are you alive unto God by faith? Do you believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God? Are you resting and trusting in Him? "Yes," say you, "with all my heart." Well, never mind about *when* you were converted; the fact is before you, and its date is a small matter.

If a person were to say to you, "You are not alive," how would you prove that you are alive? A good plan would be gently to tread on his toe, or do something to make him feel that you possess life. I do not think it could be necessary for you to find your certificate of birth, because if you held it in your hand and said, "That document is conclusive," it would not be half so convincing a proof of life as some distinct act of life. If I thought that I knew the very moment in which I was born again I might be mistaken; indeed little reliance can be placed upon our memories. I would sooner believe to-day than be quite sure that I began to believe thirty years ago.

Perhaps very few of you know the exact minute at which the sun rose this morning, and yet you do not doubt that he has risen, for at this present moment you are enjoying his light. Some mornings you can tell the instant of the sun's rising, but frequently it is so cloudy that the sun is up before you know it. A man would be an absolute lunatic who should say, "I do not believe that it is daylight, for I do not know when the sun rose." Date is a very small and unimportant matter compared with certainty and fact. Do you believe in Jesus Christ? then you are alive unto God, and life is the evidence of birth.

"Well," says another, "but I hardly know *how* I was converted." That, again, is another minor matter. Some of us can trace the way in which the Lord led us to Himself, and we are very grateful to the instrument by whom we were brought to a knowledge of the truth; but our text does not state that the Bible was written that you and I might trace our faith in Christ to John, or to any one else. No, it was written that we might believe in Jesus Christ as the result of testimony: and I care not one farthing by what testifying agent you were brought to do it, so long as you do but believe because of the witness of the Word of God. I am sure whatever the outward means of your faith the Spirit of God must have wrought it, for there is no living faith apart from His sacred working upon the mind. If you believe sincerely, the mode in which you gained your faith need not be enquired into.

"Well," says one, "but I want to know that I am alive unto God by my feelings. I feel often so sad and full of pain." Listen: is not pain as good a proof of life as pleasure? If anybody said to me, "I know I am alive because I feel so well," I should reply, "And I sometimes know that I am alive because I feel so ill." *Rheumatic pain* is as sure a proof of life as a thrill of delight; and so anxiety about your state, and hatred of sin, and grief over your imperfection are just as sure signs of spiritual life as the highest joy or the liveliest energy. Do not worry yourself, therefore, about that; if you believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and are resting *in* Him, it is well with you. "But," saith one,

"I CHANGE SO MUCH.

I feel sometimes as if I must be a Christian; at other times I feel as if it was out of the question that I could be saved." Yes, and do you not change a great deal as to your bodily life? I do, I know. Why, this heavy, damp, thick atmosphere half poisons me. Lift me up a few thousand feet on a mountain side, with a good stiff breeze blowing, and I feel quite another man. Are these changes reasons for questioning my being alive? Nay, nay. Quite the reverse. The reason why I feel these changes is because I am alive, for I reckon that if I were a broomstick or a brick wall the atmosphere would not matter much. If you have no spiritual life you will know few changes, but because you are alive these variations must and will occur to you. I make you smile; I wish I could smile away some of those fears which hang like a nightmare over certain of the best of you.

"But *I have such conflicts within,*" cries one. Ah, dear friend, there are no conflicts in dead men; there would be no warfare between faith and unbelief if you were not on the Lord's side. If our whole being remained in its natural death there would be no inward fighting, but inasmuch as there are two minds within you, depend upon it one of those minds is the mind of God. This inward conflict should not cause you to doubt, but rather lead you to cling the more tenaciously to your conviction that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour of men.

Faith in Jesus begets life, and this life will flourish or decay very much in proportion to our faith. Believe firmly, and your life shall be vigorous; believe tremblingly, and your life will be faint.

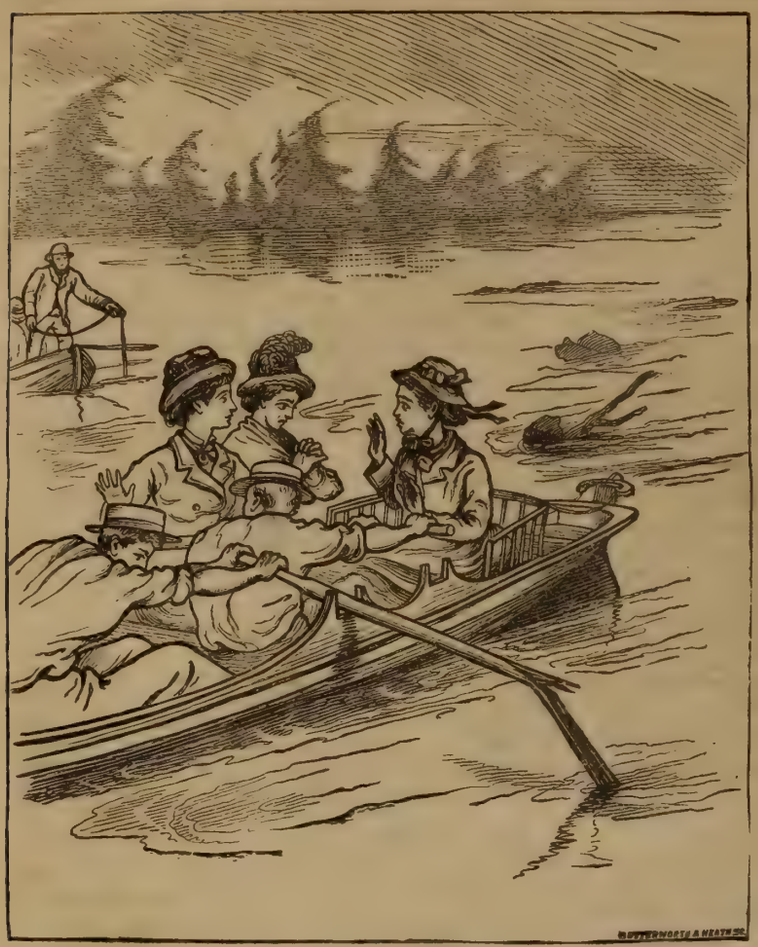
I come back to my beginning, and there I close:

THE MAIN THING,

the only thing is, that we do hold on to Jesus Christ, through thick and thin, through foul and fair, up hill and down dale, in the night and in the day, in life and in death, in time and in eternity; that we do steadfastly believe that Jesus of Nazareth, who died upon the cross, is the Messiah of God, yea, the Son of God, sent to cleanse away iniquity and bring in perfect righteousness. Whether we see Him on His cross or on His throne, all our hope, all our trust must be fixed in Him, and so we shall live when time shall be no more. Verily, I say unto you, those who thus trust Him shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of His hands, for He hath said it, "I give unto my sheep eternal life."

Stay you there, O true believers, and let none entice you from your steadfastness! If any of you have never exerted this faith, may the Lord bring you to Jesus at once. This sacred book was written on purpose to make you believe; the Spirit is given to lead you to believe; the object of every preaching of the Gospel is that you may believe; therefore come and welcome, and at this hour believe on the one saving name, and live thereby. God grant it for His name's sake. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]



A Rescue from Niagara.

A Mother's last Words.

A RESCUE ON THE NIAGARA RIVER.

(*See Illustration.*)

Some years ago a party of five, two gentlemen and three ladies, crossed the Niagara River in a small boat, many miles from the Falls. They were young and light-hearted. They had a merry passage, spent a happy hour on the Canada side, and then embarked for their return. All went well till they neared the centre of the stream. Just then there came down upon them a fierce gale of wind, rushing down the mighty river. The boat shot forward. It was in the mad current. The men plied their oars. They were strong and stalwart; but a power stronger than theirs held them within the strong stream of those swiftly moving waters.

The landing they aimed for was left far behind them. They looked with speechless lips into each other's white faces. They knew that they were going down with the current. The oarsmen strained every muscle. If they could only breast the stream for a while, relief might come. One of the fragile oars snapped. One more hold was gone. Not a word was spoken. Death and eternity stared them in the face. Upon one solitary oar and one single oarsman hung five precious lives. Surely, very surely, they were going down with the dark current.

Two of the five were Christians, and they afterward gave the joyful assurance that, when the first great terror was over, they fell back upon hope and faith, and that in them the near prospect of death was swallowed up in victory.

Suddenly, when the hands of the oarsman were bleeding and torn, when the signal of distress had long fluttered in vain, and the agitation and alarm had sown the seeds of death in one fragile frame, a little boat was seen coming cautiously toward them. It turned back. It durst not venture too close. Not a word from the five. They seemed very near God and eternity.

Another and stouter craft put off, rapidly at first, then very slowly. It must not come within the power of the irresistible current. One moment it paused. No nearer. A rope was uncoiled. "*Seize the rope!*" shouted the boat's crew. An eager hand caught it. The stout craft shot rapidly off, and the rescued boat was drawn from the hurrying current.

Sinner, you too are drifting, swiftly and surely, down a subtle current. A noble craft comes to your rescue. A rope is flung out to you. It is salvation through Christ. Seize that rope, and escape the destruction which awaits you. Jesus waits to save. It is high time to awake. It is high time to flee for thy life. Will you do it now? All the invitations of the Bible are offered *now*. Its promises claim acceptance *now*. Its offer of pardon and peace and holiness and heaven is made *now*. Gratitude demands that you decide *now*. Eternity with all its solemnities cries *Now*. "Behold, *Now* is the day of salvation."

A MOTHER'S LAST WORDS.

(*See Illustration.*)

A mother lay dying, and her three children were weeping around her bedside. Death comes as the king of terrors to many: but to her it did not, for her soul was at rest in Jesus, and she seemed to bask in the sunshine of His love. The light of heaven beamed in her intelligent and affectionate eye even then; and above the sobs of her children might be heard her voice pleading for them in prayer. Sometimes in a song of triumph as with the voice of a conqueror, she exclaimed, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" It was a solemn scene, for the chariot was waiting to take her home, and the angel-guard were ready. Life was ebbing fast away, and the beatings of the pulse were getting weaker and weaker as she neared the goal.

She had said that before the day had passed she should be gone, and so it was. Calling her children near her, she blessed them each one, then slowly and earnestly said, "*Seek Jesus, and you will be happy: seek Him now.*" With a look full of holy affection, she shortly afterward bade them "Good-night," and fell sweetly asleep in Jesus, whom she loved so well, even unto death.

There was much sorrow of heart in that family; but the sight of the mother triumphing over death took the sting from the wound, and amid its sadness cheered the soul. They knew she had gone to the land where—

> "Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
> Are felt and feared no more."

All were impressed by the remembrance of that solemn hour; but on one of the children the effect was deep and lasting. By night and day that dying scene was hardly ever absent from his mind. In the whirl of business, in the bustle of life, in the height of gayety, a voice often seemed to startle as it said, "*Seek Jesus, and you will be happy; seek Him now.*" Louder and louder it sounded; and, mingling with other voices, sent home to the heart by the Holy Spirit, it made that son seek Jesus, and find Him. Then, and not till then, was he happy. Then, for the first time, he knew the peace that passeth all understanding.

PROPOSED NEW HEADQUARTERS FOR THE SALVATION ARMY.

Our readers are already acquainted with the aims, objects, and modes of operation of the Salvation Army. The abundant blessing God has bestowed upon the organization in England has been the marvel of Christians as well as of the ungodly. Among the worst classes of society in the cities and towns of Great Britain, thousands of men have been rescued from lives of sin and have become sincere Christians. Burglars, thieves of all kinds, desperadoes, drunkards and vicious men, have been brought to the feet of the Saviour crying for mercy, and have left the meetings rejoicing in hope, to lead consistent Christian lives.

These miracles have been worked by means apparently inadequate. The preachers of the Salvation Army are for the most part without even the rudiments of education, and their addresses are full of expressions repulsive to people of refined taste. Yet God, who chooses His own instruments, has blessed the words of these illiterate men and women as He blessed the preaching of the fishermen of Galilee. The Holy Spirit has worked through their instrumentality as He can

Proposed Headquarters of the Salvation Army.

work with any instrumentality, and men have been turned from the error of their ways to serve the living God.

So mightily has this work prevailed and so extensive is the progress chronicled, that a need has been experienced for some large building in London which may be used as a headquarters, with accommodations for meetings and for such educational training as has been found necessary for the preachers and officers of the army. This need has long been present to General Booth and his assistants, and as hundreds of men are applying for assistance of an educational character to fit them for the work of declaring with power the glad tidings of salvation, the project has assumed urgent shape. Very recently, and while the subject was under prayerful consideration, an offer was made to General Booth, which he describes as follows:

"The London Orphan Asylum, standing on over two acres of ground in Lower Clapton, within five minutes' walk of the Hackney (North London) and the Clapton (Great Eastern) railway stations, is offered to us for the comparatively small sum of £15,000 (about $75,000).

"The buildings originally cost over $300,000, without the land on which they stand, are substantially built, and in comparatively good condition. The land is freehold, without restrictions, and is alone worth £8500 ($42,500) for building purposes. Having been erected and used as a dwelling-place for 600 children, the building is so constructed that it will require very little, if any, alteration at once to accommodate our cadets—the men in one wing, and the women in the other, both with separate entrances, and altogether apart.

"The great quadrangle, when floored, seated, and covered with a suitable roof, will make a grand hall capable of containing 4700 persons. The large class and drill rooms inside the building will accommodate 3000 more, while at the back there are grounds on which tents could be erected in the summer-time to contain an additional multitude. In the basement there is a steam-engine, boilers, ovens, and other apparatus, which will enable provision to be made for furnishing refreshments for all-day meetings.

"So extraordinary a supply of our urgent needs, such a magnificent opportunity of improving the wonderful tide of blessing which God is making to flow in upon us, I could not think of allowing to pass by, no matter how great the difficulty of securing and carrying out the undertaking. It is ours not to confer with flesh and blood, but to do with our might what our hands find to do, for the work is of indispensable moment, and the time is short."

The officers of the Salvation Army have been encouraged to make the effort to secure these premises by many generous friends. No sooner was the scheme made known than before any appeal for help was made, a few wealthy Christian men in London voluntarily sent to General Booth $25,000, one fourth of the entire sum required, and it is expected that in a short time the whole amount for both purchase and necessary alterations will be realized.

"THE DOCTOR ORDERED IT."

WHEN Mrs. Sparrup drinks her glass of something strong, she drinks it openly. She doesn't mind who knows it. Regularly, publicly, and frequently does she partake of her alcoholic beverage.

Sometimes she is remonstrated with, and advised to take less or none at all. She then bristles up, assumes an indignant air, and says, "The doctor ordered it."

When in the presence of strangers, who wonder somewhat at the quick disappearance of the glass's contents, and perhaps betray their wonder a little, she volunteers the information that "The doctor ordered it."

Sometimes Mrs. Sparrup assumes a martyr's air, and drinks her grog with a wry face. Any one to see her at such a time would be struck with the air of submission with which she takes it. And if asked why she puts up with such an infliction as this strong drink appears to be, she will answer, "The doctor ordered it."

Mrs. Sparrup's creed is not a very large one. It contains but few articles. But these articles are, though peculiar, very precise. I may perhaps be permitted to mention two or three of them.

Mrs. Sparrup believes for one thing that her constitution is a most peculiar one, indeed one altogether unique. She questions whether the most diligent search throughout the whole wide world would discover another like it. She stands entirely alone in physical organization.

Another article of her creed is that there never was but one doctor in the world who understood her case, and in whom, consequently, she could have supreme faith. This was the doctor who ordered it.

She further believes that of all the medicine she ever took, there is none so potent, none so suitable, and none on which she can so implicitly rely, as the various forms of strong drink.

For these articles of faith Mrs. Sparrup would lay down her life. At least she says so.

Now I, for one, think Mrs. Sparrup a humbug, and intend to show her up as such. It is plain that if I can convince the public that her pet phrase, "The doctor ordered it," is all moonshine, I shall be doing them a service.

Now I do not accuse her for a moment of telling an untruth. I accept her statement as true. The doctor did order it.

Neither do I intend to run down the doctor. Perhaps he did understand her constitution. He ought to understand it if he did not. And it is possible too, that when he ordered her stimulant he knew what he was about.

My course will be rather to state a few facts calculated to throw light upon Mrs. Sparrup's phrase, "The doctor ordered it." They will somewhat alter the complexion of affairs, I think.

My first fact is, that the doctor who ordered it is dead and buried, poor man; indeed, has been dead and buried for a good many years. Now, to hear Mrs. Sparrup's use of our dead friend's advice, one would naturally suppose that he was as fresh and hale a doctor as could be found anywhere. No one would ever have dreamed that "The doctor ordered it" so many, so very many, years ago. O crafty Mrs. Sparrup!

And then this fact is worthy of notice, that when the doctor ordered her to imbibe strong drink, he also ordered her sundry other remedies, such as pills, a plaster, and some stuff of a very bitter nature in a bottle. Is it not strange that our friend long ago dropped the rest in favor of this one? Why, we ask, did she not continue the other medicines as well? O forgetful Mrs. Sparrup!

Neither should we forget the bad illness—the reason of Mrs. Sparrup's original recourse to stimulants by order. I need not specify what the illness was, any more than to say that to all outward appearances she has long since recovered from it.

It is, however, but fair to state, that Mrs. Sparrup herself denies that she has recovered. To which we reply, "Well, Mrs. Sparrup, if after all these years your medicine has done you no good, why do you continue to take it?" My own opinion is, that if she is no better, it must be the strong drink which keeps her back.

The case against her looks all the worse, when it is remarked that several other doctors have distinctly ordered her not to drink alcohol. But then they had no insight into her constitution, which explains it all, at least to her own satisfaction.

It ought not to be unnoticed either, that since the doctor ordered it, Mrs. Sparrup has decidedly increased her daily supply, on the principle, I suppose, that you cannot have too much of a good thing.

Poor Mrs. Sparrup! So weak, so deluded, so much to be pitied. Why will she continue her false cry of "The doctor ordered it"?

Oh! that she would listen as attentively and earnestly to the words of the Great Physician, who so lovingly calls upon her to turn from the ensnaring things of earth, and to commit her soul for safe keeping into His hands.

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(*Continued from page 799.*)

A Second Fraud.

THERE were two or three well-worn letters in the pocket-book, but they contained nothing of importance. It seemed true, what the dying man had said, that there was no link of kinship or friendship binding him specially to his fellow-men. Roland opened his own pocket-book, and looked over a letter or two which he had carried about with him, one of them a childish note from Felix, preferring some simple request. His passport was there also; and his mother's portrait, and those of the children, over which his eyes brooded with a hungry sorrow in his heart. He looked at them for the last time. But *Felicita's portrait* he could not bring himself to give up. She would be dead to him, and he to her. In England she would live among her friends as his widow, pitied, and comforted, and beloved. But what would the coming years bring to him? All that would remain to him of the past would be a fading photograph only.

So long he lingered over this mournful conflict that he was at last aroused from it by the entrance of the landlord, and the mayor and other officials who had come to look at the body of the dead. Roland's pocket-book lay open on the bed, and he was still gazing at the portraits of his children. He raised his sunburnt face as they came in, and rose to meet them.

"This traveller," he said, "gave to me his pocket-book as I watched beside him last night. It is here, containing his passport, a few letters, and fifty pounds in notes, which he told me to keep, but which I wish to give to the commune."

"They must be taken charge of," said the mayor; "but we will look over them first. Did he tell you who he was?"

"The passport discloses that," answered Roland; "he desired only a decent funeral."

"Ah!" said the mayor, taking out the passport, "an English traveller; name Roland Sefton; and these letters, and these portraits—they will be enough for identification."

"He said he had no friends or family in England," pursued Roland, "and there is no address among his letters. He told me he came from India."

"Then there need be no delay about the interment," remarked the mayor, "if he had no family in England, and was just come from India. Bah! we could not keep him till any friends came from India. It is enough. We must make an inquiry; but the corpse cannot be kept above ground. The interment may take place as soon as you please, monsieur."

"I suppose you will wish for some trifle as payment?" said the landlord, addressing Roland.

"No," he answered, "I only watched by him through the night; and I am but a passing traveller like himself."

"You will assist at the funeral?" he asked.

"If it can be to-morrow," replied Roland; "if not, I must go on to Lucerne. But I shall come back to Engelberg. If it be necessary for me to stay, and the commune will pay my expenses, I will stay."

"Not necessary at all," said the mayor; "the accident is too simple, and he has no friends. Why should the commune lose by him?"

"There are the fifty pounds," suggested Roland.

"And there are the expenses!" said the mayor. "No, no. It is not necessary for you to stay; not at all. If you are coming back again to Engelberg it will be all right. You say you are coming back?"

"I am sure to come back to Engelberg," he answered, with gloomy emphasis.

For already Roland began to feel that he himself was dead, and a new life, utterly different from the old, was beginning for him. And this new life, beginning here, would often draw him back to its birth-place. There would be an attraction for him here, even in the humble grave where men thought they had buried Roland Sefton. It would be the only link with his former life; and it would draw him to it irresistibly.

"And what is your name and employment, my good fellow?" asked the mayor.

"Jean Merle," he answered. "I am a wood-carver."

The deed he had only thought of an hour ago was accomplished; and there could be no undoing it. This passport and these papers would be forwarded to the embassy at Berne, where doubtless his name was already known as a fugitive criminal. He could not reclaim them, for with them he took up again the burden of his sin. He had condemned himself to a penalty and sacrifice the most complete that man could think of, or put into execution. Roland Sefton was dead; and his wife and children were set free from the degradation he had brought upon them.

He spent the remaining hours of the day in wandering about the forests in the Alpine valley. The autumn fogs and the dense rain-clouds were gathering again. But it was nothing to him that the snowy crests of the surrounding mountains were once more shrouded from view; or that the torrents and waterfalls which he could not see were thundering and roaring along their rocky channels with a vast effluence of waters. He saw and heard no more than the dead man who bore his name. He was insensible to hunger or fatigue. Except for Felicita's presence in the village behind him, he would have felt himself in another world—in a beamless and lifeless abyss, where there was no creature like unto himself, only eternal gloom and solitude.

It was quite dark before he passed again through the village on his way to Felicita's hotel. The common light of lamps, and the every-day life of ordinary men and women busy over their evening meal, astonished him, as if he had come from another state of existence. He lingered awhile, looking on as at some extraordinary spectacle. Then he went on to the hotel, standing a little out of and above the village.

The place, so crowded in the summer, was quiet enough now. A bright light, however, streamed through the window of the salon, which was uncurtained. He stopped and looked in at Felicita, who was sitting alone by the log-fire, with her white forehead resting on her small hand, which partly hid her face. How often had he seen her sitting thus by the fireside at home! But though he stood without in the dark and cold for many minutes she did not stir; neither hand nor foot moved. At last he grew terrified at this utter immobility, and stepping through the hall, he told the landlady that the English lady had business with him. He opened the door; and then Felicita looked up.

Roland advanced a few paces into the gaudy salon, with its mirrors reflecting his and Felicita's figures over and over again, and stood still, at a little distance from her, with his rough cap in his hand. He looked like one of the herdsmen with whom he had been living during the summer. There was no one else in the large room, but the night was peering in through half-a-dozen great uncurtained windows, which might hold many spectators watching them, as he had watched her a minute ago. She scarcely moved, but the deadly pallor of her face, and the dark shining of her tearless eyes fixed upon him, made him tremble as if he had been a woman weaker than herself.

"It is done," he said.

"Yes," she answered, "I have been to see him."

There was an accent in her voice of terror and repugnance, as of one who had witnessed some horrifying sight, and was compelled to bear a reluctant testimony to it. Roland himself felt a shock of antipathy at the thought of his wife seeing this unknown corpse bearing his name. He seemed to see her standing beside the dead, and looking down with those beloved eyes upon the strange face, which would dwell for evermore in her memory as well as his. Why had she subjected herself to this needless pang?

"You wished it?" he said. "You consented to my plan?"

"Yes," she answered in the same monotonous tone of reluctant testimony.

"And it was best so, Felicita," he said tenderly; "we have done the dead man no wrong. Remember he was alone, and had no friends to grieve over his strange absence. If it had been otherwise there would have been a terrible sin in our act. But it has set you free; it saves you and my mother and the children. As long as I lived you would have been in peril; but now there is a clear, safe course laid open for you. You will go home to England, where in a few months it will be forgotten that your husband was suspected of crime. Only old Clifford, and Marlowe, and two or three others will remember it. When you have the means, repay those poor people the money I owe them. And take comfort, Felicita. It would have done them no good if I had been taken and convicted; that would not have restored their money. My name then will be clear of all but suspicion, and you will make it a name for our children to inherit."

"*And you?*" she breathed with lips that scarcely moved.

"I?" he said. "Why, I shall be dead! A man's life is not simply the breath he draws; it is his country, his honor, his home. You are my life, Felicita; you and my mother and Felix and Hilda; the old home where my forefathers dwelt; my townsmen's esteem and good-will; the work I could do, and hoped to do. Losing those I lost my life. I began to die when I first went wrong. The way seemed right in my own eyes; but the end of it was death. I told old Marlowe his money was as safe as in the Bank of England when I was keeping it in my own hands; but I believed it then. That was the first step; this is the last. Henceforth I am dead."

"But how will you live?" she asked.

"Never fear; Jean Merle will earn his living," he answered. "Let us think of your future, my darling. Nay, let me call you darling once more. My death provides for you, for your marriage-settlement will come into force. You will have to live differently, my Felicita; all the splendor and the luxury I would have surrounded you with must be lost. But there will be enough, and my mother will manage your household well for you. Be kind to my poor mother, and comfort her. And do not let my children grow up with hard thoughts of their father. It will be a painful task to you."

"Yes," she said. "Oh, Roland, we ought not to have done this thing!"

"Yet you chose," he replied.

"Yes; and I should choose it again, though I hate the falsehood," she exclaimed vehemently. "I cannot endure shame. But all our future life will be founded on a lie."

"Let the blame be mine, not yours," he said; "it was my plan, and there is no going back from it now. But tell me about home. How are my children and my mother? They are still at home?"

"No," she answered; "the police watched it day and night till it grew hateful to me. I shall never enter it again. We went away to the sea-side three months ago, and there our mother and the children are still. But when I get back we shall remove to London."

"To London!" he repeated. "Will you never go home to Riversborough?"

"Never again!" she replied. "I could not live there now; it is a hateful spot to me. Your mother grieves bitterly over leaving it; but even she sees that we can never live there again."

"I shall not even know how to think of you all!" he cried. "You will be living in some strange house, which I can never picture to myself. And the old home will be empty."

"Mr. Clifford is living in it," she said.

He threw up his hands with a gesture of grief and vexation. Whenever his thoughts flew to the old home, the only home he had ever known, it would be only to remember that the man he most dreaded, he who was his most implacable enemy, was dwelling in it. And when would he cease to think of his own birthplace and the birthplace of his children, the home where Felicita had lived? It would be impossible to blot the vivid memory of it from his brain.

"I shall never see it again," he said; "but I should have felt less banished from you if I could have thought of you as still at home. We are

about to part for ever, Felicita—as fully as if I lay dead down yonder, as men will think I do."

"Yes," she answered with a mournful stillness.

"Even if we wished to hold any intercourse with each other," he continued, gazing wistfully at her, "it would be dangerous to us both. It is best for us both to be dead to one another."

"It is best," she assented; "only if you were ever in great straits, if you could not earn your living, you might contrive to let me know."

"There is no fear of that," he answered bitterly. "Felicita, you never loved me as I love you."

"No," she said, with the same inexpressible sadness, yet calmness, in her voice and face; "how could I? I was a child when you married me; we were both children. There is such a difference between us. I suppose I should never love any one very much—not as you mean. It is not in my nature. I can live alone, Roland. All of you, even the children, seem very far away from me. But I grieve for you in my inmost soul. If I could undo what you have done I would gladly lay down my life. If I could only undo what we did this morning! The shadow of it is growing darker and darker upon me. And yet it seemed so wise; it seems so still. We shall be safe again, all of us, and we have done that dead man no wrong."

"None," he said.

"But when I think of you," she went on, "how you, still living, will long to know what is befalling us, how the children are growing up, and how your mother is, and how I live, yet never be able to satisfy this longing; how you will have to give us up, and never dare to make a sign; how you will drag on your life from year to year, a poor man among poor, ignorant, stupid men; how I may die, and you not know it, or you may die, and I not know it; I wonder how we could have done what we did this morning."

"Oh, hush, hush, Felicita!" he exclaimed. "I have said all this to myself all this day, until I feel that my punishment is harder than I can bear. Tell me, shall we undo it? Shall I go to the mayor and deliver myself up as the man whose name I have given to the dead? It can be done still; it is not too late. You shall decide again."

"No; I cannot accept disgrace," she answered passionately; "it is an evil thing to do; but it must be done. We must take the consequences. You and I are dead to one another for evermore; but your death is more terrible than mine. I shall grieve over you more than if you were really dead. Why does not God send death to those that desire it? Good-by now forever, Roland. I return to England to act this lie, and you must never, never seek me out as your wife. Promise me that. I would repudiate you if I lay on my death-bed."

"I will never seek you out, and bring you to shame," he said; "I promise it faithfully, by my love for you. As I hope ever to obtain pardon, I promise it."

"Then leave me," she cried; "I can bear this no longer. Good-bye, Roland."

(*To be continued.*)

THE BEGINNING OF THE GOSPEL.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 1. Mark 1 : 1–12. Golden Text, Luke 2 : 10. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

IN giving to the world the glad and glorious tidings of the Redeemer and of His redemption, the Spirit of God has worked through different instruments, giving different views, both of the person and of the work of Jesus. Thus Matthew grasps the kingly side of the Messiah, commencing his Gospel with the genealogy of Him who is the Son of David, the king, and of Abraham, the head, of the Israelitish race.

Mark, who was himself a servant, sets forth specially that side of our Lord's life in which He was the servant and the sacrifice; details which belong to the life of servants are more dwelt on in this Gospel than in the other three. Luke represents Christ as the Man, relating in full the details of His birth; tracing His genealogy from Adam, the first man, he gives the human side of our Lord; while John, beginning in the past eternity of God, takes the range of one who stands on the mountain top, and he sets forth the Godhead of his Lord as no other evangelist does.

Mark, who enters upon no genealogy, and who tells us nothing of the birth of our Lord, goes straight to the time of His ministry, and that of His forerunner, John the Baptist. He breaks suddenly into his subject with the words "The beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God; as it is written in the prophets, Behold, I send My messenger before Thy face, which shall prepare Thy way before Thee. The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His path straight," thus connecting together the prophecies of Malachi 3 : 1, and Isaiah 40 : 3, and showing that both were fulfilled in the coming of John the Baptist.

How strange it seems to us that, with prophecies so clear as these, the majority of the people, and very specially the scribes, who had all the writings of the prophets at their fingers' ends, should yet have failed to acknowledge Christ as the Messiah and John as His forerunner! They knew that Christ must be born in Bethlehem, for they could enlighten Herod, the king, on this point, and yet when He was born and others were on their way to do homage to Him, and when even the time prophesied by Daniel was expired (Dan. 9 : 25), they were as though they understood not. But how much more incomprehensible is it that, in the present day, when the signs of *our Lord's second coming* are multiplying all around us, the masses of mankind should be living carelessly on, like the men before the flood.

This evangelist does not touch upon the preparation of John the Baptist for his ministry, but goes straight to the point, "John did baptize in the wilderness, and preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins." "Repentance for (or Gr. unto) the remission of sins," according to Mark. This was the beginning of the Gospel. And so it is always where the Gospel is a reality. Sin must be brought to light, renounced and confessed, if real pardon and cleansing are to be obtained. A man who comes to the Lord for pardon and deliverance must first have made up his mind to have done with sin. A clergyman was visiting a man who seemed to be in great distress about his soul; he unfolded to him the full and immediate salvation which is in Christ, and the man understood it all, but said, "I can't believe." "Perhaps you keep your little shop open on Sunday?" "O I can't help that, I am a poor man, and cannot afford to lose Sunday gains." "And are you doing right?" "No, I know I am doing wrong." "Will you then sell your soul for the sake of Sunday gains?" "I will make no promise for two days." This was on a Saturday; the following Monday morning the clergyman came again, the shop which had been open on Sunday was closed on Monday; the Sabbath-breaker was gone to answer for his woeful folly in losing his soul for the gains of one Sunday. He did not turn from his sin, he would not repent, and without repentance there is no salvation.

John the Baptist did not mince matters, extenuating circumstances were not to be considered; excuses were not to be listened to; God was the aggrieved party, and God was to be considered, and away in the desert he preached on from his one uncompromising text, "Repent ye, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." He had no need to use all kinds of inducements to persuade men to come and listen to him. "There went out unto him all the land of Judea, and they of Jerusalem, and were all baptized of him in the river of Jordan, confessing their sins." It takes a good deal to make a man confess his sins; he will never do it until necessity compels him; but there was something in the preaching of the Baptist which made men feel as though they were turned inside out, as though their very faces were tell-tales, and as though every passer-by knew the iniquity which was going on within. There was a pressure from above, the Spirit of God was at work, the veil of self-deception fell from their eyes, and they no longer strove to keep up appearances, they came to reality. God was real to them in those days, sin was real, Heaven and hell were real, and they felt it was worth the humiliation which it would cost them to confess their sins, if only, only they might be rid of them for ever. O how much must have come to light that had long lain hidden; how many restitutions and reconciliations must have taken place!

The preacher was a real man, he lived for nothing but for the message which had been committed to him; food and clothing were no object to him, the camel's hair which he found in the desert was his clothing, the locusts and wild honey were his food; he did not think his a hard lot, his one thought was the coming Messiah, and he said after he had seen Him: "He that hath the bride is the Bridegroom: but the friend of the Bridegroom, which standeth and heareth Him, rejoiceth greatly because of the Bridegroom's voice; this my joy, therefore, is fulfilled" (John 3 : 29). He gloried to know that Christ must increase and that he must decrease. This is the true spirit of a worker for the Master, and by such the Lord's second coming is prepared and hastened.

"And it came to pass in those days," when the awakening was at its height, when consciences were quickened and a current of higher morality was running counter to the degenerate condition of things among the people, "it came to pass in those days that Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee, and was baptized of John in Jordan. And straightway coming up out of the water, He saw the heavens opened, and the Spirit like a dove, descending upon Him: and there came a voice from Heaven, saying, Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Multitudes may have been around, but only John saw the heavens open; the messenger of God and God's Messiah were made known to one another by the voice from Heaven. John understood the sign, for it had been told him before. "Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending and remaining on Him, the same is He which baptizeth with the Holy Ghost" (John 1 : 33).

John's theme was now altered, he no longer pointed sinners to a coming Christ, no longer spoke of the Kingdom of Heaven as being at hand; he said: "There standeth One among you whom ye know not." What, was He there, who should thoroughly purge His floor and gather His wheat into the garner, but should burn the chaff with unquenchable fire (Matt. 3 : 12)? What, there, and close to them? Yes, but a new revelation of Him was made to John, and he cried, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1 : 29). Praise God, the message increased but the messenger decreased. No sooner had John baptized Jesus than He was withdrawn from him. "Immediately the Spirit driveth Him into the wilderness. And He was there in the wilderness forty day tempted of Satan; and was with the wild beasts."

Little would John the Baptist understand how the Conqueror, the King, should thus need to go into the hottest of the fight against sin and Satan, and little do we understand that, in order to gain victory for every child of man, He must needs place Himself on man's ground and be tempted in all points like as we must needs be tempted (Heb. 4 : 15; 2 : 18). While there was nothing in Him which responded to the temptation, for "the prince of this world," He said, "hath nothing in Me" (John 14 : 30), yet the suffering was perhaps all the keener; His sensibilities were divine, and awful was the loathing against the suggestions of the wicked one, continued for forty days, *i.e.*, nearly six weeks, during which time, human though He was, "He did eat nothing."

All this is a part of "the beginning of the Gospel." The messenger and the message of repentance, the awakening, the spirit of confession, the baptism of Jesus, and His sore temptation—all were preparatory to the great and mighty works of grace which should follow. O that "the beginning of the Gospel" in our own hearts and lives may be thus thorough, that the work of true repentance, of separation from sin, may be fully effected, "bringing forth fruits meet for repentance," that Christ may meet the enemy hand to hand in our hearts and lives and conquer, then He will be able to establish His kingdom and work out His will in us.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Seizure of the Land League Organ *United Ireland*, was made by the British Government on December 15th. The League appears to have expected the seizure, for it was issued a day earlier than usual, and the bulk of the edition was distributed when the Government officers arrived. It contained a cartoon holding Mr. Forster up to ridicule. The officers seized copies of the *United Ireland* in the news shops, about 4000 in the office of the paper, and arrested Mr. Burton, a clerk, and Mr. O'Keefe, a sub-editor, and seized and removed all the books found in the office. This step was taken by direction of the Attorney-General, who is of the opinion that the paper was a "no-rent" manifesto of the worst kind, seditious, and *a direct incitement to murder*. It is understood that the *United Ireland* is to be printed in London, and thence posted to subscribers.

The State of Ireland was Publicly Discussed by the Marquis of Hartington on December 17th, who said in a speech to his constituents that the Government is determined to bring the Irish difficulty to a successful conclusion. During the last few days, he said, there had been some *hopeful signs*. The Government was not and could not be an organization for collecting rents and enforcing the rights of property. The association for that purpose formed in Ireland was a legitimate association and might be beneficial. He said that *the power of the Land League was now broken*, and that it was impossible for the present guerilla warfare to succeed. Mr. Herbert Gladstone, a son of the Premier and a member of the Government, in a speech on the same day said that there was very great exaggeration in England in regard to the condition of Ireland. The alarmists, he said, took their standard from the worst county. The arrests had produced a striking and remarkable impression in the districts where they were made. He did not think more coercion was needed, and the talk of martial law was absurd. Alteration of the jury system would now be worse than useless. The "no rent" movement was not deep-rooted, and was only kept up by intimidation.

Mr. Parnell's Popularity in Ireland Appears to have been increased by his imprisonment. A cable despatch of December 15th states that "several hundred tenant farmers have ploughed Mr. Parnell's farm, Avondale, in Wicklow county, and performed all the necessary work thereon. On separating after completing their work they cheered Mr. Parnell, Mr. Dillon, Father Sheehy and others. An effigy, supposed to have been of Mr. Gladstone, and labelled 'The Last Landlord,' was paraded over the grounds. Messrs. Corbett and Redmond, members of Parliament, subsequently delivered addresses. There were 3000 persons present. One hundred and eighty-three ploughs and 500 carts were engaged in the operations."

Mr. Francis Murphy's Gospel Temperance campaign in Europe is reported as singularly successful. At latest reports he was speaking among the operatives of Sunderland in the North of England. There the large Victoria Hall was being crowded nightly, and more than 1000 new pledges were taken by the end of one week. Mr. Edward Murphy writes: "I have just closed the most successful week's campaign I have ever had, at Haslingden, near Manchester. Out of a population of 12,000, more than 5000 put on the ribbon, and 4500 signed the pledge, including *two local magistrates*."

The Funeral of the Victims of the Fire in the Vienna theatre, to the number of 126, took place on December 11th. The following day 151 more were interred. The charred remains of the remainder, supposed to be about seven hundred, which are utterly unrecognizable, were enclosed in large metal coffins as they were found, and placed in a vast excavation 108 feet long by 14 feet wide. There were Protestants, Catholics, and Jews among the number, but it was found impossible to separate them, and clergymen of all the faiths took part in the last sad rites. An eye witness of the scene writes: "Large crowds of mourners stood or knelt around the grave weeping bitterly. Among the poor old creatures some were ready for the grave themselves. There were also strong workingmen who cried like children, young girls who have lost brothers and lovers, and children who could hardly understand the grief and sorrow around them. Painful interest was caused by the eighth coffin, numbered 165. It was very small, apparently containing the body of a child, but in it were the remains of *a once beautiful woman*, the wife of the engineer. Her body was burned to a cinder and she was only identified by the jewels she wore when she dressed for the theatre. One large coffin contained *the bodies of two brothers* who had been allowed by their parents to celebrate their birthday by visiting the theatre. They were found in the third gallery, tightly clasping each other's necks."

The Origin of the Fatal Fire is still Uncertain. A letter sent to the newspapers by a gentleman who was formerly connected with the Ring Theatre, states his conviction that the fire originated below the stage floor, and had there gathered strength before it appeared among the scenery. This assertion gains in credibility from an incident described by a person who was present at a morning rehearsal in the theatre a few days before the fire occurred. During the rehearsal smoke was noticed on the stage issuing from below. On sending to ascertain the cause, it was found that a workman intrusted with the removal of rubbish had swept it into a corner of the place below, and, to save himself the trouble, was burning it up. The city is in mourning, and a proposal is discussed that the ruins of the theatre should be removed, and on its site a monument erected to the thousand victims who perished there. This proposition meets approval in spite of the value of the ground on which the building stood, for there is a superstition among the people of Vienna that *the very site is accursed*.

A Stormy Debate Continuing past Midnight occurred in the German Reichstag on Thursday. It was upon the subject of official influence in the recent elections. Herr von Puttkammer, Vice-President of the Council, stated that the conduct of the Prussian officials merited the thanks not only of the Government, but also of the Emperor. Herr von Bennigsen declared that the late elections surpassed all others for the rancor displayed. The Government, he said, and the press which they inspired must be held to have incurred greater responsibility for these proceedings than individuals. He protested against Herr von Puttkammer attempting *to drag the person of the Sovereign into the electoral contest*. Herr von Puttkammer replied that he could retract nothing, as the Government had been accused of following an interested policy of the lowest and meanest description.

A Fresh Revelation in Connection with the assassination of the late Czar of Russia on March 13th, was made last week at a criminal trial. It will be remembered that the statement was made in the reports of the assassination that when the second bomb burst under the Emperor's feet and he fell, bleeding profusely, *a man of the people* rushed up, looked him in the face, caught the dying sovereign in his right arm and held him until other help came. This "man of the people" was not more definitely described at the time, but it was divulged in the course of the trial of certain police officers for negligence on the occasion, that he was a Nihilist placed at the spot by the conspirators to kill the emperor in the event of the three other assassins posted there failing to complete the attempt. While he supported the dying emperor *he had under his arm a bomb* similar to those the assassins had used and which he would have thrown had he not seen that the emperor was already fatally wounded.

The Threatening Letters and Warnings Received by the young Czar of Russia have been since his accession to the throne very numerous. He has found them in his handkerchiefs, under his pillow, in the pockets of his clothing, and in other places, indicating that the Nihilists had agents near his person. For several weeks a close watch has been set on the rooms occupied by the imperial family, and last week a woman who had been in the service of the empress for the last eight years was caught in the act of placing a letter in his prayer book. This letter reminded the emperor that he had only a few weeks of life before him. The woman wept and declared that she had done this out of gratitude and with the conviction that she was averting a catastrophe to the sovereign whom she loved so well. But nevertheless she refused to give the name of the man who supplied her with the letters and proclamations. It would appear from this that the atmosphere of alarm and suspicion in which the emperor and his family continually live, is still charged with plots and danger.

The Reception into the English Church, of the Turkish ulema Ahmed Tewfik, whose arrest and imprisonment in September, 1879, caused a diplomatic controversy, was celebrated last week. He was arrested for assisting in the preparation of Dr. Koelb's translation of the English prayer-book and other religious books into the Turkish language and was condemned to death but afterward had his sentence commuted to banishment. He finally escaped to England and has now been baptized at St. Paul's cathedral. He intends devoting his life to the translation of Christian writings into the Turkish language.

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